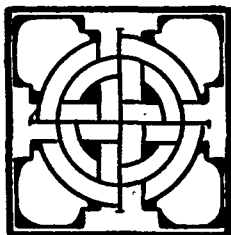


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No. 29.

Laetare!

Isa. lxvi., 10 (Laetare Hierusalem.) Inscribed to Lawrence F. Flick, M. D., director of the American Catholic Historical Society, upon whom has been conferred the Laetare Medal by the University of Notre Dame.

REJOICE with us for duty done through many a darksome day:

Rejoice with our rejoicing in the flowering of the May;
Rejoice that one who strove for all by all is magnified
At the noonday of his valiant life in the city of his pride!

Honor to whom is honor due; with one triumphant voice—

Laetare! In his glory won may every heart rejoice!

Who, trusting in our Saviour's aid, like Him the suffering healed;

To broken lives his blessed skill new hope, new life revealed;

And countless grateful prayers are blent with ours that heaven may crown

In length of years and strength of soul his nobly-won renown.

Staunch Catholic American, for history he wrought,
That calumny 'gainst Church or State with proven truth he fought;

And when his nation called for men, his sons he freely gave

To fight in Freedom's cause beneath the banner of the brave!

Laetare! Lo! Our Lady's knights have borne a guerdon rare;

From Notre Dame afar has come an answer to our prayer;

He lent his gifts from God to man in mercy all his days—

Now, world-renown is his who toiled without a thought of praise!

Praise be to God and Notre Dame for this most happy choice!

Laetare! In our chosen one let every soul rejoice.

Mrs. Honor Walsh in Catholic Standard and Times.

At the foot of every page in the annals of nations may be written, "God reigns." Events as they pass away proclaim their original, and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries, as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting "*Te Deum Laudamus*," with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages.

—Bancroft.

The Golden Rose.

BY LEO L. WARD, '20.

THERE is, perhaps, nowhere in all fiction a more effective employment of contrast and at the same time a more graceful use of harmony than that which has awed and charmed English readers in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's and J. I. Stahlmann's novel "The Golden Rose."

The scene of this remarkable work is laid in a wild, mountainous part of the once free and proud Poland. Into this bleak, ancient country the authors bring back the ghosts of former wars to re-enact the national tragedies among the wild, jagged mountains, while the storm-lashed little lakes seem but the scenes of their ghostly struggles. Each swift stream appears to be afraid of the haunted place and in its hurry to get away to lower lands, goes pell-mell down the stony stairway of its cataracts. All the glory of the mountains' fresh, untouched dawns and gorgeous sunsets is made to lend additional power to the tragic spirit of the picture. Then, against all this inspiring majesty are painted with masterful contrast and delicate artistry charming valleys of June that stretch away below and are "starred with the blue and gold of cowslip and periwinkle." Finally, by the master-stroke which makes art complete, the thrilling grandeur of the whole picture is blessed and sanctified with the austere heavenliness of that great mountain country. Such is the background, selected with unexcelled dramatic wisdom, for an inspiring pageant of suffering in delicate, noble souls.

There is in "The Golden Rose" a wonderful apostleship, teaching that exalted and eternal truth which the world learned at the foot of the cross—the necessity of God and of suffering in every human soul. The text-book of this teaching is the unchanging nature of the human soul; and as a method of conveying the lesson

the authors use their remarkable understanding of the most delicate instincts of the human heart. But their apostleship is never strained. Throughout they are primarily the novelist and only secondarily and indirectly the teacher—never the preacher. The sublime lesson of "The Golden Rose" is essentially and necessarily a part of the story; it is completely natural, for it is but the consequence of the vivid, intimate humanity of the story. Indeed, to take the lesson out of the fiction would immediately rob the work of its very nature as a novel.

There is also in this work a rare dramatic wisdom, displayed in the selection of background, and likewise in the selection of characters for the portrayal of the novel's great truth. The remnant, still proud and honorable, of one of conquered Poland's most ancient and noble families, the Czarda's, is chosen for the tragic struggle of human pride and self-confidence against the power of Divine help. Womanhood is in its natural perfection in Countess Pauline Karolai, the strong, fine-souled daughter of the saintly Count Czarda, who is the last lingering male descendant of his ancient family and whose aged memory is filled with sad visions of the days when his country was proud and free. Then there is the beautiful, tender-natured child of Pauline, Rose Aurore, about whom all the characters and even that great mountain country itself seem to gather in one act of homage to her lovely charms.

The chief struggle in "The Golden Rose" surges through the great fine soul of the Countess Pauline. Her husband, an irresolute and worthless Count Karolai, had been killed years before in a drunken brawl by an infamous woman. The event was such a shock to the faithful, unsuspecting Pauline, that it has embittered her against humanity and especially against God, who, she thinks, has wantonly sent to her such a fearful sorrow. So intense is this bitterness that it burns into the soul of the young mother a religion of her own, beautifully unselfish, although foolishly impotent. She resolves in the deepest secrecy of her strong heart to keep, at whatever cost, her pure, lovely Rose Aurore untouched by suffering and untarnished by the world. But above all, she determines that no other, particularly God, shall ever supersede herself in her daughter's love. It is around this bitter distrust of God and of men that the novel moves. The action of the whole

story serves the one great purpose of resolving this profound bitterness. Such is the overmastering tragedy, which intensifies the story's struggle, and such, in fearful truth, is the humanly powerful soul of the noble woman in which this struggle rises to fierce intensity and then subsides later into the peace and serenity of the restored grace of God. But this peace of grace comes to her only after she is stunned by what to her is the greatest possible sorrow, the disobedience of her precious Rose Aurore in going into the world in pursuit of a love other than her mother's, there to become the victim of deceit. Finally, there follows Rose's own sweet peace after her eventual and natural entrance into the old convent near the mountain home of the Czardas.

This, in brief, is the story of "The Golden Rose." Through it all the authors' power of interchangeably using contrast and harmony plays its masterful part. In the nature of Pauline, taken apart from the other elements of the novel, it is excellently employed. The delicate fineness of her soul acts strangely under the pressure of her fierce determination to triumph over the power of the Almighty. And, on the other hand, the frail loveliness of Rose blends in perfection with the tenderness of her mother's nature. Indeed, all of the novel's characters contrast and blend with each other in such artistic variation that there is not an uninteresting paragraph in the book. There is an incisive contrast in the epitome quoted below, of the natures of mother and daughter, the one sorrow-burdened, the other childish in its hopeful gayety: The two, Pauline and Rose, have been thoughtfully discussing the life of the Sisters in the old convent which nestles in the seclusion of the mountains near the Czarda home. Rose, in all her innocence and hope, laughs:

"How funny it will be for them to really do as they like when they get to Heaven at last!"

"At any rate they will not have a number of mistakes to forget, like some of us", Pauline replied with an envious sigh.

"Nor any real big happiness to remember", Rose retorted. "I suppose I shall make no end of mistakes, but I shall have—oh—such happiness—and I'd rather take my chance of both. Wouldn't you, mother?"

The scene of the story, too, will change with rare gracefulness from the wildest, most terrifying mountain storm to the quiet comfort of

the Czarda home; or again, the majestic serenity of starlit mountains will be made the background for the meditative old Count's saintly communion with his God. The masterful concordance of scene and feeling in the following quotation is its own sufficient excuse for its length:

"The storm had worn itself out and was moving off to the south, still growling as if disappointed of its purpose. . . . A hazy moon hung high above the eastern peaks, tinting the dissolving clouds to ever-widening circles of wet silver and shadowy bronze. Through the song of the wind in the forest could now be heard the rush of full-fed streams tearing triumphantly over rocks and boulders past which they lapped in silence a few hours before.

"Pauline leaned her elbows on the stone parapet, and drew a long sigh of relief. From that high niche she could look out and away from the little world below, filled with unrest and uncertainty, to the familiar hills and the broad lake, to the things that never changed, that gave so much and asked nothing of her. Humanity was always asking, always snatching at one's time, one's interest, one's privacy. And now it seemed to be asking for herself, her only friend and confidant. And some mendicant instinct in her heart was begging too."

