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No. 8.

"From this Hill Your Dear Eyes Would Have Looked Down."

OWEN P. STAFFORD.

FROM this hill your dear eyes would have looked down

On those bright ranks of poplars waving free,
On the white road-stead ranging from the town,
And far toward sunset waters silently.

You would have heard there thrushes one by one,
Fall silent in the evening wind, the low breath
Of the dim green world beneath the dying sun,
Had you not kissed the quiet lips of death.

O eyes fallen dim, of what did you glimpse afar,
O ears for all our worldly sounds too clean,
O face uplifted like a shining star,
On the hills of heaven what have you heard and seen?

Is it fairer there than fields of green and gold,
Or than the birds beneath those dying skies,
Who with ancinted senses dost behold
The roads God walks upon in paradise?

The Art of Ibsen.

JOHN L. REUSS, '18.

A CRITICAL study of the evolution of the modern drama during the past seventy-five years will reveal a distinct and somewhat radical transition both in the treatment and the breadth of subject-matter. A new influence asserts itself, recognizing neither the code of conventionality, nor the traditional tendencies that so typified the drama in the earlier periods of its development. The seed of this new movement was first sown in Norway by that poet, dramatist, and philosopher whose name illumines the whole of Scandinavian literature—Henrik Ibsen.

The early life of this dramatic genius—for

such he was—offers many reasons for believing that the reverses which he suffered when a youth, are, to no small degree, responsible for the morbid philosophy that so characterized him. He was born at Skien, Norway, in 1828, his parents being numbered among the most influential people in the vicinity. His father, however, suffered severe financial reverses, necessitating the assumption of an exceedingly humble existence. At the age of fourteen Ibsen was thrust into the world upon his own resources. He proceeded to Grimstad where he apprenticed himself to an apothecary. This community was more stagnant and isolated than the one he had quitted, and the cheerlessness of his environment, and the terrible struggles he was forced to wage in the battle for bare existence, could not but have an influence in moulding his mental attitude. In an endeavor to pursue the medical profession, his lack of funds necessitated another encounter with the world. He succeeded in passing the matriculation examinations only to find that he had neither the inclination, nor the means to continue with this study. Such incidents show clearly the harshness and severity of his youth, and it is little wonder that his later attitude of mind was one of rebellion against society and the hypocrisy of its conventionalities. To him life never appealed in its brilliancy, and he seemed to turn with pleasure to its shadows and gloom.

As an artist Ibsen unquestionably deserves the title of "the Shakespeare of the North." No other dramatist of the nineteenth century approaches the masterful style, nor constructs the powerful situations that place Ibsen among the celebrities of dramatic writing. For his themes he has taken the corruption that he found imbedded in modern society, and he has portrayed it as vividly as it was presented to his biased and combative mind. His earlier plays were constructed from the wealth of material offered by the Icelandic Edda or Saga literature, by the national ballads, and by the

writings of Holberg—who has been styled the creator of Danish literature. Ibsen's first series of plays (1850-1867) was written in a passionate poetry which, though it contained inelegant combinations, inappropriate similes, and a lack of unity in style and tone, nevertheless was marked by a flowing diction, ease of versification, and intense impetus and vigor, which prophesied the finished touch apparent in his later dramas. A further indictment against Ibsen is that many of his incidents and situations lack the necessary motif for their appearance. His characters are symbolic, yet they have an individuality possessed of an additional force by the introduction of antithetical personalities which enables them better to exhibit their distinctive natures. Their actions in most of the plays are of a tragic nature; clothed with a cloak of simple grandeur—an effect that Ibsen alone of the dramatists of the century was capable of producing. The predominating theme of his plays is the supremacy of the will and the freedom of the individual—fundamentals of his own individualistic philosophy.

The situations constructed by Ibsen are the result of a series of complications and misunderstandings, all very emotional in character, that are concentrated at one particular moment and thrown before the reader with gigantic force, as though they had been hurled by a catapult. His characters grope about blindly at his wish so that the concentration be more effective, and often the poet has stretched elastic improbability to the breaking point. It is in this dexterous art of construction, and in the mysterious atmosphere which conceals the misunderstandings that we perceive the touch of the expert.

Ibsen has held up the mirror of his satirical philosophy almost entirely to Norway. This is no doubt due to the fact that he exiled himself from his country, partly because of Norway's attitude toward the Danish-German war, and also on account of the lack of appreciation with which his dramas were received by his own people. Thenceforth he lived chiefly in Rome, Dresden, and Munich. The production of the first Ibsenian drama in England in 1889 was received with mingled execration and praise, and opened the way for English dramatists who wished to flay society for the difficulties they perceived in it. They had not dared to touch them with any freedom until Ibsen

displayed an unusual boldness in extracting his themes from the hitherto forbidden fountain—the diseases of society. He takes up these diseases and unrelentlessly exposes them; he places them upon the dissecting table, and opens them up to the public. He cuts with scathing satire and a poignant acerbity, but when the dissection is complete, he fails to produce a remedy that will cure, or even mitigate the exposed evil. We are led to believe that either he is not capable of giving us a formula, or he realizes that the ideal to which he aspires is not capable of practical application. This may best be explained by the poet himself: "My calling is to question, not to answer."

In "Brand," 1866, which was really the work which introduced Ibsen to the Danish people, we find a most fascinating drama, and one that from an artistic standpoint deserves all the praise it then received. Unlike the "Comedy of Love," a vague lyrical drama directed against the institution of marriage, it was more than a satire. Its poetry was impressive and penetrating, and forced upon us the realization that it was the work of a master. There are certain flashes, however, in the versification that expose a lack of finish or ideal; its flow is sometimes uneven, and the lines often fail to express clearly what the poet intended. In expressing his bitterness too forcibly, he impairs his art. Ibsen in portraying the depth of a mother's love and worship for her child displays keen insight into womanhood and points clearly to the fact that he has studied carefully human life. This trait of Agnes—the mother—is made much more distinctive by the fact that the rest of the drama is destitute of love.

"The Pretenders" is simple in theme, but it has been so handled by Ibsen that it surpasses all his earlier plays. It is clothed in the garments of history, but Skule is different from what he should be in strict compatibility with historical fact; the poet has made him modern, for he wished to treat a modern problem. In Skule we see desperate strength, yet strength which has not the power to realize the object of its desire. The whole drama is based upon self-reliance on the one hand, and distrust and indecision on the other,—both forces constituting a psychological antithesis in the characters of Hakon and Duke Skule. In the action of the play the latter becomes the instrument of

Bishop Nicholas, a most diabolical prelate, who stimulates Skule's ambition by infamous deceptions. On the stage the character is an impressive one, yet his wickedness is not relieved by a single laudable trait. Throughout the play Ibsen's familiarity with the dramatist's art is made evident: the action is concentrated, continually preserving interest; all superfluous dialogue is done away with; and everything proceeds clearly and in perfect order.

