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Bourgeoning.

THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

THE breathing breeze among the branches
Whispers of dreaming days more fair,
The wilding wavelet laughs and dances
And the beauty but enhances;
With murmured music everywhere.

Now you may sing no songs of sadness;
All sundering sorrow leave unsought,
When on the sea is gleaming gladness
And on the earth such mystic madness,
Which the sunny spring has brought.

And the birds again are flying
And their notes are silver sweet,
While the winds have lost their sighing
In the glen where leaves are lying
Under tread of elfin feet.

Come! the cuckoo is now calling
In the meadows drinking dew,
And the skylark is fast falling
In a majesty enthralling
From his home in heaven's blue.

Hearken—with your heart partaking
Of the joy in everything:
Lo! the woods are even waking,
For the sun each tree is aching,
In its own bold bourgeoning.

"Crucified Under Pontius Pilate."

BY LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18.

A MODERN French writer, M. Anatole France, has a story in which the Procurator of Judea is the principal figure. Pilate, now retired and infirm, meets an old friend at the Roman watering-place where he is spending his last years. The friend, Lamia, has also been a wanderer in his day, and as they converse in the warm Roman sunshine, Lamia tells Pilate of a beautiful woman whom he once met in Jerusalem,—a woman so beautiful that Cleopatra could not have outshone her. The Roman pursued her everywhere, from ill-famed hovels of fisher folk to taverns crowded with soldiers and publicans; then she vanished from the streetways. Men said that she had joined herself to a little band of disciples, disciples of a young healer, a Galilean wanderer. "He was called Jesus, he was from Nazareth, and he was crucified for I know not what crime. Pontius, do you remember such a man?" Pilate passes his hand across his brow, lost in thought. "Jesus," he murmurs, "Jesus, from Nazareth? I do not remember."

Is this a just conception of the impression made upon Pilate by Our Lord? It is a conception quite repugnant to the devout Christian, who instinctively feels that no man could have met Christ and have forgotten Him so easily. Certainly the earliest Christians held an opposite conception, for they believed that Pilate died a penitent and a Christian. It is with noticeable leniency that he is portrayed in the canonical gospels; the apochryphal gospels are still more indulgent. One branch of the Church —the Abyssinian—has even assigned a place to Pontius among the saints, reserving the twenty-fifth of June as his feast-day. It is plain, therefore, that both tradition and Christian

sentiment are opposed to M. France's fiction.

Strangely enough, M. France could find much to justify his conception in the standard biographies of Our Lord, for in most of them Pilate is depicted as a cruel and weak politician, who saw in Jesus only a harmless, Galilean fanatic. Read Père Didon's account of Pilate, for example, and M. France's cold conception will appear a strictly logical development. Obviously there is some confusion here, and later Christian interpretation of Pilate's character is more in harmony with the sentiments of sceptics than with primitive tradition.

Now was Christ, as a matter of fact, an unknown figure to Pilate, the occasion of one among many stubborn wrangles with his Jewish subjects, and no more? It is impossible. It is unreasonable to suppose that a Prophet who had excited the eager curiosity of a Herod, the hatred of High Priest and Sanhedrin, and who had entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday in a public triumph, could be unknown to a Roman governor that had come to Jerusalem for the express purpose of policing the great Jewish festival. That Pilate kept a close watch over his turbulent province we know from his other administrative acts, and from the reputation for severity that he bore.

But there is a still stronger reason for believing that Pilate knew a great deal about Jesus before their meeting in the Praetorium. His wife, according to Nicephorus, was a "proselyte of the gate," or Jewish convert. It is not unlikely that she had acquainted her husband with Christ's character and the general tenor of his teaching. During the trial she ventured to interpose in the young Teacher's behalf. "Let there be nothing between you and that just man," she wrote, "for I have been greatly distressed in a dream this day because of him." For this act of kindness the Greek Christians placed Claudia *in the company of the saints.*

Monsignor Benson, commenting on Claudia's message, says: "Obviously Pilate was a man of religious instincts. There are few judges on the bench to whom a wife would send the account of a dream she had just had. Certainly no wife would send such a message to her husband unless she knew that he had a certain weakness, at least, for the occult. His own behavior, too, his uneasiness, his reiterated questioning of Jesus Christ—all bear witness to his undoubted religious instincts." But does not Pilate's conduct also bear witness to a personal interest in the Galilean Teacher, and to a personal interest founded on previous knowledge? Such an interpretation of his anxiety to question the Master, and then to protect Him, accords with the early Christian traditions, if Our Lord meant anything at all to Pilate, or touched his heart in the slightest.

Pilate's efforts to save Jesus from His enemies have been generally attributed to the scrupulous reverence of a Roman for legal justice; he is blamed for finally permitting a perversion of that same justice; and he is set forth as the supreme example of a politician and a weakling. But is not this estimate of Pilate, his problem and his character, probably unhistorical? Are we justified in judging Pilate by the light of our developed Christian principles? We must view his problem more closely, and in doing so, we may find reasons for distrusting the commonly accepted opinion.

Pilate, as the Roman procurator of Judea, had to decide the fate of One accused by what appeared to be the unanimous voice of Sanhedrin and people. As procurator, he had already had several sharp conflicts with his turbulent province; once, at least, had Rome countermanded his acts and rebuked his administration. It was his business to administer justice, certainly; but before justice to the individual, came the duty of enforcing order, of preserving the *pax Romana.* For this, and for collecting the tribute, Caesar appointed his procurators. To keep the peace was a Roman official's first duty, and his last. If here and there an individual had to be sacrificed to that end, or even a whole city, no matter; life was cheap to a Roman governor, provided that it was not the life of a Roman citizen; he had not the Christian's reverence for the individual person as such. If these considerations are correct, we must look upon Pilate's conduct at the trial of Jesus as a display of courage rather than of cowardice, and of a lively interest in the Master rather than of indifference. Jesus *did* touch Pilate; Pilate did *not* forget.

Why, then, did not Pilate see the thing through? Why did he not proclaim his faith in the Christ, and become, if need be, the first Roman martyr in the Master's cause? Because, like so many of his day, he was not willing to venture much for any enthusiasm, however noble; he was a sceptic, and afraid to probe Truth too deeply, lest it draw him from the normal course of things into discomfort and priva-

tions. Interested as he was in the pathetic Figure before him, feeling a strange uneasiness in that unworldly Presence, he could not yet free himself from the shackles of scepticism. "What is Truth?" he demands, and then hurries from the hall, lest Jesus gain too great an influence over his emotions. He does not suspect that Jesus is the living answer to his question. "What is Truth?" asks Pilate. "I am the Truth," would the Master have answered him. And Pilate would not have believed, at least, not then; for, like the Pilates of every generation, he would not believe truth to be anything so simple, so helpless, so common, as this. "Truth," Pilate would have said, as Monsignor Benson suggests, "Truth cannot possibly be simple; it must be remote and esoteric; a matter for the initiated, not for the vulgar." In any event, he hurried away from Jesus, and this is the true indictment against him. Christian tradition says that he repented, and nothing has come down to disprove it; still, the Gospels portray only the Roman sceptic, and the Church chants in her creed: *Crucified under Pontius Pilate.*

Kidding the Dictionary.

HE landed on the boss's neck,
Then hit a woman frail;
He landed on a copper's head,
And landed then in jail.

***

He told his girl his love was true,
And bought a diamond swell,—
He told her dad and mother too,
Then tolled the wedding bell.

***

He struck the boss for higher pay,
He struck him on the dome;
He boldly struck a sulphur match,
And then struck out for home.

***

She shot him in the hind leg,
She shot him in the fore;
She shot him in the parlor,
Then shot him out the door.

***

If O'Donnell fights MacPherson,
And you need an extra bean—
You can get it in a minute
If you gamble on the green.

***

Though you drive a couple hundred
When you're bunkered pretty mean,
Why, you can't expect a bogey
If you gambol on the green.

JOHN REUSS.

On Reputations.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

I have often wondered how it feels to have a reputation, to know that when you go upon the street curious eyes will dilate and awed tongues will say: "That's so-and-so, the great orator, painter, author, what not." About the shoulders of the famed one ordinary humanity throws the mantle of semi-deification. From the trough of normality it casts its eyes upward to the glinting constellation, which has but to shine where the public may see to cause a craning of necks and a fluttering of pulses. With what sensations does the owner of a great name bear his honors? What are the introspective thoughts of a man who is placed, while still alive, among the immortals? On reading his history in a nation's eyes, is he awed or inflated? Or does he remain indifferently passive, going about his business as does the average man?

Fame affects different persons differently, no doubt, according to their natures. Some epigrammatist has phrased words to the effect that only on a little intellect does praise have a pneumatic consequence. From which we might deduce that the less entitled to encomiums a man is the more likely he is to accept them as his due.

A great conqueror of early history—Roman, I think,—was wont to suspend from his chariot an inscriptive reminder of his earthy origin: "Remember thou art mortal." It is easy to see how renown affected, or failed to affect him. I should think so manifest a Publican as he had little need for the placard: by evincing that he realized the advisability of keeping his mortality in mind, he gave clear sign that he needed no external hints. The ephemeral nature of human things must have been deeply imbedded in his garden of thought. That it bore fortunate fruit in which all may share betokens as much. His is an exceptional example of humility in greatness, lofty deeds and lofty mind, heart that the felicities of the present could not petrify against the urgings of the eternal. We have like examples, precious as they are rare, in Louis of France and Elizabeth of Hungary.

Reputations are of two kinds, good and bad. There is no *millieu.* One must be famous or infamous. He who is neither has no reputation at all. He is a simple nonenity. Of such is the happy, idol-making throng constituted. Theirs

but to admire; theirs to follow the desultory spotlight, and, beholding the latest pet of its fickle fancy, to employ their vocal cords in the chanting of paeans.

Bad reputations are the most common, as they are the easiest to acquire, the hardest to dodge. None among us so humble or so exalted but is susceptible to notoriety. A besmirched name arises, on the planting of almost no seed, in the minds of others. A raising of the eyebrows, a disparaging gesture of the hands, and the simmerings of rumor boil over to raise a stench that fills the nostrils of all who care to breathe it in. And few there are, however glassy their houses, who do not find the odor agreeably pungent. Most persons delight to give their tongues the pleasure of discussing what they dare not experience, carrying out verbally, as it were, what their desire has already been guilty of.

In the case of women reputations are especially fragile. Not because of any inherent perversity in the feminine makeup is this true, but because of the craving, common to most men, to play the cavalier at whatever expense. Why the duping of maidenly gullibility should be attractive to the masculine species Heaven only knows. But as a general thing it seems to be. And what a man achieves as a garnerer of hearts he publishes—invariably. But when the philanderer fails? When his lackadaisical waves dash impotently against good, common sense and wholesome mistrust? Ah, there's the rub. Then he does not hesitate to lie. Into his hat he thrusts a pinchbeck feather, ostensibly plucked from a heart wounded by Cupid's arrow, that he who runs may see, and if he wishes, imitate.

But of course, the world says tolerantly, such things must be expected of a young man. Pshaw, let him go; he's only being a youth. If he does nothing worse than that let us not complain. When, in fact, he does do worse, with a wink and a laugh men murmur: "Hah, sowing his wild oats. Just like the generation before him, of which we are a part, and the one that will follow." But, it need not be pointed out, such leniency is not afforded woman. The very things of which a man boasts, and is applauded for, she indulges in at her peril. The same stamp marks him as a "good fellow" and brands her with ignominy. Coiners of proverbs are notoriously erratic, but the one who said "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" was sublimely aberrant. His statement should be revised to read: "Sauce for the gander is poison for the goose." For this reason was the double standard of morals invented—by a man.

In contrast to the ease with which it condemns, the world grudgingly yields its esteem to real worth. It is very easily deceived, however, and often acclaims as the gold of ability what is in reality the brass of nerve. The fortunate who attains to a niche in the Hall of Fame carves it out with his own tools, while the onlooking crowd pursues a policy of sabotage and throws into his eyes the dust of criticism. Which, of course, is a generality and not the immutable rule.

Take your own case as an example. No sooner does the achievement that another has knit come to your attention than you start looking for dropped stitches. If the idol has clay feet you'll disclose them. There was this or that circumstance not arising from his merit that promoted his success; he had this or that extraordinary aid. As a more concrete instance, suppose a petty celebrity of your acquaintance salutes you in passing. You feel a certain gratitude and an excessive kindliness toward him, but if he hadn't spoken very likely you would have told yourself that you didn't care. If, in truth, the next time he meets you he fails to remember you, and, as a consequence, fails to speak, you will tell yourself that he isn't so much! Why, any one could do what he has done, given like opportunities. Why, you ask, should meagre success warrant snobbishness? As a matter of fact it doesn't; nor great success. But it is human nature, as it is commonly conceived—(oh, human nature, what a multitude of sins is excused in thy name)—to forget the Divine genesis of personal ability, and to take sole credit unto self for what it was possible to carry out only after the supernatural initiative had been taken. Men to-day are just as prone to swim on bladders beyond their depth as they were in the time of Shakespeare, or of Wolsey.

All in all, I should abhor above all things to have a reputation to maintain. It would require to be guarded and watered as a delicate plant does. I am sure that when great men appear on the streets they are painfully self-conscious and scrupulously watchful lest they be guilty of some act not in keeping with what is popularly expected of greatness. It is on the principle that familiarity breeds contempt that well-known actors adhere to seclusion. They can't pamper their liking for dill pickles in public for fear people might discover, horror of horrors, that they are only human after all!

In Communion.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

THE Gift and Giver He,
Though killed on Calvary,
Still lives for love of me.
In blessed bread and wine,
His Flesh and Blood Divine
Are consecrated mine.

The Girl and the Cat.

BY BROTHER AUSTIN, '18.

The ticket-agent, baggage-man, and porter, thrust his grizzled head ominously over the desk of his sanctum, and glared viciously at the travelers herded in one corner of the waiting-room, as if their presence were an intrusion. "Train forty minutes late!" he barked with the fluency of long practice and slammed the window down with finality. Tom settled back in disgust on the hard bench. "Train!" he snorted, "that combination of rattling cheese-boxes wouldn't be allowed to pass through any self-respecting village. It never was on time since the first day it ran. And I've got to go on to Warren, just to see that confounded Thurston. Why couldn't the boss wait till Monday to send me? I did want to be home for Easter, but I suppose it's wrong to expect any boss to be reasonable." Just here an explosive sputtering followed by the agonized cry of a cat rent the air. Tom turned to see a woman rising hastily, and a furry flash catapulting itself towards the door. A titter ran around the room, aggravated by the delighted guffaws of several interested farmers. From the corner of his eye, Tom could see a very red cheek, from which he inferred that it was rather embarrassing to sit on a cat in public.

