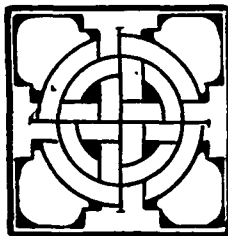


The Notre Dame Scholastic



Vol. LIII.

January 10, 1920

No. 13

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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 10, 1920.

No. 13.

Effort.

NEW YEAR, true year,
Pray tell me
What does the future hold
Under its key.

Failure, achievement,
Sorrow, or mirth?
Pardon of heaven,
Power of earth?

Only I hear
The winds on the snow
But New Year, true year,
Your answer I know.—B. T.

Joyce Kilmer: Literary Cavalier.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD, '19.

CONTEMPORARY literature is well stocked with poetry. The astonishing revival, as it is termed, of poetry has produced a group of artists whose work is, in the main, highly creditable and noteworthy. Magazines now exist with the professed purpose of stimulating poetry and providing for it an honorable market. This verse is not taken lightly. It is yearly harvested together, threshed and sifted, and gathered into an annual anthology. Perhaps the vogue of poetry is due to the war—though it certainly had begun before—and to the consequent stimulation of national feeling. It is a fact that the drama has always thrived in periods of intense national life; doubtless poetry is subject to a similar tendency. At any rate, the lips of countless singers are rich in song; and it is a thing for which we should be devoutly grateful. It has brought forth several poets whose lives and thoughts invite a gracious immortality. Not the least—in many ways, the greatest—of these is Joyce Kilmer.

The early death of Kilmer, with its color and

setting, its dramatic circumstance, occurring, as it did, under the smoke and fire of actual battle, has invested him with a glory of heroism. Within the short space of twenty months his name has become upon the lips of his fellow country-men, as previously it had been upon the lips of poets and poetry-lovers, a designation of the undefinable spirit of America. His was the idealism, the love of romance, the unsophisticated common-sense, the impatience of affectation, the naïve directness of speech and action, that describe many of the elements of American character. He has indeed been taken into American hearts, there to be exalted as an ideal product—as he assuredly was—of the best Americanism; just as Rupert Brooke, his inferior as man and poet, has become the voice of patriotic Britain.

The story of Kilmer has often been told. How upon being graduated from Columbia University he began a journalistic career which soon brought him to the front in the world of journalism; how his poems, the product of an artist's personality, rapidly won the attention of the best critics; how, shortly after the declaration of war by the United States, he enlisted in the army, and later on the fields of France won for himself a hero's death. His bravery has been much eulogized. Within sight of the Ourcq River, where, in the hot days of July, 1918, the battle was thickest, he lies buried where he fell. A soldier's death befitted him; a hero's death befell him. Indeed his death is the crowning glory of his life and expresses, as nothing else can, the fibre of his soul.

Kilmer has left two books of poems, a small volume of familiar essays and a book of interviews with popular literary personages. This is the sum of his literary achievement. To attempt to classify his work at this early day would be the sheerest folly. Time is the final judge of what is or is not to be a classic. Kilmer's essays are vivacious, human, literary; they abound in a rich and hearty humor; some have

the flavor of Lamb and are worthy to be remembered for their grace of style and delicacy of thought. Not all of Kilmer's poems reach the fullest demands of poetry. Writing in the rapid journalistic style, the artist in him sometimes almost gave way to the journalist. But never quite. "The Servant Girl and the Grocer's Boy" and "The Twelve Forty-Five" introduce art to journalism. Yet happily the exigencies of a journalist's career did not dim the vision of the artist. His best songs, produced in the most artistic manner, should live, and will, if it is the mission of literature to represent the finest thought of an age. He himself should have a place in the history of our literature. For he is, this literary cavalier, an ideal product of our democratic idealism.

It would be unfortunate if Kilmer should become the darling of a precipitous sentimentality rather than be remembered for his precious gift to American letters. Claimed by a premature death, at a time when his song was rising finest and clearest, when his pen was beginning to acquire an unfaltering obedience to his heart, Kilmer must ever be esteemed as one so worthy of his art as to give up his life as a proof that the love of God and man, which was the burden of his song, was as well the inspiration of his acts. But in spite of the brevity of his life, he has left an inestimable heritage, in prose and poetry, to American literature; he has expressed in the clear and subtle phrases of his poetry those deep and simple ideals which form the subject-matter of all literature; he has found a new meaning, a new and fresh beauty, in that most ancient of mysteries—life; and, what is more, he has left upon contemporary literature an invigorating influence that cannot, as yet, be measured. He was not content to sing his song after the popular fashion of the *ver libristis*, *vorticists*, *imagists*; nor was he willing to shape his artist's eye to find false beauty in the gross and sensual, the subject-matter of the bulk of current verse. His view was wider and grander; he sang life as he himself saw it, as every pure and healthy man must see and sing it. And his song was ever worth the singing. Kilmer's spirit came upon modern letters, keen and ruddy, as thirty-five years before the voice of Stevenson came upon the realistic world of Zola, Hardy, Trollope; for, like Stevenson, Kilmer was a child of romance and found in the most common-place person or thing "such visions" as "make each moment sweet for this receptive, ancient child." His

essay "Signs and Symbols" might easily have touched the sympathy of the gently-hearted Scot; and old "Martin" or "Dave Lilly" would have found a graceful place in the strange company of the "Amateur Immigrant."

To understand Kilmer, one must know not only his poetry but also his life and character. So consistently and thoroughly did he live, that the man could not but show himself in his work. His short life was indeed an actualization of those several choice ideals which he held dear and which expressed themselves in his love of life, of Church and of country. His poems are an adequate expression of his abiding humanness; his Catholicity and his patriotism went hand in hand. Of this the manner of his life and death are conclusive. It is in view of these ideals that I would examine Kilmer's contribution to letters.

We are engrossed in the complications of modern life; we feel the cold breath of the material at the turn of every corner; our relations with one another take on the character of business negotiations; we forget that there is an art of living. We are scarcely to blame, the times are against us. The novels of the hour search out the solution of the labor problem or dramatize the latest view of eugenics; the poetry is articulate with the wonders of Japanese handicraft, with psychological self-analysis, with the professional thoughts of professional poets. We no longer live. It is a rare soul that rises above the commonness of life. Joyce Kilmer was such a rare soul. Such was his genius for living that he practically demonstrated the "Great Theorem of the Livableness of Life." His youthful figure—slight and dignified—bore the heart of a cavalier down the streets of New York, a heart bent upon adventure in the wilderness of the Metropolis. His noon-hour, for example, is a season of joyous adventure; "behind a cheap but decorative cigar he walks up, perhaps, Fifth Avenue, undeniably that excellent thoroughfare's possessor. For his delight is Diana poised on her tower of purple memories; the grass of Madison Square is greener than that of his father's lawn; tulips more vivid than these never bloomed in the rich gardens of Holland." On the busiest streets "there are shops at hand whose windows show things stranger than books; chairs and bedsteads eloquent of the genius of Adam and Hepplewhite; the massive silver plater on which old Wardle carved a Christmas goose when Mr. Pickwick was his guest; a mighty flagon that brimmed with red wine for Panta-

gruel; a carved jade bracelet from the brown arm of the Princess Badoura; the sword of Robert Bruce. All lands, all ages have sent their treasures to New York this noon."

For Kilmer, the dark-eyed child of adventure, after a day of exacting labor, as he is pushed by a compelling crowd into the shelter of the Jersey City station, "the engine coughs and shakes its head,

The smoke, a plume of red and white,
Waves madly in the face of night;"

and the "grave incurious stars" look down upon the hurrying train which is rushing through the enshrouding darkness bent upon a mission of mercy, fulfilling the commands of love by bringing the absent loved ones to those who wait up to receive them.

