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The Rendevous.

BY PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

A LETTER came to me to-day
From foreign fields, where he had bled,
And then at last I knew the dread,
The fear and pain had left for aye.

A year ago he said good-bye,
How deep his words have seared my soul!
"We'll meet if Death exacts the toll,
For love as ours shall never die."

Now that he's gone, would I be true
If I should stay and love defy?
I pray to God that I may die
And go to keep our rendezvous.

The Sinn Fein Movement.*

BY REV. CORNELIUS HAGERTY, C. S. C., PH. D.

HON. JOHN W. GOFF, a prominent New York judge, writes: "The Sinn Fein Movement was born of the terrible condition of Ireland: a fertile land always on the verge of starvation; an island favorably situated on the world's great water lanes, its coast-line indented with capacious harbors, without shipping or commerce; a land with fine water facilities and rich mineral deposits without trade or industry; and a vigorous, fecund population decaying so rapidly as to bring into view the vanishing point of the race."†

Sinn Fein means "Ourselves alone"; it means that a nation's first duty is to its own people; that the first law of life is self-preservation; that as a man's duty is first to nourish

and preserve his wife and children, so a nation must first look after its own; that the beginning of all brotherhood is in the family, and that the nation is the outgrowth of families uniting for the purpose of forming a self-sufficient or self-reliant community.

At the beginning of the last century, England, burdened with the heavy debts of the Napoleonic war, forced Ireland into an act of union by which the two countries were governed by one Parliament and had one common treasury. The representatives of Ireland in the English Parliament were so few in comparison with the English members that they were powerless. England levied taxes on Ireland and decided what should be spent there. The only people in Ireland who favored this union was a small colony of Scotch and English in Northeast Ulster who had been planted in Ireland as an English garrison, and who were favored and coddled by the English aristocrats in the same proportion as the rest of Ireland was robbed and persecuted. These were the Unionists of Ulster. The Irish Parliamentary party, of which Parnell was the head, hoped by gaining control of the balance of power between the Tories and Liberals in England to obtain a release, through Home-rule, from the Union which all Irishmen knew was rapidly destroying Ireland.

The situation went from bad to worse. Under the able leadership of Parnell the Parliamentary party had excited hope; but John Redmond and his companions succumbed to the wiles of the English; they lived in England most of the year; were guests at the English Clubs; mingled in British society; gradually lost sympathy with the hard lot of their own people; conceded everything to England and dealt harshly with suggestions coming from Ireland.

In the meantime, England was carrying out a very subtle and very cruel policy of denation-

* Speech delivered at the meeting of the Friends of Irish Freedom, in the Knights of Columbus Hall, South Bend, Indiana, on Sunday, January 26, 1919.

† "A History of the Sinn Fein Movement and the Irish Rebellion of 1916," by F. P. Jones. (Kenedy, 1917.) "Introduction," p. 10.

alizing Ireland by impoverishing and enslaving the people in both mind and body. First of all, England was trying to give the Irish the English mind—the English point of view. This was being accomplished by separating the Irish youth from the history and traditions of their own people. Language is the great conservator of the aspirations and customs of a people. The Irish language was attacked and almost destroyed. It was a crime to speak Irish. The text-books in the schools were in English and written from the English point of view. The children were taught that their ancestors were a wild, barbarous people, given over to quarreling among themselves and making no progress because they were naturally shiftless. England had graciously received these poor barbarians into her great empire; but the Irish with natural perversity have shown only ingratitude.

Intelligent Irishmen began to realize that if this sort of education were continued for several generations, the Irish people would become slaves, indeed, because England was attacking them where alone slavery can be complete: in the mind and heart. The Sinn Fein policy was formally set forth in a speech by Arthur Griffith in Dublin in 1905. The corner-stone of the movement was education. Sinn Fein aimed at saving Ireland by reawakening her soul through a general enlightenment. The movement was modelled on the constitutional reform accomplished by Deak in Hungary by which the Hungarian people preserved themselves against the attempt of Austria to denationalize them; also on the movement in Poland whereby the Poles resisted a similar attempt by Russia and Prussia.

The Sinn Fein policy was not one of physical force, although its final aim, like all patriotic movements in Ireland, was to make Ireland a nation. It was Carson and his volunteers who drove Ireland to arms. Although Arthur Griffith believed that an appeal to arms would ultimately be necessary, he proclaimed the wise principle that the first step toward freeing a nation is to free the mind of its people through knowledge and to awaken its heart through love. England was trying to give the Irish the slave mind; Sinn Fein strove to save for the Irish children the glories of their own past and the ideals of their own race which possessed a high and noble civilization when England was a Roman colony.

Sinn Fein aided the Christian Brothers who were the only independent teachers in the primary schools; it aimed at establishing a national university where enlightened leaders would be trained—this was to be supported and maintained after the manner of the University of Hungary. Patrick Pearse started a school in Dublin where an ideal Irish education was given. In addition, Sinn Fein carried on its educational campaign by means of its newspapers, magazines and clubs, of which latter more than 1000 were organized throughout Ireland.

In this work of making Ireland Irish the Sinn Fein movement co-operated with the Gaelic League which had for its object the revival of the Irish language. Under its auspices frequent fairs were held which renewed interest in Irish music, dancing, folklore and games. The men who directed the Sinn Fein movement were men great of intellect and noble of heart. They had steeped themselves in the history and literature of Ireland. As one of their number has written. "They were girded round with the magic of a great love." They had "bent low and kissed the quiet feet of Kathleen, the Daughter of Houlihan; they had seen the "Dear, Dark Head," as they loved to call their mother-land, beautiful in the glories of her past, still more beautiful in her fidelity to Christ in her long dark night of persecution. Now they felt was her resurrection time; her hour of triumph and glory. The old dream of the Irish patriot burned in their souls and they sang to the "Ireland of their love."

O Dear, Dark Head, though but the curlew's screaming
Waken the echoes of the hill and glen,
Yet shalt thou see once more the bright steel gleaming,
Yet shalt thou hear again the tramp of men.
And though their father's fate be theirs, shall others
With hearts as faithful, still that pathway tread,
Till we have set, O Mother dear of Mothers,
A nation's crown upon thy dear, dark head.

The second part of the Sinn Fein movement was directed toward building up Irish industries and commerce. Sinn Fein called attention to the fact that the population of Ireland was decreasing at an alarming rate. In seventy years the population has dwindled from 9,000,000 to 4,500,000. In the same length of time the number of cattle in Ireland had increased from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000. England was rapidly turning Ireland into a cattle-ranch. In Irish Ireland only two industries were allowed

to thrive: cattle-raising and the liquor business. England had created in Ireland a condition in which it was impossible for young men to find employment. Agriculture and manufacturing were discouraged because they gave employment to many and tended to make Ireland self-sufficient. England's economic policy in Ireland was a subtle, cruel plan to gain possession of Ireland by encouraging the English and Scotch garrison in the northeast and at the same time forcing the rest of the Irish to emigrate, join the army or go to the poorhouse.

"Take the matter of railways," says Austin Harrison, an English writer, "Transport rates are 37 per cent higher than in England. It is cheaper to take coal from Scotland to a seaport than to get it ten miles inland; cheaper to carry goods to England and have them re-shipped to Cork at English rates than to pay the Irish rates. A parcel can travel 500 miles in England for half the price it costs for 30 miles in Ireland. . . The case of Ireland's chief coal pit at Castle-comer, deprived of a railway, is a flagrant example—good anthracite seams; it does not pay to work them. The colliery works at a quarter pressure—though it is merely a question of a slip line of eleven miles."*

The case of Ireland's commerce was the same. Although possessing fine harbors she was not permitted to have her own trade with foreign nations. She must sell and buy through England. Only a few small boats were owned by Irishmen.

On the other hand, Ireland was taxed more highly than any nation in Europe. Holland, Sweden, Denmark and other small nations were taxed far less and yet they maintained an army and a navy, a diplomatic and consular service, had a large foreign trade and administered their own affairs. Ireland was taxed in 1917 \$150,000,000. Theoretically she was to share all the benefits of the British Empire: practically she was held in social, political and economic slavery.†

This condition of industry and commerce resulted in the departure from Ireland of a large percentage of her young men. Mothers who raised large families would see their sons

upon reaching manhood face the prospect of joining the army, going to the poor-house, or emigrating to a distant country. The poor-houses were crowded with people who could work and would work but could find nothing to do.

