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Au Revoir.

*By a member of the Class of 1916 to a classmate, on
leaving for France.*

THE road that leads to France, old friend,
Is claiming you and me—
The Way of Honor, clear and true,
Across a surging sea,
To where the clans of freedom guard the land and
sea and air,
Soon you and I'll be there, old friend, soon you
and I'll be there.

You will not shrink upon the land
Nor I upon the sea—
We'll fight the fight that knows no end
Save death or victory.
Where staunchest hearts are needed most,
Though death lurk everywhere,
May you and I be there, old friend, may you
and I be there.

But when the bugle's call shall peal
No more from distant lands,
And all the friends we knew of old
Shall clasp each other's hands
In that dear home we knew of old,
God grant my little prayer—
That you and I'll be there, old friend,—that you
and I'll be there!

Joyce Kilmer.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

THE most striking figure of this war
is the soldier-poet. In the vanguard
of the legions he marches with fire in
his soul and a vision before him.
He fights with a song upon his lips which is
heard above the shock of battle, he leaps to
the cannon's mouth with a recklessness born of
strong love; and as he falls in death, with sword
still waving, there is a glow of romance around

him. The lament of it all is that he usually
falls. Indeed when we look upon the list of
warrior-poets who have yielded their lives for
God and homeland we are appalled. There
is Rupert Brooke who died for England in the
Ægean; Francis Ledwidge who left the emerald
fields of Meath to fall in Flanders; or Alan
Seeger gloriously shedding his American blood
at Belloy-en-Santerre. Now Joyce Kilmer, the
rarest soul among them all, is dead and another
name is added to that shining company of brave
poets carried off in their prime. We know we
must not to-day regret such a sacrifice. Yet
when a loved one goes out in his youth, when a
career of achievement, before which a great
future is opened, is snapped, there is sorrow in
the heart. And if we think of him with pride it
is through a veil of tears. More sorrowful still
is it that in this death we mourn not the poet
alone but the essayist, editor, journalist, critic,
the enthusiast, warrior and patriot, most of all
Joyce Kilmer the man himself.

Joyce Kilmer was born in New Brunswick,
N. J., in 1886. He was graduated from Rutgers
College in 1904 and received his B. A. from
Columbia in 1906. Some time after he joined
the staff of the 'Standard Dictionary' and
subsequently became literary editor of the
Churchman. In 1913, along with his wife,
Aline Murray, whom he had married five
years before, he was received into the Catholic
Church. Then his literary achievements were
made known. He was a member of the New
York *Times* Sunday magazine staff, editor of
the *Literary Digest's* poetry department, con-
tributor to many periodicals and the author of
several books. He was also a member of the
Poetry Society of America and of the Authors'
Club. His first book of poems was "Summer of
Love" which was followed by "Trees and
Other Poems" and "Main Street." We can
also recall with pleasure his delightful book
"The Circus and Other Essays," and his admir-

able anthology of Catholic poetry, "Dreams and Images."

Such in brief was the life of Joyce Kilmer. We can not but marvel at its activity and at its various and diverse accomplishments. We wonder most of all at the man, at his depth of character, his sane judgment, his simplicity of nature, his breadth of culture, his love of beauty and his devotion to religion. He cherished so well the true and good in life and sought it with unflagging zeal and an abounding energy. His courage and sincerity were in all things most remarkable. His activity never ceased until the enemy bullet found him all alone and face forward toward the foe—doing his duty so well. For he had followed the flag when his country called for the first time. Death had no terrors for him, but life had that which he held most precious. A wife and four children remained behind him. Indeed life was beautiful to him. How could it be else? He loved too well the songs of men, the quiet voices of nature, the bustle of crowds, the sight of trees, the fields of flowers and the sunlit air; loved he too well the smile in childish eyes and the laughter on young lips. So loving life and not death, yet withal loving the honor of mankind more and hating the wrongs that would render these things unbearable, he went forth from the glow of a happy hearth, cut off the sunshine of domestic joy never to return, embracing the death he went halfway to meet and which he had sung of long ago:

Fair Death, kind Death, it was a gracious deed
To take that weary vagrant to thy breast.
Love, Song and Wine had he, and but one need—
Rest.

What an added note of melancholy timeliness have these lines now.

Though we will remember Joyce Kilmer with more pride as a soldier, yet it is by his poetry that men to come shall know him, shall get a glimpse of that noble soul rich in the endowments of faith and of love which shone beneath the unceasing activity of his life. Perhaps he shall never be known as a great poet, but he has taken a leading place among the literary figures of our time. Never before were there so many melodious poems written as there are to-day, and at no time has there been such a dearth of really true poetry: never before have there been so many singers who phrase and polish their work in too extreme a manner fashioning a beautiful verbosity but lacking

in simplicity and naturalness. This can not be said of Joyce Kilmer. His poems are marked with a simplicity and freedom that render them unique. And in this indeed his claim to greatness lies. He wrote of flowers, of birds, of bees, of summer, of streets, houses and ships and above all of love: he sings of the poet's

.... unappeasable hunger

For unattainable food,

and of the eager soul reaching out for Christ; of the poor man's strife; of the throb and magic beat of the busy mart. Other poets sing of these manifold verities, but Kilmer's voice soars above them because it is the most simple and human of all.

He sits in the train and watching the towns fly past in the darkness makes the train a creature of romance, an agent of power and love that fills the homes again:

The engine coughs and shakes its head.

and as he sees

The cottages of Lake View sigh
And sleeping, frown as we pass by.

he tells us:

What Love commands the train fulfils....
Houses that wistfully demand
A father—son—some human thing
That this, the midnight train may bring....
To its high honor be it said
It carries people home to bed.

He looked at a tree and made a wonderful discovery about it which he has expressed with true art in twelve lines—

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Beneath his pen a common apartment house which, as he says, seems "a great stone box" turns into a "house of homes" and:

How all the building thrills with sudden grace
Beneath the magic of Love's golden feet!

We have all seen a house with nobody in it and passed it by unthinking and unaware that
.... a house that has done what a house should do,
a house that has sheltered life,

That has put its loving wooden arms around a man
and his wife;
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh, and held up
its stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when its left alone, that ever your
eyes could meet.

He has that Wordsworthian gift of insight
into the hearts of the poor and lowly where he
finds the romance that ordinary eyes can not
behold. In 'Delicatessen' he speaks of the
humble shopman:

What if no trumpet sounds to call
His armed legions to his side?
What if to no ancestral hall
He comes in all a victor's pride?
This man has home and child and wife
And battle set for every day.
This man has God and love and life;
These stand, all else shall pass away.

and after appealing to the Carpenter of Nazareth
he closes:

Have pity in our foolishness
And give us eyes that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity!

He sees that the servant girl can possess a roman-
tic emotion, for is she not

.... a princess forced to dwell
Within a lonely kitchen cell.

and her hero is the

.... king of realms of endless joy.
My own, my golden grocer's boy.

He has no pity for a class of certain poets,
that type of professional Bohemians who make
poetry a humbug and draw their inspirations
from the low things of life. He hates the
affectation of these men and often uses his pen
against them:

You little poets mincing there
With women's hearts and women's hair!

A heavy handed blow, I think,
Would make your veins drip scented ink.

Why what has God or man to do
With wet, amorphous things like you?

Take up your needles, drop your pen,
And leave the poet's craft to men!

