

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS

VOL. LII.

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NO. II.

The Benediction of Peace.

A STILLNESS gathers o'er the earth
While candles light the sky;
The trees in worship bow their heads
Before the moon-host high.

The wind—a sweet-toned organ grand—
Has hushed its soft refrain,
For lo! through insense clouds above
To earth comes peace again.

BROTHER EDMUND.

A Plea for the Living Wage.

BY CORNELIUS R. PALMER, '20.

A SPIRIT of unrest threatens the stability of American institutions. Reform is the demand of the hour. From mill and forge, from field and factory, from the quiet village to the city teeming with commercial life, from every quarter of our industrial world, thousands of men and women, destitute of the very necessities of life, are clamoring, persistently and righteously clamoring, for an amelioration of their intolerable conditions. The war for democracy has rekindled the idea of economic freedom, has educated the workers to a strong sense of equality, and has emboldened them to cry out against the continuance of the merciless oppression they suffer, against the shameless sacrifice of their lives on the altar of commercial greed. And if our human life is to be any better after this tremendous struggle for freedom than before, new standards must be established and enforced, this havoc of human souls must cease.

Man is a social being, endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights. He has the natural right and the supreme duty of developing himself, and an indispensable requisite in that self-development is a decent livelihood. For over two centuries this natural right of the laboring man to a decent livelihood has been

ignored. The selfish employer, led on by a passionate greed for gain, has trampled the toiler in the dust, has compelled the worker to eke out a mere slavish existence on less than a living wage. Women, the mothers of our future generations, have been underfed, poorly clothed, and wretchedly sheltered, whilst they suffered the torments of unceasing drudgery—the helpless victims of an industrial servitude. Are not the pallid faces and the emaciated forms of their children a mute protest against such conditions? Are not these children a burden to society, an injustice to humanity, and a reproach to civilization? Who would think that all this wretchedness could exist amid so much abundance? Well may we heed the words of the poet:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Such a condition has wrecked more empires, shattered more kingdoms, overthrown more republics, and obliterated more nations than any other cause in history. Observe adown the long avenue of the ages, these same evils in the smoldering ashes of Troy, embedded in the crumbling gates of Thebes, and hovering on awful wings above the gruesome ruins of Palmyra, Babylon and Carthage. They are written in the dust of obscured dynasties whose treasures of culture and art lie buried in the sepulchre of the past. This is why imperial Rome lay crushed and bleeding, and the marbled streets and shaded groves of that city became a theatre of desolation; this is why the cry of the poor which she oppressed can still be heard echoing in her majestic ruins. Behold the power of that city built upon the seven hills, the inspiration of whose genius, the grandeur of whose arms, the eloquence of whose Senate, the fame of whose glory have never been surpassed. It was not by the barbarian that Rome was destroyed! True, he captured, pillaged, and laid waste a city whose name was Rome. But the powerful mistress of the world, the pride of her children, the despair

of her enemies, the boast of the Cæsars; had long been in the process of social decay. Roman wealth and degradation of the Roman poor brought on luxury, crime, and moral debasement, the seeds of destruction.

Today, the unlimited competition of commercial forces has placed man's labor, like a mere chattel, upon the market to be priced only by the wild fluctuations of supply and demand. It has produced poverty, vice, crime, and disease; it has disregarded man's intrinsic dignity; it has sapped the vitality of millions of our people who, when their efficiency ceases, are cast aside without mercy or respect for the essential sanctity of human life and happiness to make way for others destined for a similar fate. How long shall this wanton destruction of human life continue? How long shall these evils be permitted to prevail in a land founded on the spirit of freedom and doubly consecrated to the holy cause of liberty and justice? Has not the state a right to protect the life blood and strength of its life—the physical, intellectual and moral quality of its man power? Nay, has it not a primary duty of securing the rights of its citizens against such monstrous injustice? If this nation is to live, it must guard the rights of its individual people. If it does not do this, then is democracy a delusion and freedom a fantasy. If it will not do this, then it dethrones its own dignity, ruins its own cause, and sounds the signal for its own destruction.

The most elementary justice demands that the state raise labor to a plane of human existence. If it fails to do this it fails in one of its most sacred duties, in one of the primary purposes of its being. "There is," said the great Pope Leo XIII., "a dictate of nature more ancient and more imperious than any bargain between man and man: that the remuneration be sufficient to maintain the worker in reasonable and frugal comfort. If, through necessity for fear of a worse evil, the wage-earner is compelled to accept harder conditions because the employer will give him no better, then he is the victim of fraud and injustice." Governments exist primarily to protect and enforce the rights of the governed, and a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work is as just a demand as governed ever made of governing. It is the everlasting right of man."

The demand of ten million laborers can be answered in a law securing efficient wage boards to investigate the different industries and fix

a just living wage. This law has been successful in New Zealand, New South Wales, and in England, where it has affected several thousand toilers, and is now proposed by the British Labor Party as a national measure. It has been adopted for women and children workers by British Columbia and by fifteen of our own states. Authorities on our industrial life, such as Otto Kahn, the great New York banker, Roger Babson, the friend, philosopher and guide of capitalists, John Ogden Armour, and the members of the President's Board, have all declared the justice and necessity of a living wage for the great mass of the underpaid.

Let us remember that America stands before the world to-day as the champion of freedom, of that freedom which has been the motive force of so much of the noblest human activity. What was it that imbued the Greeks when they turned back the vast armies of Asia at the pass of Thermopylae? What was that unconquerable spirit that overthrew the Moslems at Tours? What was it that inspired anew the immortal John Sobieski when he hurled down the Saracens from the walls of Vienna? What was it that called forth in our own day the supreme sacrifice of martyred Belgium and heroic France? What was it, I ask, that made America refuse to crouch beneath the mailed fist of Germany and accept the barbaric creed that might makes right? It was love of freedom, love of liberty, love of justice.

If, however, we would have real freedom and real justice let us heed this demand for industrial reform. Let us "make ready for a new order, for new foundations of justice and fair dealings?" There can be no freedom, there is no liberty, without the justice of a living wage for men and women workers. Shall the great soldiers who have made the world safe for democracy, men of Chateau Thierry, of St. Michel, and of the Argonne, come back home from their heroic fight for freedom to find themselves the slaves of unscrupulous employers, mere pawns and puppets in the present industrial order? Or shall their natural right to a livelihood be realized in a living wage? When we shall behold the redemption of the underpaid then shall the God of Justice and Power add a star of eternal benediction to the crown of our nation's glory. Then, and not before, will the bells of heaven peal out in thunderous volume proclaiming to mankind the dawn of a new day, the birth of a real democracy.

Ode to Ireland.

BY JAMES H. MCDONALD, '19.

.... I think our whole history in Ireland has been a vulgar and ignorant hatred of the crucifix expressed in a crucifixion.

—G. K. Chesterton.

WHAT hour begot thee, Daughter of the Dawn?
What golden moment first looked down on thee
Whose eyes are splendored of the blossoming East,
Whose lips drop music of eternity?
The morn of thy creation hath not ceased—
Ever the breaking day in thrall
Its crimson vesture hath around thee drawn
And wreathed thy head with thorny coronal.
O constant daughter of the King,
Thy day hath termless burgeoning!

