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No. 2.



Reverend James J. French, C. S. C.
Who will preach the students' retreat.

The Novels of Canon Sheehan.*

BY LEIGH G. HUBBELL (LITT. B. '18).

THE man who enjoys good fiction rightly feels that he can not be too grateful to the novelist who acquaints him with a new and lovable character. He knows what tonic cheer he has taken from his acquaintance with Mr. Pickwick, with the affable Colonel Newcome, or with the versatile Mulvaney. He knows that the world would be measurably poorer without such charming book-people as Elizabeth Bennet or David Balfour. To these immortals, as to trusted friends, he has gone for refreshment and light, time after time, and they have made his heart freer and his head clearer. Is it strange, therefore, that he should rejoice when a new and promising character is added to this noble company?

Some such feeling as this must have informed the enthusiasm which greeted the appearance, in 1898, of Daddy Dan, the most delightful clerical character in English fiction since the Vicar of Wakefield. The leisurely reminiscences of this old Irish priest, first appearing in the pages of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, under the title of "My New Curate," were intended to commemorate the virtues of his assistant, but the admirers of Daddy Dan were not to be deceived by a title. His charm is irresistible, this kindly old priest, with his fondness for Horace and the Greek Fathers, his detestation of coffee-drinking, his polemics against modernism in its hundred subtle guises; an old man whom the children love and whom Hannah, the house-keeper, guards quite like, as she says, "an unwaned child," so careless is he of his personal comfort; a true shepherd of his little flock, who contrives to animate and guide the whole country-side with his shrewd, genial counsels. When, in 1900, "My New Curate" appeared in book form, the little circle of Daddy Dan's admirers widened to include the entire English-speaking world, so warmly do fiction-readers take to heart a new character that possesses the breath and sweetness of life.

The creator of Daddy Dan was himself a parish priest in an obscure corner of Ireland. His name he withheld from the public until the success of "My New Curate" was established beyond a doubt; then the public learned that the novelist was a Father Patrick Sheehan, and

that he had been the pastor of Doneraile, Ireland, since 1895. This, his only pastorate, he held until his death in 1913. As a young priest, he had spent two years on the English mission; recalled to Ireland, he had served as curate at Mallow and at Queenstown, and had written a dozen or more articles for the Irish ecclesiastical journals. When he assumed the dignity and freedom of a pastorate, he at once made arrangements for the publication of his first novel, "Geoffrey Austin," which differed widely from "My New Curate" both in purpose and construction. His aim was to plead the necessity of new ideals in Irish education. The book was not well received; the critics admitted its literary excellence, but they resented the author's thesis. The edition remained on the book-sellers' shelves, but a copy that found its way to the editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* was destined to bear fruit. Dr. Huser, editor of the *Review*, liked "Geoffrey Austin," and especially its clerical portraits. He immediately began negotiations with Father Sheehan for a series of such sketches for the *Review*, and thus was Daddy Dan introduced to the world.

The story of the old priest and his interesting young curate was translated within the year into German, French, and Italian. The press of three continents gave the book appreciative reviews, and Father Sheehan, laying aside his anonymity, became a literary celebrity. Encouraged, and conceiving his writing as an apostolate no less important than his work in the pulpit, he pushed forward a tremendous program in the dozen years that were yet spared to him. Eight more novels came from his pen, besides a volume of short stories, another of poems, four of essays, one of sermons, and a drama. His reputation and influence steadily grew; his bishop made him a canon of the diocesan cathedral; Pius X., having read "My New Curate" in the Italian, conferred on him the doctorate of divinity.

As a novelist Canon Sheehan belongs among the realists. He did not write for the sake of creating; his purpose was always serious, and even religious; yet he wrote rapidly and easily. His biographer tells us that he scarcely ever revised a manuscript, that his plots seemed to develop spontaneously. Obviously the storyteller's art was his, however little he may have prized the gift. His novels abound in dramatic situations; his characters are human and life-like. A convincing proof of his realism is the

*Prize essay in the Meehan Medal contest for 1918.

resentment which much of his work inspired among the Irish; for if the Canon painted the many lights of Irish life, he painted also the less pleasing shadows; if he wrote affectionately of Irish faith, he did not omit certain signs of decadence; if he was eloquent in picturing Ireland's heroic past, he was not less eloquent in warning against present dangers. I doubt whether an alien—an Englishman, say—would dare to write as candidly of certain phases of Irish life as did Canon Sheehan.

The Celtic color and picturesqueness in his novels come mainly from his minor characters, who make up a remarkably interesting company. Many of his major characters, on the other hand, are persons whom education, wealth, and travel have made citizens of the world,—persons in habit and thought far removed from the bogs and mountains of Ireland. Father Sheehan is unrivalled in sketching the lighter side of the Irish personality. Take his Darby Leary in "Lisheen," for example: a likable scamp who roams the mountain-side as a sort of Celtic faun, blarneying and outwitting everyone except his stern old mother, a lad who would adorn the diplomatic service of any nation. His courtship of pretty Noney Kavanagh is as neat a bit of diplomacy as fiction has to show. The artistic Delane of "The Blindness of Dr. Gray" is another example: this time a lofty-mannered genius who quite overawes Father Liston with his discourses on Tintoretto, and invests the humble task of hanging wall-paper with all the dignity of a Raphael decorating a chapel. Then there is John Glavin of "Luke Delmege," now a mere "curate's boy" but never forgetting his former high state as "archdayken's man." John's philosophy is made of truly imperturbable stuff, which no quantity of broken glass, or fear of the "mather's" displeasure, can shake. "Sure, how can I help it?" is his solution. "Everyone knows that things *must* be broke."

The pathetic and sober side of Irish life is not less well done. How noble and clean-cut is the portrait of Darby Leary's mother, with her courteous "God save you!" her honorable poverty, her strict watch over Darby, her respect for the "ginthry," her gratitude for favors, however small, her simple but inspiring faith in the goodness of God. The McAuliffe family is another beautiful sketch of poverty patiently borne. The children, to be sure, wish to escape the crushing rents and hard labor, by emigrating to the alluring land of plenty across the Atlantic,

—an unthinkable solution to the old folks. Their love for the old home is touchingly described, and a passage is worth quoting, not only for its beauty, but also because the lure of America was a subject that the Canon dealt with again and again:

The poor old mother was silently weeping. It was not the first or second time this proposal had been made by her children. . . . And this was her own home. Here she was born; here she was brought up; here she learned her prayers and first lessons; here she said good-bye to her dead parents; here, on this kitchen floor, she had danced the night of her marriage; and here were her eight children born and brought up with her more than usual solicitude. She knew every rafter in the blackened roof, every stone in the fireplace, every bush on the hedges, every tree around her fields. Every winter had brought its songs and stories for sixty years around that hearth. Every summer the golden fields and the cross-road dances. True, her life had been a life of sorrow and hardship; but these very things consecrated the place still more. Every soul loves the place of its crucifixion; and her humble Calvary was knit into her life, like a living being. . . . Owen McAuliffe bore the ordeal for a time. Then, rising up, he simply pointed with his pipe at the weeping woman, and said: 'There!' He walked slowly out into the yard.