In a ringing lyric called "The Proud Poet"
he tells us how he was once tempted by "a
Devil" to give over writing poetry and to take
up "fancy work or embroidery," whereupon he
answered:

When you say of the making of ballads and songs that
it is woman's work,

You forget all the fighting poets that have been in every
land.

There was Byron who left all his lady-loves to fight
against the Turk,

And David, the Singing King of the Jews, who was
born with a sword in his hand.

It was yesterday that Rupert Brooke went out to the
Wars and died,

And Sir Philip Sidney's lyric voice was as sweet as
his arm was strong;

And Sir Walter Raleigh met the axe as a lover meets
his bride.

Because he carried in his soul the courage of his song.

How the poet loved life, its complexities
and battles can best be expressed by himself in a
very fine poem called "Thanksgiving." Indeed
we may class it as one of his best devotional
poems, so well does it reveal the brave spirit-
uality of him, who, seeing the truth afar off;
waited like a child for its coming and thereafter
walked in the simple ways of the Catholic
Faith.

The roar of the world is in my ears.

Thank God for the roar of the world!

Thank God for the mighty tide of fears

Against me always hurled!

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,

And the sting of His chastening rod!

Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,

And oh, thank God for God!

William Butler Yeats had written after the
Easter Rebellion of 1916 in Ireland:

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,

It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Joyce Kilmer has written a poem answering the
lament of Yeats:

There was a rain of blood that day,
Red rain in gay blue April weather,
It blessed the earth till it gave birth
To valor thick as blooms of heather.

Lord Edward leaves his resting-place
And Sarsfield's face is glad and fierce.
See Emmet leap from troubled sleep
To grasp the hand of Padraic Pearse!

And Kilmer also knew that perennially:

O'Connell Street is loudly sweet
With strains of Wearing of the Green.

For his most delightful lyrics we must turn
to those poems subscribed "For Aline," written
to the poet's wife. In these the lyric element
is noticeably predominant, and though the
diction is simple, yet there is a fine richness
pervading them which the words alone do not
possess:

Now by what whim of wanton chance

Do radiant eyes know sombre days?

And feet that shod in light should dance
Walk weary and laborious ways?

The darts of toil and sorrow sent
Against your peaceful beauty, are
As foolish and as impotent
As winds that blow against a star."

The music of the following verses require no melody other than their own to translate them into beauty. In the closing stanza of "Love's Lantern," he sings:

O golden lights and lights like wine
How dim your boasted splendors are.
Behold this little lamp of mine;
It is more starlike than a star.

In "Vision" we find a resonance of the same note:

Homer, they tell us, was blind and could not see the
beautiful faces
Looking up into his own and reflecting the joy of his
dream,
Yet did he seem
Gifted with eyes that could follow the gods to their
holiest places.

I have no vision of gods, not of Eros with love-arrows
laden,
Jupiter thundering death or of Juno his white-breasted
queen,
Yet have I seen
All the joy of the world in the innocent heart of a
maiden.

Who has not heard of "Rouge Bouquet," his finest war-poem. It is remarkable for its freshness and the note of spontaneity running through it. To quote a few lines:

There be many fighting men
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair.

So it is that:

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

And Patrick, Brigid, Columbkille
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.

There are many other poems Joyce Kilmer has written of which much can be said. All his verses are full of a distinct charm and tenderness; they are sincere and brave and vigorous. In them we find that mixture of whimsey and sobriety, of humor and poignancy peculiar to, and so attractive in, Joyce Kilmer. His was a Celtic impulsiveness, "yet in what he

wrote and what he did there was the evidence of Saxon restraint, sanity, almost coldness of purpose." And yet must we love him for the warm blood of the Gael which ran in his veins. knowing that he marched to battle with laughter in his heart and went to his death like a gallant boy unafraid. The songs he has left behind him will henceforth have an added touch of tenderness and beauty now that he has died, though they never needed a fortuitous circumstance to make them memorable.

At the moment of glorious victory for humanity many heads are carried high and many hearts are beating triumphantly, overjoyed at the great peace that has come to men. But Joyce Kilmer's head is low because he gave his life to make that peace possible. His lips are silent; his warrior's heart is at rest on honor's field. The fighting troubadour will sing no more on earth; but after all, he has gone where the greatest songs are singing, for has he not written himself that:

They shall not live who have not tasted death,
They only sing who are struck dumb by God.

A Mother's Sacrifice.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

Battery B went to Mexico in 1915 to help capture Villa. Corporal John Jacobs was in command of the first squad. The young officer bade an affectionate farewell to his mother and sister before he left for the border, and he wrote a letter to his brother Bob, who was at college, informing him of his enlistment.

"Oh, I'll be back soon and as sound as ever," he said reassuringly to his mother as he kissed away her tears, and pressed the hand of his sister for the last time. But Jack, as he was called at home, never came back. From the alkaline lands of Mexico he was sent, a year and a half later, to the shell-riddled fields of France. He had done his duty in helping to break the broncho spirit of the Mexican leader, and now he was commissioned a sergeant to lead his men against the autocrats of Germany.

Some months before Sergeant Jacobs sailed for France, his brother Bob had been drafted and was now training in one of our southern camps. Before Bob left college for the cantonment, he had gone home to bid good-bye to his mother and his sister, and he, too, had said reassuringly: "Oh, I'll be back soon,

mother dear, and I'll be a better man for having served my country." But Bob, like his brother Jack, marched away never to return. As a private in the 83rd Division, he went across to defend democracy.

On September 22d Bob's Division was in a training camp in central France. The grateful peasants of the village had generously thrown open all the spare rooms in their homes as quarters for the 83rd. Thus Bob found himself in a hospitable village of Sunny France. He was living in a small homestead, it is true, yet it was made comfortable by its congenial owners, an old couple who had lost both of their sons in the first battle of the Marne. They were a sad old couple, these two French peasants, but they seemed so pleasant and so forgetful of their own misfortunes when Bob was around, that he never thought of associating his personality with their pleasantness. The old gentleman, a cavalier in a modern age, whose hair had long ago turned white, made Bob wonder what his own father would have been like now if he were living.

All that Bob remembered of his father, a Spanish War veteran, was that he was killed in that irresistible charge up San Juan Hill. And the refined old farmer's wife recalled vividly to Bob's mind the image of his own mother, whose life was now a constant prayer for the safety of her two boys in France, her two boys so much like their father. And when that old mother heard from either of her boys, she would kneel down before the picture of the Sacred Heart and give fervent thanks to God that her boy was still unharmed. Then in the chilly evenings of the fall she would sit before the open fire-place, and tell her daughter Spanish war stories concerning her father. As the embers in the grate began to flicker out, mother and daughter would, before retiring, read again the last cheery letter from the front:

"Somewhere in France,
September 23rd, '18.

"My darling Mother and Sister:

"At present I am located in a beautiful village in central France, but how long I shall remain here I cannot say. In the army no one knows what is going to happen next. The climate here is fine; it is warm all the year round. The flowers are now in bloom, and the green meadows are enriched with golden-rods and buttercups. The hillside is just one big lawn. The farmers keep their lands as neat and clean as most of the

city people do their front yards. Oh, mother, everything is so beautiful, and the people are so kind and generous that I am just in love with France. When the war is over you and 'Sis' will have to come over here to live.

"Yesterday I received a letter from Jack, and he said that his regiment, which is a part of the Rainbow Division, had received orders to be prepared to move at a moment's notice. He does not know where they are going, but he hopes that it will be to the front line trenches. He said that Battery B found inaction too tiresome, for although the Mexican encounter was tame, it had stimulated the fighting blood of the whole battery.