This is an example of the remarkable power of description which enriches "The Golden Rose" throughout. Above all, perhaps, the novel is a painting in words. Language-color is here applied with a brush that is sure and bold, yet most delicate in its artistry. And in no other element of the story do the factors of contrast and harmony possess an excellence greater than that which they are given in the word-painting of this fiction. One typical example of this rare power of description, taken from that part of the story in which the Czardas have gone to their southern winter home, will make impotent any further attempt at comment:

"May, in the garden of the world. To those who come to it from the north the garden is a dream of bloom even in the short days of winter; but to those who watch its unfolding through the lengthening suns of the southern spring, who wait for the outbursts of its early summer glory, the transition is so portentous, so overwhelming, that the pale beauties of December are remembered as we shall remember our last look at the faces of our dead when next we behold them transfigured in the splendors of

the resurrection. For the garden of the world is here in northern Italy, lying so near the eternal snows that these are ever in the background of the vision, like old guardians, stern but beneficent, raising their enormous shoulders, their glistening shields, to protect the ever young loveliness at their feet from chilling blasts in winter, tempering the blaze of summer with airs delicately cooled on snow slope and glacier, feeding the sapphire and emerald lakes from their own taintless strongholds; looking down lovingly on the oleander and the orange and the laurel whose heady sweetness they can never breathe. The Alps are the great ascetics of nature, white-robed Trappists, holding commune only with the supernal forces, but looking indulgently on the busy happiness of warm, flowery lives in the lower world of men."

There are, however, far greater and more lovely heights in "The Golden Rose" than those of either the Alps or the wild mountains of Poland. There is a splendor in this novel that is much greater than that of any scene. The reader climbs grander, steeper slopes which lead up to the pure, celestial regions of Catholic spirituality, and from this clearer vantage-point he can scarcely help looking back upon those earthly mountains almost in disdain for their poor comparison with these infinitely nobler peaks of the eternal, peaks capped not with the melting snows of earth but with the pure grace of Heaven.

The Curé of Ars.

FRANCIS P. GOODALL, '20.

In answer to the assertion, so common today, that this is not the age of saints, we can point to the life of the Blessed Curé of Ars. That holy man, although only a poor parish priest and possessed of only the essential knowledge for the priesthood, astounded all with his masterful grasp of all things. Not only was he able to discuss the problems of philosophy and theology but he was just as ready to decide in matters of current wordly interest whenever he was called upon to do so. When asked what learned men had been his teachers and what text-books he had used, his reply invariably was, "Jesus Christ was and is my teacher, and my text-books are prayer and sacrifice."

Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney was born in the year 1786 in Dardilly, just outside the city of Lyons. His parents were of the peasant class,

and at an early age Jean was sent to help in the fields or to the pasture lands with the sheep and cows. Jean loved the life in the fields, for while the cattle were grazing he had ample opportunity for prayer. His mother gave him a small image of the Blessed Virgin from which he could never be separated. He carried it into the pasture, and while the other boys were at their games he would steal away into some quiet spot and there setting up the image lose himself in prayer. Here it was that he learned the science of prayer for which he became so noted in later life and which, as he often said, was the mainstay of his life.

The special piety with which he was filled soon attracted the attention of his parents and the neighboring peasants. When it reached the ears of the priest he inquired after the boy and in a short time had him under his care. Jean, although filled with the desire of becoming a priest, experienced extreme difficulty with his classes. So hard at times was the struggle that he almost despaired of ever becoming a priest. Here again prayer and sacrifice played an important part and the work was accomplished. The work at the seminary in philosophy and his theology with his pastor were finished only after much endeavor. Convinced of the candidate's piety, however, the Bishop gave Jean the Sacrament of Orders in 1815. His first appointment was as curate at Ecully. After the death of the good priest he was made Curé of Ars.

At that time the Catholics of Ars were very negligent. The new Curé began his conversion of the town in a new manner. He did not storm and rave from the pulpit about their negligence, but he stormed the gates of heaven with his own prayers and sacrifices in order to obtain the favors he asked. He spent his own money in repairing and decorating the church and altar. He gave alms freely and gladly of all that he possessed and spent most of the day on his knees before the altar. It was hard at first to feel, as did his pure soul, the meaning of those empty benches. But the news spread and a few coming from curiosity were so attracted by the sweetness of the vigil that they returned frequently to pray. It was not long then until the whole town had returned to the fold. Not content with the fact that they had returned and were once more true Catholics, the holy priest set apart certain parts of each day during which he would talk to the people and pray with them. These exercises were always well attended

and the holy man always conducted them himself.

A glance at his daily routine will give us an idea of his life. Arising usually at midnight and never after two o'clock, he would go to the church to hear confessions until his Mass at seven o'clock. After Mass and thanksgiving he catechized for an hour and at nine returned to the confessional. At twelve he took his meal, of black bread and cold potatoes with a little water. He then visited the sick and was back in the confessional at one o'clock. He would never leave there until nine, except for night prayers. Then after finishing his Office he would retire for a two-hours' rest. Such was his day for nearly forty years; yet he never complained but rather sighed that he could do so little. He was exceedingly humble, never giving himself credit for anything good and saying when others praised him that they did not know him. It was a source of great gratification to him when someone would say something mean and cutting about him. "That man knows me as I am," he would say in such circumstances.

How his body withstood the sufferings he imposed upon it, is hard to understand. His endurance was martyr-like. He never pampered his body, so that he might always keep that source of temptation closed. His long fasts, ceaseless work, and slight rest would have killed an ordinary man, and surely in this world of ease and luxury the life of the Blessed Curé seems far away. Then, too, in his periods of rest the Devil, anxious at any time to secure an ardent soul and disgust it with a life of sacrifice, would attack the holy priest with almost unbelievable energy. The Devil never actually appeared to the Curé, but every night for years he would groan and yell, beat the bed and the priest, tear the curtains and carpets, break the furniture, and several times he threw the holy man out of bed. These attacks would last until it was nearly time for the Curé to rise, so that for many years he had very little rest. The Curé never liked to mention these assaults, though they bothered him very much.

Let us realize that just sixty-five years ago the Curé of Ars was laboring in his parish—scarcely a life-time ago, and yet his life reads like one who lived nearer the time of the early Christians. Surely we can learn from his holy life that every age is the age for saints, and that the love of God and the forgetfulness of self in the service of Him are the principal perfections of the saints.

Varsity Verse.

ROBIN LOVE.

Upon a bough a robin sat,
 And sang unto his mate:
 "Let's build our nest, for soon I fear,
 'Twill be almost too late."
 The sun peeped through the passing clouds
 And mild winds floated by—
 His throbbing heart his pinions bore,
 Far, far into the sky.
 No one can tell what joy he had
 While flying here and there
 From maple, cedar, elm and oak,
 This gallant of the air!
 Meanwhile his mate with heart serene
 Basking in the sun,
 Chirped tunes that spoke of strange delight
 When love has victory won.
 But soon Sir Robin's flight was o'er,
 At last he found a home,
 'Twas near Our Lady's feet and safe,
 High on the golden dome.
 And there they build their little nest,
 That happy pair, I learn,
 And when the winter snows have gone
 Each joyful spring return.—A. T. B.

PLUCK.

If e'er it seems to you, my lad,
 That you are out of luck,
 The day that you feel very sad,
 Just think of that word Pluck.
 When everyone seems glad but you,
 And things won't come your way,
 What is the use of feeling blue?
 Now luck will come some day.
 If things go hard for quite a while,
 You just put up a fight.
 Brace up, and give the world a smile,
 Push on with all your might.
 Some day, my lad, when luck is yours,
 You will be glad you stuck.
 That day you'll see what he endures,
 Who thinks of that word Pluck.—C. B.

DON' GO WAY FROM ME.

Yo' ole black coon, where is yo' goin',
 Back to Tennessee?
 De sky am da'k, it am a snowin',
 But don' go way from me.
 Ah lub da good ole sunny ribbeh,
 Down in Tennessee.
 De wintah makes me cold and shibbeh
 So don' yo' go way from me.
 Now Ah's too ole to trabbel evah,
 Back to Tennessee,
 An' Ah will see de ole folks nevah,
 So don' go way from me.—K. A.

Dr. Flick Receives 1920 Laetare Medal.

(Reprinted from the *Standard and Times*, of Philadelphia,
 for May 8, 1920.)

