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Peace.

THE long march is ended,
And the thunder of the guns,
And the hard lines are softened
On the lips of fighting ones.

Joy rocks their weary bodies
As the cannon did before;
And their happy eyes are peering
Past the trench line to a door

Where the dear ones crowded, waving,
When the boys went swinging by—
"Come ye back, our fighting heroes,
Back to home and peace!" they cry.

J. P.

"The Last Class."

BY A SISTER OF ST. URSULA.*

"THE Last Class" from the *Monday Tales* of Alphonse Daudet has been chosen as the subject of this essay for two reasons: first, because it illustrates in concrete form the principles of structure which underline every piece of that distinct type of fictive literature known as the short-story; secondly, because its message of patriotism here touchingly conveyed by the grief of a conquered people at giving up the language of their fathers, makes at this time a special appeal. Our own day has seen not only the two small provinces of Alsace and Lorraine but the whole face of the earth made the object of attack by an imperial government whose war-cry still is: "The order has come from Berlin."

In the story, the curtain of history is lifted for a brief half day, showing men and women and children in the clutch of forces that will direct their lives from this time forth. We observe their conduct, listen to their words, and are borne along with them on the rising tide of sorrow until we feel that we too are bidding farewell to the mother-tongue in which are bound up the dearest traditions of national life and which is the surest safeguard against an alien tyranny. This impression of a great and common sorrow, joined to the remarkable compression of the little picture with its unity of time and place and incident, places this bit of literature, beyond doubt, in that class of fiction, the theory of which was first formulated by Brander Matthews in his essay on "The Philosophy of the Short-Story."

The title "The Last Class," with a hint of pathos in the word "Last," summarizes the main incident of the story and is both appropriate and attractive. It seems to point out that the author's purpose is not so much to give us a picture of the conditions immediately following the Franco-Prussian war as to present in the most striking and appealing form his theme of intense and invincible patriotism.

But to return to the facts of history. According to the terms of the treaty of peace which followed the Franco-Prussian war, in 1871, France was forced to pay an indemnity of one billion dollars and to surrender to Germany almost all of Alsace and Lorraine. When these provinces became German territory, French schoolmasters were replaced by German, and the French language was forbidden in the schools. "The Last Class" was held in 1872.

Daudet, while not specific on this point, gives a suggestion concerning the time of the action, through the little boy's reference to the bulletin board which for two years had announced to them every piece of bad news. He refrains also in the beginning from mentioning the provinces by name, giving a mere hint in the German names "Wachter" and "Hauser" that this is border territory.

The actual setting of the story in a rural municipality is suggested in the details of the introduction: "the blackbirds whistling on the border of the wood;" "back of the sawmill

* Student in the Notre Dame Summer School, 1918.

in the Rippert field, the Prussian soldiers were drilling;" "the mayor's office;" "the little board on which notices were generally posted;" "the school in Monsieur Hamel's little yard."

There is one ruling incident throughout; one pre-eminent character; one impression of passionate patriotism. The opening in Daudet's characteristic style is natural and direct, beginning at once the action of the story. It introduces the schoolmaster, who is the central figure in this pathetic scene, and little Frantz, his pupil, who afterwards narrates the story.

There is a foreshadowing of crisis in the gathering of a number of people about the bulletin board, which for so long a time had brought them nothing but sorrow, and also in the remark of the old blacksmith to the tardy Frantz, "You'll get to school soon enough." The master himself, however, is the first to strike the keynote of the situation: "My children, this is the last day that I shall keep school. The order has come from Berlin that nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new schoolmaster will arrive to-morrow."

The effect of this announcement is pictured in a succession of incidents and contributory scenes which rise in gradually growing intensity to a simple but majestic climax. Interest is centered first on the little Frantz, then on the master, and finally on the villagers who had come "to show their love" for the country and language they could no longer call their own. Upon the failure of little Frantz to recite, the master does not rebuke his slothful pupil, but rather reproaches the older people of the province for their lack of zeal in using the French language, and warns all present never to forget it, for "when a nation falls into bondage just so long as it clings to its language, it holds the key of its prison."

Task follows task in pathetic earnestness: the grammar lesson never before taught with such vim, never before followed with such attention; the writing lesson for which a new copy had been prepared by the master,—*France, Alsace, France, Alsace;* the history lesson; the spelling of the little ones; and all the while the noise of packing coming from the room above.

The church clock striking twelve and the trumpets of the approaching Prussians prepare for the climax which reaches its height when the master, failing in his effort to speak, seizes a piece of chalk, and, bearing with all his strength, writes on the blackboard in the largest possible letters, "VIVE LA FRANCE!"

The denouément is most touching in its simplicity. With head leaning against the wall, the master makes a sign to his pupils to pass, and "The Last Class" is finished.

In character-drawing, the story is especially strong. Pre-eminent, of course, is the schoolmaster who for forty years had ruled his little kingdom with a rod of iron, but who today speaks in sweet and gentle tones while burning with zeal "to impart all his knowledge" of French while there is yet time. It is little Frantz that describes him, dressed in his Sunday best, standing very pale and seemingly taller than ever before in the schoolroom suddenly hushed to a Sabbath stillness. And little Frantz himself, overwhelmed by pity for the master, faces a crisis no less personal. His anger with himself for school-time wasted; his grief at giving up the books that before had seemed so heavy and dull; and his unfulfilled wish "to recite without a slip, in a strong clear voice, that celebrated rule of the participle;" all these are a picture of unfortunate Alsace.

The story, rich in human feeling, is simple and unaffected in style. The pure pathos of scenes like that of old Father Hauser sitting with the primer wide-open, up-side-down, on his knees, while he spells with quivering voice the words of the little ones, speaks for itself without device or ornament.

Briefly, "The Last Class" commends itself as a short-story perfect in structure, noble in theme, and irresistible in its pathos.

Near Brussels.

Near Brussels' town, the hazy sky
Dims the fields where heroes lie,
  And down beneath the darkened sod
  Sainted soldiers sleep with God
And fields of battle sanctify.

Many a man, with eager eye,
With Captain Death went marching by,
  But many a man no more will plod
    Near Brussels' town.

But days to come will testify
How heroes fight and how they die.
  And in the breeze the golden rod
  With holy reverence will nod,
And Belgian hearts will love to sigh
    Near Brussels' town.

RAYMOND M. MURCH.

Artistic Carmie.

BY MARY E. SULLIVAN.*

Class-room number seventeen "held its breath" in eager expectation. Miss Norton, supervisor of drawing, was making the rounds in the Da Vinci School. She had begun two days before in division forty-two and had progressed steadily. It was "seventeen's" turn next—and "seventeen" was in readiness. Every inch of available space was covered with specimen drawings, cuttings, and objects constructed by the children, all representing the work accomplished in the art course during three months' time.

The book-case had yielded up its store of best papers saved from scores of class lessons. The pupils had reveled in the making of them and were proud of their achievements. Their eyes had sparkled as they strove in their feeble but mightily enthusiastic way to imitate the great artists.

Concetta Tremarco, accoutred as one of Fra Angelico's angels, was posing for the class. The pupils, left on their honor during the teacher's brief absence from the room, were absorbed in their alluring task; the ticking of the clock was distinctly audible; not a sound disturbed the serenity of the room. Tony Triviletti, self-appointed monitor, sat in the arm-chair at the table and surveyed the class with dignified approval. The other children accepted his domination as a matter of course.

"I'm comin' 'round to 'samine your work in a minute," Tony announced. "Nick, you're puttin' on too much chalk. It's jes' thick. What did teacher say about dat?" inquired Tony, wending his way down the aisle, of the boy in the third seat, first row. "You kin jes' put dat paper in de waste-basket an' git a new one an' start over fresh an' be stingy wit yer chalk. Did you hear? Be stingy wit yer chalk. Dat's what a artist does."