Another notable picture is the description in "My New Curate" of the Mass at Glencarn "station": a deal table for an altar, with a horse collar hanging over the priest's head, a huge collie dog under the table; the rude mountain cabin crowded with strong, ruddy youths, old men and women, and little maidens hiding their sweet, pure faces under the hoods of their shawls, all kneeling reverently on the rough cobblestone floor. And while we are on the subject of Irish faith, we must make room for Daddy Dan's beautiful tribute to his people:

Often, on Sunday mornings in winter, when the rain poured down in cataracts, and the village streets ran in muddy torrents, and the eaves dripped steady sheets of water, when I stood at my chapel door and saw poor farmers and laborers, old women and young girls, drenched through and through, having walked six miles down from the farthest mountains; and when I saw, as I read the Acts and the Prayer before Mass, a thick fog of steam rising from their poor clothes and filling the entire church with a strange incense, I thought how easy it ought to be for us to condone the inconsiderate weaknesses of such a people, and to bless God that our lot was cast amongst them.

As in characterization, so also in plot construction, Canon Sheehan shows the realist's temper. Plot is constantly subordinated to character, and character is developing. In "My New Curate," it is true, the character development is slight, just as the plot itself is slight; but in

his two other clerical novels the development of character is the plot. In "Luke Delmege," Luke, a young Irish priest on the English mission, revels among the trim paths of English culture, becoming a decided Briton from his thought to his accent, only in the end to return to the easy-going customs and contemned ideals of his native land. It is a powerful character-study,—the nearest thing to a "psychological document" that the Canon achieved. "Luke Delmege" is more than a portrait; it is a serious analysis of national temperaments, the English and the Irish. In Primrose Lane, Luke finds the contrast summed up concretely:

Here congregated a small colony of exiles from Ireland and Italy; and here, into the dread monotony of English life, were introduced the picturesqueness and dramatic variety which appear to be the heritage of the Catholic races. Sometimes, indeed, Luke, with his admiration of English habits and ways, was not a little shocked at irregularities which are anathematized by the English religion. The great pagan virtues of cleanliness and thrift were steadily ignored. In their place came faith and piety, enthusiasm and idealism, that were utterly unintelligible to the prosaic neighbors around.

'A family of Irish peddlers, sa, and a family of Italian horgan-grinders,' was the answer of a portly dame to one of Luke's inquiries. 'They are very huntidy, sa, in their 'abits.'

'Thim English, yer reverence, they're haythens. They don't go to church, Mass, or meeting. They think of nothing but what they ate and drink.'

Character growth is also the plot-motif of "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," in which a stern old priest, trained in the theological school of Jansenistic rigor, is taught that love takes precedence even over law. "The Triumph of Failure," like "Geoffrey Austin," deals with the reaction of sensitive youth to the education of the time. The hero of the tale regains the Catholic faith which his classical studies had all but smothered, and learns, in penance and sorrow, that what the world dubs failure is sometimes a true triumph of the spirit. It is Canon Sheehan's favorite among his novels. "Miriam Lucas" might almost be called a companion-piece; this time it is a young girl who travels the troubled road that leads to final refuge, with socialistic journalism playing the role of *ignis fatuus*.

In "Glenanaar" and "The Graves at Kilmorna" Canon Sheehan left the character novel to depict stirring episodes from Irish history. The former gives us a canvas of the Doneraile "conspiracy" of 1829, the latter the Fenian insurrection of 1867. Daniel O'Connell

and the great famine of '47 figure in "Glenanaar," its theme is the underlying shame of disloyalty. So patriotic a piece of work could not fail to please, and the Irish critics of the Canon's previous volumes were somewhat appeased. "The Graves at Kilmorna," however, though no less patriotic in conception, is rather pessimistic in its tone, and the Canon seemed to be uttering a lament for the bygone patriots of happier times, and contrasting with them the demagogues of his own generation. The book, said the *London Saturday Review*, "seems to recall those wonderful words of the prophet of old: Come from the four winds, O breath, and make these dry bones live!" It was not published until after the Canon's death in 1913. An earlier novel, "The Queen's Fillet," belongs to this group also.

The question will be raised: Have Canon Sheehan's novels a permanent value? This question we must attempt to meet, although there is reason to hesitate over the answer. Father Sheehan cared so little about form, and wrote so rapidly, that his work necessarily suffered in places. Not a little of his material was warmed over in successive volumes. His episodes were better constructed than his novels as a whole. On the other hand, in Daddy Dan the Canon created a clerical character of inimitable charm, and "My New Curate" will certainly remain an ecclesiastical classic. Perhaps "Luke Delmege," as many readers would insist, will enjoy the same future. The other novels contain verbal beauty, earnest thought, and Celtic color in an eminent degree, and so long as the Irish people and Irish faith are admired, it seems to me that these novels must find readers. Some friend once asked the Canon why he wrote "Lisheen;" his reply is worthy quoting in itself, and it will serve, I think, as the final apology for all his work:

Why did I write 'Lisheen?'—To show
The claims of brotherhood and kin;
The deep broad streams of love that flow
In peers' and peasants' hearts—the sin
Of broken plighted vows—the Fate
That follows over land and sea
On wheel and rudder them that flee
The boundless bounds of the Estate
Of Right and Law inviolate!
If Nemesis relentless be,
And Fate has seals of certainty,
The spirit that has borne the test
Of spirits ranks among the best—
The bravest who aspire to be
The Bayards of Humanity!

Varsity Verse

BOB.*

I looked to-day, as I came in the hall
For the smiling face and the cheery call
Of the happiest, laughingest lad of all—

Our Bob.

But he was not there, and the solemn air
Of the lads who played with him everywhere
Told me the tale of the empty chair

Of Bob.

Up there where the angel children meet,
Romping a-down the golden street
With rippling laughter to Mary's feet

Comes Bob.

MY CHUM.

A dreamer of dreams and fancies wild,
Peculiar chap with manners mild,
And yet there seems to underlie
His quiet mien and peaceful eye
A certain thing that voiced the cry:

"Take heed! All powerful am I.

I am imagination's child,

And born of places ne'er defiled

By man's profaning word or touch,

Eluding his ambitious clutch.

I rise and wander where I will,

O'er ocean's depth or neighb'ring hill,

And shod with magic boots of thought

I cover worlds that I have brought

Into existence by my will."

And thus I picture his refrain,

Attempting things I know are vain

And feeble efforts to portray

The phantasies he dreams each day,

Then shapes into this mortal clay,

Creating worlds with which to play.

x.

WRITING HOME.

When a fellow's over here

Writing home to folks most dear

The thing is just a duty to be done.

But the fairy touch of pleasure

Makes each golden word a treasure

When a chance to write is given by the Hun.

Not a wealth of words bring cheer

To the anxious ones yet here;

Only two can sound as accents from above.

For when word is sent back home

That he's safely cross the foam,

None can equal what is meant by "Well" and

"Love."

T. H. B.

* Robert Corrigan, died Oct. 13th, at Notre Dame.

SONG.

I.

Our college days have vanished down the years,
And time has ploughed deep furrows in our brow;

Our eyes that danced with joy are dim with tears
And all the world seems melancholy now.

The woodland redolent with minstrelsy;

The campus where our happy laughter rolled
Will live again only in memory,

O Lady of the crescent robed in gold.

