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The Gray Days After.

THE road is long to Lisnadhoo,—
'Twas in the winter weather,—
An' bleak 'twas here at Knockabeg,
The wind about the heather.

To Lisnadhoo they carried him,—
The day was wild and black,—
The man who loved and married me—
An' never brought him back!

An' ne'er a tear to ease my heart,
All the vigils o' the wake!
An' he my Shemus white and strange,
Who never more would take

My hand in his and look at me
With old love in his eyes!
Ah, the dark days they keep comin' in
An' the low, gray winter skies.

They carried him to Lisnadhoo,
His white face cold as stone!
They placed his feet toward Knockabeg,
An' then came back alone!

—EXTRA.

A Plea for the Familiar Essay in College English.*

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

(CONCLUSION.)

THE subject of death was never very far from Stevenson's mind, and some of his most optimistic essays look the unrelenting fact squarely in the face, as may be observed in his "El Dorado," for example. This essay has already been referred to under the subject of Exposition, and it can be used with quite as good effect in relation to at least one lyric on death, "Crossing the Bar," by Tennyson. Although it changes the figure absolutely, it accentuates the atmosphere of approaching death which dominates the poem. Where the poet hides the sternness

of reality under the metaphor, "one clear call for me," the essayist says, "There is only one wish realizable on earth: . . . Death." He exchanges the setting of the sea for the trial of an adventurous pioneer, who, stopping short of the hope "to see his Master face to face," scans the horizon for the chimerical spires of El Dorado. "Aes Triplex" is Stevenson's most direct essay on death and resembles in quality as well as in thought some of the best poems on the subject. His own poem, "Requiem" is, of course, a blood relation. The family resemblance is plain in the lines, "It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sickroom," and

Gladly I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.

Browning, who also felt strongly and persistently the presence of death, has written about it much as Stevenson has. "Prospice" is Browning's "Triple Brass." The same question, "Fear death?" is asked and answered by the two with passionate courage. So responsive is Stevenson's prose to his emotion that it produces the same intensity of impression as the poem, which, however, has the advantage of concreteness. The spirit behind it is this: "And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, . . . flushed with hope: is there not something brave and spirited in such termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas?" Or, as Browning says:

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forbore,
And bade me creep past.

The conviction that "death has not been suffered

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to take so much as an illusion" from such a one is unmistakable in Browning's line:

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave.

The power of language to express emotion is well illustrated in these two, and the equality and similarity of that power in prose to that of poetry is proved.

Among modern poets Alan Seeger has reflected Stevenson's spirit most faithfully in "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." There is here more of youth, more of the joy of the springtime of life and nature than in "Prospice," and in the first two of these elements, it finds a congenial spirit in "Aes Triplex." Inevitability is the note common to all three. And with what optimism they submit to it! Stevenson writes, "As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. . . . So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, . . . it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature." And Alan Seeger continues:

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented downs.

To the lines which have proved so tragically true,

I have a rendezvous with death
When spring brings back blue days and fair,
"Aes Triplex" supplies these details with singular appropriateness. "The trumpets are scarcely done blowing, when, with trailing clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

The attitude of resignation evident in Seeger is replaced by a shadow of defiance in Stevenson which one remembers so well as the moving spirit of Henley's "Invictus." It is something bolder than courage and less inspired than faith; something like the feeling that prompts the small boy to whistle as he walks through a dark hollow at night, a defiance of fear. It prevades the essay and is summarized in the poem:

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

This "last of the buccaneers," Henley, furnishes a very interesting description of the sick man who appears incognito in Stevenson's "Ordered South." He is no other than the author himself

whom Henley calls "The Apparition" in his hospital poems. The sonnet is interesting in supplying intimate details as to the personality and appearance of the man through whose eyes the reader views the enchantment that is Italy. One feels he must have been

Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—

A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and energy and impudence,

A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all.

This is the man who looked on the south "with a child's first pleasure, as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lakeside." Stevenson himself suggests the comparison and makes it true. The joy that the Lake poet finds in the "host of golden daffodils" he comes upon as suddenly among the olive gardens of northern Italy. It is as if he had awakened to find a whole peninsula of fluttering, dancing flowers stretched out before him, and the panorama leaves him "to gape joyously for days together in the very homeland of the beautiful." Neither invalid nor poet could but be gay

In such a jocund company.

Just here a lovely line from "Ordered South" suggests material for a very suitable verse assignment to a class. It is this: "The spirit of delight comes often on small wings." The line would almost have to stand as it is in a poem, it could hardly be improved, a fact which incidentally proves the nearness of lyric prose to poetry. And "Ordered South" is one of the most lyrical of essays. Paragraph after paragraph could easily be put into rime and meter; indeed it has already many metrical counterparts. The paragraph beginning, "It is not such numbness of spirit" is the prose of Coventry Patmore's "Magna Est Veritas." The settings are almost identical. This is the poet's resting-place:

Here, in this little bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose.

Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town
I sit me down.

Stevenson seeks the same quiet seclusion, and in the third person "falls out of the eddy that circulates in the shallow waters of the sanatorium." "Many a white town that sits far out on the promontory," he continues, "beckons and allures his imagination. . . . and is yet as inaccessible to his feet as the clefts and gorges of the clouds."

This is one of the most tranquil and meditative of Stevenson's essays.

Although Browning's poem, "An Epistle," rather outgrows the proportions of a lyric, the impression that it makes is much more lyrical than narrative in character and it is dominated by the same thoughtful indifference to life as "Ordered South." This indifference is due in one instance to the anticipation of eternity, in the other to the remembrance of it. The risen Lazarus, of whom the physician, Karshish, writes, moves through his Judean world with the same far-away, abstracted manner that Stevenson ascribes to the invalid. "Desire after desire leaves him. . . . And yet the ties that still attach him to the world are many and kindly. The sight of children has a significance for him, such as it may have for the aged also, but not for others. . . . There remain unaltered all the disinterested hopes for mankind and a better future which have been the solace and the inspiration of his life." Browning describes Lazarus in this very similar way:

He listened not except I spoke to him,
But folded his two hands and let them talk,
Watching the flies that buzzed; and yet no fool.

The man is apathetic, you deduce?
Contrariwise, he loves both old and young
Able and weak, affects the very brutes
And birds.

The comparison of these two most subjective and serious aspects of life fills one with deep reverence for both life and death and leaves one with a wish that Stevenson had, like Lazarus, known more of God's secret "while he held the thread of life."

To proceed cheerfully rather than chronologically one turns to "Child's Play" and comes upon the very heart of childhood. One understands the whole of *A Child's Garden of Verse* in the light of the essay and finds much of it in verse form there. But for a sequel to its tragedy of childhood one goes to Patmore's "Toys." The essayist says: "I would give a great deal to know what, in nine cases out of ten, is a child's unvarnished feeling," and receives something of an explanation in the poet's lines:

I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids and their lashes yet
From their late sobbing wet.

For, on the table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,

And two French coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.

It seems that it must have been of this very child that Stevenson exclaims, "no wonder, poor little heart. . . . The dread irrationality of the whole affair, as it seems to children, is a thing we are all too ready to forget." And his half-reprimand, "Spare them yet a while, conscientious parent! Let them doze among their playthings yet a little," Patmore applies to himself, and confesses:

And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own.