When Tony reached the back seat of the sixth row, he clutched the occupant and shook him vigorously. "Ain't you 'shamed of yourself, Nasti Caduti? Where'd you git dat six by nine gray paper? Teacher said to take the nine by twelve 'vanilla.' Yez kin jes' go an' put dat paper in de basket. Go on now. Hurry up. Git a nine by twelve 'vanilla' off of de table an' make a nuther pitcher, an' make it fill de paper. Hurry up. An' walk on yer toes too."

Nasti arose obediently and followed directions while Tony advanced to the front seat. There he paused for a moment in silent admiration. "Carmie," said he, "go an' pin yer pitcher up in de front of de room where ev'ry buddy kin see it."

Carmie responded promptly and Tony hastened to climb a chair to help him in fastening the paper to the wall.

"Some of yez," proclaimed Tony from the chair, with a wave of his hand toward the class, "don't never look at de angel wit yer eyes nearly shut. Carmie allus does. I gives yez a pointer on dat. Dat's why he gits a good pitcher. You don't dast to have a angel holdin' a bugle wit straight arms. Dey must be bendin' jes' like de angel's," and Tony descended from his rostrum to demonstrate the bend in the angel's arm. "Now, look at dat pitcher," and he waved proudly and dramatically at Carmie's drawing.

Just then the door opened and a gray-haired lady with a youthful face appeared. A smile flickered about her kindly mouth and sparkled in her deep-blue eyes as she took in the situation and said in a serious tone, "Good-morning, children, I'm Miss Norton. Isn't Miss Leonard at home today?"

Tony regained his composure and sense of importance, momentarily lost upon the opening of the door, and, resuming his responsibility as monitor and spokesman, he replied, "No, she ain't *home*—she's at *school*. Lucy Grobiella was posin' fer a angel an' she fainted. Nurse says maybe she didn't had no breakfus'—an' teacher's gone wit nurse to take Lucy to de res'-room."

"Well, that's too bad for Lucy, isn't it? I'm sorry for her," said Miss Norton. "Now, while Miss Leonard is caring for her, I'll look at your drawings and this little 'angel' may sit down. Whose work is this?" she inquired, turning about and indicating Carmie's paper. Carmie raised his hand.

"Come here, my boy. You are indeed a little artist. That is the finest work I've seen this year. Why, not a boy in the eighth grade can draw like that!" and she patted him on the head and smoothed back his thick wavy hair. Carmie's wan face became radiant with unsuppressed joy and pride; his great dark eyes

* Student in the Notre Dame Summer School, 1918.

flashed and danced as he looked up gratefully.

Miss Norton mused meanwhile over the wonder of such extraordinary talent in this frail lad in the faded blue cotton shirt, trousers frayed at the bottom and patched at the knees, tattered red stockings, and heelless shoes turned up two inches at the toes. "What is your name?" she inquired at last.

"Carmie Caliendo," the boy replied modestly.

"He's my cousin," interposed Tony with uplifted head and chest. "He kin make pitchers jes' like a Italian painter. He drawed some kids goin' up de ladders in de gym an' I brang it to de office to show Mr. Jessup—'cause teacher said it was fine. And Mr. Jessup said like this—'Artistic Carmie made that pitcher, didn't he?' He could tell right away. Us guys allus calls dat kid 'artistic Carmie' ever since. Ain't dat right, Carmie?"

Carmie smiled and nodded, looking bashfully out of the corner of his eye at Miss Norton who remarked earnestly, "I'm not at all surprised. Indeed, it is a very fitting name for him."

"How d'ye like dat big pitcher of de lan'scape up dere? Carmie painted dat wit water-colors, an' Mr. Jessup got it framed fer our room. Carmie painted it over in Lincum park when teacher tuck us dere fer a picnic. See de lake an' de light-house?"

"Why, to be sure; that is splendid."

Tony conducted Miss Norton around the room to view the drawings of design, flowers, fruit, pottery, streets, toys, etc., always pointing with especial pride to Carmie's work. "See," he said, "here's a pitcher Carmie made of me an' anuther guy, Nick Lardine, eatin' macaroni in de penny-lunchroom. Ain't it de bestest ever? All de kids knew who 'twas soon's dey saw de pitcher. An' here's a pitcher he made of a guy what's buttin' in in de line by de lunchroom. He's lookin' mad 'cause he got trun out. See? Teacher says some chillern jes' makes it up—what dey draw—but Carmie he looks right at it an' draws it jes' de way it looks. She says he has artist eyes."

The more Miss Norton saw of Carmie's work, the more she marveled at his talent. Returning to the table and dropping into the teacher's chair, "Children," she said, "how many of you have heard of Leonardo da Vinci?"

Instantly fifty hands were waving enthusiastically. "Well, I really think that Carmie will be another Da Vinci. We are all proud of him, aren't we?" and she put her arm affectionately about the lad as she appealed to the class. All the children's heads nodded assent and Tony delivered himself thus—

"Sure. All de kids in dis here school is wishin' dey had Carmie in deir room. But us guys gives 'em de laugh an' says—'Some class to us, all right, all right. Artistic Carmie fer seventeen! Rah! Rah! He's de kid dat never praise hisself!" and Tony waved his hand above his head while fifty other hands waved in unison.

Then Miss Leonard entered the rear door of the class-room and looked inquiringly about.

"Good-morning," said Miss Norton, "I've taken possession, you see, and I've been royally entertained."

"I'm quite sure of that," Miss Leonard replied with a twinkle in her soft brown eyes. "Has Tony introduced you to our young artist, revealed all our secrets, and related the family histories?" she asked with lifted brows and knowing glance.

"Well, you see, he's been so busy showing me Carmie's work and acquainting me with Carmie's attainments that he hasn't had time for the secrets and the histories. He's very proud of his cousin, Carmie, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. He loves him dearly and watches over him tenderly. He's two years older, you know," Miss Leonard remarked in a serious, motherly tone, smiling approvingly at Tony as her eyes shot a "wireless" to Miss Norton.

Seating herself beside her visitor, she said, "Take your seats now, boys, get to work quickly and show Miss Norton what lovely designs for book-covers you can make."

Then in a subdued voice, as the children became absorbed in their work, Miss Norton asked about Carmie's home and parents. His teacher explained that two years before, his father, a barber by trade, had been implicated with others in some serious offense against the law, in consequence of which he had fled the country, deserting his wife and children. The mother struggled to make a living for her little family, but broken-hearted she collapsed under the strain and died within a year. The other children had been placed in orphan asylums, but Tony had pleaded with his father to have Carmie live with them. So it came to pass that Carmie was received into the shelter of the Triviletti household, which had little else than good-will and affection to bestow on him. But of that there was abundance, and Carmie, who

in his short life had never had "full and plenty" to eat, sufficient clothing to keep him warm, or a dwelling place larger than two small rooms in the rear of a barber-shop, was very happy with the kind-hearted Trivilettis in their five-room apartment.

The teachers talked for some time, and as Miss Norton arose to go, she announced, "Children, Miss Leonard and I have been talking about Carmie's wonderful work in drawing, and I'm going to get him into the children's class at the Art Institute. I know I can do it. I'll tell you more about it the next time I come."

Instantly all the pupils turned and looked at Carmie wonderingly, admiringly, proudly, clapping their hands with vigor. Then Tony Triviletti, bursting with joy over the recognition of talent in his cherished little kinsman and the honor conferred on his beloved room seventeen, sprang to his feet and exclaimed haughtily:

"Now we'll put one over on all de udder rooms! Gee! dey'll be jealous!"

"Why, Tony, sit down, That isn't a nice spirit. *All* the school is proud of our artistic Carmie," said Miss Leonard,—but her eyes twinkled and a smile quivered on her lips.