(Chorus)

But when we dream the dreams of yesterday

Out of the misty past sweet memories rise,

Thy fields asleep beneath the smile of May,

Thy lakes unrippled as the purple skies.

The silver of thy chimes falls like a prayer

Upon us as we softly breathe thy name,

And all the world is rapturously fair,

For we are boys again at Notre Dame.

II.

Where are the friends of youth whose smiling eyes

Reflected back the brightness of the dawn?

The last red ray of evening pales and dies

And they who loved the light of day are gone.

There is a sadness as the shadows fall

Over the happy days of long ago,

When the pale yellow lights of Sorin Hall

Cast grotesque figures on the lake below.

R. F. D.

FROM FRANCE SOMEWHERE.

When here temptations lurk

To entice him from his work,

It is likely he will shirk

His letter home.

Tho' 'twould cheer a Mother's heart

To abridge the miles apart

With a word, the cobbled mart

He's wont to roam. . . .

But it's different over there—

He remembers that we care

And he hears the silent pray'r

That spans the foam.

Like the angels' songs above

Comes a message full of love

Still his safety telling of

To folks at home.

And it cheers like gifts divine

Though it's less than one whole line—

Simply, "Well" and "Love to mine." . . .

The oncs at home.

THOMAS BEACOM.

Notre Dame's Summer School.

(BY AN URSULINE OF BROWN COUNTY, OHIO.)

(Reprinted from the *Catholic Columbian* for August 16, 1918.)

Fine old Notre Dame University has opened its doors to summer students and more than two hundred enrolled are now looking with real regret to the closing of the term.

Of Teaching Sisters, to whom Walsh Hall has been assigned as theirs in fee simple, there are Franciscans, Dominicans, Visitandines, Ursulines, Sisters of Mercy, of Immaculate Heart, of St. Joseph, of Nazareth, of St. Agnes, of St. Mary's, of Charity, of St. Augustine, and of the Holy Cross. For Sisters Notre Dame is unique in this country as a place for summer study; away from the bustle and stir of town its broad estate of sixteen hundred acres is aloof and cloistral, yet delightfully resourceful.

At Badin Hall are gathered clerical students, Benedictines from several different communities, besides representatives of the secular clergy and the Christian Brothers.

With these are lay students, young men from Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, Hong Kong, Greece, and the Philippines. A number of young women, mostly teachers and some of them Protestants, are assembled from various vicinities, and the usual quota of Notre Dame's own boys doing special work, come hurrying along, books under their arms, when the chimes from the church tower ring out over the campus. Each coterie seems to find its own proper environment in a happy way, and like some rare old picture, all are blended in the wholesome atmosphere of earnest purpose that is Notre Dame's own.

Big:—that is the word for Notre Dame! Big in its traditions, its spirit, its purposes. You feel it as soon as you come here; in the courtesy with which the Holy Cross Fathers make you welcome; in the hospitality with which they place at your disposal all the resources of Alma Mater, ministering to your every need with a graciousness sprung of seventy-five years' experience; in the substantial fullness of their academic equipment that dawns upon you with a sort of gradual surprise, so modest are they about it; and last, but not least, in Notre Dame's big spirit of simplicity,—a noble quality that dominates the place and forms the solid basis of its piety and culture.

A goodly sight to see is the army of Holy Cross Brothers worshipping in the old college church, and often stealing quietly in between daytime hours to pay their respects to the Master,—always one of them kneeling in a shadowy aisle or under one of Gregori's beautiful Stations; and then at the Benediction service, the procession of priests, in cape and surplice and cassock,—the very same professors who have been toiling with you all day in the class room, moving to their stalls in the sanctuary, with a noble dignity that somehow makes religion take on a new value.

A wide variety of courses is offered besides those of the regular Arts and Sciences: Agriculture, Architecture, Business, Pedagogy, Journalism, Painting, Music, Economics, Law, Library Science, and War Time Activities, are being studied. Credits may be gained towards the A. B. Degree, based upon four summer residences, and towards the Master's Degree, based upon three. The splendid fund of scholarship at command of the Notre Dame faculty has been thrown open to students, and it seems to matter little how much work teachers take upon themselves. The teaching is of the very best. Accommodations and meals are very good. Every day we find something new in the way of educational equipment. The University library counts more than a hundred thousand volumes, established in a building which is probably the latest word in architecture of its kind. The Dante collection alone is ten thousand volumes. Finer still, perhaps, because rarer, are the scientific exhibits gathered by Father Zahm and Professor Edwards from all over the world.

Lay students find recreation both of water and land. For all, the relaxation of city amusements has been supplied with Dr. Cavanaugh's usual tact, in a series of dramatic readings from modern French, Italian and Russian drama, given by the prominent reader and critic, Mr. Frederic Paulding. Besides these there have been lectures by Mr. Shane Leslie and Mr. Goldstein. The Fourth was celebrated in patriotic spirit. Notre Dame has 243 stars to its service flag, and has given five of its most gifted professors as chaplains in our brave army "over there."

Whatever you are doing here,—whether mopping your brow over tasks in lecture room or laboratory, or, if in sentimental mood you stroll away to see the sunset on the lovely little lakes, or perhaps stop to watch the landscape

gardening of old Brother Philip, whose heart is much larger than his shears and of different essence,—or if you are privileged to chat with reverend, busy Father Hudson, or with Father O'Neill of the *Ave Maria*, whose famous pedometer has evolved a cult of pedestrianism,—everywhere and always you find in Notre Dame that delightful human quality, which takes on its finest flavor when suffused with sincere religion. And you return to your student desk just as Our Lady away up on the big dome begins to flash out her crescent of electric lights; and you feel that life is a big thing, and that there is a power in you too to make it worth while.

—•••—
Rosin Dhu.

(*Little Dark Rose.*)

—
BY B. E.
—

I NEVER loved a woman till
I met sweet Rosin Dhu.
Since then my heart has beat in time
To love's soft music true.
Ah, oftentimes the strain is sad,
Though I am in life's May,
But throbbing, pulsing, sobbing notes
In minor keys will play.
Yes, love is like a sad, sweet song,
And like a flaming fire;
And I have felt its scorching breath
Ablaze my soul with ire;
For I have seen thee, Rosin Dhu,
Beneath the tyrant's heel,
And stamping, champing horses too
Above thy body wheel.
And oh! I would the world aflame
With holy rage and true;
From every nation justice claim
For thee, sweet Rosin Dhu;
And I would wake brave Brian's host
From out its dreamless sleep,
And proudly, loudly call each ghost
Back to its mortal keep.
And all would rally round thy flag—
That flag of triune hue,
And hill and valley, cliff and crag,
Would shout for Rosin Dhu.
I know each craven heart would quail
Before that martial band.
O Ireland, sire-land, dawnshine pale
Of Freedom lights thy land.

Thoughts.