Although naturally a healthy, vigorous, outdoor people, tuberculosis was ravaging the country,—the death rate from this disease in Ireland being the highest of any country in Europe. Added to all these troubles, the country was overrun with policemen who provoked quarrels in a most arbitrary manner and no one knew who would be arrested next.

Sinn Fein declared that Ireland must build up her agriculture and manufactures in order to provide work for her children and keep them at home; she must establish commercial relations with foreign countries so that she might have a market other than England where she could sell and buy. Ireland must aim, not at becoming a cattle ranch whose sole industry was providing Englishmen with "bully beef," but she must aim at becoming a self-sufficing community. Sinn Fein pointed out the fallacy of Adam Smith's policy of free trade as applied to Ireland, and advocated the theory of Frederick List, viz., that in buying and selling a nation should not disregard the national element: that the Irish people should buy from Irish merchants even though they had to pay a higher price for an inferior article. Only by a policy of protection could Irish industries be built up able to compete with the great industries of England.

Sinn Fein, also, advocated the establishment of Irish consuls in the large markets of the world; and the building of an Irish merchant marine on the same plan as the merchant marine of Norway. A national bank was to be established which would lend money to finance Irish industries. It was pointed out that the present banks of Ireland were lending Irish money to further English projects, but did not lend to any enterprise meant to benefit Ireland. Sinn Fein desired, also, to establish a national stock-exchange as a means of encouraging Irishmen in Ireland and America to invest money in Ireland.

In 1907, two years after the inauguration of the Sinn Fein movement, Sydney Brooks, an Englishman, summed up its progress thus: "I bring back from a tour through Ireland no stronger impression than this—Ireland is becom-

* Cf. "Ireland" by Katherine Hughes. (Donnelly Press, N. Y.)

† "The Irish Nationality" by Mrs. J. R. Green. Cf. Chapter on Ireland under The Union. (Henry Holt Co.)

ing Irish. A movement is on foot, broader, grander and more revolutionary than any even she has ever known. It is a movement of national resurrection, of national self-realization and self-dependence. In Hungary, Poland, Finland and Bohemia we have applauded and sympathized with similar movements in the past. In Ireland we may at least try to understand."*

Varsity Verse.

MY CLOCK AND MY FRIEND.

I wound my clock a week ago;
It's running e'en till now.
What started you, I'd like to know,
What mighty hand, and how?

My clock runs down its "owen" works
And makes no fuss, by "jabers,"
But you slave on like fifty Turks,
At running down your neighbors.

BARON MYND.

"JOE CAMEAU"

Joséph Cameau of Central Fall,
Was wan beeg man, you bet,
A man so fat, a man so tall,
I tank I never met.

Hee's arm was lak wan gran' balloon,
Hee's ches' was beeg wan too,
Hee's face was roun' jus' lak the moon;
I guess hee's kill a few!

But Joe had pride, that son've gun,
Hee's go into the ring,
And now I tank hee's race is run;
I cry for that poor ting.

"Vance" Papineau hee's beat him up,
An' almos' crush hee's head;
Hee's lick him lak a leetla pup,
An' then poor Joe hee's dead.

So now I weep for Central Fall,
Because she's dead also,
Without a man, so beeg, so tall,
As poor old Joe Cameau.

THOMAS C. DUFFY, '19.

"DOGGONE IT."

Who would not be a little frog
And croak the live-long day?
If you should "croak" but once, poor dog,
They'd carry you away.

BARON MYND.

Nimble-witted Nell.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

Artie Weeden's arrival in the lounging room of the Idlers' Club was hailed with cordial acclaim. The afternoon had been rainy, dreary, and depressing, and until the coming of this "constant cut-up," as his fellows correctly called him, the quintet in the corner had been unsuccessful in relieving the tedium or banishing the blues. With Weeden's advent, however, things brightened at once. The indigo demons were driven back to their dens of despondency and the big room resounded with gladness. When Bingham DeKalb dropped in, shortly after Montie's arrival, the five elderly chums in the accustomed corner were as animated as usual. The coterie was especially receptive to any story told by their journalistic comrade, whose habit it was to join them about the time the banter was exhausted and contribute his part to the informal entertainment by relating some pages of his past, tales that never failed to be interesting, because his chequered career had been made up of many uncommon experiences.

"Well, boys, what's the topic to-night?" called out DeKalb as he made his way to one of the deep armchairs.

"We were just discussing the action of the mind in circumstances requiring swift thinking," answered Max Mangane, an opulent Jewish entrepreneur, who made a hobby of psychology. "Herbie here was telling us a few instances of rapid headwork he has observed in athletic contests; Joyce gave a few instances of fast mental movement in first-night performances where actors have skilfully side-stepped embarrassing situations by palliating stage blunders; and Artie has been perforating the conversation intermittently with inane jests. You got any ideas on the subject, Bingham?"

In response DeKalb half shut his eyes, settled himself more luxuriously into the depths of his chair and in his fluent manner began his tale.

"The Transcontinental Limited steaming its swift way across the Great American Desert suddenly blew a shrill blast for brakes and came to a reluctant, grinding stop. The pas-

* "The New Ireland," by Sydney Brooks. (Dublin, 1907.)

sengers crowded out onto the platforms to learn the cause of the stop and, like every American crowd in such a situation, plied each other with futile questions. Everybody was talking, nobody listening. Only one person did anything purposeful during the first five minutes, the Ethiopian porter. He had alighted from the rear coach in the first rush of excitement, thinking perhaps that the locomotive had thrown a wheel or run out of fuel, but scrambled back hastily when a timorous young lady on the observation platform inquired in thin, quavering tones if they were being held up by bandits.

"Presently the reason for the stop became apparent. From the steps of the special car, carrying Eastern sportsmen to the Jeffries-Johnson fight in Reno, a crowd tumbled. I forgot to mention, boys, that I was going to the pugilistic clash myself as a representative of the Combined Press, which accounted for my regarding of all incidents and individuals from the viewpoint of the newspaper writer. I noticed with astonishment that the substantial-looking gentlemen with the wide white fronts had lost their usual composure of countenance and placidity of bearing and were indulging language that was, to say the least, animated. In the midst of the clamorous crowd stood a young fellow of slight build whose clothes gave evidence that he was suffering some rough treatment. In fact, he was being man-handled in regular Pinkerton fashion by a portly person whom I recognized as Lee Murray, political rajah of the country east of the Alleghenies. Lee had his campaign voice at work and could have been heard above three steam calliopes, waxing the loudest and most profane of that profane company. Colonel Bird from the race-horse and hill-billy state was trailing the sports in Argentine waltz style and howling hysterically for a rope and a tree, but the only hemp on the train was doing service as shoe-laces and there wasn't the semblance of an arboreal specimen within two hundred miles. The party took up a stand about fifty feet or so from the coaches and soon all the other travellers flocked to the scene. Ladies who had feared that a trip through the alkali country would damage their complexions and had accordingly covered their faces and arms with a thick layer of cosmetics, pressed eagerly into the center of the uproar, unmindful of the blistering sun.

"What is the cause of this unseemly disturbance?" inquired a ministerial gentleman in a shining alpaca coat who cautiously kept a lean index-finger between the pages of a volume captioned 'Hybridism: Evolution's Chief Obstacle,' of a coatless youth in a shirt patterned after the variegated cloak of Jacob's favorite son. The latter was posing like a Russian toe-dancer and extending his neck like a rustic sizing up skyscrapers for the first time, with his attention concentrated on the main confusion, but he condescended to inform the preacher.

"The sports in the special car stowed away a fellow who said he didn't have enough coin to pay his way west, and now they're out a lot of jewelry."

