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Drowsy Noon.

(*In a Soldier's Cemetery.*)

UNDER the brown earth sleeping,
Where tall pines grow,
Brave hearts grown tired are in the dark earth keeping
The silence down below.

Summer and insect-humming
Are over the place;
There's pine whisper, the odor of lilacs coming
Out of a broken vase.

Above the wild grass sighing
The tall reeds nod;
The roses yester plucked are lying
Dead on the trampled sod.

Summer and noon-tide dreaming
This bright June day;
Butterfly wings under a warm sun gleaming,
And clouds of drifting gray!

EXTRA.

A Plea for the Familiar Essay in College English.*

BY SISTER M. MADELEVA OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

THE family of the Alphabet has, indeed, multiplied and filled the whole earth, and of all its numerous offspring the Familiar Essay is the very darling, "an Ariel among literary kind, an aristocrat of letters." Yet, it is rather the least familiar of literary forms. The short-story, for example, is more widely read and the drama more exhaustively and more carefully studied. The human interest in these two forms accounts for their popularity, but there is a set of values in the essay which deserves much more consideration than it receives. The familiar essay is essentially a creative form of prose expression in that it takes thought rather than persons or events for its subject-matter. This establishes the worthiness of its cause. Secondly, it enjoys a certain freedom from technique, it is its own form. There is little in the familiar essay that corresponds to plot in the short-story or to structure in the drama. The student has to consider only the thought and its manner of expression. By giving exclusive attention to these two important elements of English, for however short a time, he will begin at least to develop flexibility of thought, naturalness, and adequacy of expression, qualities which he may well cultivate. In its critical and classic forms the essay is often beyond the capacity and the taste of the ordinary reader; but the familiar essay, in its exaltation of such homely subjects as Roast Pig and Poor Relations, is surely catholic enough in its appeal. It falls easily within the ability of any college student and can be made a very profitable, albeit supplementary part of his English work.

Such a frank egoist is the familiar essay that it needs no introduction; it presents itself with no credentials other than its own happy personality and winsome manner. But inquiry into its family history and pedigree discovers that it is sprung from the fine old family of Montaigne, whose literary motto ran, "Myselfe am the groundwork of my booke." The authors of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, with Cowley and Sir Thomas Browne, were among its most influential ancestors, and Hazlitt and "that light-horse soldier, Goldsmith," were its immediate forbears. Lamb was a prince of this house, and at his death both title and mantle fell to the happy lot of the intense, romantic Stevenson. The familiar or personal essay is the youngest of the essay family and marks its final and most happy development. It bears resemblance to both the classic essay and the short-story essay, but

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is less scholarly than the former and more personal than the latter. It is the most intimate, the most natural, the most creative, and, for all these reasons, the most thoroughly delightful form of prose. Many of our best writers have employed it at some time or other to make open confession of matters too egoistical or subjective, or too informal for more pretentious treatment. None of them have had quainter, wiser, or more friendly things to say through this medium or have said them more perfectly than Lamb and Stevenson. This study of the personal essay in connection with college English confines itself, therefore, to these two essayists, for the twofold reason that if only two can be studied, they should be the best two, and that what is true of them will be true in varying degrees of all essayists of this type.

Description is ordinarily the first subject taught in Freshman English. If, after having gone over the preparatory work, the teacher wishes to supplement the text assignments, he will find admirable material in "The South Sea House" from *Essays of Elia*. For humanly suggestive description one could hardly find anything better than this. "The very clerks .... formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay monastery. Domestic retainers in a great House, kept more for show than for use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat, and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute." Epigram, apostrophe, punctuation usher in and out from among the "dusty dead" the quaint, old-fashioned bachelor clerks of the South Sea house. The house itself is a challenge to imitation, and that imagination is dull, indeed, which would not wish to add a twentieth century book-keeper or two to this group of eighteenth century ghosts.

"A Quakers' Meeting" is description, exposition, and narration all in one. Immediately it invites a many-sided comparison with the chapter on "The Monks" from *Travels with a Donkey*. There is the same setting of religion, the same atmosphere of recollection, the same enveloping and active silence. It would be hard to say whether the reader is more happy over the resemblances or the differences that come to meet him down parallel roads. Here are a pair: the first, "a man of giant stature, who might have danced 'from head to foot equipped in iron mail.' 'He had been a wit in his youth,' he told us, with expressions of sober remorse." The other is "Father Michael, a pleasant, fresh-faced, smiling man .... who listened to my prattle indulgently enough, ... like a spirit with a thing of clay.... But his manner, though superior, was exquisitely gracious; and I find I have a lurking curiosity as to Father Michael's past."

"A Character of the Late Elia," though semi-narrative in character, can be used to good advantage in studying description. The paragraph beginning, "My late friend...." is one in particular that suggests endless possibilities for imitation.

The compliment of imitation that Stevenson paid to Lamb, the student may well pay to him. He says: "Description was the principal field of my exercises," and "Walking Tours" is only one example of the perfection to which his practice brought him. One can learn from it how to walk as well as how to write; it is a miniature Don Quixote for pedestrians; it puts one on his feet and sends him out for a cross-country jaunt in pursuit of the romance of the commonplace, and brings him back to write of his adventure with life and zest. "An Autumn Effect" can be used to like advantage and adjusted, for imitation, to any season of the year. A Winter Effect or a Spring Effect could be given as a class exercise after reading this essay.

A certain perforation of memory and porosity of mind are conditions commonly met with among students, perhaps induced by literary over-feeding. An old-fashioned remedy for these conditions comes in the form of an old-fashioned assignment of reading for reproduction. To the question of what to read one can hardly receive a happier answer than "A Night among the Pines." Reading it is next to experiencing it, but as for that, we shall let Stevenson speak for himself. He will not let you miss a single velvet sensation of the waking or sleeping night. Better, he will not let you forget one either. You put the essay down with the feeling of having all but experienced it. So the task of reproduction resolves itself to a matter of pen and paper, and the psychologist will tell you that the mental sieve is on the way to become water-proof, or literally fact-proof.

But "A Night among the Pines" comes to an end, and when one awakes to find the English day at hand, it is well to awake still in the country where *Travels with a Donkey* has

brought him. For the literary Baedeker contains directions to proceed directly from Description to Narration, and here one has at hand such narration as he would not come upon in a day's journey through a library. Simple, straightforward narrative is a thing to be received with appreciation and even gratitude in these plot-ridden days of the short-story and the novellette. To read *Travels with a Donkey* is to make a journey more subjective, more joyous, in a number of ways more unimpeded than the one recorded; and to approach the manner of its telling is to have acquired something very definite and desirable in style. If, perchance, time presses and one can not spend the whole twelve days nor journey the entire hundred and twenty miles with Stevenson and the precocious Modestine, "Our Lady of the Snows" offers endless possibilities both in hospitality and English. Who could cheaply dream of sophisticating with plot "Father Appolinaris" or "The Monks"; who could question the charm of simple narrative to which they owe their literary existence; or who could not, for very fun, produce half a dozen spontaneous parallels to "The Boarders?"

Following the path of narrative one returns, without travelling in a circle, to Lamb and "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig." The reader is quite helpless to do more than read and enjoy with all his humorous heart and mind this extravagant, irresponsible farce. Imitation or reproduction is useless. But when a student has read this much of the inimitable Lamb he has had a delightfully profitable lesson in English, and can hardly approach the subject any longer from the dead level of monotony.