He was relapsing into his former gloom, when his reflections were again interrupted, this time by the treble voice of a child. "Mama," piped the little one, "wat was de madder wid de lil kittie?" Mama's whispered "hush" was as audible as an explosion, and Tom sat up. He had a general idea of the whereabouts of the voice, but the back of the bench concealed its source.

"Was de kittie sick, Mama?" pleaded the voice anxiously. The rustics hugged each other in merriment. Mama's whisper again filled the room.

"The lady sat on the cat." Tom glanced quickly at the lady to see the effect of this diplomatic stroke, and suddenly he was all interest. "Jerusalem!" he thought, "she's a regular beauty." His first impression that she was but a fair-to-middling spinster was utterly corrected by the sight of the fair face he beheld. Her flush deepened as the farmers' suppressed mirth became more audible, but a faint smile showed that the humor of the situation had not escaped her.

"Mama," came the voice again. Tom's heart jumped. The child's prattle, so enjoyable a moment ago, now seemed insufferably impertinent. Fortunately a huge maternal arm descended and smothered the question. Tom breathed easier and for a few moments gazed furtively at the girl from behind his magazine. She was indeed refreshing, after the painted and pasty complexions that had nauseated him for the past month. For the moment he even forgot the execrable train.

His relief was short-lived. The young prosecutor was still to be reckoned with. The mother's attention had been attracted by a new model spring waist, and the blockade was slightly relaxed.

"Mama, didn't the kittie like it?" came in muffled tones from the depths of the bench. The girl was evidently becoming hardened. She showed no signs of having heard. Tom hoped that the curiosity of the *enfant terrible* was satisfied, and that he would now subside. But his hopes were vain. Mama was trying to figure out whether the neck wasn't cut an inch higher than the regulations allowed, and hence was negligent of her guard duty. The child managed to wiggle through the blockade undetected. Tom did not note this development until he saw a cherubic countenance rising above the back of the bench. The blue eyes gazed sternly at the lady, as if trying to sound the depths of her iniquity.

"Wy did oo sit on de lil kittie?" he demanded accusingly. Tom saw a wave of red sweep the girl's face, and he dashed to the rescue.

"Look! look!" he ejaculated, "Easter eggs; real candy Easter eggs! Does baby want Easter eggs?" Baby did want Easter eggs and surrendered unconditionally, promptly forgetting all his humanitarian instincts. The vendor brought his cart to a stop, and Tom bought a

scandalous amount of the sweets for one small body, but he caught the grateful glance of the girl, and felt like buying out the whole stock. As he presented the candy to the youngster, Mama looked up at him with a fatuous smile.

"Yez can hold him awhile," she declared with elephantine coquetry! "I know yez wants to," and before Tom could protest, the young one was safe in his arms, and Mama was off to interview the owner of the new model. Tom stood staring at his burden dumfounded, till a hilarious shriek from one of the rustics made him feel like a side-show, and he sheepishly retreated behind the bench. Baby hung on to the candy with one hand, and with the other alternately gripped his patron's collar and ecstatically patted his hair. Tom could almost see the imprint of the five sticky fingers ornamenting the back of his collar. The terror was becoming more attached to him every minute. He swore mentally, but dared not move for fear of the laugh that would follow. He would fain submerge the infant in the horse-trough. Dumbly he watched the tyrant make new raids on his person and hopelessly tried to fend them off. He wished he had the nerve to cross the twenty feet of pine flooring to where Mama stood, firmly clasping one of the buttons of the new model, but he dared not. The uncultured barbarians would surely laugh if he did, and he didn't want to be laughed at in the presence of the lady. But the restless bit of humanity was certainly a nuisance.

Perhaps the child was beginning to appreciate Tom's strenuous efforts, for he endeavored to reciprocate. Picking out a large luscious red egg, he plastered it squarely between the teeth of his captive. Tom spat red egg for several minutes, nor was his happiness promoted by the diabolical shout of delight from the corner. The baby studied the result of his generosity with no little amazement. Evidently something had gone wrong. For Tom it was the last straw. He determined to be rid of the embarrassment, come what might.

"Let me hold him," broke in a calm voice on his right. The girl had come to his aid.

"Thanks, thanks, very much," he stammered, "the kid's too much for me." She picked up the child deftly, and sat down next to Tom, while he wiped away the remains of the egg and arranged his collar.

"Say you handle him like an expert," he remarked admiringly, noting how she gathered the flying limbs under control.

"Yes," she assented, "I'm used to it. I often tend to my sister's baby. I really enjoy"—What she enjoyed, Tom never learned, for just then Mama turned, and seeing her darling on a strange lady's lap, she swept up like a four-master, snatched up the child, and with a scornful glance at the pair, sailed back to her place. The two looked at each other and laughed.

"I think we'll call that a victory for us," he grinned. She assented laughingly.

"At least those 'rubes' don't know what to make of it. They must have swallowed something. They can't close their mouths."

"Maybe they've got one of those Easter eggs stuck in their throat," he chuckled. "They deserve it."

"Aren't they horrible bores, though," she confided. "I hope they're not going west."

"Why, are you going west?" he inquired interestedly.

"I don't want to go," she replied, "but it's a case of losing my job, if I don't. The boss wired me," she went on, "to meet an old fogie named Williams at Warren, to arrange districts, and so I've just got to go there. But I did want to be home for Easter, as we're going to have an Easter party at our house to-morrow night."

"Say," broke in Tom, "I wonder would you happen by any chance to be the Thurston I'm supposed to meet?"

"My name is Louise Thurston," she admitted. "Are you er—er Mr. Williams."

"Oh yes," said Tom cheerfully, "I'm fogie Williams; don't change it to Mister now. But say, we're in luck. We can fix this thing on the train, and save all the bother. You're going to the city, I suppose?" She nodded.

"Yes, if you're sure you're Mr. Williams, of Wagner & Sons."

"No chance of a mistake!" grinned Tom. "No one on earth ever looked like me."

The official window was thrust up violently, and the presiding genius protruded his head: "East-bound express; no stops till New York."

"Come on," said Tom, gathering up her things. "I'll be at the Easter party to-morrow if you will permit." As they stepped aboard the train, Tom skillfully poked his umbrella into the ribs of the rustic that was climbing up behind him.

My Citadel.

I HIDE behind my glasses
And watch the world from there,
Applaud the show that passes,
Hear the puppets-parts declare.

I hide behind my glasses,
A god behind a veil;
The moulding of the masses
Observe in full detail.

I hide behind my glasses,
Unquestioned king am I;
I smile at all that passes.
All mankind going by.

G. D. HALLER.

Detective Systems.

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

Detective stories have a peculiar fascination for most people. The charm they exercised upon us in our boyhood days, when from behind a big geography they communicated blood-curdling tales, is still retained, and the realism of Sherlock Holmes creates in many a reader the chilly, creeping feeling that causes him to let the light burn all night or to make a quick dash under the covers as soon as it is switched off. In like manner is there a singular enchantment in the story of a nation's detective system, in the story of the men whose business it is to hunt down fellowmen. Criminal investigation in European countries is especially interesting because of the remarkable development it has attained; and whether it be the characteristic directness of the English system, the clever diplomacy of the French, the military efficiency of the German, the university efficiency of the Austrian, or the mystery of the Russian, in each of them we find a distinctive attraction.

Mere mention of Scotland Yard stimulates the fancy, and a quickened imagination pictures an unerring sleuth, possessing in a superlative degree the qualities of a blood-hound, a scientist, and a psychologist, appearing unobtrusively at the theatre of a crime and promptly unravelling the intricate mystery. The name of the famous Yard carries with it thrilling stories, stories that lose much in imaginative property when the more prosaic appellation, police headquarters of London is used. The unique characteristics of the Scotland Yard system are that direct action, which may result in armed resistance, is preferred in making arrests, and that only what is determined as the most significant clew to a crime is followed, all others being disregarded. Scotland Yard minimizes the importance of the specialist from the laboratory and exalts the observant and experienced constable. It makes no attempt to detect a criminal by ascertaining whether the suspect's temperature rises when the crime is discussed. It also ignores such theories as that advanced by the late Professor Hans Gross of the University of Gratz—that a woman's guilt may be determined by the position of her feet.

In decided contrast to the abrupt directness employed by the English police is the suave ingenuity of the French. Whereas the representatives of Scotland Yard do not hesitate to force entry into a house in order to make arrests, the Parisian police endeavor to bring about the same result in a more adroit way. The manner in which a certain Raoul, accused of robbery, was led to acknowledge his guilt illustrates their cleverness admirably. The circumstances of the robbery were discovered by the police, and as Raoul lay asleep in his cell, an officer sat beside him and wrote out on paper the minute details of the crime, and then managed to wake the suspected man. Raoul was informed that he had been talking in his sleep and that he had revealed his connection with the crime, the story of which the policeman then proceeded to read. Of course, the prisoner was amazed, but he doubted nothing and made a complete confession.

The English system of criminal investigation is strikingly different from the German also, which has extreme centralization as its outstanding characteristic. If a murder mystery presents itself for solution in London, Scotland Yard sends a constable or two to the scene of the crime and all the clews but one are eliminated. In Germany a "murder board," consisting of a photographer, a surgeon, a chemist, a finger-print expert, and possibly some other specialists, is detailed to trace the authorship of the deed. Each aspect of police work has its particular specialist, and a critical, scientific examination is thus always insured. A single hair means much to the German investigator since by it he can ascertain the physical condition and even the approximate age of its original possessor.

But however highly developed the police systems of England, France, and Germany may be, it is in Austria that not only a maximum of efficiency obtains but dignity and scholarship as well. The reason for this is that every man on the Austrian police force ranking higher than a non-commissioned officer is a university graduate who has successfully passed a government examination after finishing his college course, and has then received five years of practical preliminary training. So while at the head of a precinct in London we find a constable elevated from the ranks, we find in a similar charge in the Austrian city a university graduate.

The work of the Italian police is exceptionally interesting both to the policemen themselves and to the laity as well. Italy is the home of organized bands of criminals that have become notorious even in America. Immediately a vision of a Black Hand presents itself. The Black Hand, however, is a *modus operandi* and not an organization, and any group of men may adopt "black hand" methods for terrorizing an individual. It is the Camorra of Naples, an organization of old convicts, and the Mafia of Sicily that offer the greatest trouble to the Italian police. The Camorra is a very exclusive society. The initiation fee after a probationary period of several years is one assassination, and once a constituent of the society there is no retiring from membership. The chief of the Camorra is called the Maestro, and disobedience to his orders means death. The Mafia is a more fastidious organization and among its members is found many a Sicilian aristocrat. This fraternity, well-known because of the dramatic methods it adopts, offers its power for sale, and many a case of infamous revenge has it effected. It is because of such organizations that members of the Italian police force, called the Carabinieri, always work in pairs, even though the assignment be in the smallest village.

The autocratic rule of the Czar in Russia was well reflected in his autocratic police system, a system that was the embodiment of mystery. Its power, felt in the most secluded corners of the empire, was none too great to combat the secret revolutionary societies of the Terrorists, who hesitated at no form of violence to achieve a desired end. So cryptic was the "black cabinet,"—one section of the Czar's police system,—that its representatives were registered neither by name nor by number. It is said that when an agent of this division wished to draw the salary due him, he presented himself at a specified time before the glass door of the cabinet, breathed on the cold pane, and wrote his name in the mist, whereupon a clerk from within quietly gave him his money. The agent then rubbed his coat sleeve on the pane, and the transaction was over.

The best known methods of identifying criminals commonly employed by police departments are the anthropometric and the finger-print systems. It was Alphonse Bertillon, prefect of the Paris police, who, realizing the unsatisfactory nature of indentification by photograph, invented and perfected the former. This system has at its foundation the fact that after a man has reached maturity certain bony structures suffer no modification; accordingly, measurements of these structures are taken of criminals, and are systematically classified. The anthropometric system which suffered discredit in the case of the theft of the Mona Lisa has some serious disadvantages, and is generally regarded as being inferior to the much simpler finger-print method. This is more practicable not only because of its greater simplicity but also because it is applicable to women and children as well as to men. The finger-print system was invented by Robert Galton and was adopted by Scotland Yard through the instrumentality of Sir Edward Henry, commissioner of police. This method of identification is by no means of recent origin, however, since Chinese rulers before the time of Christ used the impression of the thumb in lieu of a signature. The danger of the impression from two different fingers being alike is very small, it being generally believed that on no two fingers in the world are the patterns exactly identical; besides this the design on the finger remains the same throughout a lifetime.

Criminal investigation in America has scarcely attained the high standard it has reached in European countries. From their pioneer specialists in criminology we have much to learn, but we have that immense advantage of being able to profit by the mistakes of others. Our detective systems may have been relatively crude and unscientific in their beginnings, but no better means of bringing about their actualization into a perfected science can be had than American ingenuity.

Out of Nowhere.

TWO graves upon a bleak cold hill
Where sing the lost winds weak and shrill.
Two tiny graves, quenched fires, cold clay,
Strangers who watched us but a day.
Whence came this little Maid and Man
Out of Nowhere so brief a span?
Who spoke not but with questing eye
And eager hand, grasped life—to die.

G. D. HALLER.

Notre Dame and Notre Damocracy.

BY JOHN L. REUSS, '18.

Ever since the United States became embroiled in the world war, every voice has taken up the cry of democracy—the new and universal slogan. Institutions that have withstood the test of centuries are tottering as a consequence of the determined shout of an enlightened people for democracy; regents who for decades have exercised an indisputable prerogative, are suddenly dethroned, and popular representatives are entrusted with the unwieldy sceptre of authority; autocracy and aristocracy are rapidly decaying under the influence of the most powerful forces, while the new spirit is fastening itself firmly upon the world. In the midst of this clamor, Notre Dame stands forth as a worthy example to other institutions of her nature. When, by the immeasurable sacrifices, and the unceasing energies of the venerable missionaries of the Continent, Notre Dame was founded, there was breathed into her that noble spirit of democracy which has been cherished fervently throughout the seventy-five long years of her existence. Growing with each successive year, it has proved to be one of the most laudable characteristics she possesses, and a staunch bond that has served to perpetuate the loyalty of the Alumnus to his Alma Mater.