"Murray who had the coat collar of his captive wrapped tightly about his hand, looked as black as a stormy night and demanded blatantly the immediate restitution of the stolen stick-pins. The accused, cringing under the merciless eyes of the big politician, protested that he had not taken them. Sentiment was completely against the young fellow and another prodigality of penalties was suggested by the spectators. At the height of the excitement and indignation, at the stage in which every mob loses all sense of responsibility, foregoes all feeling of pity and is concerned only with the accomplishment of a savage design, and in this particular instance when it had been generally decided to leave the suspect in the desert, letting him reach as best he could the nearest water-tank, some sixty miles away, a sheet of note paper fell from the lad's pocket and fluttered to the ground. This incident distracted the crowd's attention momentarily, but no one thought it of any consequence. A richly-gowned lady, however, with the bearing and build of a dowager, who had been conspicuously surveying the whole episode through a lorgnette and urging along with the others that precautions be taken against the loss of more valuables by abandoning the thief in the desert, picked up the paper and scrutinized it. This woman had been a prominent figure in the feminine party throughout the trip, dominating most of her fellow-travellers by the sheer force of personality. When this masterful dame had scanned the sheet she showed a complete change of front. Her face lost its frigidity, the pitilessness went out of her eyes, and all her features softened into sympathy. And evidently her purpose

was changed with her mood, for with an agility surprising in one of her bulk the transformed woman made her way hastily to the center of the crowd. The boy was being given another severe shaking and threatened with horrors, the like of which would have made an Iriquois in full war-smear or a late exponent of *Kultur* seem about as frightful as a defunct dove. The victim was seemingly afflicted with aphasia as well as affright, for he no longer pleaded innocence. Later developments caused me to accredit him with being the best kid actor off or on the boards.

"The tourists sensed some development when the large woman standing in their midst raised her gemmed hand for quiet. Murray and his crew ceased their third-degree work and lent an eager ear to the talk which flowed forth in the clear tones of an experienced haranguer. There was no doubt that she had won attention with her poise and commanding mien before she even commenced to speak.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' she began, 'we have all made a fearful mistake. We have been wrongfully accusing this young man of stealing what was unquestionably stolen by somebody else. I have no other evidence of proving that he is no professional thief than by this little bit of paper I am holding before you. I do not know the young man, but the few sentences of this note have convinced me that he did not board the train with a predatory purpose. I am going to read them to you and let you judge for yourselves whether or not he is innocent.'

"I tell you, fellows, that woman rivalled the best efforts of Rachel and Bernhardt in the reading of the note and in the results accomplished. The paper contained only a few lines, but the voice which charmed the courts of Europe and the acting which sent thousands into ecstasies and tears could not have produced a more marvellous effect on that audience in the desert. It moved them as it had seemed to move the reader herself a few moments before. Sympathy for the suspect went sky-high. Americans, it seems, are warm-hearted by nature and temperamentally mercurial by habit. When they find out that they have blundered they'll change the course of the planets to make amends and swing the pendulum of conduct to the other extreme to do so. This tendency was perfectly illustrated in this instance. Murray's support was quickly and

completely withdrawn. In fact one of the party felt so much compunction that he almost shifted the punishment from the boy to the politician. The Eastern boss then gave a sample of sagacity in getting back as quickly as possible to his coach, where the ardor of atonement would not be so enkindled by frequent aperçus of his plethoric person as might climatically compel his stay in the cactus country.

"The kid was apparently too much surprised by this unexpected reversal of sentiment to say anything, but his queenly benefactress proved as thoughtful as she was magnanimous. She proposed that the spectators atone for their rashness by paying his fare for the rest of the trip, so that he wouldn't be put off at the next stop by the trainman. The collection was generous and a substantial surplus over the transportation charges was donated for incidental expenses. Everything was fixed up to the full satisfaction of all. The conductor went out of hearing of the ladies to vent his opinion of the whole proceeding, which had held up his train over thirty minutes, and gave the engineer the hand signal to 'open her up.' The driver jerked the whistle cord twice, the mob scrambled aboard and the Limited continued its dusty way across the desert."

Here DeKalb stopped and leisurely lit a cigar. He gave no sign that he was going on with his story, and at last, Joyce who always became much worked up by a good story blurted out:

"Say Bingham, that surely isn't the end, is it? What was in that letter that caused the young fellow to get justice? Did the lady show it to you people?"

"I should say not. The old girl was too shrewd to let us get a peep at it before she and the kid had vanished. Then one of the ladies found it in her handbag, in the place of several costly pieces of jewelry. When revealed, it caused the greatest commotion. What the Murray crowd had said about the purloiner of their breast decorations was tame in comparison to the vitriolic comments of the females. The real contents of the note ran like this:

"'Charlie: Smuggle into the Special and get the gems of the gents. I'll attend to the women in the other coaches. No matter what happens don't recognize me.—Nell.'

"What she had read to the crowd was: 'Charlie: Mother has recently had another

attack of heart trouble and the doctor says that she will not see the coming winter. She calls for you constantly. We are in sore straits. Please hurry home at once.—Barbara.

"She was Nell Dollington, the smoothest and most facetious female crook in forty-five states. The kid was probably a protégé of hers, sometimes employed as a capper, whom she had just been obliged to extract from a delicate situation into which he had been bungled by his inexperience. What do you think about that as an illustration of expeditious intelligence?"

"Prodigious!" drawled Artie. "Let's repair to the resuscitation room. Your desert story makes me actually dry."

The Surrender of the German Fleet.

The German naval surrender, the most spectacular event of this most colossal of all wars, has been greeted with a world-resounding yelp of derision. Like silly sheep, countless editors re-echoed the same sentiments concerning the debacle. All naval history was fruitlessly rehashed to afford an analogy, but the erudite editors had to content themselves with scornfully contrasting futile fights of the cornered-mouse type, such as the Spanish under Cervera at Santiago, with the incomprehensible finale of the German fleet.

The fact that thousands of the surrendering sailors stepped into captivity from the holds of submarines, in which they had coursed the sea and tilted single-handed a lance against England's supremacy; from cruisers which had slipped across the mined and dreadnaught-guarded North Sea, to shell boastful England's very shores; from battleships which had tested England's best at the Skaggerack—all this was, of course, irrelevant to the jingoistic press of the allied and American world. The fact that these were sister ships and brother sailors of the Emden and of the other commerce raiders and of their crews of the early part of the war; that they were of the same steel and blood which Admiral von Spee led in the Pacific—all this was still less to the point. The German sailors who took possession of the fleet and delivered the ships and their impotent officers over to the associated fleets in the North Sea, were Reds, Bolsheviki, or whatever happens to be the favorite epithet for those who have come to put faith in the brotherhood of man. Might it not have been their protest

against the unjustifiable, organized business of murder which is called war? Might it not have been in their minds to make this surrender the one splendid object lesson to a misled common-people the world over—a supreme act of faith in the brotherhood of man? If the day ever dawns when the common-people decline to go forth to slaughter their fellow-men, whether emperor, moneyed oligarchy or class aristocracy calls them forth; if it ever comes to pass that neither blind obedience nor wrong theories cunningly fostered by wicked sophistries can delude races so as to force them into war, then we shall begin to glimpse the moral courage which may have been behind the German surrender. The day once was when human existence was on so low a plane that feuds between families were condoned. As civilization spread, as the conditions of existence bettered and families were seen to be parts of a larger family, of the community or tribe, permissible killing then could only take place between tribes. Progress continued, and the tribes coalesced into races. About this time it began to be called murder to slay a member of a different tribe of the same race, just as earlier it was murder to kill a fellow of the tribe and still earlier, murder only if the victim was a blood relative. But interracial murder was still allowed. Then races formed nations, by growth or by the assimilation of others, and only international slaying was not murder. Let us hope that the day is near when the slaying of a man under any circumstances will be recognized as murder, and the organized conflict of nations will be seen to be what it is—the sublimation of blood-lust. If the Germans reasoned so, then their surrender was not what everyone has thought it, but rather the most glorious exhibition of moral courage the world has known. A cornered rat can make a last stand like the Spanish at Santiago, but a sacrifice for a principle, a sacrifice that is sure to be misunderstood, sneered at, universally derided—that seems to embody something of the divine.—G. D. HALLER.