Lauded as a man whose ideas and vision have been twenty years ahead of his time; praised as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race in the amelioration of disease and suffering; extolled as a pioneer in fostering the study of American Catholic history, and withal one of the humblest of modest men, Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, of this city, physician, historian and philanthropist, the recipient of this year's Laetare Medal, the Notre Dame University's annual award to America's most deserving Catholic layman, had the priceless decoration conferred upon him at a public reception on Wednesday evening, in the rooms of the American Catholic Historical Society, 715 Spruce Street.

Unique in the annals of Catholic Philadelphia, the event was attended by a splendid gathering from the ranks of clergy and laity, who crowded the auditorium to pay tribute to the guest of honor. It was the first public presentation in Philadelphia of the Laetare Medal.

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, bestowed upon Dr. Flick the award, which had been brought to this city by the distinguished president of Notre Dame University, the Very Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C. Among the well-known visitors were the Right Rev. Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg, Abbot Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., vice-president of the Benedictine seminary at Beatty, and the Rev. Peter Guilday, Ph. D., professor of ecclesiastical history, Catholic University, and editor of the "Catholic Historical Review."

Edward J. Galbally, president of the American Catholic Historical Society, presided at the exercises and presented the speakers, who included in addition to the Most Reverend Archbishop and the Very Rev. Dr. Burns, Dr. Flick, Lieutenant Colonel Daniel J. McCarthy, of the Medical Corps, U. S. A., and Walter George Smith, K. S. G.

Prior to the exercises His Grace was escorted through the headquarters of the Historical Society, of which he is a member, and expressed his pleasure at the many, rare, valuable works collected and preserved by the institution, of which Dr. Flick has ever been a most prominent factor.

The presentation ceremony was regarded by the officers of the society as one of the most pleasing functions held in this city for a long time and the hope was expressed that the exercises would stimulate renewed interest on the part of the members and attract to the society many who could give great aid by affiliating themselves with such a noble work as the collection and preservation of records and other data, so that posterity might be accurately and truthfully informed of the great part played by Catholic America.

President Galbally, after bidding a most cordial welcome to all present, said in substance:

"His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop has kindly come to do honor to the occasion and give it the high sanction of our Chief Pastor. The presence of the Right Reverend Bishop of Harrisburg is a token of his esteem of the medalist. As the representative

of the alma mater of our distinguished fellow citizen and in testimony of his school's just pride in its cherished alumnus, the Coadjutor Abbot of St. Vincent Archabbey, of the Order of St. Benedict, Beatty, Pennsylvania, is also with us. And the Very Reverend President of the University of Notre Dame is here in person to confer the great honor of a famous institution of learning on one whose title to the distinction is recognized by all.

"This assembly of eminent churchmen and laymen, and members of the Catholic Historical Society and friends, is a manifestation of sincere appreciation of the University's choice of the Laetare Medalist of 1920, and a tribute of our admiration of Doctor Lawrence F. Flick, the sentient Catholic, the practical scientist and physician, and the scholarly Catholic historian.

"Some are absent who would have wished to be with us on this occasion. Under other circumstances it would be proper to read the many messages of congratulation from these men in high station. If I refrain from doing so, it is because I am forbidden by a condition exacted as the price of these proceedings, and our consideration and respect for the doctor's lacerated feelings in these surroundings.

"For I need not tell you that our gathering here to-night is not of his choosing. The doctor's way, according to the simple habit of his studious and active and unostentatious life, would have been to avoid ceremony and circumstance. At the graceful suggestion, however, of the University of Notre Dame, the Catholic Historical Society was glad indeed to seize the opportunity to sponsor these exercises, and the good doctor acquiesced in the purpose of his friends, with no little sacrifice, and at no small personal cost.

"In singling out our fellow-citizen from the millions of Catholic men and women of the United States, and placing him in the elect company of Laetare Medalists, the University of Notre Dame had in mind, besides his sterling patriotic and Catholic life, the doctor's ample activities in the domain of the science and practice of medicine and of the study of our Catholic history. It is not an unsupported assertion that this society owes much of its life, its continuance and its well-being to the indefatigable and optimistic crusader against tuberculosis. The study of the career of the Church and of its members in the establishment and growth of the Republic on the one hand, and the persistent and thorough-going campaign against the great white plague on the other—these have been the two chief passions of his public life. It is fitting, therefore, that on this occasion the services rendered by the doctor in these two major fields of his operations should be briefly reviewed by men who have been associated with him in their pursuit."

At the close of Father Burns' remarks, which are appended, the Most Reverend Archbishop pinned the decoration upon the breast of Dr. Flick. His Grace then felicitously referred to the many accomplishments of the medalist as a scientist, historian and philanthropist. "Any distinction conferred by Notre Dame University," the Archbishop said, "is an honor, but it is a pre-eminent distinction to have been chosen by that University to be the recipient of the Laetare Medal. The university," His Grace continued, "has made wonderful strides in its chosen field of endeavor

and has done for humanity, as an institution, what Dr. Flick has performed as a layman; and both," he added, "through their work have become known and recognized internationally. Dr. Flick," said His Grace, "deserves the honor that has come to him because of his service for humanity and because of what he has done for the American Catholic Historical Society."

In his own name and in the name of the Catholics of Philadelphia, the Most Reverend Archbishop congratulated Dr. Flick, who like Pasteur, had demonstrated that deep learning and an intimate knowledge of science are compatible with deep faith, and in conclusion he wished him long life to enjoy the high distinction that had been bestowed upon him.

Mr. Galbally introduced as the first speaker Lieutenant-Colonel McCarthy, who achieved great distinction in his work in combating disease among the soldiers in France. Dr. McCarthy has been an associate of Dr. Flick for the last twenty years, having been engaged with him during his connection with the Phipps Institute and having assisted him in his fight against tuberculosis. He told of the work done by the honored guest in his wonderful battle against the "white plague," and how in the face of opposition, medical as well as lay and political, he had achieved such marked success. Even the renowned Dr. Osler, said Colonel McCarthy, had opposed Dr. Flick, but twenty years later had publicly admitted his error and declared that Dr. Flick had been twenty years ahead of his time.

Walter George Smith was the next speaker and he elected to talk of Dr. Flick in his connection with the American Catholic Historical Society, of which he had been the founder. Mr. Smith told of the early days of the Society, which had been a continual struggle, and success had only come, he said, because Dr. Flick never gave up. The keynote of his success, he continued, had been his Catholic faith, his Catholic hope, and above all, his Catholic charity.

The presiding officer then introduced the Very Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., president of Notre Dame University.

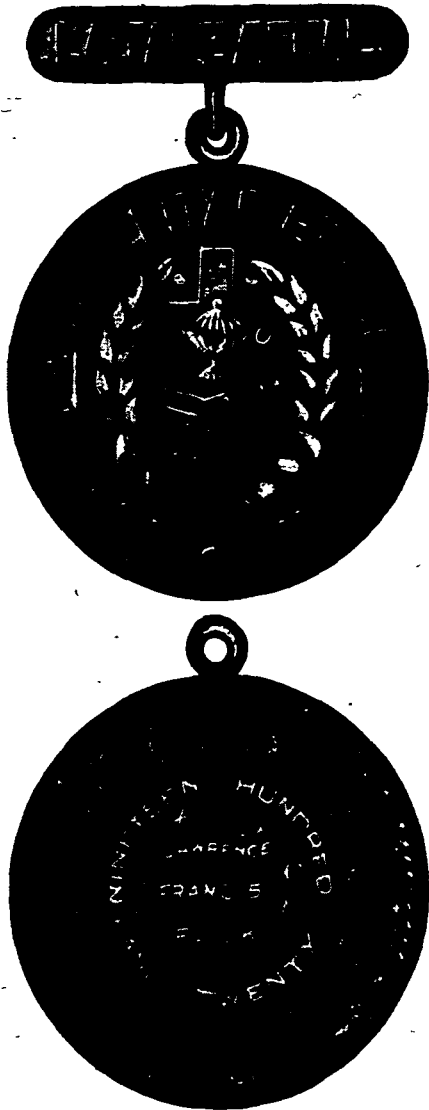
The Rev. Dr. Burns in his address said:

The University of Notre Dame to Doctor Lawrence F. Flick, Greeting.