It may or may not be remarkable that the tenderest poems to childhood have been written by men. Thompson's "Ex Ore Infantium" belongs in spirit and in truth to "Child's Play." Identifying the Divine Child with the world of childhood and making Him a dweller in this place of faith and incongruity he brings all childhood nearer to the kingdom of heaven which is its proper home.

Travels with a Donkey, which has already done good service in illustrating the different prose forms, has two chapters which are particularly lyrical and which can be suggestively used in comparison with poems in the same spirit. "A Night among the Pines," by its very name, suggests Bourdillon's exquisite

The night has a thousand eyes;
and follows out the suggestion by these lines, "The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint, silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way." The nearness to nature and the added joy of human companionship, which are the emotions of the paragraph beginning "A faint wind. . ." Browning has used for the theme of the poem, "Two in the Campagna." Poet and essayist agree that "to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free." Nor does their agreement end there. Stevenson awoke from his night among the pines to find that "Day was at hand. . . . Soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. . . . Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace and moved me to a strange exhilaration." So Pippa must have felt on the morning of her holiday. "Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and

the day had come completely." Just so the little Italian spinner saw "the hillside dew-pearled." And where the traveller, half laughing, left pieces of money on the turf to pay for his liberal entertainment, Pippa sang her gratitude:

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

These are two lyric moments, if ever there were such, in the essay and poetry.

Stevenson's "Lurking curiosity as to Father Michael's past" reminds one by contrast of the pathetic and heroic silence in Alice Meynell's poem, "San Lorenzo's Mother" when she says:

I had not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time.

If to my son my alms were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.

The comparison of the familiar essay with lyric poetry can be rather appropriately concluded with a parallel between "A Musical Instrument" by Elizabeth Browning and "Pan's Pipes," by Stevenson. The world is joyous, buoyant, almost boisterous in both. The strange, wild music of Pan's pipes sounds through them,

Blinding sweet, O great god, Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Stevenson supplies the same details of setting, "For it is a shaggy world, and yet studded with gardens where the salt and tumbling sea receives clear rivers running from among reed and lilies." The spirit of the thing carries one on as the poet continues:

Yet half a beast is the great god, Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of man:

or, as Stevenson says, "We come back to the old myth, and hear the goat-footed piper making the music which is itself the charm and terror of things." Whatever the reader's opinion of Pan may be, he must admit that the spirit of the poem and the essay on the satyr-god are in mutual accord, and that the matter of prose or poetry is incidental.

Thus far the comparison of the literary essay with poetry has included the most representative poets and many of the best poems in English literature. That, in itself, would mean a very considerable addition to the student's literary education. Nor is the comparison we have made by any means exhaustive, the subject has in

itself material for a study much more extensive. But because poetry and the essay are the two subjects that ordinarily appeal least to students it is well to be able to correlate the two and to show how each meets the other on common ground of thought and feeling.

The familiar essay can claim and prove no essential relation to the drama, but supplies some personal criticism of it which is very interesting. Biographies of Lamb and his own essays show him to have been a devotee of the theater and a personal friend of some of the best actors of his day. His critical essay on particular dramatists, notably the Elizabethans, are of interest and value. His familiar writings meet the reader on his own level and give the drama of a half century ago, lacking the scenic effects of today, an interest that no number of texts on the subject can furnish. The essay on "Some Old Actors" convinces the student that not only the play but the players are to be considered in a broad study of the drama, and that interest in stage folk is as old as their profession. "My First Play" is an experience that every student is able and glad to imitate. "Stage Illusion" is interesting and valuable in its nice distinction between the character in real life and the character upon the stage. It may also be regarded as furnishing some supplementary advice to Hamlet's "Speak the speech, I pray you," and in this aspect suggests interesting comparison. Ellistoniana" speaks of the fading of a nineteenth century theatrical star and gives one a liberal look into that mysterious place, the private life of a famous actor. It also impresses one with the debt that the dramatist owes to the great actor and the part he has in creating a character. The contributions of the familiar essay to the drama are small in quantity, but in personal interest and character are such as no other literary form supplies.

Students of the short-story are familiar with the common beginnings of this most popular form of fiction and the essay. Their history is practically one to the time of the *De Coverly Papers*, from which each drew its own inspiration. The tale and the sketch, untechnical forms of the short-story, still bear striking resemblance to the personal essay. The debt of the short-story proper is acknowledged in the survival of the short-story essay. The narrative qualities in the personal essay have already been noted in connection with narration; there remains now only the task of showing closer

relations between particular essays and stories or short-story possibilities in certain essays. These are the two ways in which the essay can best be used in the teaching of the short story. From these points of view Lamb's "Mackery End in Hertfordshire" is thoroughly interesting. In spite of the fact that it is quite devoid of plot, it reads like a story and, with a little dexterity on the part of the student, could be made into one. For instance, one might write such a story as "A Romance at Mackery End." "Rejoicing on the New Year's Coming of Age" is a personified and very animated calendar which suggests any number of charming stories for children. "Dream Children" has two very close story kinsmen—"They," by Kipling, and "A Letter and a Paragraph" by Bunner. All three are stories for children, and all three are stories of dream children. Kipling's is the most elusive and possibly the most interesting of the three. Bunner has supplied a plot for Lamb's reverie and obtained from the combination the most pleasing and unusual of surprise stories. A paper on this trilogy makes a very good study for a class or for any individual of a class in the short-story.

Stevenson, who knows so well the physiology of fiction, could hardly help embodying some of its elements in his essays. Any of the chapters from "Our Lady of the Snows" suggests stories of the type of Phyllis Bottome's "Brother Leo" or a comparison with it. An amateur would hardly be able to succeed with this material, which would require artistic handling, but at least he could recognize the fictional possibilities in it. "A Camp in the Dark" is better suited to the experience and taste of the ordinary student. The suspicious and cowardly peasant and his warm-hearted countryman are characters such as one meets in Maupassant's "Piece of String," while Stevenson's experiences in hospitality furnish material for a real adventure story. "Child's Play" immediately reminds one of any number of personal experiences out of which charming stories could be made. Kipling had no more foundation than this for "The Story of Muhammid Din" and "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," to mention only two of numerous stories of children embodying the philosophy of childhood as Stevenson expresses it.

Whereas the familiar essay does not furnish so much illustrative material for the drama and the short-story, what examples it does supply are to the point. Naturally, too, it is not so

well adapted to some aspects or forms of writing as to others. Nor, except in the study of the essay proper, should it ever do more than supplement the subject in hand. It can not be used as a text-book nor instead of one, neither should it take the place of the regular reference work. But it can be made matter of something besides required reading, and will contribute an exceedingly profitable element of variety to class work.