Meditation Hour.

The peaceful Evening, like a cloistral nun,
Is kneeling in the chapel Night,
While starry candles, lighted one by one,
Are burning from their holy height.

LEO L. WARD.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Board of Editors.

THOMAS F. HEALY, '19

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19

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T. FRANCIS BUTLER, '19

ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20

WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20

LEO RICHARD WARD, '22

JAMES W. HOGAN, '21

CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20

A cry has reached the ears of the world. It has burst forth from lips that have trembled with agony; it has arisen from hearts that have known but the curse of Ireland and England. of thralldom for eight hundred years. It is the cry of Ireland. She has spoken; the will of her people has been made manifest to all mankind. The country which has remained true to its faith through centuries of blood and of pain, which has clung to its nationhood in spite of fire and sword and flame; the country which still adheres to its own traditions, its language, culture and ideals, has announced its claims to self-determination. Those claims are just; they are noble; they are sacred. There is only one nation on earth which will not recognize Ireland's demands. England will never voluntarily consent to the wishes of the Irish people. The murderous England who for eight centuries has sought by every horror to quench the light that shines in the eyes of Ireland's children—the pitiless England who has well-nigh ruined the Irish race and has sent millions of the sons of the Gael to untimely graves, the ungrateful England who accepted the glorious offer of 300,000 of Ireland's bravest men to hold the Hun at bay, and who then snapped her fingers at every proposal of Home Rule, the inconsistent England who punishes the treasonable utterances of a cowardly Carson with portfolio and a bench in the Cabinet and shoots a Pearse after a mock trial because he lifted his hand for justice, the faithless England who has promised Ireland her liberty only to mould more firmly the links of bondage and make the dark night

heavier upon the soul of that nation—this England will never voluntarily consent to the wishes of the Irish people. Ireland is sick of the England of the past; she is weary too of the England of the present. To her they are the same. England pays tribute to the Jugo-Slav dead, who have fought against as well as with the Allies, and passes over in silence the thousands of Irish graves that rise from Flanders to the shores of Indu seas; she stands for an independent Bohemia and yet maintains a military force of coercion in Ireland; she has suppressed the records of the splendid part played by Irish regiments in the war; she allows no Sinn Fein periodical printed in the United Kingdom to reach foreign shores. Can we wonder that Ireland has turned to Sinn Feinism? Every other means has failed because England has not played fair. Under the supreme genius of a De Valera Ireland has now arisen from her knees, no longer a suppliant. England may send another Puritan Cromwell to kill and to slaughter without mercy, but Ireland will not flinch. She will fight to the end, whatever that end may be. As things now stand America is the one hope whereby Ireland may attain her just demands in a peaceable manner. To us she looks for aid and sympathy. It is our duty to save Ireland from the dire consequences of British obstinacy. The love of justice guiding us, we may choose no other path. Else our victory and the resulting peace mean nothing. In the name of the democracy we have saved let us speak out now or be silent forever. Stand fast, Ireland; the lovers of liberty are with you! Lift up your face, Ireland; your heritage is at hand!—T. E. H.

Never again a militaristic philosophy poisoning the heart and brain of a nation.—*Dearborn Independent*.

Universal military service, however euphoni-
ously camouflaged, remains conscription, with
all the evils it has fostered since its inception
in Europe, — monstrous,
Poison of Militarism. sprawling evils which
sucked the blood of gen-
erations of Europeans, and at last inevitably
precipitated the great catastrophe of world-war.
From every point of view, social, economic,
idealistic, reason shows the terrible wrong which
conscription entails, and its menace to democ-
racy. Its dismal failure to preserve the peace of
Europe, ought to warn us—as it has warned
the English, who have instructed their Peace

delegates to demand its abolition everywhere and forever—that rather than preventing war, it invites war. Conscription as an American policy would be a perpetual denial of the potency of the League of Nations to preserve a permanent peace. Conscription created, or at least, maintained caste in Europe. It is inherently subversive of Democracy; being naturally destructive of all those qualities of manhood which democracy fosters, which make a man something more than a machine. It is the natural tendency of military training to suppress man's humane instincts; the very maneuvers of its system of training are planned to make its human material as machine-like as possible. That is why its advocates intend it as an instrument to curb radicalism. Conscription would entail frightful economic waste; first, by taking labor from economic tasks to waste months, perhaps years, of every citizen's life in preparation for the slaughter of his fellowmen; secondly, in destroying that individual initiative, that spontaneity of originality, which makes success possible in modern industrial life; and thirdly in the immense annual up-keep which would necessitate permanently increased taxes of unendurable volume. Will America allow anyone to foist upon her citizens a system involving all these evils and others, a system which has caused the most virile and independent men of Europe to emigrate by millions in order to escape its pernicious effects?—G. D. H.

Local News.

"The Making of a Loving People," will be the subject of a lecture by Professor John J. Becker, of the music school, at a meeting of the Women's Study Club of Michigan City this evening.

The Notre Dame Glee Club held its first meeting Tuesday under the direction of Professor John J. Becker and plans were laid for the coming season. Officers of the club will be chosen after the personnel has been selected. With the enthusiasm shown, the songsters should have a very successful season.

The Celtic museum of the University has lately been made recipient of a loving cup and gavel fashioned from the limb of a calabash tree in Bermuda under which the Irish poet, Tom Moore, once composed. This valuable gift came from the South Chicago Historical

Society through the generous efforts of Mr. P. T. O'Sullivan, who, accompanied by Mr. Highland, made a special trip to Notre Dame for the purpose of presenting the relics to the university librarian. Notre Dame appreciates these contributions highly and is very grateful to the gentlemen for the interest they have manifested in the local Celtic repository.

The Minim basketball team, composed of Wood, Flynn, Lody, Corby, and Corcoran, with Devine and Clarke as substitutes, met the notorious team of the Muesel School, South Bend, last Thursday evening and won much credit for themselves in a decisive victory, 33 to 8. Flynn at forward starred for the Minims, shooting baskets from every angle.

Members of the class of 1919 have decided to make their social this year a senior ball in every sense of the word. Action to that effect was taken at a senior meeting held last Monday. Publication of the *Dome* has been suspended this year, but the seniors, under the editorial guidance of President George D. Haller, have decided to prepare a class memorial which can be fittingly inserted in the *Dome* of next year.

January slipped by at Notre Dame without a snowfall. The past month according to Reverend Thomas P. Irving, head of the weather bureau at the University, was one of the mildest Januaries ever experienced at Notre Dame. Brother Alphonsus observed a robin on the campus last Sunday. The *Chicago Tribune* took the news as a certain sign of an early spring and gave front-page prominence to the story.

The Rev. Cornelius C. Hagerty's extemporaneous talk on "The Irish Question" at the Knights of Columbus meeting last Wednesday evening aroused much enthusiasm among the members and a large number have already decided to join the Notre Dame branch of the "Friends of Irish Freedom," soon to be established at the University. At the conclusion of Father Hagerty's speech, Dillon Patterson's "Jazz" orchestra furnished a musical treat. Smokes and refreshments were later served. Announcement was made that lectures and entertainments would hereafter be a regular feature of the K. of C. meetings.

Father Cavanaugh spoke to the members of the Varsity Band last Wednesday, and outlined a plan by which the musicians will get credit towards a degree for their services in the Band.

According to the plan, a half year's credit will be given for each year of active membership in the Band, and all money received for outside concerts will be divided equally. Professor Charles Parreant, who is in charge, promises some enjoyable trips in the spring. At present the organization has twenty-five members, but if all who can will do their bit towards the success of the Band, it should soon be twice as large. Practice is held at four-thirty in the afternoon on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The Band deserves the enthusiastic support of everyone who can in any way help to its success.

On February 26th the sectional convention of the Indiana Library Association will be held at the Notre Dame Library. The following questions will be discussed: "How to study a community to render better library service" and "How an endowment fund may be used to strengthen a library permanently." In addition to these, the morning session will be taken up with a treatment of problems of mending and binding, by Mrs. Florence Newcomb, of the Indianapolis Public Library. Rev. P. J. Foik, C. S. C., who as host is charged with the arrangements for the convention, announces that between forty and fifty library representatives will attend the gathering, among whom will be Mr. Wm. J. Hamilton, Secretary of the Library Commission of Indiana, and several others prominent in bibliothec activities.