Over the furrowed pathways of the sea
With boundless charity,
First the dear apostle of thy heart
Like Gabriel a new Annunciation bore.
Ah, Maiden in thy innocence,
Thy blush is as the flaming dart
Of radiance
That skims the cloudy foothills of the sky.
Shall one not sing thy glad *Magnificat*?
The word whose worth is worlds
Thy chastened breast enfurls,
What wondrous fruitage hath thy love begot?
Thou didst betake to thee the Prince
Whom Blessed Patrick brought
And fed Him on the lilies of thy land;
Upon thine emerald hills His light feet trod,
And in His tracks the daisies murmured "God."
And thou didst scan the lesson that He taught.
Heard in the winds His voice like silver bells
And saw His glory in the white stars wrought.
Thy cloistered sons his tender mercies pray
On staunch Iona, where the great sea swells
And lifts its chant amid the flying spray
In the ebbing and the going of the tide.

Then sudden all thy shores the tyrant plied
And cast about His heathen heraldry,
Riddling the banners of thy sweet domain
In furious hate and bold inclemency.
A sovereign all degenerate,
Renascent Caesar, born again to hate
And sore profane
God's mastery and plenitude of love.
The grim dark chalice now of Tyburn's blessed tree
Was held to thee,
O Queen estated of Divinity,

And here was on thy land a newer Flood.
Mother of might and trembling excellence,
As once on Calvary's breast
Thou watchedst the oozings of redeeming blood.

Ireland, thy destiny
The sundering rocks proclaim—
'Tis bellowed in the surgings of the sea,
'Tis echoed on the night-wind's rising wail—
The sorrow and the joyance of thy name,
The triumph of the sons of Innisfail.
O piteous Erin thou,
By the tomb thy dear head bow
And mourn the night of thy compassioning.
Yet now
The hills are purple with young day
And over their slanting verge on golden wing
The angels of the morning come.
Awake, arise, O Daughter of the Dawn,
And harp the tidings to the wilding sea,
The dark is crimson turned, into the morn.
By holy treachery
Thy King beguiled thee to this wakening;
Bid now the weeping of thy sons begone—
No more the watchings and the cross forlorn.

This be thy heritage the ages through,
The faith of Holy Rome
To cleave and hold,
The darling of the Martyr's timeless love.
Lo, is it meet upon this opening day
When freedom as a folded flower unfurls,
With song of gold
To pave the heavenly way,
Great Patrick's way,
Who treads the trembling white cloud-bars
And leaves his footprints in the snowy stars.

The Charm of the Familiar.

BY LEO R. WARD, '21.

What, to most of us, is more acceptable than a change? New faces, new experiences, new scenes—anything new—we consider more desirable than the old and familiar. Work becomes tedious and duty irksome; ordinary pleasures and recreations pall; even our best friends gradually degenerate into bores,—in a word, we are discontented: we desire novelty; we have lost temporarily an appreciation of the worth of what lies near us and hence seek pleasure and comfort and rest elsewhere. If, we foolishly imagine, we were only somewhere else;

if such a one were only here; if we were in a position, had leisure and means to experience this or that, then, we feel, life would be worth living.

But it is true that too often we are like the horse that swam the river to get a drink. We do not stop to consider that we are leaving berries behind, but rush blindly on to the next bush which may or may not be laden. A good book before the home fire, for instance, is less enticing than a card party in some poorly lighted and heated public house; the 'movie,' with its gaudiness and exaggeration of character and circumstance, appeals more strongly than the grandeur of a May sunset, or the congeniality of time-tried friends amid everyday but nevertheless real pleasures and comforts. I know a good, old Irish mother who repeatedly meets the arguments of her sons, who would leave home, with "green fields far away!" The implication of which is that the fields are green only while far away. And so it happens every day. Men cross the country and pay dearly to see and hear that for which, if shown gratis at their own door, they would not leave their newspaper. An athlete or an actor, suddenly discovered in a small town, is quite without honor in his own village. "Tut, tut! what can that fellow do? Sure we've been looking at him all his life." But let him go abroad, let him be but a stranger anywhere, and his name is made. Thus it is that whatever of beauty or of goodness or of power may lie at hand, we are slow to recognize, unless our attention be called to it. The other day a certain one called the attention of a group of young men to the gorgeous beauty of a vine on one of the walls of their own home. Not one of that group had noticed it. Doubtless some of them had gone far to see some pleasing combination of Autumn's beauties in gayly colored wood or mellowing fruit, yet here, under their gaze many times a day, hanging from the walls of their own home, this rare bit of Nature had gone unobserved. "It is wonderful," says the author of "Lorna Doone," "how we look at things and never think to notice them."

How lamentably true it is also that we do not appreciate the value of anything until it is taken away. Who rightly values the patient care of the best of mothers until he is deprived of it? How cheaply we appraise anything we have always had in abundance. We seem to take

as our desert—not as concessions—the truly great possessions: life and friends, and the gifts of Nature and grace. But let one lose, say, his health or a friend,—how promptly and how radically he will readjust his valuations! Alas! one adequately esteems what is familiar only when he has lost it. How blest is he who has lost and regained, or merely thinks that he has lost and finds himself delightfully mistaken.

How good, after all, how really worth while, are the old and familiar faces and scenes and occurrences. With what straitened perspective does one not view the old when so soon wearied with what is novel. Frequently we hear old people lament that "the good, old days" are gone, that their friends are passing away one after the other. From them, the familiar has flown; they have not been able to keep pace with the changes of the times. Only occasionally are they again themselves,—only occasionally are they face to face with the familiar: perhaps memory summons up the old days and deeds, or a friend is brought back by the likeness of some lad to his parent. But, for the most part, life, without the old faces, the familiar voices, the customary scenes, is hardly worth while.

A modern writer has said that a thing to be precious must be novel: that, for instance, sunsets, however splendid, are entirely too commonplace; that only the sensational should claim one's time and thoughts and care. However much we may admire this author's style of writing, we can scarcely agree with his philosophy. Men ordinarily do not realize that they are steeped in all that is best for them; that a thing is not more but less desirable because new; that the tried saddler is safest for most riders; and that there may be and often is such a thing as a "dark-brown taste" in the heart as well as in the mouth. Let one have an eye for the good and the beautiful in those around him; let him see if there be not charming possibilities in his backyard; for when all is said, bread is still more wholesome and has less disagreeable after-effects than cake.

Remembrance.

I plucked love roses growing fresh and free
And placed them in the vase of my lone heart;
But one by one they died,—yet left to me
Their fragrant breath—oh, love's sad silent part!

E. B.

The Romance of a Rose.

BY JOHN S. ROCHE, '19.

Two soldiers were seated in a pleasant room of a southern English hospital, one a Canadian private, the other an English quartermaster. Both were young in years but not in appearance; for months of intense hardships in the trenches had succeeded only too well in breaking their strong young bodies. Nevertheless, they were happy,—happy that the war was over, that their fight against militarism had not been in vain; happy that for a time at least the world would be once more “a decent place to live in.”

But it is not of the soldier's nature to tell why he is happy. He would rather enjoy his happiness amid the aroma of a couple of “fags” and go back over his experiences modestly. And these two soldiers were happy. What mattered it that the Canadian's right sleeve hung empty by his side, and that the Englishman used a crutch for a left leg. Here in England there were no such things as trenches, those ditches mud and slime, in which men, human of beings with feelings, had to crawl and live and fight. The trenches were now memories of the past. They existed a month ago. This was an altogether different age, an age of peace, smiling faces, comfortable shelter and plentiful food, the scarcity of which during the past four years had set many a brave soldier on the brink of despair. Moreover, there were “fags” in plenty, and so our two friends could not be other than happy.