It is with this "high heart" that Joyce Kilmer comes into our literature. In his eyes burns the fervor of young love; his step is light in youthful adventure; his mind abstracting from the "ordinaryness" of things reads unsuspected beauty in our common ways. He has a thorough contempt for the esthetic reformers, "people," he says, "whom an hostile fate had made both esthetes and reformers," who represent the sordid and stagnant element in literature. He cries out his disdain against them:

You little poets mincing there
With women's hearts and women's hair,
How sick Dan Chaucer's ghost must be
To hear you lisp of poesy.
Oh, cease to write for very shame,
Ere all men spit upon your name!
Take up your needles, drop your pen,
And leave the poet's craft to men.

Kilmer is a salutary compensation for the Amy Lowell-Edgar Lee Masters type of poet. Viewing the sensible, tangible world with an eye for its beauty, and associating it with that invisible though not less real world of the spirit whence come the supernatural nourishment to man, the life of his soul, the food of his heart, Joyce Kilmer drew his poetry from a pure, normal, healthy source. The spirit of his work is that clear and buoyant temper which resides in the heart of one who is delicately tuned to the harmony of the world, of one who has found the perfect equation between the human and the divine, of one whose philosophy is sung by the little silk-weaver in "Pippa Passes"—

God's in Heaven—
All's right with the world.

This, indeed, though not entirely new as a

motif in literature, is highly incongruous with the self-centered gravity of popular poetry.

It was in the "splendor of humanity" that Kilmer found the inspiration of his art. It is a happy day when a "man comes to himself" and finds in our God-given humanity a transcendent nobility and grandeur. Human nature is infinitely perfectible. Its power—rather, its native inclination—to rise to exquisite heights of beauty, we are only too prone to forget. The divine element in man is hidden beneath inscrutable complexities of character. It is the function of the artist, it is the special vocation of the poet, to remove the veil and expose the gentler graces of human nature. Even that which to the common eye seems tawdry and hum-drum must contain some secret excellence, for it cannot be associated with human beings without partaking of some delicate human beauty. Here Joyce Kilmer is the artist. Here he is quick to note that elusive fairness in men and places which is lost upon the sterner cast of man. That the Delicatessen is a genial and accommodating gentleman few would hesitate to believe, but we scarcely search out his shop for anything else than his "curious wares." But Kilmer finds it "a shop of wonderment" and laments that the praise of the delicatessen fame is dumb; yet this humble merchant "is the lord of goodly things

That make a poor man's table gay,
Yet of his worth no minstrel sings
And on his tomb there is no bay.
Well, it is true he has no sword
To dangle at his booted knees.
He leans across a slab of board,
And draws his knife and slices cheese.

This delicatessen has a wife and child; and within the confines of his counters in his own quiet way is fighting for them.

He fights, and for his fireside's sake;
He fights for clothing and for bread:
The lances of his foemen make
A steely halo round his head.
He decks his window artfully,
He haggles over paltry sums.
In this strange field his war must be
And by such blows his triumph comes.

O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Whose mother was a village maid,
Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath
In scorn on any humble trade?
Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity.

Yet this elevation of the common-place, while it demonstrates one shade of Kilmer's character and of that lively vigor which he has brought into poetry, should by no means be taken to represent him as one given to the worship of that popular humanity which would replace the Christian love of neighbor. Humanity—the human heart as it is identified with occupations of life—is truly noble, but in its abstract import it has the generalness and indefiniteness of an abstraction. It is almost as difficult to love an abstraction as to love what is unknown. We are told to love all men. We love all men by loving all those who make up the world of our acquaintance. It must be so. Those who would substitute for warm Christian charity a cheerful, demonstrative love for humanity at large, can hope to succeed only when they have altered human nature. Kilmer's humanity did not take the popular turn. It expressed rather his abiding delight in the things of God's creation. What for others might have been a reverent admiration of human sweetness, was for him a clear and understanding love which saw in the humble the friends of the Absolute Beauty, God. The spiritual in him ran high; it was the inspiration of all his songs; it was "his unexhausted cup of day."

Only after his conversion in 1913 did Kilmer, as his intimates tell us, find himself. He discloses to a friend the fact that he "believed in the Catholic position, the Catholic view of esthetics and ethics, for a long time." "I wanted," he said, "something not intellectual, some conviction not mental—in fact, I wanted faith." He himself seemed to regard his conversion as the point marking the fullest increase of his powers as a poet, for he writes to a correspondent, "I became a poet in 1913. . . . I want all my poems before that to be forgotten." It might appear that to claim that a poet became such only after his conversion to the Catholic faith is to attach a forced significance to an apparent coincidence. Yet one can scarcely know Kilmer's work and fail to realize the deep spiritual nature from which it sprang. Woodrow Wilson points out, in an admirable essay, "*When a Man Comes to Himself*," that in the life of every intelligent man there come several points of development, certain times when he feels himself in his own special sphere, when he begins to know his power and to be able to measure himself to his place in life; when, in a word, he finds his "adjustment." "It was clear to him

(Kilmer)," says Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday, "that he did not become, but had always been a Catholic. . . . He was inwardly driven to seek until his spirit found his home. That only the time of his conversion was, in a sense, accidental, and that the conversion itself was inevitable, must be evident in the fact that he was never really himself before he became, as we say, a convert. Then his fluid spirituality, his yearning sense of religion, was stabilized. . . . His character, in the faith that he embraced, found its tempered spring. His talent was a winged seed which in the rich soil which had mothered so much art found fructification." It was a rule with Kilmer that no literary work of his be published that did not radiate a sturdy Catholic atmosphere; and he remarked that he would rather write like John Ayscough than Thackeray, though he realized Thackeray's literary superiority.

With this new sense of adjustment came new power. He began a period of rapid literary growth; his poems became richer and more artistic. His first book of poems, "A Summer of Love," while it proved his native talent, is not to be compared with his other two volumes, "Trees and Other Poems," and "Main Street and Other Poems." "Trees," the title poem, won for Kilmer a reputation throughout America and England. And deservedly so. It is a product of Kilmer's truest self and embodies the special qualities of genuine poetic art—that special strength, that inherent beauty, that vision, together with that inevitableness of form and matter—which make a poem an artistic creation. It reveals the author's keen perceptiveness of beauty, his "interpretative insight," his delicate craftsmanship which can catch and hold those fugitive flashes of loveliness which elude all but the finest art. There is, moreover, in the poem a sublime act of faith, a sublime act of praise to the God of nature.

To quote another poem is to witness Kilmer's power to discover and by some undefinable medium of language to express, those tenuous, almost inexpressible lineaments of character which make the foundations of love and friendship. In this respect Kilmer has something of the genius of Browning, something of the subtlety of Edwin Arlington Robinson. For Aline, he writes, "As Wings that Blow Against a Star,"—

Now by what whim of wanton chance
Do radiant eyes know sombre days?

And feet that shod in light should dance
Walk weary and laborious ways.

But rays from Heaven, white and whole,
May penetrate the gloom of earth,
And tears but nourish, in your soul,
The glory of celestial mirth.

The darts of toil and sorrow, sent
Against your peaceful beauty, are
As foolish and as impotent,
As winds that blow against a star.

And with similiar power are written the lines
from "In Memory," in "Main Street and
Other Poems,"

Love is made of ecstasy and wonder;
Love is poignant and accustomed pain.
It is a burst of Heaven-shaking thunder;
It is a linnet's fluting after rain.