"It was too bad that Jack did not get home before he sailed, for it is now over three years since he has seen either you or 'Sis,' and it is nearly four years since he has seen me. But, perhaps, by some piece of good fortune we may happen to meet over here, for much stranger things than this have happened in the course of the war.

"There is a beautiful little church about a half mile from where I am staying; so I will be there every Sunday for Mass and Holy Communion. Is it not a blessing, dear mother, that wherever one goes, no matter what are the customs of the country nor what language is spoken by the people, we can assist at the Holy Sacrifice the same as if it were in our own parish church at home? The Mass is one thing that never changes; hence, we understand it regardless of our ignorance of the native language here. Rest assured, dear mother and sister, that I do not forget you in my prayers nor in my visits to the Blessed Sacrament in that quaint old church at the foot of the hill.

"When writing to me after this, do not put my division number on the address, because the government has a good reason for asking that this precaution be taken.

Hoping to hear from you frequently, and admonishing you to be of good cheer, I remain,

"Your loving son and brother,

"Private Robert P. Jacobs."

Two days after Bob had written this letter, he was wandering through the village, when he heard a train approaching the station. Seeing that it was a troop-train and about to slow down, Bob hurried over to the tracks to greet the new arrivals. Any little change from the regular routine of army life in camp is welcomed by the soldier. Bob's joy was great when he saw that

the soldiers were Americans, but his salutation was drowned by the shouting of the troops aboard the train. As the train came to a stop, Bob stepped to the edge of the platform to question a Sammy who had thrust his head and shoulders out of a window. But the question never passed Bob's lips, for when he was about to speak someone in the next window shouted, "Hey, Bob!" and in another instant a khaki-clad youth, with a chevron on his sleeve, had alighted from the train and was vigorously shaking hands with him. The letter that Bob had just mailed home had prophesied correctly: "But, perhaps, by some piece of good fortune we may happen to meet each other over here, for much stranger things than this have happened in the course of the war." Jack and his brother had met, but what a strange meeting place, nearly 4000 miles from that home from which they had separated over three and a half years before. The train did not stop long at the station, and so the two long-parted brothers had to say "Hello!" and "Good-Bye!" almost in the same breath.

Battery B was going east, but what was to be their destination they did not know, though many had surmised correctly that it was the front. The next day the 83rd went in the same direction, but only the commanding officer knew where the division was going. On the 26th of September Sergeant Jacobs and his boys went over the top in the battle of the Argonne Forest, and the Sergeant fell while gallantly leading his men in the attack. On October 1st the Rainbow Division returned from the front to a rest camp behind the firing lines, and the 83rd moved forward to relieve them. Bob was among the first of his regiment to give battle to the foe, but he was not destined long for the ranks. A machine-gun bullet through his left lung stopped his rushing advance, and he fell mortally wounded, grasping as he fell the wooden cross at the head of a newly-made grave. And later in the day, when the battle had subsided, the stretcher-bearers found him there, clasping the cross on his brother's grave.

That night the Chaplain of Bob's regiment wrote the following letter to the mother of the two dead heroes.

"Somewhere in France,
October 1st, 1918.

"My dear Mrs. Jacobs,

"The task before me is a sad one, for it is my

sorrowful duty to inform you of the death of your two sons, both of whom were killed in action on the same spot in the Argonne Forest, and they now lie side by side sheltered by what trees are left on that immortal field of honor, while day and night the sun, the moon, and the stars watch on sentinel duty over their graves. Sergeant Jacobs was the first to fall, and he died as he had lived, a Catholic hero, leading his men into battle. He was buried where they found him, lying at the foot of a young cypress tree with his crucifix still pressed to his lips. Above his grave was placed a small wooden cross bearing the inscription, 'Sergeant John Jacobs, Battery B, 146th Regiment, Rainbow Division; Killed in action on September 26th, 1918.' And five days later, on October 1st, your other son, Robert, was found prostrate on his brother's grave, as if mourning his loss, with his arms embracing the cross at the head of the little mound of dirt. When we turned him over, we found that he, too, was dead. Surely God has already united these two loving brothers in the everlasting embrace of heaven.

Assuring you that I shall give your boys frequent remembrances in my Masses and prayers, I remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"Lieutenant L. A. Bradley,

"Chaplain of the 83rd Division."

When this sad news reached the little war-mother some weeks later, it found her keeping a lonely vigil before the fireplace, for her daughter, in the mean time, had contracted pneumonia, while nursing the soldiers in one of the camps during the influenza epidemic, and had passed into eternity to join her brothers. Great as was the sorrow of Mrs. Jacobs, she found comfort and consolation kneeling in prayer before that picture of the Sacred Heart to which she had always turned in her troubles. It was before that same picture that she had sought solace in prayer when her husband had been killed in the battle of San Juan Hill, leaving her to look after her three small children. It was before that same picture that she had prayed for encouragement when she was trying to earn enough money to keep her children in school; and now it was before that same picture that she emptied the crucible of her sacrifice in this last great bereavement. While kneeling before that image of the Sacred Heart, the Heart that knows and understands all things, a mother's sacrifice was consummated.

Innovations at Notre Dame.

BY MARY E. SULLIVAN.*

Although Notre Dame University was founded in 1842, it opened summer courses of study on June 29, 1918, for the first time in its history. Moreover, coincident with this splendid work, the University astonished the country by opening its doors to women.

The summer-school was not widely advertised; however, except among the Catholic Sisterhoods. The few lay women who by good fortune happened to learn of it hurried to Notre Dame, eager for the work. There they lived in Walsh Hall in sweet companionship with one hundred and fifty student nuns of various orders. Their anticipations of pleasure and profit had been great, but the realization far surpassed everything their imaginations had pictured. A wonderful intellectual feast spread amidst the beauties of nature in an atmosphere of spiritual devotion awaited them.

On the opening day Rev. Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, delivered a discourse entitled "Efficiency in Education," from which I quote the concluding words: "Here then, in this holy place, under the shadow of the Mother of Fair Love, and of Holy Hope, the mother who taught the sweetest lessons to the Divinest Pupil; here, where in the wilderness a university has grown up out of that missionary aspiration which must warm and color and interpenetrate all the work of the religious teacher, let us lay our plans and our resolutions at the Feet of Christ, praying that He may make us worthy of the beautiful promise, that they who instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars in the Kingdom of Heaven." With this inspiring message echoing in our souls we entered upon our work.

The courses of study embraced all the arts, sciences, and languages, together with history, pedagogy, and numerous other subjects. Interesting and instructive lectures in open forum included a series on Modern Contemporaneous Drama, Government War Activities, Patriotic Addresses, South American Relations, The Living Wage, Battle of the Marne, and the like. These courses, conducted by most efficient instructors, filled with zeal and earnestness, were

intensely interesting. Each instructor was master of his subject and exceedingly skillful in presenting it. The classes were characterized by informality and genuine good-fellowship. Never, I am sure, were summer courses given under such favorable and profitable conditions. And how beautiful and how inspiring it was to begin each day's work with Mass and Holy Communion and to end it with Benediction!

Several pleasant, ever-to-be-remembered social affairs occurred from time to time in various places on the campus. There was always plenty of entertainment. Numerous out-door sports, moving pictures, and woodland walks contributed to the enjoyment and recreation of the students. It was a summer rich in profitable study, physical benefit, formation of true friendships, and spiritual uplift. The crowning splendor of all was the three days' spiritual retreat at the close. The women students, religious and lay, departed from Notre Dame with most pleasant memories and eager anticipations of another summer at the far-famed University.