Lamb's life is the explanation of his writing; his essays are an elaborate play to dispel the "blues," and the tragedy behind them makes their foolishness sublime. No family closet has ever sheltered more pathetic skeletons than his. They both gain and lose in tragedy under the smile of his quaint humor. One might expect Lamb to retire into a bitter and despondent silence about his family, but how he talks of it! "Poor Relations" is, among other things, a study in epigram, and "My Relations" is unadulterated delight. What with his aunts, his "male aunts," and his inexplicable cousins, one wonders if ever there was another family quite so interesting as Lamb's, and immediately begins to call the roll of his own relations. Here is a theme subject at hand. Why not write on My Relations? Or if one does not wish to be personal, there is "Mrs. Battle's Opinion on Whist." The essay is a model of clear and interesting narrative; the character of Mrs. Battle is so definitely drawn as to indicate her possible views on woman suffrage or higher education for women, or her opinion on Red Cross work might easily be volunteered by the wide-awake student.

But do not dismiss Lamb in connection with narration without meeting Jem White in "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers." There are a dozen irrepressible and sooty preliminaries before the entrance of this "vast, substantial smile" of essay folk, and after having watched him play the double role of host and head waiter at his own annual dinner for chimney-sweepers, one is quite ready to believe that "he carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died." Something of the substantial, large-hearted homeliness of this very informal affair—whether it be the hospitality or the smell of sausages—reminds one of the prosperous home of old Baltus Van Tassel and suggests a comparison between this essay and Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

The subject of literary exposition, usually the least interesting to the student, is rich in illustration from the familiar essay. Unliterary explanations are ordinarily tiresome when they are not openly embarrassing. No subject could offer more opportunities for embarrassment than "Valentine's Day." Yet Lamb is quite quaint and simple in his exposition. "This is the day," he says, "on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all forespent postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own." His epithet for the heart, "that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears," is as nice a divorce between emotion and physiology as literature is likely to achieve.

"Old China" is another of Lamb's essays which will serve to disillusion the student as to the dullness of exposition, and surprise him into an actual interest in the possibilities of the commonplace. Its sincere and earnest apology for poverty is the more appealing because it is a part of the elaborate game of make-believe which Lamb was always playing. The twentieth-century boy or girl is not accustomed to regard a cheap seat in the theatre as a luxury or a rare copy of an old book as an absolute joy. These

points of view Lamb makes inevitable. Agnes Repplier has given the same subject a more economic treatment in "My Lady Poverty," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1914.

"The Sanity of True Genius" possesses less of that quaint eccentricity of style that is Lamb than most of his essays, for which reason it may fall more within the range of student capacities. It represents direct and vigorous exposition; it is coherent and concise, and furnishes excellent preparatory work for the acquirement of these qualities. The droll, amusingly philosophical, scriptural Lamb reappears in "The Two Races of Men." With one sweep of his topic sentence he separates all humanity into two classes, the men who lend and the men who borrow, and then, with the assurance of a sophist, proceeds to make the worse appear the better cause. The essay fairly bristles with interest, especially for the English students. It adapts itself to reproduction at almost every paragraph, and invites parody on such subjects as The Punctual and the Tardy, The Orderly and The Disorderly, The Great and the Near Great.

A special interest attaches to the literary tastes of writers and their preferences in the matter of books. "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading" satisfies this interest and suggests to the reader the expression of his own opinion on the same subject, on magazine reading, or on other phases of current fiction.

Life is a quest within a quest; childhood has scarcely given up its search for the end of the rainbow when there is some golden fleece or Holy Grail for youth to seek. El Dorado is the fair, far city of the errant world, and Stevenson's journey there, as set forth in his essay, "El Dorado," is a brave and happy pilgrimage. It leads through a somewhat unfrequented path of fancy, up quick, sure steps of epigram and aphorism until "it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado." The essay is as brave as the bravest of Stevenson's personal writings and more hopeful than some. Its strength and vigor of style can be better felt than described, and as the student reads it, he comes to realize that language in itself can possess a beauty apart from the thought it must express.

Burton's definition of the essay as "a literary creature to the making of which go mood and form" is perfectly illustrated in "Aes Triplex." The mood is the consideration of death and the form is English without reproach. Literature is hardly apt to improve on the style of "Aes Triplex." Recognize the fine appropriateness for death of the epithet, "God's pale Praetorian;" appreciate the neat truthfulness of the sentence, "We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness;" and read out of the spontaneous last paragraph such courage as would have made an optimist of Napoleon on St. Helena. The essay can be used admirably as a reading assignment with the additional requirement of a paragraph on any thought suggested by it. Very good short themes can be developed from such topic sentences as these: "We do not go to cowards for tender dealing," or "It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick room."

There is an immediateness and a fine self-consciousness in Stevenson, due perhaps to the pressure of approaching death. It pervades "Crabbed Age and Youth" and lets slip the tell-tale ejaculation, "if I'm spared," quite as a God-fearing grandmother might do. This essay of Stevenson's should be praised for an uncommon quantity of common sense. Enthusiasm is canonized in the word, "if St. Paul had not been a very zealous Pharisee, he would have been a colder Christian." Credulity smarts under the epitome, "some people swallow the universe like a pill." Almost any paragraph of the essay can be used as an exercise in reproduction, and while thus teaching ambitious youth to write gracefully, may perchance teach him at the same time to grow old gracefully.

Whereas death and a serious consideration of it, even with the courage of a Stevenson, are uninviting subjects to the young, "An Apology for Idlers" is aimed at the very heart of youth. It is a panegyric on its besetting weakness and the exaltation of it almost to the realm of virtue. Who believes more firmly than the average Freshman that "books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life?" Here is a subject with which the normal student is in perfect sympathy. Let him express his agreement in such subjects as A Profitable Idleness, or The Busyness of Life. Let him imitate carefully the paragraph on the duty of being happy with expositions on the duty of being one's best self or the duty of being American. Any

number of variations will suggest themselves to the versatile teacher and will be met by a near approach to pleasure on the part of the class. The discretion of the teacher and the maturity of the students will determine the treatment of a certain lack of faith which asserts itself particularly at the end of the essay. The conclusion chills, not because of the ascribed credulity of youth but because of the actual scepticism of the author.

The present steam-heated generation regards the days of wood fires and tallow dips with romantic tolerance, and "A Plea for Gas Lamps" sounds as absurdly old-fashioned as a plea for hour glasses or periwigs. Other variations of the primordial "Let there be light" may be more spectacular than this truly familiar essay; none is more sweetly possessed of the qualities of domesticated romance. When one has become familiar with the ejaculation, "God bless the lamp-lighter," and has watched him in imagination speeding through the streets with his "vagabond Pharos" knocking luminous holes in the dusk, he begins to think with enthusiasm of the possibilities of A Plea for Daylight or The Case of the Lightning Bug.

(To be Continued.)

Varsity Verse.

AT ST. MARY'S.

Over the way at break of day
The woodland's wild with song,
And the river croons its softest tunes
As it sweetly purls along.
But the golden thrush and the rippling stream
My eyes have never seen,
For over the way is far away,
And the Niles road lies between.

Over the way are eyes of gray
And eyes of softest blue,
And the lips that speak and the dimpled cheek
Would stir the heart of you.
But the gray-eyed maid and the blue-eyed lass
No dreamer now shall glean,
For over the way is far away
And the Niles road lies between.

Over the way at evening gray
With tear dimmed eyes they part,
And their fond good-bye is a plaintive sigh,
For they leave with a heavy heart.
And when dawn shall light the rose again
We'll seek in vain our queen,
For from over the way, they're gone to-day
And the great divide's between.