In writing the "Pillars of Society," the dramatist has attacked with vehemence the social life of the Norwegians. With unerring straightforwardness he has shown how unfounded is their belief that they are free from all the hollowness, corruption, and vice, which they ascribe to the outside world. The belief of the Norwegians who are settled in a corner of the globe, separated from progressive society, is clearly expressed by the words of Mr. Rorlund, school-master and moral guardian of the town wherein the action is laid: "The superficial rouge and gilding flaunted by the great communities—what does it really conceal? Hollowness and rottenness, if I may so express myself. They have no moral foundation under their feet. In one word—they are whited sepulchres, these great communities of the modern world. . . . See how the family is undermined,—how a brazen spirit of destruction is attacking the most vital truths." As the plot unfolds itself, we see that this little community is guilty of the same evils which it so vehemently condemned. Though the play is skillfully written, and possesses an unusual strength of emotional situations, it is the contention of Boyensen that the change of character in the conclusion has been performed too rapidly. By it the author has made his work more appealing, but has sacrificed a finer touch commanded by strict art. A worthy example of Ibsen's cutting satire can be found in the play where Rorlund is leading the foremost ladies of the town—the wives and daughters of "the pillars of society." The purpose of the author was to show how pitiless was the crushing weight of moral tyranny upon the individual. As we look at Consul Bernick we must inevitably conclude that that purpose has been accomplished.

Ibsen's first attack upon marriage was "The Comedy of Love." He repeated it in a "Doll's House." The theme here is the merging of a personality of a "doll" wife into the personality of her husband. As a whole the drama

exhibits more technique than "The Pillars of Society," and in it the dramatist seems to have developed more maturely the art of concentration. The dialogue is compressed, yet expressive, and in the progress of the play the past history of the characters is deftly brought to light. Ibsen has taken a home which would be looked upon by modern society as an ideal one. The destructive acid of his pessimism, however, begins its eating way and gradually exposes the tragedy inherent in this modern home. His satirical pen lifts the veil from what appears to be a family Elysium and discloses a repulsive Gehenna. The characters of Helmar and Nora are adroitly cast,—Nora being delightfully feminine, her make-up including those traits which make womankind adorable; while Helmar is an exemplary husband, kind, tender, handsome, and concerned with the happiness of his little family. In the conclusions these illusions are suddenly shattered, and the tendency to look upon the close of the play as immoral is so strong that, in order to be produced on the stage, the insertion of a new conclusion was necessary. It seems that Ibsen's ideal is unattainable, and so far above the existing order of society, that he has forgotten that man is a human being, and not a divinity. Yet, aside from this, there is little to warrant the statement of William Winter that "the 'Doll's House' is didactic and not dramatic."

To consider Ibsen without touching upon his peculiar individualistic philosophy would be akin to studying man's body without making reference to his soul, and Ibsen's pessimism is the soul of his writings. He preaches not directly and in didactic prose, but employs the drama in which he places his symbols to proclaim the innermost thoughts which have absorbed—or, shall I say, infected—his mind. To him, modern religion with its regulated code of morals, its necessary restraints upon the liberty of the individual, and the present organized state of society, was complete failure. Foremost before his penetrating mind is the man who cast off the garments of today, and by daring thought and deed, by sheer power of will and by unending struggle forces himself to grow and develop. This is the type that Ibsen immortalizes. In "The Enemy of the People" he expresses this quite clearly: "The strongest man is he who stands most alone." Consequently the state, too, is incompatible with Ibsenism. Appertaining to it, he writes to George Brandes.

(February 17, 1871): "The state is the curse of the individual. The state must be abolished. In a revolution that would bring about so desirable a consummation I should gladly take part. Undermine the idea of the commonwealth and set up spontaneity and spiritual kinship as the sole determining points in a union, and there will be attained the beginning of a freedom that is of some value. . . . All existing forms of religion shall pass away." He is inconsistent, however, in regard to obtaining individual sovereignty, for he favored a despotism, and at the same time had no faith in any kind of government save that based on spiritual union. Beauty to this man was moral rather than sensuous, and his ideal was so spiritual that little beauty did he see. The average mortal he looked upon as worthless and detestable; human existence was itself a tragedy, and he joyed in exposing its faults and hypocrisies with derision and scorn—the optimistic faculty of his deep-thinking mind became atrophied.

For a time after his death, May, 1906, the fame of Ibsen steadily increased, but a retroactive agency has shown itself to be at work denouncing the genius as a priest of an immoral system. It is true that he left no subject untouched for the sake of decency, yet there was deep down in Ibsen's heart a purpose to construct, though it appears that his supreme joy was to destroy. His idea was too big, too wholesome to fertilize in society with its modern architecture, so he sets to work to tear down these structures. A scorching indictment against him is that after destroying he has never attempted to offer a method for rebuilding society and institutions in order to realize his ideal. Possibly he himself knew it not, or, knowing it, realized that it was not practical. As a lasting tribute to this author we find on the fly-leaf of "The Master Builder" that, besides the original edition, translations into eight different languages were to follow. Surely this measures in a way the great demand made by the reading public for his works. The unpopularity of his plays when produced on the stage, reflects not upon the art of the man, but upon the indiscreet subjects he has chosen. Slow and painstaking as a craftsman, dynamically simple in his technique, and unusually bold and fearless in his criticisms, Henrik Ibsen merits the appellation of "The Shakespeare of the North."

Varsity Verse.

DEPARTED.

If you had heard the music of her laugh
And felt the sweet compassion of her heart,
If she had soothed your burning brow at eve
And bound the little wounds that gall and smart,
If you had looked into her friendly eyes,
And found love's chastening fires burning bright,
I think you would not ask me why I mourn
And why my heart is full of grief to-night.—B. A.

LIMERICKS

There once was a maiden named Day Z,
The people all thought she was lay Z
Her last name was Dutch,
And they teased her so much
That she started to work and went cray Z.
J. NIX.

There was a fair lady from Dover
Who picked up a sweet four-leaf clover;
"I'm lucky," she said,
"So, perhaps I may wed,"—
But then she was forty and over.
B. MCGINN.