Although our illustrations have been taken from authors commonly accepted as classic, any of the contemporary writers of the familiar essay may be used in the same way. In fact, if there is any form of contemporary literature that deserves the student's special attention, it is the essay. It represents the best and most permanent work that is being done by writers of today. Furthermore, it is a form toward which many novelists seem to be gravitating. Edith Wharton and Meredith Nicholson are two popular fiction writers who now seem to prefer the essay. It is also rather significant that while the last ten years has produced only a handful of great short-stories, and has witnessed the decline of the best exponents of this form, notably Kipling, they have given the public an array of essays which are not only the best of current work, but which compare favorably with the best in literature. Spalding, Chesterton, Belloc, John Ayscough, Agnes Repplier, Bernard Iddings Bell, and Samuel Crothers are some of our recent writers whose work is sure to survive. Neither teacher nor student can watch the growth of literature without being acquainted with the contemporary essay. And it is admirably adapted to class-room use. "The Honorable Points of Ignorance" by Crothers, for instance, can be read by or to a class with fine effect in connection with the study of any classic for the purpose of approaching the subject in an amiable attitude of mind. "The Enjoyment of Poetry," and "That History Should Be Readable," by the same author, describe and classify themselves sufficiently by their titles to indicate their possible uses.

Burton says that essay ability has been swallowed up in more practical ways to-day, but that among its adherents Agnes Repplier stands out with distinction. It is doubtful whether even Lamb and Stevenson have excelled her in the easy, forceful use of language; and neither of them has written of the questions of the day

with such sanity and strength as she has done in *Counter-Currents*. William Dean Howells is another present-day writer whose essays so happily fulfil every requirement of frank egoism and humor. Among current publications the *Atlantic Monthly* is the only magazine that has kept up the fine tradition, and for that reason, perhaps, regards the essay as its special inheritance. Apart from the body of the magazine where the essay proper appears, it has that delightful section, "The Contributors' Club," where the familiar essay masquerades, sometimes in cap and bells, but always in holiday attire. The student will find himself more at home here than in "An Apology for Idlers," and may even aspire to join the company of contributors. He will be sure to have a word to say on such subjects as "In a Train with Lamb," "The Responsibilities of the Irresponsible" or "Asylums for the Hopelessly Sane." "Fletcherizing in Literature" reviews for him in a less classical way the prescriptions of Bacon in his essay "Of Studies." If he wants to see his compositions as his teacher sees them, he can get a fine bird's-eye view in "The Gentle Theme Reader," while his own case is gallantly defended in "The Ungentle Theme-writer."

The Contributors' Club is undoubtedly the best exponent of the timely and humorous possibilities of the short personal essay in magazine literature today. And it is in the personal essay that student and essayist first consider each other possible, then congenial friends. If the student is to become an essay reader, he will probably begin here. He will, of course, be attracted first by the subject-matter; gradually his indifference to the essay will change to an interest in it, and he will find real pleasure in good, substantial thought well expressed. To go so far in forming correct and elevated taste in reading is to have acquired a healthy appreciation of literature.

Memories.

O sweetheart of the shadowed hills,
Sweet fragrance in the air,
Thy heavenly form my heart enthrills,
Thy presence soothes all care.

Thy vision ever taunts my sight,—
My happiness to be;

Fair maiden clothed in chaste starlight,
I long to be with thee.—P. R. CONAGHAN.

Tapers and Incense.

BY A SISTER OF ST. URSULA.*

Ann Watson had decided to become a nun. It was a matter of logic. Ann had done everything by logic since college days when it had won for her the honors in senior debate. To become a nun seemed, from whatever angle viewed, the most logical way to provide for a soul so precious as she held her own. It is true she knew little of nuns. The queer folds of their veils elicited much of her attention at Mass on Sunday; and when they answered her nod on the street, they looked so holy and charming. But further than this she knew nothing of them. Mrs. Watson had always believed too thoroughly in a broad culture to choose a nun's school for her only daughter.

And so Ann's religion, now that she had begun to take it seriously, was for the most part purely a matter of apologetics; it lacked the intimacy and atmosphere which come only from living in the pure air of religious surroundings.

On the way home from suffrage meeting one morning in May, Ann told her mother of her decision. It was a rather imprudent time, for Mrs. Watson was at the wheel, and barely escaped the curb when the startling announcement came to her ears.

"Have you any objections?" asked Ann composedly.

Mrs. Watson knew her daughter too well to offer objections, however many or strong ones she might have. Being the successful president of the Woman's Suffrage League of Cleveland, spoke of her tact.

"The effect of those books Edith gave you when she was leaving for France," said she knowingly.

"Yes," admitted Ann, "they are very convincing and have led me to the conclusion that union with God is the only union worth striving for. As a nun, one can attain to it most easily and most surely."

"I thoroughly believe in nuns, said Mrs. Watson, "though they are a bit narrow. Your grandmother Watson always held she should have been one, but I assure you there never was any such notions on my side of the family."

"I am to call on the Superior at the Yates Street Convent tomorrow," continued Ann.

* Student in Notre Dame Summer School, 1918.

"It will be an interesting venture," said her mother amusedly.

"Not a venture," objected Ann earnestly, "but a life journey along simple ways to the house of God."

"Many paths lead there. If you choose this one, daughter, it is your affair. A woman's inherent right to choose for herself, is to be one of my strongest planks in the fall suffrage campaign. See the roses on our vines," she exclaimed as they entered the drive way of their trim little home, "cutting down was what they needed."

Mr. Watson was already at the table absorbed in the noon edition. In a few minutes Ann and her Mother were seated and a dainty little maid-of-all-work began to serve. Mr. Watson tossed his paper on the side table and became intent on his soup. There was a letter at Ann's plate with a red cross on it and the A. E. F. censor stamp in the lower left corner. Ann gave a little cry of joy as she tore it open.

"Edith has been mentioned for distinguished service," she exclaimed as she read. "Her term of enlistment is up and she's coming home."

"Worn out, I suppose, foolish girl," said Mrs. Watson. "There are enough ways in which one can win distinction without sacrificing beauty and health in a foreign land."

"Yes, 'twould be a tragedy to see dark rings under those beautiful eyes of hers," admitted Ann thoughtfully, as she put the letter in the front of her waist. Though I think 'twould be Edith to laugh over them and explain they were signs her beauty was no longer skin deep."

In the small bare convent parlor next morning, Ann awaited Mother Bernard. A canary in the vine-laced window was all but bursting his tiny, throat with melody as if he would convince all who came of the joys of the cloistered life or translate the chants of the choir into his "own native song." On the wall opposite hung a large bronze crucifix, and beneath it was printed in black on the white plaster "Not my will but Thine." Mother Bernard came almost immediately, and the two sat down to talk it over.

"You have prayed?" asked Mother Bernard, when Ann had concluded the splendid intellectual apology for the decision of which she was so proud.

"Sometimes," she replied hesitatingly. A puzzled, inquiring look came into her face.

"Have you prayed to know whether God has called you?"

"'Twas not necessary. I reasoned all out very easily."

"But you must pray to know God's will," insisted Mother Bernard. The little bird in the window thrilled loudly.

"Mother," said Ann warmly, "I have been taught to choose for myself and to trust the conclusion to which right reason leads me."

They stood beneath the crucifix. Ann was pulling on her gloves nervously.

"It is not reason but prayer that will give you the key to God's personal designs on you," said Mother Bernard kindly. "Vocation is above the sceptered sway of mind, it is enthroned in the heart that prays. We shall both pray; and, God willing it, you'll come again," said Mother Bernard in parting.