The Englishman, however, was impatient. He was waiting for the Canadian to speak, but the Canadian was rich in leisure. Mayhaps he was a little nervous, or maybe he was waiting until the tears that were a-gathering in his eyes had dried. At last, the lad from across the seas was ready; he lighted for himself another cigarette.

“This story about my arm ain't much,” he began between puffs, “but the one connected with it may be interesting. As you know it is now four years since we left our happy homes in Canada for these infernal regions. We were the first crowd across, about four thousand of us, and the most homesick bunch you ever saw in your life. Our mothers wouldn't have known us had they seen us the day we marched up

Fleet Street. No rest was given us; we were sent into training at once, and after a hard month were pushed across into France. We didn't know at that time what war was. How could we imagine that there could be such a hell on earth as we later experienced.

“One night we were quartered at the village of Bertry, a little paradise on earth, where we were given a hearty welcome and were treated royally. We became intoxicated with the beauty of the place; we sang and made merry until midnight. Then we retired, but first swore to give the Hun a greeting he would not forget for having caused such anxiety to the peaceful inhabitants of this charming little village. We set off early next morning, and as we marched away some of the French lassies pinned red roses on our coats. God bless them! they inspired us with more courage than thousands of generals could have done. I suppose every one of us four hundred—that's all of our contingent alive to-day—I suppose every one of us has among his cherished possessions the flower that was pinned on him that beautiful morning.

“Several months later we were in action at the Somme. For eighteen hours the Germans pushed steadily against our centre, and for eighteen hours our centre held together firmly. Then in a final effort they advanced in mass formation. But they were Huns, and we were Canadians, and we retreated not an inch. Just at the right moment a British reinforcement came to our assistance, and the Huns retreated in their own disorderly fashion. But we paid a price; we lost over two-thirds of our men in that awful ditch fight, and many of our officers. Among the wounded officers was a tall, young fellow, who was known amongst us as the ‘Gent.’ He was the pride of our regiment—an awfully decent chap, and he treated everyone, even the lowest private, like a brother.

“Well, as I said the ‘Gent’ was wounded and fatally. A piece of shrapnel found its way into his left ribs, and he was in a serious condition. When he fell I was at his side to render any possible aid, and when the British came up, I took him at once to Red Cross quarters back of the third line of trenches. Before he died he gave me a message. If I ever got the chance I should go to Bertry, that little village where the French lassies had pinned flowers on our coats before sending us to the front. He knew one of them well; correspondence had been carried on between them, and, as death was

calling him, he had some tokens of farewell to send her. Of course I promised to go—how could anyone refuse such a last request?—and take the presents. For over an hour he spoke of her,—Rose Marie was her name,—and it seems that I could describe her now as well as I can describe my own mother, although I have never seen the girl.

"No, I am not the one to go back on a promise; I did my best as you will agree. Some weeks later I was sent to Blighty. A bullet in the arm, which accounts for this empty sleeve, was the reason for my trip. I was stationed a few miles from Bertry, or rather from where Bertry formerly was. An old man told me the story. The Boche had come one night, and when they left scarcely an inhabitant of the little village was left alive. They burned the place to the ground; only a few crumbling walls of brick now remained to tell the story. The old man happened to escape by hiding in a cellar.

"There were tears in my eyes. I thought of the 'Gent' and pretty little Rose Marie, but at the time was too sad to tell the old man of them, and so remained I silent.

"A few days later, having obtained permission, I set out with the old man as my guide to see the ruined village, but especially to visit the grave of little Rose Marie. I remembered the morning years ago when we set out from that pleasant, smiling little town, now a mere mass of ruins. I saw the cemetery and the graves of those killed that night by the Germans, but I noticed also that Rose Marie's grave was dated three months previous to that dreadful night, and was marked by a beautifully wrought tombstone. You cannot imagine how surprised I was, and when the first chance presented itself I asked the old man the cause of her death.

"Ah, monsieur," he replied, "you see—she died of what you would call a broken heart. It is a strange story. I am her grandfather. She used to write to a young officer in the trenches, and, from his letters to her, he must be very happy. She also was happy, but through fear of danger to him, she gets very sick, wastes away, and dies. I know that we French who are not able to fight must keep up the spirits of those in the trenches. So I take her place and write in answer to the young officer's letters. I write as it were a love-letter, and sign her name. She was my granddaughter; I

know her writing well and I imitate it well. The young officer is fooled, and he thinks that she is writing to him. So he is very happy. But, lately, monsieur, I see his name in the list of the dead and I cease writing, thanking God that both were taken instead of one."

"The old man was crying. I, too, was on the verge of tears as I thought how the 'Gent' would have felt had he found out that he was being deceived in that way. At once I thought it better to keep my knowledge of the affair from the old man. But the love tokens and his picture and the rose I keep, and will always cherish."

The Canadian had finished and lighted another cigarette. The quartermaster, being human wanted to see the love tokens that this ally of his would always cherish. Accordingly, with the help of the Englishman, they were drawn forth from a small handgrip. There was a faded rose, one of the ordinary kind that grows along the walls of the European cottage; and there was also a picture of a handsome young officer. That picture! The letters and the rose fell from the Englishman's hands, and the Canadian would have said somethings not friendly had he not seen the expression on the face of his friend.

There was joy written all over that Englishman's countenance as he stammered: "Him? him? your mates called him the 'Gent'?—the young scapegrace—him? a gent? an officer? fell at the Somme? Well, won't they be glad when I write home and tell them about my prodigal brother."

Thoughts.

Time is money, but it is always in circulation.

May not obesity in "dry" territory be an "illicit middle"?

"A little learning is a dangerous thing" only when it is used in the wrong way.

Etymologically, a Christian is a flower of Christ, but most of us will follow Him only from afar.

Don't try to feed a grown-up person on baby food unless he has reached his second childhood.

If you think yourself better than others, why not associate a little more with them in order that they may have the benefit of your society.

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We are back again to start the New Year. It is in a sense the real beginning of the scholastic year. Though classes have been going on since September, the academic has been shared 1919, with the military, to the detriment, let

us say mildly, of the former. The academic spirit is one of quietness, well-regulated leisure and tranquility, a spirit conducive to thought, to study, and to planning; the military gives quite another atmosphere, an atmosphere of action and of readiness to drop the matter in hand and fall into ranks. When the academic and the military are combined and both pursued intensely, it is a matter of experience that they do not blend successfully. But we are back once more to the old days; and we greet our old days with renewed resolution. We are better for having experienced other ways, and we know now something we did not realize before—the vast advantages which are ours. With the beginning of 1919, we start a new era in our school and in our lives.—J. H. M.

While the body of the students of the University were enjoying the rest of the mid-year vacation the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus were very busy in

The K. of C. Building Fund. their effort to raise the fund for their new building. The news of the enterprise has been sent to every part of the country in which there resides a Notre Dame Knight. Numerous reports are already coming in which show with what zeal the old Knights are promoting the cause. A check for ten thousand

dollars received by the President of the University on Christmas day was the first large sum contributed, which is to be turned over to the Notre Dame Council as a starter. The need of such a building seems evident to the Knights throughout the country, and we are presuming that it would be a waste of words to try to impress it upon the students of Notre Dame. They understand the need better than anyone else; they feel it every day. A mass meeting of the local Knights and of the other students will be held sometime soon, at which the details of the building plans will be set forth, and the local campaign for funds will be launched about the middle of the month. The proposed building is to be not merely for the benefit of the Knights of Columbus but for all Notre Dame men, and every real Notre Dame man will be very practically interested in the project.—F. P. G.