There was a French general named Foch
Who started to clean up the Boche;
Hindenberg took to drink,
And said: "Kaiser, I shink
He will gif us a terrible dosche!"
T. RIDER.

There was a young sailor named Doyle,
So fresh that he never could spoil;
He hailed from New Yawk
But was Brooklyn in talk
Which made a big hit with his goil.
M. GRAFF.

SONGS.

I.

(Air: *The Old Gray Bonnet*.)
Put on your khaki bonnet
With the nifty cord upon it,
And we'll dip Bill Kaiser in the sea;
For his head's been reeling
With a dizzy feeling
Since he heard of Company three.

Hear the bells a-ringing
And the Huns a-singing
As they goose-step back to Germany
"Fritzy boys, we're lucky
That we've missed those plucky
Yankee lads of Company three!"—G. P.

II.

(GOOD-BYE MY BLUEBELL.)

Good-bye, old Navy,

Farewell to you,

I loved to wear your uniform
of blue;

I loved the drilling

In S. N. T. C. (oh yes!)

But good old civilian life's
the life for me.

Good-bye, old Navy,

Farewell to you,

We hoped to sail upon the ocean
blue;

Now war is over,

We'd be alway

Just plain civilians of the U. S. A.

The Apostolate of Good Reading.*

BY BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

I can assure you that it is both a privilege and a pleasure for me to address this body of Catholic educators on the subject of good reading.

As a preliminary to what I shall have to say about my own efforts to cultivate in the students of Notre Dame a love for Catholic literature, I shall endeavor to explain the present status of Catholic literature. To do this most effectively, I shall put several questions to my audience, and ask each one to answer these questions for himself. I also shall answer the questions in the hope of correcting or supplementing each one's own impressions of the value of Catholic literature as an educational force in our schools and colleges.

Is there a Catholic Literature, English and American, worthy of the name? I think the best way of replying to this question is to name a few of our greatest English and American authors. Among the former we find Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, Wilfrid Ward, John Ayscough, Father Mathurin, Mgr. Benson, Father Hull, Bishop Hedley, Bishop Vaughan, Francis Thompson and Adelaide Procter. Among the latter are Dr. Brownson, Most Rev. J. L. Spalding, J. G. Shea, Brother Azarias, Christian Reid, Maurice Francis Egan, Frank

Spearman, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, M. C. Crowley, A. T. Sadlier. If a reader would know the merits of our Catholic authors, let him become acquainted with any of these; the perusal of their works will afford him many delightful and profitable hours.

But let us see more particularly the titles and character of several works of each of the authors I have mentioned. Is there any one here who has not read Cardinal Newman's "Callista," "Apologia pro Vitae Sua," "Idea of a University," and the two volumes of his Catholic sermons, "Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations," and "Sermons Preached on Various Occasions?" If so, such a one has a duty before him that will be the greatest pleasure in the fulfilling. And should not Catholics be at least as appreciative of the incomparable works of Cardinal Newman as are non-Catholics? But, truth to tell, even educated Catholics can not claim this distinction.

After Cardinal Newman, we may name his contemporary and fellow Oratorian, Father Faber, whose ascetical writings are probably the most beautiful of their kind in the English tongue. While not so great as an author as his spiritual father, Newman, Faber has left us works whose merits have remained undiminished for more than fifty years. He has been called not inaptly, the English St. Francis de Sales. Who here has not read "The Foot of the Cross" or "The Sorrows of Mary," a book of rare beauty in its literary elements, and unparalleled in its sympathetic study of the dolors of our Blessed Lady? Or has any one not read the "Spiritual Conferences?" Here the human and the divine are mingled with the result that the reader is fairly captivated by the author's charming treatment of such familiar subjects as Kindness and Death.

From Faber and Newman we may pass naturally to the gifted biographer of the great Cardinal, Wilfrid Ward. The son of William George Ward, a distinguished associate of Newman's in the Oxford Movement, the younger Ward inherited his father's gifts, and was well acquainted with the history of those stirring times when the elder Ward and Newman were leaders in the Oxford Movement. No man could have been better qualified than Wilfrid Ward to write the lives of the most prominent figures in the Oxford Movement. No doubt you have all read his monumental works, "The

* A paper read in the Open Forum of the Notre Dame Summer School, 1918.

Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," and "The Life of Cardinal Newman?" If not your lives are still to be enriched by biographies that are among the best that have come from any author, Catholic or non-Catholic.

From the serious and the more spiritual, I shall now pass on to consider briefly the works of two comparatively recent writers, one now dead, and the other, happily, still using his facile and gifted pen, namely, Mgr. Benson and John Ayscough. Who can ever forget the beloved Mgr. Benson? In the few years he was a Catholic and a priest, he worked so strenuously that he actually worked himself to death. Besides his serious works, which are all of a high order, he wrote a series of historical novels that are worthy of the great characters he studied, and are among the finest, perhaps, in the English language. Has any one present not read "Come Rack! Come Rope!" "The King's Achievement," "By What Authority," "The Queen's Tragedy?" I hope there is none.

Even more gifted as a novelist than Mgr. Benson, is Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, or as he is known to the world of readers, John Ayscough. His first and probably finest novels were "Marotz," "Dromina," and "San Celestino." The last is considered by most readers his masterpiece. Written in a style that is simple, but still remarkable for its distinction, these books are the delight of all cultivated readers. Is it not regrettable that one may find many educated Catholics who have not read any of John Ayscough's works? And is it not still more regrettable that some Catholic educators do not appreciate these productions, while they are appreciated by many non-Catholic educators? "San Celestino" is used by the University of Oxford as one of the texts that may be read for entrance examinations to the University.

Did time permit I should like to consider a few more of the notable English authors, but I must content myself with merely naming them. Father Ernest Hull, Bishops Hedley and Vaughan, among the essayists, Francis Thompson and Adelaide Procter among the poets, ought not to be unknown to educated Catholics. Unfortunately they often are.

And lack of time will not allow me to do more than mention very briefly the works of some of our American Catholic authors. Dr. Brownson's essays and reviews are hardly known to the majority of the educated Catholics of the

present generation. And Archbishop Spalding's splendid books on education may be found in nearly every public library in the land, and are there read more by non-Catholics than by Catholics. Who among the present assembly has studied any of the literary essays of Bro. Azarias, or read the historical works of John G. Shea? Perhaps Christian Reid and Maurice Francis Egan are better known, for they are novelists. For two generations these noted authors have been producing their works for hosts of readers. And more recently Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the sister of Marion Crawford, in her "Golden Rose" has given us the best Catholic novel of the last twenty years, superior, according to one capable critic, to anything her gifted brother wrote. And I must not forget our poets, Father Ryan, Father Tabb, Father O'Donnell, and the beloved and gifted Joyce Kilmer.