Since then Notre Dame has instituted its third great innovation. It is at present buzzing with activities incident to the Students' Army Training Corps. Hundreds of young men, radiantly happy in their eligibility, have grasped their golden opportunity to matriculate with that great center of Catholic learning, to the excellence of which two thousand living graduates with their notable achievements in science, arts, and letters, attest. During the past year students and priests have rallied to the colors, for patriotism is a heritage at Notre Dame. May the gallant youths of the S. A. T. C. be inspired by their fine example and noble service!

The women students filled with an intense desire to continue their work, most earnestly urge the President and Faculty to plan now for next summer's session. Surely some scheme can be devised and arrangements made whereby the work can be resumed and carried on without its interfering with the extremely essential work of the student soldiers. This is our ardent hope.

To the Sunbeam.

O Sunbeam, art thou Jacob's stair;

And do the angel throng

Pass up and down, the while they bear

God's messages along?

E. B.

* Student in the summer school of 1918.

The French Alliance in the Revolution.

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

When America entered the world war at the side of France, an ardent enthusiast gave birth to the idea that we were repaying a debt of gratitude, that we were to aid France in her hour of desperate need as she had helped us in the throes of our birth. The idea caught the popular imagination for a time, for there was romance in the thought. One remembered the debonair Marquis LaFayette in powdered wig and silken breeches and linked that memory with the picture of gallant "Black Jack" Pershing in khaki and puttees. Hence it is of some interest to consider what the aid of France in our revolution consisted of; how thorough it was; by what motives actuated and productive of what results.

Upon investigation one is struck with a curious parallel running through our relations with France, one hundred and forty years ago and now. Then they aided us and now we have helped them. That is the first slight difference in the parallel. First let us sum up the points of likeness. In 1774-9 we were fighting for our very existence. For several years, or rather during 1776-7 France aided us with supplies and arms. After several years of this aid, France officially became active in our behalf, and with fleets and troops materially assisted our cause. Besides the arms and other supplies they furnished us, many Frenchmen came to this country to fight our battles, not as representatives of France but as individuals. Among these was Marquis LaFayette who later took an important part in the events of the Revolution in his own country.

Now, one hundred and forty years later, France has had to fight for her life. For several years we have been supplying her and England and the other allies, munitions, supplies, ships, and especially loans of money. This we had continued for three years, and at last we went in officially on her side. We have sent our destroyers to the cold watches of the North Sea; and our fleet sea-hounds slipped through the opal stretches of the Mediterranean. Our soldiers bared their breasts to the foes of France on the scarred fields of the western front. Our sons were training in a hundred camps to rush to their places beside the sons of France. And long before we entered the conflict officially

many an ambulance bore our name and answered an American's hand at the wheel; many and many a nameless grave where the foreign legion fought holds dust that was once America's; and many an American piloted his aerial craft in the LaFayette Escadrille.

But there, too, are points of difference. If France had stopped fighting we would still have fought on, for this was our war too. Today we have no formal alliance with France as yesterday. We have entered into no covenant and have divided no future spoils. In fact we entered this war with as fine a spirit as ever actuated France. We fought for our own safety, it is true, but not through any long-cherished hate for Germany.

In 1778 France made treaties with us, offensive and defensive. They were the only important alliance we had ever made. The "essential and direct end" of the treaties was to maintain the sovereignty and independence of the United States. Other ends were the confirmation of France's rights to the West Indies, and the granting of exclusive mutual rights concerning ships of war and the prizes of privateers. Then, the alliance being consummated, France sent several thousand troops under Rochambeau and fleets under D'Estaing and DeGrasse. These troops and fleets made possible the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the virtual ending of the war. Another important and earlier consequence of the alliance was the recovery of Philadelphia from Sir Henry Clinton, who retreated to New York fearing that otherwise the French fleet might blockade the Delaware and coop him up in the city.

The French alliance had important effects upon the gaining of our independence. But there has been long discussion as to the real good of the alliance. It is true, it became the cause of much ill feeling later, but that is not the point of the discussion, but rather the question is, "What was its efficacy as an actual aid?" Would we have been beaten into subjection by the Hessians of German George had not France come to our help, or did prudent France wait until the outcome was assured before taking definite sides? Whatever the answer, the aid was a powerful and highly needed one. It still remains, however, that we have come to the assistance of France, at least in effect if not in intention, long before the issue of the war is assured, patriotic fervor to the contrary notwithstanding.

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The end has come at last. The great battle has been fought and won. The Kaiser and his Potsdam gang of fiends have been kicked from the high places they

The End of the War. have desecrated, and have become the

pariahs of modern civilization. One by one the participants in Wilhelm's blood-craze have shown the white feather—the false Bulgar, the unspeakable Turk, the deluded Austrian, the horrible Hun. Well did they fight when they had the greater power in men and armament; well did they loot, slaughter and crush all in their path to conquest; well did they break sacred laws and holy covenants; well did they stain their swords with the blood of non-combatants, scatter treaties to the winds and outrage every principle of right among rational men. But now beneath the growing might of our arms the brute of Kultur has squealed for mercy. We have heard and have pitied. Thus it is that the war is over. We wonder at the significance of our victory. Nor can we grasp the meaning of it all. Reverse in your mind the present situation—Germany wins and America sues for peace. Would we get peace? If so what kind of a life would be in store for each one of us? Imagine, if you can conjure up such an unthinkable horror, that the army of the Teuton and Turk is victorious, that the mad Beast that talks, is running amuck over the free lands of the earth—then you may get a slight realization of what our victory means to men, of the horrible thing our steel has kept back, of the humanity once made holy by Christ on the Cross now rising above the deluge

of blood, still more glorious to the eyes of mankind. And thinking, so must we bless in our hearts those who have fought and died for freedom's sake, and thank God who nerved our arm to strike, and live for that humanity which cannot be betrayed.—T. F. H.

It is a notorious fact that Germany was most deliberately and most thoroughly prepared for war when in the summer of 1914 she launched her first great drive **The American Spirit.** upon France and Russia. For the German, war was a business; all else was merely avocational. When the United States entered the fight in the spring of 1917, it was under circumstances totally different. She had remained aloof as long as self-respect and patient forbearance would permit. And when she did finally throw herself into the struggle on the side of the Allies, it was not because she loved war, but only because there was no alternative. There were insufferable wrongs to be righted, and force was the last resort. The country was in no way prepared for a great war, but when occasion demanded she proved that she had the resources and was willing and able to employ them. Now that the day for making peace has come, the world needs not fear that the American purpose or spirit has changed. True it is that America now exults in the joy of a great victory, not because her foe has fallen, but because her purpose—and a nobler purpose no nation ever had at war or in peace—has been completely achieved.—L. R. W.

"Among the Greeks, philosophy has flourished longest, and is still most abundant at Crete and Lacedaemon; and there, there are more teachers of philosophy **The Future of Education.** than anywhere else in the world.