"The definition of true literature is," says
Walter Bagehot, "that it describes the type in
its simplicity. . . the pure art is that which works
with fewest strokes; the fewest, that is, for its
purpose, for its aim is to call up and bring home
to men an idea, a form, a character; and if that
idea be twisted, that form be involved, that
character perplexed, many strokes of literary art
will be needed." Simplicity is a perfection of
God; God is the Absolute Simplicity and Abso-
lute Perfection. There is manifest in His creation
His own beautiful simplicity. No other artist
but he could fashion the simple beauty of the
sky. Human art becomes more perfect as its
power to approach the simple beauty increases.
The most perfect art consists in the concealment
of art, in the power to expose beauty whole and
unaffected in its own splendor. It is this intui-
tive vision of the beautiful that art effects; a
perfect poem conceals the labor and devices of its
construction and seems to have become suddenly
itself. By a single creative act on the part of
the artist it would seem a thought, like a soul,
became suddenly united to a body. In varying
degrees do poets have this faculty; only at
moments does the best poet have full use of it.
In some such moment Kilmer produces "Trees,"
"As Winds That Blow Against a Star," "Love's
Lantern," "Roses," and the delicate, almost
intangible excellence of thought and expression
in "The Blue Valentine,"—

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentius,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect,
And kiss your episcopal ring.

It is not, Monsignore,
The fragrant memory of your holy life,

Nor that of shining and joyous martyrdom,
Which causes me to address you,
But since this is your august festival, Monsignore,
It seems appropriate to me to state
According to a venerable and agreeable custom,
That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On every thing that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart.

It is like the light coming through blue-stained glass
Yet not quite like it,
For the blueness is not transparent,
Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul cannot be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton,
infantile, wise,
And noble.

She wears, Monsignore, a blue garment,
Made in the manner of the Japanese.
It is very blue—
I think her eyes have made it more blue,
Sweetly staining it
As the pressure of her body has graciously given it
form.
Loving her, Monsignore,
I love all her attributes;
But I believe
That even if I did not love her
I would love the blueness of her eyes,
And her blue garment, made in the manner of the
Japanese.

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my pleas
are the most exquisite and maternal Brigid,
Gallant Saint Stephen, who puts fire in my blood,
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But of your courtesy, Monsignor,
Do me this favor:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with
roses because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
I beg you say to her:
"Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants
yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is
especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown."

Joyce Kilmer's vivid faith, his deep spiritual
perception, his power to express those rare
thoughts and emotions which come to one whose
relationships rise beyond the highest of the
human and are completed in the divine love of
God, place him in the first rank among the
singers of sacred song. His poem "The Thorn"
reveals a gentle and hearty mysticism:

The garden of God is a radiant place,
 And every flower has a holy face;
 Our Lady like a lily bends above the cloudy sod,
 But Saint Michael is the thorn on the rosebush of God.
 David is the song upon God's lips,
 And Our Lady is the goblet that He sips;
 And Gabriel's the breath of His command.
 But Saint Michael is the sword in God's right hand.
 The Ivory Tower is fair to see,
 And may her walls encompass me
 But when the Devil comes in the thunder of his might,
 Saint Micheal, show me how to fight!

And in the following lines Kilmer has left us his philosophy, his ideal of living; a noble philosophy it is, worthy of so sweet a singer, of one who is so divinely a man.

THANKSGIVING

The roar of the world is in my ears,
 Thank God for the roar of the world!
 Thank God for the night tide of fears
 Against me always hurled!
 Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
 And the sting of His chastening rod!
 Thank God for the stress and pain of life,
 And oh, thank God for God!

No yearning emotionalism such as led Alan Seegar out upon the battlefield drew Kilmer there. He followed only an urging patriotism, an intense and loyal devotion to the land whose idealism he so adequately actualized. His unfailing humor, his companionableness, his love for his own Irish regiment won for him the universal affection of his fellow-soldiers. He was not a soldier of fortune, not a dreaming esthete thrilled with roar of battle. "Great actions," says Emerson, "must draw upon the spiritual nature. The measure of the action is the sentiment from which it proceeds." Soldiering was for Kilmer a vocation. Army life supplied his imagination with fresh views of life and fed his spirit with an ever-increasing love of man and God. His "Prayer of a Soldier in France" cannot but demonstrate "the spiritual nature" upon which his "great action" drew,—

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
 (Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).
 I march with feet that burn and smart
 (Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).
 Men shout at me who may not speak
 (They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).
 I may not lift a hand to clear
 My eyes of salty drops that sear.
 (Then shall my fickle soul forget
 Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)
 My rifle hand is stiff and numb
 (From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).
 Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
 Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
 This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

When "death came flying through the air"
 and sought the brow of this youthful cavalier,
 it placed upon his head the laurel of a perpetual
 memory as poet and as hero: as poet who sang
 in his last song

What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?
 No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled,
 and as hero who was worthy of his song.

"The Piratical Four."

BY THOMAS C. DUFFY, '20.

Ben Rigney started to chew on his black cigar, and stretch his rheumatic legs over the banister of his summer hotel in the Berkshires. It was the signal of a forthcoming story. Now when I say a story, I mean one in which old Ben himself figured. This does not mean, however, that he was of the boastful kind, for although he had told many a tale about his former detective activities, still he managed to keep his own name in the background. As a matter of fact he was a great sleuth in his time. To put it mildly, he was the best secret service man ever sent out from Washington. The summer residents were well acquainted with this fact and hence took infinite delight in sitting at dusk and listening to him. As he lounged back in his chair thinking of other days, one could almost guess his former occupation. His figure was tall and slim, his hair white and his eyes suggestive of a mind full of sagacity, keenness and stories. So old Ben Rigney chewed his cigar and stretched his rheumatic limbs—the silent prologue of an interesting episode. The group of expectant listeners quietly drew their wicker-rockers closer to the center of attraction. With a yawn or two and many a stroke of his clean-shaven face, Ben started slowly.

"When the 'Piratical Four,' as it was called, started its famous march across the country in the early nineties, every man with as much as a nickle to his name pricked up his ears. The poor man was in little danger, but the richer folks were constrained to put an extra padlock on all their valuables. The quartette was wicked, I don't mean treacherous, but rather hard to get a hold of. It was almost impossible to run them down, and yet something had to be done for they were the greatest

pillagers that were ever initiated into the game of thievery. Gold, currency and notes were acceptable, but hardly sufficient. Silver and gold plate, jewels and even costly china and paintings were among their spoils. To put it in another way—when they robbed a house, they did everything but pull down the building and haul it away. They were double-dyed robbers. So now you see how they got the nickname of the 'Piratical Four'; they surpassed any brigands that sailed the high seas during the old marauding days, when insurance companies were impracticable. And yet, strange as it may seem, they could not be rounded up. They started in the Far West early in April and jumped from state to state, depending on conditions left after them and those lying in wait for them. After a single respectable haul was made in one state, they fled to another field and played their game again. It was a game which required the combined wits, tact and intelligence of no less than four of the most clever and most unscrupulous highwaymen—and that same quartette went to make up the 'Piratical Four' on its coast-to-coast tour.

"Of course you naturally wonder why they weren't cornered and brought to justice. And right here is where the crew gained its real country-wide notoriety. To try to capture them was about as difficult as to try to satisfy a drunkard's appetite with near beer. Their robberies were committed single-handed, in duets and in the quartette formation. Their jumps were irregular and the trail they left behind was unmarked. As the great John Wilbur, of detective fame, put it, 'they were the slickest eels that ever graced a golden font.'