The Holidays at Notre Dame.

On the night before Christmas Eve nature covered the ground and the trees with white; and what was expected to be a summer Christmas turned out to be a real Noel day. At twelve o'clock Christmas morning, midnight Mass was celebrated. As the jubilant sounds of the "Gloria in Excelsis" echoed through the various chapels at Notre Dame, all Holy Cross rejoiced again in the birth of the Savior. Midnight Mass has ever been a most cherished ceremony at Notre Dame. In the early days the faithful came from miles around to the rude log chapel by St. Mary's Lake. There they heard midnight Mass, celebrated by Father Sorin, and were thrilled to tears, to tears of joy, as his arms were raised toward heaven and his voice trembled with "Glory to God in the highest." The holy tradition is as fresh today as then, and the occasion is one of holy joy to those students who remain at the University during the holidays as well to all of the religious.

On the day after Christmas the Senior Literary Society of Holy Cross Hall rendered its annual Yuletide program, and never has the society given a more unique and interesting performance. Special mention should be made of the farce, "The Little Red School-House" and also of the production by the Senior seminarians, entitled, "What Might Have Been." The cast was supported admirably by the crutain-

pullers, and more than once the leading man, Donald P. MacGregor, was called to make his bow for the excellence of his feats.

The Feast of the Holy Innocents was an occasion of great joy to the seminarians, who, having been invited to dine across the Niles Road, had whetted their appetites preparatory to partaking of the hospitality of the Sisters. A banquet unrivaled in quality and variety was set forth. Afterward, the seminarians entertained the Sisters in the assembly hall with some specially prepared numbers in song, recitation, and drama.

On December 30 the Brothers of Dujarié Hall presented Molière's "Miser." The acting was of high quality and the play admirably adapted to the actors. The Brothers are to be commended for the evident care evinced in their preparation, and it is hoped that next year they will produce something to equal their recent performance.

New Year's Eve was the occasion of another demonstration of the histrionic talent of the seminarians. This time the entertainment was given by the Preparatory Literary Society. The program was dedicated to Reverend Father Lennartz, who has been assistant-superior at the seminary for the past six years, but who was changed at New Year to Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., where he will teach Church history in the theological seminary of Holy Cross. A farce, "The Great Medical Dispensary" and a miniature musical comedy "Hong Kong Row" entertained the boys and guests for two hours, after which a delightful lunch was served in the refectory.

Indeed, Christmas at Notre Dame is not the dull time one might imagine. There is little opportunity for home-sickness or lonesomeness to those fated to remain at the University during the vacation holidays.—A. B. HOPE.

Obituaries.

MR. JAMES J. DEVERS.

After a brief illness of two weeks, Mr. James J. Devers, an elder brother of Father John Devers, C. S. C., died on December 18th at his home in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Early in the month he had contracted the dreaded influenza. It developed into pneumonia which caused his death. Like most influenza victims, Mr. Devers was a young man, and his loss is felt keenly by those who knew him. To Father Devers and the other relatives of the deceased,

the Faculty and students of the University offer their sincere sympathy and promise many prayers for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

LEGRANDE HAMMOND.

From the *Decatur Republican*, of Decatur, Michigan, we quote the following account of the death of LeGrande Hammond, graduate in law from the University in 1913.

"LeGrande Hammond passed away last Saturday morning at about eight o'clock, following a short illness of influenza, at the age of twenty-seven. Although he had been ailing for a week or more, his condition was not thought serious until the last few days. When the end came it was unexpected and a severe shock to the many relatives and friends in this and neighboring communities. The deceased was a well-known and highly respected young man. His youth had been spent in and near Decatur, and after attending the Notre Dame University, from which he graduated several years ago, he has made this community his home, having active charge of the large Hammond farm southeast of Decatur, as well as assisting his mother, Mrs. M. G. S. Hammond, in the management of her property. He leaves to mourn a wife and little son, his mother and one sister, Mrs. Clara Hammond Abbott.

HARRY J. MYERS.

We regret to announce the death of Harry J. Myers (old student '11-'13), of Francisville, Indiana, who passed away at his home on December 11th at the age of twenty-six.

LIEUT. GEORGE J. RYAN.

The sad news was recently received of the death of Lieut. George J. Ryan, who died on October 7th of wounds received in action in France. In his last letter to his mother, Lieut. Ryan said that he had been transferred to "a regiment with a reputation," and ventured that he would hold up his end. His mother and relatives have the sympathy of the faculty and students.

Local News.

The constructive work on the old Chemistry Hall, which has been steadily and swiftly carried on for the past four weeks, will soon be completed. This building will contain the law school and will be furnished with special class rooms and a complete reference library.

Two students, Daniel Cahil and Ralph McCaf-

frey, were by inopportune accidents obliged to spend the vacation in St. Joseph's Hospital. They had their holidays gladdened; however, and their term of convalescence made less tedious by frequent visits from their university friends.

The Reverend John Devers, C. S. C., commenced his duties as assistant superior of Holy Cross Seminary on January 6. Father Devers enters upon his new position with a splendid record as hall rector and religious as well as with a good acquaintance with seminarians.

Contrary to expectations respecting academic attendance for the remainder of the year, the halls of the University—with the exception of Corby, which from present indications will be half filled—will house the pre-war number of students. Many of the residents were members of the late S. A. T. C.

The law course, heretofore covering three years, has been extended to four years. Several new features are being added, the most noteworthy of which is the erection of a special building to be devoted exclusively to the interests of the law school. This feature, combined with the lengthening of the course, should be a strong inducement to earnest young men ambitious for success in the legal career.

The Rev. William Lennartz, assistant superior of Holy Cross Seminary for the last six years, left Notre Dame on Dec. 31 for Washington, D. C., where he will do special work in pedagogy and Church history at Holy Cross College and at the Catholic University. The departure of Father Lennartz is felt as a great loss by the seminarians and by all the local community members. With his constant geniality he cheered and charmed everyone who came under his influence, and by his generosity and disinterestedness he has always been for "his boys" a pattern of priestly excellence. Notre Dame wishes him every success in his new work.

William Ong, whose Chinese name is Ong San, and Paul Ting, whose Chinese name is Ting Pau, were baptized by Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, in St. Edward's chapel on the 3rd of January. The Honorable David I. Walsh, senator-elect of Massachusetts, journeyed all the way from his native state to Notre Dame in zero weather to stand as sponsor to these two students from China. These

two god-children of the Senator are of a group of four Chinese boys who came to the United States and to Notre Dame under his personal charge. Of the four two were Catholic, and the recent baptisms make the Chinese colony at Notre Dame 100 per cent orthodox.

To the generosity of the Knights of Columbus and their interest in the local S. A. T. C., both before and after demobilization, is due the restoration and re-building of Old Chemistry Hall. The building is to be used for welfare work along the lines of K. of C. plans during the present school year and after this is to revert to the University for use as a school of law. All Notre Dame men past and present appreciate this generous and patriotic interest in the work of the University.

The students of the University gave an enthusiastic welcome to Lieutenant Harry Kelly, LL. B., '17, on December 18th, when he entered Washington Hall to address them. Lieutenant Kelly left America about a year ago and returned during the summer. He brought back with him wounds that showed he was very much in the fighting, and the Croix de Guerre as a recognition of his bravery. Harry gave a very interesting description of a day in the front trench, recalled his meeting with Big "Mac," Captain Campbell, Jerry Murphy and Charley Reeves, and gave a thrilling account of the encounter with the Germans that brought him his wounds. In the evening Lieutenant Kelly gave a rousing speech to the Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus who are making heroic efforts to raise sufficient money to build a K. of C. building. Harry's address created a great deal of enthusiasm in the workers. We hope that Harry will return again and see Notre Dame stripped of its military chevrons but as active as a fighting division.

