

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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My Temple.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

THE bleak winds blow and cold streams flow
Outside my temple floor;
But armaments of love intense
Are locked behind its door.

The warm breeze fills the summer hills;
Cool lakes are in the vales;
And children play the livelong day
In flowery-scented dales.

So flesh is cold in young and old,
For many are their dead;
The ground is soiled whereon they toiled,
But whence they now have fled.

The soul within which locked out sin,
Is happy in its home,
Where angels play in timeless day
Above a skiey dome.

Shelley's Ode to the West Wind.

BY THOMAS BEACOM, '20.

THE impassioned verses, written it would seem, in perfect harmony with the loud, and sometimes melancholy, tones of autumnal winds, are an inspiration to the virile man, who loves masculine poetry. No other ode of the master poets suggests more of the strong, healthy, vigorous style which appeals to the alert and active individual, and yet weaves into consciousness with subtle delicacy a network of finer, softer emotions. There is a feeling in the mind that a truly powerful poem is being read in this "Ode to the West Wind"—a piece that seems to me best described as "masculine" in its strength and force, but which, when finished, leaves a lasting

impression of feminine grace, beauty, and tender charm.

There is an impression like that—peculiar and paradoxical though it may sound in expression—given to the one who reads, with feeling, this great work of Shelley's. Clear and direct through all of the five brief stanzas and treated with simple art the thought content of the poem is beautifully brought out in the concluding line "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" In other words, how can man despair, even in the severest adversities and most disheartening misfortunes, when the hope and prospect of future happiness is ever present?

From the opening lines addressed to the giant "spirit, which moveth everywhere, destroyer and preserver," on through the succeeding verses, there is to be found an abundance of brilliant imagination, lofty emotions, and aesthetical word painting. Picture "spread on the blue surface of thine airy surge, like the bright hair uplifted from the head of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge of the horizon to the zenith's height, the locks of the approaching storm." Observe "the leaves dead, driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red, pestilence-stricken multitudes!" Could any artist depict for us on canvas any more vivid impression of the might, power, and swift destruction of the "Wild West Wind" than Shelley has given to the mind's eye in speaking of night as "vaulted with all thy congregated might of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst"? Truly the West Wind is a veritable monster in nature, tossing leaves about on the naked ground and driving darkened clouds swiftly across the arched realms of the heavens, with its "skiey speed."

Alliterative and wondrously descriptive are the words of Shelley, when he fixes on their proper place and leaves them there. They strike us with their originality, yet the affinity

of such terms as "skiey" and "speed" is painfully apparent once our attention is directed towards them. It is seemingly an inherent quality of this ode to treat of commonplaces in a most uncommonly beautiful manner. Nowhere could a passage be found to surpass in descriptive excellence the "old palaces and towers quivering within the wave's intenser day, all overgrown with azure moss, and flowers so sweet, the sense faints picturing them." Nor the concluding lines of the same stanza, at once a marvel of the master's touch in word-pictures and the consummate art of impassioned address—"Thou for whose path the Atlantic's level powers cleave themselves into chasms, while far below the sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear the sapless foliage of the ocean, know thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear, and tremble and despoil themselves." Such phrasing is rarely excelled in English poetry.

The last two stanzas bring out the "human element" of the whole poem—"O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud! I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed! A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd one too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud." And again, "Be thou, Spirit fierce, my spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!" With extreme skill the poet has here drawn the threads of his imaginative thought together and woven into the masculine form which persists before the eye, a delicate pattern that needs only the proper light to display its fine workmanship. The impression is unmistakable—and accounts for the universal popularity of this unusually delightful ode written to the western "breath of Autumn's being."

Golf and Language.

BY JOHN L. REUSS, '18.

For anyone whose profane vocabulary is lacking punch and variety, who bemoans the fact that adequate expressions fail to roll upon his tongue when the occasion or circumstance demands—and occasions and circumstances do often demand them—I would unhesitatingly prescribe golf—say thirty-six holes a week. In about three weeks' time, provided you are not a wizard at wielding a driver, brassie, and mashie, I feel safe in assuring you that you could hire no self-respecting, God-fearing youth to act as your caddy. Per-

fection is a result of practice, and your practice in the use of satisfying epithets begins when you place the little white pill on a miniature mountain of sand at the first tee, pose according to the pictures in "The First Principles of Golf" which you have devoured preparatory to your initial effort, and circle your club in a mighty swing that should, according to Hoyle—I mean Travers—drop the ball about two hundred yards away. This, gentle reader, is the momentous moment. After a perfect "carry through," and an expectant vision of a soaring ball, someone says, "Hard luck!" There, still resting upon its earthen pedestal, is your new "Baby Dimple." Mere exclamations of disgust can not express adequately the peculiar feeling of commingled anger and embarrassment that has been conjured up into your recently peaceful soul. No, "shuks" or "piffles" would hardly do here. But we are wasting too much time on the first stroke.

Presuming that you have safely succeeded in getting within forty yards of the green without breaking your entire set of clubs, the next bit of science to be executed is to mashie onto the green. Bending the left knee slightly, and at the same time trying to keep your right rigid, you cut loose with a mighty stroke. You keep your eye on the ball, and it is a blessing you do, for you come down squarely on the top of it, driving deep into the turf, so deep that had you not watched it sink four inches you would do the Pinkerton or Sherlock Holmes act in trying to find a clue to its whereabouts. Powerful phrases? Yes, but hardly those sanctioned by a Bible training school, or by any norm governing the morals of a Christian gentleman.

At the end of the first hole determination has overwhelmed all of your virtue of discretion. This hole, you are convinced, shall be a different one. By this conviction you prove yourself beyond question to be a novice at what the Scotchmen substituted for the innocent little game of croquet. To a golf course, unlike history, there can be imputed no repetition. On one and the same hole your ball may be bunkered, creeked out of bounds, and even when you are within one foot of the cherished cup, you may be stymied. Truly, the next hole shall be different. Just three more holes will convince you of that platitude. However, the ball is teed for the second drive, and in your determination you forget all rules

and form, and take a good natural clout. To your surprise as well as to that of your opponents, your Wilson Sinker—the Baby Dimple was too badly massacred on the first hole to permit it to roll or fly in anything but a circle—sails out like a shot, never leaving the fairway. Two hundred yards and as straight as a die! Oh! What a grand and glorious feeling! From now on you will show those amateurs how to play golf. The game is just as easy at it looks; all one has to do is to “get onto it.” Picking up your clubs you start in the direction of your ball, at the same time whistling the latest popular melodies with an ostentatious indifference. Covering the intervening two hundred yards between the tee and your ball, you look hither and yon, but find no sign of the dilated pill. While you are searching the locality, your caddy chirps up, “I have it, sir.” Ah, gloom, away! The lost is found and the chase is soon to be resumed. Cruel, relentless fate. There nestled in a natural sand hazard about a foot deep and two feet square, is your ball. The language that flows without the least bit of effort, concentration, or operation of memory, would be censored in the toughest spot in Harlem. Whole sentences gush forth, the combined weight of which would require the avoirdupois measure. Hurling from an ordnance of the modern miraculous construction, they would drive Germany back into the bay of Greenwich. To proceed: You pick up a lofting spoon, and, to disperse several followers of the game who are watching you, yell out that famous danger signal, “Fore!” In two minutes you have yelled “Fore!” no less than nine times and are still playing the ball from the identical spot in which you found it. “Fore” is an expressive term capable of moving crowds when they are loitering within playing distance, but the vicious invective that realizes its being in the concentrated monosyllabic and dissyllabic words that issue from your flushed face when you break a club on the tenth stroke, would disperse a mob of any size or nationality.