This spirit undoubtedly finds its continuation in the religious community which so ably conducts the ceremonies that are so inseparably woven into the life of the student, and are the foundation of his spiritual development. Humility and equality are the lessons constantly learned from these men who have consecrated their lives to the service of their Creator in the promotion of true Christian brotherhood; their sacrifice has been rewarded by the fulfillment of that noble purpose with which they were fired—the making of Catholic manhood. Their influence is discerned not only in the class-room, but also on the campus where the student greets both student and professor with a hearty and an unaffected salutation. To Notre Dame the species "snob" is an unknown entity—it is neither encouraged nor tolerated. It is the very nature of the school life itself that is conducive to the generation of the spirit to which she now proudly claims possession. Residing in the various halls about the campus we are able to realize by the constant association the golden wealth that lies in college acquaintances and college companionships. This system of school life enforced by the University proves itself to be an invaluable asset in the formation and development of characters and an excellent method of training her loyal sons, so that they can not help but be victorious when pitted against the trying circumstances and formidable obstacles which the world unrelentlessly places between ambition and realization.

In many of our larger universities and colleges, one's acquaintances among the student-body are limited, generally, by that particular circle of friends, or by the members of this or that fraternity in which one is enrolled. Here, however, the individual comes in contact with each and every one of his fellow-students be they of Freshmen or Senior class-standing. To say to a student, "I am from Notre Dame," is equivalent to saying, "I am a friend." This intimacy unconsciously indulged in, and too often unappreciated, is enjoyed by both student and professor, the consequence being that our little community has at least some of the characteristics of a Utopia.

In the physical development of her students the University has in operation a system that affords for every individual having any tendency toward athletics, an opportunity of developing what ability—however small—he possesses. Aside from the Varsity teams in every branch of sport, there are also teams representing each of the halls. In this way a keen, but never unfriendly, rivalry is ever bringing out of the man the very best that is in him, and many a star has been developed from the material brought forth by this inter-hall competition, who, otherwise, would have been unnoticed.

From those who have had the opportunity to visit our campus, and can realize the sincere

good-fellowship that exists, this characteristic of Notre Dame has elicited no end of praise and admiration. To those who have spent a portion of their lives within its boundaries, a visit cannot help but recall old yet familiar faces, and brighten the memory of happy days spent in the participation of such a democratic spirit.

A concrete example of what the school has instilled into her students hangs in the rotunda of the Main Building,—it is the new service flag, a glorious tribute, which signifies that six of her priests have given up the professor's chair for the battlefield, and that 243, and now possibly more, of her students have sacrificed their education and their future, and have put on the armor of the nation in order to firmly establish, if not to perpetuate, that spirit of democracy that they have imbibed and loved. The spirit of Corby and Dillon, passive these many peaceful years, has undergone a grand awakening, and is now symbolized by the number of her sons that have rallied to the call of distressed Columbia.

Last year the University celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of her founding by Father Sorin in 1842. The elaborateness of the preparations was exceeded only by their fulfillment. Many old and loyal students graced our campus during that period of celebration, and lived again the days that they once enjoyed, and have since cherished in memory. Many hands clasped in the renewal of friendships that were made in the olden days of Notre Dame's history; and many strange hands clasped in the formation of new friendships; and we, as the students of that time, had the pleasure of mingling with many of the men who have shown the world what the school and its spirit is capable of doing. To these students of the bygone days, and to her gracious visitors, Notre Dame, the ever solicitous mother, opened wide her arms and extended a most sincere and hearty welcome. And when the anger of Mars will have been appeased, Notre Dame will as graciously open her arms and reverently welcome back her soldier boys, at the same time proudly proclaiming, "They are my children."

She Stoops to Conquer.

She stood amidst the clover bloom—
Her hair was blowing free;
She stooped to pluck a fragrant bud,
And swished her tail in glee.

JOHN REUSS.

Southland Breezes.

B. AUSTIN.

OH why does the south wind seem to sigh,
Though the moon beams high in the purple sky?
Oh the bayou's calm, and the broad-leaved palm
Droops down where the padded lilies lie.

There's naught but a shadow drifting by,
An upturned boat with its keel raised high.
Oh the night is deep, with a fragrant sleep,
Then why does the south wind seem to sigh?

Jews and Gentiles.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

Every city has its bargain stores; but Bunkerville boasts a unique bargain store in addition to the usual number. This establishment shelters Samuel Sinbad, the tailor. Sammy specializes in cutting suits, but sometimes he gets reckless and cuts his prices. On such occasions he covers a part of his dirty front window with this much-fingered and greasy sign: "Big bargain next week! A pair of suspenders given away with each order! Don't miss this grand opportunity! It is not every day in the week that you can get a pair of suspenders for nothing."

Whenever these sales occur, Sammy sells twenty-dollar suits for seventeen-ninety-five, and twenty-five dollar ones for twenty-three dollars and forty nine cents. What the bargain hunter really gets for his money is either an eighteen dollar suit marked up to twenty, and then sold at a loss of five cents on its last price and a dollar and forty-nine cents profit on the original cost; or he purchases a twenty-dollar suit, camouflaged with a twenty-five dollar price-tag, and sold for a profit of only three dollars and forty-nine cents. Oh, yes, Sammy is a "beesnus" man, and he has a son, Abraham Sinbad, who has inherited all the racial characteristics of his parent. Sammy can sell clothes to anybody but Jews and Irishmen, the former being too well acquainted with the tricks of his trade, and the latter too economical to buy tailor-made clothes when cheaper, ready-made suits serve their purpose just as well at a somewhat lower price. The last Irishman who made a cheap

purchase at Sinbad's was so pleased with his bargain that he said to the tailor:

"May God bless your generous heart, Samuel Sinbad."

But Sinbad was so angry, because he had lost a few cents, that he shouted after his customer:

"Let God bless the Irish—just so He saves the moneh for the Jew."

Sinbad, as a matter of business, ate his meals in Lester's Lunch Room. At the dinner table one Friday Sammy was saying to the proprietor:

"I'm a sick men, Lester. I have inditestine troubles, y'understand; so I can't eat eny reech foods. Go fetch for me some hem sendwiches, end don't come beck unless you hev' my ice-water."

Lester wrote down the order, started for the kitchen, hesitated, and then slowly retraced his steps to the table. "Say, Sammy," he said in an embarrassed way, "you haven't made a mistake about this order, have you? You are sure that you want ham sandwiches and not *gefüllte Rinderbrust*, aren't you?"

"Sure I know what I vant. D'ya teenk I'm crezy, Lester? For vy do you esk me?"

"Oh, I always thought that Jews didn't eat pork—that's all."

"That's right, Lester, Jews don't eat pig's *fleish*."

"Then why have you ordered ham sandwiches, Sammy?"

"Vy, pecause hem iss not pork. Pigs iss pork, *aber* hem iss no pork, y'understand?"

"Oh, yes, I see, Sammy. Ham is not pork, it's only a fly's foot that has been soaked in the sea for thirty days."

"Ha! Ha! Lester, you're a regular comic, but you cen't keed me, ain't it?"

"Why, Sammy," ejaculated Lester in feigned astonishment, "you know that I wouldn't make fun of you. I like you too much to do anything like that." And he added very confidentially, "It's because I like you so much that I buy all of my suits and overcoats from you."

"I'm gled thet iss so," gratefully grinned the tailor. "Us beeznus men has got to stick by vun anoder, *oder* ve goes somewheres else to deal end ve gets no good oud of it, ain't it? Sure, I know."

"Now you're talking, Sammy. For instance, if you should eat at Cable's for one week, you would get as thin as the dimes that have been in circulation for the last century." At the mention of money Sinbad felt to see that his wallet was still safe. "Cable uses eggs," continued Lester, "that were laid by the hens hatched in the chicken-coop of Noah's Ark, and he buys stale bread to make fresh puddings out of it. But what's worse for you, Sammy, Cable charges each customer a war-tax."

"Say, Lester, I vould not eat from thet loafer's tebles even ef he paid me for every bite thet I bit in his place. I vouldn't, I vouldn't! I don't like thet feller, enyhoe."

"Why, what did he ever do to you to make you hate him like that, Sammy?"

"He didn't do nothin' to me, Lester, but he stole seven dollars from my son, Abraham," sobbed the Israelite.

"You don't say!" ejaculated the restaurant-keeper. "Why didn't your son have him arrested."

"Vell, he did, end thet's how he vas robbed."

"That is strange," Lester mused as if to himself, "only how could that happen?"

Sammy, thinking the question directed to him, began explaining the situation,

"Vell, it vas like thees," he said, using his hands to saw the air in front of his chest: "my son, Abie, runs a jitney-bus, but he don't own it. He just lends it from a friend, end he puys for himself a chiffonier's license, end he goes into de beeznus. Von day thet loafer, Ceble, came running by my son end he esked Abie to drife him out from Aberdeen Street, vitch iss only a helf a block off on his regular route, so Abie said, 'Sure I vill.' Vell, ven my son ran into Aberdeen Street, he stopped his Ford to collect the pessenger's fare, and thet bum Ceble gev' him only a dime, end he esked for a neekle of it beck. Ven Abie told him thet he hed med a special treep for him, he only said somethings about a 'shoffle' and 'drife on'; so my boy hed him arrested. Thet sneaky Ceble, ven he found out thet he vas beat, he esked an Irisher detectif vat he should done to vin, end ven he found it out he vent end done it. He came to my son before the trial was, end he said to him, 'Meester Sinbad, I'm so sorry thet I hev put you to so much troubles just to get thet dollar; so I've come to pay you.' Now Abie knows how to drife a Ford all right, but he ain't no crooked lawyer, so he took the moneh. Ven the trial began, Ceble told the Judge vat hed heppened, end the Judge said, 'Meester Abraham Sinbad, since the plainstiff hes alreaty paid you his fare, the court cennot mek him gif you another dollar, so the case iss

closed, end you hev lost your suit. Before you go avay, please pay the court costs to the clerk at thet desk. Ven Abie found that he hed to pay eight dollars because he hed taken thet one dollar from Ceble, he med such a howl thet the Judge was going to hev him arrested for tempting the court, so Abie hed to pay."

When Sammy had finished this story, his eyes sought the face of his hearer for that sympathy which he felt sure must be forthcoming.

"That's too bad, Sammy," asserted Lester; "it was a dirty trick that Cable played on your son. The idea of him getting the boy's confidence just to cheat him."

The Jew's eyes flashed angrily: "End do you teenk thet I vould eat from thet feller's tebles now? No, neffer!" And then he added more mildly, "Not so long as Lester runs a restaurant esteblishment."

Lester, as if to reassure Sinbad of his firm friendship, and to make more secure, if possible, the lasting patronage of the Hebrew, delivered some very depreciatory remarks concerning both Cable's Cafeteria and Levy Brothers' clothing store; and Sinbad, in order to strengthen his grip on Lester's trade, helped to calumniate his competitor in the clothing business.

"I'll betcha a suit of tailor-med clothes against a teeth-picker, Lester, thet ef you buy from Levy a cheap, ten-dollar, beck-number suit, thet it vould fed the first time thet the sun looked et it. Levy iss a cheap-skate, ain't it, Lester? Sure, I know. In order for him to mek both ends meet, he has his goods all shipped by slow frieght; it's cheaper *oder* than by express. He buys trousers for seventy-nine cents a leg, and three coat sleefes for a dollar, end the rest of the suit he meks up for ninety-eight cents. So, enyhoe, Lester, y'understand thet it's a losing proposition for you to buy from Levy Brothers', ain't it?"

"You're right again, Sammy. You're always right. I'd never think of buying a suit from that good-for-nothing rag-peddler. It pays for good business men, like you and me, to patronize each other. You sell me sample goods at reduced prices, and I sell you food samples at regular prices. We both profit by such an arrangement, don't we, Sammy?"

"Sure, I know, Lester," Sinbad answered with a pleasant smile. "You're a good feller end I like you, too, or else for vy should I eat *gefüllte Rinderbrust* with you effry day for a whole week? Here hev a cigar, Lester." Seeing the recipient of his gift scrutinizing it rather closely, Sammy explained: "It looks a leetle rough, Lester, but it's a smooth smoker."

"Thanks, Sammy, I'll use this after my dinner. Say, Sinbad, since you are feeling so jolly well to-day, I'm going to ask you a question."

"Sure, Lester, go ahead. Esk for enytheeng you vant but moneh or credit."

"It's neither, Sammy: I just wanted to know why one Jew won't trade with another one, except in the Kösher market?"

"For vy it iss, Lester, I don't know, except thet it iss only by an eccidental, y'understand?"

"But that is not what I heard, Sammy."

"Vell," peevishly began the Hebrew, "if thet isn't vat you heard, then vat did you heard?"

"I was told that it is because one Jew is afraid that the other one will cheat him."

"Loafer," shouted Sinbad, rising to his feet, "get oud of her queek! Vhere iss my hem sendwiches? Vat for you teenk thet I got all day to sit here and talk foolishness from you?"

"I beg your pardon, Sammy," Lester stammered. "I'm—I'm sorry that this happened. I—I—forgot about your order, but I'll have it here in quicker time than you could sell a suit on a busy day." And Lester rushed after the lunch. Having returned with the order he politely suggested that there might be something else wanted, but Sinbad only scowled. Lester, surmising correctly that the usual tip would not be forthcoming, added an extra dime to the bill.

When Sammy saw his check, he scowled some more. The proprietor proffered this explanation: "You know, Mister Sinbad, that due to the war the price on pork has been advanced two cents on the pound, and since ham is—"

In an instant Sinbad was in a rage. "Loafer!" he cried, "Svindler! Cheater!—You should pawn for yourself your gold teeth end your gless eye, and tek for yourself a rest of sixty days while you're heving your head examined. I hev told you alreatty thet hem iss no pork, ain't it? If sometimes yet again you cetch me in this cheap-joint, Lester, I vill sell for you a feefty-dollar suit for a neekle, y'understend?" And without waiting for an answer, Sinbad grabbed his hat and rushed out of the restaurant.

That very night Sinbad, the tailor, ate his supper in Cable's Caffeteria, and Lester, the proprietor of the lunch room, purchased a ten-dollar suit and an over-coat from Levy Brothers.

Evening Streams.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

The sun has just set and the air is quiet and sweet around you. The soft, downy heather at your feet looks up at you and sends its fragrance around you alluringly. You are a victim to its spell; you succumb to its overpowering charm, and recline at ease on the sleeping slopes of Knockfierna. Twilight is fluttering over the golden heavens; the day is fleeing over the crest of the hills westward to the sea. You are at rest—alone with the still, sacred hours of evening; nowhere more still or more sacred than here. A soft white haze is over the valley stretching out below. As far as your eye can see, it is level land of waving pastures of woods and glens and hillocks. You can see the fine white roads winding away into the distance. And there are the little streams running by you past picturesque cottages into the blue world afar off, and your eye follows them entranced. Now they are hidden in the green woods only to appear again beyond. Yonder is a village nestled in beauty among the elms, and the song of Gerald Griffin comes to your lips:

Oh, sweet Adare! Oh lovely vale!
Oh soft retreat of sylvan splendor.