—

Kaiser is as Kaiser does.
Thrift is the mother of Liberty.
A bun in the hand is worth two in the basket.
A crab crawls backwards, but why be a crab?
If life is but an empty dream, what is camp life?
In your race of life don't forget a set of non-skids.
May the canons of religion silence the cannons of war.
Remember thy dependence, and thou shalt never be proud.
A lazy man is one who keeps on living to save funeral expenses.
Don't think you are the whole cheese—the rats may get you.
Be not too quick to fool the wise; to fool a fool is no surprise.
For the habitual liar truth possesses an unwelcome staleness.
Thrift stamps licked to-day will serve to lick the Huns to-morrow.
Instead of trying to define life, try to live it as it should be lived.
Many a man has been eulogized at the grave because his wife was a church-goer.
There is nothing like adversity for making men realize their common brotherhood.
And yet the German people have the fatal facility of getting between Foch and the Kaiser.
If a just man falls seven times a day—well, the Kaiser most assuredly needs somebody's prayers.
We might have known that the Kaiser would not be in Paris for Christmas—he never keeps his word.
A still tongue doesn't make a wise head, but on occasion it is an excellent camouflage for ignorance.
If we can judge a cause by the effect it produces, may we not infer that a man who does nothing is nothing.
The pacifist who shouts for "peace at any cost" is like the man who would strangle himself to cure his headache.
Just now the Allies are knocking the "bel" out of Wilhelm, and before long they will subjugate his "Wil" too.

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The announcement of the decease of Archbishop John Ireland in St. Paul on Sept. 25th was received at Notre Dame with the deepest sorrow. In his death the

John Ireland, University has lost a most **Priest and Patriot.** ardent friend and supporter whose interest in the wel-

fare of the school has been evidenced in many ways during the past half century. His long life of service to Church and State has been a constant source of inspiration.

It was in the year 1861 that John Ireland was ordained and stationed in the little frontier town of St. Paul, Minnesota, in the midst of the virgin forests of the Northwest. But the burning zeal and tireless energy of this young priest refused to be bounded by any natural barriers and he soon occupied a leading place in the political, educational and religious activities of the United States; a position which he maintained until the very end. Always an outspoken Republican, he wielded such powerful influence upon the policies of that party that he was often called the spiritual adviser of the administration; under the guidance and encouragement of his master mind the Catholic schools of America have received an impetus that gains in momentum with each succeeding year; while his organization of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union placed a mighty weapon in the hands of the Church for the combat of intemperance.

Surely here was a great man; one of those rare personalities who rise up from the ranks, stamp their impress on the hearts of a generation and demonstrate to the rest of men the great things which may be accomplished through zeal, devotion and sacrifice of self.—J. W. H.

This year begins a new era at Notre Dame. Gone will be the college quiet, the academic abstraction, that these hallowed environs have

so long known. In place, **Enter Mars?** the crisp clarion of the bugle will stir our pulses; the raucous commands of the drill-ground will vie with the shrill signals of the grid-iron; everywhere you will discover a new briskness, a fresh earnestness, and in this as well as in the omnipresent khaki, you will see the hand of Mars. It is a great privilege to be allowed these few months to develop what poor powers we possess, that we may consecrate them to the defense of our country. It is in the spirit of consecrated endeavor that we should strive to make the most of our opportunity. To us is given a sacred trust. The young manhood of America has been chosen to bring about the regeneration of the world. The honor and safety of our loved ones has been trusted to our protection. We must not fail that trust.—

G. D. H.

This war has taught men how to die. Will it teach men how to live? Only in the event of its having fused its lesson deep into the hearts and minds of mankind will

The New Patriotism. this war have been successful. Is war ever

a success? Is that success which is born in blood, thrives in human misery and suffering, and ends in universal sorrow? Yet behind war's dark and deadly footsteps follow fresh hope and young endeavor. Out of the shadows comes light—the light of regeneration and sturdy resolution, the light of undaunted spiritual courage and determination. Shall that "second spring" of national life extend only to politics? Rather it must mark civil life with a new character, and it must impart to it that solidity and wholeness of life which is the pledge of long happiness and peace. Henceforth the doctrine of efficient service, preparedness and loyalty must inspire the citizen to train his mental, physical and moral powers for his own individual battle of life. If "it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country," to live for her is not much less heroic. Let the man of to-morrow find his inspiration in the soldier of to-day. Let devotion to duty, self-sacrifice, religion, wholesome education and brotherly love be the keynote of the young man's ideal. A life wasted is a grievous flaw in the nation's armor.—J. H. M.

Students' Retreat.

The retreat for the students, which will open October 28th, will be under the direction of the Reverend James J. French, C. S. C. As all of the old students know, Father French is a very capable missionary, and is quite fitted by his experience in the mission field, and by his knowledge of the American youth, especially the college student and the soldier, to speak to them concerning the great Eternal Truths of Salvation, the malice of sin, the horrors of hell, the joy of heaven, and the love of God in the Blessed Sacrament.

The retreat this year must necessarily contain a vital message for the soldier. The dangers to which he is exposed are many and grave, hence it is hoped that all of the S. A. T. C. men will make the retreat and listen attentively to what Father French shall have to say to them. Frequent and daily Communion will be one of the topics to be discussed by the preacher and especially the effect of frequent communion.

Retreat days are special times set apart for spiritual communion with God. At such times we balance up our spiritual account books to see whether we are being drawn nearer to God or whether we are slipping down the spiritual ladder. After meditating on our spiritual successes and failures, we are led by the grace of God to take firm resolutions to do better in the future.

If there is a Catholic young man attending Notre Dame who is not solicitous about the salvation of his soul, it is high time that he put himself under the protection of Our Lady, and there is no better time to do this than during these days of the coming retreat. Those of the students who are anxious about the eternal welfare of their souls, will be present at all of the exercises that will be prescribed for the retreat, and they will carry away with them from these days of special prayer a greater realization of what constitutes spirituality; they will know the value of the Eternal Truths; and they will be blessed with the knowledge of the benefits that are to be derived from the frequent reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. It is the part of wisdom, in a soldier to lose no opportunity that will give him an advantage over the enemy, and a spiritual retreat is the counsel-hour in which plans are laid to defeat future hostile attacks.—T. J. H.

Obituaries.

PÈRE GEORGES AUGUSTE DION.

News of the death on October 8th., of the Rev. Père Georges-Auguste Dion, Provincial of the Canadian Province of the Holy Cross Congregation, reached Notre Dame last week. Father Dion, who was born in France in 1853, entered the Community in which he so laudably distinguished himself and so admirably furthered the interest of Church and education, at an early age, actively spending two thirds of his life in religion. An incessant worker, able executive, and exemplary religious, Father Dion put into all his labors an enthusiasm and earnestness that inspired his fellow-workers with a grander purpose and a larger zeal. In him spirituality, generalship and self-discipline were extraordinarily developed. These qualities, coupled with his graciousness and generosity, made him extensively respected and beloved. The dominant motive of his life is written in the words, "For the greater glory of God;" a literal reflection of all that he attempted and achieved. To the Holy Cross Congregation of Canada and particularly to Notre Dame des Neiges, where Father Dion will be most missed, since there for the greater part of his superiorship he lived and directed, Notre Dame du Lac extends its sincere sympathy and heartfelt condolence.—R. I. P.

ROBERT CORRIGAN.

On Sunday evening Bob Corrigan died from pneumonia and the boys of Carroll Hall lost a playfellow who will be sadly missed. Bob was a genuine boy, playful, mischievous, but gentle and considerate, never giving pain or trouble to those who had care of him. He was loved by professors and students and a general expression of regret went over the campus at the news of his death. Solemn high Mass of requiem was celebrated on Tuesday in the University Church by the Reverend Thomas Burke, C. S. C., assisted by Rev. W. Carey, C. S. C., deacon, and Rev. John Devers, C. S. C., subdeacon. A sermon was preached by the Very Reverend president of the University. The members of the S. A. T. C. accompanied the body to the city limits. The faculty and students of the University offer their sincere sympathy to the relatives of Bob and promise a remembrance of him in their prayers.