A smoker was given in Badin Hall last Wednesday night in honor of the Rev. John Gillan, pastor of All Saints' Church, Chicago, and was greatly enjoyed by all present. A miscellaneous program, including dancing, singing, recitation, boxing, instrumental and vocal music, was rendered by members of the hall. Much merriment was afforded by the pugilistic match between Jones and Brislin blindfolded. Among the other guests were Reverend Peter Garrity, Reverend William O'Shea, Mr. Frank Dolan, all of Chicago, and the Reverend Father Gregory, O. S. B., who is doing art work in the gallery of the University. The guests expressed hearty appreciation of the courtesy shown them by the Badinites. The evening was concluded with refreshments served in the cafeteria.

"The Broken Law," the picture screened in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening, is the sort of film that is tending to bring the industry

of the silent drama into deserved disrepute. It was a typical Fox film from beginning to end—a scenario replete with dramatic absurdities, a cast of crude actors and ancient actresses, a succession of situations such as would have made a neolithic siren as crimson as the flag of Morocco. These faults, along with seven murders, one suicide, and an ordinarily good head-liner on an "off-day," and numerous other defects constituted the official extravaganza. By way of excuse it should be noted that this picture was substituted at the last moment as an emergency entertainment in place of the Griffith picture, "The Great Love," which failed to arrive.

That the second (1919) session of the Notre Dame summer school will greatly surpass last year's opening is now a certainty. Scores of students recently returned from service in the Army and Navy have signified their intentions of remaining for the session at the close of the regular term in June. Back work can be thus made up and credits gained for time lost since September. The Reverend Matthew Schumacher, Director of Studies, has completed the summer school program, and the University will soon begin an active campaign in which announcements concerning classes, terms, and the like will be announced in Catholic and other publications throughout the country. Students including priests, brothers, nuns, laymen, and laywomen came from all parts of the country to attend last year's session. Many of them have already arranged to return next summer.

Personals.

The Rotogravure Section of the New York *Times* for January 19th showed Judge John Eggeman with a group of others in a devastated K. of C. Hut in France. "Big John" has now returned to Fort Wayne after a distinguished career with the boys in France.

The many Notre Dame friends of Rev. Joachim Ryder, formerly of Michigan City and recently of the U. S. Army, will be pleased to hear of his appointment to a pastorate at Columbia City, Indiana. Father Ryder, during his residence in Michigan City, was a frequent visitor at Notre Dame and won many friends.

"Louie" Wolf, a graduate of the class of 1918, and one of the last Notre Dame men called to military service, has returned from overseas.

He captained the 1918 baseball team, finished his college career in June, was drafted a few days later, and within less than a month after reaching Camp Taylor was on his way to France.

In the case of State of Washington versus Lowery, Mr. John Ireland O'Phelan, LL.B. '04, as prosecuting attorney for the State, has secured the conviction of the defendant for law-defying activities in consonance with the principles of the I. W. W. A strong defence was unavailing in the trial court, and an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. The latter has now affirmed, as a case of first impression, the judgment appealed from. Mr. O'Phelan has thus achieved a notable triumph, entitled to nation-wide acknowledgment.

The following letter referring to Father E. P. Murphy, a former teacher in the University, will be especially interesting to students of twenty years ago:

France, October 28th, 1918.

From: Lieut. W. Darrock,

To: Adjutant General, Base Section No. 1.

Subject: Distinguished Service Medal.

1. It is strongly recommended that Chaplain E. P. Murphy, K. of C., be awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

2. His work in this Base is the best recommendation that can be given him. During the arrival of the largest convoy in this Base in the early part of October, when Spanish influenza was at its height, Chaplain Murphy with utter disregard to his health worked day and night in looking after the comforts of the sick and attending to burials until he was forced to remain in his own room under treatment by the Attending Surgeon.

3. During this time he received a sick call from Saveney Hospital and immediately left his room to carry out his mission, which resulted in his being confined to his bed for two weeks with influenza.

4. His conduct during the emergency has been commented on by a number of officers, and it is believed that the Distinguished Service Medal would be a fitting reward for devotion to duty although no thought of reward was anticipated.

Wm. Darrock,

1st. Lieut. Infantry, Asst. Adjutant.

This recommendation was duly forwarded by Colonel Sewell to the Board of Officers, who in turn forwarded it to the commanding officer with a recommendation that the medal be awarded. A similar recommendation was made by Colonel Sewell of the Engineers. The Distinguished Service Medal is one of the most enviable distinctions awarded in the Army. It was lately conferred upon General Tasker Bliss, American military representative of the Supreme War Council.

Athletic Notes.

MICHIGAN AGGIES, 32; NOTRE DAME, 28.

Once more Coach Dorais' basketball team suffered defeat at the hands of a heavier team when the combination from Michigan Agricultural College came off the floor with the long end of the score, 32 to 28, last Saturday evening. Notre Dame staged a big rally in the second period of the contest, but the lead of the Aggies was too much for the Gold and Blue to overcome.

Neither team scored during the first five minutes of play, but the weight and height of the visitors soon began to take effect. Garrett, the elongated centre, broke away from the home guards and made a long shot. Brandy evened matters up a few seconds later and Gilfillan followed with a free throw. Then Kritz retaliated with a fine basket for the visitors. All through the first half the Gold and Blue showed a decided improvement over their play in previous games, but the visitors kept edging upon Notre Dame until they took the lead. The Palm-to-Foster-to-Snyder combination proved too much for Dorais' net artists. This trio began scoring one basket after another until it ran up a total of 17 points before the half ended, but with Notre Dame only one basket behind.

At the start of the second half Notre Dame again took the offensive and by breaking through the Farmers' defense tied the score. Time and again the home players would crash through the Wolverines' defense, but many attempts for baskets went for naught, while the Michiganders were steadily adding points. With ten points behind and the game coming to an end the Gold and Blue began a brilliant attack. Gipp and Vohs entered the battle when Gilfillan opened the fire. He caught the ball and after leaping a few paces made a clean basket from the centre of the floor in one of the longest shots seen in a long time. Capt. Bahan, although badly bruised, played to the finish and added two more points. Vohs, who replaced Smith, followed with another ringer from a difficult angle. Palm then raced across the floor and made his seventh basket. Gilfillan again came to the front but his final basket was not enough to tie the score.

Brandy played a good game for the home team, making ten points of the total. He was

a mere midget in comparison to the tall guards opposing, who had to exert themselves to the utmost to prevent him from scoring. Although another brilliant rally went for naught, the team gained more courage and are fully determined to wipe out the defeat when Notre Dame invades Lansing in a return game.

To-night Notre Dame clashes with Wabash, a school which has defeated Notre Dame six times within the last three years. Coach Dorais will introduce a new set of plays and a new line-up to shake the "hoodoo" at the expense of the visitors. The score:

AGGIES (32)		NOTRE DAME (28)	
Palm	Right Forward	Gipp, Brandy	
Coleman, Snyder	Left Forward	(C) Bahan	
Foster	Center	Gilfillan	
Garrett	Left Guard	Stine	
Kritz (C)	Right Guard	Smith, Vohs	

Goals from the floor: Brandy, 5; Bahan, 3; Gilfillan, 3; Vohs, 1; Palm, 7; Snyder, 3; Foster, 1; Garrett, 1; Kritz, 3. Goals from fouls: Gilfillan, 4; Foster, 2. Referee: Cook, of Indiana. Time: 20-minute halves.

FRESHMEN 13; POLARINES 14.