And now I may ask why do educated Catholics not appreciate their own literature? Well, one reason, which is often given, is that Catholics as a class are not readers. Still nearly everybody reads nowadays. Yes, that is true; but not everybody reads the best books. And fewer still read books that are serious, or spiritual, or Catholic in tone. But I think the chief cause of lack of interest by Catholic readers in their own literature is due to their not becoming acquainted early in life with such literature. If this be correct, then we have the problem of promoting the cause of Catholic reading just where we may look at it clearly and intelligently. And this leads me to another question. What are Catholic teachers doing to promote a taste for Catholic literature in their students?

From my own observations and inquiries, I have found that most Catholic teachers are not specially interested in fostering a taste for Catholic reading among their students. Happily there are exceptions to this statement of the condition; and whenever the opportunity offers itself to these zealous men and women, they are eager to give suggestions about Catholic books and authors. Unfortunately, however, most teachers must content themselves with giving information about Catholic literature without being able to offer books to their pupils. There are few good collections of the works of our Catholic writers; and none, even in large cities like Chicago, that are open to the general reading public. Again, our schools and colleges seem to slight Catholic authors in their various

English classes, for seldom will you see a Catholic writer among those whose works are required to be read. On the whole, then, there seems to be a general apathy among Catholic educators toward Catholic literature. And is this not an anomaly? What a splendid educational influence they are neglecting by allowing the impressionable minds of their pupils to escape the wholesome tonic that is to be found in our best Catholic literature.

It is now my purpose to outline for you the method I have used for ten years in the effort to cultivate in the students of Notre Dame a taste for Catholic literature. As rector of Brownson Hall, I have had a very favorable place to inaugurate an apostolate of good reading. There are in this hall about 175 young men, either in the preparatory department or just beginning college. Many of these students attend the public high schools before coming to Notre Dame, and are consequently almost wholly unacquainted with Catholic literature. At first the very novelty of their new reading will induce them to continue it, at least for a time. Later, however, some will lose their interest in what does not appeal to their love of the sensational, while others may come to love genuinely good books, and will not return to the trashy and cheap popular magazines for their mental pabulum. One of the chief causes of lack of interest in the books I have offered to the students, is their want of appreciation for such reading. When a professor recommends a certain book to his students, I have found that invariably a number will ask for the volume; and when the book is read and appreciated, other works by the same author will be asked for. Here then is an opportunity for zealous teachers that will bring untold benefits to their students. Without the co-operation of the professors, the librarian will see most of his books lying unused on the shelves.

I began my Apostolate of good Reading in 1909. Having then a few books of my own, I obtained permission to start a free library whose books would be available to all the students of the University. My first need, of course, was to get means to buy the books. This I got either from the students or from friends. In the first year, 1909, \$79.10 was received; in 1910, \$137.42; in 1911, \$73.30; in 1912, \$43.65; in 1913, \$82.25; in 1914, \$47.50; in 1915, \$81.70. The total amount received in seven years was \$544.92. After 1915, I ceased to ask for money

from the students, as I found that incidental gifts from friends and patrons were sufficient for the requirements of the library. But since our entrance into the war, all presents of money have failed me, and I am unable to procure the latest publications. Still the number of volumes, something over four hundred, is large enough for a good working library.

Now a few words about the methods I have adopted to popularize the library. The books are kept in a case in Brownson Hall where any reader may examine them. They may be retained indefinitely, and several may be taken at one time. Large numbers are lent to the English classes for required reading. And a number is sent to each of the various dormitory halls at the University, so that the rector and each prefect has some books in his room. These he will lend to the students himself or appoint a promoter who will endeavor to get readers. This latter plan has proved the most effective.

In closing, I wish to suggest that some sort of association be established at our summer school that would meet every year to discuss ways of promoting the efficiency of Catholic libraries. Happily many Catholic educators are gradually becoming aware of the value of Catholic literature; and when there is a general awakening to the merits of our own writers, they will no longer be neglected. This work of showing our people the great wealth of truth and beauty that now lies hidden from them in the works of Catholic authors seems to be pre-eminently an obligation of Catholic educators. If I have been instrumental in arousing in one of my hearers a desire to take up the work of an apostolate library, I shall feel that I have done something well worth the while.

Thoughts.

Love and fear maketh servants of us all.
Appreciation has made more friends than criticism.

More people are converted by good example than by good advice.

Many people are like mules: they kick at everything but themselves.

War has taught many men a greater respect for the pick and shovel.

The proud man usually has very little to be proud of.

T. J. HANIFIN.

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It is safe to say there is little regret in the colleges of the country that the Students' Army Training Corp is to be demobilized at once by

order of the War

The End of the S. A. T. C. Department. At

the beginning of

the schoolyear the schools were eager to put themselves completely at the disposal of the Government, to lend themselves in whatever way and at whatever sacrifice to the paramount purpose of winning the war. Their transformation into military camps for the soldier-students was sudden and in many instances attended by serious inconvenience, of which they have in patriotic spirit made the best. With the end of the war, however, the military organization in the colleges has for all justifying intents ceased to exist. And the few months of experience have been sufficient to convince all involved that regular military life is quite incompatible with efficient college education. Even in the event that we are to have universal military training of our young men, it has been thoroughly demonstrated that in normal times of peace it will be best for both the military purpose and the academic purpose that the two be achieved separately as to time and place. The colleges have accomplished the task assigned them as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. Since the end of the war they feel that they can serve the country best by being unmilitarized, and we believe that no one is in more hearty accord with the action of the War Department in demobilizing the Corps than the student-soldiers themselves.—J. L. C.

Now that the Allies have brought the war to a victorious end there is every indication that liberty bonds will steadily rise in value

and insure to

Hold Your Liberty Bonds. their present hold-

ers a neat profit

on their investment. Stock Exchange records show that a \$100.00 United States bond, bearing 4 per cent interest, sold on the open market in 1888 for \$130.00, and in 1901 the same bond brought more than \$139.00.

Yet in these days of transition from the feverish bustle of war to the normal routine of peace the tendency throughout the country will undoubtedly be towards a liquidation of war investments, in order to meet the demands of the reconstruction period; and unless steps are taken to neutralize its effects, this financial re-adjustment will constitute a serious problem in our national life during the next few years.