Ann drove twice through the park, to wear off the evidences of her chargin, and then turned toward home. She passed the Cathedral, but it did not occur to her to stop and speak with Him who dwelt there.

As she drew up in front of the house there was a cry of joy from the porch, and in a minute two strong arms were about Ann's neck and a red cross at her lips. It was Edith from France.

The two girls were still talking when Mr. and Mrs. Watson returned from the Emerson Club.

"I have prayed long and earnestly over it," Edith was arguing, "it cannot be a mistake. Tomorrow at the Yates Street Convent I enter on my next and last enlistment. No, not enlistment. It's draft, a call from above."

Ann looked thoughtful. Draft! It was a new light.

Bats Among Birds.

By Sister M. Charitas, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Student in the Notre Dame Summer School.

Sister Seraphia, vaguely suspicious, warned Sister Thomasina to watch the South Corridor closely. Accordingly, Sister Thomasina lingered after the customary aspirations in each cell that night, but found nothing amiss till she came to Constance Burke's. "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," Sister prayed, but there came no responsive "Lord recieve my soul," from Constance Burke.

Sister Thomasina sought the disciplinarian.

"She's probably directing some mischief. We'll wait here," said the Sister.

The watchers, attracted by a noise on the fire-escape, reached the window in time to see a girlish figure slip from the landing and dart across the lawn. When she reached the shrine-lamp, she stopped a moment, and Sister Thomasina called, "Constance Burke!" but received no answer. The girl disappeared in the wood. Then a heavy object rolled from the balcony outside. Going below to investigate, the Sisters found on the lawn a crushed watermelon.

In the office it was noted that Constance Burke had registered "Out 7 p. m." which Sister Thomasina declared was high crime.

The next morning Constance Burke was absent. It was her day in the Conservatory, but she came in response to a summons to a meeting of the faculty and student government board.

Reverend Mother, after addressing the assembly and threatening to expel an apparently lawless element which had entered the school called Miss Kitty Godwin, Freshman President. Miss Godwin was asked to explain a notice she had posted that day requesting the return of a lost watermelon.

Miss Godwin, surprised and alarmed, said that Jenny Grimes, the storekeeper's daughter, had asked her to find out whether or not Anne Bentley had received a melon Jenny had brought to her the night before. Anne had lent her an umbrella yesterday, and the melon had been a present for the loan of the umbrella. The convent was locked when Jenny came over, so she had left the melon on the balcony.

Miss Bentley was called up and testified that she found her umbrella but no melon on the balcony. Then Constance Burke was arraigned.

"Constance Burke, were you out last night?" questioned Reverend Mother.

"Yes, Reverend Mother. Professor Overton told me to bring the music of the Sonata to-day, and I found when I went to practice last night that I had left the second movement at home. The Dean gave me permission to go there for it." The night prayer bell rang just as Constance Burke finished her explanation. Reverend Mother smiled approval, and as Constance Burke whispered to the Freshman bowing out of the hall, "That scheme is worth using again," the bats flew away from Saint Mary's.

Varsity Verse.

MOTHER O' MINE.

With the greatest of love,
As a gift from above,
I always remember thee,
Mother o' mine;
I know heaven blesses
Thy gentle caresses
Sweet scented with tenderness,
Pure and divine.
No voice sounded clearer,
No heart can be nearer,
No love ever dearer,
Sweet Mother, than thine.
The ring of thy laughter
Will follow me after
Thy lips are long silenced,
Dear Mother o' mine.

With grief and delight
Have I thought of that night
When I saw thy face last,
Mother o' mine;
Nor sisters nor brothers
Nor fathers nor others
Loved with a tenderness
Like unto thine.
May heaven oft bless
Each silvery tress
With full benediction,
Pure and divine.
No voice could sound clearer,
No heart could be nearer,
No love ever dearer,
Mother o' mine.

—RAYMOND M. MURCH.

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere in France a lover that was mine,
A sweet faced boy with thoughts of angel white,
Marched with the iron armies of the land
Out of my own heart's light.

Somewhere in France his weary footsteps trod
The burning, blistering roadway men call war,
No one will know the heartache that was his,
The sufferings he bore.

Somewhere in France beneath the dreaming stars
He laid him down upon the crimson sod.
There let him lie asleep for evermore
Beneath the eyes of God.

TIME OUT.

My watch has been left at the hockshop,
To get me nine dollars in dough,
I'm not sure just when I will see it,
But here's why I let it go.

I'll see the team whip Indiana,
It surely will look good to me,
And when I collect all my bettings,
My watch will come back to me.—J. E. H.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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November 11-8 will be the week of the United War Work Campaign. It will be well to remember that this campaign will not be the affair of an individual

The War Work Fund. charitable society, but a combined drive for the benefit of all societies officially recognized and appointed to do war relief work. The National Catholic War Council is the Catholic agency for this kind of work, and its representative, both in the training camps in this country and in the field "over there," is the Knights of Columbus. The drive has every right to be well supported. The proceeds are to be divided according to a determined ratio among the various charitable organizations active in ministering to the comforts of soldiers and sailors. That there might be a perfect understanding of the situation the attention of Catholics throughout the country has been called by means of the Pastoral Letters of the bishops of every diocese to the great obligations incumbent upon them. Notre Dame, as a Student Army Training Camp, is peculiarly affected. But, as we are told, in the training camps in every section of the United States large sums of money for this charitable purpose are being raised, even though unsolicited by the directors of the Campaign, there is no reason why we, who have been privileged to remain in school, should not contribute as much as we are able. We know that the patriotism and high resolve of Notre Dame men will not now falter, and we feel sure that their charity is as unbounded as their loyalty.—F. P. G.

Letters are profitable both to the writer and to those who receive them. The human heart needs sympathy, and letters are pre-eminently

an expression of sympathy. How true this is may be known from each one's own experience. When a dear friend or relative has not written for sometime we are ill at ease, we find ourselves wondering what has been the reason of the neglect. But when the belated letter comes our cheerful face reveals the joy that is in our heart. This world has few things in it more beautiful than genuine friendship. And as it is impossible for friends to be always together the letter is their one means of communicating their thoughts and affections. In writing to our friends we lift the veil that hides our heart from the stranger and are not afraid of being our true selves; in fact, it is this self-revelation which gives to familiar correspondence its nameless charm. We should not fail in this duty towards those whom we call by the sacred name of friend. If we have a friend or a relative in camp or on the battlefields of France, we can do him no greater service than to write to him regularly. For by so doing we not only prove that our love is not limited by distance, but we make of him a better and a braver soldier inasmuch as the perception of our affection and well-wishing will sharpen the ideal for which he fights.—B. A.

Now that the preliminaries to a permanent peace are being discussed, we ask ourselves how will the Allies dispose of the "Sick Man" of

Europe? Will he be permitted to remain any longer on the banks of the Bosphorus and perpetrate crime and indecency on all Christian peoples subject to his brutalized will? Will the city of Constantine and the temple of Santa Sophia, memorials as they are of Christian faith and achievement, be further abandoned to the domination of the Crescent? For nearly five hundred years the presence of the Turk in Europe has stigmatized the avarice and lust of power of the Christian governments of Europe. He has hibernated on their petty quarrels and jealousies. He has not been held accountable for his century-long Armenian massacres; for his ruthless desecration of the Holy Places of Palestine. May the Allied Drive at the peace-table push him back to his ancient lair.—T. F. B.