Personals.

Simon Thomas Farrell, M. E., '14, is in the City Engineer's Office in Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

Mr. John A. Lemmer, Ph. B., '18, has an interesting study of Claude Jean Allouez, S. J., in the Michigan History Magazine.

Charles L. Williams (Litt. B., '18) is now a theological student in St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Christmas mail brought a quaint and beautiful card signed Henry Dockweiler (A. B. '13), American Embassy, Tokio.

Rev. Francis Luzny, C. S. C., who was ordained in September, is now doing parish work as an assistant at Holy Trinity Church, Chicago.

Al. Fries (C. E. '16), who engineered the construction of the library, is now in Peru, Indiana, managing a brass foundry which has been used in the making of war materials.

Charles Breen, a former Brownson Haller, has completed the ensign course at Pelham Bay and has won a commission. He is at present in New York City awaiting his assignment.

Wm. J. Fox sends Christmas greetings from France and asks to be regarded a member of next year's senior class. Christmas greetings were also received at the University from Capt. James Robins, U. S. Army, France.

Rev. Lt. James J. O'Brien, C. S. C., chaplain at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, delivered the sermon at the religious celebration on Thanksgiving Day. Knowing Father O'Brien as we do we can vouch for the fact that it was an eloquent discourse.

Frank Goyer, who attended the University three years ago, volunteered in the spring of 1917 for service with the Canadian forces. Just a year later, he was killed in the famous Canadian defence of Vimy Ridge. Goyer, whose home was at London, Canada, was an exceptional student, possessing the qualities of a future scientist.

It will interest Notre Dame people generally to know that Edmund Burke Crombie, who attended the University in 1914-15-16, is now a khaki-clad man, and has, moreover, helped to humble the Hun. We can safely believe that "Lord John" is evincing the same ardent spirit and determination over there which marked his actions here.

Raymond A. McNally, an old student, became managing editor of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* on July 1, 1918. An editorial has this to say of Mr. McNally: "Coming to the *Star-Bulletin* from the mainland where he has had a wide and successful experience, he is thoroughly familiar with Hawaii and its people and problems and splendidly equipped to take up the editorial responsibilities."

Walter K. Conway, who was with us last year until he left to join the colors, is at present associated with the Yankee Cohorts in France. "Walt" has not seen actual service, having arrived in France in time to see only the European peace celebrations. He has signified his intention of returning to school as soon as released by Uncle Sam.

Joseph, John, and Jerome Martin, the sons of P. H. Martin of Green Bay, all three of whom were formerly students at the University, have been in the service of Uncle Sam. "Joe" was in the naval service; Lieut. John E. was overseas and was seriously wounded by a rifle bullet which penetrated his helmet, necessitating an operation; and Lieut. Jerome P. was recently stationed at Camp Grant.

George Rempe writes: "We had a letter from Lester the other day, and he is very well and not even scratched; he has been at the Front since last September and has been in France since last April." We might as well quote another sentence from George's letter: "I want to tell you that we have had a Rempe at Notre Dame and St. Mary's since 1900—eighteen years—which is some record."

"Dave" Hayes, varsity end '16 and '17, was wounded during the last days of fighting in France. He is a private in the 326th infantry and was wounded in the hip during an advance against German artillery and machine gun fire. Dave had to crawl a half mile to save his life, but is now recovering nicely. His brothers, "Marty" and "Perry," Princeton and Dartmouth runners, are in the aviation service.

Leo A. Witucki, a former student, was at the university recently to visit some of his South Bend friends in the S. A. T. C. Leo was a sophomore in civil engineering in 1917. In April of 1918 he joined the navy and went to the Training Station at Newport, R. I., where he received his preliminaries in radio work. He is now at Harvard University in the Radio School, where he will finish the course in wireless telegraphy. After spending a week's furlough at home, he returned to Harvard.

Paul Berry, a former athlete at Notre Dame and a pitcher for the New York Giants in 1916, arrived in New York harbor on December 24th, on the transport *La France*. It was he who made the important discovery that German gunners were firing from what were supposed

to be tree-trunks, but in reality were sheet-iron defences. Berry fought on the Somme, at Verdun, and at Chateau Thierry.

Lieutenant Father James J. O'Brien, C. S. C., Chaplain United States Army, Fort Bayard, N. M., has been recommended for efficiency by the Commanding Officer and the Chiefs of the Medical and Corps Commands at that Fort. These officials have also strongly endorsed Father O'Brien for a commission in the Regular Army. We congratulate the Chaplain on this proof of his efficiency.

The latest addresses of the Holy Cross Chaplains are as follows: (Rev.) Lieut. James J. O'Brien, Fort Bayard, New Mexico; (Rev.) Lieut. Fred T. McKeon, Fort Las Casas, Porto Rico; (Rev.) Lieut. Matthew J. Walsh, Headquarters U. S. Troop, 2. M. C., Am. P. O. 702, Am. E. F. France; (Rev.) Lieut. E. Davis, 109 Infantry, France; (Rev.) Lieut. Charles L. O'Donnell, 332 Infantry, Am. P. O. 901, Italy; (Rev.) Lieut. Edward J. Finnegan, 139 M. G. Battalion, 38 Division, France; (Rev.) Lieut. George Finnigan is either already on his way to this country or about to start back.

The following letter from the Rt. Rev. F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drew, famous throughout the English reading world as "John Ayscough," will be good news to the friends of the University.

The Manor House,
Winterbourne Gunner,
Salisbury Plain.

My dear Father President:

When your University was so gracious as to bestow its Degree of LL. D. upon me, it was my great regret that I could not thank you and the rest of its governing body in person. But I hope to be able to do so before very long, as I intend (*d. v.*) to begin a lecturing tour in the U. S. and Canada early next March.

I hope you won't think me very presumptuous if I say that holding your degree gives me a feeling of belonging in some fashion to Notre Dame, as if I were just a little bit less of a foreigner there than elsewhere out of England.

Yours sincerely,

F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drew.

In the *Catholic Standard and Times* of Nov. 16 we read of the "heroic deeds" which merited for Leo Francis McGuire the decorations of two governments. McGuire was a student here for several years, leaving the University in September, 1916. After having been refused a commission in the American Army because of his youth, he went to Dublin.

Three months later he was in London where he joined the colors of France as an ambulance driver. It will be seen that McGuire is essentially a fighter, for in September, 1917, he received the Croix de Guerre and less than a year later the American Distinguished Service cross for "distinguished bravery."

The following clipping from the Greensburg (Pa.) *Daily Tribune* will interest old students:

Lieut. Col. Edward Martin of the 110th infantry, formerly the old Tenth, in writing to W. A. Griffith, of the Pittsburgh law firm of Griffith and Kennedy, pays a glowing tribute to Capt. John J. Kennedy, the junior member of the law firm. Col. Martin writes:

"Capt. Kennedy is one of my finest boys. He has made good from the start and he is one of the very few officers of our regiment who has been in the work from the beginning to the end. He has had some narrow escapes, but when I left him early in November he was in splendid health and practically without a scratch. He was formerly an officer in the battalion which I commanded, and I have always counted him as one of my finest officers. Very sincerely, Edward Martin, Lieut. Col. 110th Inf. U. S. A.