R. F. D.

BOBBIE.

Now are his eyes forever closed
Those roguish eyes of gray,
And the light that beamed on his dimpled cheek
Has fluttered fast away.

Now are his hands forever still
Through many a long, long day,
And a teardrop gleams in his comrades' eyes,
They miss him at their play.

Now does he sleep his long, long sleep
Beneath the silent sod,
And the little soul we loved so much
Has hurried home to God.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

'Tis now the Yankee maiden, she with foolishness o'erladen,
Devours the Sunday supplement that tells about the war;
About the daring birdman who was doing things absurd when
Disaster seized his engine in his last attempt to soar.

With zeal that's quite befitting she relinquishes her knitting,
All fads are laid aside, she is engrossed with thoughts of war;
Things heretofore essential all are now inconsequential,
Till now she's done her bit, and now she swears she will do more.

Her head is filled with visions of our gallant young divisions
That go with martial step and song to extirpate the Hun;
And if they come back bleeding, over there she'll soon be speeding
With nimble grace to comfort them. Oh, girls, won't that be fun?

Oh, heavenly flirtations, caused by Cupid's machinations,
They certainly will welcome her, yes, ev'ry mother's son;
She's armed with fags and sweetness, and with much dispatch and neatness
She'll come back home triumphant when the vic'try has been won.

THOMAS J. TOBIN.

Archbishop John Ireland—a Prince Uncrowned.

BY JAMES W. HOGAN, '21.

"Whilst I live," wrote the great King Alfred of old, "I wish to live nobly, and after life to leave to the men who come after me a memory of good works." Ten centuries have come and gone since these words were penned, and yet they may be applied to-day with striking exactitude to the life of another heroic figure, the late John Ireland, venerable Archbishop of St. Paul. For his career was indeed a noble one, and although his body lies, in accordance with his last wish, deep buried "with his people under the green sod of Calvary," yet the remembrance of his good deeds will ever live in the hearts of his fellow-men, imperishable monuments to his genius.

Search the annals of history and you will find no humbler beginning than that of this great militant Churchman. Born in Ireland in 1838, cradled in the lowly lodge of a Kilkenney carpenter, he came with his parents to America while yet a child, carried hither by the early flood of Irish immigration; a brief sojourn in Vermont, then a long, tedious journey westward in a prairie schooner, over the mountains and down into the valleys of the middle West; and finally to St. Paul, Minnesota, which was then the very heart of the great Northwestern wilderness. Here, indeed, was hardship and adventure in abundance, and it was in this early school of experience that this sturdy Irish lad developed the resourcefulness and vigor that were to characterize his entire career.

And yet the poverty and privations of this early period did not prevent him from aspiring to the dignity of the priesthood. "For," says Woodrow Wilson: "The Roman Catholic Church is a great democarcy. . . . no peasant so humble that he might not become priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become the Pope of Christendom." And so it was that when this humble peasant boy disclosed the longings of his heart to Bishop Cretin, the first ordinary of St. Paul, arrangements were immediately made for his education in France, first in the little seminary at Merrimeaux, and later in the "Grand Seminaire" at Hyeres.

His attachment and love for France was deep and enduring, but when, ten years later, the roar of cannon heralded the outbreak of the Civil War the young ecclesiastic hastened homeward, was ordained in St. Paul and enlisted as chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers. Here his fearlessness in action and wholehearted devotion to duty won the admiration of officers and men alike. Spurning the superior accommodations which were his due, he ate and slept with the men of the ranks; and when, after fifteen months of distinguished service he was stricken with fever and ordered home, he bore with him, and retained throughout his life, the love and esteem of the members of the old guard, regardless of creed or rank.

Upon his return from the South he entered upon his priestly duties with all the ardor of his soul, and it was characteristic of the man that he should quickly spring into national prominence. For his was a world vision, and his quenchless fervor bade him on. He looked about him and beheld the curse of intemperance sweeping like a plague over pioneer America, and so when a group of drunken men accosted him one night with the cry, "For God's sake form a temperance society!" the latent fire within his heart was fanned into flame, and he marched out to battle with the demon Drink. Back and forth across the continent he went, stirring the hearts of men by the power of his eloquence; enrolling their names in his "Catholic Men's Total Abstinence Union." In the rugged lumber camps of the north woods and in stately metropolitan cathedrals; in the galleries of the Vatican, in ecclesiastical assemblies and in the halls of legislature his voice was heard, clear and triumphant,—"I preach a new crusade!" cried he, and five hundred thousand men pledged him a life of temperance.

It must not be supposed, however, that such strenuous, far-reaching activities impaired in any way the performance of his duties at home. His marvellous executive ability and capacity for work won instant recognition, and his elevation, first to Bishop and later to Archbishop of St. Paul, met the hearty approval of his associates and the endorsement of the country at large. For such was the catholicity of his mind that the expansion of his province and power was but the natural sequence of his unbounded zeal and energy.

With lofty ideals, magnificent in their conception, he yearned to lead all men to the portals of the Church. For the accomplishment of this purpose, he marshalled all the remarkable talents with which he was endowed, and, confident of his own force and influence he

flung himself unreservedly into widely diverging lines of human endeavor.

When German interests attempted to Prussianize many of our Catholic churches and schools and set up foreign Bishops in the United States, it was Archbishop Ireland who hurried on to Rome to meet them. "Our country," said he, "is not a Poland to be partitioned at the good will of foreigners," and he presented his side of the case to the Holy Father with such force that the schemes of his opponents were stifled under the outpouring of his eloquence and logic.

In politics he was ever a stanch Republican and his wise counsel was eagerly sought by the political leaders of the past generation. Always outspoken and unafraid, he was recognized as a true advocate of Catholic principles, and his masterly grasp of American needs and ideals won for him the confidence and esteem of more than one occupant of the Presidential chair. "I mourn the death of Archbishop Ireland," says Theodore Roosevelt. "He was a great patriot as well as a great churchman, of the old type in the point of ability and yet abreast of modern American thought."

And who is there would question the wholehearted patriotism of this great Prince of the Church? "The man should not live," he told the Minnesota naval recruits a year ago, "who does not love and cherish his country. To speak of America is to speak of the greatest nation among nations, to defend America is to defend not only the nation that protects you, that nurtures you, but the nation that stands in the universe for the highest ideals, the noblest principles governing mankind." Such was his exalted conception of American patriotism. With him the love of God and the love of country were ruling passions, and he was as ready to lay down his life for one as for the other.

Rich were the honors heaped upon him by his countrymen, yet they were but the reflected splendor of his own illustrious career. There was something positive and original about him which attracted the gaze of the multitude; a man out of the ranks, yet towering high above them, captivating the minds of all by the nobility of his life and person.

His rare and many-sided individuality is evidenced by the versatility of his character and labor. A man of deep personal humility and gentleness, he was unbending in argument or controversy; quiet and reserved of manner, he was ever in the midst of strife; and although his ability and resourcefulness seemed unlimited, he mistrusted himself and placed all his confidence in God. "The Lion of the Northwest" he was called, for he was a man who knew no fear, spurned fatigue, and parried his opponents with relentless skill; yet to those who knew him best he was always the same kind, chivalrous godly priest; keen and vigorous of mind, with an unquenchable zeal for the souls of men,—a true Ambassador of Christ.

To a French Child.

"Dear little French child
In your faded purple cape,
With its white embroidered flowers
And its ragged binding tape,
You don't know that you're a symbol
Of the spirit of your land,
But you are, dear little French child,
So come here; give me your hand,
Let's be friends as well as allies,
You and I.