How shall I tell the thousand charms
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling
Where lulled in Nature's fost'ring arms
Soft peace abides and joy excelling.

Truly, Adare basks in a beauty all her own. Often had the poet wandered down those violet-scented ways when the wet dusk caressed the little village at eventide. How beautiful do the houses look in the distance, clustered and half veiled in the light shadows. In not a few there is an empty chair by the fireside, for the eldest son has gone to war, his deep heart filled with high dreams and mystic longings. Even now the thoughts of many of the villagers are wandering in the fields of Flanders and young lips are lisping prayers for those whom love could not hold back.

And there is the old abbey with the incense of ages upon it and breathing of hallowed memories, its broken beauty telling a tragic tale to those who play among its moss-crowned colonnades. The birds fly around the lancet windows where once the sun shone in upon the living altar, and nest in the ivy-clustered cloisters.

A lorn wild goose breaks the quiet above you, and you turn your eyes over the meadows to the noble Shannon stealing gently seaward. Its fair, fair waters are singing a song ages old—a song that tells of something older than the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." And afar off, further up its stream are the ruins of Kincora and the cry of Mangan comes from your heart:

Oh, where, Kincora! is Brian the Great?
And where is the beauty that once was thine?
Oh, where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feast in thy halls, and drank the red wine
Where, oh, Kincora?

Alas! where now, O Kincora, is Morogh, the daringly brave, and Donogh, Brian's son, and Conaing the beautiful chief, and Kian, and Corc, and all the unvanquished warriors who loved the red battlefield and the flashing spear and who pledged their honor in the banquet hall to the hero-hearted queens of long ago? They are dead Kincora, fled forever. They are moving afar in ancient skies, mid hymns of glory fled beyond recall. And you too, Kincora, you are dead; your halls are silent, and the dew hangs heavy on your grass-covered courts. Your beauty is but the loveliness of sorrow. For hearts that once burned and beat for you are now asleep beneath your shadows.

And so the Shannon sings ever and ever as it flows by Kincora. On its banks you behold the round towers lifting their heads sublime, still standing while the "gold domes of Byzantium and the temple of the Greek" have risen and crumbled again. They bring you back to mighty days, to the cradle of history, when Erin stood forth in her pagan civilization, when virtue and law ruled here while the rest of the world was in darkness. You see Cuchulain going forth to battle in his spear-wheeled chariot and the Red Branch Knights of Ulster arraying for the fight; and Oisin, the last of the Fianna, riding over the sea with Meave to the land of the Ever Young where there is naught but love and joy forever, where the heroes never grow old and fair maidens never lose the luster of their eyes nor the redness of their lips. You hear Diedra crying for the sons of Usnach:

The lions of the hill are gone
And I am left alone—alone—
Dig the grave both wide and deep
For I am sick and fain would sleep.

And thus you muse—pondering over the glory that was. You dream of poets and bards and warriors; you dream of grandeur that has passed away—itself so like a dream. And then there is a great light and you see Patrick's Cross and Shamrock: the death-song of Druid is in your ears and the monks at matins rise before you. Columkille is sailing away to Iona, his great heart filled with home yearnings. He is the first great exile and you behold him yet standing on the prow of his boat. "My foot is in my little boat but my sad heart bleeds; and there is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin. Never in this sad life shall I see Erin or her sons or daughters again." And standing on Iona's rocky shore he is weeping broken-heartedly—"If death should come upon me suddenly, it will be because of my great love for the Gael."

Then, years of peace and joy and glorious sainthood, when the monasteries throbbed with canticles of praise, and when strange men came from over the seas to drink of Erin's learning and sanctity, and when sons of bearded kings from other climes trod in the naves of her cloisters. And so you dream down the trembling ages through which the light and the darkness alternate. You dream of faith never shaken, of love never broken, of glory never dimmed.

Your thoughts wander forth into the gathering gloom of the evening over the noise of waters to alien lands. And there too are those in whose bright eyes lies the wistful gleam, in whose laughter rings the note of sorrow, for the hills of home and all they mean are in their minds. The dazzling battle breaks and the fields are red and the smoke is heavy under the Flemish skies. You see faces you have known, pale and bright, mingling with the mighty hosts. The flashing spear is not there, but the thundering of the guns and death everywhere.

The cuckoo calls for the last time in the meadows down below and you come back again to Knockfierna. It is now night.

When twilight over the mountains fluttered,
And night with its starry millions came,
I too had dreams: the songs I have uttered
Come from this heart that was touched by the flame—

night with the fairies flitting in hushed pendency about you. They are singing—knowing that your heart is heavy and your soul is sad:

Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother, Eire, is always young.
Dew ever shining and twilight grey;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped on hill,
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God standing winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the grey twilight
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

So they sing in their bewitching way and weave a web of mystery over you for they wander among the heathered hills in the honey-sweet hours of evening watching and waiting for those who listen to their weird melody. Now it has in it the sound of sorrowing seas, now it is like the breath of breezes among the branches, and then again as the fondling wind fitfully fanning the ferns around you. But they cannot harm you, for you are wary of their wiles and full of pity for those whom they have wooed away to their enchanting halls of Tirnanoge: the land of the Ever Young. You dispel them by rising, and descend into the land of lighter dreams.

George Eliot.

BY ALFRED SLAGGERT, '20.

Kindly feeling towards one's fellow-men so beautifully embraced in the well-known maxim, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," is the keynote of the excellent productions from the prolific pen of George Eliot. Eminently practical, Eliot is a teacher of homely feeling and charity, portraying in fiction those attributes in such an impressive manner as to exert sympathy and indulgence towards the parallel realities in life. Ingeniously she draws away the veil which conceals true conditions of common humanity, and calls the world to witness life as it is. She demonstrates that the passions, hopes, desires and temptations supposed by the individual to be inherent only in himself are a part of the fibre of each man's makeup.

Usefulness is the paramount mission of Eliot's art. True art to her must not be a motive

for selfishness, her work must not exist for personal glory; it must be subservient to a grand and lofty moral standard—written of man, analytical of his characteristics and possessed of a message that should tend to accelerate human love and courtesy.

Eliot's earlier efforts were accepted by *Blackwood* and the Westminster *Review*, the leading publications of the nineteenth century, the latter of which she edited for three years. Her work created no little comment—but it remained for her first, and, incidentally, her greatest novel, "Adam Bede," to claim for her a place in the high court of philosophical novelists by virtue of originality, power and nice finish. Her supreme excellence in fiction rests on her ability of minute analysis, an attribute which again evidences itself in "Silas Marner," a real gem in English fiction; "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola" and "Felix Holt." Upon these novels is based her reputation. They confirm her as one of the leading lights in the nineteenth century history of English letters. Quaint and charming stories of English manners (except Romola, which is an Italian theme of the latter part of the fifteenth century) they fascinate and please despite the ever-present Eliot exactness and philosophical sternness which decrys the ethereal and dwells rather on a foundation of granite thought. "Adam Bede" is imbued with a deep and lasting realization of the moral value of true Christianity, though, unhappily, the author did not share its faith, which loss may have been a contributing force to the vein of sadness which underlies most of her subsequent writings. "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" preach natural virtues, but a tinge of Eliot's theory of positivism darkens the brilliant pages of "Romola," "Deronda" and "Middlemarch," for it cannot but be true that her code of morality became more atheistical as she advanced in years and, despite her brilliant plans for the future, her ability gradually declines. "The Spanish Gypsy," "The Legend of Jubal," and other of her poetical works, written, as she stated in a personal memoir, "in a period of relaxation," failed to achieve the literary recognition of her prose. In some notes made on the origin and the purposes of the poem, compiled in the "Memoirs of George Eliot," edited by her husband, she says the theme was suggested by an "Annunciation," painted by Titian, which hangs in the Sucola di' San Rocco at Venice, and which acted as an impetus to a train of thought of woman's sacrifice and renunciation. This possessed her mind until she had worked it out into poetic thought.

Shortly before her death Eliot selected and revised a series of Westminster articles that had met with general public approval, and gave orders that none of her other miscellaneous brochures and tracts should be compiled. These essays were published under the editorial supervision of Charles Lewes and were followed by the publication of her letters in the form of a biography edited by Mr. Cross. He used his discretion as to the material that should be given the world in the biography, and as a result leaves literature dark concerning what her thoughts actually were on many important occasions; the Life also being singularly silent concerning some of the critical periods in her life, especially concerning her relation to Mr. Lewes. It remains, however, the most tangible source of knowledge concerning the great author.

George Eliot, it is safe to say, was greater than any of her books. She lived a thorough, full, deep life; she commanded her brilliancy and knowledge to continually evidence itself in her works. She was in warm sympathy with the largest thought of her time, and held an intimate fellowship with the greatest scientific and literary minds of her many brilliant contemporaries. She was singularly devoid of narrowness of mind; of odious prejudices. She was possessed of a magnanimous and tolerant spirit, always eager to assist her fellow-men. An extreme radical in some of her theories and opinions, yet her actions were conservative. As a writer of novels Eliot's efforts bid for a high position in English prose. The apparent cumbersome learning and moral teaching in her books is far eclipsed by their interest and charm. Her characters, clear-cut and living, mingle tears and laughter just as they occur in real life and are possessed of strong and rugged personalities.

Inspired with a love of mankind, Eliot wrote with the desire of making life brighter and purer. She nourished a great longing for the progress growth and good of the human race, and that wish gave her lines inspiration and purpose. Truly the critic dedicated to Eliot a fitting apothegm when he said, "She was one who loved her fellow-men, and lived to make the doing of human good easier to all that came after her."

Nature's Nirvana.

JOHN REUSS.

HOW I scorn your life, with its endless strife,
And society's formal ways,
As I live once more near the river's roar
In the happy, care-free days.

Oh the purling stream where the brook-trout teem,
With the broad blue sky above,
Where the winds caress, and the dewdrops bless,
And you've naught but a God to love.

How I love to be where the heart beats free,
And the cares of life are sped;
Where it's great to lie neath a star-lit sky
With only the earth for a bed.

Where the warbled notes from the song-birds' throats
Greet the crimson rising sun;
Where the shadows creep when the sun's asleep,
And resplendent day is done.

I have Nature's wealth,—I have Nature's health.
And a soul that is never sad;—
In your world of gold, where your soul is sold,
There is none with a heart so glad.

Silas and His Silos.

BY CHARLES W. CALL, '18.

For our classmate, Silas, the silo was the one thing that was worth while. Everyone at Cooney College was sure to have that fact driven home to him sooner or later, for this Silas Markham, of Iowa City, spoke often, spoke at length, and made many friends. As a ruralist at college, he reaped early the fruits of a winning disposition, kindliness towards others, and all around good-fellowship. The farmer soon knew everyone, and within a very short time everyone knew something about him. The particular something that everyone knew was his homesickness, which had settled upon him the day he arrived at Cooney, and attacked him intermittently to the very end of his college career. During the summer before entering college, he had erected two silos on his father's farm in Iowa, and though he was a thousand miles away from them, those silos always seemed nearer than anything else to his heart. It did not take a psychologist to discover that the one sure antidote for Silas' malady was to talk for a time on the subject of silos. The remedy had to be administered at least once a day by some sympathetic friend, and often it had to be resorted to several times within twenty-four hours. The more knowledge one displayed about silos the more effective and lasting was the cure. During his first months at school no one at Cooney dreamed that the "rube" who had built the silos back on the farm was an exceptional athlete. Before the track season was a week old, however, Silas was giving fair promise of becoming the greatest mile runner in the Middle West. The night before his first big race "Judge" Reyman, "Rudy" Sweeney, and I dropped into his room to see that he was in good condition and to wish him well. Often before we had found him glum, but never before with tearful eyes. He had not had a letter from his mother for two whole days. While all ordinary means of comforting our hope of the morrow were failing miserably, the resourceful "Judge" Reyman was fumbling furiously a huge law book. Having found his place, he began to read in a stentorian voice: "In the case of the State of Iowa vs. Grant the learned Judge O'Connor rendered the following opinion," etc., to the amount of eleven large pages of legal stuff, recounting the condemnation proceedings of a silo belonging to said Grant, an Iowan, who had thoughtlessly raised it three-fourths on his own property and one-fourth on the public highway. Silas improved with each succeeding page, and by the time "Judge" had finished he was in the best of spirits. He won his race the next day with perfect ease.

All through that track season and the next we spent regularly, religiously, an hour or two with him on the eve of a meet in an effort to tone him up for the event. Sometimes "Rudy"

Sweeney would read a chapter or two concerning the latest silo models of Uraguay; sometimes "Judge" Reyman would have a brand new case involving the silo, and once before a crucial race, I even sent to Chicago for some motion pictures depicting the evolution of the silo from the crudè affairs of the ancients down to the latest tile and concrete towers of today.

Silas was just as much subject to his homesickness during his fourth year at school as he had been during the first. Seniors are not usually in this way, but in this as in many other things Silas was an eminent exception. With the coming of the track season "Judge," "Rudy" and the rest of us knew well that it was strictly necessary for us to administer our allopathic treatment to Silas before every meet. Shortly before the opening of the season in our graduation year, "Judge," while loitering through the Cooney Museum, had accidentally discovered and promptly stolen four Egyptian coins that were destined to serve our purpose. Cleopatra was dancing on one side of the coins, and we firmly convinced Silas that the engraving on the other side was a representation of the first silo on the Nile. Our fiction would have been anything but plausible to a critical mind, but Silas with his prejudice for the silo, took the impossibility as gospel truth, and, running true to form, won another race for us the following Saturday. As "Rudy" Sweeney enjoyed an enviable reputation as an exponent of "ragtime" music, we put him to work immediately composing a little parody on "Cleopatra Had a Jazz Band." He worked in several strophes on Cleopatra's silos, and on the eve of the next meet "Judge" and I assembled most of the College orchestra and did the song several times for the benefit of our patient. It was so effective that no miler could stand the pace our Silas set the next day.

When the next meet approached we were at a loss for an expedient. It seemed that we had used them all. "Judge" had exhausted the school library months before. I hadn't had a new idea for ages. Nevertheless we knew we must conquer that fatal homesickness if our Alma Mater was to keep unbroken her string of victories in the mile. "Rudy" again saved the day. As he was passing the bulletin board in front of the master of studies' office one morning an idea crashed into his head. The provocation was an announcement calling for debaters to battle against a time-honored enemy college. Hastily we consulted, and arranged a debate to take place in Silas' room on the eve of the coming meet. The question as formulated by "Rudy" was, "Resolved, that the silo has been of more benefit to mankind than the Ford." Of course we put Silas on the silo side, and "Rudy" saw to it that two members of the varsity team of the preceding year were aligned with him, while "Judge," "Rudy" and I constituted the opposition. Our side lost the debate by unanimous decision, but Silas won an important race for us the next day.