But the Lacedaemonians deny this, and pretend to be unlearned people, lest it should become manifest that it is through philosophy they are supreme in Greece. . . ." Thus Plato explains how Lacedaemon, the most virile of the Greek states, regarded the secret of their national vigor. We of a later age and century can but marvel at the wisdom of these clear-visioned men. They recognized that learning, wisdom, mental and spiritual strength, and not the might of hand alone, was the source of their power; and that, though their neighbors might

flatter them by acknowledging their military influence, they must not themselves be deluded. We of the American nation, while we cannot practice the pretence of the Greek in hiding the fact from our fellow countries, cannot, if we are to preserve for ourselves not only the prestige and power which we have already attained but also that greater development of which we are capable, if we are to become the queen of republics, the day-star of liberty, and the realization of the ideals of our forefathers and of the valiant youths who, as an earnest of our sincerity and as a pledge of the faith we have in the sublimity of our cause, have gone down before the sword in battle—we cannot leave unprotected the sources of our civilization and culture. The necessities of war have been responsible for drawing a great multitude of our boys and young men prematurely from their schools and colleges, and have placed upon their young shoulders the burdens of a working man or of a soldier. Unless the case is put to them strongly, many of them will never return to finish their education. It would be disastrous should such a mistake become general. The coming generation must possess a strong spiritual and intellectual life; it will be the ultimate test of our democracy, in so far as it must prove that democracy can pass smoothly from intense, almost dictatorial centralization of power to a more positive and more conservative system of checks and balances. Hence we must be alive to the demands of the day—to a strong, sensible national thought, a right appreciation of morality and of civil duty, a keen sense of the value of honesty and integrity, a sure faith in the truth and power of God. This can be had only through education; and the man who, having the opportunity of going to school, fails to avail himself of it, is unfaithful in his duty towards himself, towards his country, and towards his God.—J. H. M.

Obituaries.

Many friends will remember prayerfully the brother and sister-in-law of Joseph C. McGinnis, who died recently in Philadelphia. Joe's brother, John, died in the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. A double military funeral was held. R. I. P.

We regret to announce the death of Francis W. Bloom (A. B. '81; A. M. '84), of Vincennes,

Indiana. *The Capital*, published in that city, contains an enthusiastic and well-phrased tribute to Mr. Bloom whose professional standing was as high at the Bar as his character was universally admired. R. I. P.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of George Olson, of Davenport, Iowa, on Monday, November the 19th. In the afternoon of that day he was taken suddenly and critically ill with acute euremia in his room in Badin Hall. He was promptly taken to St. Joseph's Hospital in South Bend, where he died a few hours later. To the bereaved family the faculty and students of the University extend their sincerest sympathy. R. I. P.

Local News.

Signing the payroll took the place of the usual drill of the S. A. T. C. men of Notre Dame, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 19.

A general order prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes by S. A. T. C. men on the college grounds has been issued by Captain Murray.

John Culkin, Co. 2, Sorin Hall, cut his thumb slicing bread while performing K. P. duties. As a result amputation at the first joint was necessary. He is confined in the Infirmary.

In an exciting game Sunday afternoon on Cartier Field, the Freshmen of the South Bend high school defeated the Carroll Hall team, 18 to 19. Juday of the Carroll Hallers was the star of the game, making two touchdowns in the last quarter.

Official information has been furnished on the following points: 1. No more men will be inducted into S. A. T. C. until further notice from Washington; 2. For S. A. T. C. men classes will be suspended on Thanksgiving Day only and will be resumed Friday morning after.

Saturday evening, November 16, at 7 o'clock, in the Council chambers of Walsh Hall, the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus will hold their last meeting before initiation. After the business meeting the doors will be opened to all candidates for admission. A special program has been arranged for the evening.

Mr. W. T. Fox visited the University Saturday Nov. 16 to confer with the authorities of the University and the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus concerning the war activities of the

Knights of Columbus at Notre Dame. Nothing definite can be given out now, but it is hoped that the K of C. building will soon be in process of construction.

A dance under the auspices of the Notre Dame Naval Unit will be given Saturday evening, November 30, in the Oliver Ball-room. Captain Murray and staff will be the guests of honor. Through the efforts of Frank Hayes, president of the Naval Unit social organization, a series of dances are being planned, to be given at intervals during the winter months.

One of the leading events on Notre Dame's social calendar this season will be the naval dance on November 30, in the Rotary Room of the Oliver. The committee, composed of Al Ryan, Emmet Duffy, Harrison Crockett, and Clarence Wilhelm, declares that the affair will be extraordinary. The Naval "jazz" orchestra, led by Emmet Duffy, will furnish the music.

Due to an oversight, no announcement was made of the officers chosen in June for the Monogram Club for the following year. The Honorary president, Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C. Francis Andrews succeeded James Phelan as president, and Charles Call was elected to fill Thomas King's place as vice-president. Rev. Michael Quinlan, C. S. C. was re-elected as secretary-treasurer.

While the building proposition of the K. of C's is pending, the Notre Dame Knights are not asleep. The K. of C. War Activity Stationery is here and will be distributed shortly. F. P. Goodall, the grand knight, is temporarily in charge of all activities. He has appointed the following men in the barracks to take care of the distribution of paper: E. McMahon and F. O'Neil for men in Brownson (army unit); J. Maag and E. Heidleman (navy unit); J. Ryan and M. Ellis in Sorin; and R. Peck and W. McGrath in Corby.

The upper-class men opened their social season with a dance in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel on Saturday evening, November 16. The military spirit was predominant, adding much to the uniqueness of the occasion. Although the event proved a big success, it lacked the real Notre Dame atmosphere so prominent in past years. Messick's seven-piece orchestra rendered the music. The guests of honor included Capt. Murray, Lieuts. D. H. Young, J. Turk, C. C. McWilliams, W. E. Sylvester, Paul

Meek, W. K. McWilliams, and S. I. Twitchel. The committee was composed of T. J. Tobin, T. L. Lockard, E. W. Hunter and F. E. Mulligan.

The two light weight teams of Carroll had a battle royal on Cartier Field Sunday afternoon. Both teams played "real" football such as would open the eyes of many an experienced player. The only score of the game came as the result of an intercepted pass, when Johnson grabbed the ball out of the air on his own eight-yard line and raced the length of the field for a touchdown. Goal was then kicked. For the winners, Capt. Healy, Johnson, Lewis and Hermann stood out, while Brown, Capt. Forham and McGreevy put up the best game for the losers.

The Carroll Hall football team lost a stubbornly fought game to the Freshman team of the South Bend High School last Sunday afternoon. The visitors were somewhat heavier than the Carrollites, but that advantage was fully offset by the team-work of the local youngsters. The final score was 9 to 18 in favor of the South Bend team, the difference in points being due to a failure to kick a goal on the part of the Carrollites. Contrary to the report given to the papers by the South Bend players, they were not mauled or sand-bagged but were treated by their smaller opponents as gently as it is possible to treat a competitor in football.

Saturday evening, November 30th the Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus will initiate in the first degree a class of candidates. All Knights are hereby invited to attend. On Sunday, December 1st, the second and third degrees will be given. The exact time and place will be published later on the bulletin boards in each Hall. As permission is necessary for all who attend the initiation and banquet on Sunday, and as it is necessary that one seeking for permission be either a Knight or an applicant for Knighthood, all names of those desiring to attend must be handed in not later than Wednesday, November 27, at 9:30 p. m. to either F. P. Goodall or T. J. Tobin, Room 113, Sorin Hall.