Golf is indeed a wonderful game—for the master, but when it is played by a youth who has just reached that stage of incipient maturity when the clay of his character is so easily molded, golf is most profane in its effect. We have noted the effect of but two holes of the first round; and if two holes has so much influence upon the vocabulary of a player, what, I pray you, will not thirty-six holes do?

Forgiveness.

New life to trees the kindly springtime lends
And gently garbs them in bright emerald gowns.
So life and joy anew to souls God sends,
When contrite hearts His sweet forgiveness crowns.

J. CRAVEN

Hope of Democracy.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

To America, the world's largest experiment in Democracy, has been given earth's fairest heritages. Our pioneers rolled back the forest curtains on the epic drama. Washington spoke the prologue; Hamilton outlined the action; Lincoln closed the first act—his stirring curtain speech rings with us yet, “Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.” Plot and counterplot flash and fade, but the main action moves on relentlessly. Strutting puppets usurp the limelight, speak their parts and make their bows, are applauded and forgotten. Still the experiment goes on. Like some witch's cauldron, seethes the puddling-furnace of Democracy. Its fiery breath blasts all but the pure metal—the dross of Spain's centuried empire, mould on America, was shaken off in twenty minutes at Santiago. The throes of our vast experiment are shaking the world.

That experiment, whether or not the People are able to rule themselves, born with Washington, consecrated by Lincoln, has come to its final test. The American people are not flinging their legions thousands of miles across the gray wastes of the Atlantic to dictate to any race the form of government under which they shall live. It is Democracy against itself. Autocracy has proved its efficiency. Benevolent tyranny has shown its worth in that supreme test of State-war. It is now for Democracy likewise to prove itself. Can the people rule themselves, guide themselves, guard themselves, and keep themselves forever free; or will it come to pass, as the publicist predicted, that “America will have an Emporér in twenty-five years?”

The great Immortals look on. The General, his stern face lighted by the fires of Valley Forge; the President, his gaunt frame attuned to the quivering heartstrings of millions of slaves—they are watching. Deep and dark behind them range the pageantry that has colored America's

history, that roll of the valiant of all lands, the Freedom-seekers. The long caped Pilgrim from rocky New England, the brown-robed Franciscan from smiling California, the daring Jesuit rangers of the north woods, light-hearted cavaliers of luxuriant Virginia, stolid New Amsterdammers, tall Delawarean Swedes, pioneers with hands hard from axe-hafts, bloody-footed heroes in colonial buff and blue, the Blue and the Gray with the glory of Gettysburg around them, sailors with Decatur off the Barbansets, with Paul Jones off harried London, with Peary on the lakes, with Farragut at Mobile, and Dewey at Manila,—all these are looking on.

Somewhere off in France a thin line trembles. The dead pile high, the blood trickling back to a million hearths. England's dead are buried on thirty-seven battle-fronts, fair France is ravished, and Belgium become a shambles and a shame.

Democracy has emerged from the mists of Time,—and marched on with the mounting centuries, spreading, growing with man's faith in man. Has its last breaker billowed futilely against the iron cliffs of Germany? Will its flame burn out upon the plains of France as did the fire of the Moslem faith? Will the tribes from beyond the Pale crush Democracy as they crushed the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"?

On the Greatness of Trifles.

BY WILLIAM H. ROBINSON, '20.

Dr. Walsh's statement in a recent lecture at Notre Dame, that the fascination of trifles obscures what is worth while is true as far as it goes, but it does not recognize the important part that trifles play in every man's life. Great deeds are few and the generality of mankind, handicapped by human limitations, has to be content with deeds of such small moment that they may fittingly be called trifles. Since then, we spend most of our lives doing the little things it is imperative that we ponder well on their cumulative importance.

Such reflection will lead us to the realization that greatness is entirely dependent on the proper accomplishment of the ordinary duties of the day. Greatness after all is the happy outcome of an accidental combination of opportunity and talent; and the latter of the two is the scarcer article. How few are the men who

achieve splendid success! Big business is continually calling for "\$25,000 minds" and calls in vain. But while we may truly say that the majority of mortals are triflers of necessity, we can not neglect the stern reality of the presence of duty in every life. Unfortunately too many fail to differentiate between the trivial and the obligatory. Men for whom work is play are very few, but the men who play at work are many. It is a part of wisdom to know when it is permissible to trifle; but alas, hell is full of fools who trifled at the wrong time.

To fail in undertakings beyond one's powers is no disgrace. But failure in the little things well within the range of ability is inexcusable and dangerous: inexcusable because a manly use of will power is all that is needed; dangerous because every failure makes each succeeding negligence easier. The man who takes life as a joke is himself the grimmest joke of all. His beginning is a farce, his end a tragedy. When a man begins to go down, he lets up on the lesser duties first, but his omissions become more and more serious as the end approaches, and then—the tragic denouement is staged before a pitiless world. Constant failure to do the unimportant task well, steadily weakens self-confidence, lessens ambition, gives rise to hesitancy and vacillation. On the other hand, moderate attention to the common duties of every day builds up character, increases ability and fits a man mentally and morally for the great struggles which at one time or another will assay his worth.

Of all persons prone to confuse duty and triviality, the collegian is first. Men do not become triflers when they are grey, nor yet before the razor becomes a joyful necessity; in one case habits are too fixed to admit of a new way of doing things, in the other, habits are too transient to deserve the name. Vernal breezes have already borne northward the season of drowsy song and languorous beauty; and the fight between manhood and effeminacy is on. No one is so industrious as to be immune; it is not always the man with least brains who trifles most. Education trains men to become specialists, but somehow does not teach them how to play. This is the reason why the educated man is too often either a non-productive dilettante or a self-centered crank. The wise man, however, takes the prudent, middle road; broadens his mind with recreation, strengthens his will with work.

Varsity Verse

OUR SERVICE FLAG.

We gaze at it in reverence
And feel a thrill of joy;
We realize it's something more
Than just a pretty toy.

We know it's only fancy silk
Familiar to us all,
And still it holds the honored place
Within our hallowed hall.

For many reasons we are proud
Of our great service flag,
And proud of it we still would be
If it were but a rag.

That symbol of our loyalty
Was made by women true,
And thus we see that even they
Will help us till we're through.

You see those crosses on that flag?
They signify a loss
Of noble priests who've helped us here
And now have gone "across."

The numbers just below that star
Remind us of the lads
Who, when they heard the call to arms,
Left mothers, sweethearts, dads.

That star of blue tells us how true
Those boys will always be;
We know they'll fight with all their might
Because they're from N. D.

The border red reminds us that
Red blood will win this war,
And so we've sent our quota to
That far-off, foreign shore.

That field of white, which holds the star,
Tells us a thing quite true:
Our boys will slay the Huns to save
The red and white and blue.

So now you see the reason why
We love that service flag
And why we'd love it still if it
Were nothing but a rag.

W. H. BARBOUR.

KLEPTOMANIA.

I'd love to seek the heart that lies
Behind your merry smile for me,
And suddenly to realize,
I'd stolen it unconsciously.

V. F. FAGAN.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

In all the melodies of Moore,
So tender and sublime,
There shines a luster pure and bright,
In words of golden rhyme.

For the poet's soul is in them, and
They have a goodly share
Of all that's grand and beautiful,
Affectionate and fair.

And as the songster's notes at eve,
When shadows close around,
Dispel all care, diffuse sweet peace,
And calm each troubled sound,

So when one reads these melodies,
They strike the human ear,
As music sung by warbling birds,
When night is drawing near.