Obituaries.

Mrs. Roger M. Cavanaugh, the only sister of the very Rev. John Cavanaugh, President of the University, died at her home in Leetonia, Ohio, on Tuesday evening, November 5th, from pneumonia. Father Cavanaugh was at his sister's bedside when she died. Mrs. Cavanaugh had a host of friends at Notre Dame. The contagious cheerfulness and sweetness of her disposition, and the utter unselfishness of her character, won her a warm place in the hearts of all who knew her, and make her untimely death the more deeply regretted. Father Cavanaugh, who will miss keenly the sisterly affection and devotion of Mrs. Cavanaugh, has the warm sympathy of all at Notre Dame. The members of his community and the faculty and students of the University will offer abundant prayers for the repose of her soul.

Mrs. Mary Farrell, beloved wife of Prof. W. E. Farrell, of the history faculty, died Sunday morning, Nov. 3, at about four o'clock at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, of pneumonia. Influenza had set in several days earlier, and although it was thought to be in a mild form no unnecessary risks were run and the patient was taken on Thursday evening for care at the hospital. There was little suffering and every prospect for a speedy recovery when a sudden change for the worse came on Saturday night, and before morning the sufferer had passed away. Interment took place Tuesday near Utica, New York, deceased's old home. The sympathy of all at Notre Dame goes out to Professor Farrell in his bereavement.

Stewart M. Graham ('12) died in Chicago, October 29th. Stewart is most pleasantly remembered. May he rest in peace!

A letter from Earl "Stretch" O'Connor brought news of the death of Captain Jeremiah Murphy, Bridgeport, Conn. Jerry was a popular student at the University, and a member of the football and basket-ball teams. He was killed by shrapnel. Both "Stretch" O'Connor and Dick Daley were members of Jerry's Company. His brother Jim, is also a captain, and is probably in France now. Captain Murphy will be prayerfully remembered by the students and Faculty of Notre Dame.

The Notre Dame Ambulance.

Truly war is a great leveler, a wanton, unheeding destroyer. But it is something more than bloodshed and plunder and devastation. For, though it gather up within its talons the manhood and the treasures of art and civilization that peaceful generations have reverently stored away, and though it tear out of the hearts of men with iconoclastic ruthlessness the hopes and aspirations which have for centuries been cherished there, it furnishes also the occasion for the outpourings of heroic sacrifices and brotherly services. Behold the men of Oxford when the iron tramp of the German army still resounded over the roads and pasture-lands of poor, prostrate Belgium! From Baliol, Magdalen, and Christ Church, they came, and even as one man pledged the honor of their young lives to uphold the honor of England. Did not the colleges and universities of America respond as with one voice to our President's summons? And was not this unanimous action a silencing and cavalier answer to those who complacently asserted that the average college-man was a mere drone in our workaday world, battenning upon the sweetmeats of the land?

Notre Dame gave not only of her men, but she came forward with what children were left to her and assisted in the work of bringing to a successful fulfillment every Liberty Loan, every War Saving Stamp Drive and every Book drive that was launched on her campus. But Notre Dame's distinctive contribution to the nation's war activities is the placing of an ambulance in the field. The idea of doing something worth while seems to have originated in the minds of those Seniors of last year who were fortunate enough to be able to complete their course of study. Accordingly, the movement to raise funds sufficient to place an ambulance in the field was begun under the leadership of John Reuss, admirably assisted by Frank Monnigham, Leonard Mayer, J. Hanlon, Joseph Riley, and Edwin Harbert. The "Drive" was successful from its very start. The student-body responded with whole-hearted generosity until the necessary amount had been collected. At the exercises held on Washington's Birthday, Mr. Harbert, speaking in behalf of the class of 1918 and the whole student-body, presented Father Cavanaugh with a handsome check for \$2000.33.

On accepting this gift Fr. Cavanaugh replied with characteristic appreciation that he received this in the name of the University, and as a token of the brotherhood of all good men the world over, there shall be inscribed upon the tablet which identifies this ambulance these words: "From the men of Notre Dame to Cardinal Mercier of Belgium, the noblest moral figure manifested in this war!"

The work of actually placing the Notre Dame Ambulance for service "over there" was given over to the St. Joseph County Chapter of the American Red Cross, whose chairman, our good friend Dr. Lippincott, in a recent letter to Father Cavanaugh, brings us cheering news. "Dear Father Cavanaugh:

"I am at last able to comply with the request of the students of Notre Dame University in regard to the ambulance. We have just received the enclosed which is the type of ambulance used

and best wishes for the boys of your splendid institution, I am,

"Cordially yours,

"C. A. Lippincott."

We thank Dr. Lippincott most heartily for the service he has done us; and we experience a feeling of pardonable pride in knowing that our own ambulance is, perhaps today, plying back and forth along the country roads of France or Belgium on its mission of mercy. Its presence there is a veritable *entente cordiale* between the young men now at Notre Dame and her fighting men over seas, a signal manifestation that the men of America pay homage to the moral grandeur of Cardinal Mercier whose words to his outraged countrymen, "Patience, my children, history will do you justice," stay the hurrying current of our thought and make us reflect that war, too, is an ordeal of the spirit.—F. B.

Local News.

Seaman Lou Follet has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

The color bearers for the week are Seamen Ed. O'Connor, Joe Rick, Lou Follet and E. J. O'Neill.

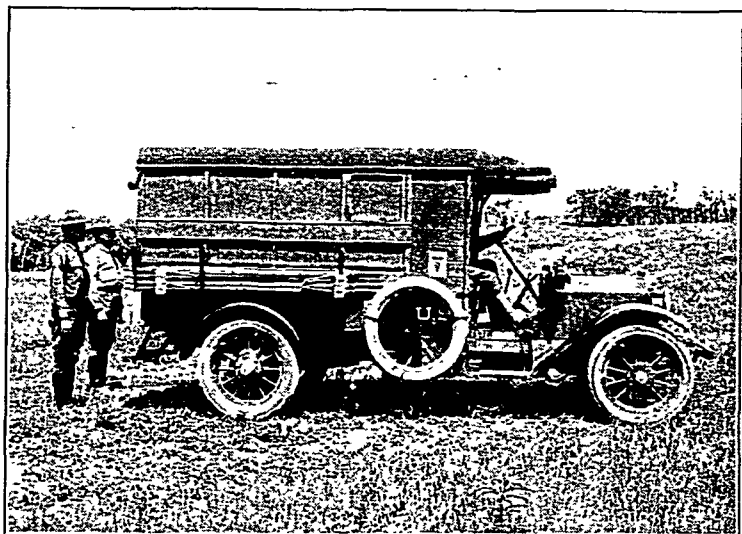
Louis Funke of Walsh Hall, who was called to his home in Cincinnati to attend the funeral of his mother, has returned to the University.

The navy boys are working hard under direction of Prof. Becker to make their glee club, which has recently been organized, a great success.

The Notre Dame Glee Club will be disbanded owing to the fact that many of its members are being transferred to officers' training camps each week.