Any good news about John Kennedy would surprise none of his friends. Nor, for that matter, would any good news about his brother Ed. Both were among the best Notre Dame men within the last twenty-five years.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., (LL. D., '17) Bishop of Indianapolis, has issued the following card:

Dear Reverend Father: In announcing the appointment of the Very Reverend Francis H. Gavisk, LL. D. as Vicar General of the Diocese of Indianapolis, we desire particularly on this occasion to express the sincere appreciation of the Bishop and all the clergy, of the zealous, thorough, and unselfish manner in which, for many years, he has performed the many important and onerous duties assigned to him.

So admirably has his work been done as Chancellor, that, for the best interests of the Diocese, we have urged him to continue serving likewise in this honored capacity.

It will be gratifying to the clergy to know that Father Gavisk has generously accepted this additional burden, and that the pleasant relations of long standing, the well-known, prompt, and accurate attention to their various requirements will not be interrupted by his assumption of the new and higher office.

JOSEPH CHARTRAND,

BISHOP OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Indianapolis,

December 12, 1918.

We offer felicitations to Doctor Gavisk and congratulate the Bishop and Diocese of Indianapolis on an appointment that is destined to be popular throughout the country.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame men will no doubt be pleasantly surprised to know that Charles ("Gus") Dorais has returned to the University as a coach. He will be remembered as the all-American quarterback who piloted the famous 1913 team and made a national name for Notre Dame. It was his accurate throwing of the forward pass which proved too much for West Point in that historic game on the Plains in 1913, which Notre Dame won 35 to 13. With the famous Rockne-Dorais combination, reunited athletics at the University should boom.

Dorais received his discharge from the Army three weeks ago. He has been athletic officer at Camp McArthur, and under his tutorship, McArthur won the cantonment championship of the South in football last season. Previous to enlisting in the army Dorais was athletic director at Dubuque College and his work was very successful. His teams in football, basketball, and baseball were always champions or runners-up in the Hawkeye Conference. He will coach basketball and baseball, and assist Coach Rockne in football. With this ideal combination at the helm, the good ship Notre Dame should plow her way safely through the waves of adversity to the harbor of success.

BASKETBALL.

The following schedule of games in basketball has been arranged for the Notre Dame quintet.

Jan. 14.—Purdue at Lafayette.

Jan. 21.—Kalamazoo College at Notre Dame.

Jan. 25.—Western State Normal at Notre Dame.

Feb. 1.—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.

Feb. 8.—Wabash at Notre Dame.

Feb. 11.—DePauw at Notre Dame.

Feb. 21.—Western State Normal at Kalamazoo.

Feb. 22.—Michigan Aggies at Lansing.

Feb. 27.—DePauw at Greencastle.

Feb. 28.—Wabash at Crawfordsville.

Mar. 1.—Franklin at Franklin.

Mar. 3.—Indiana at Bloomington.

Interest in basketball has been stimulated by the return of Coach Dorais. Dorais is a keen student of the game, and under his system basketball should take its rightful place in Notre Dame athletics. It will probably take a season to develop the team to the degree with which the coach will feel satisfied, but we predict that a year from now Notre Dame will have a basket-

ball team which will compare with any of them.

The men returned to school Tuesday and immediately began work. Captain Bahan, Brandy, and Bader are the forwards left over from last year's team. They are all fast, shifty, and have a good eye for the basket. Of last year's guards Stine and Hayes are back. They were green last year but should improve rapidly this year. Gipp and Vohs are being groomed for Ronchetti's place at center. Both are ideal men for the position. Smith, slashing guard on the 1918 football team, is out and should give the veterans plenty of competition for their berths. Wright, Van Dyke, Martin, Haller, and White are the interhall men of last year who are trying for the Varsity.

TRACK

Notre Dame will meet Wisconsin, Illinois, and Michigan Aggies in track, but the dates have not as yet been fixed. Captain Rademaker has returned to school, and with Mulligan, Douglass, and VonWonterghem, will form the nucleus of this year's team. Prospects are not bright, as most of the old men are still in the army and probably will not return until fall. The outlook for next year is very good.

Of the new men out, Scallon and Lockard are the best prospect in the dashes. Davis, Barry, Bahan, and Smith are trying for the quarter-mile. The best distance men out are McDonough, Meredith, Shanahan, Jenny, Clancy and O'Connor. The hurdles will be taken care of by Hayes, of basketball fame, and Kennedy. The only eligible shot-putter in school is Hank Grabner. Hoar, Vohs, McGuire, Walters, Conrad, and Gipp are working out in the jumps.

If these men are to uphold Notre Dame on the track and field, it means that they will have to work unusually hard. The material is scanty and they are meeting in dual competition the best in the west. It behooves every man to be at his best, to work hard and faithfully, and to remember that the old N. D. spirit is to die fighting.

The Freshman track men are also out working. Coach Rockne has in view meets with Culver and Western State Normal. Any man who has an ordinary physique should come out for this sport. Lockers and suits are at the disposal of anyone who cares to report. The benefits to be derived from systematic exercise under expert tutelage are immeasurable and no red-blooded young man should miss this chance of making himself physically fit.

Letters from Soldiers.

Le Mans, France,
November 11, 1918.

My dear Mother:

Ten of the most pleasant days I have spent in France have just passed, and to-night I am trying to settle down to write you a long letter and tell you all the news of these most eventful days. To begin with, I received on All Saints' Day a letter from my good friend, Father Eugene Burke, of Notre Dame, telling me the news I had been longing to hear for months. Two days later there came a long letter from Hugh O'Donnell, another old friend at Notre Dame. The two of them brought me well up to date with news of Notre Dame and of her many sons. Then one day a little later who should walk into the office here but Chaplains Finnegan and McGinn. They had just landed with an outfit in which were several lads from the old school. We had a great visit, but they were soon on their way, both anxious to get to the Front. Soon after them came Captain McOsker, and Lieutenants John Miller and Louis Kiefer, former Notre Dame boys. They spent four or five days here, during which time we had many pleasant hours. Just before their departure there happened in a lad who left school the day after the United States entered the war. Having enlisted as a private, he has worked himself up to the rank of second lieutenant. He had just returned from the Front, where he had been wounded for the second time. His name is Friedstead, and the many experiences he related as we sat around the table in one of the restaurants the night before he left, gave us a very good idea of what was going on up at the Western Front. As the party was leaving the dining room after the big dinner we walked right into the arms of one of the best scouts that ever attended Notre Dame—old "Zipper" Lathrop, now a captain with the division that followed us to Camp Sherman. So altogether it was a great re-union and everyone was as happy as could be. Each of us got much information concerning the fellows from the old school, for what one did not know some other one did. They all left the following day, and things settled back into the old quiet.

Well, the end to this perfect week came yesterday afternoon when the news flashed over the city that the armistice had been signed. Such a celebration and demonstration I have never seen nor heard of before. Bands, some eight or ten in number, swarmed out into the street and played into the late hours of the night. Men, women, and children paraded the streets all day long and some of them were still celebrating when I went to the office in the morning. Nor did the jubilation end with Monday; from ten o'clock on Tuesday morning they were at it again. I saw marching in that parade old men and women who certainly had not been on parade for many years. They just seemed like they were "kids" again—happy as could be, every one of them. It certainly was a joyous day for these people. After suffering and waiting, as they have, five long years for that day they surely have a right to be happy. Yesterday they brought flowers all day long to the soldiers and officers

here at headquarters. And you may be sure that in the midst of all this celebration America was not absent; it was joyous news for us as well as for them.