B. KILIAN.

EGOTIST.

My love is a rose,
The first of the Spring,
The sweetest that grows.
My love is a rose—
And quite well she knows—
(The dear little thing!)
My love is a rose—
The first of the Spring.

ROBERT E. O'HARA.

MY SISTER.

Sing me a song of Michigan
Where bonnie lasses dwell,
Of trees and hills and orchards wide
And lakes where billows swell.

I left a maid behind me there
And let me tell you, sir,
That nowhere in this land of ours,
You'll find a girl like her.

Her eyes reflect the autumn sky,
Her soul must be on fire,
To see her now, my only wish,
My one heartfelt desire.

So sing to me that happy song,
And please remember, Mister,
To place therein, a word or two
About that maid, my sister.

A. CALAY.

The Appeal of the Farmer.

RICHARD P. DEVINE, '20.

The American people are noted, among other things, for their great generosity. They are the friends of the needy and the champions of the oppressed. They seldom fail to help a deserving cause. And now there comes knocking at their door a princely beggar, the farmer. This beggar is asking, not for money, food, or clothing, but for the services and labor of men and boys. And he asks for this not in a craven manner, but as for something justly due him, for which he expects and is most willing to pay handsomely.

The reasons for the shortage of labor on the farm are not thoroughly known. Most people believe that the war is the one and only cause. This is not true. The rural districts have been most loyal in sending men to the service and can point with pride to the fact that most of these men have been volunteers. But before we entered the war there had been a gradual, but, nevertheless, important movement cityward on the part of the young men of the country. This migration is greatly responsible for the present dearth of labor on the farms. The farmers have given up their men to the cities and to the army, and now they are asking that they be repaid.

The need for this labor has not been overestimated. It is second in urgency only to that for soldiers. From all parts of our country comes the insistent, ever-increasing appeal for farm workers. The crops will be ready to harvest within a few months. The farmer has increased his acreage of cultivation to the maximum, and if conditions continue favorable there will be nearly a billion bushels of wheat alone to be harvested this season. In addition to this are the crops of rye, barley, oats, hay, corn, and other grains to be cultivated and harvested.

How is this work to be done? The plan to have business men, clerks, and the like, spend their vacations on the farms will be of some help. Then, the Boys' Working Reserve will send to the farms many helpers, and this will aid materially in supplying the demand. But both of these sources will supply at best only a varying and inconstant stream of laborers.

The farmer needs now more than ever before experienced hands, but since that kind is not obtainable, he must at least have laborers who will remain at work for not less than a month.

Farming has many technical phases which must be learned before the laborer can be of any great value. Hence if the labor is to be unskilled it must at least be not too transient.

Hence, the farmer appeals to the students of Notre Dame and other colleges directly and in a particular way. Brains as well as brawn are needed. Men of college caliber and adaptability are the most desirable for this work. Their mental and physical training at school have made of them the kind of men that are wanted everywhere.

Furthermore, the advantages to the student of spending the vacation on a farm are numerous and important. In the first place, it will be a pleasant rest in that it will afford mental and physical activities of an entirely different nature from those of school life. Better health and renewed vigor will result from wholesome food, fresh air, and sunshine. The environment on the farm is much more conducive to spiritual and bodily health than that of the city. Although wages may not be so high as in the city, more money can be saved, and the financial gain at the end of the season will be greater. Lastly the farm affords the best opportunity for real, unselfish patriotic service.

Various other kinds of war work are important and necessary. Munitions factories, ship yards, and the like, are certainly praiseworthy fields of labor, but none of them is of such primary importance just now as the farm, and none of them offers so great advantages to the college student.

The college men of this year have rightly been allowed and urged to continue their studies, whilst many others have been called upon to sacrifice their all to the national service. No one questions the willingness and eagerness of the college man in this struggle, but now is the time for him to give expression to his patriotism. The opportunity is now knocking at his door clamorously. How will he respond? The answer of every true college man will be a prompt affirmative.

My Scrap-Book.

Its color gone, its pages torn and old,

It lies, a memory of bygone days,

Within my desk; 'tis worth its years in gold,

A retrospection strong of college frays.

Its bulky form is naught to most of you,

To me—it brings the thoughts of friendship true.

EMMETT F. BURKE.

Senior Thoughts.

Don't be a sport; be a sportsman.

If you don't "come across" the Kaiser will.

Spring fever is not cured by rest or medicine.

Camouflage is only a new name for a very old art.

The satirical wife now calls her husband "Hon."

War brings out the best as well as the worst in man.

Reputation is camouflage; character the real thing.

Imitation is highly commendable if the model be worthy.

It is the saint that gets the most and the best out of life.

"Hell" as an hyperbole is becoming a badly worn figure.

Graduation is only matriculation into the school of life.

He builds on sand who bases his religious life on sentiment.

A crumb of wisdom would give some men mental indigestion.

Moments lost through idleness are ill redeemed by overwork.

The first camouflage was practised by the Serpent in the Garden.

Our troubles are surely burden enough without our worrying about them.

Substitution is becoming one of the chief secrets of domestic science.

Philosophy reveals the grandeur of man and the awfulness of the universe.

St. Peter will never take that old one, "There was no bell rung in our hall."

Duty done in the right spirit and in the right way is anything but a burden.

Now is the time to prepare for the great commercial war that is coming.

The "argument from reason" seems to have no place in Teutonic philosophy.

The hymn of hate seems to be the favorite expression of German patriotism.

Dissect your egotism and discard all the ingredients except self-confidence.

The pessimist can see nothing but the mist, while the optimist is able to see through it.

England against Prussia, Ireland against

England, Ulster against Ireland—how are all these discords to be harmonized?

Effort to avoid difficulties serves as a rule only to multiply and complicate them.

Love on the part of man is an insane desire to become the financier for his fiancée.

Too many try to run the bases of life on bunts and pop flies: it is the clean hits that score.

God can do without man, but sooner or later man finds that he cannot do without God.

The magnificence of the universe is negligible compared to the magnificence of its Maker.

The power of music is such that it lifts man within hearing of the very choirs of Heaven.

A man should choose a few good books as he chooses his friends or his wife—"for keeps."

It is strange that we have had no revelation concerning the divine mission of the Kulturists.

If the ghost of the Kaiser ever appears to his sons it will not be on a mission of vindictive justice.

Making mountains out of mole-hills seems to be an essential part of the Journalistic profession.

That universal military training as a means of moral development is a delusion, instance Germany.

Don't judge a man by the kind of a car he drives; he may have mortgaged his home to pay for it.

The pacifist wants peace at any price; the militarist wants war at any price: "*in medio stat virtus*."

Many a prosperous career has been interrupted by the war—and many unprosperous ones as well.

If you freshmen want advice, go to the conditioned senior; his experience is worth the knowing.

Universal military training would do more than anything else to keep the Kaiser in his place hereafter.

The war news is much simpler now that we do not have to stutter over the names of the Russian villages.

There is no flood of human despair which we cannot escape by climbing Calvary unto the crucified Christ.

That war is a condition of human progress, may be true for the materialist, but not for the practical Christian.

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—It does not seem likely that an invading enemy will ever storm New York, or that our national capitol will ever go down beneath the impact of hostile shells.

Private Prayer for the Nation. And yet such events are not at all beyond the range of possibility.