GERALD SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

Gerald Samuel Clements, Law 1915, died of pneumonia at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O., on Wednesday, Oct. 9. He held the rank of sergeant, and was about to be promoted to a lieutenantcy, which commission he had failed of, because under weight, in the first officers' reserve training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis. Sergeant Clements was twenty-three years of age. He was the son of Hon. and Mrs. LaVega Clements, of Owensboro, Ky., where he was born and reared and received his early education. He came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1912. During his three years at the University, he was a good student, high minded and aspiring rather than ambitious to excel. To a degree that distinguished him, he respected the discipline of the University and the rights and feelings of others; and, although quiet in manner, and modest and unassuming in disposition, he nevertheless became widely known and esteemed, and before his graduation was a distinct influence in the University. Members of the faculty and students who remember his bright and amiable character, are profoundly grieved at his untimely loss.

 Local News.

In order to insure quick delivery of the mail, students are requested to have their letters addressed to the halls where they reside.

The splendid work of the Seminarians on the new Army mess hall is the comment of the campus. No time has been lost, and in a few days the hall will be ready for the Soldiers.

Crowds of curious Freshmen gathered to look at the Hill Street car which had left the track, Friday morning and also Saturday morning this week, but to the other men it was "old stuff."

A letter has been received by Father Cavanaugh from Mark McCaffrey, who will be remembered as secretary to Father Moloney. He is now detailed to the Camp Adjutant's office, Division Headquarters, Camp Custer.

The committee on studies of the congregation of the Holy Cross, has elected the following officers: Chairman, Rev. Thomas Irving; vice-chairman, Rev. Leonard Carrico; secretary, Rev. M. A. Quinlan. This committee meets once a month.

Every Freshman this year seemed to have a

monogram on his sweater, and the wrath of the upper classmen being aroused by the display, a meeting was held, and a committee appointed to 'persuade' the Freshmen to rip off the offending letters. There has been a decrease in monogram sweaters since.

Harold J. Lower of South Bend, well known as an athlete at Notre Dame, now situated at the naval air station, Pensacola, Fla., is making application for admission into the naval flying school. James "Red" Ryan, another Notre Dame man, is with Lower and will probably enter the naval flying school with him.

The first drill for the preps was held, Monday, Oct. 14. Military drill for the preps will henceforth be a daily regulation, and uniforms will be given out as soon as measurements can be taken and the uniforms secured. The preps' military organization is under University control, not under control of the Government.

President Charles McCauley, of the University Glee Club, is holding practice meetings which are developing talent and showing that the prospects for a successful year are good. The officers and members of this live organization expect every man with talent to present himself for membership, or at least for a tryout.

Adjustments of the military and the scholastic schedules at Notre Dame are practically completed. Rev. Dr. Cavanaugh and Captain Murray held an important conference Oct. 11 to reach an arrangement. It will be a remarkable accomplishment to have both schedules working harmoniously in so short a time.

The Army cots, which were delayed in transit, arrived in South Bend Oct. 8, and were soon transferred to the University grounds by a detail of the S. A. T. C. men. The old cots, which have seen so many years of splendid service, were stored away "for the duration of the war" and the steel regulation cots of the U. S. Army replaced them.

Fire of unknown origin broke out in the University tailor shop at midnight, Monday, Oct. 14, and destroyed most of the clothing therein. It also damaged slightly the adjoining shoe shop. The loss is covered by insurance and students will be reimbursed for damage to their property. The South Bend Fire Department extinguished the flames.

Three aeroplanes landed on the aviation field, Monday, Oct. 14, at 3 p. m., from Ran-

toul, Ill. They were on their way to Camp Custer, Mich. After flying over the campus for a few minutes next morning about eight o'clock, they sailed away. This is the second time this year that Government planes used the Notre Dame grounds for landing.

Captain Murray has announced that young men who registered prior to Sept. 12, and who have been notified that they are ineligible for the S. A. T. C. at Notre Dame; can enter the Officers' Reserve Training Corps at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky. The provision is, however, that they have all the qualifications for entrance into the S. A. T. C. excepting those pertaining to age.

"The Turkish Empire and Its Subject Peoples" was the subject of the first lecture of the current year in Washington Hall, Saturday evening, Oct. 12. The lecture was delivered by Rev. Dr. Salmone, a priest of the Greek Rite. Dr. Salmone is a native of Alexandria, Egypt, and at present is pastor of a church in LaCrosse, Wis. The lecture was illustrated with over 200 slides.

Sergt. William Barnhart, who is in charge of the Bertillon department of the South Bend police headquarters, completed taking finger prints of five hundred Notre Dame student-soldiers on Thursday, Oct. 10. This is probably the first time in the history of the University that finger prints were ever taken. The work was done under Government requirement, which is the same for the S. A. T. C. as cantonments.

Five navy men fainted in the ranks on the morning of Oct. 10, as they were falling into formation in front of the administration building. The phenomenon has not been repeated in a single instance. Smoking too much, smoking indoors, and smoking as beginners are the causes popularly assigned on the campus for the unusual occurrence. Whether the prohibition issued by Lieut. Young in the name of Capt. Murray against smoking in the dormitories was inspired by the incident or not, has not been stated by the authorities.

At an organization meeting of the Banjo-Mandolin Club, held at 1:30 p. m., Sorin Hall, Sunday, Oct. 13, a promising lot of material was present. Director "Red" Ward has already six banjo mandolins, one banjo, one guitar and one saxophone for his instrumentation. Likely

candidates are invited to present themselves for membership. Last year and previous years, this organization added much to most of the performances in Washington Hall.

The phenomenon of a red sun, not able to cast a shadow owing to the smokiness of the atmosphere throughout the greater part of the day, Sunday, Oct. 13, did not indicate, as the "minim" told the "prof," that the world was coming to an end. The smoke was only the far-flung wing of the great conflagration in the woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin which, according to newspaper reports, in the first two days resulted in over five hundred deaths and the rendering homeless of thousands.

The Columbus Day program, which was arranged by Prof. James Hines, District Deputy, was as follows:

Selection.....	Orchestra
Song Hits.....	Charles McCauley
Duet—"It Was a Lover and His Lass".....	Walthew
	Mrs. Robert Hoversheid, Soprano
	Miss Josephine Decker, Contralto
	Miss Helen Guilfoyle, Accompanist
Selection.....	Orchestra
Solo—"In Flanders Fields.....	Beiger
	Mrs. Hoversheid
Address.....	Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C. S. C.
Selection—"The Star Spangled Banner"	
	Orchestra and Audience.

The following orders were issued during the week by Capt. Murray and bulletined by Lieut. Young:

"Hereafter smoking of any kind will not be permitted in the dormitories.

"All non-commissioned officers will hand in the names of anyone disobeying this order to their respective Co.-commanders.

"On account of the epidemic of Spanish influenza nobody will be permitted to leave the grounds until further notice, unless they have permission from their company officers.