Shrewd and unscrupulous financiers are even now exhausting every means within their power in an effort to exchange their own worthless stock in various wildcat development schemes for these gilt-edged bonds of the United States Government. Many of the smaller liberty Bond holders are unappreciative of the enormous advantages and unquestionable security of their government bonds, and now that the pressure of patriotism has been somewhat relaxed they fall an easy prey to the wiles of those agents who realize the value of such holdings.

It should be remembered that the Federal Government owns some 5,000,000 acres of oil lands and 53,000,000 acres of coal reserves, together with a vast amount of public property and buildings in all parts of the nation, and every man, woman, and child fortunate enough to possess a liberty bond is a part owner of this vast domain. Surely here is security in abundance, and aside from the personal obligation resting upon each citizen to support his government in these times of great financial stress, it would seem prudent for the American investor to retain possession of these bonds just as long as his circumstances will permit. It is in the interest of the bondholder himself as well as in that of the country that the Treasury Department urges him not to yield to the temptation which is sure to be offered by the conscienceless financier, and the patriotism which prompted the purchase of the bond should prompt the owner to heed the warning and hold his bond.—J. W. H.

Obituaries.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN CAMPBELL.

When the world went wild with joy at the signing of the armistice there were some who, though glad that the war was over, could not help feeling a tinge of sadness at the thought of so many of our boys dead on the fields of France. Notre Dame, the *Alma Mater*, has lost many of her sons, and while she mourns each loss keenly, the latest death-notice has perhaps been the most painful. It was the news last week of the death of Captain George Campbell, killed in action in France. Words are lacking to properly express the feelings of the men who lived with "The Sergeant" and knew him when



"SERGEANT" CAMPBELL.

he was stationed at Notre Dame. Everyone from the smallest minim to the oldest man on the campus admired and loved him. He was a Catholic gentleman and a soldier.

Captain Campbell came to Notre Dame in the fall of 1912, by federal appointment, as assistant to Captain R. R. Stogsdall, then in charge of military activities here. At this time Captain Campbell had the rank of sergeant in the United States Army. When Capt. Stogsdall was commissioned major and transferred to Philadelphia, Sergeant Campbell assumed the duties of commandant at Notre Dame.

Under his direction Notre Dame took high rank in military activity among the universities of the country, rivalling even the military institutions in drill work. In two years Notre Dame was advanced from class C to class A in rifle-

shooting, which was chiefly due to the efforts of Sergeant Campbell. Never failing to exact the strictest military discipline whilst giving instruction, he was nevertheless the friend of all and an inestimable companion. He was an active Knight of Columbus, serving several years as chancellor of the local council and aiding materially with his finely tempered advice. Although a retired officer, he tried, when the trouble with Mexico was on our hands, to go back into the service, but was refused permission. When we entered the war of nations, however, his offer was not refused, and he was one of the first to land in France, having been promoted from sergeant to captain.

A few months after he embarked for France word came that he had been cited for bravery. This was only another honor added to his long list, for Captain Campbell had received from the United States every possible decoration and honor that a man of the rank of sergeant in the army could receive. For twenty-one years he had been in the army, seeing service in the Indian Wars, in the Philippine trouble, and in the Boxer uprising in China.

That Captain Campbell fought well and bravely we know, and he died as he often said he would like to die—"leading his men into the fight." Long will the memories of our beloved "Sergeant" remain with us and inspire us to manliness. May the all-just Judge be merciful to him.

When on the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, November 21, death came to Sister M. Corona, there closed a beautiful life of religious fervor and devoted service. Sister Corona was born in 1848 and for the past twenty years has been a tireless worker in the printing office of the *Ave Maria* and the *SCHOLASTIC*. During the illness which ended with her death, her resignation and silence were an edification to those about her. Her funeral took place Friday morning, from the Holy Cross Convent, Notre Dame. *R. I. P.*

The sudden death of Martin La Pierre, of Walsh Hall, at St. Joseph's Hospital on Nov. 18, brought sorrow to his friends and companions, and many expressions of sympathy to his devoted family. Martin entered Notre Dame this year, and though of delicate frame and quiet disposition, he made many friends and proved a popular student, *R. I. P.*

DEATH OF LIEUT. CHARLES B. REEVE.

Notre Dame mourns the loss of another of her soldier-graduates in the death of First Lieutenant Charles B. Reeve, of Plymouth, Indiana, killed in action while leading his company in the attack on Blanc Mont Ridge on the 7th of November. Lieut. Reeve graduated in Law from the University in the great war class of 1917. His home paper, the *Plymouth Republican* published on November 16th the following account of his career and of his heroic death, together with the two letters from officers of his division:

Charles Burrough Reeve, only son of C. A. and Mary F. Reeve was born in Plymouth, Ind., February 19, 1894, and died on the battlefield in France on October 7, 1918, at the age of twenty-four years.

In the spring of 1914 he left Howe School and entered the Preparatory Department of Notre Dame University whence he graduated in three months. In the fall of the same year he entered in the Law Department of this University. On June 11, 1917 he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws. On the 22nd of December, 1916, he was admitted to the Marshall County bar.

When the President of the United States declared war against Germany, Charles Reeve was among the first to offer his services to his country. On May 14, 1917, he enlisted in the Officers' Training School in the Cavalry at Ft. Benj. Harrison, where he remained for three months. For his fidelity and hard work he received from his government the commission of first lieutenant. Three days after he received his commission he received orders for foreign service.

The University of Notre Dame agreed to graduate all of those that enlisted and give them their diplomas if they had passed their third quarterly examination in senior year, which he did and he received his degree in the kahki uniform.

He returned to Plymouth on Aug. 14, 1917, to bid his relatives and friends good-bye before entering on his duties abroad. He sailed on the S. S. Mongolia and landed at South Hampton, England, on Oct. 4. He immediately went into the trenches for two month's training, then was sent to Langres, France, where he remained for six months. Here he held several very important positions. He was of a restless and active disposition and was dissatisfied with his position and was determined to get to the front to do active service. He made three applications to be transferred before he was accepted. Finally he succeeded and was transferred to the 23rd U. S. Infantry, 2nd Division, where he immediately went into action on July 18, which was the second battle of the Marne and was the turning point of the Allies to victory.

He was the second officer in command of his company until he was made battalion adjutant, which position he filled until his death.