The United War Work Campaign for funds for the preservation of the morale of the American soldier and sailor was opened at Notre Dame Thursday, Nov. 14, with a mass-meeting of the student body in Washington Hall. Following the plan mapped out by the U. W. W. speakers in their address to the student body several

days previous, the school was mapped out into several territories and teams set to work. In the S. A. T. C. the divisions were made by companies and in the civilian student body by halls. The naval unit went over with a rush, subscribing its quota within five minutes, and bringing its total up to \$1,590.00, an average of \$14.45 per man before the close of the day. Company 2, with 198 men and a quota of \$1980, raised \$2,060.00 averaging \$10.44 per man and for outdoing its old rival, Company 1, which with 220 men had succeeded in raising only \$2,130.00. Company 3 leads the army units, at the time of reporting, having raised \$2,097 from 189 men with an average contribution of over \$11.00. Walsh hall outdid Badin by \$100.00, the first raising \$900, the latter contributing \$800. The returns from the upper-classmen dance amounting to \$21.50 was also turned over to the fund, bringing the total amount to date to \$10,197.00

Personals.

Lieut. Harry Baujan, famous varsity end, is now stationed at the Quartermaster's Depot in New Orleans.

James Craine, jr., a former student of Corby Hall, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Infantry at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Frank ("Bodie") Andrews, honorary captain of this year's football team and who is now in training at the Ensign School, Municipal Pier, Chicago, visited friends at the University Sunday and Monday. He returned to Chicago Monday evening.

Capt. "Zipper" Lathrop, a baseball and gridiron star at Notre Dame a few years ago, and recently a bayonet instructor at Camp Grant, is now in France, Art Larkin, too, who played on the same eleven with Capt. Lathrop is in France with a machine-gun crew.

"Red" De Coursey, in Corby last year, paid us a visit last Sunday. De Coursey is making arrangements to return to Notre Dame after Christmas. Another Corbyite of last year who will probably be with us later is Paul Hogan, who is a student now at Washington University.

Lieut. John Powers, varsity pole vaulter of last year, writes from the Rhae Auto and Tractor School, at Kansas City, in praise of life in a vocational training unit. Lieut. Powers received his commission at Fort Sheridan this summer.

He is looking forward to an early return to Notre Dame to continue his work in the foreign trade course.

Emmet Keefe, former star tackle for Notre Dame, '13, '14, '15, was elected captain of the Great Lakes eleven last Saturday, November 16. Keefe succeeds Bachman, who also was a former Notre Dame star. Bachman was forced to lay aside his football togs and give up football for the remainder of the season, owing to the injuries received during the Great Lakes-Notre Dame game.

Clarence Brown, who graduated from the University last year, is in an artillery Officers' Training School at Camp Taylor. Clarence writes to Professor Maurus that Leo Vogel and "Deac" Jones are captains in the field artillery at that camp and are acting battalion commanders. He also says that "Red" Sullivan, who has been in the army for some months, is stationed at Louisville.

Julian Doktor, a former Notre Dame student, will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood in the Fort Wayne Cathedral to-day. He will celebrate his first Mass, Dec. 8th., at St. Hedwige's Church, South Bend, Indiana. Rev. Leon Hazinski, who was a classmate to Father Doktor and who is fulfilling his duties as an assistant in one of the churches at Winona, Minn., will come to act as a deacon to the celebrant.

Edward J. McOsker (Ph. B. in Jour. '17) is now a captain in command of Co. D 150th Inf. Capt. McOsker enlisted in the first officers' training school at Fort Benjamin Harrison, and was commissioned a second lieutenant. A year ago he was transferred to Camp Taylor and later to Camp Shelby, where he was soon promoted to a first lieutenant and, in August of this year, to a captaincy.

The Reverend James J. O'Brien, C. S. C., Army chaplain in Fort Bayard, New Mexico, writes an interesting letter, of which the following is an excerpt:

We had forty-four deaths at the Fort within the month of October as compared with only four for the preceding month of September. I assure you that I have witnessed some very sad cases of sickness and death within the past few weeks. It seemed a pity to see so many young men die after a few day's illness. It appears the altitude, which is about 6,500 feet above sea level at this Fort, is rather severe on pneumonia cases. While I have been with the sick patients at all hours, and at times when the wards reeked in sick air, I have, thank God, thus far escaped the dread influenza.

To be frank I was not scared at the influenza, but after I had seen so many young and robust boys after a day's illness removed to the morgue, I feared lest I should be stricken and have to die without the Holy Sacraments. You will appreciate my position when I tell you that I have not seen a priest since September 25th last. Conditions are now improving, thank God, and I am expecting to take a run over the mountains within the next few days to locate a Padre for Confession.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame was defeated last Saturday at Lansing by the Michigan Aggies, 13 to 7. The field was a quagmire of mud, and hence the speed of Bahan and Gipp did not in the least avail the gold and blue. The Aggies outweighed Notre Dame by at least 5 pounds to the man, but the lighter Notre Dame line was invulnerable inside of their 30-yd. line. Twice the Aggies, with their big negro fullback carrying the ball most of the time, took the oval to Notre Dame's 30-yd. line, but here the blue and gold line held; on both occasions the Aggies scored on forward passes. Rain fell all the time, which made passing of the ball very difficult, and Notre Dame attempted only three, two of which were successful, Bahan catching one and Kirk grabbing the other. Bahan was badly hurt in the first quarter and had to be taken out of the game. He suffered a wrenched shoulder and a badly torn knee. Gipp also was taken out in the third quarter, because of the rupture of a blood vessel on the left side of his face and other injuries. Stine, who went into the game with his left leg in a bad condition, came out none the better for the fray. It is very doubtful whether these three veterans, the only ones on the squad, will be seen in any more games this season. Their loss will be felt very heavily if they are incapacitated for the remainder of the season, as Gipp and Bahan are the main ground gainers and "Rollo" Stine is the mainstay of the line. In addition Bahan is captain.

In the fourth quarter Notre Dame showed her famous fighting spirit, when with Barry and Lombardo in the places of Bahan and Gipp, the team marched right down to the Aggies' 10-yd. line. Here the ball was lost on a penalty and the opportunity to tie the score was gone. It is hard to pick out an individual star from the Notre Dame team, as everyone played a great game. Lambeau deserves mention for his line plunging and Mohn used excellent headwork in the direction of the team's play.

Letters from the Soldiers.

Camp Taylor, Kentucky,
November 10, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney,

It was with a disappointed feeling that I left Notre Dame, because I did not get a chance to bid you and the rest of my friends good-bye. We had hardly enough time to pack our grips.

We arrived here about 10:00 p. m. last Friday. I think they wanted to show us the camp that night, because we walked about three miles before we finally reached our barracks. We shall never forget that night. One fellow woke up in the middle of the night and after trying to get warm became disgusted and shouted "D—the Kaiser."

This life is a very busy one. We are up at 5:30 and are never idle until 9:30 in the evening. Luckily we are all together, which makes us feel better and work harder. Our barracks are ideally located. We are between two Y. M. C. A. huts and one K. C. hut is near; the barber shop and canteen are right around the corner. Joe Brandy and Bill Fitzgerald, who have been here for six weeks, live right across the street.

Give my best wishes to Father Cavanaugh and to all my other friends at the University,

Your sincere friend,

Paul J. Pfolh.

47th Training Battery,
F. A. C. O. T. S.

The Stars and Stripes,
1 Rue des Italiens, Paris,
October 17, 1918.

Dear Professor Cooney,

Time has "fugited" so swiftly that I am not sure who owes whom a letter, but I am giving you the benefit of the doubt, and am willing to admit that I should have written more often, if only to report that your old secretary is building well upon the foundation laid, brick by brick, or plug by plug, under your paternal supervision. I have learned so much about the distribution of a newspaper that, could I speak "Russianski," I should like to go to Vladivostok and publish a paper there.