What were we to do before Silas' last race? It must not be lost. That would break his heart and ours. After several secret consultations we decided to outdo all our previous efforts in a grand climax and make doubly sure of a final victory for our champion. It was agreed that we should build a wooden silo within the quarter-mile track at Cooney the week before the final meet. "Judge" and "Rudy" and I, abetted by several other short-sighted youths, decided to erect one of Silas' pet structures. Everything might have gone successfully if eleven out of eleven of us had not been caught stealing lumber from a mill at 2 A. M. Thursday night. We were locked up, and were being held without bond until the following Monday. All of us knew that Silas was due for defeat, and that we could not do the least thing to avert it.

Saturday night, just when we were in the depths of our despair, and waiting to learn the worst, in walks our friend from Iowa. Pushing back his coat, he exhibited on his vest the star of the force. He took a big key out of his hip pocket and unlocked our cells. Then he explained that he had been appointed deputy sheriff for a week; he had in person supervised our arrest. He told us that no charge had been preferred against us, and that he had been holding us without due process of law. Then he told us that the nearest he had ever been to a real silo was the time he had sat in the front row during the exhibition of some movies I had imported from Chicago. He assured us that he had never been really homesick, but had feigned the affliction for the merriment we afforded him. He informed us that there were many other structures besides silos in Iowa City. Finally he convinced us beyond the shadow of a question by producing from his pocket the extra edition of the *Tribune*, publishing in large headlines the fact that he had that afternoon set a new record for the world in the mile.

The Little Brother of the Short Story.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

The editor was giving one of his famous talks which had done much to build his paper. The room was crowded with reporters of all ages and stages, from grizzled veteran to youngest "cub." All were listening attentively.

"In my days as a reporter," the editor was saying, "I once brought in some copy I thought good; the editor looked it over, handed it back and said, 'No sentimental drivel here, Jackson,—we want news, bare facts in short order.' Well, I determined right there if ever I held down a desk, we'd publish a little 'sentimental drivel.' You know how we have doubled the circulation of this paper, and are holding it first by the judicious use of such stuff; because the people like it. To-night I am going to talk on the feature story; the little brother of the Short-story, what it is, how to find it, and how to write it." The audience settled down with a sigh of content.

"My old teacher," the editor was proud that he was college-trained, "often said, 'give the people what they want.'"

"But wouldn't that lead the paper into danger?" came a query—the Editor's audience was always free to interrupt.

"No, the people are pretty good as a whole; it has been said we newspaper men grow cynical; but I have always held my faith in man, and so have lots of others. It's the apple that has a worm which rots soonest on contact with rottenness. The people want more than an information bureau for a newspaper. If a paper is to live and influence people, to have any effect for good, it must have life and personality. It must be more than a mirror, a manikin,—it must be a living, breathing, feeling entity, with a soul and faculties. Its influence, its reflection in the characters and acts of men, comprise its soul. You, its staff, are its faculties; its all-seeing eyes; its nose to ferret out the fragrances of life for good example, and its ranknesses to be abolished; its tongue to sip the sweetnesses of work and play and all the common joys of man; its mouth to give all these to those who run that they may read. The best way to do this is to publish besides the news, the feature story or the human interest story. The variety and scope of the feature is infinite; its popularity boundless. When the newspaper saw the large number and vast circulation of the magazines it analyzed the situation as being due to the carrying of copy which appealed to the emotions. Being progressive, it became imitative. The lengthy novel and verbose short-story could not be carried over to the columns of the newspaper. The solution of this problem produced the little brother of the short-story. Having its origin in imitation it was naturally modified by its model's rules and general style, though possessing much of originality. While feature stories often write themselves, they are the fact-based creations of the writer, and so differ in as many ways as there are writers of originality. I would rather have feature stories from you chaps than from outside writers no matter how gifted. You know what I want and what our readers want. Every paper has its policy and following, and being a part of the organism you are better fitted to judge 'what the people want.' There are three tests of the feature: timeliness, appeal to the emotions, and interest. Feature stories are divided into classes: the pathetic story, the humorous story, the special 'human interest' story, the animal story, and the special feature story. The pathetic story must never strive for pathos; it is likely to become bathos. It is of the type that tells itself, and needs truthful presentation. The writer must have a keen insight into human character and deep sympathy. The humorous story must never strive for humor, that must be inherent and irrepressible. All must be well written, and follow the rules of the short-story as to attractive beginnings, and lead to a climax in the same way. The writer must choose the form and beginning suited to the story. The animal story is an old stand-by, but if clever will go. The special feature includes all that cannot be classed under the other heads. It may be anything on any subject, in any form and style. To find the feature story you must keep your eyes open. It is everywhere. It is often only the news in another guise, often only part of the news, often not the news. You learned by experience how to find news; there is no better way to find features. Take every bit of news and study it for possible human interest; practise this ferreting, this analysis. Look in the street, the courtroom, the home, everywhere. Look for subjects in future events as well as in current happenings. If a noted character is dying—prepare a feature about him. But remember it is the story which reaches the reader's heart which he cherishes. You must

have punch, 'pep' and soul-stirring depth of sympathy. The interview and personality sketch is a prolific source. Whenever a person, place, thing, or event leaps into print-prominence there is your opportunity. Everywhere people congregate, the theatre, ballroom, hallroom, docks, market places, stores, churches; there are your tips. For the articles which instruct as well as entertain, you have the libraries for reference; the specialists glad to give information; government reports, etc. Popularizing scientific or technical material will give many subjects. Political, social and economic events are possible sources. The varying seasons are fruitful of stories. Each change brings its change of styles; and fishing, hunting, vacationing stories are perennially popular.

"Feature stories, as we have seen, lack news value, do not follow the rules for news stories, but must possess human interest. They are frequently illustrated and usually elaborate some feature of the day's news. If I was to fall out of bed and break my neck, you'd write an obituary, but if I only fractured the second commandment, a clever writer could make a feature of it. In a news story we give the meat in the first paragraph; in the feature we miniature the short-story. The style of the feature is so different from the news item that the outside writer trained to the work, nearly equalizes your keen insight into the paper's policy by his better style. Every legitimate literary device is usable in the feature; to catch and hold the reader's attention. It is the only literary attempt of the newspaper and must be considered as literature, not news. It must have the literary beginning; the clever trap that catches the reader. Quotations, dialogue, personal appeal, names, questions; these are ways of opening. It is the story which should decide the opening; story and beginning must suit or you have instant failure. Having achieved the beginning, the next consideration is style. There are as many styles as persons; so be yourselves. Write the story as it is in you: truthfully, simply, concisely. If you have in addition that indefinable thing—personality, you will have a great style. Simplicity is hard to attain. The use of short, strong words helps; reading the Bible will give you an inkling. Beware of technical terms. Use concrete examples for every proposition. Conciseness you have learned in writing the news-story. Give your article a story-like character. Anecdotes and happy incidents will add much to interest and will stimulate the reader.

"Feature stories are essentially heart stories; not intellectual pills. People say we use the feature to balance reading matter and advertisements. Others say it is a gag to keep you fellows from becoming cynical. I confess the last the more potent reason with me. I don't want you to become a pirate crew. Because there are evil odors in life I won't cut off my nose and miss its sweetness too. If these feature stories keep you in touch with human nature, able to share the common lot of man, his joy in work and play, his suffering in pain and sorrow; keep you from a cyncial despair in your lot, or a pride-encased love of your fortune, by the knowledge of the good and the bad, the high and the low, the joy and the misery and the worth of it all; then I most gladly thank God for the existence of the 'Little brother of the short-story.'"

The Law of Life.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

I FILE each friendly favor deep
Within the fibres of my heart,
And there my treasured secrets keep
Securely hid, each one apart.

The secret treasures of my soul
No mortal man will ever learn,
Nor human being e'er cajole
These buried budgets from their urn.

But when my heart has ceased to beat,
It will no longer hide its prize.
The Judge Supreme will then repeat
Each thought I hid from earthly eyes.

All live to-day and then must die
To reap the everlasting yield;
In vain the arid soul will cry
To get its guilty doom repealed.

We win or lose our case on earth,
Before the judgment after death;
Our trial begins just after birth,
Proceeding daily with each breath.

Ireland's Heritage—Oration.

BY THMOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

It becomes an occasion such as this, commemorative of Ireland's greatest saint, to pay tribute not alone to St. Patrick but also to his heritage and to the land that has clung to it so faithfully. For we are not alone in this. Everywhere to-night on this earth on land or sea, in peaceful climes or in war-ridden fields, wherever Irish hearts are beating, they turn homeward to the scenes of the old land, to the verdant valleys and heathered hillsides and misty mountain tops. There is something sacred in the landscape of Ireland, something undying, in her material beauty, something that means to the Irish heart more than anything else in this world. It is not so much the scenes themselves that mean all this, but rather it is the associations, the holy, tender associations, that cling to these scenes, it is the memories they recall, not the ruined castle nor the ivy-clustered cloister with its moss-crowned colonnades, not the noble round towers and crumbling abbeys, but the thoughts these bring to those who, having once seen them and played round them in childhood, return to them again in fancy.

It is the feelings they arouse, the emotions they excite, that bring the tear to the eye and sorrow to the soul. For they are voices of a great past, of mighty days of majesty, and then too, they tell of sadness and oppression. As they speak of a glory unparalleled, so too, do they tell of unequalled sorrow and persecution. These are the sources of love for Ireland, these and such as these form the motives of that love as keen and as strong in the Irish heart to-day as ever before in the history of Ireland.

It must have been with such love as this that St. Patrick came back a second time to the Irish shores, where he led in his youth six years of slavery. Passionate love for Ireland must have been his, to leave again his native France to come to those he loved, even though he had been their slave. What a golden hour it was when his feet again touched Ireland's beautiful sands, and when he stood upon her shore, not as a slave nor as a bondsman, but as a bishop, consecrated by God, to convert Ireland—the ancient isle of destiny. This was her destiny surely—and it was about to be fulfilled—that she should be the home and mother of saints, of virgins and martyrs robed in white, of great warriors and noble women, of a people acceptable before God.

And now we must pause before the strangest fact in history—the conversion of Ireland. St. Patrick when he preached the gospel in Ireland was not persecuted. It was not asked of him as of every man that preached the gospel for the first time to any people to shed his blood in proof of his belief. Ireland is the only nation that owes her conversion to the work of one man. She is again the only nation that never cost her apostle a drop of blood nor a single tear of grief. Why is this? For answer we must go back to the times before Patrick came, back to the ages of pagan civilization when Rome was not yet and when Europe was a land of savage tribes and nomadic races. Trace back to the origin of Ireland's history. What will you find—barbarism? No. Paganism? Yes, but a highly developed paganism. You will see Ireland with her kings and princes living in the round towers that still stand. The high-king sits on his throne in Tara's halls surrounded by his bards and his poets and his law-givers. And there is law and power and virtue in the land, and a set form of government.

When Patrick came, he found a high-minded people wonderfully advanced in pagan civilization. He proposed his doctrine, and the Druids, the high-priests of the old religion, met him with solid arguments. There was a battle of mind against mind; and the Irish people stood behind their Druids, for they gloried in them. When lo! behold Patrick's majestic episcopal figure upon the Hill of Tara. He knows the Irish nature better than the Druids themselves. He sees a shamrock at his feet, and with a God-given impulse he bends down and picks up this symbol of the Triune God. He appeals to the Irish imagination which has never yet failed to recognize a thing of truth or a thing of beauty; he appeals to that imagination and he triumphs. The Druids went away; the cromlechs tottered; the old pagan songs vanished and in their place the new national melody was heard, the strains of which have never died and never shall die.

Behold now Ireland christianized. We are standing in the full blaze of her national glory. Three hundred years of peace when the land was filled with monasteries and schools, and when from the hallowed walls of Lismore, Bangor, Glendalough, Mungret, and Clonmacnoise went forth saints whose sanctity was great; a Kevin, Columkille, Columbanus, Vergilius, Gallus among the wild tribes of Europe. Ireland is the island

of saints and scholars, a star shining in the darkened world. Sons of kings from foreign lands are treading in the cloisters, for she is the isle of saints. Her virgin soil is as yet untouched by an invader. Her sanctity and learning are spread throughout the world. But it was destined that she should be tested; that she should wear such a crown of victory as was never placed on nation's brow. And therefore at two distinct times she had to meet and endure a storm of persecution, the most crushing in the annals of mankind.

In the ninth century the Danes came not only enemies of her nationality but also of her faith. For three hundred years they fought. The story is familiar to you all. The land was covered with blood, but Ireland was fighting for her homes and her altars. In the eleventh century Brian Boru broke the Danish hosts at Clontarf, and Ireland united cast the invader into the sea.

And now we must pause. It is not essential to recall the sad events that followed the Danish invasion. Where is the heart that does not feel a pang of sorrow at the mere mention of the story. The crown of empire fell from Erin's brow and the heart broke in the nation's bosom: the emerald gem of the Western world was set in the crown of a stranger. It is a story that needs no telling for it cannot be told; its full significance cannot be understood. When the Danes had gone forever Ireland once more built up her monasteries in the brief respite of thirty years before the first accursed Norman came, and we see the ruins to-day, the ruins of Mellifont, of Dunbrodie, Holy Cross, and of Cashel yet lifting their stately heads in ruined beauty over the land they once adorned. You may yet see the lofty side walls pierced with huge windows filled with delicate tracery, and entering you behold the massive arches upholding the mighty tower. They tell us of the most glorious tale in the history of our people.

And now we pass on. Thirty years have passed since the last Dane has gone, when lo! the bugle of the Norman is heard in Ireland's peaceful plains. Now a new era of persecution and sorrow comes. Ireland is asked to give up her faith. Never was there such a question put to any nation. Would the Irish now stand by their homes and altars? Solemnly did Ireland take up the gage and accept the challenge. This is not the time to dwell on the details of that terrible struggle, fought on a thousand battlefields which drenched Ireland with the best blood of her own brave children and reduced her fairest provinces to desert lands over and over again. One-half, one-sixth of it would have been sufficient to ruin any other people; but the element that kept Ireland alive, what kept Irish nationality living in the hearts of the people, was the element of her faith.