Your daddy kissed you long ago
Before he went away,
And that was most four years ago,
Then why are you so gay?
A letter came just yesterday,
("*Ah oui*," I heard the Countess say)
Telling of his wound and capture
By the Boche at Catelet.
Your poor dear Mama thought him dead,
No letter came for weeks,
You prayed as Monsieur Curé said,
But no tears touched your cheeks;
"*C'est pour la France*," your Mama read,
And only lowered her sorrowed head.

Your dress has grown very small,
Your socks have shrunken too,
And so it's not your fault at all
Your knees are cold and blue,
But you're happy, and its wonderful
To see you march along
On your lonely Mama's errands
With your sabots' thumping song.

The rain has spoiled your curls to-day
And stained your ribbon too,
But what's that to a little girl
Who's daddy's a poilu!
Au revoir—Mam'selle."

—Lieutenant J. Urban Riley, '16.

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Students' Retreat.

The spirit of enthusiam with which the Catholic soldiers in camps here and in France attend religious services has been the subject of wide comment. The reason for the enthusiasm is patent. The war has sobered the young men of the country as, perhaps, no other thing could. The vistas of the future are hazy; the value of the present is apparent, and the soldier has begun to measure his actions by standards unusual with care-free, thoughtless youth. The world into which so many of his fellows has been called by death has become a very real world; and the danger of his losing by sin a prize which may be his to win or lose in the next twelvemonth has become a real danger which he can not trifle with. For the student-soldier at Notre Dame the retreat which will begin Monday, October 28th, ought to be an opportunity of checking up upon his own life which he will not let pass. War is not mere drill; it is an experience that must try men terribly and thoroughly. It must bring the youth of America face to face with death, and the future after death. No Catholic with faith in the cause he is fighting for should be afraid to face death which may rob him of this present life while it opens the way to an everlasting happiness; but every Catholic soldier should be afraid to face death with a soul unprepared; should be afraid to offend by sin Him who can cast body and soul into hell. These days of retreat must be days of serious thinking for the soldier student. He must approach them with the determination to get all the good that is possible from them. He must make use of the means suggested to make them fruitful, and he may then go into the active fighting with a consciousness that he is armed in soul against enemies more powerful and more subtle than any who may clash swords with him in Flanders.

American Efficiency.

The age of experiment has passed. The period of internal development, for fifty years following the Civil War, has been characterized as an era of experiment in manufacturing, agriculture, mining and transportation, but the outbreak of the World War found America a veritable industrial giant among nations. Her strength has well been attributed to unlimited resources, fertile soil, suitable location and climate, but now a new aspect must be considered, namely, her tremendous awakening of efficiency. For it is sufficiently convincing to glance over the record for four years in order to comprehend this striking fact. Our Merchant Marine has grown by leaps and bounds, almost as it were by magic, until it shall soon rival that of England—the greatest maritime nation of the world. Our factories and munition plants are working night and day, turning out the finished product at a rate which can not be equalled anywhere in the civilized world. Our record for crops has surpassed that of former years, which means more raw material for manufacturing to be then sent to our boys stamped with the sign of American efficiency.—C. R. P.

Gentlemen—Soldiers.

Some S. A. T. C. men seem to forget that they are, in a certain sense, guests of the University; and that, as such, they owe their host some measure of courteous deference. Gentlemen are always considerate of the customs of the place of their abode—when in Rome, they do as the Romans. Yet it seems that some members of the S. A. T. C., unmindful of the customs which exist, careless of the regulations which govern this vast household, appear bent upon establishing the rude order of camp in place of the cultured atmosphere of college. Army life is at best a crude, rough existence where force and retributive punishment secure discipline; while the ideal of a university is a tranquil life based on courteous individual initiative and mutual complaisant abnegation. Every man has a right to the exercise of the

fullest personal liberty, yet in order to have society at all, each must yield some part of his liberty that all may live in peace and order. Infractions of the conventions of the college, are liberties which no gentleman will take. A gentleman, given immunity by reason of his status as a military subject, would not, for example, ostentatiously flaunt contempt of such a ban as that locally placed upon cigarets. On the other hand it ought to be the endeavor of the college-soldier who aspires to a comission to raise the code of the common soldier. So much emphasis would not have been put on the second noun of the phrase "an officer and a gentleman," were the gulf less wide between the standards of conduct of the officers and men. But the boorish behavior of certain of our college soldiers towards visitors upon the campus leads us to believe that in place of stimulating the common soldier to higher ideals of conduct, they will be fortunate if they escape his disgust.—G. D. H.

Nations in the heat of war are oftentimes hysterical. In a belligerent state they commit seemingly judicious acts, and advocate apparently timely plans which in after years bear the semblance of unpardonable blunders. It would seem, therefore, wise to weigh well any act of ours, petty though it may appear, which has in its power the destruction of what reputation we have attained for sound judgment and foresight. Those who might suggest that we be more patriotic by refusing to speak or understand the language of our enemy are no doubt forgetful in their haste of the resources to which the German language is the door. Nay, even more, they neglect to remember that these harsh sounding Teutonic syllables hide much that it is imperative for us to see and comprehend. The reasons advanced for its abolition are, it appears, hopelessly obscured by the reasons for its retention. It is difficult to conceive how men who may weigh the consequences of such an act, can advocate the abolition of the German language for any reason other than the pretended patriotism that it is guaranteed to arouse in petty loyalists. It would indeed be a display of lemon-colored patriotism suitable only for those who lack just enough of the yellow tinge required to lynch a man whose only offense is his German name.

The German Language.

The spontaneous and hasty conclusion that a knowlege of German is to be detrimental to Americans is hardly founded on any acknowledged principle of justice. We must remember, first of all, that our enemy is not the language of Germany, no, not even the German people, but the German government. If we are to free the German masses from the profound slumber into which Kultur has cast them and make of them a democratic, decent and respectable people, certainly one of our agents must be a knowledge of their language. After this great war, every American must be a missionary. He must teach the German a new philosophy, a new creed, must show him the fallacy of "Might makes Right." He must begin now to prepare for that mission, and instead of throwing away that which he believes to be a useless weapon, seize it with renewed vigor, because he may yet discover that its worth is greater than the sword.—A. H.

Local News.

The following letter of the President of the University ought to check any wild rumors about sickness at the University.

October 23, 1918.

The death of two students of the University in St. Joseph's Hospital yesterday leads me to make the following statement:

Altogether there are now fifty boys ill enough to require any kind of nursing. These are distributed as follows:

The University Isolation Hospital (S. A. T. C.)	25
The College Infirmary	16
The Minims	1
St. Joseph's Hospital	8

I have gone all over the situation personally to-day, and I positively affirm that the cases referred to here, embracing all that are known to me to exist, are cases that run anywhere from one degree of fever up to a serious condition of pneumonia.

At the present time, there are just three very sick boys. They have pneumonia. All others are in a very satisfactory condition, and there is no cause for special worry.

In general, we have had very little evidence of the presence of the so-called Spanish Influenza. This may be due to the fact that the Notre Dame boy, as a rule, is in exceptionally good shape physically. It may be due to the fact that the case is observed very early by doctor or Infirmarian and checked before it has time to develop strongly.

We have had four deaths this year, out of a population of 1500 students. One of them was the case of little "Bobbie" Corrigan. He was constitutionally weak, and all of us knew he would never get through

his youth. The others were Lester Burrill, William Conway and George Guilfoyle. Guilfoyle and Conway died this morning. They have been fighting a battle with pneumonia for a week.