Our little venture which was started in February with a personnel of four men and a circulation of 20,000, now has more than 200 "hommes" on the muster roll, and this week we are printing 300,000 copies, all paid for in advance. You can now buy the *Stars and Stripes* throughout France, from Calais to Marseilles and from the Channel to Allemange. In Germany we give them away by aeroplane. A part of our front-line distribution also is done by flyers. In the field we have about 100 men whose only work is the distribution of the *Stars and Stripes*. Each of them has a flivver and sells subscription tickets with coupons, collecting a coupon for each paper. We have a standardized system of reports and of accounting so that with our inspection trips we have the "dope" on what each field man is doing.

You will be glad to hear that the latest addition to our ranks is Edward J. Beckman, lately of the *News-*

Times and of your own class-room. Ed left last week to take up a field job, and in his first report, which I received to-day, he says that he has been arrested on the way for driving his flivver without the proper kind of pass. But he wired in his order for papers, and I think he will be one of our best before long. I believe that within a couple of weeks Dick Daley will join us. It took me a long time to get him, but I think we have him now. If I could have it so, I should like to have only N. D. men in my department, but I guess we cannot do that yet. My brother, Leonard, who graduated in Law in 1917, is one of our field men.

Chaplain Matthew Walsh has been assigned to the Paris district, and he, Beckman, Bosshard, and I had a great chat not long ago. Father Walsh looks very fine, and we are surely tickled to have him here.

I got my first leave of absence a few weeks ago, and spent two very happy weeks in Normandy with a French family which has rather adopted me and my brother for the duration of the war. Yes, there is a girl in it—to be more exact, three of them. The one of them whose smile makes Yankeeland seem a long way off is another little heathen. She does not believe that there is any God at all, and though she speaks English very well, I can not get her to understand the terms in which I put forth all the proofs Father Hagerty used to give us to prove that there must be a Creator.

You may be interested to know too that I am now a quartermaster sergeant, senior grade, which is the highest I can go without being an officer. And with my commutation of rations and quarters, I am drawing more money than a second "loot." Besides I have a better job than most lieutenants; so that as far as the war is concerned, I am sitting on the world. I have travelled from one end of the country to the other, have seen most of the big things on the front, and am becoming well acquainted with Paris, which is—well, it's just Paris. And when one has lived there a year, Paris becomes home.

Will you tell your dear little "Tatty Tann" that Mister "Carrott" often thinks of her. I want to tell her, when I visit you in South Bend, of the French children I know and those I have seen in the invaded districts, and of the way we Yanks have tried to soften somewhat their hard lot.

Some afternoon when you have the leisure would you kindly rattle off a stick or so on the typewriter just for "auld lang syne."

Sincerely,

Stewart H. Carroll.

American E. F., France,
October 6, 1918.

Dear Professor Benitz:—

Did you ever expect to hear from me again? No? Well, then I guess "I slipped one over on you," for once in my life? I wrote to you some time ago, I think—from Peekskill, N. Y., wasn't it? and received an answer too, written in your own familiar professorial style. It seems to me, though, you are a bit more subdued in your letters than you used to be in the class-room, in the days of blessed memory.

Darn these Boche bombers anyway! Because of

them we can't show a glimmer of light at night; and it is hard to write or read or do anything by the light of half-a-candle-power lantern. From my address you can see that I belong to the Naval Railway Battery, the first one of its kind over here. We are a very well equipped outfit, too, and all the soldiers we come in contact with grow green with envy when they see our cars and everything. You see, the U. S. Navy has some ordnance experts pretty wise at their own game, and lots of guns, too. We do not want to see them all lying dormant on our big ships, waiting for the Germans to come out of their holes, so we are bringing them over here where we can go right after those Hun boys. We want to show the world and the army and everyone that we can shoot as straight on land as on sea. And—I think it is allowable to say it—we have done so already, to everybody's satisfaction and to the Huns' undoubted dismay. And we have hardly started yet. But when we do—"Keep your head down, you Fritzzy Boy."

How are things at the old place? Many changes again this year, I suppose, with the war coloring every phase of college activity. By the way, I spent several weeks in Philadelphia last spring, and while there ran across Pat Swift, who has a sinecure in a naval aviation factory there. He is the same old "Swift," just as good-hearted, as pessimistic and as egotistical as ever. Did you hear that "Irish" Breslin got his commission in the artillery? The lucky lad! Well, if the war lasts many months more I may see him over here, as we come into contact with so many artillery people. Leo McGahan was in the artillery also, but I understand that he has gone back to the States as an instructor.

Give my best regards to all the Professors and to my other friends at Notre Dame, and tell me about them in your next letter.

Sincerely and gratefully,

Walter J. Ducey.

U. S. Naval Railway Battery, No. 1,
American E. F., France.

In France,
August 25, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney,

I have just a few minutes of spare time, and so this will have to be brief. I wrote you some time ago, and I hope that part of it escaped the censor's eye. Since then we have changed locations several times. I hear however, that this is to be our permanent headquarters for some time.

I can not tell you our exact residence, but we are pretty close to the front. At night we can hear the roar of the guns and now and then we have an air raid, all of which helps to break the monotony of army life. The alarm at the front lines on occasion of gas attacks is relayed back to us, and, although we are not in much danger from this source, we are compelled to be on the alert.

A few days ago I was promoted from first-class private to first-class sergeant and at the same time transferred to Headquarters Company. I am now working under the master engineer in charge of surveying and drafting, and my work is along that line. The other day in looking through a pile of old magazines

at a Y. M. C. A. hut here I was very much surprised to come across copies of the SCHOLASTIC dated June 1st and 8th. This was real luck, since I have not thus far come across any of the boys over here. I expect to see some of my old classmates any day now, as I am in a rather American sector.

Well, Father, I shall have to close. Give my regards to all my old professors. It is needless to say that I never fail to give Notre Dame a boost when I have the opportunity. But so far I have not found much boosting necessary; N. D. seems to be pretty well advertised. With best wishes to you, Father, I am,
Sincerely,

Serg't A. A. Gloeckner.

Headquarters Detachment,
314th Engineers.

France, October 5, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:

Some time ago I heard that you were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination, but this is the first opportunity I have had to send my best wishes and congratulations. I am beginning my third month over here, but have been at the front only a short time. Of course I have seen many interesting things and have had a number of experiences of various kinds, but it would be futile for me to write much about them, since so many more capable writers have already described all the phases of the war and of the life over here. The one amazing thing to me is the people. I have been in practically every part of France, and everywhere they are confident, optimistic, and apparently happy, though they have undergone all sorts of privation and loss. Unfortunately I have not run into any Notre Dame men, but every now and then I hear of one; so I am expecting to come across some one before long who can talk about old times. As I have to get back on the job, I must close. Things are getting lively again.

Wishing you every blessing for many years to come and the old school all kinds of success, I remain,
Very sincerely,

(1st Lieut.) M. E. Walter,
Battalion Adjutant, 143rd Infantry.

Somewhere in France,
Oct. 4, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:

I note in the July 26th edition of the *New World* the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination. Congratulations! I hope and pray that when the next twenty-five years will have rolled around they may find you still alive and active, and that you may celebrate your fiftieth anniversary in the same fitting manner in which you have celebrated this one.