It has been a puzzle how Ireland has clung to her nationality. Some ascribe it to the love of the nation's bygone glory; some to the hatred of their oppressors; some to other causes. But none of these reasons can explain the fact how a whole nation adhered for ten generations to their homes and their altars through sacrifice and suffering and exile. It was the faith that Patrick had given them. Take away the faith from Ireland and what is left? A mere empty name. Abstract if you can the faith from her sons and her daughters, from her poets, her bards and her warriors. What remains? Where is the impulse of the Celt; the passionate love of country that is his; the glow of his imagination, the idealism of his being, the grandeur of his nature, the beauty of his soul?

No. Ireland and her faith are linked together forever. You cannot sever them. Her national history begins with her faith, and is so interwoven with religion that if you sever them Ireland vanishes from the annals of the world. Having once known the beauties of Patrick's faith she clung to it; it became a part of her nationality. If she had given up the faith, if she had, like other countries under British rule, accepted the Protestant religion; if Erin had not drawn the sword in defense of her religion she would be to-day crafty, cunning, prosperous, and more advanced in material progress. Yet, friends, remember that with all this happiness Ireland would not be Ireland; she would be West Britain. Who can imagine this? It can never, never happen as long as red blood flows in her children's veins. She flung away the mess of pottage that was put to her lips and she clung to Patrick's birthright. She would not, she could not; for she was Ireland, she could not become a renegade to God.

Be it to the undying glory of that race that never even in the darkest hour did they ever harbor the idea of giving up their faith, the source of their national love and bravery. Erin accepted the challenge and has not compromised. You may read the story of her battle in her ruins. You see the marshalling of her sons on

every hilltop, you hear the roar of her splendid war songs, lighting up the gloom of her history like blazing fires. You see her sons defeated only to rise again; her priests exiled only to return. You see the gallant defense at Drogheda before Cromwell's far-famed Ironsides; and the glorious fight at Limerick City where, side by side with father and brother, fought those who are not often seen on battlefields, the dark-eyed noble daughters of the southland. Five times did the flower of the British army essay to enter and just as often were they hurled into the sea. Outnumbered in every battle, Ireland's sons fought on; they had unsheathed the sword for the honor of fireside and altar, and its scabbard is yet empty. Behold under the dew-hanging hedge, while the dawn was not yet upon the eastern horizon, behold the priest saying Mass, with a price upon his head, the Irish priest, the "soggarth aroon," the glory of Irish hearts giving his people the Bread of God and hope to fight to the end for what was theirs and what could not be taken from them. Behold the penal days and the famine of '48, when in one year five million of Ireland's children were laid low. And thus you wonder at it all—why Ireland yet lives, why her genius yet lives, why the country lane is filled to-day with rosy-faced children, lisping the songs of old and singing the beautiful national melodies of their land. Well may you wonder.

The world cannot understand it, the enduring quality, the undying vitality, of that nation that has undergone such an ordeal. Yet we find our answer in the faith she has clung to so well; the faith that has given the nation that spiritual grandeur that cannot be equalled by any other people. And today she still lives with her dream yet a dream. The dream of her poets, the vision of her warriors, the aspiration of the true Irish heart, is yet unfulfilled, but remember that there is something sacred in the poet's dream. Fallible as human dreams are, there is something sacred, something infallible, I say, in the hope of the Irish heart for freedom. Ireland has never allowed that hope to be extinguished. Although her glory has been dimmed for the present, Celtic hearts go back to the past. If the past is the best guarantee of the future, and it is, then Ireland must come into her own. Her past is glorious. What nation can trace its ancestry to such a beginning of saints and heroes, of warriors and noble women, of genius that can never be crushed and still flourishes among her valleys? What nation has such glorious ruins breathing the spirit of the past into the youth who now beholds them, reminding him of the sublime traditions he must uphold and of the footsteps he must follow? If God rules history, and He does, then that liberty for which the Irish race has fought and bled and hoped for, and loved, cannot pass away.

Already from the war racked fields of Europe, where the red wine of Erin's youth is now flowing in a cause that cannot fail, the dawn is rising; dyed in the heart-blood of the nations, liberty for her who has so long waited. There from the summit of the ages Erin shall behold the golden cup of her heritage. In tears and in blood has her freedom and peace been shattered, but in tears and in blood shall it again be found. Already it is approaching. We shall soon turn our eyes and lo! Erin arising from the Eastern wave, on her virgin brow the diadem of perfect freedom, in her hands the harp so long mute, so long silent, now resounding, throbbing with the exulting melodies of her new-found freedom. On her shining face there is no stain of blood as she rises there in the energy of a second birth, gathering her noble children to her bosom. On her breast we behold the shamrock, the sacred symbol of the Triune God; and behind her the Cross, the Cross under which Erin has fought and bled for centuries, the Cross, the emblem of her faith and her trials, of her tears and her sorrows, and her victory—O Mother Erin, of your victory which "overcometh the world."

What's in a Name?

BY JOHN L. REUSS, '18.

Heinrich Schmidt, as either of the names sufficiently signified, was a German. He was so German, in fact, that the sight of the stars and stripes aroused in him much the same feeling that is aroused in the true Irish breast by the flourish of orange and black on the Seventeenth of March. His reading was limited to the anti-American sentiment expressed in the daily issues of the Pan-German newspapers; his vocabulary, by no means a meagre one, was rather restricted to words employed most in the praise of *Kultur*, militarism, autocracy, and in hatred for justice, liberty, democracy, and everything else sanctioned by Uncle Sam, except the U. S. currency. He had so much confidence in the treasury department of our

otherwise despicable country that he preferred one of Columbia's double eagles to a couple of thousand German marks. The expression of Schmidt's pro-Prussian sentiments grew more and more obnoxious and violent as the relations between his adopted country and the Fatherland grew more strained, till finally, after two warnings from the Government Pinkertons had failed to cork up his blatant bugle, a penalty of five hundred simoleons was imposed upon his purse. That was effective, as nothing else could have been, for when you touched the purse of Heinrich Schmidt, you touched the most sensitive spot, in fact the only really sensitive spot, in his moral, or immoral, make-up. As a lover of the filthy lucre he had the famous Shylock backed off the boards. With his good five hundred in the federal treasury, Heinrich was as tame as a lap dog, and as reticent as a clam in the middle of December.

As the weeks passed, the friends of the German grew worried. And had they not abundant cause? Wasn't the old henchman of the Kaiser rising continually before the community and spouting upon the value and necessity of patriotic adherence to the leader of the nation in the present crisis? What of all symptoms could be more savory of insanity? His fellow stein-lifters, however, still held out some hope that the affliction was only temporary; but even this was dispelled when there appeared in the *Daily American* a series of articles upon the inestimable aid it would be to the country if all would observe strictly the food conservation orders, and substitute fish for meat on Tuesdays and Fridays. This was much more effective than had been anticipated, for the people realized that they were being censored by a converted Germanitarian, and, not to be outdone by a product of Prussia, they waxed exceedingly patriotic.

By this time Schmidt's side-kicks had given up all hope of his recovery, and looked upon poor Heinrich as an inevitable candidate for election to occupy a wheel-chair in the Old Men's Home. While they were preparing the campaign plans, the following notice appeared in the advertising columns of the *Daily:*

"The Formal opening of the Uncle Sam Fish Market will take place next Saturday evening, 1776 Washington Street.—Henry Smyth, Prop.

N.B.—To avoid needless expenditure for flowers, he will present each lady on that evening with a perfumed pickled herring. All are welcome."

Editors' Thoughts.

Easter is the harvest time of Lent.

War is making civilization very uncivil.

Persuasion is art; diplomacy is only artful.

The pudding is proved in the eating thereof.

Dive deep, but keep out of the undercurrent.

Do not mistake "high life" for the higher life.

First principles seem to be very secondary nowadays.

There has been a dream behind every great achievement.

The only remedy for your spring fever is an extra dose of work.

He who never thinks great thoughts will never do great deeds.

A silent man is rare, and one who says something much rarer still.

Experience is the best teacher in that its lessons usually require no repetition.

Let not the grass grow under your feet, nor the animalcula graze upon your cranium.

It may be true that the rolling stone gathers no moss, but who wants to be a moss-back?

It is far easier to forgive than to forget, especially when the offense comes from a friend.

An uneducated man is like a submerged submarine that cannot use its air valves: he cannot rise.

Will the senior retrospection of your college days be as pleasant as your freshman anticipation?

A fool spends his nights bemoaning wasted hours, and then proceeds to waste more the next day.

Not a few of our modern orators seem to think that the power of speech is nothing more than lung power.

After all it was France that put Notre Dame on the map, and it is only fair that we should help to keep France there.

The man who thinks he is fooling his college by getting through easily will find in later life that he has fooled himself worst of all.

The sacrifice of temporal pleasure by way of mortification is requited an hundredfold by the spiritual pleasure it brings to the soul.

Many inventions which men have thought to be evidences of progress are turning out to be the most efficient means of retrogression to barbarism.

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Let us be Glad and Rejoice.

—At first thought the Easter antiphon of jubilation, "Let us be glad and rejoice," might seem altogether out of tune with the times. Are we to rejoice when the world is being thus racked and wrecked by war, charred with ruins, and drenched in blood? Are we to rejoice when the wail of desolation and agony is rising upon every side like the endless dirge of the sea? Never before has the world been so literally a "valley of tears." And yet the insistent strain of joy is repeated, "Let us be glad and rejoice"; and then comes the reason, the explanation, which is as good in this year of sorrow as in the other years—"for Christ the Lord is risen." Yes, let us rejoice. Let us forget during the joyous Eastertide the troubles and misery of this war-worn world that seems so all important; let us forget the weary, sinful years we must spend here—for "Christ is truly risen, as He said." In His joyous, ever-glorious resurrection He has liberated us from everlasting death. However great or however many our sorrows, His triumph is our triumph, if we will but make it so. In the miracle of Easter He affords us a vision of the eternal years, a vision of the everlasting Easter with Him in His kingdom of peace and happiness, which will last as long as God will be God. In the light of this great mystery we understand well why the Church bids us even in the midst of our great sorrow, "Be glad and rejoice." B. A.

A Fallen Idol.

—Mars is a harsh but capable schoolmaster, a teacher of stern truths, a sifter of popular standards. Not the least among the idols overturned by the present war is German education. We see it in a new light to-day; we know it as a marvelous instrument for the perversion of a great and good people. Americans who have exalted education as an ultimate end must feel a sense of disillusionment. The mighty name can never seem so potent again. Our countrymen must face this ugly, bitter fact: education can work, has worked, an unparalleled world of misery and woe. In and for itself, schooling is vain and fruitless. To bear fruit, it must needs be informed by right ethics,—nay, by the true religion itself.—L. G. H.

Pseudo Peace Proposals.

—There are still in this country some people wise enough in their own conceits to persist in criticising viciously President Wilson for not reposing any faith in the proffers of peace made by Germany. After what we have witnessed it is a sheer impossibility to conceive any rational basis for their attitude. Belgium put faith in a treaty with Germany, and has paid for it with her existence. Russia accepted what was offered as Teutonic friendship, and her independence is now in extreme peril. Sweden, who for three years has shown herself friendly to Germany, is now being subjected to acrid criticism by the press of that country and is being ominously accused of antipathy to the central powers. As a matter of fact, she has been thus far a very serviceable tool in their hands. It is much to be feared that the Kaiser's latest vision of conquest is to make of Sweden another Belgium. If in the face of these facts the President should heed any "paper" peace that Germany might offer he would thereby prove himself most unworthy of the trust that he enjoys. Such a peace can have as its security nothing more than the oaths of the nations involved. And yet some would ask our leaders to accept as guarantee the oath of a nation which has made itself shamelessly notorious by the repeated violation of its pledges. Germany's peace proposals, if we may judge anything from past conduct, are made with an eye to the future, to future conquests, which might place the ravenous Teutons on American soil. Let the pacificists but remember the tragedies that have

resulted to other nations as a consequence of their confidence in German oaths, and insist, as every sensible American must, upon no peace that has not a better security than the word of honor of a nation without honor.—J. L. R.

—These are the days when our books are very apt to be given an untimely vacation. The blood of the student is innoculated with the serum of spring. Minds that are forced down to study oscillate longingly to thoughts of sunshine and aimless lolling and the joys of companionship. The freedom and ease of the open air are so much more enticing than philosophy and mathematics. It is very true that nature is a transcendent book from which we may learn many good lessons that cannot be learned elsewhere. To the lover of nature there are, as Shakespeare has put it, "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." And conversation is, it cannot be denied, a very good thing. Walks through the fields and woods are salubrious as well as instructive. But books should not be ignored by the student when a reckoning of assets is being made. There are many books really worth the trouble of perusal even in the springtime. "Conversation maketh a ready man," it is true, but books teach him what to say, and how to say it. Communion with the world of trees and flowers and birds helps to broaden the mind, but it is from books that we can learn best how and what to observe. Hence a little will power to restrain the Wanderlust, a little study to mellow speech and sharpen sight are advisable, nay, necessary. So, hang on to the end. Only two months more!—D. J. E.

Spring Fever.

—None more serious than the mad, nor are their dreams so sane or seemly as those born within the shadow of asylum walls. And so poor German Kultur, that dream so eminently reasonable and right where rankling ruins crown the Rhine, poor Germany! Once Chivalry rode champing down from lowered draw-bridge to where the Swan-boat lay moored beside the mellow stream; once deep-browed speculation breathed the dusty air of Elzivirs; once there was a land where goblins frighted lost Hansel and Gretzel. A whole nation has become "Babes in the Wood," and the wicked aunt, Autocracy, has consummated her purpose. German Kultur! so eminently proper that its misguided and misled devotees must force it upon the whole outside, happy-go-lucky world. Does its grand symphony hear not the shrill tremolo of babies engulfed in a cold salt sea? Does the deep rumble of cannon-wheels outbeat the sharp insistence of a mother sobbing on the still breast of her child? Does the burst of its glory paean heed not the dull, monotonous echo of far-away pounding feet, marching, marching? There was a time when Germany stood for all that was good in life; bright faces with their flaxen curls gathered round the hearth for the thrilling stories of the goblins; bare feet scampering, candle-lit to bed; picnics and games upon some wooded sward; flushed faces round the blazing Yule-log waiting for the first sound of Kris Kringle, the first jingle of the bells as Blixen and Scamper sped over the snow. But these have gone forever, and in their place is German Kultur, "hate of the heart and hate of the hand." Hansel and Gretzel are under the leaves and the Hun wipes his reeking sword at the fireside.—G. D. H.

Alas, the Change!