"Well, they started out early in April. They were first heard of in California and next in Nevada. From that time until September the effects of their travelling were felt in a material way here and there throughout the country. They were followed by a crew of detectives but it was of no avail. Finally, they committed a robbery which led to their own destruction. It was enacted at a wealthy estate in New York. The detective in Washington received a clue and immediately laid snares for the thieves in Boston, Hartford, Providence and Newport. It was quite certain that they would strike some one of these cities before they retired to live for the rest of their days on the principal of their spoils. Their run had been a quick one and they were about to pull off

their final job, which was to be on the Eastern Coast. It was in the restricted land of the 'four hundred.' Upon reaching Newport they scattered as was their practice. One of them went to the best hotel in the city, while the others went to hide in a cheap lodging house in the outskirts.

"It was at the Sea Rock Hotel that the first of the crew registered under the name of Andrew Norton. He was watched closely from the moment he entered the lobby until he stepped into the elevator. After a few hours he returned to the lobby and engaged in conversation with a man who from all appearances was well acquainted with Newport life and society. They chatted about the races, surf-bathing, in fact everything which might be discussed in that vicinity. Finally, Norton in a casual way, as any visitor might do, inquired about the richest folks in the city. His companion named the man who surpassed all others in wealth. The man named was a person living alone in a superb mansion on the bluffs; a man who had retired and who had no other worries than his millions. Soon after receiving his information Norton telephoned to his companions.

"'It will come off tonight,' he said. 'Find your way to the Wickes estate on the bluffs. Look things over this afternoon, and meet me near the Neptune Dining Hall on the beach this evening. Come all prepared for work.'

"After a time Norton left the hotel and repaired to the beach, there to await his colleagues at the bar of the dining hall. Promptly at nine o'clock they came together as if by accident and then slunk behind the building into the darkness. When their plans were completed they parted with the understanding that they would meet on the Wickes estate in the early morning.

"Soon after midnight, when silence crept over the bluffs and the music had faded away in the distant dance hall, the slinking form of Norton could be seen on the shaded porch of the Wickes mansion. Slowly and cautiously he crept towards the side door. A few keys were fumbled and finally the door swung open. Then, almost crawling, he passed into the hallway. After every step there followed a short stop and a quick, nervous breath. It was terribly dark; in fact there was not a light in the whole house. Norton hesitated at the stairway and finally started up. He got to the second landing and there, it seems, he slipped and fell. In falling he struck a small statue

which crashed to the floor with a loud noise. He rushed down the stairs and sprawled across the floor. In a few seconds he was covered with a revolver by an elderly man in his pajamas. The pursuer looked old and haggard; his hair and beard were white and his face seemed almost bleached.

"Forgive me, mister, this is my first job—I'll promise—"

"He was shut off by the voice of the white form calling up the police.

"Send up your men immediately. He has been through the house and was just caught running for the door."

"The prisoner pleaded and cursed, but with no avail. In five minutes the detectives arrived. There were three of them, all dressed in plain clothes.

"Mr. Wickes, you are to be congratulated on your find," said the head of the trio. "We shall go through the house and make an inventory. Lentz, guard this man while Mr. Wickes and we two go through the house."

"The house was gone over from top to bottom. The figure in pajamas opened every safe, security-box and drawer in the building. Finally the three landed in the hall again where the prisoner and guard were still standing.

"We shall take care of this man, Mr. Wickes. He has left a string of robberies in his wake. Oh, I thank you, I thank you," and the spokesman reached out for the hundred dollar bill which the man in pajamas was giving him for his services. Then the fugitive and the three detectives started for the front door. They found it locked and turned to the man in pajamas. On turning, they looked into the muzzles of four revolvers. Two other men manacled them. The man in pajamas spoke:

"'Piratical Four'—caught at last!" With this, he pulled off his wig and beard and revealed the face of the stranger whom Norton had met in the hotel that morning. "Gentlemen, I must ask you to empty your pockets and also the bags inside your riding coats. Although you were slick on your tour of the house, your game is well known, and the only purpose of this freedom was to catch you with the goods. I'm sorry it couldn't be done at the hotel yesterday, but you see the whole four had to be taken and I thought it best to have you get together in your own famous game. I'm sorry you disconnected the phone wires, or rather, instituted a new central—I'll have to send over

to the hotel for Mr. Wickes. You robbed the poor old man of his night's sleep."

The story was finished. Ben Rigney had made another hit. The crowd around him had grown to large proportions and in the dusk the white-headed old veteran could be detected still chewing his broken cigar.

"But say, Mr. Rigney," chirped one of the younger set, "who was this guy that wore the wig and pajamas and faked old Wickes?"

"Now boy," replied the modest sage, "ask me no questions—I believe this cigar has gone out."

In the fading light of the sun, setting behind the tall green hills, he lighted his broken stogey, and one by one the boarders dispersed, leaving him to his dreams of yesterday.

The Women of Ireland.

BY JOHN J. BUCKLEY, '20.

Within the last few years there has been a revival in interest in things pertaining to Ireland. Its history has found place in the universities of America and the interest in the Gaelic language finds expression among the students of the world. Irishmen have been praised for their love of country, their devotion to ideals, and their struggle for political liberty. All of this is as it should be, but there is one phase of the subject which seems to have been altogether neglected: have the women of Ireland been given the credit that is due them? Who has sung of their beauty, their virtue, and their devotion to country? Perhaps it has been taken for granted that they possess all of these merits. Perhaps students of the Irish have simply neglected this phase of the matter. It is the purpose of this essay to note something concerning the women of Ireland and the part they have played in making Ireland's reputation for what is best in a people.

Irishmen have long been noted throughout the world for many things. They have proved their bravery in battle on every occasion; they have proved their constancy to ideals; they have proved their national vitality and vigor by the struggle for liberty which they have maintained for centuries against the merciless persecution of England. The world accepts all of these traits in the character of Irishmen. But one trait concerning which we have heard little is the respect and honor which is in the heart of

every Irishman for every woman. At one time England made the proud boast that the people of that country were so honest that a man might carry wealth from one end of the Island to the other. This boast had no meaning for Ireland. Perhaps the Irish could never demonstrate the fact for themselves, for after the English came they had no wealth to carry. It has been the boast of Ireland, however, and the proudest boast that a people can make, that a woman, unescorted, may traverse the Emerald Isle from end to end with absolute security. This fact honors the men of Ireland and it honors the mothers of Ireland, who have implanted this love of virtue in the hearts of their sons.

Of the women of Ireland, some are known for their beauty, others for their extraordinary virtue, their holiness, their intellectual achievement, or their executive ability. So well known have the women of Ireland become that today the Irish mother and the Irish girl are recognised throughout the world as ideal types of women. Still, however well known may be the qualities of Irish women in general, individual women who have distinguished themselves are forgotten. It is the purpose here to recall just a few of the many who deserve to be numbered among the great women of all time.

Among the first women of Ireland of whom history treats was Macha Mong Ruadh, "Mucha of the Red Tresses." She was the daughter of Red Hugh, Ireland's high king, and lived about the fourth century before Christ. On the death of her father she claimed the throne of Ireland against her cousins. The national convention decided against her but, refusing to be denied, she led her father's army against the usurping cousins, defeated and finally captured them. Another woman who won fame as a warrior was Meaye of Bonnaught. Of her Roosevelt said, "terrible was she as she drove at full speed her battle chariot among the press of fighting men and fought over the ears of her horses."

The first of Irish women to become famed after the introduction of Christianity into Ireland by Saint Patrick was Saint Bridget, the first woman to found a convent in Ireland. She was and is noted for her learning, wisdom, charity, and other virtues. She and her companions engaged in copying books by hand. This was the time when learning was at its lowest, and the work which these holy women did is beyond valuation. The Saint was the

first person to write a concordance of the Bible, using St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate.