Winter is here, but it is not the kind of winter we have there in the good old States. There has been no snow thus far, and the temperature is much above the freezing-point. To-day I donned a light overcoat which I drew yesterday, and I think it will do me for the rest of the winter, as it does not get very cold here at all.

I have not the least idea as to when we shall leave here. I doubt very much if there will be any arrangements made before the end of the period during which the terms of the armistice must be complied with. As you already know, some troops are to be sent into Germany as occupation troops; and while I am very anxious to get home, I do not think there is much likelihood of our getting back before the first of March. Then too, I should like to go to Germany with one of these divisions.

Two weeks ago I was recommended for a second lieutenancy. I have not mentioned the fact before because I wanted to give you a big surprise when it came. I do not know what will come of the recommendation now; I doubt whether the Government will make any more officers, since the trouble seems to be over. I should indeed like to make a commission; it would be a great satisfaction to win one while on active service in France.

I interrupted my letter at this point to drop into the post office to see if there was anything for me in the evening mail. As I entered the door one of the best "pals" I ever had at Notre Dame ran plump into my arms, Harry Richwine, of Anderson, Indiana. Ever since I entered the service I have thought of him and wondered where he might be, and to-night just when I was in the midst of my letter telling you about all the old Notre Dame friends I had met on their way to the Front, this best of my friends walks right into me—from among some 60,000 soldiers coming and going through this city day after day. It is now ten-thirty; it was necessary for him to get back to his outfit before eleven, and as he had some eight or ten miles to go, I had to consent to his leaving. And as he had no way of getting back, I was very glad to be of some assistance to him; I got hold of a side-car and had one of our drivers take him home.

I can not tell you what I feel at this minute. Here I have waited for months for someone I might grasp by the hand and to whom I might say "Hello, old pal!"—and then all of them came at once. I was especially tickled to see Richwine, for whom I have always had a great admiration. He came to Notre Dame a poor lad, and was working his way through the College of Law. He was in every one of my classes and was always ready to lend a helping hand when he could. He left school in May, 1917, and attended the second officers' training school, at the end of which he was commissioned and sent to Camp Taylor. He remained there till two months ago, when he was sent across with a division from Taylor. He is going to call on the 'phone to-morrow, and from now on we are going to spend our idle hours together.

As last Sunday was my off-day, I wanted to go out

to one of the neighboring camps in the afternoon to find, if I could, some of the lads from home. I had heard that Brownie was in the outfit and also Bob McInerny, a brother of Arnold McInerny. I asked Captain Hart if I might ride out with his chauffeur when he made his trip out to this camp, and he said, "Why certainly, Sergeant; come along." But it happened that he postponed his trip and had his chauffeur drive him to his billet. So I had given up hope of getting out to the camp that day and was about to leave the office when the Captain's driver saluted me: "The Dodge car is at your disposal; the Captain said you wanted to use it. Hop in; where do you want to go?" Imagine my surprise. That's the way my boss treats me over here. More than that, it is the way the officers and the enlisted men get along here in old France,—shoulder to shoulder, all working together for the one cause and with one spirit. It is this spirit which has made it possible for the war to last only six months after America got into it. Yes, the spirit with which everybody works over here is most wonderful, and I shall never forget the pleasant months I have spent with some of these officers who were complete strangers to me when I joined their organization.

Well, Mother dear, the hour is late and I shall have to stop for to-night. I hope this will not be my last before Christmas; but that my greetings may be sure to reach you in time, I shall say to-night that nothing could make my Christmas happier than to be with you on that day. But since that will be impossible, I want to assure you that my Christmas here in old Le Mans will be a very happy one. And when I kneel at the five o'clock Mass in that grand old cathedral my prayers and my Communion will be offered for the one who has made it possible for me to be a humble member of the great army which has come to this country and made it possible for the whole world to enjoy once more the "peace on earth"—which we shall appreciate this December 25, 1918, as never before. Wishing you and all at home all the joys and blessings of the Christmas time, I am,

Your loving son and brother,

John Raab.

American E. F., France,
November 17, 1918.

Dear Mother,

Another day and I have received no letter from home. I can't figure it out. There is to be a thanksgiving service in the Cathedral at Vannes this afternoon, the *Te Deum* it is called. I am going in the car with the general. It beats waiting around all day for a train. Everything is going along fine to-day. For dinner we had "chix," also apple pie. So you see I am doing very well. There is not very much news of interest to tell.

After supper—We went into town at 4:30 p. m., and when we alighted from the machine we were met by Father Finnigan and a French priest. They escorted us around and got us inside the sanctuary. After the sermon, benediction was given; during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament General McIntyre and I were the only two of our party who knelt down. It was quite proper, however, for non-Catholics to stand at

attention. After the benediction Father Finnigan introduced the General to the Bishop, in the sacristy. Then, as the place was very crowded, Father Finnigan had the men make way for the general and his staff to get to their automobile.

We got back to camp for supper at 6:30 p. m. Since we returned I have been asked a thousand and one questions about the ceremony. The beautiful big church and the rich vestments of the bishops really made it most impressive. With love to all, I am,

Your loving son,

(1st Lieut.) James McNulty,

Kansas City, Missouri,
December 13, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

It makes one's blood flow with pleasurable excitement to receive such a letter as you sent me the other day. You do not know how happy it makes me feel to know that you are genuinely and sincerely my friend and that the folks at Notre Dame still have a kindly feeling for me.

You asked me to tell you what I have been doing of late. I will recapitulate briefly. As you know, I went to Philadelphia to the general depot of the Quartermaster's Department. I began there as assistant in the Department of Inspections; very shortly afterwards I was placed in charge of the Department of Manufactures, having about five thousand people under me. From that I was put in charge of the Finance Department and made first assistant in the Department of Purchases—this taking place about the time we were sure to have war. I had a very valuable experience there in the matter of big business and enjoyed it very much. But all at once the Government discovered that I had some ability in the training of young men and insisted that I take up that work, and so I went to the Citadel, at Charleston, South Carolina. This is a state military college and next to West Point the most efficient one in the country. I had a delightful experience there, but without my knowledge or consent I was lifted out of that work and sent here to be district inspector of the S. A. T. C. units of the Ninth District, comprising the states of Missouri, Kansas, Wyoming, and Colorado.

I have found this a very pleasant experience too, but now that the S. A. T. C. is being demobilized the end of this is in sight. I have a suspicion that it is the intention of the War Department to send me to Department Headquarters to supervise the organization and operation of the R. O. T. C. units, but I am not at all sure of this.

[Editor's Note.] When this letter was turned over to us for publication we were strictly enjoined to omit from it the following paragraph: "I think you may not know, and so I want to tell you, that during my time at Notre Dame I took a post-graduate course in English, my preceptor being a master in the art of expression and no less a personage than the President of the University. I did not get any degree for my post-graduate work; I dare say nobody ever thought of that. That is a matter of no consequence. I have the keenest sort of satisfaction in having had the privilege of sitting near you and hearing you discourse

n your own inimitable way many, many times." The reader will observe that we have faithfully observed the presidential injunction.

I hope that you and all my friends at Notre Dame may always keep me in mind and give me the benefit of your good wishes.

Very sincerely and respectfully,
(Major) R. R. Stogsdall.