—Books are needed by our soldiers. Hundreds of thousands are needed by the War Service Libraries maintained by the American Library Association at cantonments, training camps, posts, forts, naval stations, on vessels, and overseas. Our men need these books badly during their leisure hours for recreation and study. From every side comes testimony that they are most eager to read, and books must therefore be provided. A half million have been provided; and another half million are needed. For every man in service there ought to be a book in the service, and the students of Notre Dame should do their share in putting them there. We can at least pass on to the boys in khaki the books we have enjoyed but probably will not read again. And this is the purpose of the campaign that is now being launched at the University. Some of the kinds of books that will serve the purpose best are novels, tales of adventure, detective stories and other kinds of fiction; up-to-date books on civil, mechanical, or electrical engineering, the trades, business, the professions, agriculture; recent text-books on military subjects, mathematics, the sciences, and the foreign languages, particularly French; books of travel, history, biography, volumes dealing

Mobilize Your Books.

with the present war, dictionaries, and encyclopedias. It is true that many demands are being made on the patriotic generosity of non-combatants, but let us remember that our sacrifices are nothing in comparison to the sacrifices these soldiers of ours are making in our behalf. Let us look over our bookshelves, and pick out such volumes as we thing would interest the soldier we know the best. If these books are at home we should send for them or bring them back with us after the Easter vacation. And we should give not merely the book we do not care to keep, but the one that we would part with only for this purpose. It is ten to one that it will mean much more to some soldier boy than to us. Notre Dame has never failed in any patriotic movement. Let every student at the University get into this drive and help to make it go. —A. W. S.

Notre Dame Ambulance Fund.

The committee in charge of the Notre Dame Ambulance Fund, after a successful drive, has formally closed the campaign, having received subscriptions totalling $2000.33. The movement was fostered by the Senior Class, which appointed a committee composed of John Reuss, chairman, Leonard Mayer, Frank Monnigan, Joseph Riley, James Hanlon, and Edwin Harbert, to solicit the sum necessary for the purchase of the ambulance. The Senior Class wishes through the SCHOLASTIC to express its gratitude for the many responses made to the call for funds by the students and friends of the University. Following is the list of donations:

Previously acknowledged, $1787.33; Paul Loosen, $100.00; A. Restrepo, $50.00; Junior Law Class, $22.00; J. Dant, $5.00; Paul Hogan, $5.00; A. Moore, $5.00; John Tully, $5.00; Junior Class $5.50; D. Fitzgerlad, $2.00; C. Bader, $2.00; A. Slaggart, $1.00; J. Bowls, $1.00; F. Mannigan, $2.50; P. Campbell, $1.00; J. Butler, $1.00. Total, $2000.33.

Obituary.

Mr. Howard Heros, father of Lawrence Heros of Walsh Hall, died recently of pneumonia at his home in Chicago, fortified by the holy sacraments. To Mrs. Hews (neé Nester) whose brothers were popular students here in the nineties, and to the bereaved family, the SCHOLASTIC offers sincere sympathy and assurance of prayers.

Local News.

—Lost! A gold-mounted Waterman fountain pen, with the initials S. J. G. engraved upon holder. Finder please return to S. Shugrue, Walsh Hall. Reward.

—Members of the class of 1918 who desire employment with an investment bonds organization may correspond with the William R. Compton Co., 105 LaSalle St., South Chicago, Illinois.

—Plans are nearing completion for the Annual Freshman Frolic which will take place April 10 at the Oliver Hotel. The net proceeds of the dance will be donated to the K. of C. War Fund. Tickets may be procured from Chairman Sweeney, Eddie Dunn, Duffy, and A. J. Cusick.

—Tuesday morning, the student body was treated to an exceptional picture production entitled "Mother," a dramatization of the novel by Catherine Norris. The theme of the picture is based on the victory of maternal love and watchfulness over the waywardness and caprices of a headstrong son.

—The ever-enjoyable Tom Daly of dialect fame, delivered a humorous, philosophical talk in Washington Hall, Tuesday evening, March 19. Mr. Daly is a master of the "human interest" type of literature, and brings big truths home under the guise of humble language. In addition to reciting selections from his own poems, Mr. Daly reviewed the work of three young Irish poets in whose careers he is particularly interested.

—Mr. Frederick Paulding, noted Shakespearian reader and lecturer, appeared before the student body on Wednesday and Thursday of last week in two readings, Macbeth and Hamlet. Mr. Paulding's stage presence and admirable powers of interpretation brought out in a realistic way the characters which he chose to represent. Although differing in many ways in his interpretation of these two plays, Mr. Paulding supports his interpretation by the mouths of the very characters themselves.

—The Senior Ball, the biggest event on Notre Dame's social calendar, will take place on the night of April 9th at the Indiana Club in South Bend. Benson's Orchestra of Chicago, with Mr. E. E. Sheetz at the piano, has been engaged and will present a program of thirty dances. Entertainment that is "different" will be

afforded the guests during the dinner. The committee in charge of this formal dinner-dance is composed of Thomas C. Kelly, James P. Logan, Raymond W. Murray, Leonard F. Mayer, David Philbin, and John A. Lemmer.

—An informal practice debate was held Friday evening, March 15, by the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. It was restricted to freshmen who are trying out for the Brownson team which will meet the Holy Cross debaters sometime in April. The question argued was that of the minimum wage, which has also been selected as the interhall subject of debate. Only six men appeared in the final trial, others waiting till later meetings. Those in the first appearance were, Bernard Carney, John Kenny, Emmet Sweeney, Joseph Tierney, Joseph Flick, and Edward McMahon. President Philbin closed the evening's program with a carefully prepared talk. It was decided that the DOME picture of the society would be taken the following week.

—On the evening of St. Patrick's Day, the Holy Cross Literary Society held its regular bi-weekly meeting. The following members contributed to the program which was thoroughly Hibernian: Thomas Hanifin, a paper, "Ireland and the Church"; Thomas Duffy, Selected Songs; Frank O'Hara, an essay, entitled, "The Conversion of Ireland"; Michael Mangan, jokes, Irish and otherwise; John Roche, a short story, entitled, "Casey's Triple Cleverness"; James Ryan, a talk on General Meagher; Frank Boland and William Havey, a sketch depicting a verbal duel between the orator, Daniel O'Connell, and an especially sharp-tongued old market woman. The meeting was interesting and entertaining, the reputation of Irish wit, suffering not in the least.

—On Thursday evening, March 14, the Sophomore Smoker was held in Walsh Hall and from all accounts was a rare success. The various members of the program were roundly applauded, many being compelled to answer repeated encores. Following the program, at which president Tobin presided, a substantial luncheon was served. The program was as follows: Unsophisticated Sophistications, T. J. Tobin; Jazzeurs, Patterson, Slaggert, Clancy, Hogan, Musmaker; What Not? G. Lawrence Ott; Wicked Wiggles by McGirl; Candid Cachinnations, R. Devine, O'Keef, Slaggert, T. Devine; Camouflage, J. Lyle Musmaker; The Button Barker, Paul Barry; Sophomoric Syncopation, written and produced by the cast.

—Commemorating the feast of St. Patrick, a varied program was given to the faculty and the student body, Saturday evening, March 16, in Washington Hall. General arrangements of the event were supervised by Prof. William Farrell and Prof. John Becker. John A. Lemmer, president of the senior class, presided. The University Orchestra under the leadership of Dillon Patterson rendered a delightful opening overture after which David Philbin recited selections from Wendell Phillip's oration on the "Eloquence of O'Connell." James McDonald read a masterly "Ode to Ireland" written by himself, and was followed by the University Banjo Club in several well received selections. G. Lawrence Ott responded to several encores, singing John McCormick's hits with artistic finish. Joseph Riley and James J. Sullivan, four-minute men, varied the program by two enthusiastic talks on war subjects of interest, after which Thomas Healy, in a splendid oratorical tribute, lauded Ireland, her traditions, her faith and her hopes. The program closed with a song, "Ecce Jam Noctis" by the Glee Club and the "Notre Dame Song" by the audience.

—Success beyond expectation marked the three day War Saving Stamp drive of the New England Club. When the campaign wound up Wednesday night 2380 stamps had been sold by the organization, keen competition for supremacy among the halls marking the closing hour. The purchase of Robert Peck gave Walsh the victory after the Badin efforts were apparently crowned with victory. James J. Sullivan, chairman of the drive, announced the final score as follows: Walsh 678; Badin 505; Sorin 282; Corby 276; Holy Cross 221; Carroll 102; Campus 102; Brownson 65; Miscellaneous 149. President Raymond Murray, of the New England Club, and the executive committee, James J. Sullivan, James Dooley and Charles Bain, whose untiring work made possible the gratifying result of the campaign, are considering the opening of a second War Saving Stamp Drive under the club's auspices in the near future. The New England Club, successful again in a commendable work, has demonstrated that her claim to the highest campus organization honors is real. To each member of the Club is due a share of the glory, particularly the committee men, whose enthusiastic labor produced result far beyond prediction.

Personals.

—Edward Norton, student in Corby Hall in '12-'13, is now a soldier at Camp Funston, Kansas.

—William J. Hynes '17, is at present with the 29th Infantry in the Regular Army, and holds the rank of first lieutenant.

—Paul C. Quinlan, student '01–'03, formerly of Chicago, is now a private in Company 9, American Ordnance Base Depot, France. No doubt before Paul returns to the States, he will have made his mark in the war.

—Kenneth B. Fox is a seaman, second class in the Regular Navy. He is quartered in Company Commanders' School, United States Naval Base, Norfolk, Virginia. "Ken" expects to be rated as seaman, first class, in the near future.

—Thomas A. Quinlan, Jr., (LL. B., '04) is sales manager for Hamlin & Co., 29 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois. Tom has contracted the good habit of sending his copy of the SCHOLASTIC to former students who are now in the service, and who do not receive it.

—Edward L. and Henry R. Symonds, students '01–'04, are now schooling themselves for service abroad. Ed is a first lieutenant attached to the 20th Infantry, Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Henry is a private in Company 6, California Coast Artillery, Long Beach, California.

—Royal H. Bosshard, class president in 1917, has been assigned to duty in Indianapolis. He is with the Premier Motor Corporation as United States Storekeeper in the rank of second lieutenant, Ordn. R. C. Royal is anxious to hear of the whereabouts of the men who were graduated last June.

—"Rig" Sackley,'17, who is in the Ordnance Department at Columbus, Ohio, sent us a letter that he had received from George Witte-reid, who has been in France for the last ten months. As George is not fighting with the U. S. forces, he laments the need of a real "pal," but he has the old spirit of "do or die" that every N. D. man possesses.

—Harry Scott, '17, SCHOLASTIC editor, ragtime singer, piano player, and journalist at Notre Dame for the past four years, is at Camp Taylor, Kentucky. Harry is in the 1st Battalion, 159th Depot Brigade. "How is Notre Dame?" he asks. "I gulp down every bit of N. D. news that I can find, and like a starved pup, cry for more." In conclusion he added, "Letters are the pot of gold for the soldier after his hard day's work."

—Lieut. James M. McNulty in writing from Camp Shelby, Mississippi, has this to say in regard to Lieut. (Rev.) George Finnigan: "He is the Paul Revere of the 137th, bringing good news, letters, and words of cheer and consolation to our sick in the hospitals, and to all with whom he comes in contact." Lieut. Jim has passed the examination required for entrance into the Aviation Corps, but at present has no intention of leaving the artillery arm of the service.

—The following letter, received by Father Doremus from Harry M. Newning, our old baseball star, is, we think, the first letter written to Notre Dame from the first line trenches. Harry doesn't seem to be worrying about the Germans.

This may be a surprise to you, for I am now writing in a dugout, thirty feet under the ground, and the letter is on French issue writing paper.

Isn't that moving quite fast? We have been in position here on the front for quite a while now and have become used to all the noise and excitement. Of course we were green the first couple of days, but now we act like old-timers.

Our position is a very good one and the sector is rather quiet. There is a French battery on either side of us and they are continually coming over to us to help. The officers are wonderful to us. We have been over to their dugouts several times for meals, and their men are always helping our men in building protections, digging trenches, camouflaging, etc. Such hospitality has made us feel very much at home.

. . . Well, father, we have seen some pretty lively times lately and there seems to be plenty more of them in store for us. It is the most interesting thing I have ever experienced. I expect to have lots of good tales to tell when I get back. Think of me often at Mass and write me whenever you can, and remember me to the priests at N. D.

Your old friend,
Harry M. Newning,
Second Lieut. F. A. U. R. S.
101st F. A., A. E. F. Bat. F.

—Student friends of Charles B. Reeve, formerly of Plymouth, Indiana, will rejoice to know that he is a first lieutenant, Cavalry, U. S. R., and is doing some important railroad work on the French front. A glance at his last letter home is sufficient to prove that he is not discontented with his lot, or with the treatment he receives from Uncle Sam. He does observe, however,

that French cooking is not mother's. In speaking of churches Lieut. Reeve said that he had not seen a Protestant church since coming to France.

—Last summer Thomas L. Moore, student in Walsh Hall '15–'17, received the commission of first lieutenant in the Aviation Corps. He received his early training at the Royal Flying School, Toronto, Ontario. Later he was sent to Fort Worth, Texas, where he acted as instructor of aviation. At daybreak on February 24th Tom sailed out of New York with "somewhere in France" as his destination. He would be glad to hear from any of his old friends. Address all correspondence to Lieut. Thomas L. Moore, 28th Aerial Squadron, Am. Ex. Forces, Postmaster, New York City. Tom was the third member of the Moore family to join the service.

Lectures.

Mr. Frank Hatch, circulation manager of the South Bend *Tribune* lectured before the students of journalism last Thursday afternoon upon the place of circulation in modern newspaper activities. Mr. Hatch's place in local newspaper history is unique. As a boy he sold the first copy published by the newspaper for which he now acts as circulation manager. His experience in newspaper work extends over forty years, most of which time has been spent in the circulation department. As a result his lecture was filled with information of a highly instructive nature. The journalists look forward to another visit from Mr. Hatch.

Strickland Gillilinan, the noted humorist, entertained the students of the University for an hour and a half last Saturday night in Washington Hall. While the talk was essentially a humorous one, Mr. Gillilinan injected into it bits of sound philosophy and a few really beautiful thoughts, particularly the concluding piece, a little poem on childhood. The rendition of his famous piece, "Off Again, On Again, Gone Again—Finnegan" delighted the entire audience in such a way as to suggest more of the same matter if Mr. Gillilinan should appear before us again in the future. This was not the lecturer's first appearance before a Notre Dame audience and we hope it will not be his last. The next event scheduled for Washington Hall will be a concert by Zedeler's Sextette on March 27.

Athletic Notes.