Those who knew Charles best all agree that he was a young man of high ideals of life, and that it was always his ambition and desire to climb to the top. He was full of energy and good cheer, always ready and willing

to lend a helping hand to those in need, kind and obliging to every one, and these commendable traits made him a general favorite among all with whom he came in contact.

He was genteel and polished in his manners, equally at home with young or old, and his bright mind and ready wit made him an agreeable companion and a welcome guest in any company.

The following letters received by his parents explain his career as a soldier and what was thought of him.

"First Battalion, 23rd Infantry,
October 18th, 1908.

Mr. C. A. Reeve,
Plymouth, Ind.

Dear Sir:

May I not express my sincere condolences on the death of your son?

I had been associated with him at Battalion Headquarters since joining the regiment three months ago and there was no one that I admired and loved so well. His unfailing courage, optimism and cheerfulness made him loved by all.

I realize from the loss that we all feel what grief yours must be. But there is consolation in the thought that he performed his duty bravely and willingly at all times, and sacrificed himself in the greatest cause of all time.

Lieutenant Reeve was killed while leading the First Battalion during the attack on Blanc Mont Ridge. Major Fred A. Cook had been killed the day previous and he had taken command. While advancing on a wooded hill over a perfectly open piece of ground, the entire right of our first line was halted by a perfect hail of machine gun bullets. Many were being killed and wounded and it looked as if our attack would be repulsed.

Disregarding his own danger, Lieutenant Reeve pushed his men through and led in a charge which drove out the enemy and gained the objective. Just as we reached it he fell, killed instantly by machine gun bullets.

The highest possible honor has been paid him and he well deserves it. The Regimental Commander has recommended him for the Distinguished Service Cross, the greatest decoration that can be bestowed.

We buried him in a little pine grove not far from where he fell, not far behind the battle line. The map reference has been forwarded to the Division Commander and the body will probably be returned to the States after the war.

There are many of Lieutenant Reeve's friends who wish to join me in sending their condolences.

Many of his friends have been killed and many, including Lieutenants Jeffries, Clark and Newton, whom he may have mentioned in his letters, have been wounded and are in hospitals somewhere in France and unaware of his death.

His personal effects including a picture of yourself are being forwarded through the Personal officer.

Again I wish to express my deep sympathy with your loss.

Sincerely,

George H. Gardiner,

2nd. Lt. 23rd Inf."

"Second Division (Regular),
American Expeditionary Forces,
France, Oct. 21, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Reeve:

It is my painful duty to write you concerning the death of your gallant son, 1st Lt. Charles B. Reeve, of the 23rd Infantry. He was killed in action on Oct. 7, 1918, by a machine-gun bullet. At that time he was in command of his Battalion and was leading it into action, as the Major had just been killed. He was buried near the spot where he fell by Lieutenant George H. Gardiner, 23rd Infantry. I am enclosing you a sketch showing the location of his grave.

Your son was greatly beloved and esteemed by his comrades in arms.

With the deepest sympathy for you and other members of his family, and with the greatest respect for the loss which his regiment and the 2nd Division has suffered, I am

Your sincere friend,

John A. Lejeune,

Major Gen. U. S. M. C."

Washington Hall Events.

CONCERT BY MRS. DIEDRICH.

On Saturday evening, November 16, Mrs. Diedrich, soprano, gave a delightful recital in Washington Hall. Possessing a rich, pleasing voice and following a program that was happily varied and adapted to her audience, she easily ingratiated herself into our favor. Her Irish songs, "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Mother Machree," were perfectly rendered; and the choruses of her closing numbers, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The Long, Long Trail" were sung with gusto by the audience. It is the hope of all at Notre Dame that we may have the privilege of a treat from Mrs. Diedrich every year.

PLAY BY THE CATHOLIC ART ASSOCIATION.

"The Victim," a photo-play in nine parts, illustrating the inviolability of the seal of confession was shown in Washington Hall last Saturday evening. This is, we understand, the first production of the Catholic Art Association of America, which was recently organized to present Catholic themes and characters as they should be presented. Apart from a few scenes where the action was clearly overdrawn or needlessly prolonged, the play was commendable and the Association is to be congratulated upon the success of its initial venture.

THREE NOTABLE ADDRESSES.

Bishop Keating of Northampton, England, Mgr. Barnes, formerly editor of the *Dublin*

Review, but now chaplain at Oxford University, and Bishop Hickey of Rochester, N. Y., addressed the students in Washington Hall on Thursday, Nov. 21. The distinguished speakers were introduced by Father Cavanaugh.

Bishop Hickey, after complimenting Notre Dame on its war record, paid a beautiful tribute to President Wilson, in saying that no utterance of his had tended to arouse hatred in American hearts against the enemy. He spoke very touchingly of the death of Lieut. Clovis Smith, Ph. B. '15. Clovis will always be remembered at Notre Dame as an ideal student and a Christian gentleman, and it was for these qualities that Bishop Hickey regards him as the type of young man Catholic schools should produce. Bishop Keating in his very interesting address contrasted in a striking way the soldier-bandit who fights for himself and the soldier-knight who fights for humanity. He paid his compliments to the American soldier boy as being the exemplification of the latter. Mgr. Barnes gave his audience a vivid idea of the difficulty under which European universities are laboring as a result of the war. In his own college alone the attendance has decreased from one hundred and ninety to only eight students. The privilege of meeting the distinguished English prelates and Bishop Hickey was deeply appreciated by all.

Local News.

Lieutenant Paul Meek accompanied the Notre Dame football team on their successful trip to Purdue, Saturday, Nov. 23.

Five of the seven limited service men doing clerical work in the adjutant's office have been discharged and have been put back into the regular drill work.

The many friends of Brother "Flo" were gladdened recently by his reappearance after a month's confinement in the infirmary. The good brother is a little pale yet but the "ole smile" is still there.

Even the sun seemed to shine a little brighter the other day when Father Gregory returned to the University after an absence of several months. Father Gregory has been visiting his Benedictine *confreres* in various parts of the country.

The Notre Dame Knights of Columbus are preparing a specially embossed set of resolutions

expressing condolence in the untimely deaths of Captain Jerry Murphy and George Campbell. The resolutions will be sent to friends and relatives of the deceased.

Walsh Hall held a "pep" meeting Monday evening after night prayer in which the "Walshites" decided to have a smoker. The speakers of the evening were, Fathers Farley and Lang, Johnny Railton, Ed. Bailey, John Dugan, Paul Kennedy, Gerald Daily.