If a German peace concludes the war, Teutonic Kultur will become even more arrogant, more despotic, more intolerable than at present. It is the sacred duty of every man, woman and child to put, if possible more power into the nation's hand, more striking force into her army, and a surer hope of victory into her heart. It must further be realized that wars are won behind the lines; that victory is the answer to the fervent prayers of the many. Who will doubt that the heroic return of the thousands of exiled French religious, and their marvelous fidelity to their country's need, together with the indomitable faith of the French people, has been the force that has stayed the Hun. Yet while we profess to pray for our country's cause, do not our efforts end with mere profession? Is not patriotism with most of us but skin-deep? Private prayers are the most efficient expression of our earnestness, the out-flowing of our most genuine sincerity. It is the spirit that quickeneth, that is the vitality of man. And quickened in spirit, we shall fight as men enraged with a kind of divine wrath. Only in the power of prayers can we be invincible as a nation; only in the purity of our hearts will our strength be effectually multiplied.—J. H. MCD.

Book Reviews.

SACERDOTAL SAFEGUARDS. CASUAL READINGS FOR RECTORS AND CURATES. By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., LL. D. University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. \$1.25.

This third volume of essays from the author of "Priestly Practice" and "Clerical Colloquies" offers a new and very distinct pleasure to the clerical reader. It discusses with the same fine taste, and large good-humored sympathy that characterize the earlier volumes of Father O'Neill's a fresh cluster of subjects that come home to the bosoms of priests; and forms a running commentary on some of the parochial texts that inevitably come in for discussion wherever two or three theologians are gathered together. It is a book that the priest will never find tiresome or dragging. Written largely in the cheery spirit in which the meetings of the clerical club, described in chapter eleven, are conducted, it seems to call together in the study of a typical pastor a group of representative clergy, and in the best natured manner, by anecdote and quotation and felicitous argument discuss with them, with remarkable thoroughness, questions of priestly practice and parochial experience. There are two chapters—the fifth and the eleventh—done in the manner of dialogue, a form of writing in which Father O'Neill seems to be particularly happy; yet, though the other chapters lack the conversational form, the spirits of the grave Dean, the dignified and scholarly Monsignor, and the vivacious young assistant fresh from his books, who carry on the discussions in the aforesaid chapters seem to pervade all the essays, giving them a charming variety and pleasant clash of opinion that make the book bright, witty, instructive, and lasting in its impression. The chapters on "The Priest and Non-Catholics, The Priest and the School, The Priest and Social Problems" treat these subjects in the light of modern conditions and recent developments of method, yet always with practical and good sense and sane judgment. All in all, "Sacerdotal Safeguards" possesses the rare good qualities of form and substance that have been so generally lauded by the press in its review of Father O'Neill's earlier books, and the clerical reader will find it as enjoyable as well as a thoroughly helpful volume to have within easy reach E.

THE CELTIC DAWN. A Survey of the Renaissance in Ireland. By Lloyd R. Morris. Macmillan Co. 1917. \$1.50.

"The Celtic Dawn" is a critical study of the Irish literary movement which has been in progress since the publications of Douglas Hyde and William Butler Yeats in 1889. This date, Mr. Morris shows, marked the revival of Irish literature. Since then Irish literary ability has been exceedingly fruitful, producing novelists, economists, and, more especially, dramatists and poets of power. In "The Celtic Dawn" the author makes a "study of the several movements which, although having their foundation in a single consciously expressed philosophy, have labored in widely varied fields to produce a new social synthesis in contemporary Ireland." "These movements,"

he explains, "are those which have been concerned with literature, the drama, with the revival of Gaelic as the language of daily speech, with economic and social reform, and with political thought." The various phases of these movements, we are told, have an intimate interconnection, and all have been inspired with a common aim—the reconstruction of Irish life. That this aim has been realized in the "principal fields of activity which it has pervaded," it is his purpose to show. Ireland has been especially rich in poets; and the drama has provided a favorite vehicle of expression for Irish playwrights; but unfortunately there has been a dearth of representative novelists. A somewhat extended treatment is accorded to the novels of George Moore, who, as the author observes, "consciously attempted to shock the English public and succeeded," and who assuredly does not express the genius of the Irish people, while Canon Sheehan's much more meritorious work is dismissed with a brief sentence.

Again, some of Mr. Morris' observations on Catholicism must necessarily meet with disapproval. When, emphasizing A. E.'s (George W. Russell's) poetry as a reaction from the philosophy of Catholicism, he remarks that it was "a protest against the creed which decrees punishment for the soul that has committed acts that it never promised not to commit," he does not manifest the intimacy with the Catholic point of view,—a point of view which anyone writing or speaking for Ireland should certainly understand. Nor can we agree that Pantheism is "a quality that is rarely absent from the poetry of those of an innately religious disposition who care very greatly for nature." After reading "The Celtic Dawn" one feels that if this author has given us a faithful impression of much of Irish literary achievement, Ireland's dawn is breaking over a land of cold and dismal philosophies and that the spirit of the Irish people is after all not a fine and true fidelity to Christian ideals—which thing we do not for a moment believe.

"The Celtic Dawn" is a lively book, full of information on literary, dramatic and social history. Mr. Morris' digest of Irish literature is comprehensive and his style is easy and engaging. Nowhere will be found a better general review of literary development in Ireland, one which not only designates authors and their productions but presents in brief the content of their works and gives intelligent and, in general, correct estimates of their individual worth.—J. H. McD.

National Catholic War Records.

The National Board for Historical Service, created by the government, has called the attention "of State historical departments and other public bodies to the importance of preserving for permanent use the war records not only of the State and Federal Governments but also of the large number of auxiliary organizations." It seeks to know the "attitude of particular social groups, political, economic or religious," and its plans include the publication of a "Manual of War Records."

The National Catholic War Council, organized by the Catholic hierarchy of the United States, has appointed a standing committee on National Catholic War Records to secure at once and keep an accurate and complete record of all Catholic American activity in this war. It is desirable that the committee secure at once the name, age, home address, branch of service, and name of nearest relative or next friend: (a) of every Catholic man in the Army, Navy, or Marines (state whether volunteer or drafted); (b) of those examined and passed but not yet called; (c) of those serving in medical, hospital, or ambulance corps; (d) of chaplains, regular, non-commissioned or supplying; (e) of helpers in cantonment, camps or over seas; (f) of every Catholic woman serving as nurse or in any other capacity.

Also contributions of letters from soldiers, pamphlets, articles, and books would be a great help in this noble work. The nation is beginning to realize that nearly half of its fighting force is composed of Catholic young men. Let us show America by our war records what the Catholics at home are doing for her: we shall then have done something to wipe out bigotry and to enhance the position of the Catholic Church in the land which the sons of that Church are now so nobly defending.—T. F. H.

Obituaries.

The *Chicago-American* last week announced the death of Edward Singeton (old student). R. I. P.

Prayers are requested for Charles Benoist (student '16) who passed away on the 24th at the age of 28. Charley was a prominent and popular student in his day. We lament his early demise and treasure the remembrance of his virtues and talents.

The sympathy of the University is extended to Leo L. Ward, recently of Corby Hall, whose mother died recently after a life filled with good works. Mrs. Ward was a model Catholic woman.

We have just been informed that Mr. Weber, father of Robert, of Corby Hall, has passed to his reward. The earnest prayers of the students and faculty are assured Robert in this his sad bereavement.

Local News.

—Lieut. John C. McGinn, C. S. C., one of our Notre Dame chaplains, is now at the University for a short visit before he returns to his duties, at the chaplains' school, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky.

—Prof. A. M. Heck, instructor of the Palmer Method of Penmanship at the University, while attending the Penmanship Instructors' Conference at Chicago, Monday, obtained the promises of A. N. Palmer of New York City and A. A. Davis of Chicago, inventors of the universally used system, to pay the Summer School a visit early in July.