I make this statement so as to prevent ignorant and malicious people from frightening the public needlessly and, also, to clip the wings of sensation mongers.

I believe that the happy conditions existing at Notre Dame are due to the tireless labors and intelligent care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and also to the extraordinary watchfulness and zeal of Doctor Powers. I have never seen such devotedness in a physician, and I have never seen a situation organized better to fight trouble. I certainly take off my hat to Doctor Powers!

Cordially yours,
JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.,
President.

Edward C. Raine, the noted travelogue lecturer, will speak to the students on Nov. 9th and Mrs. Dederick, Soprano, will give a recital November 16th.

Students or relatives of Notre Dame men in the Army or Navy who have letters from camp or the front are requested to send them for publication to the SCHOLASTIC.

The President of the University preached an eloquent sermon in Chicago at the funeral of Mr. John P. Hopkins, former Mayor of that city, on Wednesday, Oct. 16.

The Rev. Lieutenant George M. Sauvage returned to Notre Dame on Thursday for a short visit. He is on his way to Washington, D. C., from where he may proceed to France.

The present week has seen the arrival and distribution of practically a full equipment of army uniforms. The hats and leggins were the latest in arriving. The goods came from Chicago, and a great part of them at least by auto-truck.

To the already copious number of monumental sources in the archives, have recently been added two gifts of historic value to Indiana Catholics. One is the crozier of Bishop Chatard which he used at his consecration in 1878; the other is the mozetta of Rt. Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, fourth bishop of Vincennes.

Reveille for the S. A. T. C. has been changed from 6:30 to 6 a.m., and a larger number have been assigned to K. P. duty. On Monday afternoon the men were excused from drill, but were assembled by companies, and were instructed by their respective lieutenants in the essentials of the war insurance. The rest of the afternoon was occupied by the boys in signing up for the amounts of insurance they wished to take out.

The President of the University addressed a large audience at Prudden Auditorium, Lansing, Mich., on Saturday, October 12th. The program was under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus.

The students' annual retreat will open Monday evening at seven o'clock in the university church. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings a Communion Mass will be said at 5:40. There will be an instruction every morning from 7:45 to 8:15, and a sermon every evening at 7:00 o'clock. Confessions will be heard every afternoon at 5:00 o'clock and every evening after supper, and after the sermon.

An "extra" edition of the *News-Times* announcing Germany's reply to President Wilson's peace terms appeared on the campus Monday afternoon, and every copy in the hands of the "newsies" was quickly bought up. Interest in the enemy's reply was intense, but great also was the interest in this unusual enterprise on the part of the local newspaper. After the success of this sale, South Bend papers will probably think it worth while to get their news promptly to the Notre Dame campus.

Future generations will review with interest those means by which our present government maintained interest in and procured funds for the carrying on of the great war. The publicity given to our war loans and stamp drives through posters and various other sources has been unique. The library has been the recipient of a full set of clip sheets used in the recent W. S. S. drive, having been presented by R. M. Hutchison, Director of the Publicity Bureau, South Bend. It is needless to say that their value will increase with the years.

The regular meeting of the Conference of the Priests of Holy Cross at Notre Dame will be held on Thursday, October 31; 1918, at ten o'clock a. m., in the reading room of Holy Cross Seminary. The papers to be read and discussed after their reading are as follows: The Motu Proprio on Church Music and Some of Its Possibilities by Father Marshall, to be discussed by Fathers A. Kirsch and Irving; A Dip into the New Canon Law by Father Scheier, to be discussed by Fathers Zubowicz and DeGroote; Mistakes in the Mass by Father Connor, to be discussed by Fathers Doremus and E. Burke.

Personals.

Rev. Lieut. V. J. Toole, a former student of the University, is at present a chaplain stationed at Camp Custer.

Mr. Desmond O'Boyle, old student, was killed in action on Oct. 1st, his twenty-fifth birthday. Desmond fought in the Canadian Army.—*R. I. P.*

A card received from Father McGinn tells of his safe arrival in France. It is probable that Fathers Edward and George Finnegan have also reached the other side.

Mr. Lawrence S. Highstone (LL. B., '01) is publicity man and entertainment director at Camp Sherman, Ohio. Address, K. of C. Headquarters, Camp Sherman, Ohio.

The marriage of Ray Humphreys (Ph. B. '16) to Miss Marion Beatrice Fitzgerald occurred on June 6th at Hinsdale, New Hampshire. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys.

Harold Lower writes from the Naval Air Station, Pensecola, Florida, that Noonan and Coker are busy men at the Station. Pete is doing engineering work and "Wallie" is employed in the hydrogen and gas plant.

A dispatch from Washington to the New York *Globe* reports that Lieutenant Thomas Moore, of Walsh hall, a brother of Elwyn Moore, recently brought down an enemy airplane. This is the third plane to Tom's credit.

"Stue" Carroll crowds this news on a postal card to Professor Cooney: "I'm spending my leave here in Normandy by he sea—and it's great. Beckman is with me on the *Stars and Stripes*, and Dick Daley will be soon. Had dinner with Father Walsh the other day. He's Paris chaplain now."

Lieutenant James O'Brien sent the following greeting to Notre Dame on Founder's Day: "I salute Knights of Columbus and all of Notre Dame on joint celebration of Columbus and Founder's Day. While influenza has brought tremendous work on us, tradition and the spirit of Notre Dame coupled with God's grace will support us for highest sacrifice."

A card to Prof. Maurus from A. R. Abrams, who with Walsh, Miles, Miller and Wallace, left for Fortress Monroe to enter the artillery training school says: "Have had Exam in Trig. and double interpolation. Rather stiff but we all passed. Notre Dame was the only school having 100 per cent of men passing. Minn. 5 of 10; Purdue 3 of 8, etc.

Captain W. W. Fitzpatrick has had a varied career. He was born in Paris and spent his early years in that city. In 1895 he was graduated from Texas State University, and received the degree of B. S. in Biology from Notre Dame in 1898. Since then he has spent thirteen years in Paris and has seen service in several American hospitals. Now he is a captain in the medical branch of the United Sates army.

In a tribute to the memory of Gerald Clements Captain W. T. Ellis of the Owensboro bar, said: "Gerald Clements was a modest young man; he was never officious or offensive, and there was nothing of the 'hoi polloi' about him; yet he had the talent for making friends and keeping them. He promised to make, not only a great lawyer, but a captivating jury advocate as well. I never knew a young man for whom the future seemed to promise greater success both at the bar and on the hustings. Gerald Clements was a patriot in the highest sense of the term—a patriot who not only obeyed and upheld his country's laws in time of peace but who was ready and at all times willing to follow and defend his country's flag in times of war." This was Gerald as his fellow students at Notre Dame knew him.

The following letter from the famous novelist, Meredith Nicholson, explains itself:

"Please accept my cordial thanks for your very kind note. Owing to the State Health Board's order forbidding gatherings of all kinds, the Womens' Club at South Bend postponed the meeting I was to address until February.

"When I come I shall be glad to meet your soldiers, if you are still of a mind to have me, and reawaken my pleasant memories of the University formed on the occasion of your fiftieth—or was it the seventy-fifth anniversary? —about twenty-five years ago. The tones of the wonderful bell have followed me ever since.

"With all good wishes, faithfully yours,

"Meredith Nicholson."

Needless to say, we shall be "of a mind to have" Mr. Nicholson whenever he can come. Meantime, those who are not familiar with his work ought to acquaint themselves with at least the spirit and the general facts regarding it.