"Hereafter every Tuesday and Friday will be induction days.

"All men who have been physically examined, but not inducted, will report on above-mentioned days to receive their papers."

Father Cavanaugh took advantage of the large assembly in Washington Hall for the Columbus and Liberty Day exercises to make a few announcements concerning Notre Dame and the present influenza epidemic. First he made it very plain that there is no influenza whatever at Notre Dame. Then, for the protection of

the University, he announced that permission to go to the city can not be had. Finally he gave the students advice as to care of their health in the matter of preventing colds by their own prudence.

At the close of the annual retreat of the Congregation of Holy Cross, the following graduates or former students of the University, had the privilege of making their religious profession: Brothers Gregory and Theophilus, C. S. C., Holy Trinity High School, Chicago, Ill.; Brother Austin, C. S. C., Notre Dame University; Brother Edmund, C. S. C., Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Brother Anthony, C. S. C., Cathedral High School, Indianapolis, Ind.; and Brothers Basil, and Vincent, C. S. C., Holy Cross College, New Orleans, La. Cordial congratulations, Brothers!

Personals.

Louis P. Harl (Ph. B. in Journ. '16) is no longer at Camp Taylor. His detachment, Base Hospital Unit Number 40, began on June 18th its journey from Kentucky to France.

A postcard received from Benedetto D. Pasquini, formerly professor of Italian, shows that he is still a lieutenant in the Italian Navy, sailing the high seas on patriotic errands for his country. *Vive!*

Thomas L. K. Donnelly, Captain Engineers, Company A, 48th Engineers, A. P. O. 712, has sent a message from France that he arrived safely and has been having a thoroughly good time since debarking.

Joe Pliska, former Varsity half-back, was the star of the game against the Army on September 28th. Joe is playing a half-back position on the aviators' team from Mitchel Field, Mineola, Long Island.

The marriage of Miss Regina Kelley to Mr. James J. Jordan, old student, was solemnized on September 19th., at West Pittston, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan will be at home at 1612 Capouse Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Lieutenant P. J. Ronchetti, captain of last year's basket-ball team, sends his greetings from France to his friends at Notre Dame. Lieutenant "Pete's" address is 301 Engineers, A. P. O. 773, American Expeditionary Force, France.

Before sailing for France, First Lieutenant (Rev.) George Finnigan, C. S. C., Chaplain of

137th Battalion wrote to one of the Fathers saying, "Notre Dame as a great military school is a title that fits her exactly. My love to all. Remember us and our boys."

In a recent letter received at the University from the Rev. Father Walsh, C. S. C., we learn that he has been transferred from the 135th Machine Gun Battalion to the 35th Infantry Regiment. About 80 per cent of Father Walsh's new Company is Catholic.

Dolan Cregier, Corby, '13-'15, is a member of the Royal Air Forces, with headquarters at Toronto, Canada. While taking a cadet on an educational cruise, Dolan fell several hundred feet and narrowly escaped death. "I just had a crash," is his modest way of putting it. Three vertebrae were split, some ribs were broken, and the hip-bone was also injured. Dolan expects to be "going over soon."

Andrew Foley, Corby '12-'14, is a member of the American Aviation School, with headquarters at Bannon Field, Everman, Texas. His brother, Jack, Corby '12-'14, was the victim of foul play at Marietta, Minn., a year ago. His body was found along a country road, but no details are known. Robbery seems to have been the motive. The Foley boys were from Watertown, South Dakota.

Joseph F. Gargan (LL. B. '17), of Lowell, Mass., has been promoted for bravery in battle and for soldierly service to a Captaincy in the U. S. Marine Forces. Joe was a Lieutenant with the 95th Company, 6th U. S. Marine Regiment that made its appearance at Chateau Thierry on the first day that the Americans faced the Huns, and while there on June 11th he was wounded in action. Since then he has fully recovered and is again back at the front. After having met Captain Gargan in Paris, Congressman Rogers has this to say of him, "He's the kind that is going to whip the Hun."

In a recent letter from the Italian front Father O'Donnell writes in memory of his intimate friend and fellow-poet, Joyce Kilmer:

"I have had my first great sorrow of the war in Joyce Kilmer's death, word of which reached me only yesterday, though Joyce had been these last three weeks with God. This morning I said Mass for him, all alone in my little tent. I had to begin without my server, thinking he would come later, but he did not come. It was somehow a mercy. It seemed to make the Mass

all the more Joyce's. I have no details of his death only the bare fact that he was killed in action on July 30th, but no chronicle could supply me with what I know about his going. It is the life of a man that accomplishes his dying, and knowing his life I feel that I know his death. You will recall his 'Soldier's Prayer in the Trenches.' That was the real Joyce Kilmer. He was a true mystic, one who loved God practically because he knew God experimentally. His death completes that poem as no mere writing could. Confirmation to Calvary was not to be written of, but to be made in his blood. There is nothing more to say for him, the rest is literally with God. For us it was a joy and an inspiration to have called him friend, and God will understand if we love our life the less now that he has gone out of it."

Athletic Notes.

In a fast and exciting game Saturday afternoon on Cartier field, the old members of the Varsity were forced to bow before their younger team-mates and accept a 6-0 defeat. Lambeau was the outstanding star of the victors. His long end runs and smashing line plunges were a great factor in the victory.

Neither team was able to score in the first quarter, both teams playing an air-tight game. In the second quarter, after an exchange of punts, the Freshmen had possession of the ball on their own 20 yard line. On the first play, Lambeau made a 30 yard gain around the end; on the next play, Wynn broke thru tackle for thirty yards more, and Mohn, the quarterback, went thru guard for the touchdown. Lambeau missed the try at goal. This ended the scoring. The Freshmen threatened to score several times in the next quarter, but the varsity was always able to check them when their goal was in danger.

In the final quarter the varsity was called upon to battle McNamara's Freshmen team. After several line plunges and end runs, the varsity had carried the ball to the Freshmen's 20-yard line. The Freshmen line held here for two downs, but an end run by Lombardo placed the ball behind the goal line. Barry kicked goal, and this was all the scoring. The game ended with the ball in the Freshmen's possession on their own 10-yard line.

Coach Rockne did not see fit to call on Gipp and Bahan to assist their old team-mates and turn the tide of battle for the varsity. He did

not wish to take a chance in having either of these stars injured as he will have plenty of work for them in the Municipal Pier game next Saturday on Cartier Field.

The freshman team has been practising diligently every evening. Coach McNamara has several games in sight, but as yet none are a certainty. It is probable that the Freshmen will get a chance to avenge their defeat at Culver as negotiations are on for a return game at that place for the first Saturday of November.

Great interest has been taken in the prospects of the different Companies of the S. A. T. C. to organize football teams. Meetings were held and all were in favor of having teams. As soon as time permits, the companies will get together and elect officers, and a schedule will be arranged. All indications point to a great rivalry among these teams. No man on the varsity squad will be eligible to play on his company team.

The Prep football team held their first practice Sunday morning on Cartier Field. They battled with the second team for a half an hour with neither team being able to score. The scrimmage was devoted to signal drill. The team will practice every evening at 4 o'clock. Several letters have been sent to different teams in the state, but as yet no games have been booked.

Letters from the Soldiers.