In the curtain-raiser for the Varsity's game with the Michigan Aggies, the Notre Dame Freshman team lost by one point a game to the strong Polarines, of South Bend. In the first period the yearlings did not display the fighting spirit and missed a number of chances to score. The visitors took advantage of every misplay by the yannigans, and, chiefly by the stellar work of Burnham, piled up 18 points to the Freshmen's 11. The colts started in the second half with a rush, aware that more points were required to win their contest. Captain Mehre entered the game but could not get by the Polarine guards, who checked nearly every attempt he made to score. The fine spurt the losers made toward the end of the game, and the clever plays of Mohn and Ed Anderson were the outstanding features of the game. Director Rockne appeared in the rôle of referee and officiated with satisfaction to both sides. The score and line-up:

POLARINES (14)		FRESHMEN (13)	
Rhodes, Sousley	Right Forward	Kiley	
Burnham	Left Forward	Mohn	
Butler, Talcre	Center	Trafton	
Watters	Right Guard	E. Anderson	
Zilkey	Left Guard	Mehre, H. Anderson	

Goals from floor: Kiley, 1; Mohn, 3; Trafton, 5; Mehre, 1; Burnham, 9; Watters, 2. Goals from fouls: Anderson, 2; Mehre, 1; Burnham, 2. Referee: Rockne. Time: 15-minute halves. Scorer: A. A. Szczepanik.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

An attractive schedule of games in baseball has been arranged by Athletic Director Rockne, according to which Notre Dame is to play sixteen games, most of them with teams of the Western Conference. Although the season is to open on April 19 with Wisconsin as the opponent, Coach Rockne is trying to arrange a few preliminary games with teams in South Bend and others in Northern Indiana. Ames college is the only school on the schedule which Notre Dame has not met before in baseball. Home games will be played with Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan Aggies, Purdue, and Iowa. Baseball relations with Illinois University are resumed in the two games at Champagne. The feature of the schedule is the five-day trip commencing at Champagne and ending at Bloomington in the course of which games will be played with Illinois, Wabash, Purdue, Michigan, and Indiana. Rose Polytechnic may be included.

The card for the season is as follows:

April 19.—Wisconsin at Notre Dame.
 April 25.—Indiana at Notre Dame.
 April 30.—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.
 May 2-3.—Illinois at Champagne.
 May 5.—Wabash at Crawfordsville.
 May 6.—Purdue at Lafayette.
 May 8.—Michigan at Ann Arbor.
 May 10.—Indiana at Bloomington.
 May 16.—Ames at Ames.
 May 17.—Iowa at Iowa.
 May 23.—Iowa at Notre Dame.
 May 24.—Purdue at Notre Dame.
 May 27.—Michigan Aggies at Lansing.
 May 28.—Michigan at Ann Arbor.
 May 31.—Wisconsin at Madison.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Two Conference games with Purdue and Indiana and the annual intersectional gridiron battle with the Cadets at West Point are the features of the new football schedule which Director Rockne announces to-day. Notre Dame will play nine games, meeting four opponents on Cartier Field at Notre Dame and invading foreign territory five times. Realizing the heavy schedule ahead of him, Coach Rockne will call the candidates for spring practice on March 1, and will then be given an opportunity to size up the material for the fighting team that will be needed next fall.

The season will begin October 4th with the Kalamazoo College opposing. Notre Dame played and defeated the Celery City team two

seasons ago in the opening game. The military situation prevented the battle scheduled last fall between the two schools.

A tentative contest has been arranged with the team of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station for the second home game. Last season the Gold and Blue surprised its followers and everyone else by holding the strong navy team to a 7-7 tie. The navy combination was one of the best in the West, defeating Illinois, Northwestern, and Iowa, of the Western Conference, and making transcontinental trips, that were most successful. Notre Dame was the first team that crossed the sailors' goal line.

A battle which in past years has always brought out the best from the Notre Dame team is the one with Nebraska University. The meet this year will be at Lincoln on October 18th. In former years the teams have clashed on Thanksgiving Day, but this year Notre Dame will play Creighton University at Omaha on that day. Notre Dame and Nebraska have met four times, the Cornhuskers winning in 1915 and 1917. Notre Dame won in 1916, and last season's contest ended in a scoreless tie.

The only new team on Notre Dame's football schedule this year is Western State Normal, of Kalamazoo, which will furnish the third attraction at home, on October 25. Heretofore, the Kalamazoo teachers have played the Notre Dame Freshman team. In 1916 George Gipp, a backfield man playing in his freshman year against Kalamazoo, made a drop-kick of 61 yards, establishing a new record.

Football relations between the University of Notre Dame and Indiana, of the Western Conference, will be resumed on November 1st at Indianapolis. The last gridiron battle with Indiana was in 1908, Notre Dame winning. Keen interest will be taken in this game by the numerous followers and alumni of both schools. For a number of years efforts have been made to get the two teams together but conflicting dates prevented.

The West will clash with East for the supremacy on the gridiron when the Gold and Blue meets the U. S. Military Academy on the historic Plains, on the 8th of November. This annual inter-sectional game has always been a test as to how a Western aggregation of football players compares with one of the strongest teams in the East, and Notre Dame has always

done credit to the West. Notre Dame has been playing West Point since 1913. She achieved her greatest victory when the powerful Oliphant combination succumbed before her war-ridden team in 1917. Oliphant, the international football star, had an ambition to score at least one touchdown against the Westerners, but in his brilliant exhibitions against Notre Dame the powerful Oliphant did not succeed in crossing the Gold and Blue line, though his excellent punting was a big factor in defeating Notre Dame in 1916. In 1913 Rockne and Dorais played against West Point in a historic contest and this year they will invade the Plains as the N. D. tutors.

The Michigan Aggies will furnish the last game on the home grounds, on November 15. We were defeated by the Farmers last fall at Lansing, but we are hoping to even matters this year. The Aggies have always given us stiff competition and another royal battle may be expected in the November clash.

Following the Aggie game Coach Rockne will lead his squad to Lafayette to tackle Purdue. Although the Boilermakers had last fall the best team since the days of Elmer Oliphant, Notre Dame tore up Purdue's defense and rolled up a safe lead before the Boilermakers had made one down. Coach Rockne had a crippled team facing a well organized team at Purdue, but the Notre Dame forward pass paved the way to a decisive victory.

The last game of the season will be played against Creighton University at Omaha on Thanksgiving Day. A substantial offer has induced Director Rockne to make the trip with his protégés to play on November 27. Creighton was defeated by Notre Dame in 1915 when Ranchman Harper was the N. D. pilot.

In preparation for these battles Coach Rockne will have charge of the linemen and assistant Coach Charles E. Dorais will take care of the backfield.

The schedule for 1919:

- October 4.—Kalamazoo College at Notre Dame.
- October 11.—Great Lakes N. T. S. at Notre Dame (Tentative).
- October 18.—Nebraska at Lincoln.
- October 25.—Western State Normal at Notre Dame.
- November 1.—Indiana at Indianapolis.
- November 8.—Army at West Point.
- November 15.—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.
- November 22.—Purdue at Lafayette.
- November 27.—Creighton at Omaha.

—A. A. Szczepanik.

Letters from Soldiers.

Treves, Germany,
December 26, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

I have been in and out of so many corners of France since I wrote to you last, some account of my peregrinations may interest you.

On November the 1st my division, which was in intensive training at Nantes, was broken up to furnish replacements at the front, and all the chaplains were ordered to report at Le Mans for re-assignment. Two days after the signing of the armistice orders assigning me to the 5th Division arrived. This division had just a few days before crossed the Meuse River just opposite the city of Metz, after days of strenuous but brilliant fighting. On application at headquarters for traveling orders to join my new organization, which was moving into Germany, I was told that an embargo on all transportation up to the Front was on for a period of ten days. After that period another ten-day embargo followed, and it was not until a few days before Christmas that I was permitted to start for Germany.

My long stay at Le Mans afforded me an opportunity to make brief excursions to near-by places of interest. At Le Mans I visited a hospital in charge of the Marianite Sisters of Holy Cross and through their direction I found the tomb of Father Moreau, the founder of our family of Holy Cross. In the chapel sheltering the earthly remains of that venerable apostle I celebrated Mass. The cathedral at Le Mans is typical of the architecture of the 11th, 12th, and 15th centuries, and boasts the finest choir in all France. Of course I was able to visit the sacred edifice almost daily, and so my knowledge of these wonderful temples has been considerably increased.