"Sir, seven and thirty years ago the Laetare Medal was founded to honor distinguished service among the laity in any field of lofty human endeavor. Since that time the testimony of merit, the highest within the gift of the University, has been bestowed on a long line of noble men and women who are distinguished less for having received this honor than for having deserved it.

"The university had in mind another object when it created this cherished token. With long experience in the training of American manhood, the university has felt that it is not sufficient to teach abstract lessons of virtue and excellence to growing youth; it is no less important to single out great examples of the virtue which those lessons inculcate. Hence great types of the soldier, the jurist, the artist, the author, the physician, the journalist, the patriot, the spiritual leader, have been publicly set up for emulation. In each case the note of timeliness was added to the lesson according to the circumstances of the period.

"You, sir, bring to the Laetare Medal the record and the traditions of a full life dedicated to excellent service of God and of your fellow-man. In professional as in private life you have been outstandingly Catholic. The faith has been the great motive power of that magnificent service which as physician and specialist in the treatment of tuberculosis has made your name



an international possession. It has been the inspiring force of those activities which outside of professional life you have for many years carried on as a member and as president of the American Catholic Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the American Catholic Historical Association. It has been the inspiration of those monumental works of charity which are less the index of material wealth than they are the measure of the heart from which they come.

"Therefore it is that the University of Notre Dame, in this year of grace, 1920, turns to you, Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, physician, historian and philanthropist, as a worthy associate of those valiant men and women of other years, and with pride and joy in the glory of the faith which greatens alike individuals and institutions, confers upon you the Laetare Medal."

Dr. Flick in his response to the speeches of the evening spoke in substance as follows:

"My most appropriate contribution to the proceedings of this evening, it seems to me, will be a brief survey of the fruits of the crusade against tuberculosis in Philadelphia and a short consideration of the movement for the study of Catholic history. These two

matters have consumed much of the energy of my life.

"The aim and object of the crusade against tuberculosis has been the stamping out of tuberculosis. What has been accomplished?

"We have statistics of the causes of death since 1861 in Philadelphia. Until 1880 the nomenclature was obscure and from then until 1913 it was still somewhat uncertain, but with pains and effort it is possible to pick the cases of tuberculosis out of it.

"For those who are unfamiliar with mortality statistics, it may be well to explain that the mortality of a disease is expressed by the number of deaths from it in a given time out of a thousand people living at that time. The formula for this is so many per thousand. This necessarily includes decimals.

"To eliminate errors of estimated population between census years the mortality rate, except for the first and last years, is given in decades. The average mortality of each year for the ten years is used.

"The mortality rate from tuberculosis in Philadelphia in 1861 was 7.94 per thousand, as far as the disease can be identified in the nomenclature then used. In decades, the average annual rate from 1861 to 1871 was 8.15 per thousand; from 1871 to 1881 was 7.13 per thousand; from 1881 to 1891 was 6.54 per thousand; from 1891 to 1901 was 4.91 per thousand; from 1901 to 1911 was 3.28 per thousand; from 1911 to 1919 was 2.17 per thousand. The calculation for 1919 was on an estimated population of 1,787,225. If the population of Philadelphia, was 2,000,000 in 1919, as many think it was, the mortality rate for that year would be 1.41 per thousand.

"It will be noted that there was an increase in the death rate from tuberculosis from 1861 to 1871; a very slight decrease from 1871 to 1881, and a progressively rapid decrease from 1881 to the present time. The total decrease from 1871 to the present time has been 80 per cent, a wonderful saving of human life and lessening of suffering and sorrow.

"Let me put the matter in another way. In 1861 in a population of 576,408, in Philadelphia, 4,587 died of tuberculosis; in 1871, in a population of 700,000 in Philadelphia, 5,500 died of tuberculosis; in 1881, in a population of 868,000, in Philadelphia, 5,896 died of tuberculosis; in 1919, in a population of 1,787,225, in Philadelphia, 2,925 died of tuberculosis. If the death rate from tuberculosis had been the same in 1919 as it was in the decade from 1861 to 1871, incredible as it looks, 14,565 of the inhabitants of the city would have died of tuberculosis during that year. There was a saving of 11,640 lives on account of the decrease in the death rate from tuberculosis.

"The decrease in the death rate in all disease from 1861 to the present time makes a saving of 15,778 lives in the year 1919, of which all except 4,139 must be credited to the crusade against tuberculosis. Of these 4,139 typhoid fever's saving lays claim to 1,189, and smallpox's saving to 679, leaving but 2,271 as the saving in all other diseases.

"A word now as to the movement for the study of Catholic history. The story is somewhat disappointing when told in the wake of what has just been said of the crusade against tuberculosis. There are some high lights in it, however, and the best remains for some future teller, since much of the work upon which it

will have to be based is yet to be done. Perhaps a few moments' thought given to what has been done and what has been left undone in the line of this Catholic duty may win new recruits and quicken the interest of others in our historical heritage.

"In 1883 His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. wrote his Encyclical Letter on the study of history. The great Pontiff therein set forth in his wonted clear and forceful way what the study of history means to the world in modern times, and how history should be written, not with a biased mind to bolster up preconceived notions, but in truthfulness and fairness and after conscientious search for the facts and careful scrutiny of them. 'The first law of history,' he said, 'is to dread uttering a falsehood: the next, not to fear stating the truth; lastly, let the historian's writings be open to no suspicion of partiality or animosity.'

"This famous document was published in Europe and America and evidently set many serious minds thinking, for it gave rise to organized movements for the study and writing of history. Almost immediately the Rev. Dr. A. A. Lambing, of Scottdale, Pa., in the Pittsburgh Diocese, set about organizing a society for the study of history; but failing in this, he began an historical publication, which later became the American Catholic Historical Researches, and which for many years the late Martin I. J. Griffin published until his death in 1912, when it became and still continues to be part of the official publication of the American Catholic Historical Society, having been merged into our own quarterly 'Record.'

"In July, 1884, the American Catholic Historical Society was organized in Philadelphia. Being the first in the field, it staked out for itself a very large territory, taking in the whole North American continent and even casting side glances at the South American continent. Its gold field was not long undisputed, however, for in December of the same year, the Catholics of New York City, a little more modest than their Philadelphia brethren—perhaps a little more patriotic—organized the United States Catholic Historical Society. For some years these two societies were alone in the field of Catholic history in the United States. Later on, others were organized in different parts of the country. Two sprang up in New England and one in Brooklyn, N. Y.; one in Minnesota, one in Chicago and one in St. Louis. Last year an organization with aims and objects slightly different from those of the societies named, the American Catholic Historical Association was founded out of the ardent spirit and splendid work of one of our own younger members, the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday. The new society will have its home in Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the Catholic University, and will seek to 'promote study and research in the field of Catholic history,' not limiting itself in space or time, but taking in the whole world and the entire Christian era.

"Besides what has been done by societies in the field of Catholic history since His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. urged the Catholic world to take up the work, splendid service has been rendered by some of the Catholic educational institutions of the country, notably Notre Dame University and Georgetown University. Notre Dame developed a master worker in

Catholic history, Professor James Fainuam Edwards, who with the aid of his university and through its influence gathered together one of the best collections of Catholic history publications and documents in the country, and made it available to the historical investigator. Georgetown University also had made a valuable library of books and sources. It got possession of the John Gilmary Shea library, for the possession of which the American Catholic Historical Society was a strong and zealous competitor, and has developed so able a historian as Father Thomas Hughes, S. J., who has done and is doing great work in this field.

"Contemporaneous with the effort of American Catholics in their zeal to hearken to the voice of the Holy Father, there was a secular movement, which probably germinated from the Holy Father's Encyclical, although there is no apparent connection between them except that of chronology. In 1884, in the same year in which the American Catholic Historical Society and the United States Catholic Historical Society were founded, a few people interested in history, for the most part professors of history in universities, organized an American Historical Association, with its centre in Washington, D. C. This organization, as humble in its beginning as any of our Catholic historical societies, has had a most notable growth and development, and now numbers nearly 3000 members, and counts among its services many valuable contributions to American history. It has helped to till the field of Catholic history and in a measure was instrumental in the organization of the American Catholic Historical Association last year, standing as a big brother to it and proffering it help in the future.