Carmie looked up shyly—a world of gratitude and joy welling up in his dark eyes. Raising his hand timidly he asked, "Please, Miss Leonard,—kin *I* talk to de lady?"

"Why, of course, dear," replied his teacher, astonished at such a request from Carmie.

Carmie arose, and clutching his desk for support through the ordeal, he said with drooping head, "Thank you, lady, fer bein' so kind to me. Dis is de bestest ever. If I kin go down dere to dat class, I'll be gladder den I ever wuz in my hull life."

Miss Norton patted him on the head and declared assuringly, "We'll see to it, Carmie, that you are made happier than ever you were in your life."

Before leaving, she whispered to Miss Leonard, "I never saw such wonderful eyes as that child has! In this garden of beautiful eyes he has the most beautiful."

"Yes," replied Miss Leonard, "he talks with them all day long. His soul shines through them—it seems to me."

During the next few days, Carmie was sought out by all the boys of the school. They shared their gum, their candy, and their marbles with him. One of the big "prosperous" boys who had as much as a nickel a week for spending money, bought a "second lunch" for Carmie in the penny-lunch-room, realizing, no doubt, the "social prestige" to result from association with an artist.

But within a week Carmie was missed, and Tony tearfully announced the fact that Carmie was "awfully" sick at the County Hospital. That afternoon Miss Leonard found him in wild delirium with spinal meningitis. The doctors predicted that he had but slight chance for recovery.

Sadness hung like a pall over room seventeen during the following fortnight, then word was brought that Carmie was better and that a lady from the Settlement House had sent him to a sanitarium in the country. Tony had begged to go with him, and they had allowed him to go. "Room seventeen" breathed freely again, and again lived in happy anticipation of Carmie's entrance into the Art Institute.

The day for Miss Norton's visit came round again and she went directly to "seventeen" to tell of the perfection of her plans for Carmie. Miss Leonard related the story of his illness, expected death, and marvellous recovery. Suddenly, Lucy Grobiella, returning from an errand, breathlessly announced, "Teacher, teacher, Tony an' Carmie is comin'. I sawn them in the hall,"—and at her heels came the two boys.

Tony was firmly grasping Carmie's hand which had been confidingly laid within his own. As they came into the room, the children clapped their hands for joy and hearty welcome to the returning heroes.

"We're so glad to see you back again, Carmie, exclaimed both ladies in one voice, approaching him cordially.

"And I've made all arrangements for you at the Art Institute," said Miss Norton.

Carmie's dark eyes were turned upon her, but the light had gone out of them. Two great tears rolled down the boy's pallid cheeks; he turned and buried his face in Tony's breast. Tony gathered him into his arms and burst into tears. The two little comrades, locked in tense embrace, swayed back and forth. The "room" gasped.

"Why, my dears, what's the matter?" inquired Miss Leonard. Aren't you glad to be with us again? Have you changed your mind about the Art Institute, Carmie?"

Carmie sobbed and shook his head. After a few moments Tony wiped away his tears with

his coat-sleeve, and looking up he announced chokingly:

"Carmie can't be no artistic Carmie any more. His eyes is wide open but he can't see nothin'—he's *blind!*" and Tony bowed his head on Carmie's.

Miss Leonard and Miss Norton looked at each other in an agony of pity. As for the children—one head after another drooped in anguish and sank to the desk. "Seventeen" was sorely stricken; it moaned in sorrow,—and Miss Norton went away with the memory of that sorrow enveloping her like a mist that could not be dispelled.

As she went about from school to school and from room to room during the following weeks, Carmie's pathetic little face with its darkened eyes was ever with her and Tony's words were ringing in her ears. Yet hope for the poor lad's recovery flickered faintly in her heart.

With great misgiving, however, she returned to the Da Vinci School at Eastertide. She hesitated on the threshold of "seventeen," but entering, found it jubilant. The children greeted her with vigorous hand-clapping. The very atmosphere was saturated with contagious joy and, at Miss Leonard's bidding, Tony Triviletti rapturously explained the cause.

"Carmie's eyes is all right again—all right, all right, Miss Norton. He kin see as good as any buddy. Yesterday he made da finest pitcher ever. See it over dere? It has chickens an' rabbits. We're all as glad as anything—'cause you kin take him to da Art Institute now. Gee! Maybe us kids ain't proud of dat artistic Carmie! We're gladder den anything 'cause he's all well now."

"Where is Carmie? I want to look into his eyes again," said Miss Norton.

Carmie ran to her eagerly, his black, velvety eyes sparkling with wondrous rapture. A "wireless" message of affectionate admiration flashed between the teachers as he said solemnly, "God made me better."

Varsity Verse.

Doing Her Bit.

John's sister was good looking
And she had a lot of beaux
At the time we started fighting
With those beastly Huns as foe.
She heard her country calling
So she called her beaux and said:
"The first of you who joins the cause
Will be the one I'll wed."
When John came home from work next day.
He saw nine men in brown
Around his sister marching
Up the road that leads to town.
"What's happened?" much surprised, asked he
"You can't quite wed them all!"
But sister flung this neat reply:
"Just watch the Kaiser fall."
John understood and went his way
Convinced that Sis was right,
And now you hear him singing
This same song day and night:

Chorus.

Sister Sue is off recruiting soldiers,
Sister Sue is helping Uncle Sam.
She drafted several beaux
And they're off to see the show
Across the sea where battle isn't sham.
Her pretty eyes could capture in a moment
More Yankees than a regiment of Huns;
When they face her magic charms,
Boys! how Yanks give her their arms!
And she leads them off to capture Bill the Kaiser.

Dillon Patterson.

A Longing.

O happy bird, thou spirit blest!
How buoyant is thy lay;
No carking cares, nor future fears
Infest thy joyful day.

So let my soul unfettered be,
And soar on wings sublime
Into the realms of inner peace
Remote from cares of time.

B A.

The Sniper

Sweet Sina McKay
You've a wonderful way
Of tossing your head and looking askance;
And many a lad afightin' in France,
Would battle a Hun
With bayonet or gun
And never give up, but *you* give him a glance
From your frolicsome eyes, with a dash of love in it,
He's down in a minute,
A prisoner for aye
To Sina McKay.

J. T. Krut.

Hearths of the Twilight Shore

A Play in One Act.

THOMAS F. HEALY, '18.

PERSONS.—The Mother.
Nora. Her daughter.
Eileen. A younger daughter.
A Boy

SCENE.—On the northern shore of Donegal.

(Cottage kitchen. By a window commanding the sea stands Eileen, a girl of 18 years. Nora, some years older, has just lighted the lamp upon the table, the mother sits near the fire knitting a man's scarf.)

Eileen (gazing at the ocean). Nora, look at the sea. I never saw it so bright before.

Nora (going to the window). And so stormy too.

Eileen. And the sun so red.

Nora. Just like fire.

Eileen. 'Twas an evening just like this when Mrs. McGlynn's son, Michael, was found down on the shore and the waves breaking over him cold and lifeless there.

Nora. And the poor mother never got over it. Jim O'Hare was saying how the doctor came from Inisowen twice last week to see her.

Eileen. 'Tis sorrow and loneliness that's killing her, with Frank gone to France with the Fusiliers and Peter sick at Maynooth.

Nora. Yes, it must be sad for her and we so lonely and afraid for our own Jack.

The two sisters look towards the sea and are silent. The mother looks up from her knitting.

Mother. Yes, Nora, an' though it's lonely we are there is sorrow over the land. But of late it's fretting for Jack I am, an' 'tis often he comes to my mind. I can't help thinking of him, though I know the Mother of God will protect him.

Nora goes to her mother and sits by her.

Nora. And is it worrying that will help him or us, mother? With us praying for him and giving novenas he will be well and himself so big and brave. Didn't he say in his letter last week that he was fine every way, but for his scarf, and we making him another one.