Tours and Orleans are not far from Le Mans. Twice I visited the tomb of St. Martin of Tours and in the cathedral at Orleans tried to visualize Joanne d'Arc who thrice entered there, her last entrance being after the victory over the English army. Both cities are rich in historic interest and the country between them in the valley of the Loire is called the "Garden of France". To the north of Le Mans is Lisieux, the home of the "Little Flower." I made a pilgrimage to her grave, where I found two snow-white blossoms which had fallen from a plant growing there. I have them now in the pages of my Breviary. Afterward I was privileged in speaking with her sister, now superioress, who timidly related the short but beautiful story of the "Little Flower." Another nun, a Canadian, spoke English with some hesitation. She told me the "Little Flower" was always wonderfully cheerful, adding cleverly: "Cheerfulness, you know, is the first sign of a vocation to the Carmel." "Indeed," she continued, "the 'Little Flower' was really funny."

It was my happy lot to be at Lourdes for the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I obtained a three-day leave of absence and so found myself in the city of Tarbes on the eve of that great feast. There I visited the house in which Marshall Foch was born and the next morning took an early train for the shrine. I said Mass in the Basilica, prayed in the Grotto, and drank from the miraculous spring. Lourdes is more than earthly beautiful with its bold mountains and delightfully clear and gentle river. In choosing this spot for her apparitions to Bernadette, Our Lady must have used as standards of beauty those of Heaven itself.

While at training camp in the States I had read of the devastation of Rheims and of its 'gospel in stone,' the cathedral, and had hoped that the newspaper account of the completeness of that barbarous deed was greatly exaggerated. Now I have seen with my own eyes this tragic city and can truthfully say that no stretch of journalistic imagination could overstate the havoc wrought by German guns. The main streets have been cleared by French soldiers of the debris of stone and iron, so that one can now make his way to various parts of the city. As I walked toward the cathedral engulfed by huge masses of fallen masonry and twisted beams I had the impression of a mighty earthquake that had lifted in upheaval high in the air the rocky crusts of the earth. Except for an

occasional French sentry and a handful of civilians, I was alone in the midst of ruins, the like of which only the archeologist in Babylonian exploration would hope to find. House after house, block after block of ruins! Human habitation was impossible; months before human existence had been extinguished and now huge black crows had taken up their abode in the place.

Finding the cathedral fenced in and the gate locked, I sought the keeper of the keys and was directed by a "poilu" to a badly wrecked house nearby. On the front wall was written in chalk the words "Vicar General." To my surprise a nun answered my knock. The cardinal and his vicar had gone to Tome, but I could see the cathedral, was her friendly answer. I had stood for an hour in dazed astonishment as I beheld the havoc which the Hun had wrought upon this thing of beauty, and now I was within and knew that there had been a desecration still more diabolical, for I could see through the tangled vista of arches the ruins of the Altar of God! The roof is entirely gone, the stone ceiling is torn badly, several windows are blown out, and the floor is damaged in two or three places. But still the interior is remarkably preserved and can easily be repaired. The exterior is to be restored, but I trust that the shell-chipped statues and figures will be left as they are, for their ruined beauty wears a new significance.

Traveling is now more congested than it was during the war, but this inconvenience has this good side, that one must make frequent changes and long delays, which affords the quasi-tourist opportunity to "feed-up." I have had therefore, a few hours in Rouen, Angers, Nancy and Metz. I arrived at Treves the day before Christmas, and I assure you, dear Father, that my feelings as I walked down its main thoroughfare were a medley. However, I found a very warm welcome for the American soldier, and German officers were eager to salute the American officers. I visited a Catholic Church on Christmas Eve for two reasons: one to catch the color of the next day, and the other to convince myself that German barbarism as displayed in the war cannot come from the heart that loves the Christ-Child. As I watched men and women come out of the confessional, kneel down at the foot of the main altar or near some saint's image, and with bowed head say their penance and then softly tip-toe down the aisle, I caught on their faces unmistakably the peace which the angels sang that first Christmas eve, that same peace which I know warmed the hearts of my own dear ones far off in America. As I left the church I was convinced that German atrocities sprang from other hearts than these.

I returned to my room at a hotel managed by a German, whose family lived on the same floor. I had no sooner settled down in a comfortable chair to dream of Christmas eve at home than a knock on the door aroused me. It was the hotel-keeper with an invitation to join his family in the next room. Upon entering I found several children and their mother gathered around a Christmas tree beautifully decorated and illuminated. The evening passed gleefully, refreshments and song alternating. The children sang carols and I joined them in singing "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" and "O Tannenbaum!" Christmas morning I said Mass in the cathedral and later attended solemn high Mass celebrated by the archbishop. The immense edifice was packed and the singing was exquisite. Fifty boys supported by almost as many men rivaled closely the Paulist Choir.

At Treves I learned that my new division had been ordered back to Luxembourg. From the city of that name I shall have to go to Esch to join the 61st Infantry, to which I am attached. I presume I shall no sooner get settled there than an order dispatching the division back to America will arrive.

I saw Father Walsh in Paris the day President Wilson arrived. He is well and is doing good work there. I called on Frank Kilkenny, and while talking with him, his commanding officer, General Dawes, entered the room with John McCutcheon, the cartoonist. In response to my expression of pleasure in meeting him, McCutcheon, learning that I was from Notre Dame, said, "I'm from Purdue and am glad to know you are from Notre Dame, but am sorry to say Notre Dame beat Purdue."

I shall be grateful to have the "Scholastic" sent to me every week. So far I have not received a single letter

from the States, in consequence of my frequent change of address. You can imagine how anxious I am for news!

With best wishes to you, dear Father, and to all at Notre Dame, for a happy New Year, I am,

As ever,

(Chaplain) Edward J. Finnegan.

61st Infantry, 5th Division, A. P. O. 745, Amer. E. F.

American E. F., France,
November 26, 1918.

Dear Brother Paul:

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time but it has been only of late that I have really had any time to write to anyone except my wife. Things have slowed up now and it makes a great difference, for as long as there was anything doing at the front we had to work—on Sundays, late at night, long before sunrise, and all the time.

I left the States in August and was over here in about nine weeks from the time I left Notre Dame. I have seen a great deal of three countries. We landed at Glasgow, Scotland, and came through that country and England by rail, to Winchester, then to Southampton and across the channel to Havre, France, and finally to this depot. I have not had any fighting, but I am connected with the most important part of the army, the ammunition wing. This is the main supply depot of the American armies and you could not imagine the immensity of the stores of powder and shells we have here. We keep always on hand a supply for three months. We were prepared for any new game that Germany might play. It is a good thing that she quit when she did, for we had some new shells and projectiles that would have played Hades with the German armies.

I took at the school over here a course in the handling and care of high explosives, ammunition, fuses, bombs, grenades, and the like, and am so accustomed to being around explosives that I feel just as safe as if I were sitting at the Monotype keyboard in the office of the *Ava Maria*. Of course, things are much safer now that there is no danger from enemy air-craft. If one ever made a good hit here, you would not receive any more mail from me; there are hundreds of millions of shells here and most likely everything for fifteen miles around would go.

Lieutenant Frank Kirkland, formerly on the track team at Notre Dame, took the course with me. He told me when I wrote to Notre Dame to have him remembered to Father Cavanaugh. He is at this ammunition dump now.

I am in good health, as hard as nails, and am getting fat. You would not think that a skinny stick like E. J. H. would hold out over here, for this is certainly no parlor party. During the first three weeks in France I slept on top of three feet of mud, was out in the rain all day, and did not have my clothes really dry once during the whole time. France is a beautiful country when it is dry, but it rains all the time, and I would give something to stick my feet into some nice, clean, Indiana mud for a change. The mud here is 60% clay, 30% gumbo and 10% glue.