Friday afternoon the members of Company 1 appeared upon their recreation grounds with a new football, purchased by the members of the Company.

A solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated on Thursday morning at eight o'clock in the university church for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Roger Cavanaugh, the Sister of the President. The celebrant, the Very Rev. Provincial, Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., was assisted by the Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C., deacon, and the Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C., subdeacon. On Friday morning the students of the University will offer a general communion for the same intention.



in our army, also a reproduction of the plate to be placed on the ambulance. I regret that this photograph and copy of the plate have reached us in rather bad order, but you possibly can have a suitable reproduction made for your magazine.

"I will endeavor to ascertain where the ambulance is to be shipped and, if possible, learn its destination. If I am able to secure these facts I will be glad to communicate them to you at once.

"I have no doubt this splendid gift of your boys, dedicated to the great-hearted Cardinal, will prove to be a great boon to many a wounded soldier. It goes forth on a great errand of mercy. May God's blessing abide upon the men who shall have charge of it and upon those to whom they bring relief.

"With kindest regards for you personally,

Monday evening before night prayer Father Farley made an appeal for volunteers for the "prep army." The Walshites responded nobly and a good number appeared for formation Tuesday morning.

A truck load of uniforms and equipment for the S. A. T. C. arrived here Thursday afternoon. It is believed that they will not distribute the uniforms until early next week.

Walsh and Sorin played a very ragged game Sunday morning. The inability of the Walshites to hit was very noticeable. Sorin hardly exerted itself and won by a score of 13 to 8.

Members of the S. A. T. C. are anxiously awaiting the first pay day. Rumor is constantly itching their ears with fresh reports, but as yet the new green hasn't been forthcoming.

The S. A. T. C. men hereafter instead of the usual drilling on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, will be put through a series of rigid games consisting of baseball, football, boxing, etc.

The members of the naval unit were measured for their uniforms on Sunday afternoon and were assured by their commanders that they would be regular bluejackets at the end of the week.

William Wenzel, another last year man, put in his appearance yesterday from the Great Lakes' Naval Training Station. He will be connected with the Naval Section of the S. A. T. C., at Notre Dame.

Seaman "Abe" Lockard has been confined to quarters because of injuries received in football practice. It is hoped that Abe's condition will permit him to play in to-day's game with the Great Lakes' Naval Training School.

The Notre Dame Navy men are making arrangements for a dance Thanksgiving at the Oliver Hotel. They have a strong organization and will without doubt make it a big success. It is hoped they will have their uniforms before that date.

The new Mess Hall is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy Monday, November 11. The Mess Hall comprises the building formerly used for indoor rifle practice, the Carroll "Gym" and a new, one-story, frame addition.

The retreat held last week under the direction of the very Rev. James French, C. S. C., came to a successful close on Friday morning, Nov. 1.

Fr. French requested that they offer it up for the boys "Over there" and especially for the Notre Dame men.

In an exciting "in-door game in the "gym," Sunday afternoon, Brownson and Corby played to a tie. Although the Corbyites have the better organization, Sgt. Billeaud, the Brownson pitcher, had them at his mercy. The score was 10 and 10.

Mr. Paul Wampler, proprietor of the Notre Dame Barbershop, has added another barber to his working force. The shop has been entirely remodeled. The time of opening is now seven-thirty instead of eight o'clock, while the closing time is five thirty.

On account of the unusual and unsettled conditions of student life this year, it has been decided not to publish a *Dome*. George Haller who had been chosen by his class to edit the '19 *Dome*, was among the soldiers sent to the artillery school at Camp Taylor.

A naval social club was organized last week. Frank Hayes was chosen president and the advisory board consists of the following Seamen, Ryan, Duffy, and Wilhelmi. A jazz band has also been organized by the sailors.

The prep football team held a long practice Friday p. m. Coach O'Connor drilled the men in tackling, blocking, etc., and ended the practice by a long signal drill. The prep team has challenged the Freshman team for a game sometime in the latter part of November.

At the noon formation of the preparatory Company, Friday, November 1, it was announced that an unofficial report was out that prep students eighteen years of age could join the S. A. T. C. Up to this time all members of the S. A. T. C. have been required to be high school graduates.

Instead of the usual drill, a relay race and football contest between the first and second platoons of Company Two, was held Monday afternoon, Nov. 4. An eight-man relay team was picked from each platoon, the second winning by a large margin.

Father Farley's "pets" have decided to be football champions again this year. Their success last year was due to their splendid team work. Practice has been called for Wednesday, and if some of the husky looking preps will take off their "duds" and get out and work, Walsh has as good chances as any.

Personals.

"Judge" Reilly, '18, is now practicing law with the Monroe Durham Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Frank "Buck" Flaherty, Brownson Hall, '16-'17, is now a lieutenant in the field artillery, A. E. F.

Lieutenant Paul Conaghan is one of the military instructors at St Ignatius's College, Chicago.

Dick Lawless, an engineering student at the University last year, is now in an electrician school at Fortress Monroe, Va. He has been taking a three months' emergency course in electricity.

Paul W Tobin, a student in Corby two years ago, is now at Camp Knox, Ky. His address is Hdqrs. Detachment, 17th F. A. Brigade. He has a brother, Richard, in Company 2 of the S. A. T. C., at Notre Dame this year.

Second Lieutenant C. M. Soldani, now in France, better known to old Notre Dame men as "Chief" Soldani, informed Father Farley by a postal Tuesday that he is well and happy and expects to drop in at Notre Dame before long.

Mr. Guy Marshall, student at the University, 1908-'12, has won a commission as second lieutenant. He has been at the front two years. His home is in Rock Island, Ill. Mr. Marshall has a brother, Frank Marshall, in the local Naval Unit.

Professor Maurus has lately received word that Lieuts. J. M. McNulty and Joseph M. Walsh, former students in his engineering class, have arrived safely overseas. "Jimmy" Seylin, too, who is with the U. S. Engineers in France, recently wrote that he was spending in Paris his first oversea furlough.

The return of Walter "Hic" Sweeney, a Notre Dame varsity track man of last year, was the center of conversation among the upper classmen to-day. Considerable enthusiasm was aroused at mess when "Hic" entered the refectory to say "hello" to the old men. He had the same winning smile which made him as popular as his victories for the gold and blue.

Walter, who is a "gob" now, has been stationed at the Municipal Pier in Chicago and is on his way to Pelham where his old friends expect him to win a commission.

Athletic Notes.

Coach Rockne's men won their second victory of the season when they completely swamped the Wabash eleven by the score of 66-7. Rockne's men tore the Wabash line into pieces and scored at will.

The Varsity ran up a large enough score to allow Coach Rockne to use his second string men who played a great game in the final quarter and crossed the Wabash line four times. Bahan and Gipp, Rockne's two smashing backs, tore the Wabash line for long gains and each crossed the Wabash lines twice. Mohn, who took Bahan's place in the second half, played a grand game at quarter and ran his team well. Mohn is going to be a great aid to Rockne this year as he is the possessor of plenty of pep and a good level head. Lambeau played his usual good game at full and succeeded in crossing the enemy's goal twice.