During the reign of Elizabeth there lived in Ireland a woman named Grace O'Malley. She is sometimes known as Grana Uaile. Many people believe that she was only a mythical personage, such as the character of "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and the "Dark Rosaleen." It is certain, however, that she was a real person. Her peculiar fame lies in the fact that she carried on her operations chiefly on the sea. Many times she defeated the English fleet, and many times escaped from the destruction which the British had planned for her. It is recorded that the British, failing in an attempt to capture her, sought to win her by offering her a place in the British court. Accordingly, at the suggestion of Lord Deputy Sidney, she was invited to visit Elizabeth in England. She accepted and in the simple dress of the time went to the court, where she was received by the haughty Elizabeth. The attitudes of the English queen and of the O'Malley are recorded by MacDonnell in the following bit of verse:

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."
"Nay, sister queen," brave Grace replied,
"A sovereign and a hero's bride,
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give but none receive."

Not a few Irish women have achieved fame and glory here in our country. Among these are Mrs. Jane Campbell, who fought against the British at Cherry Valley, New York, and Irish Molly, whose work during the Battle of Monmouth attracted the attention of General Washington. Washington gave her a lieutenant's commission and retired her at half pay for life. Mrs. Isabella Ferguson is another woman who must be remembered in connection with the early history of our country. When the war broke out, the family of her husband, who were all Tories, tried to win Isabella and her husband to the side of the British. Replying to them, Mrs. Ferguson said, "I am a rebel; my brothers are rebels, our dog, Trip, is a rebel. Rebel, and be free, say I!"

During the Civil War, there was another woman whose life was similar to that of Irish Molly in the Revolution, Mrs. Bridget Devens, or "Michigan Bridget," as she was called, who served side by side with her husband throughout the war. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore in her book,

My Story of the War, says of her: "Sometimes when a soldier fell she took his place, fighting in his stead with unquailing courage. Sometimes she rallied retreating troops—sometimes she brought off the wounded from the field—always doing good service as a soldier, always respected for her correctness of life."

To name all the celebrated women of Ireland and the celebrated women who have come from Ireland would be indeed to write a book. They have figured in all phases of life and they have brought honor to all countries in which they have lived. Where Irish women have gone the moral standard of that place has been raised. May they always continue to uphold the ideals of the past. May they, by their example and their teachings, inspire the men of Ireland to carry on the fight which has been waged for so many centuries. May they triumph in the end and live to see a monument erected which will tell the world that the women of Ireland have stood side by side with their fathers, husbands, and brothers in the centuries struggle for national independence.

Thoughts.

BY SENIORS.

England evidently forgot all about Ireland when she sang "Hands Across the Sea."

Man will be almost the equal of woman when he comes to pay thirty-five dollars for a hat.

A diploma is about as much defense to a man as "Kamerad" was to the Hun.

To listen to some of the "returned boys," several single regiments won the war.

According to the Pantheists man is part with God—and by the same token with the pig.

After we have made the world safe for democracy we are told by Sir Edward Carson to mind our own business.

Freedom to some people means only free love, free food, and a free world, in so far as they themselves are concerned.

Mr. Wilson says that the League of Nations is necessary to insure peace. It has caused a terrible uproar in the Senate.

For how many lonely freshmen is the first night at college the test of whether they are going to be moral cowards or heroes.

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The registration in our institutions of higher learning during the fall exceeded the most sanguine expectations. From every university, college, and technical school came reports that accommodations were inadequate and that the enrollment far surpassed that of former years. This situation is a striking parallel to the Renaissance movement that swept over Europe in the fifteenth century, when established institutions were overcrowded and new ones had to be built to meet the demand for higher education. It cannot be said that America was unaware of the benefits of college training before the War, but fortunately the struggle has removed that erroneous impression of the "rah-rah" boy. Two salient features characterize the situation: on one hand, the old student has returned with a new zeal and fixed determination to finish his course to the best advantage, and secondly, the young man who had not attended college before learned by association with his more fortunate brother that he himself lacked the culture and capability which characterizes the college man. Hence we find in the schools this year a vaulting ambition, modified by serious-minded purpose, in all the men. The funnel-headed, ukulele-strumming youth with the multi-coloured hosiery

and haberdashery is conspicuous by his absence. To the propagandists of pessimistic piffle who throw up their hands in horror at the restless conditions prevailing in the world today, we would say, "Mark well the college man." His worth in the war is unquestioned, and it will be his training, resourcefulness, intelligence, and invincible spirit which will settle our internal troubles and safeguard American interests.

—W. O'K.

In these evil times when men are looking in almost every direction in search of remedies for the evils that afflict society, why do they not seek in the only place

Leo XIII, the Reformer. where a remedy may be found? Little more

than a decade before the World War brought greater ruin to our civilization, there died in Rome an old man of more than ninety years. He had lived through nearly the whole of the nineteenth century and knew well the evils of his time. This great and good man was Pope Leo XIII. From his watch-tower in the Vatican he scanned the horizon of Christendom, and sent forth to the peoples of the world warnings of impending disaster. His voice was clear and certain. If men had only heeded it, there would never have been a World War, nor would there be the present demoralization of the industrial world. In his great encyclical, "On the Condition of the Working Classes," he laid down the principles of justice and charity that should be the guide of employers and workmen in their relations with each other. Let a sorrowing world turn to Leo XIII for instruction and guidance if it would save itself from still further chaos.—B. A.

Obituary.

DOCTOR ROBERT KROST.

News has just been received of the death of Doctor Robert Krost who passed away on October 4th at Wesley Memorial Hospital in Chicago. His death occurred as a result of blood poisoning from an abscess of the nose. Doctor R. Krost was regarded as one of the ablest pediatricians in Chicago, even though he was only thirty-nine years of age. At the University his memory is cherished as that of a capable, genial, and quiet student. The sympathy of all at Notre Dame goes out to his family and his brothers who survive him. May God grant him eternal peace.

University Bulletin.

For the first time since 1884 there will be read from every Catholic pulpit in the United States on a Sunday to be designated soon the joint Pastoral Letter from the entire Catholic Hierarchy of this country. This letter will be the united utterance of all the American Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops. It will constitute the official expression of the views of the Church upon the manifold and critical problems now confronting the Church in America. It has been urged by the National Catholic War Council that this letter receive the closest attention from all the faithful in America, an exhortation which should not be needed by any Notre Dame man.

The several sections of the Chamber of Commerce will regularly resume their meetings, beginning tomorrow evening.

The Church Unity Octave, the intention of which is the conversion of America, will begin a week from Sunday.

All contestants for the Meehan Medal must submit their essays on April 1st. Only seniors are eligible in this contest.

All graduation theses to be submitted by candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Letters must be submitted the 1st of February.

Holidays at the Seminary.

The vacation was a continuous round of merriment for the Seminarians, everybody joining in an open conspiracy to make the days the most enjoyable of the year. Even the weather man was propitious in affording good skating throughout the time. Through the kindness of Father Farley and Father Devers the recreation facilities of Walsh and Carroll Halls were extended to the Seminarians, and Brother Alphonsus generously allowed his Apostolate Library to be depleted of its fiction to furnish reading matter.