Community singing has been ordered by the Government in all S. A. T. C. camps, and accordingly Notre Dame will hold its community singing on Tuesday and Friday afternoons of each week. Professor Becker, instructor of music at Notre Dame, will be in charge.

Those who have been kind enough to furnish matter for the personal column of the SCHOLASTIC are asked not to look for immediate publication on all occasions. The nature of the news given, the amount received and innumerable "make-up" problems, often demand the postponing of items.

Ten men from each company were given passes to attend the dance given under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Knights of Columbus, for the benefit of the South Bend Council, Knights of Columbus. The dance was held in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel, Wednesday, Nov. 27.

James Hines of the Department of History and District Deputy of the Knights of Columbus installed the new officers of the South Bend council at the K. of C. Hall in South Bend, on Monday, Nov. 25. Professor J. M. Cooney, Dean of the Department of Journalism, was installed as Advocate and Lecturer.

Thanksgiving vacation for the S. A. T. C. and college men was limited to fifteen hours on Thursday, in accordance with the orders received from the War Department. Classes were resumed on the following day. The Preparatory students were given a five-day vacation, extending from Wednesday noon, Nov. 27, until Sunday night.

The members of the Prep football team, as well, as all directly or indirectly associated with that organization hereby tender their sincere thanks to Coach Rockne, Father Patrick Haggerty and Brother Casimer for their kindness in lending necessary material for the season. The co-operation of the above gentlemen

has done much to make the Prep. organization a success.

Company One held its first dance of the season in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel, Saturday evening, Nov. 23. More than fifty couples were in attendance. The guests of honor were: Capt. W. P. Murray, Lieutenants D. H. Young, James U. Galloway, S. I. Twitchell, Wm. F. Sylvester, C. C. McWilliams, and W. K. McWilliams. Alexander's Rag Time Band furnished the music.

An athletic exhibition was given in the Gymnasium Thursday noon, Nov. 21, by Seaman Scotte, a former vaudeville actor, who, after winning two gold chevrons for overseas service, is devoting his time to the entertainment of the S. A. T. C. men throughout the country. Scotte was released from active duty on account of leakage of the heart caused by the strain he undergoes during his exhibitions.

The members of the Naval Unit at Notre Dame signed their release papers, Monday, Nov. 25. These papers were then mailed to the Great Lakes' Naval Training Station, and from there will be sent to Washington. It is expected that the S. A. T. C. will be mustered out sometime within the next two months. The following members have not made applications for release: Joseph D. Becker, Robert J. Byrne, Bernard Carney, Thomas W. Finsterbach, John Fleming, George Glueckert, Vincent J. Hanrahan, Edward Hiltz, Oscar Klein, Thomas R. Kinney, Walter P. McKenna, Robert C. Wright.

Father Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., professor of philosophy at Notre Dame, took a prominent part in a meeting in the Oliver Hotel on Sunday afternoon, November 24, the purpose of which was the organization of a branch of the "Friends of Irish Freedom." Eight or ten other members of the faculty were also present. They sent a message to President Wilson urging him to stand by his word given in the matter of "self-determination of small nations." The ladies of the society are sending a telegram to Mrs. Wilson asking her support of the principle. Mrs. Wilson is the great-granddaughter of John Randolph of Virginia who in his day stood up in the Virginia legislature and defended the Irish Catholics.

The Carroll Hall players went over to Cartier field Sunday afternoon to meet a 120 pound football team from South Bend—and it was *some* team. With several South Bend High School players and two alleged married men on

the visiting aggregation, it was clearly a case of Daniel and Goliath. The visitors, however, did not walk away from their tiny opponents, who stopped them frequently by their superior football knowledge. Finally, to save the little fellows from their elephantine opponents, "Wop" Berra and several other equally substantial individuals were drawn from the side lines. The final score was 26 to 0 in favor of the Giants. Among the Carrollites, Leoni, Scallan, Avilez, and Judae starred.

The officers of the Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus were installed by District Deputy James Hines last Saturday evening. At the meeting preceding the installation the applications of one hundred and twenty candidates were voted on successfully. The first degree of the order will be exemplified Saturday afternoon, November 30, at 1:30 o'clock; the second degree, at 10:30 on Sunday morning, and the third degree will begin promptly at 1:30 on Sunday afternoon. The first degree will be given in the council chamber in Walsh Hall and the second and third degrees will be given in Place Hall on Lafayette Street, South Bend. All Knights of Columbus are earnestly invited to attend. Messrs. Loftus and Chambers have charge of the degree work, and no other team in the county can excel them.

Walsh defeated the Badin Hall football team on Cartier field Sunday by the score of 12 to 0. The game was much closer than the score indicates as the ball seesawed from one end of the field line to the other. Walsh's first score came after a twenty-yard run off tackle by quarterback Bailey. In the second period Hillyer of Walsh made a phenomenal catch of a forward pass and made a touchdown which, however, was not allowed by referee Nyckos as Hillyer was outside when he caught the oval. Walsh Hall made their second touchdown as a result of a long forward pass to Hillyer, who made a sensational diving catch and fell over the line for a touchdown. Both goals were missed. This was the first interhall game and showed that Walsh has the makings of a good team. Badin showed the effects of recent organization and no practice. A daily dose of the latter will make the organization a formidable one. Bailey and Paul Kennedy in the backfield and Hillyer at the end did the best work for Walsh. Nyckos refereed, Kiley umpired, Fribley was headlinesman, and Mehre timekeeper.

Personals.

Bob Larkin, formerly of Walsh Hall, is now stationed at the ensign school at Municipal Pier.

Paul Grinager, formerly of Walsh Hall, is in the 15th Provisional Recruit Co., Replacement Troops, Camp Forrest, Georgia.

Gus Momsen, of the class of 1917, sends word, from "Somewhere in France," "one man with the colors, but just one of many."

"Bill" Hanley, who made things lively for the prefects of the University back in 1916, is now connected with an adjutant's staff in France.

In a recent card Rev. J. C. McGinn, C. S. C., mentions a casual meeting with Rev. Edward Finnegan, C. S. C., in Winchester, England. The two priests had not met since they left the States.

"Dick" Dailey, Ed. Beckman and "Stu" Carroll, all of the Notre Dame school of journalism, are employed as writers for "The Stars and Stripes." A recent letter from Beckman says that he is enjoying his work immensely and that he has met Father Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., in Paris.

Frank Taaffe, a student in Journalism in 1913, writes to Professor Cooney that he was commissioned a lieutenant October 25, and ordered to Hoboken, November 6, to leave for Europe. He laments that the cessation of hostilities prevented his sailing, but hopes that he may yet have opportunity to serve.