—There is a splendid opening for a lawyer of a few years' experience in a town of 1600 in the West. The lawyer whose resignation on account of ill health makes this opening possible, was earning \$5,000 a year. There is only one other law firm in town and a large rural community is tributary. Only a good lawyer, however, need apply.

—Notre Dame will be well represented at the Ensign Naval Training School at the Municipal Pier, Chicago, several more men having successfully passed the requirements relative to enlistment. The University quota was increased to twenty candidates Monday by the following enlistments: Schuyler Douthitt, James P. Dower, Alfred W. Slaggert, Charles W. Call, Edward Harbert and George McConnell.

—Prof. John J. Becker, dean of the music department at the University, was the host at a delightful smoker and luncheon tendered to the collegiate members of the Notre Dame choristers at his home Monday evening. Prof. Becker acted as toastmaster and responses were given by the members present. Among those attending the smoker were Messrs. Grupa, Davis, Tobin, Overton, Slaggert, Devine, C. Billeaud, G. Billeaud, Corona, Ott, Connerton and McGinnis.

—Two practical business men addressed the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Jos. A. McGowan, auditor of the Indianapolis Traction Terminal Co., who had been actively connected with the Indiana traction system from the beginning, discussed the growth of interurban transportation. He closed with a statement of the advantages of auditing as a profession. Mr. McGowan's paper will appear in the Bulletin of the Notre Dame

Chamber of Commerce. Friday afternoon, Mr. Chester D. Freeze ("Chet" of basketball fame, 1907-11) gave a second lecture on life insurance, outlining the educational plan of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.

—Walsh Hall clinched a safe lead in the interhall league on Thursday of last week when Corby bowed to the hurling of Smith and the clouting of Billeaud and Scofield. The final score was 10 to 3. Donovan, who struck out seventeen Brownson players earlier in the season, was not up to his usual form, being touched for ten hits by the Walsh sluggers. Smith of Walsh fanned fifteen men, allowing but four hits during the game.

—Ragged fielding and a number of costly errors coupled with timely hitting by Sorin, gave the "wise ones" their first victory over Badin on Thursday of last week by the score of 9 to 3. Up to the sixth inning it was anybody's game, both sides playing real baseball. Something went wrong with the Badin machinery, however, and in the *melée* Sorin gathered enough scores to assure themselves of victory. Kipp and Lockard each allowed five hits.

—The rollicking musical comedy "Camouflaging Cupid," a playlet dealing with student life at the University, written by Delmar J. Edmondson, Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., and Earl Clark, was presented to a capacity audience in Washington Hall Thursday-evening. Viewed from every angle the comedy was a flattering success. Owing to the fact that the SCHOLASTIC had gone to press sufficient space was not obtainable. A detailed account of the play will follow in our next number.

—Notre Dame students again went "over the top" in the Liberty Loan campaign, headed by Prof. Vurpillat of the law department and a committee of students from the residence halls. A total of subscriptions amounting to \$12,000 was raised, Walsh Hall, through the efforts of Beacom and Scofield, leading the list with thirty-nine subscriptions amounting to \$2550. Badin Hall ran second with thirty-seven. The honor flag was awarded to Walsh Hall Tuesday. Five thousand of the total amount was subscribed by the employees of the University.

—Cadillac Hall, although the newest of the residence buildings on the campus, has one of the most enviable enlistment records of any domicile at Notre Dame. Only sixteen students have lived in the suite above the presidential

conveyance, yet there are already eight stars in the service flag of the hall. Pierre Miller, Roy Phillips, Harry Sylvestre, Edward Sylvestre, and "Red" Donnelly are already in the active service of their country. Three of the present occupants are second-class seamen waiting to be called to the Ensigns' School in Chicago. They are Edwin Harbert, Schuyler Douthitt, and Charles Call. 500! Some battling average, Cadillac!

—At the regular bi-weekly meeting of the Poetry Society, held Sunday, May 5, the tendency of modern poetry to show the lightness of touch so notable in the works of early poetry, and so entirely lacking in the heavy works of the Classic Age, was discussed. "Herve Riel," Browning's famous poem of the pilot who saved the French fleet from the English, was read as an example of earlier war poetry. Some war poetry of the present war was then read and discussed. The poems which were considered the best of those submitted at the regular bi-weekly contest of the society were "Mother," by James Connerton, "Christ upon the Waters," by Brother Alphonsus and "In My Flower Garden," by Brother Albinus. This meeting concludes the work of the poetry society for the year.

—Sixty candidates were initiated into the second and third degrees of the Knights of Columbus at Place Hall Sunday afternoon, forty-six being students at the University and the remainder South Bend candidates. Justin McCarthy and Jack Loftus, with the famous degree team of Chicago Council, exemplified the third degree, the members of the South Bend council having charge of the second degree work. Following the degree work the knights and ladies were tendered a banquet in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel. William Fox, one of the directors of the K. of C. National Council, acted as toastmaster. Addresses were made by Prof. John Cooney, dean of the department of journalism at the University, ex-Senator Robert M. Proctor, of Elkhart; Justin McCarthy of Chicago; James Dooley, Edward Madigan and Joseph Brandy. Charley McCauley and Walter O'Keefe also entertained in their own delightful way. The members of the Notre Dame Glee Club who were present sang several songs and led the assemblage in the "Star Spangled Banner" which completed the program.

Personals.

—Arthur Funk ('06), a graduate and ex-professor of the engineering school here, and well remembered as a football man, was a visitor at the University recently.

—Dr. and Mrs. William J. Corcoran announce the birth of William J., Jr., on April 19. Dr. Corcoran, or "Chubby" as he was known to the students of his day, was graduated in Biology in '13.

—First Lieut. Joe Pliska, our all-American halfback, was at the University a few days this week. Joe is now in the Signal Corps, and will be stationed at Dallas, Texas. He has just completed a course of instruction at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—Mr. Alfred Fries, of Grand Haven, Mich. ('15), was married to Miss Hilda Rademacher, of Marion, Ind., at St. Paul's Church in Marion, by the Rev. J. P. Durham, on Tuesday, May 7th. Mrs. Fries is a sister of Ted Rademacher, of Sorin Hall, varsity pole vaulter.

—Lieut. Emmet G. Lenihan, law graduate of last year, and an arts and letters man of 1915, was at the University Wednesday. Lieut. Lenihan was director of the plays produced at the University during 1916-17, and professor of elocution in the college of arts and letters.

—Rev. Thomas John Mackin, of Waukegan, Ill., who was at one time a student here, was ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Gibbons at the Cathedral at Baltimore Thursday morning, May 16. Father Mackin will say his first solemn Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Waukegan on Sunday, May 26. His friends at Notre Dame know that he will be an honor to the school that helped him to answer his call to the service of God.

—Rev. Thomas A. Stiener, C. S. C. (C. E., '99), who was ordained last Tuesday at Indianapolis, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph Chartrand (LL. D., '17), said his first solemn Mass at Monroe, Mich., Thursday morning. Rev. John F. O'Hara, C. S. C., went to Monroe to assist in the Mass. Father Stiener was well-known at Notre Dame as a "Prof." in the engineering department, until he went to the Novitiate in the summer of 1914. Since that time he has been studying for the priesthood at Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C. Father Stiener will be as splendid a priest as he is a gentleman and a scholar.