With a sixteen-game schedule, mostly with Western Conference schools, to be played between April 18 and June 1, Coach Harper's baseball candidates are putting forth their best efforts to be in shape for the campaign. This year's nine is the final effort of Jesse C. Harper, groomer of great teams at Notre Dame for the past five years, and the coming cattleman would like nothing better than to conclude his days as a director of athletics with a winning team.

His material is scanty. Behind the bat, Allison is missing, and Philbin, a substitute catcher of two years ago, will probably do most of the receiving. Edgren and Murphy are absent from their old stand in the pitcher's box, and Murray, the sensational southpaw, will have to do most of the twirling. Boland has the edge on the rest of the boxmen, though Smith, Lally, Lavery, McGirl, and Hallert all have their merit.

Spalding's untimely death has made it necessary to station Sjoberg permanently at second base; Captain Wolf is one of the best college short-stops now playing ball; Fitzgerald, the fast-going ex-Corbyite, is "Jake Kline-ing" it satisfactorily on third base. Batting in bombardment fashion has all but landed two of the outfield positions for Ronchetti and Barry, while Morgan, Balfe, and Mangin are fighting it out for the third garden assignment. Dunn, McGuire, Hallovan, Callahan, Kelley, Gilfillan, and Sweeney are working hard for recognition.

Coach Harper is well satisfied with the showing of the team to date. Several of the men are green and have many things to learn, but he is relying on the spirit of team work and determination for great things as the season progresses. The schedule is as follows:

April 18	Wabash at Crawfordsville
April 20	Rose Poly. at Terre Haute
April 20	Indiana at Bloomington
April 22	Wisconsin at Notre Dame
April 27	Wisconsin at Madison
April 30	Michigan at Notre Dame
May 3	Indiana at Notre Dame
May 4	M. A. C. at Lansing
May 8	Purdue at Lafayette
May 11	M. A. C. at Notre Dame
May 17	Iowa at Notre Dame
May 21	St. Ambrose at Davenport, Iowa
May 22	Iowa at Iowa City
May 25	Purdue at Notre Dame
May 31	Michigan at Ann Arbor
June 1	Michigan at Ann Arbor

Letters from Camp.

CAMP SHELBY, HATTIESBURG, MISS.,
March 5th, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana,

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

. . . . . I believe that I am the only chaplain in camp who takes military drill. You will be amused at the way I got into it. One morning I happened to be standing near the officers' drilling quarters admiring the line-up of splendid young men: majors, captains and lieutenants, when suddenly I saw the major in charge motion for me to come over. I did, and as I got to the line he said, "Fall in." I nearly fell over, for I had never paid even so much as ordinary attention to the boys drilling at Notre Dame. Well, in five minutes I was running all over the field. "To the rear, march," "squads, right," "right front into line, march," "about face," all sounded different but meant nothing to me. What a miserable looking rookie I must have been that morning as I crashed against captains and stepped on the heels and toes of majors. They all took it fine, however, whispered instructions and guided me as gracefully as they could under the circumstances. But there is a big difference now and I am mighty glad that I had the courage to pull through the first few days of trial and tribulation.

I am quartered with the Sanitary Train, which is located near the Base Hospital where most of my work is done. This Sanitary Train is composed of eight companies: four field-hospital outfits and four ambulance outfits. Each morning I say Mass at the K. of C. building, which is within easy reach of my quarters. At nine I make the rounds of the wards in the Base Hospital. There are over twelve hundred patients, and I try to get into each ward several times a week. Besides these visits I am subject to emergency calls from the Base. In the afternoon I supervise the English classes among the men at the hospital and in the evening I teach French to the nurses, about fifty of them attending. Please do not let Father Doremus know about this.

My Masses on Sunday are at 7:30 in the Hosiptal and at 10:00 in a movie theatre, which is so located as to get the Catholics from several regiments. In addition to these duties, I am supposed to look after the athletic activities of the Sanitary Train.

I frequently see Lieuts. Dundon, Holland, Miller, Fitzpatrick, Meehan, McNulty, and McOsker. They are wonderfully fine fellows, good soldiers, and fine practical Catholics. We are proud of the showing they have made, for they are making Notre Dame known in the way you would have her known. This much should be told of McNulty: after three years of residence at Notre Dame he had to inquire about the location of the President's room. That is a record, or at least a mighty good performance.

I never have an unhappy moment—except when I think that I missed "going across" by the failure of Father Davis to pass the first examination. He was assigned to Shelby, you know. Had he passed, he would, no doubt, have come here and I would now be on my way. I envy him and Father O'Donnell, but hope they will reserve a corner of the great vineyard over there for the chaplains who are now at Shelby.

For the past few days I have been taking the gas instructions. Each of us has been provided with a mask, and for one hour at a time we practice the art of putting them on. Six seconds are allowed for taking the mask out of the bag and adjusting it to the face. It is a very disagreeable device, but quite necessary according to the latest reports.

I came pretty near being gassed the other day. I was visiting a friend and had tied my horse to what I thought was a hitching-pole. I had been in the tent about ten minutes when I heard someone ask, "Who in the —— hitched that horse to the colonel's clothes line?" I had mistaken the colonel's clothes line for a hitching post. My friend went out and explained the matter, and I escaped with nothing more serious than a quickened pulse.

I received a beautiful testimonial from the Notre Dame New England Club. I miss the boys very much. I sincerely hope the whole business will be over before any more of them are called.

We were much shocked at the news of Father Morrissey's illness. I hope he is out of danger and that the next few days will restore him completely. Will you tell him that I have remembered him daily in prayer since I heard of his sickness, and I shall write to him in a few days.

With kindest regards to all the brethren, the boys and yourself, I remain, devotedly yours,

John C. McGinn, C. S. C.,
Chaplain to the 113th Sanitary Train, U. S. A.

AVIATION CAMP, WACO, TEXAS,
March 7, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

. . . . As you may already know, I have been a first lieutenant in the Signal Reserve Corps, Aviation Section, since last November, having been commissioned at the close of the second officers' training camp at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, which I attended for the three-months' period of instruction. On being commissioned, I was ordered to Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas; and proceeding there, received further orders to come to Camp MacArthur, Waco, where I have been on duty in the Aviation Camp since December 18th. When I first came to Waco, the Aviation Camp was a part of Camp MacArthur, but shortly thereafter became independent of the latter, and is now a separate command. For about two months I was the commanding officer of the 6th Recruit Squadron, First Provisional Regiment of the camp, but on February 19th was relieved from further assignment to that regiment, and detailed as Acting Judge Advocate for the Aviation Camp, an office on the Staff of Colonel Archie Miller, the camp commandant, which I am now filling. Previously, however, I had been appointed judge advocate of the general court-martial for the camp, by order of the Southern Department of January 17th, which court is still in existence, with myself as its judge advocate.

My bride accompanied me to Waco, where she is living for the present. One of the pleasures I look forward to when the war has been won and the world is safe for democracy—or perhaps, sooner, if opportunity offers—is a visit to Notre Dame with her to show her its treasures and the places of which I hold such pleasant memories. I am sure that she anticipates the pleasure of meeting you and my other good friends at the University. Kindly remember me to all the latter, especially to the Padres who were my professors and to whom I feel that I owe much.

Trusting that you are enjoying good health, and with highest personal regards from Katherine and myself, I am always, your sincere friend,

Thomas A. J. Dockweiler,

Somewhere in France,
January 8th, 1918.

Reverend Father Cavanaugh,
Notre Dame, Ind.,

Dear Friend:—

I noted in the paper over here that Rev. Matthew Walsh and a number of other priests from Notre Dame are to be army chaplains. I am glad to hear this, as it is for a good cause, and they will be doing a wonderful work for the soldiers in France.

I have been over here for a short time myself, having received a commission as first lieutenant in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. No doubt I am one of the many Notre Dame boys who got over here early to do their part.

The enlisted men and ourselves are taken good care of and manage to make the best of everything. All realize that they have a large duty to do, and all is done without a grumble.

. . . Hoping that I shall find time to visit N. D. when in that locality, I remain sincerely yours,

First Lieut. Lewis J. Newman,
82nd Aero Squadron, A. S. S. C.,
American Expeditionary Forces, France.

American Expiditionary Forces, France,
February 21, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and kicking. I had a very successful voyage across the Atlantic, and, without exaggerating the point one bit, I can say that I really enjoyed it. There were, however, a few anxious moments connected with the trip, especially when our ship entered the danger zone. But we were fortunate and dashed through without even being scratched. One ship which happened to be in our convoy had a narrow escape, but luckily the Hun "sub" was a little off color in sending its compliments, and the ship got by unhurt. Incidentally, our ship was marked for capture or destruction, and it was said that the submarine which might end her career had a liberal reward in store for the job. I spent a few days in England, and then crossed the channel to France. After a short stay at the rest camp, I was ordered to the school of instruction for the field artillery. I arrived at the school January 30th, and have been here since that date.

The artillery school is a very wonderful institution. The entire course of instruction here is under the direction of French officers, who have learned the game through actual experience at the front, many of them having been there since the beginning of the war. The student officers are taught gun and mounted drill, equitation, calculations for firing, topography, telephony and telegraphy, everything in fact, that will be essential when the time for actual work comes. The drills and classes are supplemented with range firing at target, and observation, and it adds much to the interest of the course. The officers in training here are taking the work seriously, and, from what I have seen here, every man is doing his best to benefit by the rare opportunity afforded him. The hours are long and tedious, the work is pretty stiff, but there is little or no complaining.

This section of France is very picturesque; the country is rolling, chateaux are in abundance and churches are very numerous. Wayside shrines and replicas of Cavalry are very common, and it is quite ordinary to see a priest passing through the streets clothed in his cassock and wearing his flat, broad hat. So far as I can see this part of France is very much Catholic. As an example we have five large churches in our town, the inhabitants of which number about 16,000.

I am getting along quite well with my course and I hope that I shall profit by it. Give my kindest regards to Fr. MacDonald, and remember me to all my friends. With kindest wishes, I am, sincerely,

(Lieut.) James E. Roach, F. A. R. C.

P. S.—Charles Lahey (C. E. '13) is here with me.

Gen. Headquarters, A. E. F., France,
P. O. 706.

Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My Dear Father Schumacher:—

. . . . I had formerly planned to attend commencement at Notre Dame this year, but of course such is impossible. I shall put in many hours dreaming, however. There are a number of Notre Dame boys over here. I noticed that some are registered at the American University Union, among them a classmate of mine.

I have been most fortunate so far in that I have seen several of France's most noted monuments. I have purchased not a few books since being here, and am making an attempt to acquaint myself intimately with some of the better pieces of architecture. I wish I might tell you of some of the historical and elegant things I am fortunate enough to see, but I presume the censor prefers that I would not, and his will be done, of course.

I am getting to the point where I don't have to talk altogether with my hands and I am beginning to know what I am to eat before I see it. The experience of association means much to a young fellow, much more than I had thought.

May I expect to hear from you at your convenience. With best regards, I am as ever,

W. W. Turner, Engr. F. C.

Safety Valve.

MARY—John, I want an Easter bonnet.

JOHN—Mary, you can't have one.

M—I insist I must have an Easter bonnet.

J—I insist you can't have one.

M—John, I stamp my foot and positively demand an Easter bonnet.

J—Mary, I cross my fingers and absolutely refuse to get you an Easter bonnet.

M—John, I'll tell the milk man and he'll tell the neighbors that you refused me an Easter bonnet.

J—Mary, I'll tell the plumber and he'll tell the gas man to tell the coal man that you told the milk man that I refused to get you an Easter bonnet.

M—John, you're ridiculous.

J—So am I.

M—If I can't have an Easter bonnet I'm going back to mother.

J—Whose mother?

M—My mother.

J—Your mother hasn't an Easter bonnet.

M—I never said she had.

J—I didn't say you did.

M—Well, what about it?

J—About what?

M—About my Easter bonnet.

J—The Easter bonnet is imaginary and I suppose there are imaginary flowers about it.

M—You're awful clever, you big incompetent—

J—What's that love?

M—I was just saying I've decided to bring mother here to live with us.

J—Now for the love of Mike, Mary, be reasonable. We're getting along nicely enough and besides I can't support—

M—I'll bring her here and you can put her out if you're able. I'll give her the front room just beside the door and she'll know when you get in nights—

J—Say, Mary, I think a spring hat with roses on it would be nice for you.

M—O John, you dear thing (they clinch).

J—You're about the sweetest and most reasonable person I ever met.

M—And you John, you certainly are generous. I'm mighty glad I married you.

LETTERS FROM CAMP

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COMPANY. B.

Whenever we have company
My sister runs up stairs,
And starts to sweep the spare room out
And dust the lounge and chairs.
She pulls the covers off the bed—
Her speed is hard to beat—
And snatching the electric iron
She presses out each sheet.

Whenever we have company—
It's strange that it should be—
Sis has to wash the napkins out
And turn the cloth, and we
All have to say we've had enough
And wouldn't care for more—
If we take seconds daddy frowns
And mother gets quite sore.

Whenever we have company
I go up stairs ahead
Of visitors, so I can throw
My socks beneath the bed.
I have to pick up my soiled shirt
And chuck them 'tween the ticks,
I bet the company don't know
We clean the place by tricks.

***

FASHIONS.

"Excuse me miss, but there's a fly
Upon your rosy cheek."
The charming lass looked out in space
Too full of scorn to speak.
Then coldly turned her back on me
And left me to my lot—
How should I know 'twas not a fly,
But just a beauty spot.

In olden times the ladies wore
Skirts lined with hoops, I know;
I've heard of sheath and hobble-skirts
Of rats and puffs, but lo!
Never in all my fair young life
Until the last few weeks,
Did I suspect that girls stuck flies
Upon their comely cheeks.

'Tis hard to say what will be style
Before another year,
A girl may think it cute to stick
Her gum behind her ear.
She may wear thrift stamps on her chin,
Or even I suppose,
A lass may have the front door key
Suspended from her nose.

***

THE PET-PEEVE.

When I'm hurrying like fury
To get dressed to keep a date,
I can never find a collar
And my tie's gone sure as fate.
I bear all these trials in patience,
But what gets my goat for fair
Is to find each comb I reach for
Full of sister's long black hair.

Oft I drop my collar-button
And it rolls beneath the bed,
But on bended knees I seek it
And I never lose my head.
In adversities I'm patient,
But it almost makes me swear,
When I find each comb I pick up
Full of sister's long black hair.

For it makes a fellow creepy
When he feels upon his brow,
Dangling strands that itch and tickle
And there's apt to be a row.
Sis may use my knife and nail file,
But it drives me to despair
When I find the comb I paid for
Full of sister's long black hair.