Eileen. And Mrs. Sullivan has not heard from George for a fortnight.

Mother. Yes, Eileen, the boy is good to write an' his letter brought me ease. Yet last night there was no sleeping for me for thinking of him an' there was a keening in the wind from the sea.

Eileen. 'Twas a storm, mother, and now it's blowing hard from the sea.

Mother. Come away Eileen, an' sit down here. Read the boy's letter again. 'Tisn't a joyful one for him, but it makes me easy to hear it.

Eileen goes to the mantelpiece and takes down an envelope marked "Opened by Censor." She draws out a letter and reads slowly. After awhile she is interrupted by the mother.

Mother. 'Tis a man entirely he is now to be saying such brave things an' not to be afraid of death

Eileen (resuming reading). "And mother, the thoughts that come to me now as I sit in the muddy trench and listen to the music of the guns. Our regiment goes over the top tomorrow with the Dublins and Enniskillings. I have no fear as I've been over before and I know you must be praying for me. It seems only yesterday, instead of three long years, that I was with you. And how the old delights came back—how I used to roam the purple hills and gallop down the hawthorn lanes and twilit boreens to the sea. Even now I can hear the stairs twittering in the trees and the curlews calling from the heather. But here we must stay till its over, though we are winning steadily, and your dark-haired lad will be coming to you again—."

Mother. The lad! He was ever a *rover.* May the mother of God watch over him this night.

Far out at sea a siren blows and an answering call is heard much nearer.

Nora. (going to the window) There's a ship from America out there. They pass often now and they going to France. Diarmuid O'Dogherty was saying how the big ships go out to meet them and they passing Lough Foyle.

Nora (pressing her face against the window, There's a light coming down the road to our gate.

Eileen. May be it will turn down the Pike road.

Nora. No. It is coming here. Now he is opening the gate—a little boy with a bicycle.

A knock is heard on the door which Nora opens. A boy enters and hands to Nora a blue envelope with the seal of the Government on it. With wonder she tears the envelope and holds a single long sheet to the lamplight. The boy goes out.

Mother. An' what is it about, Nora.

Nora (handing the paper to Eileen). God save us all!

Eileen (in a low voice). Mother—

Mother. God bless us, children. What ails

you at all? An' is it about Jack?

Nora. (calmly) Yes, mother; Jack is dead!

They gaze helplessly at one another for a few moments. Nora breaks into passionate weeping and Eileen likewise is crying.

Mother. (standing and in a dreamy voice) Dead: The lad! An' we thinking him safe all along an' he dying. My flesh and blood, my little dark boy, an' I who reared him from the slip of a baby to the man he was! 'Twas lonely with no man in the house, but now 'twill be lonelier with the lad dead and his young body under the ground.

The two daughters with suppressed sobbing led her to a chair. The latter picks up the unfinished scarf and gently places it on her lap and moans pitifully.

Eileen. What ails her at all, Nora, that she should be acting so strange.

Mother. Light the other lamp, children: 'tis dark without, but 'tis darker in here; an' so it will be evermore, and the lad not coming home an' I waiting for the click of the latch an' a sight of his face at the door.

Nora. He's looking down on us now, mother.

Mother. (bending her face upon her hands begins to cry) Yes, Nora, 'tis in heaven he is, for he was a good lad an' died well. 'Tisn't us he'd want to be sorrowing an' he in joy: God rest his soul!

Nora. Mrs. O'Hare will be coming up soon with Sarah. They will bring a bit of comfort to mother and she crying so (to Eileen).

Mother. (lifting her head) 'Tisn't comfort I want an' I longing for the sound of his voice and a bit of his laugh.

Nora. 'Tis the will of God mother, and you killing yourself crying.

Eileen. And he with the Saints, mother.

Mother. In heaven, children, an' it wont be long till myself be near him in joy, though 'tis black it'll be in the days between. But there's sorrow over the land—an' God's will be done.

She bends her head again. The siren is heard once more from the sea as the curtain falls.

Just because one is weak is no sign that he is not able to aid the strong, remember the incident of the lion and the mouse.

Think before you act is a good maxim generally, but the Kaiser has been thinking for fifty years and yet how ignobly he has acted.

—*Student Thoughts.*

Just before Zero Hour.

Somewhere in France,
Oct. 30, 1918

My dear Jerry:

Last night I slept in a dugout, a narrow low place with the hard ground for a bed; and while I lay there I got thinking of you and the old room in Sorin alley where we spent two happy roistering years. I had a real hunger to be back at the old place, though I knew most of the familiar faces would be gone; so I put my hands under my head, wiped out space and time and flew back.

It was a chilly autumn morning. The steam rose from the lake though not from the old room's radiator. Little streams of students trickled toward the dining room. Jim McMahon was doing the scale in a nasal minor as I passed under his room. His sleep was like his study—unlabored. I got in soon after grace, put my fruit in my pocket, tore out the entrails of several buns, and began to live. I tramped out again, reading the sporting sheet of the *Tribune*, "mooched" some tobacco, and puffed comfortably at my pipe while waiting the mail. Red McConnell got his daily envelope and Rupe Mills asked to have the names reread to assure himself that he had been missed. The bell rang—for Christain Doctrine, I think; but it didn't ruffle my thoughts.

I strolled over to Brother Leep's, left the warm precincts of the cheery day, and groped into that little box of a thousand mingled odors. I could see Brother Leep just beyond the partition where lines of cake were crucified to a plank, adding more water to, and floating more lemon peel on the top of the mammoth crock. He took my nickle, and my watch as hostage for the return of the glass. I was low in funds, as usual, and turned to the Secretary's office. I opened the door with the trepidation of a German soldier going to ask his commanding officer for a fifteen minute furlough. I pass quickly over the interview; it didn't take long, and I came out again with the dispatch of a German soldier leaving the St. Mihiel sector. There was some question about the hour of my return the night before and I went bravely up to the President's office determined to—Bang!! A shell from the Bosches! It missed my dugout but completely broke up my visit. Hurriedly,

Pat.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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The Days to Come.

Now that peace has come again to the earth we may well rejoice and thank God that the terrible fury of war is over. It would be well if rejoicing were our only duty, for we feel that we could ably discharge it. But the days to come are, in a certain sense, more momentous than the days of strife and bitter killing which have just passed. Governments must see revolution; countries must be made over; the industries of war must be replaced by those of peace; the pressure and tension of fighting must be made to reduce itself easily to the relaxation of peace; deep-rooted and distressing enmity must give way to the mercy which brings consolation to the heart-broken and hope to the penitent nations; and, in addition we must look to our leaders to bring about such conditions as will prevent for ages to come the recurrence of such a debilitating war. It is a question how each of us can contribute to the general readjustment of affairs; the duties of individuals are less exactly defined in peace than in war, and men are apt to forget, now that the guns are stilled, their obligations toward the state. But the long years of pain through which we have passed must not have been purposeless. Cold and unfeeling men may claim war to be a denial of God's mercy and a conclusive proof that, being but soulless dust, we cannot prevent our being swept in the whirlwind; but we who have seen our brothers go bravely into battle with a song upon their lips and the faith of God and the love of country in their hearts, cannot but feel the deeper meaning and the pointed lesson of their sacrifice. And that sacrifice will not be without its fruit. For we shall realize now the vanity of luxury and the passing glory of the world; by continued national thrift and saving we shall make the world a better place to live in; and we shall pray God to enlighten the minds of our leaders that their wisdom will direct a just and lasting peace.—J. H. M.

United War Work.