"Of the Catholic historical societies which have come into existence, the American Catholic Historical Society has had the most successful career. It has achieved many things which are worth while. It has acquired its own home, this beautiful building in which we meet; it has collected a valuable library, much more valuable than its members know—the best collection of fugitive Catholic historical literature, such as leaflets, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers, in existence anywhere; it has published thirty volumes of its records, which are a rich mine of data on our Catholic annals, as yet unclassified and undigested, but in a measure made secure against the gnawing tooth of time; it has stimulated and encouraged research and study into our Catholic past in its membership outside our ranks. Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin did some of his best work under the influence of the society and to some extent with its help; the Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Middleton, O. S. A., the first president of the society, gave indispensable service to the people who brought out the history of the Philippines; it projected and directed the Catholic quadricentenary celebration in commemoration of the landing of Columbus; it maintained an archivist in Rome for awhile; it has stood sponsor for nearly every new Catholic enterprise which has come up in Philadelphia since it has owned its new home. This is a splendid array of good work accomplished; but when all that has been left undone is set over against the achievements it makes a picture that it is not pleasant to contemplate.

"The first few years of the society's existence were barren in membership, but productive in acquisitions. At the end of the first year there were only thirty-two active members and fourteen contributing members on the roll, but 1,117 articles of value had been collected. By the end of the second year the membership active and contributing, had reached barely 100, and the number of articles gathered had reached nearly 3,000. The few enthusiasts had the courage to publish a volume of 'Records' in the third year. Interest grew apace with enthusiasm and by the end of the ninth year the society had over 2,000 members, and great things were projected. A new constitution and by-laws were adopted, in which provision was made for historical research committees in all parts of the country. A hall fund had been started and steps were taken to get a home, culminating in the purchase and fitting up of the building in which this meeting is held. Enthusiasm died out then and work which had been projected was left undone, the membership of the society again dwindling down to a few hundred.

"In its enthusiasm the society aimed to place an archivist in every city in Europe in which there were original documents bearing upon the history of the Church in America. It maintained such an agent in Rome for less than a year and there the project ended. It planned to establish a Catholic reference library which would place at the command of writers all the sources necessary for the production of Catholic literature. It has not yet fully paid for this building, and the building is not fireproof. At any moment the precious collection which it has gathered is at the mercy of flames. Thousands of volumes of perishable and valuable material remain unbound. It aimed to collect Catholic manuscripts and documents. Since its organization Catholic manuscripts and documents worth great sums of money have been sold and have passed into private collections and secular libraries, notably the Bancroft library, which was tentatively offered to the society for \$100,000.

"Had the Society been able to maintain its membership of between two and three thousand since 1893, with an annual income of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, over a period of twenty-seven years, what wonderful work might have been done! Had it been able to interest wealthy men and women and get money by donation and bequests, the story of its accomplishments undoubtedly would be different. In thirty-six years it has had but three bequests in which money was left, two of which came from women; and there have been but five donations in amounts about four hundred dollars: three of five hundred dollars, one of six hundred dollars and one of one thousand dollars, the latter from a woman. Why this lack of interest in a work which means so much to civilization and our Catholic contribution thereto and to the welfare of the human family? For four hundred years history has been a conspiracy against the truth, and the lies which have been told in its name have let loose forces which are wrecking society and threatening civilization. The history of that period will have to be rewritten so that we may again get true bearings. Fortunately much has already been done, most of it by non-Catholics, and in the doing of it some of the brightest minds of the nineteenth century and of the few decades of

the twentieth have found their way back to mother Church. For exemplification I need but mention Newman, Benson, Von Ruville, and more recently Kinsman."

Thoughts.

BY SENIORS.

MEEKNESS is not cowardice.

THE first duty is self-perfection.

SELF-CONTROL is a synonym for sanity.

A hit on time may save the baseball nine.

It requires great courage to be an honest man.

LIFE is only a parole granted by the Almighty.

GOOD acts must be preceded by good thoughts.

A MAN is a large boy who controls his imagination.

A MAN'S worth is determined by the sacrifice he makes.

THE value of a book depends upon the use we make of it.

THE trial husband is the logical development of divorce.

A BAD newspaper is generally the result of a bad community.

IN most cases the man needs as much petting as the boy.

INCREASED costs are clearly evident in campaign expenditures.

LOVE finds its most beautiful expression in devotion to others.

THE outlaw striker should be deported with the rest of the Reds.

THE course of least resistance is the poorest one for the student.

THE popular sale of overalls is only a new manner of profiteering.

EACH day of our lives will leave its mark on our souls for an eternity.

It is odd that no women are aspiring to the president's Kitchen Cabinet.

No one discovers the profiteer because everyone is looking for someone else.

A TRIAL husband is the height—or rather the depth—of platonic cordiality.

ENGLAND'S logic is faulty when she tries to convince Ireland by an *argumentum baculinum*.

HE who neglects to cultivate his mind cannot be a congenial companion for an educated man.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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In a recent talk before the University Club of Brooklyn, Frank A. Vanderlip, one of the foremost financiers of the country, made the very

correct and very easy observation that "we are not happy." He then proceeded to give his idea of the cause

and of the remedy for our trouble. To Mr. Vanderlip both cause and remedy are wholly economic. Low production, high prices, and unjust distribution, he thinks, are the roots of the evil, and the panacea he proposes is thrift on the part of everyone. We cannot altogether agree with this diagnosis of the case. It is in some degree correct, but it is wrong in the main, because of the wrong angle from which the problem is regarded. In so far as a dearth of economic goods brings along with it poverty, starvation, and squalor, it is a cause of unhappiness; but are we to believe that, as he implies, the mere satisfaction of our economic needs will make us perfectly happy? A man may have clothing, shelter, and all the other material goods he can make use of, and still be very unhappy withal. Happiness, in so far as it is obtainable on earth by mortal man, can come only with the normal exercise of all his faculties on their appropriate objects, only with the satisfaction of needs higher than his animal ones. There are a number of powers which man possesses besides those of eating, drinking, sleeping, and of self-protection against the

elements. If man is to mope at monotonous tasks which give his higher faculties no chance to develop, then his chance for happiness is small. If his recreation means nothing more than diversion, then he may find pleasure hardly more than that. Give your horse a clean stable, good fodder, and kind treatment, and he will be as happy as a horse can be. Man, however, is capable of much more than that. Possibly the greatest cause of misery in our dizzy world of to-day is the manner in which we go plunging after trifles which we consider necessary and sufficient for happiness. We madly pursue the mirage of the material, blinded to the real things of life, to the best that life has to offer, to that which life offers equally, to prince and pauper—the knowledge and the love of the true, the good, and the beautiful. Let us be thrifty by all means; let us follow the advice of Mr. Vanderlip and secure for ourselves a sufficiency of material goods—for to starve or to freeze is inconvenient, to say the least—but let us not make material welfare an ultimate end, nor think that by merely attaining this, we can ever arrive at happiness. Happiness is a spiritual state, and material things cannot be a cause of it; they are at best but fortuitous occasions of it. The great truth is that 'man does not live by bread alone'.—M. J. T.

Tennis players at the University find this year little opportunity of indulging in their favorite sport, in consequence of the lack of courts.

At the present there are only two courts in proper condition, both of them in the gymnasium, where the surroundings are not conducive to the best enjoyment of the game. The result is that numbers of players have to wait, anxious for those on the courts to be finished, that their turn may come. It is a known fact that the University officials are disposed to give the students every possible opportunity for the enjoyment of athletic sports, and they will provide the proper facilities if the wants of the tennis devotees are made known. There was a time when tennis was a very popular pastime here, and when numerous courts were kept available. Reorganization of the Tennis Club will help to crystallize the students' desire for more courts, and will give a voice to the inarticulate wishes of the disappointed lovers of the game—which, like many other wishes, never come to the knowledge of the Faculty. It will

also give the men here a chance to take part in tournaments, and this might quickly lead to the first entrance of Notre Dame into the Indiana Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament, and to contests with other college teams. Tennis stars are not lacking on the campus. What is needed now is organization.—F. S. F.