Wabash's lone tally came in the last period when Huffine after a series of line bucks and long forward passes crossed the N. D. goal line, but all of this happened after Coach Rockne had sent his second string men into the game.

Lambeau and Phillips both played well; in fact, all of the Gold and Blue men played a strong game, and Saturday when the Great-Lakes' will invade Notre Dame for the opening game of the 1918 season on the home grounds, Rockne will be ready to give the sailor boys a battle for their lives.

The Notre Dame team did not get word that they were to play Wabash till late Friday evening, but they were glad of the opportunity after so many successive disappointments owing to unexpected cancellation of scheduled games. They were up at four o'clock Saturday morning and left on the Vandalia at five. They got breakfast in Logansport and were in Crawfordsville in time for lunch. The team, being allowed forty-eight hours absence by government regulation, spent the night in Crawfordsville.

Twenty-four men made the trip, and Rockne is much pleased to have been able to give them the opportunity. He shows he is glad to have the chance to season his men for the Great Lakes' team, which will come here Saturday, and he was glad to give the fellows a little outing after their hard and disappointing season of practice. Nevertheless, four straight weeks have passed without a game at Notre Dame, and nearly every week was a disappointment.

Letters from Soldiers.

Monday, October 7, 1918.

Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father Moloney:—

Since writing you in the spring from our flying field at Miami, Fla., I have been very busy and I hope you'll pardon the long delay. I have been in France now since August 1st, and during the last month have seen a little of the fighting that is going on over here.

During the past month I have been attached to a British bombing squadron here, for our own machines had not yet come and we that were in command of flights in our squadron were sent out to the British to get some experience while waiting for our own machines.

I happened to be attached to the British at a fortunate time for a big push started in this sector on Sept. 28, and since then we have been very busy. Our job was to bomb the German roads and railroads behind their lines in order to keep them from bringing up troops and supplies to oppose our people in the ground. During the morning of the second day of the push I had my first experience of aerial fighting. We had only four machines in our formation and having dropped our bombs were watching the roads and railroads on the way back for observations.

I was paying no attention to what was going on in the sky, for my whole attention was fixed on the ground, when suddenly my observer signalled me that the Huns were coming down on us. I was quite a bit to the right of the formation and had no chance of help from the others for they were also being attacked. When I looked around I saw eight of the Hun scouts coming down on us at a great rate. Three were very close and almost as soon as I saw them, they got a burst of machine gun bullets into my machine. One bullet hit the gasoline pressure pump and my engine promptly quit. For a moment I thought it was Hunland or No Man's land for me, for we did not have any too much altitude for the distance we were behind the lines. I then thought of my gravity tank and switched into that and immediately my engine started again.

In the meantime my observer had shot down one of the Huns. He went down out of control and after we got back to the airdrome it was confirmed by a pilot in another machine, so I think we will get credit for it. My observer's gun jammed shortly after he got the first Hun down, but the other seven didn't stay with us very long, for they hate to come close to the lines and besides there were three Spads coming in to join us from the left. I was mighty glad indeed to get rid of the eight that were on my trail and I don't believe I will ever forget the sound of those machine gun bullets playing around me.

When we got back to the airdrome we found that we had been shot up quite a bit. One bullet went through my observer's flying suit, just missing his leg, and came through the cockpit a few inches from my knee. They had hit the gasoline pump and also a water pipe just over my head and had put several bullets into our planes.

I have now done thirteen bombing raids here with the British and will soon go back to my own squadron for our machines are beginning to arrive. Hun machines are not the only things that bother us on bombing raids for the Boche are very good with their "Archie." It is quite an interesting sight to see a barrage of bursting shells, hanging like a curtain, 15,000 feet in the air. One place we were bombing before the push started is said to have the worst "Archie" to fly through in the front.

We had a very interesting show to do one day during the push. Our men in the front line were very short of food because of the difficulties of transporting it across the ground over which they had advanced, so we carried food to them all one day. Of course we had to fly very low so as to drop the food where it was wanted and I had a good chance to observe how badly the ground they fight over is torn up. One town that has been No Man's land for years is absolutely flat with the ground. The only thing standing there is the four walls of a sometime large building.

I am dying for the sight of an N. D. man but so far have not met one. We are stationed in a sector very far from the great mass of the American Army, so that I have seen very few Americans at all. Are sports going to go on at N. D. this year? How I would like to see a good old football game between Notre Dame and the Army or some other good opponent.

I'm now wearing two bars, for I have been promoted to captain and am in command of one of the three flights of our squadron. I hope very soon to be taking my own flight over the lines for our machines will be here very soon now in sufficient numbers to allow us to operate on our own. So far we have been co-operating with different British squadrons.

With best wishes for the success of Notre Dame and of all N. D. men and begging an occasional prayer from you and others whose prayers would be well appreciated, I am,

Sincerely yours in Notre Dame.

Frank Mulcahy.

Capt. F. P. Mulcahy, U. S. Marines,

U. S. N. A. F.

Northern Bombing Group,

Foreign Service,

Field "D," France.

Care Postmaster, New York City.

A. P. O. 739, A. E. F., France,
September 11, 1918

Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame Indiana.

My Dear Father,

Your very welcome letter of August 16th I received last night, together with one from Brother Alphonsus, and I was delighted to hear from both of you. It pleased me greatly to learn of the successful summer school at Notre Dame. I long to be there. Notre Dame is one place I shall never forget. I am awaiting the day when I shall be able to resume my work in the dear old school. The University is the uppermost thought in my mind at present, for I figure that I should now be getting ready to return to school and

I often say to the fellows, "Well boys, if I were in the good old U. S. A., I should be packing up to go back to Notre Dame and nothing would please me better." I trust that when this is all over I shall be able to do so.

I have had some very interesting experiences since I became a member of the A. E. F. I think there are very few cases like my own. Practically all I have been doing since I arrived here three months ago is travelling. I have seen a considerable part of France. It surely is a beautiful country, as far as scenery is concerned. As for the towns, they are so different from the American ones that we find them rather strange—but interesting.

When I reached my destination there were no vacancies for dental assistants; so I was placed in charge of the dental supplies. It involves a great variety of work, ranging from clerical work to loading trucks, but I find it very interesting. During my travels I had several weeks of experience in one of the American Post-offices over here, and just as I was becoming used to the work and was to be assigned permanently at that post, my orders came through to report to the division to which I had been originally assigned.

I have seen France in all of its beauty, and it surely is "Sunny France"; but I am now amid battered towns and shell-plowed fields of very recent battles. I am close enough to the front to hear the thunder of the guns, and "Jerry" pays us a visit often. Our first night up here was exciting; from the sound of the motor, Fritz was very close; then the noise of the anti-air craft guns and the sound of the exploding bombs, gave us some idea of what the boys in the trenches must endure.

Father, I shall be very glad to hear from you when you can find a few moments not occupied with bills of study and the like. I trust that the coming term will be a successful one, although we cannot expect the school to be anything like it was before the war.

Give my regards to all my friends at the University. Tell all my old friends in Carroll Hall who may still be there, Girardin, Brady, Bott, Slattler, and the others, that I have not forgotten them. With very best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. D. J. Carr.

307 Field Hospital

Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky
October 27, 1918.