At the Front, France,
August 6, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

For three long weeks I have been under continuous fire day and night. The Germans are fleeing before us so rapidly we actually can not keep up with them. We march day and night, the rain falling in torrents. We reached here late yesterday, and at once each man began to dig a shelter, a hole in the hillside, under fire. I am writing this in a three-by-three dugout, using my mess-pan for a desk. For two weeks I haven't had my shoes off. All I have is mess-kit, razor and soap, no towel, a blanket and a half shelter-tent. Even that little property is too much encumbrance at times. Shells are flying all about us. A man has just been struck, and I can see them hurrying to him with a stretcher. A Boche airplane shot down one of our balloons five minutes ago. Air fights are going on all the time. Our big guns, 100 yards away, are firing over our heads, and the Boche shells—most of them—are doing the same. Now and then one of our wagons or horses is struck. Father, I simply can't describe

it all to you. Some shells are falling 50 yards from me. You can not begin to imagine the roar of the guns. The ground moves like ocean waves and shakes the dirt all over me. You can perhaps imagine the wounded and dying. I don't know how I stand it all, but really I have seen nothing else for three long weeks. I have never caught myself being afraid either.

Several times I have given general absolution; I hear all the confessions I can, and say Mass when possible. This battle is in the open and we can not congregate for fear of inviting shell or airplane fire. For two Sundays I have been unable to say Mass even for myself, though six or seven times during the week I have celebrated and given Holy Communion to large numbers of the boys. Many, many times I have given the Sacrament of Penance and the Sacrament of Extreme Unction to the wounded. My regiment is at least 50 per cent, though there are few Catholic officers. Yesterday, as I was riding with the regiment, a shell broke above us and a piece of it wounded a boy only three feet from me. Last night shrapnel threw stones and dirt all over the shelter-tent, which covers my dug-out. I am tolerably safe, however, unless a shell makes a direct hit over my mansion.

It rains, rains all the time. We are always soaked to the skin, our only way of getting a bath. Yesterday morning I awoke with the water trickling down my neck from my steel helmet which had filled to overflowing. The helmet is my only pillow. We usually sleep in the woods right on the soaked ground, with a piece of shelter-tent as a quilt. My quilt is full of shrapnel holes, I salvaged it from a boy who had been killed in the making of the holes. My blanket has blotches of good American blood on it; I got it when they carried the owner away. I just spread this blanket on the ground, spread the shelter half over me and then sleep an hour or so until orders to move forward. Often we don't get more than two or three hours of sleep in forty-eight hours. Still, Father, it's all a great life, and if they keep this noise up over here much longer there's going to be a war in Europe.

Two lads in the next dugout are insisting that the third boy come out of the hole and hunt his "cooties," but he insists on staying inside. Believe me, Father, the cootie that has the nerve to stay on me these days has little regard for his own sensibilities. I shall write whenever I can again. Pray for me. My best to all the fathers.

Obediently,
E. A. Davis.

Chaplain U. S. N. G.,
—th. Infantry,
Am. E. F., France,

Somewhere in France,
August 28, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:—

Here I am in the land of Sorin with over one month of service in Europe to my credit. I am not in the branch of service that I had hoped for, but at least I am taking an active part in the doings, and I feel much more like a soldier than I did while in the Depot Brigade at Camp Devens.

I wrote to Father Moloney last February telling him that I had successfully passed my examinations for

the Aviation Section and was awaiting orders from Washington to begin training. Things have happened since then, some good and some bad. Briefly, here are some of them. When I passed the examination, I was given a certification as to my fitness, to be forwarded to Washington. I was also instructed to return to my station and await orders. I returned to the Depot Brigade and waited. In March we received a number of recruits and assisted in training them. March and April passed and most of May with no orders from Washington to change my status. Towards the last of May, the 76th division was recruited up to war strength again, preparatory to departing overseas and I was transferred back to my old Company L of the 304th Infantry. At this time I wrote to Boston to the Aeronautical Officer notifying him of my change of address and also inquiring whether I could enter training school on this side of the water in the event of the division's leaving the States before my long-hoped-for summons came through. The answer was a pleasant note telling me that they had no record of my certification in the office either at Boston or Washington. They forwarded all my papers to the Aviation Examining Board at Camp Devens. I was summoned before this board for another examination and failed on the eye test. I was promoted to sergeant in Company L that week and shortly afterward we left for France. Last week I was made top sergeant. Aside from the aviation matter, I have been pretty lucky, for the 304th is the best regiment in the division and Company L is easily the best in the regiment. This ends my history up to the present. If the future holds nothing worse for me, I shall visit Notre Dame again some fine day in June.

With best regards to all at Notre Dame, I am as ever,
Sgt. L. C. McElroy.

Army Post Office 773,
American E. F., France.

"Somewhere in France,"
July 12, 1918.

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

Dear Father:—

Being many miles away in a strange land, makes a fellow think of the pleasant places he has been in past years; and of course Notre Dame stands out clearest in my past days. This certainly is a beautiful land, except where the Boches have tramped, and those places you saw before they were disfigured by the ravages of war.

I am doing mostly engineering work—censorship forbids my putting it in more definite terms. Walter Fiemeyer, formerly of Walsh Hall, is master engineer in my detachment; so there is no use in my telling you that I like my foreman. He was at Notre Dame in 1912. While looking over a register in a Y. M. C. A. hut in a little French village yesterday, I ran across John Cassidy's name. It surely looked good.

I have been to Mass in several French churches already, and go to Vespers occasionally. Last Sunday I was in a church erected in 1732. I saw also the ruins of an old Roman castle built in 300 B. C. I have been with Sherwood Dixon a great deal since I came over, and many a chat have we had.

Father, if it isn't asking too much of you, would you please write when you have a spare moment, for a letter from you would be a blessing from heaven when a fellow is so far from home. Please give my regards to Fathers Joseph Burke, Finnegan, Moloney, and Eugene Burke; also kindly remember me to Professor Maurus and Professor Smith of the mining department. With fondest regards, I remain,

Your Ohio boy,

Robert J. Ovington.

Hdqrs. Det. 308th Engineers,
American E. F., France.

* * *

Am. E. F., France,
July 20, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

Here are some bits of news for Notre Dame. Frank Boos and I met at summer artillery school about six months ago, and last week we were commissioned as 2nd lieutenants. I also met 2nd Lieu enant Joseph O'Hanlon about a week ago. He had just arrived. Frank left this week for the front, and I expect that by the time you will have received this letter that I shall be there also.

Things look fine for our side now, and we are hoping that the prediction of years and years will get a sad jolt soon. I guess Notre Dame is doing her share, because whenever one meets another Notre Dame man and they compare notes it seems that all of Notre Dame's alumni are wearing the Khaki or the blue—at least all of them I am acquainted with.

I should like to be remembered to all my Notre Dame friends and also in their prayers. With best wishes I am as ever,

Yours for old Notre Dame,
Ray Kelly.

* * *

CAMP LEE VIRGINIA,
May 26, 1918.

Dear Brother Alphonsus:

I enjoyed your interesting letter very much. To me a letter from Notre Dame is a letter from home, for I consider the University a second home.