N. D. Faculty Lectures.

Owing to the large number of vacancies made necessary in the industrial world by employees leaving for the army, and the unprecedented high wages to be obtained in factories, munition plants and business concerns, there is a well-grounded fear that the youth of the land will be allured by the prospect of high wages and will abandon their studies. This would work irreparable harm to the nation. To offset this impending exodus the Indiana State School Department set aside April 22 to 26 as "Educational Week," during which time speakers appeared before the High Schools of the state "emphasizing the traditional dependence which Indiana has always placed upon education, particularly with the hope that young people of school age, but too young for active service in the army or navy, might be impelled to continue their education—in the elementary schools, in the High Schools and in the Colleges." Notre Dame earnestly co-operated in the aims of the state with the result that Judge Vurpillat, Prof. Hines, Prof. Farrell, Prof. Cooney and Fr. Joseph Burke made a tour of the neighboring towns addressing High School audiences. Prof. Cooney also gave impressive talks to the students of St. Xavier's College, Louisville, Ky., of St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., and of St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Ky., bearing the same message. Notable among other patriotic speeches were those of Fr. Schumacher at the dinner given by the business men of South Bend to the last quota of drafted men to leave for the camps, and at a dinner of the Rotary Club on Wednesday evening, May 8, where in pleasing and forceful language he made clear "The Commands of Democracy." Father Cavanaugh has also given his assistance to the patriotic work by accepting as many invitations as his numerous duties have allowed. The following is a partial list of the places in which he spoke: Fort Wayne, Ind., Working Boys' Reserve Demonstration; Chicago, Ill., Service Flag Raising; Brazil, Ind., under the auspices of the Speakers' Bureau; Michigan City, Ind., before Rotary Club; Green Bay, Wis., before Marquette Club; Philadelphia, Pa., under auspices of Sisters of the Good Shepherd; New York City, before the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; Providence, R. I., benefit St. Joseph's Hospital; Elkhart, Ind., Rotary Club; Terre Haute, and on several occasions in South Bend, Ind.

Athletics.

Capturing first in every event except the quarter mile, Notre Dame experienced no difficulty whatsoever in registering a victory over M. A. C. on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon. The "Aggies" were simply out-classed, and the Gold and Blue performers won about as they pleased.

As usual, Earl Gilfillan was the chief luminary of the local squad. Five firsts—in the two hurdle races, the shot put, the discus throw, and the high jump, besides a fast quarter mile in the one mile relay race,—represented his afternoon's work. In no event was he even pressed, and his mark of 130 feet in the discus throw was quite extraordinary.

Captain Mulligan gathered in ten points by beating the fields in the two dashes. Patterson was right on his heels in both races, and gives promise of even better things in the future. Harbert, who led the field in the quarter mile until the final stretch, ran into a snag when two M. A. C. runners sprinted past him. Call, in the half mile, Van Wonterghen, in the mile, and Sweeney, in the two mile, did not have to extend themselves to win. Sweeney was near a new Cartier Field record in his race, and several hundred yards ahead of his nearest competitor.

Rademacher, Powers and Patterson, pole vaulted Notre Dame into nine points. McGinnis and Miller grabbed first and second, respectively, in the broad jump. Hayes picked up two thirds for Notre Dame in the hurdle races as did Philbin and Stine in the weight events.

Insley, Harbert, Gilfillan and Call, an improvised relay aggregation, won from M. A. C. handily in the one mile relay race. With three years of intercollegiate competition behind him it was the final appearance of Call on the Cartier Field track. Summaries:

100-yard dash—Won by Mulligan, N. D., 2nd, Patterson, N. D., 3rd, Simmons, M. A. C. Time 10 1-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Mulligan, N. D., 2nd, Patterson, N. D., 3rd, Simmons, M. A. C. Time 22 4-5.

440-yard dash—Won by Kurtz, M. A. C., 2nd, Stern, M. A. C., 3rd, Harbert, N. D. Time 55 sec.

880-yard dash—Won by Call, N. D., 2nd, Genman, M. A. C., 3rd, O'Connor, N. D. 2 min. 4 sec.

One mile run—Won by Van Wonterghen, N. D., 2nd, Mitchell, M. A. C. Time 4 min. 50 sec.

Two mile run—Won by Sweeney, N. D., 2nd, Brandel, M. A. C. Time 10 min. 9 2-5 sec.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Gilfillan, N. D.

2nd, Taylor, M. A. C., 3rd, Hayes, N. D., Time 17 3-5.
 220-yard low hurdles—Won by Gilfillan, N. D.,
 2nd, Hatland, M. A. C., 3rd, Hayes, N. D. Time 27 3-5.
 Shot put—Won by Gilfillan, N. D., 2nd, Atkins,
 M. A. C., Philbin, N. D. Distance 38 ft. 4 1-2 in.
 Discus throw—Won by Gilfillan, N. D., 2nd, Atkins,
 M. A. C., 3rd, Stime, N. D. Distance 130 ft.
 Broad jump—Won by McGinnis, N. D., 2nd, Miller,
 N. D., 3rd, Harris, M. A. C., Distance 20 ft. 3 in.
 Pole vault—Won by Rademacher, N. D., 2nd,
 Powers, N. D., 3rd, Patterson. Height 11 ft.
 One mile relay race—Won by Notre Dame (Insley,
 Harbert, Gilfillan, and Call.)

M. A. C., 4—N. D., 0.

Inability to hit pitcher De Mond caused Notre Dame to lose for the first time this season to the Michigan "Aggies" last Saturday afternoon. Two bingles, one of the scratch variety, were all that the men of Harper could amass off the deceptive offerings of the opposing twirler, and only twice throughout the game was a Gold and Blue man as far advanced as third base.

Smith commenced the game for Notre Dame. He got into a bad hole in the very first inning by his wildness, and only got out of it by a whirlwind double play executed by Fitzgerald, Captain Wolf, and Philbin. Another double play due to the quick thinking of Sjoberg again postponed trouble in the second inning. The storm broke in the fourth. In an attempt to execute another double play Smith allowed runners to be safe on first and second. Snyder then hit one to left which Barry muffed and two runs crossed the plate. Another pair of counters were shoved across by M. A. C. in the fifth when Pitcher De Mond's own hit scored Murray. A little later De Mond stole home while Andres was retiring Hayes at first following a dropped third strike.

Murray then went to the rescue. He pitched brilliantly throughout the remainder of the contest, but as Notre Dame could do nothing in the way of offsetting the quartet of M. A. C. runs, his pitching went for naught. The box score:

M. A. C.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Snyder, rf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Kellogg, 2b.....	3	0	0	2	2	0
Hammes, 1b.....	5	0	1	10	0	0
Andrews, 3b.....	2	1	1	1	0	0
De Mond, p.....	5	1	1	2	2	0
Doscher, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hayes, cf.....	2	1	1	4	0	0
Cullinan, c.....	4	1	0	6	0	0
Peters, ss.....	2	0	0	0	3	1
Totals.....	31	4	6	27	7	1

NOTRE DAME..	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bader, cf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Halloran, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Sjoberg, 2b.....	4	0	0	4	2	0
Wolf, ss.....	3	0	0	1	3	1
Philbin, 1b.....	4	0	0	9	0	0
Barry, lf.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Fitzgerald, 3b.....	2	0	0	3	3	0
Andres, c.....	3	0	1	7	2	0
Smith, p.....	0	0	0	0	1	0
Murray, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	29	0	2	27	13	2

Score by innings:

Michigan Aggies.....000 220 000—4

Notre Dame.....000 000 000—0

Summaries: Two base hit—Andres. Sacrifice hits—Andrews, Peters. Sacrifice fly—Smith. Double plays—Fitzgerald to Wolf to Philbin. Sjoberg (unassisted). Struck out—by DeMond, 4; by Murray, 7. Base on balls—Off Smith, 5; off Murray, 2; off DeMond, 2. Left on bases—M. A. C., 7; Notre Dame, 4. Hit batsmen—Peters, Barry. Time of Game—2 hours. Umpire—Schaefer. Official scorer—Szczepanik.