On May the 11th America lost her most distinguished man of letters in the passing of William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells began his career in the office of William Dean Howells. a country newspaper and ended it as president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He was typically American, and everything that he wrote was American, because it was clean and decent, and was written with a sense of his responsibility as an entertainer or instructor of the public. There is no better American story than "The Rise of Silas Lapham," a book which is still widely read, although it was written a full generation ago. His style is a constant delight. He never tried to be smart, and it is useless to look in his writings for phrases that are merely clever. His productions are full of apt characterization and are as distinguished by the careful and discriminating use of English as any other works in the language.—E. J. M.

In *Le Couteux Leader*, of April 24, 1920, we find the following under the heading "True Americans":

The authorities connected with the American Hall of Fame request names of great Americans on whom they are to vote. Here is our list says the *Catholic Columbian*: "Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Commodore John Barry, Archbishop John Carroll, Bishop John England, Archbishop Ireland, Chief Justice Taney, General John Newton, Father De Smet, S. J., Father Jogues, S. J., Archbishop John Hughes, Orestes A. Brownson, Sophia Willard, Dana Ripley, Mother Mary Aloysia Hardy, R. S. H., John Gilmary Shea, Dr. William Holme Van Buren, Dr. Gunning Bedford, Mother Duchesne, R. S. H., Padre Junipero Serra, Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, O. P., Mother Mary Austin, of the Sisters of Mercy, Mother Mary Amadeus, of the Ursulines, Mother Seton, Sarah Worthington Peter, General William Stark Rosecrans, John Boyle O'Reilly, Anna Hanson Dorsey, Rear-Admiral Benjamin F. Sands, U. S. N., Dr. Edward Lee Greene, and George Henry Miles."

To the above we would add the name of Very Reverend Edward Sorin, first missionary of the Order of the Holy Cross to the United States and founder of what is now the famous Notre Dame University. Father Sorin was born at Laval, France, in 1814 and came to America in 1841. On landing in New York

his very first act was to fall on his knees and kiss in token of adoption the soil of the land so long desired. He became intensely American and was known as one of the new country's patriots, than whom there was none more loyal. Two nephews accompanied Father Sorin to America. One was thoroughly imbued and adopted his new surroundings with vim and vigor. The other pined for his native France and cared little for our institutions. Sensing this, Father Sorin called the disheartened one to him and said: "My boy, America is for Americans; it is for your brother and me, but not for you. France is for you, because you are French. Therefore, go you thither."

The Junior "Prom."

The Class of 1921 gave last Thursday evening at the Elks Temple in South Bend an informal dancing party which was exceptionally delightful. The "Prom," which is the chief social function of the year for the Juniors, was attended by eighty-five couples. The music for the program of fourteen dances was furnished by Steimrich's Orchestra of Elkhart.

The Temple was simply but effectively decorated. Large monogrammed blankets, illuminated by tall drawing room lamps with gold and blue shades, were draped about the stage, forming a striking background for the Orchestra. The programs were artistically done in brown leather with ribbon clasps, from which hung miniature favors, the pages containing apt quotations for the occasion. After the intermission, corsages of yellow daisies and fern were distributed to the ladies. The eighth dance was a clever novelty in which each gentleman had to match the favor of his program with that of one of the ladies, who was to be his partner during the number. Dainty refreshments were served during the intermission.

Among those from out of town who attended were the Misses Catherine, Gladys, and Mercedes Rempe, Edith Jones, Ethel Hurd, Mary Stark, and Leona Vorise, all of Chicago; Miss Hortense Holton, Houston, Texas; Miss Patricia Lally, Dennison, Iowa; Miss Hazel Weinridy, Burlington, Iowa; Miss Lucile Van, Green Bay, Wisconsin; Miss Josephine Rusche, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Miss Estelle Broussard, Beaumont, Texas, and Miss Frances Kennedy, Lafayette, Indiana. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Dorais and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Tierman. The committees which planned the successful event were Charles F. Davis, John T. Demp-

sey, James Clancey, and E. D. DeCoursey on the music; T. F. VanAarle, J. L. O'Toole, Martin Zimmer, and T. C. Kasper on finance; T. C. Kasper, J. C. Culligan, Alfred Abrams, D. W. Duffy, and Alden J. Cusick on publicity; G. D. O'Brien, Harrison Crockett, R. J. Conrad, and C. J. Schubert on the program.—A. N. S.

Summer Courses in Irish Subjects.

Notre Dame is fast becoming one of the best-known centers of Irish learning in the country. An Irish library has been collected, which, if the present plans develop, will be in time one of the finest libraries in this country. During this school year Professor J. J. O'Hagerty, formerly of the University of California, has been in charge of the courses in Irish language, history, and literature. He will be assisted during the summer school by the Rev. Hugh Gallagher, C. S. C., a specialist in the Gaelic language and Irish history, and by Rev. Jeremiah C. Harrington, of the St. Paul Seminary, also a noted Irish scholar.

Elementary, intermediate, and special courses in Gaelic will be offered, the last for those who can speak the language but have had little opportunity to read or write it. The historical courses will be: the General History of Ireland; the Social History of Ireland; the History of the Gaelic Literature; Irish Influences on European Civilization; the Music of Ireland, with special attention to the folk-lore and the harpers of the Island; and the Irish Political Movements of the Nineteenth Century.

The object of these courses is to give the student a correct understanding of the language, history, and life of the Irish people from the earliest time to the present day. There is at present so much attention given to these topics that the offering of such courses will satisfy a want, especially in the case of teachers. The average college man who is gaining a well-rounded education will also desire to know something of the people who have done so much for the cause of the Church and of civilization. Regular credit will be given to persons who are candidates for degrees, and any of the courses may be pursued by special students of college standing who are not seeking degrees. More complete information regarding the courses is contained in the Bulletin for the summer session of 1920, which is now ready for distribution.—F. S. F.

Personals.

—Raymond J. Kelly (LL. B., '14), partner in the law firm of Cole and Kelly, of Detroit, is the proud father of a boy, born on the 19th of April.

—The position of traffic-manager for the Wadell Transportation Company, of Chicago, has been given to John Jones, a former student of Walsh Hall.

—J. Gordon Wallace (Ph. B. in Jour., '18) has accepted a position in the advertising department of the International Silver Company, of Meriden, Connecticut.

—Thomas F. O'Neil (Ph. B., '13) was married to Miss Pearl Agnew at St. Mary's Church, Akron, Ohio, last week. "Tom" is now employed in the sales department of the General Tire and Rubber Company, in Akron. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations in the name of his many friends at Notre Dame.

—In a letter to Judge Francis J. Vurpillat, Charles J. McCauley (LL. B., '19) writes that he has successfully passed the Tennessee bar examination and is now associated with Grover N. McCormick in the practice of law, in the Bank of Commerce and Trust Building, Memphis, Tennessee. "Charlie's" many friends at Notre Dame extend their best wishes for success.

—Louis J. Finski (LL. B., '19) is combining study and work at Washington, D. C. When not engaged in his post-graduate work in law he is listed upon Uncle Sam's payroll as a "Digester and Compiler in the Legislative Service of the Library of Congress." In a recent letter to Father Lahey, Mr. Finski writes: "I attended a fine course of lectures on 'Public Speaking' by Father Cavanaugh at the K. of C. night school. Everyone thought it was wonderful."

—Allan Dwan (M. E. and E. E. '07), one of the "Big Six" moving picture directors, has been appearing frequently of late in various motion-picture and other publications. A recent issue of the *Forum* carried a picture of Mr. Dwan together with an article by him on the educational value of moving pictures. In the February issue of the *Motion Picture Magazine*, there appeared several photographs and an excellent interview with the famous director. Delight Evans in June number of *Photoplay* gives an impression of him accompanied by his

photograph, and in the *New York World* of last Sunday, an illustrated feature gave in detail Allan Dwan's formula for determining a perfect camera face. A picture of Mr. Dwan occupies a full page in the January issue of *Photoplay* with the accompanying remarks:

"His pictorial service starting with Essanay has been carried on with brilliance and grace wherever photoplays are made in America." Mr. Dwan has directed such well known stars as Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Gish and others. As a student Mr. Dwan was a leader in University dramatic activities.

—Father Thomas J. Mackin (old student) writes in an interesting letter to the SCHOLASTIC, from Anderson, South Carolina, on the 13th of May:

The last time you heard from me I was at Charleston as secretary to a very good friend of Notre Dame, Bishop Russell. I also galloped around a bit as a kind of crack-filling chaplain, doing chaplain duty in my diocese whenever a chaplain moved out or took sick. On that varied round of duties I met, as I told you, many old N. D. men.