On May 1st I was sent here to attend the Engineer Reserve Officers' Training Camp. As I was the only one selected from my company, I consider myself very fortunate. The work and study, although hard, is very interesting and will stand me in good stead, even if I do not succeed in getting a commission. As I have neither a degree, nor a large amount of experience in engineering, my qualifications are short of the standard, but by hard work I expect to win out.

At church this morning I met with a pleasant surprise: the celebrant was Father Walsh of Notre Dame. It seemed as if I was attending Mass at college again. We had a long talk after Mass. He expects to be sent to France with his regiment within a short time, where he expects to meet Fathers Davis and O'Donnell.

He introduced me to a Lieut. Miller, N. D. '14, and also informed me that a captain in the training camp is a Notre Dame man. There are several other Notre Dame men here—Peter Ronchetti, L. F. Mayer, a Mr. Welch and Robert Falkenberg. At Camp Dodge I met several of the old boys—Grover Malone, Lieut. Kasper, Carleton Beh; at the Drake Relay

Games I chanced upon Leonard Evans, and also had a few words with Charlie Call. I had a letter from Mike McGrath yesterday, who is working in the steel mills at Hammond, Indiana. Joe Miller and "Chief" Meyers are attending the ensigns' school at the Pier. Henry Downing is farming near Hammond, but expects to be called soon. Notre Dame is well represented no doubt in all the camps.

Kindly give my best regards to Brothers Allen and Casimir.

Yours sincerely,

William F. Connor.

* * *

In the Mississippi Woods,
August 15, 1918.

Rev. James French, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Carissime Paier:—

It would be hard to tell you where I am to-night. It is the fourth day of a four-day hike for our whole regiment, and I am seated in the grass beside a camp fire. It is a glorious evening for Our Lady's day. This morning, I said Mass in the dark forest on the stump of an old tree, a seven hours' march from here. I was going to get the boys up for it, but they had worked so hard that I did not feel that I could get them out at 3:45.

There in a place where few have trodden, I offered up the Holy Sacrifice. It seems a long way back, and it is, but I feel that the Mass is still with my boys to-night. We had a hard day. It was very hot and the dust just rose and covered us. Sometimes I couldn't see the horse in front of me. But I gritted my teeth and went on. We form a column over two miles long. We carry all our canvas, an ambulance and twenty-three supply wagons. You never realize what a perfect organization an army is until you get out in this manner.

It is dark except for the fires the boys have lighted down their battery rows. I am at regimental headquarters. The guards are walking their posts and I hear our wireless station sending messages to headquarters in camp. To-morrow night we shall be home. The boys are happy now though tired. They have had a good swim, watered about 1200 horses and mules and are beginning to sing. In a little while I shall take my flash and walk down to some of the fires to boost it along. During the march I am a free lance. I ride the whole line and try to keep them in good spirits. Father, if I had taken a trip like this eight months ago it would have killed me. Now I can sleep out of doors in the heavy dew or the rain without the slightest chance of a cold. I hope we go across soon. All are anxious. You will live to read glorious accounts of the 137th. Love to all,

George Finnigan, C. S. C.

* * *

Indianapolis, Indiana,
September 29, 1918.

My dear Father Carrico:—

I presume you have made up your mind that I have completely forgotten Notre Dame and everyone there. If so, you are entirely wrong, because I certainly miss the old school, especially when I recall that school is now a thing of the past for me.

I am stationed at present in Indianapolis, having

enlisted as motor mechanic about the middle of August, after failing to qualify in any other branch of service offering better opportunities. Since I've been here I have been recommended twice for the R. O. T. C., but my eyes failed to come up to the necessary standard. I was transferred last week to the Quartermaster Department, and as a result, I no longer attend the motor classes, but spend all of my time in quartermaster work, and shall, in all probability, be held over here until Christmas before being transferred and assigned. Army life, so far, has not troubled me in the least, and I have even grown to like it. The discipline, however, is a little more severe than that which Father Burke enforces. "Skiving ain't what it used to be," especially with armed guards watching gates. Every time I see one of them I think of Judge Riley, the famous sleuth of Sorin Hall.

Before I forget about it—what are the possibilities of my receiving the *Scholastic*? A little news from the campus would certainly be appreciated. Charles Brown of last year's class is also stationed here as a sergeant in Company I, but expects to leave soon for an officers' training school.

Here's another trite letter-ending for the "Safety Valve": "The bugle is blowing for mess, and so I must close." Give my regards to Father Cavanaugh and the rest of the clergy, also to my friends on the campus.

Sergeant John L. Reuss.

Address: I. C. of C. T. D 2., U. S. A.

Camp Lee, Virginia,
August 26, 1918.

Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father Burke,

Just a note from your old understudy to tell you that I am now a second lieutenant. The course ended Saturday, and four Notre Dame men were commissioned—namely, Everett Blackman, Norbert Monning, William Brádbury, and I. It was an extremely difficult course, but well worth the effort. Virginia is a poor state to soldier in during the summer. One day it was 134° on the drill field, and since August 1, it has been over 100° nearly all the time. I am now at home for a ten-day leave of absence in which to recuperate. I hope to be able to see you and the rest of my Notre Dame friends soon. Every Notre Dame man I have met longs for the first Alumni meeting after peace is declared. As for myself, I have already decided to be a "postgrad." Do you know that E. Costello is attending school here? He was in my class when I was a junior. He came here from Camp Taylor, Kentucky.

Give my best regards to Fathers Eugene Burke, Schumacher, and Devers. Tell Father Cavanaugh I am very grateful to him and the board for recommending me for the Fourth Officers' Training School. Trusting that you are well, and hoping to see you soon, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

Lt. R. J. Dunn.

P. S. I have been assigned to Camp Perry, Ohio, to take up work in the Small Arms Firing School.

Safety Valve.

MYSTERIES.

Now I can understand quite well
Why dogs should have a bark,
And it is very clear to me
Why Noah built the ark,
I think I also comprehend
Why cows should grow long horns
But will some one who loves me tell
Me just why girls have corns.
A dog can bark away all day
It never bothers me,
Its pleasant riding in an ark
Upon a sleeping sea.
I'd pull upon the horns of boss
And tease her all the morn
But did you ever try to step
Upon your girlie's corn?

NE PLUS ULTRA.

I think that I could love a man
With eyes of grey or blue,
What matter if his hair were thin
And his white pate shone through,
What matter if his eyes were crossed
I still could pet him daily
Provided he had never tried
To play the Ukelele.
A motor man would be a dear
The rattle of his car
Would bring a music to my soul
More sweet than the guitar,
I'd love a grocer; my bright eyes
Would beam upon him daily,
But I could not love one who tried
To play the Ukelele.

IN FLEW ENZA.

She was the sweetest little girl
That I had ever seen,
A shock of darkest raven hair
O'erspread her clever bean.
She had two dimples in her cheeks
Her eyes were ocean blue,
She might have doubled crossed my heart,
But Helen had the "flu."
She had a little cough that rang
Like music in my ears,
And every time she blew her nose
She melted into tears.
I wanted so to help her out,
But knew not what to do,
For it was very plain to me
That Helen had the "flu."

OH MY.

We wandered through the meadows sweet
Beneath the summer skies,
More beautiful she could not be
I looked into her purse.
The fresh young flowers were very fair
We strolled along in bliss
She smiled at me and suddenly,
I slyly stole a nickel.—E. E.