N. D., 7—PURDUE, 5.

Four runs in the ninth inning rescued an apparently lost game at Lafayette against Purdue last week. They came after Purdue had forged ahead in the eighth round with three runs. Purdue again filled the bases in the ninth inning but could not shove across any more runs. Sjoberg, Captain Wolf, and Philbin were the heavy hitters for the Gold and Blue. The box score:

PURDUE	R	H	P	A
Beall, cf.....	2	1	0	0
Bailey, 1b.....	1	1	17	0
Martin, rf.....	1	0	1	0
Perrin, c.....	1	1	0	0
McConnell, 3b.....	0	1	4	1
Mills, lf.....	0	1	3	0
Ferguson, ss.....	0	1	1	5
Love, 2b.....	0	0	1	3
Bray, p.....	0	1	0	6
Oliver, p.....	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	5	8	27	15

NOTRE DAME	H	R	P	A
Bader, cf.....	1	0	3	0
Mangin, rf.....	2	1	0	0
Sjoberg, 2b.....	1	3	2	1
Wolf, ss.....	2	2	4	0
Philbin, 1b.....	0	2	6	0
Barry, lf.....	0	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, 3b.....	0	0	0	2
Andres, c.....	0	1	11	2
Murray, p.....	1	3	1	1
Totals.....	7	12	27	6

NOTRE DAME.....102 000 004—7

PURDUE.....002 000 030—5

Struck out—Murray, 11. Bases on balls—Bray, 3; Murray 2. Errors—Fitzgerald, Andres, Murray, Beall, Bailey, Perrin, Bray 2.

Letters from Camp.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE,

April 20, 1918.

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

Dear Father:

I have just been celebrating Washington's Birthday,—two months late, to be sure, but the SCHOLASTIC of February 23 reached me only to-day. It is a unique and historic number; your speech alone would make it that. It is really one of the finest expressions you have ever given to the spirit of Notre Dame, which is itself the embodiment of all that is great in American patriotism and of the whole greatness of Catholic faith. At least, we try to make it that, do we not? And the strong draught of the ideal which the SCHOLASTIC brings comes to me to-day with something like tonic force. There is such a thing, you know, as missing the woods among the trees.

Why all the Philosophy? I am so close to Germany that philosophy is in the air. There are, however, other things in the air of perhaps more immediate consequence, airplanes and shrapnel and horrible gases. I say Mass every morning in a church where the bells were silenced by *Schrecklichkeit*, but whose walls and roof still stand and are the holy place, though all around lie ruins. The room in which I write—I am billeted in the town—was usurped by German officers in their three weeks' occupancy here. But the little French town is now filled with the bright faces of the youngest and, I think, bravest of all the armies of the world, only waiting their chance and the ripe hour to strike and strike hard for all those sanctities which are at bottom Catholic in religion, democratic and American in government. Those lads are not thinking of these things in those terms, of course, but there is not one of them but knows that the "*Gott mit uns*" of the German belt-buckle is not the God free men should adore.

Sunday, April 21.—All this I have written under the spell of your eloquence. I have just returned from saying Mass in the old shell-shattered church where I had a congregation of about seven hundred Catholic soldiers. It was low Mass and there was a simple sermon. What faith these lads have! Last Saturday a week ago I heard confessions for three or four hours, standing out in the barracks yard. It was as public as the street corner, but nobody minded. Father Duffy has them trained. They come up and stand beside you, bareheaded, and tell their little story, then go and stand up by the wall and say their penance, bless themselves, and are gone. No fear, no human respect. They are the stuff out of which great soldiers are made; indeed on more than one lad that stood beside me for confession hung the *croix de guerre*.

Joyce Kilmer is in the town, about a mile from me. He is Sergeant Kilmer now, and has a fine record as a soldier. Officers and men are very fond of him. He is the same quiet, serene personality we knew at home. With war, as with most other experiences, you get out of it what you bring to it, and Joyce entered it a true poet and a real man.

My own regiment, the —th Engineers, is almost

wholly non-Catholic, having been recruited from parts of the country where a Catholic is an oddity and a priest a curiosity. I am not quarrelling with Providence for having put me in such surroundings. I make a big act of faith and do the best I can. Besides I have plenty of purely priestly activity helping Father Duffy with his three thousand Catholics.

When I shall go up near the trenches, as I hope to in a few days, I shall have more acute war experiences to tell you of. So far I have only heard the big guns and seen aerial duelling and visited gas victims and wounded men in the hospitals here. It is wonderful experience; as one of the sergeants said last week over at the barracks: "Father Duffy and Father O'Donnell are hearing confessions out on the parade ground." As there was no response: "Say, you fellows had better get out to confessions—you may be in hell next week." But he was wrong. For these chaps Heaven is just around the corner. We know it was to their fathers that our Father Corby gave the general absolution at Gettysburg.

My love to all at N. D. Tell my Eucharistic Union boys especially to keep me in their prayers.

Devotedly in Christ,

Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

Address: A. P. O.,

American E. F., France,

P. S.—We write "*American E. F.*" now, in contradistinction to "*Australian E. F.*"—C. L. O'D.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,"

March 27, 1918.

Dear Professor Maurus:

I suppose you have given up hope of ever hearing from me again, but I shall not stop to apologize now. I have been in this army game since last November. I was drafted and was assigned to the 310th Engineers at Camp Custer, Michigan, but was soon after transferred to the Signal Corps, and in a short time was on my way to France. We had a very pleasant trip across, with the exception of two or three stormy days and a little submarine scare on another. We are now at camp here waiting for orders to report for duty.

Hoping that this note may find you in the best of health, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

Léon T. Russell,

Address: Aviation Section, U. S. Signal Corps,
American E. F., France.

"AT THE FRONT," FRANCE.

March 12, 1918.

Rev. Chas. L. Doremus, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indian, U. S. A.

My dear Father Doremus:

You cannot imagine my surprise when, after waiting more than three months, I finally received your box. I had given it up as lost, but when I walked over to my battery yesterday the box was waiting for me. The cigarettes are fine and the cigars finer still. I do not know how to thank you; they came just when I was entirely out of all kinds of tobacco.

I said "I walked over to my battery." Let me explain. We have been at the Front for some time now. After getting into position things came much easier.

I have been with my battery at the front only two weeks, as I received an order from Brigade Headquarters to report to a French battery. The idea was for me to live with them and learn just how they fight this war. I have been with this battery ever since. It has been a wonderful opportunity for me, as we have been in four or five attacks, and I have seen every move the French have made. I marvel at their rapidity and accuracy. When I return to my battery things will be very much easier. In one of the attacks shells were hitting all about our battery, but none of the material or men were injured.

Well, Father, I do not have much time to write here, as I spend most of the time at the forward observing post. The French officers are doing all in their power to show me everything and as a result we are going all day and part of the night.

In closing I want to thank you most heartily for your prayers, which I need very much. My regards to all the priests.

Your sincere friend,

Lieut. Harry M. Newning,

101st Field Artillery,

American E. F., France.

CAMP GRANT, ILLINOIS,

April 18, 1918.

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

My dear Father Cavanaugh,

I thank you very much for your words of greeting and congratulations on the event of my father's restoration. Just a word about myself, which may perhaps be of interest. I am with the Field Signal Battalion, as you know, and our company is assigned chiefly to establishing telephone and telegraph communication lines. I have recently instructed a class of one hundred men in the subject of electricity and telegraphy, in which course I delivered twenty-seven lectures, many of which I wrote out. This was done in the Division School of Arms, and my class were members of the artillery. At present I am taking a preliminary course which is the basis of one given to candidates in training for signal officers. I have been recommended for such a school, which is scheduled to start May 15th, at Leon Springs, Texas.