Our diocese with few priests lost three by illness and death. In this way an urgent need for a priest was created here, and, in my faculty of crack-filler, I came. My parish is somewhat unusual, lying as it does, partly in North Carolina, partly in Georgia, and partly in South Carolina, my headquarters being in this city, the fifth town of the State in importance. My parish embraces about four thousand square miles, has two churches, forty-four miles apart, and a whole host of "stations," which I try to visit once a month, when the rains hold off long enough to let things dry up a bit.

I am not writing all this so that I can suddenly spring into the middle of the background and announce "Behold me!" It is to show how few priests are here and what vast territory we are required to serve. We need priests here, of the kind that can live in the very primitive fashion of our mountain folk. If there was ever a place where the harvest is ready but the laborers few, it is here. Nothing less than miracles could be worked here if we had priests enough. And with some Sisters, fired with missionary zeal, the faith would prosper here as do dandelions in rich soil.

Things are very amusing at times in this primitive region, as for instance, having to sleep in a bed with an umbrella over you, because the faithful who owned the house couldn't fix the roof when it was raining and didn't need to fix it when it wasn't raining. The Arkansas traveller did not overstate certain phases of living conditions in the illiterate and mountain section of the South. For instance, a favorite name for a girl hereabouts is "Chlorine"—because it sounds "nice," I suppose. I have not met an "Atom" or a "Molecule" yet, both perfectly good names, but I may.

This letter is already too long—and foolish too, perhaps. God bless everybody at Notre Dame.

Local News.

—Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, the famous novelist, is visiting the University after a long absence. Father Smith, whose interest in the doings of Notre Dame is as keen as ever, has kindly consented to address the English classes on current literary movements.

—The degree team from Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, composed of Messrs. Miller, Coughlin, Gooley, Cusick, Beacom, and Tobin, will exemplify the first and second degrees of the order at Benton Harbor, Michigan, on Sunday the 23rd of May.

—The Notre Dame Branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom has announced a dance for Wednesday evening, May 26th. Davis' Jazz Band will play the program of twelve dances at the Elk's Temple, South Bend. The proceeds of the dance will go into the treasury of the branch.

—Emmet Sweeney, president of the Notre Dame Forum, announces that the debaters will hold their annual banquet at the Mishawaka Hotel, next Monday. Brother Alphonsus, to whom is due credit for organizing of the society ten years ago, will give a talk. Prof. Farrell and Mr. George Shuster, both of whom are interested in the Wranglers, are expected to speak. Jack Dempsey and J. T. Tierney will also make addresses.

—Leland Powers, one of the best readers on the platform today, delighted a scattered audience in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening with a very masterly reading of Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire." This fine novelette lends itself admirably to the purpose of the elocutionist. Mr. Powers has a voice that is very clear and flexible, and the enunciation of each word was remarkably distinct. The various dialects employed in the novel also give Mr. Powers an opportunity to show what a real dialect reading should be. It was unfortunate that as a result of lack of advertisement the audience was so small.

—On Ascension Thursday Bishop Alerding administered Confirmation to a class of seventy. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Matthew Walsh, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Irving and the Rev. J. J. Galligan. Rev. George Finnigan, rector of Holy Cross, delivered a sermon on "Soldiers of Christ." Addressing those to be confirmed he said, "The Church is no abstract, intangible thing; it is a living,

acting organism. You are the Church and you must fight her battles." Thomas Beacom served as sponsor for the boys, while Mrs. J. Rogerson stood for the girls. During the administration of the sacrament Mr. Rogerson, noted tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, sang a moving religious aria.

—The first banquet of the Law Club, given at Mishawaka, Sunday evening, was not only brilliant rebellion against dietetics but also an oratorical barmecide. Mr. Joseph Sullivan, a prominent personal-injuries lawyer of Chicago, spoke on "My Experience as a Trial Lawyer." Very interestingly he explained the importance of skilful handling of witnesses, the psychology of the plea to the jury, and the thorough office-preparation that must precede the trial of a case. Colonel Hoynes spoke with his usual charm on, "The Law is a Jealous Mistress." Whosoever courts her, he asserted, must follow her ever-changing whims without fail, must be satisfied to devote his life to her. Charles Butterworth, lineal descendant of Mark Twain, revealed "Some Points Blackstone Overlooked." His comments, while not sufficiently important to necessitate a revision of the code, were quite satisfactory to the assembled jurists. Walter Miller, whose football prowess is seconded by his good nature, mentioned "8,876 other Considerations." Leo Hassenauer was the efficient chairman of the banquet committee.

—E. J. MURPHY.

University Bulletin.

REQUIREMENTS FOR MASTER'S DEGREE.

The following are the revised requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in the College of Arts and Letters and in the College of Science as formulated by the Faculty and set forth in the Bulletin of the coming summer session:

As a prerequisite for the master's work in the College of Arts and Letters or in the College of Science, the student must hold a bachelor's degree in a liberal college course from the University of Notre Dame or from some school whose degrees are recognized by the University.

The candidate must spend in resident study at the University one regular school year or four summer sessions.

The student shall follow a major course of study and one or two minor courses to be selected by the student himself and approved by the professor under whom the major course is followed and by the dean of the college. Thirty-two credit hours of graduate work are required, as follows: sixteen credit hours in the major subject and sixteen in the minor subject or subjects. With

the approval of the head of the department, eight credit hours may be earned by the student's passing satisfactory examinations on matter studied outside the University.

A dissertation on some phase of the major subject is to be submitted to the professor of that subject at least one month before the time at which the degree is to be conferred. In the College of Arts and Letters this dissertation must not be fewer than five thousand words in length.

The candidate must have a reading knowledge of one foreign language other than those which may be studied as major or minor courses.

As the final requirement the candidate must pass examinations, written or oral or both, as may be required, in the major and minor subjects and in the subject-matter of the dissertation.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 2; VALPARAISO, 0.

The superb pitching of Mohardt, coupled with the perfect field play of his teammates, gave Notre Dame an easy victory, 2 to 0, over the much-touted Valparaiso nine on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon. For eight innings, the Gold and Blue twirler held the opposition helpless; in the ninth frame Connolly, a pinch-hitter, got a single, only to die on first base when the next three men took vicious swings in vain. In the first inning, Miles reached first on a fumble by Davis and went to second on Donovan's neat sacrifice. Fitzgerald, always reliable when a hit means a run, sent a hot single over second, scoring Miles. Fitzgerald repeated his timely hitting in the third inning, again scoring Miles, who had reached third on a pass, a steal, and a liner by Donovan. Valparaiso attempted a rally in the fifth, when Gilbert reached first as a result of confused attempts of Moore and Mohardt in fielding a short pop-fly. The runner got to third, eluding the ruses to catch him napping. Mohardt, however, demonstrated his complete mastery of the situation by retiring Hansen, Tree, and Swartz by strike-outs. In several instances within the next four innings Valparaiso made desperate attempts to score, only to be foiled by the faultless work of Miles, Prokop, and Moore. Adams, the Valparaiso hurler, did exceptionally good work, allowing but four hits and two walks. Saturday's exhibition demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt that the Notre Dame nine is of standard quality, which augurs well for the remaining hard games on the schedule. The score:

Notre Dame	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2	3	2
Valparaiso	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0	1	3

Batteries: Notre Dame—Mohardt and Blivernicht; Valparaiso—Adams and Tree. Umpire: Schafer.—A.N.S.

NOTRE DAME, 95 $\frac{1}{3}$; M. A. C., 32 $\frac{2}{3}$.

The Notre Dame track team won an overwhelming victory in the dual meet with the team of the Michigan Agricultural College on Cartier Field last Saturday, the final score being 95 $\frac{1}{3}$ to 32 $\frac{2}{3}$. The "Aggies" were able to secure first places in only three events. Adolf, Fessenden, and Carver were the feature men among the visitors' entries. Wynne, Dant, Starrett, and Bailey garnered eight points apiece for Notre Dame. Dant won the 100 and took second in the 220-yard event. Wynne led in the high hurdles in the fast time of 15 4-5 seconds, and took second in the low hurdles. Starrett won the "lows" and finished second to Wynne in the high hurdles. Bailey won the 220, after a close race with Dant, and came second in the hundred. Kasper made the only really fast time of the meet, when he circled the quarter-mile track in 51 2-5 seconds. The mile race was a dual between Sweeney and Burke, the latter winning out in the last hundred yards. Shaw won the shot-put with a fine heave of 41 feet, 5 inches.