The big work of the boys who were sent to France is over. There will be no more bloodshed, no more whistling of bullets, or boom of bursting shell. The war is over, but our boys are not over—here. It may take many months before they can be moved to the United States. And while they wait,—doing police work on the other side,—for the order to march toward the transports that will carry them home, they must be cared for. The United War Work Campaign that has just opened must appeal to every one who has followed the fortunes of the war. The soldiers have not spared themselves in France or Flanders to make the issue of battle glorious for America; and Americans at home have not spared their dollars to bring shot and shell, rifle and cannon to help finish quickly the bloody business of war. This campaign purposes to raise money to help make tolerably comfortable the lot of soldiers who have endured for over a year the deprivation of every home comfort. It is an opportunity offered us at home to show our appreciation of their victory. Every dollar given now is a kind of peace offering, a hearty handshake to the boys who fought. Notre Dame men have always loved a hard fighter. Let us make our handshake warm and hearty.

The Bishop of Arras.

On Tuesday morning Notre Dame welcomed enthusiastically the delegation of French ecclesiastics who came to America to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Cardinal Gibbons' episcopate. In the distinguished group that visited Notre Dame were the Right Reverend Eugene Julien, bishop of Arras, Mgr. Alfred Boudrillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris and a member of the French Academy, the Very Reverend Canon Guillemant, Vicar-General of the diocese of Arras, and the Abbé Patrice Flynn, a chaplain in the French Army. They were accompanied by the

Very Reverend Gilbert Français, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, the Very Reverend Provincial, Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., and Father Charles Doremus, C. S. C. The party was met at the University gate by Company 2 of the S. A. T. C. and escorted to the Administration building. The Very Reverend President of the University received the distinguished churchmen, and in a brief and fervent address bade them welcome to Notre Dame. Bishop Julien replied in French, and the Abbé Flynn translated his remarks into English. After meeting the members of the faculty in the university parlor, the party was shown through the university buildings, and left for Toledo, Ohio, about noon. They will sail for France at the end of this week.

Local News.

Six men from each company were picked to go to a dance held Tuesday, Nov. 12, in South Bend.

Billy Burke in "The Mysterious Miss Terry" was the feature of the movie shown in Washington hall, Saturday evening.

The members of the S. A. T. C. were vaccinated against small-pox on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 3, by Doctors Powers and Olney.

Company 3 held a meeting in Brownson hall recreation room, Friday evening, Nov. 8. Company songs and yells were practised.

The members of Company 2 had a song fest Wednesday evening in front of Sorin Barracks. These soldiers have developed a company spirit that is contagious.

The military authorities concluded that there has been too much cutting of classes, and on Friday called a platoon or more of culprits to formation and asked for explanations.

Sergeant Miller, who fought at the battle of the Marne, addressed the students Wednesday evening in the interest of the United War Charities. The speaker was introduced by Lieutenant Young.

The students of the S. A. T. C. were addressed by "Dad" Elliott and Mr. George Smith, a prominent Chicago lawyer, on Monday morning, November 11. They urged the soldiers to take an active part in the United War Workers' Campaign.

A call for volunteers for the aviation school was made to the members of the S. A. T. C. on Thursday, Nov. 7. From the soldiers who offered themselves, twenty pilots, six observation officers, and three manœuvring officers will be selected.

At seven o'clock Monday evening solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the university church by the Very Reverend Provincial Morrissey, and the *Te Deum* was chanted. Nearly all the faculty and students were present.

The members of the S. A. T. C. took part in a parade in South Bend on Monday afternoon to celebrate the ending of the war. Classes were suspended for the afternoon, and students and professors went to the city. South Bend was crowded onto Main and Michigan streets and made as much uproar as 50,000 joy-intoxicated inhabitants could.

The S. A. T. C. men of Co. 1 were required to post a list of all their class subjects, and the time of each, on the doors of their rooms. When not attending classes all men must be in their rooms studying, except during the recreation periods which occur from 6:30 p. m. till 7 p. m., and 9 p. m. till 9:30 p. m.

A magazine and second hand reading material "drive" has been launched by Rev. Paul Foik, to the soldiers in the army hospitals recovering from wounds received in France. All those having such reading matter are requested to turn it over to the Librarian or Sergeants in charge of the various companies.

The meeting of the College Students not in the S. A. T. C., which was to be held in Badin Hall recreation room Tuesday evening was postponed by Fr. J. Burke till early next week. Until then the college students will continue to drill with the preps. It is understood that the prep students over eighteen and the college students will have a separate company.

The following members of the S. A. T. C. were sent to the artillery school at Camp Taylor, on Friday, Nov. 1st: Privates Bruder, Butler, Comyns, Conway, Cleary, McCarthy, Baujan, Flick, Magee, Ward, Loosen, Dore, Overton, Butterworth, Connor, Deering, McNichols, Colgan, Dunn, Foley, Haller, McCauley, McDonough, Gormley, Fagan, Dark, Miller, Downs, O'Brien, Carroll, Sandford, Bayer, Lynch, Killeen, Gretencord, Duffey, DeCrick, Sutton, Baglin.

Obituary.

On Sunday, Nov. 3, Michael J. Davey, of Tecumseh, Nebraska, died at St. Joseph's hospital, South Bend. Mr. Davey was a member of Company 1, S. A. T. C. He was a favorite among the soldier boys at the University and will be prayerfully remembered by his comrades.

R. I. P.

Personals.

Joe Rick's father spent Sunday at the University.

Seaman Steindle, formerly of Newport, has joined the Naval Unit.

John Buckley, a student of Corby Hall, is at the Central Officers' Training school at Camp Lee, Va.

Lt. "Shorty" de Fries, of Notre Dame fame, is stationed in the Quartermaster Depot at Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Privates Clerkin and Hurley of Company 3 left Monday evening for Chicago where they were examined for the Aviation school.

Joe Keenan, catcher and fielder on the Notre Dame baseball team a year ago, is an Ensign in the Navy and is doing patrol duty on the Atlantic.

Mr. Arthur Carmody has received a commission as second lieutenant. He is stationed at Ellington Field, Texas, First Squadron, Barracks 67.

Francis Otis Wood, who won the Mason medal in Carroll Hall a few years ago, graduated from West Point with the 1921 class. "Ots" is now a second lieutenant. His brother Joe, a student in Walsh Hall last year, is attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Ed "Movie" Ryan is with the U. S. Naval Aviation Detachment at the Mass. Institute of Technology, Cambridge. He writes that Holton, "Bill" Kelly, Emmet Hannan, McLaughlin and Oscar Dorwin are at the same school. Ralph Bergman, of Sorin, is expected there very soon.

The forty men who left Notre Dame, Friday, November 1st, arrived safely at Camp Taylor, and had a twelve mile hike the first day. They were allowed to sleep on the mess hall tables with a paper napkin for cover. One of the squad wrote, "Sorin Barracks," would look pretty comfortable just now.

Judge John W. Eggeman (LL. B., 1900), who in his days here was a member of the Varsity football team, is now in France as a secretary for the Knights of Columbus. A recent letter mentions a happy meeting of the Judge with Chaplain Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., Vice-President of the University, at a Sunday dinner in Paris.

A. E. O'Flaherty, formerly of Company 2, left on October 31 for the United States Military Academy at West Point where he will receive ten months' training. After this period of training he will be a commissioned officer with the rank of first lieutenant. Mr. O'Flaherty's home is in Zanesville, Ohio. Congressman George White, 15th District, Ohio, secured the appointment to West Point.

Notre Dame men will rejoice to hear that Alfred Bergman, stationed at Camp Sevier, N. C., has recently been promoted from lieutenant to captain. Captain Bergman is known especially for his athletic ability, having been a member of our football, baseball, and track teams. One of his running-mates, Russel Hardy (LL. B. '17) has been commissioned a lieutenant in a field artillery school in France.

From a Holyoke paper we quote the following: "A boy of very great promise has gone on in William Conway.... What it means to his family to give up a lad of such promise can perhaps be better judged if we stop to think of the sacrifices his family was ready to make for him.... This was the third year for the boy at Notre Dame.... The family had yearned to develop the fine capacity of this son and give him the very best kind of an education. It meant that for them the son stood not only for present love, but future hope."