The Seminary recreation rooms and refectory were gayly decorated with holiday drapings; the senior "rec" room was converted into a theatre in which were given the formal entertainments. Every evening, save two or three set aside as necessary breaks in the merry-

making, saw some affair which seemed to surpass any previous one. Impromptu programs, disclosing a wealth of unsuspected talent, were presented with the smoothness and excellence that usually come only of long preparation. The Senior and Junior Literary Societies put forth their best talent in open meetings. Among the noteworthy numbers were the operetta, "The Purloined Horse," the school skit, "Christmas Inspection at Sniffkin Center," and the Junior play, "Pat." The songs were well selected and well rendered, the humor was pleasantly mirthful, and the serious agreeably absent.

Novelty contests, all of which aroused lively interest and hearty amusement, were among the most pleasant diversions. A Latin contest for students in the first year of Preparatory was conducted shortly after the beginning of vacation. The contestants were required to translate orally Latin sentences read out by the instructor and the prize winners were determined by the elimination process of the old-fashioned "spelling-bee." Harold MacDougal carried off first honors, Roman Hodalski second, and Robert Rigney third. A similar contest, in which the second-year "Preps" put English sentences into Latin, was held a few evenings later; in this one the winners were F. Heneghan, Morris Rigley, and James Moran. The third-year students delivered a part of Cicero's First Oration against Catiline. The judges, Fathers Miltner, Marr, and Carey, awarded first place to Leo Gorman, second to George Solomon, and third to Emmett Reilly. Prizes for the best limericks written by students of the fourth-year preparatory were given to Joseph Peiper and Frank Summerville.

The Freshmen were furnished with a knotty situation to be disentangled in narrative form. All the stories submitted by them were highly ingenious. After careful deliberation the Seniors, who judged the contest, awarded honors in order to Leo Flood, Ray Peiper, and P. Moore. Even the staid seniors themselves were called upon to contribute to the season's entertainment by writing verses to the memory of "Sox," a canine nuisance recently put out of mischief by Messrs. Ryan and Mangan. The elegiacs were read in competition and the decisions of the judges, Fathers Marr, Irving, and Lennartz, gave first prize to Thomas Duffy, second to William Havey, and third to William Robinson. Mr. Nowakowski's elecutionary rendition of

his piece elicited much applause and was easily the feature of the evening.

Card parties served with great success to beguile two evenings. The St. Mary's Banquet was as usual a feast of all good things and a climax of delight. "The Sign of the Cross," a story of ancient Rome, illustrated by slides, was given by Brother Florentius the last evening of vacation and was highly appreciated by all as a fitting close to the "best vacation ever."

The Seminarians are sincerely thankful to their superior, Father George Finnigan, for devising the programs and in general for making for them a memorably joyful Yuletide.—W. H. R.

Personals.

—Frank A. Andrews, LL. B., 1918, is a lieutenant in the United States Navy and is now stationed at Honolulu.

—Paul J. Fogarty (Ph. B. in Jour., '16) is now bayonet instructor at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind.

—Robert E. Daly (E. E., '16) now has complete charge on the Pacific coast for the American Radiator Co., of Seattle, Wash.

—Carmelo Lombardo (student in Corby Hall 1917-18) is now a member of the staff of the *Omaha News-Bee*, Omaha, Neb.

—Bernardo Lopez (LL. B., '18, A. M., '18) is now practising law at Manila, Philippine Islands. His many friends join the SCHOLASTIC in wishing him success.

—Arthur Weinrich (student in commerce 1917-19) is now a successful broker in stocks and bonds at Shreveport, La., where rich oil fields were recently discovered.

—Paul J. Smith (LL. B., '16), who is now travelling in the interests of the sale of Bond Certificates for the Irish Republic, was a visitor at the University during the week.

—A card has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Kirk, 646 Bulen Ave., Columbus, Ohio, announcing the birth of twin girls on Dec. 19, 1919. Harry was graduated in the course of Chemical engineering in 1913. The SCHOLASTIC extends hearty congratulations.

—The marriage of Joseph J. McCaffery (C. E., '16) to Miss Loretta Poulin was solemnly celebrated at St. Joseph's Catholic church, in South Bend, Ind., on Nov. 25, 1919. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. J. Carroll,

C. S. C. The bride is a graduate of St. Joseph's Academy, Adrian, Mich., and is also a sister to Harry Poulin, manager of the Athletic Shop at Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC extends them hearty congratulations.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Eichenlaub, of Columbus, Ohio, announce the arrival of Raymond Joseph, Jr. "Eich" was formerly all-American football star at Notre Dame, and the SCHOLASTIC joins his many friends in extending hearty congratulations.

—Reverend Ignatius McNamee, former varsity debator and orator while at Notre Dame, was recently appointed pastor of St. Francis Church, Portland, Ore. Previous to this appointment Father McNamee was pastor of St. James' Church, McMinnville, Ore.

—The Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette* for the 29th of November had these paragraphs concerning an address delivered at Fort Wayne by Timothy P. Galvin (Ph. B., 1916) on the fifty-second anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs:

Timothy P. Galvin, of Valparaiso, a prominent young lawyer and speaker of much ability, featured with his eloquent address the program given last night at Library Hall. The occasion was the celebration of the fifty-second anniversary of the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. Under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians the evening's entertainment included a number of vocal and instrumental numbers. Frank M. Hogan presided as chairman, opening the program with a short address and happily presenting those contributing to the entertainment. He was especially felicitous in announcing Mr. Galvin, a fellow-student at the University of Notre Dame. The evening's orator is a member of the Class of '16 and winner of the Breen gold medal for oratory.

In opening his scholarly address occupying more than an hour, Mr. Galvin evidenced his ability not only as a most interesting and convincing speaker but also as an earnest student of Irish history and one most heartily in sympathy with the struggles of Ireland for self-determination. Attention primarily was directed to the anniversary in the observance of which the meeting was held, and graphically he reviewed the history of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. These three sons of Ireland, who were executed in Manchester, England, more than half a century ago, were, he proved, men worthy of honor, whose names will be revered by sons and daughters of Erin the wide world over. He indicated that there were many people who apparently cannot understand why so many Irish-Americans fondly treasure the memories of their people. It was declared by the speaker that many most bitter denunciations have been aimed at Irish-Americans, and that not a few of them are from Ireland's enemy, who is ever on the alert to injure her cause and blacken her character. Mr. Galvin showed that sometimes these denunciations

come from those who do not understand the Irish character, who are uninformed of the history of Ireland. "If," he said, "these proceed from fair-minded though uninformed persons, it is the duty of the Irish people in America to enlighten them, so that they may understand that between the love we bear Ireland and the love we bear this, the fairest land on the face of the earth, our own United States, there is no conflict, but they strengthen each other. Love for justice is the basis of Ireland's struggle of seven terrible centuries, and it is now high time that she be given recognition."

—For those of our readers who are interested in the Bengal Mission, conducted by the priests and brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, we reprint from the *Catholic Herald of India* the two following letters by Father John J. Hennessy, C. S. C., graduate of Notre Dame in 1902 and since his ordination in 1905 a missionary in Bengal:

Gaurnadi, Backerganj,
Bengal, India.
September 26, 1919.

To the Editor of *The Roman Catholic Herald of India*.

Sir,—Should any of your readers not dislike a tale of misery you might find room for the following in your paper.

People are starving in the Granary of Bengal-Backerganj. The poor Christians of the Gaurnadi Catholic Mission, living from hand to mouth in the marshes of Backerganj and Faridpur, were indeed very hard hit by the abnormal rise in the price of foodstuffs. We have been begging and borrowing to enable them to take rice once a day. One friend in Barisal was very good to us, lending us her all to purchase rice for the people.

To add to their miseries, fever, a type of the "flu," made its appearance and in some villages continues very prevalent. In many a house the earning members were stricken with fever whilst the others sat around crying for food. Still our cup of misery was not full, but now it has overflowed.

