

and by August I would finally find out who the Man of the Year was. Would like to hear from you, but not in carbon this time, please." That last line was promoted by my over-eagerness to get letters out. For some weeks I made three carbon copies of each letter I wrote and mailed copies to friends well removed from each other. Complaints such as the above were numerous. But the by-play about Time offers something, though I'm not sure just what. My aunt usually concluded her letters with, "Let me know if you get **this**." (Emphasis mine). "This" usually varied from \$10.00 to \$50.00. I have several of those human interest items. My kid sister, poisoned by the fickleness of the age, usually found a song title to fittingly end her notes, like, "With love, Till the End of Time". "Many thanks for your kindness in letting me use your notes." That from a class mate who had borrowed some Philosophy notes and returned them three years later. (I am choosing at random.) "It is now 4:30 P.M. To night is Hallow'en. I have \$1.25 in my pocket, I can't find my liquor permit, and the vendor closes at 5:30. My problem, as I sign off, is this: where in hell am I going to get three bucks and a "good" liquor book in the next hour. I leave you as I wearily ponder this question, this seemingly eternal question in this land of Prohibition, Mounties, and Moonshiners, (God bless 'em.)" I could make another "Lost Weekend" out of that one.

I could go on. There are others probably much better than those but it is nearly evening and I must forsake my work for something so fleeting as dinner. But you can see how I have stuck to my fight, and I intend to take it to the grave. It's on to the finish, and should I finally lose I'll go down with a flag in one hand and a manuscript in the other. Much better, I say, a hero's death than merely a heroic life.

Well, this is all for now. Write when you have time.

Sincerely,

"Art."

GOD'S HANDIWORK

The potency of a tiny seed,
The beauty of a tree;
The violence of a hurricane,
The fury of an angry sea;

The splendor of the stars above,
The vastness of the land;
The mystery of living things,
The essence of the soul of man:

All this is God's great artistry!
All this, the product of His hand!
Which serves to reflect His majesty,
And manifest His power to man.

—L. O'HANLEY '51

THE ROSARY

The Rosary is a form of prayer, according to the Roman Breviary, "wherein we say fifteen decades of 'Hail Marys' with an 'Our Father' between each ten, while at each of these decades we recall successively in pious meditation one of the principal mysteries of our Redemption."

As days pass on and as we frequently recite this form of prayer, the following questions must have often entered our mind: When did such a prayer come into being? Who is the author of the Rosary?

St. Dominic, founder of the Dominican Friars, has been credited with the authorship of the Rosary because, according to tradition, when the Albigensian heresy was raging in the country of Toulouse, he earnestly besought the intercession of Our Blessed Lady. St. Dominic was instructed by Mary to preach the devotion of the Rosary as a remedy for this sin and heresy. From that time St. Dominic strongly urged the observance of this pious practice and many of the Supreme Pontiffs, among them Pope Lep XIII, have in various passages declared him the author of the Rosary.

We find from historical data, however, that, before the time of the Albigensian heresy, there existed in almost every culture some form of prayer-counters or prayer-beads corresponding to our present day form of the Rosary.

At a very early date, certain monastic orders observed the practice of reciting one hundred and fifty psalms or a third part of them in memory of their deceased brethren. As time went on and the lay brothers, because of their illiteracy, became distinct from the choir monks, it was found necessary to substitute some simple