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame today holds a place pre-eminent in the wartime athletics of the country. "Rock" and his "Fighting Irish" by virtue of their 7-7 tie Saturday with the much-tooted Great Lakes eleven, the boast of Chicago sporting writers and the conquerors of the two Western Conference leaders—Illinois and Iowa—smashed predictions and prophecies right and left and places the N. D. monogram at the pinnacle of western football along with the records of the teams which have passed before.

The contest was a football classic, forebodings of a lopside score with the sailors on the heavy end notwithstanding, and to Rockne goes the bulk of the credit, although the stellar performances of Gipp, Bahan et al. could never be created but only improved by any coaching system. With four veterans and a handful of raw material, and laboring under unforeseen handicaps he turned out the eleven which in the first nine minutes of play battled its way through the startled "Pride of the West" and placed the pigskin under the Navy goalposts while the dismayed "gobs" looked on and the chorus of wise ones sighed "Who'd a thunk it?"

Varsity got into action with a rush on the kickoff, Driscoll to Bahan, making first down readily around the sailors' ends. An exchange of punts between Gipp and Driscoll netted N. D. twenty yards, and then the real offensive started. The Gold and Blue backs rounded the sailors' line with clocklike regularity, taking the ball up to the Great Lakes' goalpost with a rush where, after one try through the massive sailor line, Mohn went over for the touchdown. N. D. 7; Great Lakes 0. Jones for Great Lakes kicked off and the quarter ended with Varsity holding the ball near midfield.

The second period developed into a see-saw session. N. D. lost a valuable opportunity early in the quarter when Gipp missed a field goal from the forty yard line. The ball was put into play on the Lakes' 20 yard line and the sailor backs skirting the lighter N. D. line brought it up to neutral territory where they were forced to kick. Again N. D. started with a whirlwind offensive down the field only to be turned back by the timer's whistle when within plunging distance of the Lakes' goal

The "Gobs" tied the count in the third quarter. "Paddy" Driscoll, former All-American back and Northwestern star, came through with a truly stellar preformance when almost unaided he skirted the Gold and Blue ends and went through the N. D. line in a series of whirlwind attacks, taking the pigskin across Varsity's goal line. He kicked his own goal. N. D. 7; Great Lakes 7.

This ended the scoring. The remainder of the game was a battle between the two opposing backfields. The adoption of aerial tactics by Rockne enabled the Varsity to hold the ball during the greater part of the time. The game ended with the ball in Notre Dame's possession. The line-up:

GREAT LAKES (7).		NOTRE DAME (7).
Reichle	L. E.	Kirk
Ecklund	L. T.	H. Anderson
Keefe	L. G.	Larson
Bachman	C.	Smith
Jones	R. G.	Crowley
Dashling	R. T.	E. Anderson
Halas	R. E.	Blank
Driscoll	Q. B.	Mohn
Erickson	R. H	Gipp
Abrahamson	R. H.	Bahan
Williaman	F. B.	Lambeau

Substitutions—Owens, Saunders, Bernard, Reeves, Bliss, Hyde, Andrews, Elson, Conrad. Touchdowns—Mohn, Driscoll. Goals from touchdowns — Driscoll, Mohn. Referees—Magidsohn from Michigan; Gradey rom DePaw; Wyhet from Missouri.

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The Sporting Editor of the *Chicago Evening American* had this to say recently about our own Lieutenant Tom King:

"The tip to the halfbacks of the Camp Grant eleven is not to attempt to skirt Camp Taylor's right end in the Saturday game at Cub Park. That is the territory guarded by Lieut. Tom King, whose defensive play in the Taylor-Indiana game at Indianapolis was one of the sparkling features. And it should be mentioned that the army lads defeated the students, 7–3.

"This King bird is one of those ideally built ends, long, rangy, shifty, who simply flies down the field under punts but doesn't overrun them and who tackles moving, living, breathing opponents as he does the inanimate dummy, low and with tremendous power.

"The word of the Camp Grant football men who journeyed to Indianapolis to witness that game was that end running be discouraged, but that if it had to be done to attack the end opposite the one looked after by King.

"This fellow was quite a football player before he entered the army and was training in a school that has turned out many a star—Notre Dame. He was the pal of Jimmy Phelan, captain of last year's college eleven, and when that gridiron luminary joined the colors, King just couldn't resist—not that he was anxious to remain a civilian, but he couldn't if he had wanted to. You see he and Phelan were chums in college, chums during vacation, and when Phelan enlisted it was a certainty that King would. Likewise was he the pal and boon companion of Joe Pliska and Eichenlaub and Bachman, and a one-legged man would absorb enough football to become a star when associated with that bunch."

Letters from the Soldiers.

Camp Lee, Virginia,
October 27, 1918.

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

Dear Father Burke:—

No doubt you have been the busiest man at Notre Dame for the past few months but I am sure you are equal to the occasion.

I left Camp Perry, Ohio, for Camp Lee, Virginia, on October 9th and have had great luck since I was assigned to Camp Lee. I am now Personnel Adjutant of the 17th Battalion and like the work very much. The duties of the Personnel Adjutant are similar to those of a lawyer; there is a continual checking over of service records, allotment forms, insurance forms, transfers, farm furloughs and the like. Friday I brought Notre Dame law to the front. Two very ignorant men who could not speak English or read or write their native language had violated several Articles of War during the past month and they were placed in the guard house. I was appointed to defend them before a Special Court Martial last Friday. I had an interpreter and worked hard on the evidence and although the verdict has not been returned from the reviewing officer, I feel sure that "my clients" will be given fair treatment. It was an interesting case because there were many psychological points brought forth. Disrespect is a violation of the 63rd Article of War. It is a hard proposition to understand. These men could not speak English, but disrespect by acts may be exhibited in a variety of ways—as neglecting the customary salute, by a marked disdain, indifference, insolence, impertinence, undue familiarity and of course these men were guilty. I tried to defend them on the ground that no disrespect was intended, but it is not essential that the behavior be intentional. However, where the person who did the acts or spoke the words did not know that the person against whom they were directed was his superior officer, such ignorance is a defence. It was my duty to do the very best I could for the two prisoners and I worked like a slave in order to show the court that a Notre Dame man can deliver.

One of my friends told me that I was going to be transferred to the Judge Advocates' Department of the Adjutant General's Staff but I think he was wrong, For myself I prefer the infantry to any other branch, as they are real fighters. "Take off your hats to the infantrymen" is my motto in Uncle Sam's University.

I was talking to Lieutenant Blackman yesterday and he told me he met two Notre Dame officers from the '09 class out at the rifle range last week. He could not recall their names. I received a letter from Tom O'Meara of the '18 class who is now stationed in France. He is contented but says he would rather be Fr. Foik's desk-hound.

Give my regards to all the Fathers at Notre Dame. Trusting you are well and hoping to hear from you at your convenience I remain

Very Respectfully,
Richard J. Dunn.

17th Battliaon. I. R. & T. C.

P. S.—I enclose O'Meara's letter.—R. J. D.

Somewhere in France,
October 14th, 1918.

Rev. C. L. Doremus,
Notre Dame, Indiana,

My Dear Father:—

Here I am at last in a little village somewhere in the beautiful south of France, enjoying myself to the fullest. No doubt you thought that I was in eternity from my long silence, but I am just as big as life, and as healthy as the oxen they use here in hauling in the grapes from the vineyard.

I have been over here for quite a little while, but have been on the go every minute. There is very little of France that I haven't seen, and to say the least it is far beyond words to describe. *La Belle France,*—never was a truer word spoken. As for the people they are real sterling, and genuine to the very core. Nothing is too good for the Americans, and no task is too great to perform for their comfort. The men simply adore the French people.