Every member of the Notre Dame football team of 1916 is in the service of his country.

Cofall is in the tank corps; John Miller and Grant are lieutenants at Camp Shelby; Lieut. Alf Bergman is at Camp Taylor, where Phelan is an officer in the signal corps, and Captain Slackford is an instructor. Baujan, Tom King and Fitzpatrick are lieutenants; Rydzewski is in the ordnance department, and Ward, DeGree and Meagher are in the service. Philbin and Frank Andrews have entered the ensign school in Chicago, where Coughlin won his commission; Bachman is at Great Lakes naval training station, and Whipple is an engineer in France. And Lieut. Arnold McInerny, who was one of the greatest players on that really great team, has won its first gold star.

Lieut. Harry Kelly, who on April 14th received injuries necessitating the amputation of his left leg, is again in the United States. He arrived at Hoboken in August and has since visited his family and friends in Ottawa, Ill. Lieut. Kelly refused any pomp or show to welcome him home and urged his father to make the return what it used to be from Fort Sheridan. For his bravery he received the Croix de Guerre with palm leaf, and official statements now indicate that he will not be long out of the service. He grieves not for his lost limb, but because he is no longer able to do active military service at the front. He does not consider himself more heroic than those who fought with him nor than any other American soldier who, he says, would have done as much under similar circumstances. Harry's friends at Notre Dame hope to receive a visit from him in the very near future.

Athletic Notes.

In spite of the disappointment caused by the cancelling of the game with Municipal Pier last Saturday on account of the influenza epidemic by the medical authorities, Coach Rockne and his men were determined to go right ahead with hard practice in preparation for the big game with Nebraska, at Lincoln, Nov. 2. Early in the week the edict went forth from Dr. Powers to discontinue even practice. This second disappointment did not come alone, for word was received the same day that the Camp Custer game, which had been set for Saturday, Oct. 26, was cancelled, and at this writing it seems certain that the substitute game that had been planned between the upper classmen and the new men on the varsity will also have to go by the board.

Just as soon, however, as the general health conditions in this vicinity permit, Coach Rockne, who after all is not any worse off than all other college coaches during the national epidemic, will get right down to work again preparing for Nebraska.

He will give the freshman team Nebraska plays and scrimmage them against the varsity squad. All the men on the varsity squad are in good condition with the exception of "Abie" Lockard who twisted his knee in scrimmage last week. He will be in shape to play soon. The squad will go to Lincoln in good shape to stand a hard game. They will not be seasoned because of lack of games, but will be free from injuries. Kirk and Ed. Anderson are showing up well at Miles' end and will fill his shoes very creditably. Crowley and Owens are going good at Miller's tackle. Miles and Miller, who left for Fortress Monroe about a week ago, are expected by the squad to perform very creditably in military circles. They have the best wishes of Coach Rockne and the whole squad. It is rumored that in a week or so more men will be sent from this Corps to Officers' Training schools, and the fans are wondering who will be taken from the varsity as many of the varsity men have been showing up well in drill and formations. Coach Rockne said he would do his utmost to produce a team regardless of the men taken. Cudahy and Atkinson, who were transferred from the freshman squad to the varsity, have been doing good work, and with a little experience will make valuable men.

NAVY BEATS WALSH HALL.

In an exciting game of indoor baseball Tuesday afternoon the navy unit of the S. A. T. C. beat Walsh hall team 20 to 9. The game was featured by the hard hitting of the navy and the pitching of Frank Hayes who was on the mound for them. The navy got an early lead and were never headed. Jimmy Wheeler and Cyril Gaffney were Walsh hall's stars, while Pitcher Frank Hayes and Emmett Duffy, who played left field, were the outstanding lights of the navy's victory. The batteries were Father Farley and Dorle and Railton for Walsh with Frank Hayes and George Hessler opposing them. A return game will be played Wednesday at 12:40, weather permitting.

Letters from the Front.

Samur Artillery School, France,
September 8, '18.

My Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

At last I am really writing you the first overseas letter. I have really had good intentions all the time, but every spare minute I have had has been taken up with answering my "regular" correspondents.

I was fortunate enough to be with Ray Kelly the day he got your good letter, and so he let me in on all the news. I was much surprised to hear about poor Clovis Smith and the other lads. But when we take the larger and sensible view, we realize that they gave their lives in the noblest possible cause, and we may be sure they will not be forgotten by dear old Notre Dame or her boys.

We had almost a real sized N. D. Club here last month, with Ray Kelly, Joe O'Hanlon, Ed. Larney, '13, of Chicago, Russell Hardy, '16, and myself. All of them except myself have earned their bars, and have gone to other assignments, except Joe O'Hanlon, who leaves in three weeks. I still have eight weeks to run, and then if I am successful my assignment may be "anywhere in the world and in any kind of Artillery." Some very peculiar assignments have been allotted at the finish of the course, so we have given up expecting or even guessing, and we wait for orders just like a child for a Christmas tree when Santa Claus has come and gone. Among the arrivals, who began work in the new class last week, was DeWald McDonald, '16, of LaGrange, Illinois, and I certainly was pleased to see him again, now more than two years after we left Washington Hall to go our various ways. Dee has been and seen and done already and he certainly has a fund of good up-to-the-minute stories of real doings. He is taking the "75mm." gun course and I have no doubt of his success from his past experience. I am taking the same course that Ray Kelly finished, namely, the 155 Long Rifle or G. P. F., as it is called, and it surely is the most absorbing study I've run across since I joined in the argument against the Boche. This is the finest school one could imagine. It has volumes of legends attached to its history, and as many French officers are instructing here, this lends a touch, which is plainly absent in the schools in the States.

Poor Jim fears he is doomed to fight it out in Waco, Texas, with Gus Dorais and some of the boys. By now he has a wife to keep him busy, as you may know, and from what I hear they are the happiest pair in the world. I always join in the prayers at St. Nicholas at 8:30 Mass on Sunday. We are fortunate in having an English-speaking Confessor there, so we see him nearly every Saturday night. Sincere regards to yourself and all at Notre Dame. A line at your leisure will be greatly appreciated by Yours sincerely,

Tom Hayes.

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Camp Bowie,
September 18, 1918.

Dear Prof. Maurus:—

Once more I have changed residence, and as a result my correspondence has gotten ahead of me. That is my only chance for an excuse. I graduated from the Training School at Camp Taylor August 31, and was given seven days in which to report to this camp. Of course I went to Joliet for a few days and reported here Sept. 7.

The outfit I am with is an old Cavalry outfit that is being changed to artillery; so you can see that we new lieutenants have to instruct both the men and the officers. We instruct the men in the daytime and the officers at night. Therefore I am just as busy as I was in the training school. I am also instructing the non-commissioned officers of my battery in military map reading and sketching, which reminds me of old times. This is so simple that it is awfully hard for me to instruct properly.

I am in charge of Department B which means the horses. Can you imagine me in charge of a herd of horses? I am also teaching these Cavalry men how to drive. They can all ride well, but the handling of a team in draft is what troubles them most, and that is where I am supposed to enter the problem. What do you think Mahoney will say when he hears about me and the horses?

John is attending a balloon school at Boston "Tech," together with Oscar Dorwin, Emmet Hanen, and some other Notre Dame men. I suppose you know that Welch got his commission and is located at Fort Benjamin. I should like to hear from you in a little less time than I answered your last letter.

Your sincere Friend,
Charlie Corcoran.
Battery D, 56th F. A. U. S. A.