Following are the results of the meet:

100-yard dash—won by Dant (N. D.); Bailey (N. D.), second; Maxwell (M. A. C.), third. Time, 10 2-5 sec.

120-yard high hurdles—won by Wynne (N. D.), Starrett (N. D.), second; Ames (M. A. C.), third. Time, 15 4-5 sec.

Mile-run—won by Burke (N. D.); Sweeney (N. D.), second; Wade (M. A. C.), third. Time, 4.33.

440-yard run—won by Kasper (N. D.); Meredith (N. D.), second; Noblitt (M. A. C.), third. Time, 51 2-5 sec.

220-yard dash—won by Bailey (N. D.); Dant (N. D.), second; Maxwell (M. A. C.), third. Time, 23 sec.

220-yard low hurdles—won by Starrett (N. D.); Wynne (N. D.), second; Ames (M. A. C.), third. Time, 26 sec.

880-yard run—won by Meehan (N. D.); Meredith (N. D.), second; Neal (M. A. C.), third. Time, 2.03 1-5.

Two-mile run—won by Adolf (M. A. C.); Culhane (N. D.), second; Murphy (N. D.), third. Time, 10 51 1-5.

High-jump—tie for first between Griniger (N. D.), and Atkins (M. A. C.); tie for third between Hoar and Douglas (N. D.) and Wilson (M. A. C.). Height, 5 feet, 6 inches.

Shot-put—won by Shaw (N. D.); Fessenden, (M. A. C.), second; Coughlin (N. D.), third. Distance, 41 feet, 5 inches.

Pole-vault—won by Powers (N. D.); Douglas (N. D.), second; tie for third between Shanahan (N. D.) and Wilson (M. A. C.). Height, 11 feet, 6 inches.

Discus-throw—won by Fessenden (M. A. C.); Shaw (N. D.), second; Beltz (M. A. C.), third. Distance, 120 feet, 11 inches.

Broad-jump—won by Carver (M. A. C.); Willette (N. D.) second; Atkins (M. A. C.), third. Distance, 21 feet, 3 1-2 inches.

Another team from Corby Hall, this one generalled by Mat Weis, made an attack on the nine of Dujarié Hall a few days ago, but only to go down in defeat, 9 to 5. Bob Williams pitched good ball in the beginning for the Corbyites, but in the second half of the game the Brothers hit miscellaneously. Last Sunday the Dujarié nine won from the Holy Cross team its fifth consecutive victory of the season, 9 to 7. Fast fielding and timely hitting enabled the Brothers to win this second game of their annual series with the Seminararians.

MINIM ACTIVITIES.

The future stars of Notre Dame athletic teams, the boys of St. Edward's Hall, are showing much enthusiasm in all branches of sport. Although handicapped by the inclement weather, the little fellows get in a great deal of practice for their baseball games and track meets. One hundred and twenty-nine of Brother Cajetan's charges make up twelve baseball teams. Suitable trophies are given to the winning teams and it can be taken for granted that there is a deal of friendly rivalry among the teams. Thus far this year the "Minims" have trounced every team that has come out from South Bend to play them. The captains of the various teams are J. Huebner, J. Reardon, F. Godar, R. Kennedy, E. Bixby, G. Hellmuth, A. Zengler, G. Reardon, D. Powers, W. Goggin, B. Crampton, and V. Franzen.

On Decoration Day, the Minims will hold their first annual track and field meet, in which five teams will participate: the "Bulldogs," "Pals," "Cardinals," "Midgets," and "Little Arrows," of which J. Reardon, R. Kennedy, B. Opitz, K. Merstein, and G. Reardon are the respective captains. There will be eleven events on the program, and beautiful ribbon badges will be awarded to the winners of the first four places in each event. The youngsters handle their own athletic affairs, and most efficiently, the official management consisting of: Ralph Gidar, as manager; J. Reardon, assistant manager; R. Moody, treasurer; Charles Corley, assistant treasurer; Norton McNulty, secretary, and T. Murphy, track manager.—E. J. MEEHAN.

Campus Comics.

"Wet weather we're having," said John, as he set the cup of coffee on the counter.

"Yes," said A. Student, frowning at the coffee, "it is rather muddy."

"Shine 'em up, sir?"

"No."

"Shine 'em good, sir?"

"No!"

"Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em?"

"No!!"

"Coward!"

I just received your letter, dear. It sure did make me happy.

Although it was so very short, the news in it was snappy. You do not know how much it meant for me to hear from you,

Because your letter got here just when I was feeling blue.

I read it o'er: it made me feel so very, very spunky That I must needs get up and take a crack at my young bunkie.

My bunkie measures six feet three from shoes to head: And when I finished whipping him, he laid me on the bed.

He bound up all my gory wounds and set my broken arm,

And then he said untruthfully, "I didn't mean no harm."

Now this all happened hours ago and I am getting better,

But still I hope that you won't write me such another letter.

—CLARENCE.

OPTIMISM.

Perhaps the English broke the world's two-mile record because the "Irish" were after them.

Of all the bright students that be
There is no such pinhead as he
Who rides through a quiz
On pony of his
And leaves it behind in his glee.

A Bostonian was showing his city to an English visitor. Passing Bunker Hill, he, with regard for his guest's feelings, said simply, "There's the Bunker Hill Monument."

"Bunker, eh? Who was this Bunker?"

"Why, er-r-r, this is where Warren fell."

Looking up at the Monument, the Britisher replied: "Killed him, of course?"

An oyster in the ice-box
Was crying for a drink;
An onion softly whispered,
"Why don't you try the sink?"

The ice-box door was bolted—
The oyster tried it first;
He gave the onion one last look
And then he died of thirst.

IN THE MORNING MAIL.

Dear Margaret:

This morning I attended the reading of my late uncle's will, and I regret to say that the old chap has left me a half-million in bonds and securities. You cannot fail to see how that affects us. Of course, our engagement cannot continue any longer. I cannot willingly, by marriage, condemn you to a life of struggle in what is commonly called society. I could not force you into the social maelstrom where you would have to spend all your life a victim of petty jealousies and vanities, forever squabbling, parading, lying, deceiving, flattering, fawning. You were meant for higher things.

I am doing what I think is best. Try to forget, dear, what might have been had my late uncle been more thoughtful. I should advise you to remain in your present occupation as stenographer. Work is the only road to happiness. Yours devotedly,

Roger.

IN THE AFTERNOON MAIL.

Dear Roger:

I am returning your ring. You are undoubtedly right and I clearly understand that that unfortunate will has altered the case altogether.

Roger, you must not continue to grieve over the trick that fate has dealt us. We must make the best of it. I am not going to continue as a stenographer. I married my employer this morning. And, Roger, we have the dearest Rolls-Royce. I must take you for a ride in it soon. Sincerely,

Margaret.

Mary had a little waist
Where Nature made it grow;
And everywhere that Fashion went
That waist was sure to go.

WILKERSON'S WEEKLY.

(By way of introducing Wilkerson, we should like to say that he is a young travelling man whose varied experience gained from selling artificial limbs in the Southwest has given him a great store of the tales of the road. The first of these follows.)

We left Houston about ten in the evening and I at once hit for my berth. But sleep was impossible, in consequence of the whimpering complaints of a kid across the way, who called down to its parents below about twice a minute: "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, dear; go to sleep now and don't be afraid: God is with you." "Papa, are you there?" And papa would come back with the same line that mamma had used and with the same amount of success. After a half-hour of this, when I just about had the willies, the whine came again the hundredth time: "Mamma, are you there? Papa, are you there?" And then as an irascible old gent above me called out: "Yes, we're all here: papa, mamma, the Lord, and the whole family." And the child in a voice of awe: "Mamma, was that God?"

"When spring came I got out my fly-swatter and bought some camphor to rub on mosquito bites—and the third day of spring I got a frost-bite."

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