I am living with a family here, and have two large beautiful rooms, and instead of running hot and cold water I have *Beaucoup de vin blanc et de vin rouge.* This is the great wine center of France, near the oldest city in France. As I was about to say, this French family here had everything from grapes to fig trees, and they certainly treat me royally.

I have a friend who lives in the next chateau who is a Danish count and we visit his mansion very often, The place was built by one of the Louis' King of France, and is called the "House of a Thousand Shakes." The surroundings of the chateau are marvellous,—marble statues and fountains, woods and lanes. The Count knows Maurice Francis Egan, the American Ambassador, very well. Sunday we were there for tea, and the Count served small cookies sent to him by a Spanish princess. We ate them as though they were Brother Leopold's "sevens." Nothing is too good for the Irish!

Well, Father, I could go on forever relating my experiences, and my fondness for France, but more when I see you. You have all the right in the world to praise France to the sky.

By the way, I am picking up French very rapidly, and I am in hopes of being able to speak fluently by the time that I shall see you again. Very little English is spoken here.

How is everything at Notre Dame? I wish that I were able to drop in for a few days' visit. By the looks of things this war will soon be over, and then I will be able to see Notre Dame. Big headlines in the paper this morning: "*La Turquie Demande la Paix et L'Armistice. Un Grande Nombre d'officiers de la Mission militaire Allemande ont quitte Constantinople.*" That looks very good; the Germans will be next; and they won't leave Constantinople, they will be leaving Berlin for the Americans.

Well Father, remember me to all at N. D., and with best wishes,

I am, sincerely yours,
Lieut. Austin McNicholl.

Camp Jackson, South Carolina,
October 21, 1918.

Dear Professcr Cooney,

Here I am, as I have been since shortly after seeing you in South Bend, still fighting the battle of Camp Jackson, but, thank goodness, I am about to be shifted to a new sector somewhere in France.

I suppose you have heard the sad news of Gerald Clements' death. It was a great shock to me and to all of his friends, for there never was a finer or a more promising lad; but as they say in France, "*C'est la guerre.*" He died in the service of his country.

I have received one or two copies of the *Scholastic*, and I am always glad to read the letters from the old students, who are now doing their bit. I am glad to hear that the Kentucky Club has now the largest membership in its history. Give them all my best regards. I suppose that I am acquainted with only a few of them. I am enclosing a letter which I would like you to give to the present Colonel of the club.

Please give my kindest regards to all of my old friends at the University.

Very Sincerely,
Walter L. Clements.

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Am. E. F., France,
August 22, 1918.

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

Dear Father Moloney:—

I am enclosing a letter which I have written to the Quartermaster General of the U. S. Army asking him to advise the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to deliver a hundred dollar Liberty Bond which I have purchased through the Army to Cooper, Kanaley & Co., in Chicago. I am writing Byron Kanaley to deliver the bond to you. Accept it, and increase my subscription to Old Students Hall from $100.00 to $200.00. This is my offering to Our Lady of Peace.

This regiment has been on the front the four months I have been with it. The last front we were on was up there by Chateau-Thierry. *We* participated in driving the Germans out of that sector of the country. The boys were over the top three times. There were no trenches on this front. The boys used to lie in the wheat fields all day, and they dared not move, because if they did, they would draw fire from the German snipers.

A canteen of water, a quart, would have to do them two days. They got about an hour of sleep a night. They had one meal a day which was cooked eight kilometers behind the lines. It was packed in tin cans and carried in wagons within four kilometers of the line and the rest of the way it was carried by hand. The Germans continuously shelled the road leading up to the front. I am attached to Regimental Headquarters and we are always several kilometers behind the companies. The Germans shelled the town we were in four times. The first shell over one night struck the building our Headquarters were in, went through the wall into a room where two men were sleeping, but both of them escaped injury. As our line advanced in the big drive our Headquarters moved up to the field artillery line where we stayed until the Regiment was relieved. Our Regiment suffered casualties, but we are not allowed to mention casualties in our mail.

I noticed you published my last letter in the Scholastic. My mother cut it out and sent it to me. Remember me to Father French and Father Cavanaugh.

Very respectfully,
Gerald Fitzgibbon.

Co. C,, 103rd Infantry.

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Following is the letter of Private Fitzgibbon to the Quartermaster General.

August 20, 1918.

From: Private Gerald A. Fitzgibbon.
To: Quartermaster General U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

1. Commencing October 1st, 1917, and continuing to June 30th, 1918, $10.00 per month has been deducted, and $9.50 for July, 1918, from my pay for purchase of a one hundred dollar liberty bond in the second liberty loan through the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

2. I would like you to advise the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to deliver this bond for me to the firm of Cooper, Kanaley & Co., 133 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois.

3. My original enlistment was in Company A, 311th Supply Train, on September 19th, 1917, at Camp Grant: my civilian address is 112 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Gerald A. Fitzgibbon,
Co. C, 103rd Infantry,
A. E. F., France.

Endorsement, Carl W. Toby,
Capt. 103rd. Inf., Personnel Officer.

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On Active Service, France,
August 9, 1918.

Dear Professor Maurus,

I was indeed pleased to receive your letter of July 11th and to know that you are enjoying your vacation. I was not surprised to learn that the class of '18 was small and that the commencement was quiet; it could hardly have been otherwise in these times. I was glad to learn the whereabouts and the business of so many of my old friends—I hear so little now of Notre Dame and the boys.

Since my last writing we have moved from the artillery to a balloon camp on the other side of the town. We are out about four kilometers from town now. We miss the Y. M. and a few other things, but, all in all, this is not so bad. It was a blow to us when we were ordered to move our station, as we surely had palatial apartments where we were. We are stationed in the south central part of France. We have been here in the camp now about three weeks, but we are not really established yet, as we have been waiting for a permanent place in which to establish the station. At present our office is in one end of a barracks and our sleeping quarters in another building; but a little building for the five of us is in process of construction, and in about a week we shall move in and set things

up for business. This moving of a station entails considerable work for us, as levels must be run, typography maps made, and the like. On account of rainy weather the work on our building has been considerably delayed, but the old barometer stands high today and the wind is getting into a favorable quarter; so, prophetically speaking, we are due for a little fair weather. Keeping watch on the "highs and lows" is one of our many duties, and I am becoming a regular old "weather bug."

It is not all work here, however, and we have our fun too. You didn't know that I was an actor? Well, I am not, but three of us "Fighting Meteors" have been taking part in a minstrel show, which was staged in another camp for the first time last fourth of July. One of "us" sings in a quartet and the other fellow and I play the guitar and ukulele in a trio. I play the Hawaiian guitar and the other two fellows play accompaniment. And we "get away with it," too. The show was given in camp three times, and we have made two trips to C—— with the outfit. Three weeks ago the troupe journeyed there for the first time and gave two shows, one at an aviation camp and another at an artillery camp. The following week we went there again and "showed" at two hospitals. C—— is a rather large city, of some 150,000 population. It is about sixty miles from here and the trip was made in army trucks. We saw some beautiful country in that quarter. The high foothills are quite different from any I have seen here before. There were also some of historic interest in that vicinity. At the hospitals we talked with some of the wounded Americans and heard some interesting stories of their experience at the front. We all certainly enjoyed the trips, but I think they are an affair of the past, as several of the boys have left here and the minstrel show is broken up.