Rev. and dear Father Foik,

After three weeks of real work at the base hospital I am now back at my desk and shall try to answer your interesting letter. I have had charge of the transportation in the Personnel Department to the various wards, and this change required my services from early morning until late at night. Part of my work took me through the various wards of the hospital, and I saw there many interesting sights.

I sincerely hope that the influenza has not gained the foothold at Notre Dame that it did here. One thing that will stand out prominent in the records of Camp Taylor in connection with the epidemic of October, 1918, is the work of the eighty-four sisters who nursed nearly two thousand patients during the siege.

They came at the invitation of Chaplain Barrett of the Knights of Columbus War Activities; and worked night and day in the emergency hospitals. A K. C. building in the emergency area was used as a hospital. During the siege it seemed to me that the story of "The Nun of the Battlefield" was being re-enacted. Just as in the days of the past, not one word of praise was given these Sisters in the papers, but they have left many boys the happier for their being with them.

I expect to take an overseas examination in a few days, and unless I make an application for admission to the Officers' Training School I may be shipped over within a few months. The men in this department are urging me to ask for a commission in the Quartermaster Department as a journalist. The duty of a journalist is the promotion of public health by means of educational propaganda. The army qualifications, as near as I can learn, are that a man must be a clear, effective, forceful writer, capable of spreading through proper channels information on matters of hygiene and public health. According to the army regulations a man should have had journalistic experience in some field.

Of course, I should like to stay in this trade-test work, but if I pass the overseas test, it will be necessary for me to get into a fighting unit. All trade-test men in this country will be limited service men by next year. Before I get out of this work I intend to write for a Louisville paper an article on Trade-Testing in the Army.

Before I leave this camp, I hope to get another pass home, and to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Your Friend,

(Corp.) Leo Berner.

American E. F. Italy,
September 7, 1918.

Dear Father,

Don't think that because I write to you so seldom I don't appreciate your writing so often to me. I hear from you in almost every mail, but of course I have not many opportunities to answer.

We have been over here three months now, yet, in spite of all we have done and as much as we have travelled, it does not seem that long. Only two months more and I shall have my first service bar, and I seem as far from actual battle as ever. Technically speaking we were in some time ago, but we were so far back that it did not amount to much.

I got a letter from Raab about two weeks ago saying that McGlynn had gone up to the big show. I should like to get a crack at a few of these Huns. They are knocking off altogether too many of my friends. I know of nine from school who are either dead, wounded, or prisoners, and I suppose there are more than that. I was very sorry to hear about Arnold McNerny and Clovis Smith. I was afraid that "Mac" would get hurt. He was not afraid of anything.

I suppose Jerome is going to enter Notre Dame this fall or probably he is there already. I hope he will be able to see it through back there and not have to get into this war. I can do all the fighting for the Dixon family for a while. If he does ever leave school to enlist, I hope it will be in the Marines, where I would be if I had it to do over again. They are certainly making

some history over here. In fact, all of us are for that matter. The Allies think we are sending nothing but shock troops over.

I ran across a vividly colored scarf, a couple of weeks ago and bought it for Marion. I guess it's pretty good because it cost a lot of liras, and an envious Italian woman said it was very "bona" which was the only way I could find out. As soon as possible I shall send it, with some other souvenirs I have picked. I am sending you a piece of Italian money. I don't know what it is worth, for Italian money values change like the price of butter and eggs. A dollar was worth eight and a half liras when we first came here but now it is worth only six or seven.

I am going over to a big town tomorrow. There is some sort of an entertainment for us, and as only fifteen men from each company can go, I am drawing the conclusion that there is to be some eating in connection with it; so I immediately signified my intention of attending and was put on the list. It's a thirty kilometer trip in truck, but you know I would go farther than that for a good meal. Of course, our food here is all right, but I like variety. The question of the bar examinations have not come yet, but they probably will soon. There has not been any mail for some time, but it has not rained for several days either; so that balances things up pretty well. I guess the rainy season has not come yet after all, for we have had only a week or ten days of it. It is almost nine o'clock and I shall have to blow out my candle, chase the lizards out of my bed, and crawl in myself. Love to all at home.

Your devoted son,
Sherwood Dixon.

Buffalo, New York,
October 20, 1918.

Mr. John Cooney,
Notre Dame, Indiana.
Dear Mr. Cooney:—

... I am now working as clerk with the Local Board here in Buffalo and like the work very much. It is a cosmopolitan district with wonderful material for human-interest stories. But for the present I am not going to write a line for the newspapers. The influenza and the street-car strike, constant rain and high winds together are taking all the joy out of life.

I was planning a trip to Notre Dame for October 26, but in view of the fact that the newspapers were saying nothing of the N. D. game with Great Lakes, I am taking it for granted that the schedule has been cancelled.

Walter Miller was in Buffalo for a while recently. Ensign Philbin will be here soon, and I am expecting to see other Notre Dame men here—John Lemmer, Frank Andrews, F. McGraw, and others. They are cruising the Lakes before their final examination for a commission.

Kindly write me a few lines and tell me something about yourself and the school. Give my regards to my friends there and to all the Fathers,

Very sincerely yours,
Pvt Alexander Szczepanik.

Safety Valve.

SHE WAS.

O she was a girl
With a runaway curl
That kept dangling over her forehead
And you'd feel that each dart
From her eyes pierced your heart
Were it not her expressions were borrowed.
Oh she had the feet
That would make a lamb bleat,
And a lamb never barks when he's bleating.
And her little white jaw
Used to tremble and chaw
So that all her friends thought she was eating.
She had hair on her head
That was sunset red,
And her nose was pathetically puggish,
And quite often it seemed
From the way that she dreamed
That her intellect must have been sluggish.
But she was a girl
With a crinoline curl
That kept dangling down from her head
And it's sad though quite true
She contracted the "flu"
And she won't smile again, 'cause she's dead.

LARGENESS.

"And do you love me," she said, in a sweet gurgling voice as she endeavored to draw the eighteen collar of his army shirt around his 14½ neck.

"Love you" he cried, as he grabbed at his belt and pulled the waist band of his trousers up under his arm pits. I more than love you. I adore you and to show my ardent red hot affection I am going to send you my army jacket; it will serve you as an asbestos cover for your furnace. I am going to send your father one of my shoes that he may use as a tool chest or coal bin, I am—

"Oh! how sweet of you," she wept, "you dear, dear soldier boy" and with that she fainted and fell in all directions.

AND WE STAND FOR THIS.

Time 7:30 P. M. Place—Washington Hall.

Persons—Eight hundred soldier boys.

Curtain rises and Douglas Fairbanks comes on screen smiling.

Funny Soldier—Wipe it off.

More funny Soldiers—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

(Fairbanks jumps on horse.)

Soldier from Podunk High School—Squads right, Dug, old boy.

Soldier from Oskosh High—What did he say?

Soldier from Baraboo High School—Didn't you hear him? He's the cleverest fellow I ever saw in my life. He said, ha! ha! ha! he said, Squads right!

Other soldiers in chorus—Ha! ha! ha! ha! that lad certainly is funny. I never heard nothing so funny since Abe Summers used to smash jokes in the grocery store at home.

(This kind of humor continues for an hour.)