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Great Lakes, Illinois,
August 1, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

I am beginning this letter with an apology for not having written sooner, but navy life does not provide many spare hours, and I know, Father, that you will understand. The day after I got home from school I came to Great Lakes and was accepted. I am now in the third detachment of the Great Lakes Band and amongst a very fine crowd of fellows. I also have a number of Notre Dames boys as neighbors. Perhaps you may think that band life is a round of pleasure, but, while I like it very much, I must say that the band boys have a rather hard life. In addition to playing during nearly all drill hours, we train with guns, study, and play concerts every third night. Great Lakes is a wonderful place and the reviews on Wednesday afternoons are certainly inspiring. I saw Father Wenninger over at the main camp yesterday. There must be at least thirty Notre Dame boys around the station. A number of them, however, are here for the summer only, and will return to school in the fall. Musicians are being sent to sea fast; Saturday I was told to be ready to shove off for the deep, but the order was later countermanded, just as eight of us were packing up and feeling extra happy. I certainly hate to think of not being present when school begins this fall, but I shall profit greatly in a journalistic way if I get to sea and have some real naval life. Regulations keep me from wearing my monogram sweater, but I like to take a peek at it occasionally and think of all Notre Dame has done for me. If I am not absent too long I hope I can find a job at school and get my degree after the trouble is over. I can wash clothes,

shovel coal, play carpenter, even sew buttons on or off. Hence I am much better qualified now than formerly.

Nearly half of this camp is Catholic, and we have plenty of opportunity to be good ones too. If you or any of my Notre Dame friends come up to Great Lakes, I shall be most glad to see you. Maybe I shall meet you with the band, if that is an inducement. I shall try very hard to be a real Notre Dame man,

With all best wishes for you and for Notre Dame.

I am respectfully yours,

Dillon J. Patterson.

3rd Regiment Band, Camp Dewey.

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Camp Upton, New York,
October 2, 1918.

Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father Burke:—

Contrary to all expectations, I am now in camp as a private. I was voluntarily inducted and was to act in the capacity of an interpreter for my Local Board. Instead I have been inducted into general service, and even if the state adjutant was interested in my case since, the camp authorities overruled him. I expect to be transferred to another camp or may stay here in a particular branch of service and then settle down and work hard. Camp life is not what I expected. The spirit which prevails at Notre Dame is sorely missing. If I get into a regular company, it may perhaps be a different story. I came here unprepared, on the strength of a telegram received from the adjutant that I should stay here only a week.

I have not yet met any Notre Dame men here. I heard that there were a few here, but they are now overseas. I met a man from Wisconsin University who had the highest regard for Notre Dame, especially in athletics. He remembers well the day when Notre Dame thrilled the East with the Rockne-Dorais combination. The New York *Journal* recently published a story that the annual contest between Notre Dame and West Point would be cancelled. It would be too bad if that be true.

Kindly give my regards to all my colleagues and classmates in Sorin. I should gladly write to them, but I do not know who has returned. I shall answer every letter with pleasure. Closing with hearty regards and best wishes for all in Sorin and on the campus, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Alexander A. Szczepanik.
27th Co. 7th Battalion, 152 Depot Brigade,

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Somewhere in Italy,
August 17, 1918.

Dear Mother;

I will try to dash off a few lines now, as I usually do when I have time, but opportunities don't come regularly.

We got mail again today, the third time in about a week, which is fine. I got several telegrams, the *American* and letters from Aunt Anna, both dated July 25th. Now that we have been organized down here our mail is coming through directly and we are getting splendid service. I received several other letters, so all that I did was read and sleep this afternoon, an ideal day.

Tomorrow I am going to visit a celebrated lake near here. I am taking in all the sights as I go along. I spend all my pay, but it is surely worth it. I have been keeping a diary ever since I left home January 2, eight months ago, and it will have a lot of dope in it before I get home—probably next January, the way things are going now. It wont take the Yanks long to win the war, for we have the greatest bunch of fighters in the world.

I wish I could tell you some of the stories of Yankee bravery, but such things are military information and we can't write about them.

We are camping in tents now, out where it is pretty hot, but we like it pretty well. We drill from 6.20 A. M. to 7 P. M., with 3 1-2 hours off at noon because of the heat, and during that time we take siesta—have to do it or the hard work would kill us in this hot weather. I am beginning to run low on razor blades, can't get any to fit my razor, a Keen Kutter. Will you send me some? You could put a package of them in a letter every few weeks and then I wouldn't have to go through all the formality of getting a permit from the captain to have a package sent to me.

There are about 400 Austrian prisoners near here working for the Italians. If I would ever drop low enough to admit that any of them could lick me I'd surely need to be licked. They are some pretty dumb looking specimens, and everyone of them glad to be a prisoner.

Everything is plentiful here, including fleas, mosquitoes and lizards. They are always with us. The mostoes are so big that at a hundred yards they look like an aeroplane with the motor shut off.

We certainly see some wonderful flying here, and the Italian aviators are the most daring I have seen. We are rather close to a big aviation field, and the stunts that some of the flyers do over our heads keep our hearts in our mouths most of the time.

The Italian troops have been putting on some exhibitions for us lately, showing us their method of attack. It is quite spectacular, for they throw an awful mess of grenades which cause quite a racket and stir up the dust.

I am sending you a couple of papers in this mail and you can get more dope out of them than I can ever write. The one in this letter is the first issue of our regimental paper edited by Father O'Donnell, but the "Stars and Stripes," our official A. E. F. newspaper, was too big to fit in with a letter so I am mailing it to father. I received another letter from him to-day. It's strange that I don't hear from you. I have only received one letter from you since I left Camp Merrit.

I met another N. D. man on the regiment, his name is McCormick and he was in Sorin my first year at Notre Dame, but is now a private in F Company and acts as orderly to Father O'Donnell.

Our regimental songsters put on a show last night for the American and foreign officers and I was drafted to serve as a guide for some of the British. I furnished them with plenty of beer, which was free, and they handed out all kinds of wild tales about the front in exchange for it.

To-morrow night the Minstrel will be repeated for the enlisted men of the regiment. Someone has found some ice-cream and we will go as far for that as for anything else, for we have not had our teeth in ice-cream since the first week in June and I can taste it already. Time for taps. I just hope you are all as well as I am,

Your very busy son,
Sherwood Dixon.

Co. 1, 332nd. Infantry,
American Ex. Forces, Via N. Y.
American Post Office, No. 901.

Extracts from Dixon letter Sept. 4.

I have just finished a hitch in the trenches, not the front line trenches, but they were just as deep and just as muddy as anything along the Piave.

I had a small sector—a front about 100 yards—with the listening posts out beyond the wire, it turned out to be quite a job after dark. There is a lot of responsibility in a place like that. The rain started at about 11 o'clock and continued until the following evening so you can imagine that we were pretty wet when we got through. I came off duty at 3 A. M. and slept until morning in several inches of water, yet I never caught cold. It's wonderful how a bunch of men, after a little training, can stand the weather. There isn't a cold or a sore throat in the company, and if we had been exposed to the same conditions for more than an hour back home we would all have the pneumonia. After the war I will never be satisfied to stay indoors while it is raining. I'll have to go out in the street and sleep with a manhole for a pillow to be really comfortable.