As this is a permanent camp we are quartered in barracks. Do not imagine now that they are like the palatial ones at home. This one is built of siding and is unlined. We have muslin nailed to a frame for windows and have a gravel floor. We sleep four men to the bed—they are "four-posters," that is, "two up and two down." Although not warm, we are protected from rain and snow, and that is a great deal to us. We have good food here; in fact, I am surprised at the quality and quantity of it. We live better than any other army on earth and enjoy better food than half of the people at home. Of course, our sugar ration is meagre and I don't know what an egg or a piece of pork, other than bacon, looks like. Beef is practically the only kind of meat we get, but we are to have turkey tomorrow, and you can bet that there will not be any left over for the next meal. We came over on an English boat, on which there were English cooks, of course, and during the thirteen days on board ship and a few on land we had mutton stew. I can feel the wool in my teeth yet.

We have had some pretty cold days here and it freezes up almost every night, but have had no snow. I cannot tell you just how cold it is at present, or much of any-

thing else about things here, as they use the centigrade kilograms, millimeters, liters, and the like, and it gets a fellow all mixed up. And their money is a joke. You go and see what you want in a store, point at it, make some faces and a few motions and then their faces all light up—"ah! oui, je comprends." You give them a French bank note and they hand you a handful of what looks to you like cigarettes, coupons, gum-wrappers, and a pound of copper and nickels. Then you go to some other place, buy something else, and hand them a coin: with a shake of the head and a spreading of hands, they say, "Ah! no. Napoleon monse, no gude!" They are going to miss the Americans when they go home, for the boys are all very free with currency. The French think the Americans are all millionaires from the way they spend.

I was at Mass last Sunday in a little French church about a mile from here, and what surprised me was that they had a requiem high Mass on a Sunday. It is most amusing to hear the congregation come in; the floors are of stone and the people wear wooden shoes. You can imagine what it sounds like. If I could have shut my eyes and have some one ring a gong, I should have thought myself back at home in the central fire station when a "hit" came in.

How are things going at Notre Dame and in the office? When I come back I may come out looking for a job. Give my regards to Father Hudson and Father Carrico. Tell all the Brothers "hello" for me. Is John Doran still there? I hope to see you all when I get back to the U. S. again. If you can find the leisure, a line or two from you would be very much appreciated by

Pvt. Elmer J. Hickey.

Inter. Ord. Depot, No. 4, A. P. O. 741.

Stenay, France,
December 14th, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

I think it is about time for me to write and let you know something about my whereabouts. After coming back from the border in 1916, I stayed with the old First Illinois Cavalry, and became a 2nd lieutenant in May, 1917. In accordance with a request of the War Department, the regiment was transferred from cavalry to artillery in June, 1917, and mustered into federal service again in July, 1917. We trained for ten months at Camp Logan, Texas, and sailed for France early in May of this year, going by way of England and landing at Le Havre. We then left for the Swiss border and undertook our final artillery training at Le Valdaon, just a few miles east of Besancon. Russell Hardy, by the way, was with my company at Logan, but when we left he was sent to Saumur, France, to be an artillery officer. After six weeks at Valdaon we proceeded to the Toul sector, where we had a quiet time for nearly a month, before the St. Mihiel action; from there we went to Verdun and then to the Argonne Forest, and ended here at Stenay on the last day of the fight. Our brigade was a part of the Army Artillery assigned at different times to various divisions, and we did not stay long with any one of them.

We have been lucky in that we have had with us as our chaplain a regular fellow, Father Edward C. Rice, from Chicago, a companion of Father Edward A. Kelly's at Saint Ann's. He has certainly made a record for himself. He is well liked by all, leads in the sports and entertainments, and during all our drives he was continually at the front, administering the sacraments, burying the dead, and helping the wounded. We have had Mass every Sunday, no matter where we were. Father O'Hern of the Ammunition Train, which was attached to us, has been near us all the time. My own supply company is 90% Catholic, most of them Poles and Italians. They make good soldiers.

Considering what we did we are all lucky to be here now. The things that were done, now that they are past, seem all a matter of course, but they did not seem so at the time. I came out without any injuries and we had only eight casualties in the company.

We all hope to come back soon and I will surely stop off and see what you are doing in the way of making soldiers.

Sincerely yours,

Rupert D. Donovan.

Safety Valve.

The students have hired a detective from the Burns Agency whose duty it will be to locate where certain classes are taught in the Administration Bldg. After a week of unsuccessful seeking for certain Math and English classes these students have given up.

* * *

DARWIN WAS RIGHT.

I sought to prove what Darwin claimed,
That man descended from an ape,
I searched until I thought my hopes
Would all be bound around with crape.
I did a jack-knife in the Tigris
And played with Kings on South Sea sands.
I rolled the dice with crafty Chinks
And roamed and searched in all the lands.
Success has crowned my brow today
And placed me in the Hall of Fame,
For now I've found the "missing links,"
The Bald Head Boobs of Notre Dame.

* * *

"No, Father. I wasn't drinking, that's the Bay Rum on my hair you smell."

* * *

FRESHMAN (*looking at the entries for the handicap track meet*): "Say! Who is this guy Scratch, anyhow?"

* * *

HISTORY PROF.: "Mr. Marshall do you think \$15,000,000 was enough to give Mexico for Utah, California and Texas?"

MONK: "Well I wouldn't sell for that."

* * *

The boy stood on the burning deck.

The Jew cried: "'Olie Moses,

I'll have to go and save that guy

Just think how much he owes us."

* * *

ANNUAL REMARKS DROPPED BY AN EX-PRIVATE
OF THE S. A. T. C.

1920: "Why my squad was the best in the company.

1921: "Now when I was sergeant—"

1922: "And the Captain said the armistice sure cheated me out of a commission—"

1923: "Well just as we were ready to embark—"

1924: "The only one I really deserved was the Croix de Guerre but I had to take the rest to satisfy—"

1925: "And I said to General Pershing: 'Jack, old boy—"

1926: "From Paris, Woody and I went to—"

1927: (*Deleted by the S. P. C. A.*)

* * *

ENERGETIC PRIVATE S. A. T. C.: "Say, what's this formation for?"

THIRTY MINUTE SERGEANT: "Why, sweetheart, they're going to issue cootie clubs."

* * *

After dispassionately judging thousands of masterpieces we have decided that the following obituary shall head our Mortuary Column for this week. Submitted by Neil Down, of Church Street.

HE: "That guy shoots craps like a hard boiled egg."

IT: "Why is that?"

HE: "Because he can't be beat."

For the above effort Neil wins first prize, the handsome hand-wrought barb-wire garters.

* * *

SOUTH BEND GIRL: "What are you doing these days, dear?"

SOUTH BEND BEAUTY: "Oh, the same old thing."

S— B— GIRL: "Why I thought he left Notre Dame!"

With apologies to Judge, Puck, Our Almanack, Life, Agricultural Life and Bolsheviki Evening Dispatch.

* * *

N. D. "Say, Hon, let's—"

S. B. "Don't call me Hun. I'm a—"

N. D. "Aw listen, Hon, let's go out to dinner."

S. B. "Oh how nice! Where'll we go?"

N. D. "Let's go out to your house."

* * *

LOVE'S SAND BURRS.

I loved the automatic smile

He used to pull on me,

The deep blue of his laughing eyes

Was almost heavenly,

To lay my brow against his cheek

How often have I craved,

It seemed so restful and so sweet,

That is—if he were shaved.

But if his razor chanced to be

Mislaid or in the shop,

Each time he placed his face on mine

I shouted for a cop,

So full of anger was my heart

That I could hardly speak,

To think that he would press my face

Against his sand-burr cheek.

* * *

HE IS.

Warts are funny little things

So are corns and bunions,

Sister can't eat Brussel Sprouts

Pa's a hound on onions.

Mother Hubbard pulled a bone

Jack and Jill got roarin'—

Yet who givesadam for me

I'm a boob from Sorin.

* * *

PROFESSORS MOTTO.

(*Jan. Exams.*)

They shall not pass.

* * *

If there is one kind of a party we enjoy more than another it's a party gotten up by a couple of old maids who do so want to see the young folks enjoy themselves. Willie So and So brings along his violin and Berenice Here and There comes with her cornet and they play cards and who's got the button, and post office 'n everything. (Please bring refreshments.)