I have read from time to time of the part Notre Dame is taking in this great struggle, and I am indeed proud to be one of her representatives in it. With kindest wishes for you and for Notre Dame, I am,

Respectfully yours,

Francis J. Ryan.

P. O. 701, American E. F., France.

April 9, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

A week ago I came from *there* to *here*, and am assistant Base chaplain in a section which covers many miles of camps very far apart.

There are two other priests here, one a K. of C. chaplain, who, until the arrival of a layman, last Saturday, ran the only K. C. club rooms in France. You can not imagine how much we need the K. of C. here.

There is plenty of room for activity here. I have just

counted twenty-nine camps, some of them many miles distant. Some naval aviation boys are at the camp, and this week they organized a Catholic club of fifty members. When I get time to look over these camps, I may ask you to have the N. D. boys send me over their old papers, *Ave Marias*, and magazines. One army sergeant was in yesterday-looking for athletic goods, for his men belong to an immense camp far from any town where they can find any kind of amusement. I have put in a requisition for a side-car and an orderly to drive it for me, but there is no transportation to be had just now. I can never get to all these camps without a car, and I am promised one in the near future.

While I remember it,—it is impossible to get beads in France, except at high prices, and then they are entirely too large for a soldier to carry. I am getting a few pairs from the K. of C. chaplain. I can get prayer-books from the K. of C. secretary. The Chaplains' Aid Society is supposed to attend to these matters and to paying for altar wine and vestments, but I haven't heard of any headquarters in France and do not know their New York address. My kit was nearly ruined by the breaking of a bottle of altar wine at sea. All the linens were dyed a rich, and I think, irremovable red. My chalice and ciborium were badly corroded and the missal was a total loss. From some nuns I secured a few linens and from the priest an alb. I polished up the chalice and ciborium with pumice-stone and tooth paste. Of course, the gilt lining was not tarnished by the acid. I am buying a new missal in Paris. The expense of these things is not so great, but the articles themselves are hard to replace sometimes.

This afternoon we had a military funeral for five soldiers who were drowned on Sunday. Three of them were Catholics, one of them a member of a very rich family in Philadelphia. Five chaplains were present and the service was union. After it, the priests and the K. C. secretary visited some of the Catholics, one a fourth-degree Knight who has contracted tuberculosis, but who, like a true Gael, wants to kill the Kaiser. We also visited the survivor of the Sunday drowning. He is an Episcopalian, but has a Catholic wife. He told us that he started the poor fellows at their prayers as they clung to the boat, and that the rich boy said, "Well, fellows, we can die like good Catholics." The Episcopalian is a fine character, and wants the rich boy's parents to know the quotation above.

Last Sunday I rode three miles and a half to a camp, heard confessions an hour, said Mass and preached in the Y. M. C. A. hut. At ten o'clock I conducted regimental services. Then I walked back to the town and had a regular breakfast at my hotel. In the evening I was invited to talk at the Y. M. C. A. city hut, and did so, as is the custom. All present came up and shook hands with me. Next Sunday I am to go to another camp to say Mass, hold regimental services, and then in the evening hold services for the colored contingent.

There is an officer in one of the camps near here who is a graduate from Notre Dame and whose home is in South Bend, but the K. C. chaplain who told me of him cannot remember his name. I shall write now and then. Don't forget the wee prayer for

Obediently yours,

Lieut. Earnest A. Davis,

Safety Valve.

THE PARTING.

I stole beneath the great pine tree
And there was Geraldine
In all her life she never looked
So quiet and serene.
I laid my hand upon her head
And said good-bye, but Bud
She never spoke a word but just
Kept chewing on her cud.

She was as gentle as a dove,
Her eyes were homesick blue,
The peace that hovered over her
Would have appealed to you.
She seemed to have the rose of life
Without its cruel thorns.
But she was just a great big cow
With vicious looking horns.

HER LETTER.

I'm writing, dearest heart, to you
To tell you that I cannot chew
So worried am I lest my pet
Should get his little pinkies wet.
Suppose that you should catch a cold
I should grow prematurely old
From constant worry over you.
Dear little gumdrop I'm so blue
That I could wash in iodine
And you would never see a line
Of brown upon my pretty face,
I'll be completely off my base
Unless I hear that you are well,
Suppose you died and went to—Nell
Informs me that you're mighty sick.
She says someone mislaid a brick.
He meant it for the yard, instead
He must have placed it on your head.
Oh, how I wept. I felt as though
I'd like to be your little toe
And when you cut the nail 'twould say
I've been around with you all day,
I've been right up against your shoe;
And, boy, the last thing you should do
Is cut me off, but then of course
If you insist on a divorce
Remember that the time will come
When I will grow upon your thumb,
For nails will never yield a fight,
Though men may file and even bite
Them to the quick. I understand
You like these verses I have planned.
I made them up out of my head
As billiard balls are made. I read
That sometimes poet's heads are good
As red oak or as cherry wood.
They may be good as such things, but
I think that mine is just wal-nut.

*Absolutely necessary for rhyme.

I'll have to stop, it's growing late
And I have had nothing to ate.*
Do not applaud, I am so meek
It wakes the color in my cheek.
This is just next to the last line
And here's the last one—ain't it fine?

SHAVING.

Shaving is about the only subject, since the war began, that does not start a "scrap" when mentioned in domestic, labor, and society circles. Moreover, it is the only subject on which any member of the tribe *genus homo*, above the age of twenty, can speak fluently—and energetically.

Next to sleeping, it is the most universal job on earth. Someone may claim that eating is; but I have known free road advocates, who have shaved twice to one meal. Shaving also has the distinguished honor of being the only occupation that the suffragettes haven't attempted to monopolize.

No one chews gum during the operation.

The latest official reports, from the German headquarters, state that the best means for shaving is with a razor. Now a razor is a diminutive meat-cleaver. Yes, one could cut Bologna sausage with a razor; but it is usually reserved for whiskers. It has been estimated, that over 5,000,000,000,000,000,000 whiskers are being deprived of their habitations daily.

The custom of shaving has evolved from the ancient Norsemen, who rode into battle, splitting their whiskers on their battle axes. This grew so prevalent, that, in time, when a quarrel arose, the opponents got out in the middle of the street, and began to split whiskers; no doubt to show that they were not afraid; and the sad traces of this lamentable custom, are still visible in the sixteen year old boy of to-day, who takes a delight in shaving. But as politics began to play an important part in the affairs of this war-like people, some of the more important candidates for the elections began to have rather queer looking appendages on their chins. To eliminate these conspicuous evidences of unfraternal affection, some rising genius shaved himself; and thus we have the barbarous custom, with all this train of necessary evils, following in its wake such as hair-cutting, beard-trimming, manicuring, etc.

Some men swear when they shave; others make funny faces; some do both. It has been said that the swearing habit originated with the razor strop. I have heard it told of a certain man, that so addicted was he to swearing when he shaved, that to shake off the habit, he was forced to let his beard grow.

Whiskers have neither nerves nor blood vessels, or there would be more hospitals and insane asylums in the country.

Natives of India shave their children at the age of three months. These fortunate beings are almost altogether devoid of mustachios. It has been asserted that the negroes eat so many bananas, that the whole region of development is confined to the feet, and since any respectable mustache would disdain to appear in that locality, it remains in its embryonic stage.

The latest fad in regard to shaving, is not to shave.

B. G.