I met a young fellow here from Oklahoma who was a freshman in Walsh Hall at Notre Dame in 1917. He was beginning in mining engineering then. I met also a cousin of "Jimmie" Devlin's. As time goes on I shall probably meet more N. D. boys, as there surely must be many over here by this time. From what the papers say the old U. S. is sending over the "boys in brown" at a great rate. Well, the faster they come, the hotter it will be for the Kaiser. But the war will end when we "Fighting Meteors" fix thermometers and charge Fritz with rain gauges in our holsters and hard looks on our faces. When the Kaiser sees us coming, he will ask for the countersign. Then with a voice as heavy as a Nimbus cloud the "gang" will say, "Meteorological Division!" "Der Met der Mit vat the hades," and he will choke to death trying to say it. Thus will end the world conflict. I don't know just when we shall make our drive, but when we do——!

Thank you very much for your offer to send me something, but we have everything that we need. However, I would certainly be grateful to you if you could send me an occasional copy of the *Scholastic* when you return to Notre Dame. I am always,

Sincerely your friend,
Leon T. Russell.

Meteorological Division,
U. S. Signal Corps.

Somewhere in France,
September 16, 1918.

Dear Mother,

Being at last in a quiet spot, and resting for a day, I am in a position to write yo you. Everything has been fine. I got as much sleep as anyone for the past four days. The night before last, however, we spent six hours on the road. We have changed battery positions twice since I came, and to one who is familiar with artillery, it is very evident how much work that means. We are having wonderful sunshine days, and the nights are entirely too bright. A dark night is our hope.

Our food includes pancakes every morning except one, syrup or jam, coffee, cabbage, beef, carrots, bread and butter, and potatoes for the other meals. It is some breakfast for war, what? Our cook is a chef from one of the big New York Hotels and he can make a dainty out of canned corn-beef hash.

I missed Mass yesterday, but I anticipated such would often happen, so I said the Rosary as I went to bed and in this way made up for it. That was over and above the other prayers. Yes, I never knew I could pray so much or so often. I count them by the *bangs* around here, and by the roads we pass as I ride long on horse-back. I have been in this place but a few hours, and do not know where I go next, but it is very quiet here and completely out of range of the Boche, so we enjoy it.

How are the ones at home and what is new? My moving will delay your mail to me, but I will get it regularly soon.

September 20, 1918.

Dear Mother,

I have neglected you lately, but it could not be helped. My last letter of the 16th was a *white lie*, but now that it is over, I will be truthful. You see I cannot keep from telling you all.

I was assigned to this battery, and it was in action. For three days I surely saw action. I was not eased into it at all. The road was being shelled as our crowd of tender-footed new lieutenants were being carried to various places. Oh, how the shells sing and whistle and then boom! After one day and night, I was a regular and took delight in listening to them whistle over our position and waste themselves in a valley beyond us. We were getting low in ammunition, and I, being the junior in the battery, got the job. The job was, to go back and have shells and powder sent forward. I was told the horse at hand was slow but to take it anyway. I did. Just as I got on the road I heard a very distinct whistle, and then a crash, and splinters bounced off my "tin derby," and a few splashed in the mud. All at once the nag got her second childhood, and I made a record run for the entire distance—about one and one-half miles. Oh, how that old horse moved her feet! She started and went so fast that I forgot all about feeling to see if I was all together, until I reached the rear echelon. Well, I am still here, so there is no need telling all the fun of sending out five shots every time Fritz dropped one near us.

We then started on a march. I wish I could tell you the places and things we passed. First in war-

ruined parts, and then back in the civilized towns. It's truly a great life and so far I have not a kick. One thing I am thankful for—though you often called me down for doing it, and that is, keeping late hours. On our march we were first moving by night, then after three of those we made it by day. We would break camp at 8 P. M., and hit the road in mud and rain till 5 or 6 the next morning. Oh, how dark were those nights, and it always be an to rain just as we started, and kept it up in jerks till we stopped the next morning. No, never a wet foot and not a bit chilled. The Lord surely takes care of the soldiers. During those nights, we passed many ruined towns, but could see nothing. The day marches are O. K., except that we get up about 3 A. M. when it is dark. We stumble around for two hours and then go on until evening. On each march I spent about ten hours in a saddle. I always travel at a walk, except when I trot along my portion of the column to see how things are, or when a wagon hits the ditch and I gallop up to boss the job. Believe me, it is great stuff in the dark.

When I heard what was ahead of me, I thought I saw my finish, but now after a ten-hour ride, since four o'clock, I got here and enjoyed some pancakes, coffee, French bread, canned tomatoes, and three fried eggs. Some meal! Now I write this letter while my bedding airs, which it surely needs, and while my towel and underwear dry, which I washed before eating. That is not such a bad day's work, and you see I cannot be tired or I would not have changed clothes and washed.

When one moves like this, one moves everything. Our column is extending from Western Ave., east on 35th St. to State, thence north to Madison St. Some good long line, I say! As I said, we move everything so this letter may not get mailed till we pass some other Headquarters, where it can be mailed, or possibly the clerk may get it out through the Supply Company. At any rate I will feel that I have written to you and that you will get it sometime. Oh, how my dear Mother is worried and fretting for her boy, and it is all useless, for her Lieut. is completely O. K., and doing fine, and in no more danger than if he was crossing State and Madison Sts. We rest here tonight and tomorrow, at least. After that we know not what we do. Tonight I will undress for once in a week, and get a real sleep. Just got word that mail will be sent out at 6:30 in the morning.

Be content, for things are not as bad as you would think. Uncle Sam is most good to us. Writing this by candle, reminds me of a candle-light affair I once had at Notre Dame. Tonight we got food from a nearby town. I had lamb-chops, tea, cocoa, jelly and more pancakes Sugar, but not milk in the tea. Gee! tea tasted great for a change. I am on the lookout for a nice heavy comforter for my bed roll. Oh, I have sense sometimes. It is surely a big day to-day. We have all just decided to wash our feet tonight. Some foot party, I would call it.

To-morrow I am officer of the day, so I cannot sleep through breakfast. Darn the luck!

Your devoted and loving son,
(Lieut.) Edwin J. Larney.
Battery B, 306 F. A.

Safety Valve.

AT THE LANDING—WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

My! how tall you've grown! I actually believe our boy has been washing his own clothes. Do look at his greasy uniform.

Why, Harold, I don't believe you've washed your face since you went across.

You're awfully thin, Horace; did you miss your feather bed?

***

She—My own sweetheart, Archibald! (throws both arms around him.)

He—Stop it, Carmel. I've been gassed once.

***

I find that I've married a uniform now
Since he's back and has laid it aside.
Had I seen him before dressed in citizen's clothes
He could never have made me his bride.
For his face is all covered with wrinkles and holes
And his smile's neither pleasant nor warm,
Oh, I thought I had married a man that I loved,
But 'twas only his old uniform.

***

I beg your pardon! My husband has not a wooden leg, it's an artificial limb.

***

Now that the war is over we may expect to spend the next five years dodging war heroes who want to deliver lectures on their experiences. No one who has been across should be permitted to address an audience.

Those of us at home who have read the daily papers know little enough about the war.

***

TING A LYNG A RING.

We have with us this year Paul Ting, of Walsh, R. P. Lyng, of Co. 3, and G. F. Ring, of Co. 2.

***

"And did you see any girl in France you liked better than me?" she said to him in a soft, saturated, sobbing voice as she splashed her eyelashes all over her delicately pink-tinted cheeks.

"No darling," he said, "there is no one in all this terrestrial sphere so sweet and beautiful. Your eyes are as fair as stars, your cheeks are like new blown roses, and ah! your twin six Packard!

***

No, I didn't face the withering fire at the battle of the Marne, nor did I laugh in the face of the cannon at Chateau Thierry, but I walked the streets without a quiver during the peace celebration, and war is mild and playful after that.

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It wont be much of a surprise to us if the Kaiser eats his Thanksgiving dinner in London.

***

All people in this country with pro-German tendencies during the war should now be sent back to Germany to help reconstruct the dear old Fatherland and pay off the indemnity.

***

Private.—Say, Lieutenant, these must be some general's shoes you gave me, my feet only fill the heels.