I am up on the front again. When we got through up at Chateau-Thierry, we withdrew far behind the lines, and we were all going to get a seven-day holiday. But the holiday never materialized. Orders came immediately, and the regiment entrained and detrained, marched five nights from dusk to daylight, and arrived at the front. The Colonel's P. C. (post of com-

mand) where headquarters were located, was a big dugout, deep and damp. I slept in the dugout the first night, and then decided that I liked the face of "terra firma" better, in spite of aerial objections, the worst of which was rain.

The regiment went over the top after we were here a few days. The first day over it took over six hundred German prisoners, advanced to its objectives, and captured a lot of supplies. I may add also that it took a major, a German count, with a monocle and a cane and a great big bulky German helmet, which ill befitted his grace. Our casualties in the drive were slight.

Headquarters moved up, and we now occupy territory held by the Germans since the beginning of the war. The Germans shell us from time to time, but they have left us a copious heritage of dugouts in which we seek refuge. They killed three mules and a horse at our P. C. a few nights ago; in fact, we have lost thirteen mules up here from their shell fire. We have been up here about a month now. There is no chance to go to church. Sometimes we get hold of a newspaper. Our casualties are still slight.

Let me congratulate you again, Father, on your silver jubilee. May the next twenty-five years be as bright and happy and as fruitful as the past twenty-five. So with best wishes for the future, and begging a remembrance in your prayers, I am,

Very respectfully,

Gerald S. Fitzgibbon.

Somewhere in France,
October 19th, 1918,

Professor Edward J. Maurus,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Professor Maurus:—

It occurred to me that you would like to hear from one of your old Algebra "sharks," and so I am taking the liberty of foisting a few lines upon you. I enlisted on November 13th, 1917, at Chicago, and after having been sworn in at Columbus Barracks, I proceeded to Camp Meade, where I joined my regiment, the 23rd Engineers. We remained in the States until early in the spring, and then we sailed for France. I am now wearing my first six-months-service chevron; so you see I have been over here long enough at least to become acquainted. We were at the front shortly after landing, and just as we were beginning to get accustomed to Fritz and his hellish tricks were sent to the S.O.S. Soon after arriving here at G.H.Q. I was put on detached service with the light R's. and Rds., and from there I came here to the Corps of Interpreters. Last week I was examined for a commission, but up to date I have not heard the verdict.

After leaving Purdue in 1911, I proceeded to Pittsburgh, and a few years later I returned to Peoria, where I went to work for the Illinois Traction Company as draughtsman. I held this position for several months and was then promoted to the post of assistant construction engineer, which position I held until June 1st, 1917. With the Traction Company the work was power plant construction and design, and during the years that I was there I made rapid strides. We finished four power houses, the largest being a 20,000

H. P. one at Galesburg, one at La Salle, Champaign and Urbana, and a very fine plant at Danville.

On July 1st, 1917, I went to Chisholm, where I designed a small 2,000 KW. plant for the Minnesota Utilities Company. I had this plant designed and construction well started when I enlisted. After the war I intend to follow the same business, and I have an offer from the Illinois Traction Company, and another one from the H. W. Johnsmannville Company to report for work upon arriving home. However, after I get home I do not intend to worry about anything for at least a month.

Kindly convey my regards and best wishes to my friends at Notre Dame. Up to date I have not run across any of the old boys. With kindest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

Sergeant H. W. McAleenan.

G-2 (b), A. P. O. 706,

Am. E. F., France.

Safety Valve.

That Belvidere sailor must have anticipated shocking news from home who asked "Long Distance" to transfer a call from the Sorin telephone to the Insulation Hospital.

* *

LET'S ORGANIZE.

When we have company at home
It makes me awful mad,
Cause just before the dinner's served
Out comes my ma or dad
And tells us kids there isn't room
An' so we'll have to wait.
They eat up everything and we
Just get to lick their plate.

I think that us kids ought to form
A new society,
That will enable us to buck
The Sunday company.
It isn't fair that every friend
That dad or mother brings,
Should eat the luscious chicken legs
And leave us necks and wings.

* *

HEROES.

I have nothing but praise for the soldier boys
Who have sailed away to France,
I love their courage and strength and vim
As I watch their swift advance.
Upon river and rock and hill and dell
Their living names are carved—
But I sing to-day of the hero's true
Who have stayed at home and starved.

The boys who have lived on substitutes
And drunk the bitterest tea,
So that sugar might go to the soldier boys
Across the thundering sea,
I have sung to the soldier over there,
But now at the evenings close
Let's toast the men who conserved the fuel,
Who stayed at home and froze.

* *

It was nearly noon in San Francisco but who cares for San Francisco when he's living in Maine and has had a dentist drilling at his tooth. Well about that time anyway a boy who had just eaten a watermelon rushed by the maid with a carbuncle on his neck and ran into the drawing room in his bare feet. She

threw a swift glance at him with the speed of a pitcher throwing an incurve and stamping her elbow on the table she commanded him to halt. He heard the stamp and splashed onto his knees in an instant, imploring with out-stretched toes that she turn on the gas and let him die on the lavender rug next to the cuspidor. With a blaze of her eye she sized him up. He was size ten. And just as twilight fell on the front porch and broke its back she shrieked out: "Do you belong to the S. A. T. C.?" With the eagerness of a boy to leave the largest piece of steak for his companion he admitted that he did.

"And do you take money from the government for the buildings and lawns you're destroying at the University?" she queried, as she turned on a frown that completely flooded him.

"I do," he said, blushing black and blue with shame.

"And do your folks know you're taking the government's money for what you're doing?"

"I broke it gently to Father one night when he was drinking and he took it very calmly, but mother, Oh! I could never tell mother as she has a weak heart. Just then the moon threw its rays at the boys head and knocked him senseless. And the maid climbing up the piano stool disappeared under the house.

* *

"And were you at Chateau Thierry," she gasped with all the enthusiasm of a child about to ask for another piece of pie, as she wrung her hands like a cow bell and sobbed like a broken gate.

"Yea, that was I," he replied as he stroked the cat.

"And did you see white pools of fire splash before you and hear the mad shrieking of the cannon and the harrowing groans and wild despairing cries of the dying?"

"I went through all that and more," he said in his own quiet way, "and I thought no more of it than of going to the barbers to be shaved."

With that she grasped him by the throat and shook him so violently that the small change dropped out of his vest. "Tell me this instant," she bellowed, "where do you go to be shaved?"

* *

SHE WAS.

Her hair had just a tint of gold,
Her eyes peered deep and far,
And every time she smiled at you
They twinkled like a star.
Her heart was where the sunshine lived,
You'd love her though you found
That Alice was, with all her gifts
A wild hamburger hound.

She ate hamburger sandwiches—
Big thick ones, four by eight,
She chawed them on the crowded streets
Because she could'n't wait,
It mattered not how swell the crowd
That chanced to be around,
For Alice was despite her grace
A wild hamburger hound.

* *

THEY DO IT.

I have seen people take off their shoes on the street
And none of the crowd seemed to mind them,
They may not have been very nice or discreet
Yet we all let them pass when we find them,
But it seems to most anyone clear out of place
And to most of us mortals its shocking,
When a girl in a car tries to powder her face
And her powder puff's hid in her stocking.

Some girls in their pocketbooks hide powder rags,
And though it seems very unfitting
A number of girls carry old carpet bags
To make people think they are knitting.
But it seems a queer custom to men of to-day—
And I've certainly no thought of knocking—
That a girl in the morning when going away
Should hide powder and puff in her stocking.