Following two hot murky days, rain set in in the early hours of Wednesday morning and continued unabated for nigh twenty-four hours. Wednesday evening a stiff wind arose, which gradually stiffened to a strong gale, and for several hours raged at furious hurricane violence. By midnight but few houses and trees were standing. There was no question of rest. Rain and wind went through every place. I could not even use my umbrella in the parochial house; it would have been blown to smithereens. I managed to keep my hat on, and waded around in ankle-deep water watching the windows and doors.

Our Christians in the Sleteels suffered most severely. Their houses are far apart in the middle of open rice fields, where the wind has a clean sweep, and so the houses have little or no protection. Hence now we have a fever-stricken, hungry, and homeless congregation. What a pen-picture of misery a writer could draw without having to draw at all on his imagination.

At the parochial residence, Gaurnadi, Thursday's sun shone on a mass of uprooted trees, broken down

plantains and betelnuts, all as flat as their shadow on the ground. Tins from the roof and shreds of the bamboo walls went here and there. The church, though strongly built, was burst, the northern wall being forced out, pulling half the roof and the pucca plinth with it. The sacristy, a recent addition—well, well, you can see where it was. The servants' quarters and out-houses are partly uprooted and "dewalled"; in short the whole compound was a regular mess.

And now, whilst we are trying to put our own house in order, people come streaming in from all directions, each with his own tale of woe and misery, of loss and destruction—all begging for aid. We are expected to aid them, but we are not able to help ourselves. 'How sad, alas!

Oh, if the rich of this world could but see this misery with their own eyes, they would surely realize that one-half the world doesn't even dream how the other half is living or trying to keep from dying. And the strings of their purses would be loosed unless the strings are tied with the miser's love-knot.

Fever-stricken, starving and houseless—such is the present miserable condition of the Christians of the Gaurnadi Mission. Yours,

J. J. Hennessy,

Gaurnadi, Bakerganj. Sept. 26, 1919.

[P. S.—As reports come in it seems that most of our out-chapels are in ruins, especially our biggest and strongest built at Nolshira, has been uprooted.]—J. H.

Gaurnadi, Backerganj,
Bengal, India.

October 2, 1919.

Editor of the *Catholic Herald of India*.

Sir,

After the storm to which I referred last week I went to pay a visit to some of the villages. The whole sight is heart-rending. In other years and other climes there have been greater disasters, but the sufferings of the survivors could not have been more pitiful than those at present of the people of the bheel area of the Gaurnadi Mission.

In the marshes of Gaurnadi, Thana and of the Gopalganj and Madaripur subdivisions the mud floors of the huts are but a few feet above monsoon water level, whilst during the present storm many of the houses were flooded and the supports of the houses loosened. Hardly a house is standing in Kaligram, Amgram, Nowkanda, Narikalbari and the surrounding villages of the Faridpur District, and in Askor, Bagda, Bakal, Dhamsar, Mudaphsha, Nahchira, and the other places in the Backergunj District. The people living apart, as is the bheel custom, are no help to one another. They have no place to seek shelter and no outside aid has come to them. At present pieces of the roofs, where such are intact, for in most places everything has been reduced to matchwood, are partly raised on edge and underneath whole families are squatted. I had to crawl on my hands and knees into some to administer the last Sacraments and baptize some babies. In many cases all the people's earthly goods have been destroyed and many lives lost. In the village of Nowkanda, Faridpur, out of a family of eight not a person survived. One poor young wife of Narikalbari,

Faridpur, with a baby a few days old, was so exposed to rain and cold and so frightened that she fell into a kind of epileptic fit, in which she died, leaving her baby and two other little children.

I asked several if some officers had been to visit them. No, not a soul. They are too far from municipalities, district boards and other such organizations. By borrowing money we have been able to buy some Rangoon rice from the Barisal District Board, which through our catechists we are distributing in the Faridpur and Backergunj Districts. But everywhere the people are begging not only for food but for pice to raise their houses, and we have no pice to give them—perhaps some good reader has.

Still the people are thankful for what is left them. They repeat that God is good and thank Him that their lives have been spared. They are entirely resigned to God's holy will, content, if they cannot keep soul and body together to go to their maker.

Yours,

J. J. Hennessy, C. S. C.

Local News.

—The timely discovery, on two occasions during the holidays, of a fire in the basement of Washington Hall prevented a disaster to Notre Dame. The blaze started beneath the roof of the Brownson recreation room and for a while endangered the college theatre above.

—On New Year's Eve Brother Florentius entertained the members of Dujarié Hall with an illustrated lecture, "The Sign of the Cross." The following evening he made pleasant and profitable for the Sisters of the Notre Dame Convent with the same lecture, which he has given in the South some two hundred times.

—Brother Aloysius, who has had charge of the Candy Store since the beginning of the school year, has taken the place of Brother Albeus as prefect in Brownson Hall. Brother Albeus has been re-appointed canvasser for the *Ave Maria*. In the campus confectionary Brother Maurelius once more presides behind the cases.

—Rev. Dr. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., attended the first meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, held in Cleveland within the Christmas season. Father Foik is one of the founders and most active members of this organization, which gives indication of fruitful co-operation in the best activities of the Church in the United States.

—The library is very much indebted to the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C., associate editor of the *Ave Maria* and author of wide reputation, for a donation of more than a hundred

volumes to the University library. The librarian, on behalf of the students and faculty, wishes to express to the generous donor earnest thanks and appreciation of the handsome gift.

—On the evening of December 29th the Dujarié Library Society gave a Holiday party for the brothers and priests at Notre Dame. Of the numbers on the program the tableau "Holy Night" was the most attractive. It recalled to mind the Mystery Plays of the Middle Ages. Addressing the assembly after the performance, Father French of the Holy Cross Mission Band, emphasized the appropriateness of the production and the present-day need of such inspiring and elevating representations.

—A committee of the Notre Dame branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom sent shortly before the holidays the following telegram to the House Foreign Affairs Committee: "The Hon. Chairman House Foreign Affairs Committee. To be read to the Committee: The Friends of Irish Freedom at the University of Notre Dame, regard with great satisfaction the hearing being given in behalf of the Mason bill, and they strongly urge that the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee support this bill both in the Committee and on the floor of the House. (Signed) Rev. P. J. Foik, Gerald Hoar, James Hilary Ryan—Special Committee of the Notre Dame Branch Friends of Irish Freedom."

—At the annual dinner of the Notre Dame Alumni of Chicago a sum of more than \$6000.00 was subscribed to the fund for the erection of Old Students Hall, as follows:

Dr. Jesse H. Roth, \$500.00; W. N. Rumely, \$500.00; Gerald A. Fitzgibbons, \$300.00; Albert V. King, \$200.00; F. L. McOsker, \$200.00; Paul E. Hartung, \$200.00; John C. Tully, \$100.00; Paul K. Barsaloux, \$100.00; Rigney J. Sackley, \$100.00; Robt. G. McGuire, \$100.00; Samuel A. Dee, \$100.00; George M. Maypole, \$100.00; E. P. Cleary, \$100.00; Lean F. Kane, \$100.00; Daniel J. O'Connor, \$100.00; Francis O'Shaughnessy, \$100.00; Thos. M. Naughton, \$100.00; Harold Cusack, \$100.00; Russell J. Burns, \$100.00; James C. O'Brien, Jr., \$100.00; Allan Wm. Fritzsche, \$100.00; Philip J. Armstrong, \$100.00; Paul R. Martin, \$100.00; John B. Fruchtl, \$100.00; James B. Roach, \$100.00; Charles W. Lahey, \$100.00; Henry Susen, \$100.00; Gerald H. Casey, \$100.00; George E. Attley, \$100.00; Maximilian St. George, \$100.00; Robert J. Fischer, \$100.00; James V. Cunningham, \$100.00; Wm. J. Donovan, \$100.00; Paul Fenlon, \$100.00; E. J. Geringer, \$100.00; Edw. J. McOsker, \$100.00; Patrick Maloney, \$100.00; Walter A. Clinnen, \$100.00; Fred. Donald Smith, \$50.00; John B. Kanaley, \$50.00; Frank J. Hurley, \$50.00;

Guy F. Marshall, \$50.00; Arthur J. Hughes, \$50.00; Chas. J. Rogers, \$50.00; Thomas J. Burke, \$50.00; E. G. Keefe, \$50.00; J. T. Foley, \$50.00; Thos. R. Woulfe, \$50.00; Louis B. Beardslee, \$25.00; J. R. Haydon, \$25.00; Charles N. Girsch, \$25.00; T. B. Quinlan, \$25.00; Wm. J. Heyl, \$10.00.