We had gas alarms every hour or so and I wore my gas mask until I nearly chewed the mouthpiece off from it. We were relieved at about 8 in the evening and hiked back to camp, and the way we punched our bunks after we got there was a shame. Since then we have spent most of our time pegging grenades, which I like to do, though I seldom get a chance to throw very many myself. We work in conjunction with the Italian soldiers—they are our "enemy" and they give us exhibitions of bombing every day. A regiment of Ardite, the best troops in Italy, are stationed near here and they are the ones who work with us.

Now when I get in the paper I want to send you, the envelope will be well filled. Just give my love to everybody.

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In France, July 9th, 1918.

Dear Sister:—

It has been a long time since I promised to write to you, but we have been travelling a good many miles and besides (though this is not news) I'm lazy.

I still have my old place. Though I am on duty rather long hours there is not much to do. I am well and negatively happy. That means that I am as happy as any one can be so far away from home and from all the real things that make happiness and that is about all a man in the army can wish. There is nothing to make me unhappy and therefore I am happy. Our mess is even better than it was in the states; straw beds are not at all bad; the weather is excellent; the wine is good and plentiful; I still have some money; I have told you about the work and that completes the gamut.

There's very little to say about me, but of France there is much to tell. Our first difficulty of course, is in talking to the people. Words are very difficult to remember and there comes a time in every conversation when gestures fail utterly to express the proper meaning. But even Suzanne has learned to say "Get the book." (By the way Suzanne, who is the bar maid just across from the office, says that my pronunciation is very good. Fr. Doremus might be interested, he used to think that I was rotten) It is slow work picking words out of a dictionary, but then what's a little time among friends.

And they're all our friends. Everyone along the street will speak. Some have already learned a few English words which they say more or less appropriately. When we debarked we had a march of several miles to the rest billets and the road was filled with children trotting along beside the column airing the two words that they knew "Cigaret and Goodbye" alternately. The Major said he did not mind their begging for cigarets, but he hated to hear them bid us farewell when we had just arrived.

Those children did know something else American—very American. They sang with much gusto and just as soldiers would sing "Hail, hail, the gang's all here—" The second line was not a negation.

The weather, even, is new to us. We can scarcely believe that this is July. The sun is warm but the days cloudy and every night is cool. There is always a breeze, and taking everything into consideration I believe that we have never experienced such delightful climate.

I was off for a while on the afternoon of the Fourth of July and another man and myself went for a long walk to the top of the hill. This town in which we are staying is built on one side of a biscuit shaped hill. At the top we found ruins of the old walled city covering several acres now overgrown by moss and grass and shaded with a thicket of trees. Many of the old walls are still standing, but the passages dug down deep in the rock of the hill have been walled up. Now the whole place is a sanctuary for the crucifix that stands on the highest point. It is centuries old but the bronze figure is still perfect though the wood of the cross is rotting away.

At seven we went down the hill to the Hotel near the station and had an excellent dinner with several very excellent varieties. Of course it made us home sick. By this time there were four of us and we had a tiny table under an awning in the garden. We had soup, omelette, beefsteak, and French fried potatoes such as I have never tasted in the States, strawberry short cake and coffee. It cost about four francs—sixty-eight cents.

From the steeple of the old church that stands at the top of the hill some distance away from the ruins, it is possible to see half a dozen towns in the valley. Winding, tree-bordered roads connect all of them and at the horizon are hills with their heads covered with woods just as this one. Flattened out in between are the different colored, nicely distinct fields of which France has every reason to be proud.

Even at close range the country does not lose its

charm. Every bit of course, except those steep parts of hills, is cultivated. The only weeds that are to be seen are poppies. They make glorious weeds—poppies.

My French demands some attention now. Since I have been here I have learned quite a bit. Some of the words come in very handy and among these are

Au revoir,

Sgt. Edward J. Beckman.

37th Division Inspector,
American E. F., France.

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In France,
July 18, 1918.

Dear Sister:—

Two of your letters dated June 10 and June 17 reached me to-day. They were among the first that I have received since we have arrived and were certainly appreciated. After this I do not expect to have to wait so long to hear from you and from the rest of the folks at home, because by this time you most certainly have read my first letters from France and will know my new address. I'm putting it at the bottom of every letter so it will always be up to date.

I shall try to live up to your many prayers, but you have set an extremely high standard and it is going to be difficult. Every time I hear from you I am more certain that I am going to come back, for the best luck in the world will tag me around like a shadow.

Graduation must have been very quiet this year. The United States will soon be sobering down like France. Here the people do not dance any more, nor do they have concerts, and movies are unknown. Everyone is intent on winning the war and there are lots and lots who are doing more than their fair share. The women especially are wonders. Old and young are working every day, and they have to because all of the men are gone and the women and children are responsible for the well-cultivated fields.

No, I have not received the SCHOLASTIC or the *Ave Maria*. They must have been mailed about the time that your letters were and it takes second class mail much longer to reach here than it does first class. I've not yet given up hope.

It is a shame that the partition is not taken out at your office and the binding and mailing rooms made in one. That would make a little more work for you with the extra hands to watch, but I believe that things would move along much smoother. Don't you? As long as only girls are employed there anyway it would make no difference.

Father Walsh is not with us any longer. We all hated to see him go but this is war and there was no kick.

I am well and have not experienced a change of heart since I last wrote you. France is still as wonderful, and daily I find something new of interest. For fear that some of my letters may be lost, I am going to write shorter letters and oftener.

You will not forget to give my very best regards to Billie. You may tell her that they are from Beck.

Sgt. Major E. J. Beckman,
37th Division Inspector,
A. P. O. 763,
American Expeditionary Forces.

Safety Valve.

SONGS.

I.

C–c–cootie, terrible Cootie
Your're the only G–g–german that I fear.
When our b–b–boat sails over the ocean,
You'll be waiting for us on the f–farther pier.

II.

They've got those Army shoes with lots of room 'n everything
They've got a husky swing with mop and broom 'n everything.
And when at mess the orders ring,
"Take seats!" those doughboys spring,—
They stop the chatter,
They grab the platter
And swallow food and everything.
They've got that snappy walk and peppy talk 'n everything
And for the naughty Hun a little gun 'n everything
And when they sail across the sea
To bring the world new liberty
They'll bring the Kaiser lots of gas,—and shell,—and hell,—and Everything.

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PROFESSOR (reading). "He brought with him a very heavy garb. What is the meaning of garb?"

BROOKLYN STUDENT:—A sailor, Professor.

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Dear Dad:—

This is the life—if you don't live too long. I'm a sure enough soldier now—and it's easy. It's easier for the sargeant and easiest for the lieuts. I got my uniform yesterday. I guess its mine, though it may be the squad's. I'm certain they wouldn't feel crowded in it. And the shoes! Regular undressed kids. If we ever slide into Berlin feet first, somebody's going to get spiked. The crowd here is fine,—not a lad in the whole outfit as rough as my underwear. You got to be hard in this army life with sand paper rubbing you the wrong way all the time. But this is army life at College, Dad, and I'm in it to the death.

I'm sure thankful for the check, and I've made up my mind to send you a helmet or two just as soon as I get across. There are rumors that the best of us may be picked out soon. That looks like blowing, doesn't it, to put myself in with the best? But this is Army life at College and even in retreat here you look right to the front and the buglers do the blowing. How's Tillie? Tell her I won't come back without them bars. I was K. P. Captain for a week steady here. It's a great life Dad—if you don't live too long. Tell Tillie I surely do enjoy fudge, socks and sweaters and everything.

Your obedient soldier,
Martin.

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"Brush up there lads, here comes the Sarg,
Cut out the talking—Whisht!"
The sargeant comes with state to say:
"Compa–a–a`n–a–ay—Dismisht!"