Tonnere, France,
December 1, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney,

I am sending these few lines just to let you know that I am still in the land of the living—though reported dead for some time—and to wish you a very merry Christmas. At present we are busy at getting equipped, and the rumor is that we are to be a part of the army of occupation that is to go into Austria. We were in the Champagne drive, and had some rather hard fighting. I was taken prisoner and spent a month in German prison camps, where and whence I had a succession of interesting experiences. I got away three times. The first two escapes ended disastrously but on the third attempt I succeeded in getting back. I can assure you that prison life in Germany does not add to your weight or to your love for the Germans.

I have been very unfortunate thus far in not meeting any of the old Notre Dame men, but I am still living in hope that I may come across some of them one of these days.

Please give my regards to any of the faculty that may remember me. Wishing the old University all kinds of success and prosperity, I am,

Very sincerely,
Martin Emmet Walter,
1st Lieut. 143 Infantry.

On Active Service, A. E. F., France,
November 11, 1918.

Dear Father Morrissey,

Since my arrival in France I have had but few opportunities to perform my much-neglected duty of writing to you, but I trust you will forgive me. You realize that a soldier's life in France is not his own, and between travelling from camp to camp and my duties in the photographic unit, I have been very busy.

Some nine months ago I enlisted in the Air Service as a photographer and was placed in the elementary school in Rochester. After graduating I was sent to Cornell University for the advanced course and since then I have assumed the rôle of chief draftsman and typographer in the personnel of the unit. The work and study has proven exceedingly interesting.

I was delighted to get to France and my enthusiasm to study here has so increased that I am certainly going to seize any chance I may get of remaining here for some time. The quaint historical towns and cities that I have visited or passed through are so full of treasures that they have surely taken hold of me, and I hope I may be allowed to follow my profession and pursue my studies further in France.

While in America waiting to be sent overseas, I was overjoyed to meet Father McGinn and Father

Finnegan and several Notre Dame graduates. I trust that I shall soon see Fathers Davis, O'Donnell, and Walsh. I was greatly surprised to hear from Father McGinn of your recent illness. I trust you are in the best of health now and able to out-distance Father O'Neill in his short walks every day.

Well, Father, I must now get back to my official duties. Trusting that you will regain your good health and wishing all of you at Notre Dame a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
Sergeant Joe Flynn.

22nd Photo Section.

(Post-card enclosed with Joe's letter.)

Dear Father Morrissey,

I have just had the opportunity of censoring this letter of Joe Flynn's, who is an old friend of mine. He and I went to Notre Dame together. I am located here in Paris with Father Walsh and am with him every night. We both wish all at Notre Dame a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Captain Dan McGlynn.

Camp Jackson, South Carolina,
December 3, 1918.

Dear Father Burke,

During the two busy months just past I have been unable to find much time for letter-writing, but now that the excitement is over I am trying to remember my friends. I am still down at Camp Jackson, where I have been since September, and the war has been fought and won without me, which takes away much of my conceit, because I had thought it could not be "did." I am surely glad that the war is over, but I have many regrets that I did not even get a little peep at it after all the time I put in. I was the more disappointed in that I was all prepared for overseas and on the list awaiting orders to travel when the war ended. I had been on the list since the 25th of October and fully expected to embark within the first week of November. There was a large number of officers going in a body as casualties and among us were two other N. D. boys, Eichenlaub and Walter Clements. "Eich" had just come from Fort Sill to join the Replacement. I think that he spoiled it all for us, as the war ended just as he was ready to start over. It seems that the Kaiser heard of his coming and immediately abdicated. Perhaps Herr Hohenzollern had heard something of him as a N. D. football player. Anyhow, the end came just as Eich was ready to get into it.

You asked me the last time you wrote to let you know who graduated at the Fourth School, and I am sorry not to have written sooner, but I don't believe I could have given a great deal of information. At Camp Taylor we had only the artillery school. The school there lost its identity as the "Fourth School" and became the Central Officers' Training School. During my time there I think that I came into contact with most of the Notre Dame men, who were very few compared to the number in the infantry schools. At the time I left, the first class had received their commissions, and along with me the following were commissioned in August: Al Feeney, assigned to Camp Funston; Charley Corcoran, assigned to Camp

Bowie, Texas; Charley McCarthy, assigned to Camp Taylor; Dick Hyland, Leo Geeland, and a McDonough, from Salt Lake City, whose first name I can not recall. I think that is the complete list. But besides those whom I have mentioned there were a few other N. D. boys commissioned previously, who are now here at Camp Jackson, among them Frank Cull and Fred Gibbon.

Well, Father, just at present I am waiting to be retired and expect to be back home within a week. Kathryn came down about three weeks ago and we are hoping to have soon a happy home-going. So if you get time to answer, address me at home or at my wife's address, or just make it General Delivery, Conneaut, Ohio.

I have often thought of the N. D. boys in France and am anxious to hear of them. Would you ask the Office to send me the issues of the SCHOLASTIC since September, as I have not received any this year. With best wishes to all at Notre Dame and my kindest regards to you, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Joseph F. Smith.

Safety Valve.

TO OUR READERS.

You've criticised our work each week
And laughed to scorn our verse,
You've told us that our putrid jokes
Have often made you curse.
Your frank remarks have crushed our hearts
And drawn many a tear,
But damid all we wish you still
A Happy Bright New Year.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The tie you gave me, savage friend,
Hangs on my bedroom door,
The slippers wife crocheted for me
Are sprawling on the floor.

I have a razor that won't cut,
It's dull as any hoe,
A pipe is mine that will not draw,
A watch that will not go.

My dear wife's mother handed me
A shirt of red and blue,
My aunt some silken socks, but all
My toes have broken through.

I got the cutest ten-cent stud
From my dear, little niece,
Suspenders from my brother's wife
Bearing the mark "Police."

My son gave me a mustache cup
Filled it with Colgate's soap,
And thought it was a shaving set—
The stupid little mope.

Some handkerchiefs that scratch my nose,
Collars that tear my neck,
And mufflers from a fire sale
Were sent me by the peck.

A comb with three extracted teeth,
A brush that makes the hair
Turn turtle on a person's head
And fly up in the air.

Some things I can not mention, too,
I got from other folk,
I hope before next Christmas comes
My loving friends all choke.

ONLY PREVARICATIONS.

The boys are coming home at last
The transports cleave the main,
And soon each bonny Yankee lass
Will see her lad again.
Lo! how the once sad eyes will dance
And sunken bosoms swell,
The boys are coming home to us—
Think of the lies they'll tell.

Those who have never seen the front
Will have the wierdest tales,
Of how they fought and bled and fell
And slept in German jails,
But breaking through ten thousand foes
Amid a rain of shell
They reached our lines—Great Hercules!
What lies the boys will tell.

And yet each maid will drink the words
Her lover deigns to pour,
And as she nestles in his arms
Will crave for more and more,
Within her heart a tide shall rise
That none shall dare to quell—
For since the boys are home again
Who cares what lies they tell.

S. O. S.

I sat beside your bed dear girl
You were about to die,
I fed you cream puffs, Charlotte russe
And slabs of pumpkin pie,
The village doctor gave you up
But dear I turned the tide,
For by my wonderous skill I left
No room for "flu" inside.

The hot dogs that I fed you, dear,
Were garbed in sauer kraut,
And when they hit your diaphragm
They drove the "flu" bug out;
And then I fed you bacon fat
Till the last germ had quit,
For, dear, no self-respecting germ
Could hope to live with it.

And now that you are well you come
To tell me I'm a brute,
You shoot my Zeppelin full of holes
And steal my parachute.

Ah, well, if I had known before
That you would not be true,
I would have kept my bitter sweets
And let you die of "flu."