—The Great Lakes String Quartet will appear here in a chamber-music recital this evening on the Lyceum course. They come in the course of a transcontinental tour under the management of the well-known Redpath Bureau. The quartet had the distinction of crossing the Atlantic twice with President Wilson on the U. S. S. George Washington, furnishing music to the presidential party. By way of introduction to the recital to be given, Robert Dolejsi, manager of the organization, writes the following on chamber music. "Chamber music is the highest form of musical art and the literature embodies the greatest efforts and is the result of the highest inspirations of the old masters. It was, in fact, only when the composer had attained what one may term his musical maturity that he devoted himself to this form of composition. Chamber music, therefore, depicts the utmost refinement of mentality and emotion. Its interpretation has a distinct message and is an ethical appeal, through the medium of music, to the higher sensibilities of man. The personnel of the quartet is as follows: Herman Felber, first violin; Carl Fasshauer, second violin; Robert Dolejsi, viola; Walter Brauer, cello; assisting artist, Lawrence Schaeffer, piano.—W. C. HAVEY.

Athletic Notes.

FOOTBALL BANQUET.

Notre Dame formally ended the football season of 1919, the most successful in thirty years, on Sunday evening of December 14th, with the fifteenth annual football banquet, given by the Notre Dame Athletic Association to the men of the varsity and freshmen squads. The occasion was a fitting climax for the season. Covers were laid for more than sixty persons in the Turkish Room of the Oliver Hotel. Davis's Jazz Orchestra and the Varsity Quartet furnished the music and song. Coach Knute Rockne, presiding as toastmaster, called on the men who had finished their career for farewell remarks. These talks were the feature of the evening. The love, respect, and spirit of each man for Notre Dame was reflected in every

speech and unanimous credit for the success of the season was given to the coaches. Every man wished that he might have accomplished more and each stated his determination to "carry on" for the University wherever he might be. Captain Bahan, Bergman, Barry, Miller, Slackford, Degree, Malone, Madigan, Smith, and George Hull were the speakers. Then followed the nomination and election of the captain for 1920. Frank Coughlin and George Gipp were the candidates. The ballot resulted in the election of George Gipp, of Laurium, Michigan. George is well known as one of the greatest all-around half-backs of the country and at the forward-pass as the greatest man in the game. He accepted the honor as the greatest of his life and pledged his best to the team of 1920. Frank Coughlin, after congratulating his rival, also pledged to George Gipp and to Notre Dame, his best efforts for the coming season, which will mean so much to the prestige of the Gold and Blue. In their talks Rockne and Dorais both declared the team of 1919 in every way the equal of any former Notre Dame eleven, and urged the necessity of constant physical care and preparation for next season. A round of cheers for the monogram winners closed the evening. The monogram winners as announced for the 1919 service on the gridiron are: Bahan, Brandy, Gipp, Miller, Bergman, Slackford, Barry, Malone, Madigan, Trafton, Dooley, Smith, R. Anderson, Coughlin, Degree, Shaw, Hayes, Kiley, E. Anderson, and Kirk.

**

BASKETBALL AND TRACK PROSPECTS

Coaches Rockne and Dorais have arranged the greatest season of indoor athletics at Notre Dame. Mr. Rockne's track and field men have been working into form for some time and this week has seen the most numerous turnout in track history. More than sixty men have been equipped for events and it is hoped that as many more men will respond to the call that is being made for all available material. There has been scheduled for the Gold and Blue a series of meets that will bring the N. D. men into action against the best athletes of the East and West. Competition with mid-West schools of the "big ten" will be especially keen. The basketballers, under Coach Dorais, have already been "under fire" in their trip through southern Indiana during the early vacation days. The squad which had been out for only a

few days battled two of the fastest teams in the State, and although they lost they satisfied Dorais that he has the makings of a fast quintet. The squad has sixteen games scheduled, including several long jaunts into foreign territory, one as far as Nebraska.

Notre Dame's home season will be formally opened next Wednesday night in the game with Kalamazoo College. The Michigan five has been on the war path for nearly six weeks and during the holidays invaded Detroit in several successful games against fast teams of that city. In past years they have won a majority of games from Notre Dame by margins of two or three points. Coach Dorais hopes to start the home season with a victory, and so will use all he has to stop the attack of the fast "Kazoomen." Western Normal, of Kalamazoo, will be the opposition on the following Saturday.

**

The annual Interhall Relays are scheduled to begin a week from today on the occasion of the Kalamazoo game. With so many men out for track this year the competition in the relays should be close and every hall should be represented by a fast team. The schedule as arranged will provide two races for almost every date on which a varsity basketball game is to be played on the local court. The following schedule has been drafted by Coach Rockne:

Jan. 17.—Brownson-Corby; Badin-Walsh.
Jan. 31.—Sorin-Badin.
Feb. 7.—Corby-Sorin; Brownson-Badin.
Feb. 9.—Walsh-Corby; Brownson-Sorin.
Feb. 14.—Walsh-Brownson.
Feb. 17.—Corby-Badin; Sorin-Walsh.

**

The Interhall basketball schedule will be drawn up by Coach Dorais in a few days and published next week. The Coach expects to pick from the hall teams that should be developed some good material for the varsity of next year. Each hall will be given regular practice at night on the "Gym" floor.

**

Coach Rockne wishes to repeat his call of last month for all available track and field candidates. Every man with any experience should report to the Coach and take advantage of the training offered. Full equipment is furnished to all candidates free of charge and every effort will be made to fit each man for some event. Notre Dame needs the services of every possible man on track and field as elsewhere.—E. MORRIS STARRETT.

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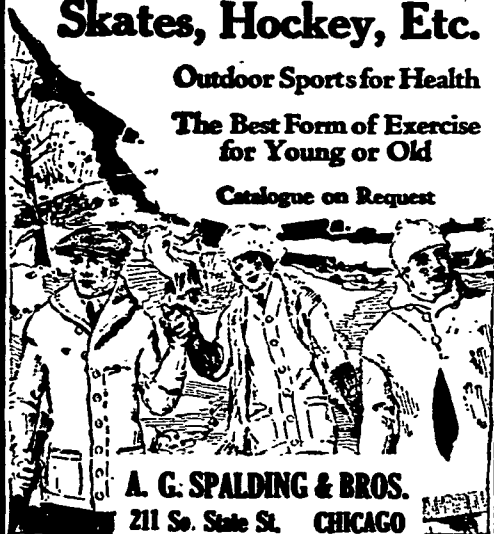
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