Harry R. Burt, of histrionic fame at the University, is now a lieutenant in the 5th Co., 2nd Batn. He is in charge of a platoon of fifty-nine men as instructor in musketry, minor tactics, court martial, etc. In his company is Jerry Voelkers, an old student, and "Gilly" Ward is "right next door in Co. 6."

J. L. Coontz, Ph. B., '07, was married on Easter Sunday, 1918, to Mrs. Kathleen Read Stevens, of Nashville, Tennessee, daughter of the late Judge Read of the Supreme Bench of the state of Louisiana. Mr. Coontz received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy at Notre Dame, and has done post-graduate work at the Catholic University of America and at Peabody College at Nashville, in addition to agricultural research work at the University of Missouri. This autumn he has assumed the duties of instructor in History in the Mexico Military Academy. Mr. Coontz has always been a lover of literature, having published a book of poems recently.

"Laurie" Ott, popular warbler of Corby Hall last year, turned up in France just in time for the finish. Recently, through the efforts of his old room-mate, Leo Ward, a sheaf of letters from old friends and prefects started France-wards and Ott-wards.

Sam E. Ogle writes from Princeton, New Jersey: "The examining board at San Francisco surely got quick results. We were ordered to Princeton on the twenty-fifth of August and began our work here on September 1. Our work here is intensive in every sense, the purpose of it being to train us in pay-corps work and fit us to take over the supply work in merchant ships or transports. Two of the scheduled eight weeks have already passed, and in another six we shall be "shoving off." My regards to all the faculty of the University of Notre Dame."

Rev. George J. Finnigan, C. S. C., chaplain 137 F. A., wrote recently to tell of his safe arrival in England. Parts of his letter follow: "I am in an English Rest Camp, not far from Southampton. . . . A jollier crowd never sailed from a port than my men. The British, in whose care we were, used us splendidly. . . . The Catholics here are up and doing. They have a recreation hall where I said two Masses yesterday. At the second I had three or four hundred New Zealanders. They are big husky chaps. Their chaplain, Father Cullen, is a giant and a very handsome one, too. . . . The war reports are magnificent; we are anxious to be there on the grounds."

We quote from the *Chicago Daily News* for November 20 the following comment on the football work of our old star, "Bodie" Andrews:

Perhaps the best bit of luck the Pier team has enjoyed this year is the appearance in its midst of Frank Andrews, one of the most resourceful tackles in the country. When the Pier played the Cleveland Naval Reserves two weeks ago it was given a great scare. The Cleveland sailors bounced the oval down around the Pier goal several times and only a stubborn defense on and around the five-yard line prevented a defeat for the Chicago service men. In this battle one player in particular stood out on defense. He saved the day for Cleveland early in the game and kept the Pier team from running away with the battle. It was this same Andrews who now has become attached to the Reserves at the Pier. Andrews played in the Pier line-up last Saturday against Camp Dodge and was one of the reliables who turned back the army men from Des Moines, who had been coached by Van Liew to rush the sailors off their feet. Andrews is one of the players who have made Notre Dame a university to be feared East and West the last few years. He is a collegian with an interesting history and is a line-man who hopes to boost the Pier to the enviable title of service champions of 1918. Andrews has toured the Great Lakes and is considered among his mates to be some skipper. Due to his experience he is attached to the quartermaster's corps, first class.

Letters from Soldiers.

Somewhere in France,
Sunday, Sept. 8, 1918.

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

My dear Father Cavanaugh;

When I received a letter from Mrs. Riley telling me you were to preach at the Forty Hours' Devotion, marking the re-decoration of our little church in Niles, I could not but think of the close association of that little church and my dear Alma Mater. In this sunny land of Notre Dame one can scarcely forget the home dedicated to Our Lady in our own land, and, truly, the days and scenes at Notre Dame become more cherished and appreciated; for it is at such times that their value is proved.

Up to a short time ago all my days of service in the army had been made congenial by a fellow-graduate, Lieut. John L. McPartlin, a member of the class of 1907, I believe. Another assignment took him away, however, and Lieut. Dellera, who was at Notre Dame in 1914, is the only other Notre Dame man I have met in France. He is stationed at a small town about fifteen kilometers away, but as transportation is a problem and time for visiting even more so, I rarely see him.

I am billeted with a baron and a baroness of an ancient Catholic family, and their home, a chateau built in 1704, is a veritable museum. They are most hospitable and interesting, and, though I am somewhat handicapped by my lack of ability to "parley," Father Doremus would be delighted at the progress I have made through conversation.

For two months now I've been in command of a company. In fact I've had a hand at almost everything, and after I return to the States, if Henry Ford should call upon me to reorganize his plant, or the South Bend Street Car Co. require a perfect running schedule, I could fill the order, and would not even be nervous over the result. A degree from Notre Dame, three months at training camps and a year's service as a small cog in the wonderful machine Uncle Sam is running here in France, have fitted me for most any task under the sun. I would tackle anything.

The spirit of our troops is unbeatable, and the systematic way in which everything moves toward victory is marvellous. Catholics of America will have much to be proud of when the history of the war is written, and Notre Dame will have added another grand achievement to her already glorious record.

My sincere regards and best wishes to all at Notre Dame, and may the coming school year be one of prosperity and progress. I am sure we over here are not forgotten in the Masses at Alma Mater.

Respectfully,

1st Lieut. John U. Riley

338 U. S. Infantry.

On Active Service, France,
October 21, 1918.

Dear Professor Maurus,

I suppose you will be somewhat surprised to hear from me at this rather indefinite address. However, I have been over here nearly two months, but have been so busy all this time that I can scarcely believe it has been so long. I wrote to you from Camp McArthur shortly before my departure, but at that time I had no suspicion that we were to leave for overseas service so soon.

I presume you have heard from so many of the boys over here that it is useless for me to try to tell you anything new about France. Personally, I may say that I was somewhat disappointed in my expectations, although I must confess that it has not as yet been my privilege to visit any of the larger cities. I have travelled over a considerable portion of France, but it has been either by way of box-cars or by the "shoe-leather route," neither of which is the best manner of sight-seeing.

We are now within sound of the big guns, but, as you know, censorship regulations, forbid my giving any definite description of my location. We had a very fine journey across the sea, and made the trip on scheduled time. We had a calm sea during the entire voyage, and as a result I escaped the much-dreaded "sea-sickness." Thus far I have been very fortunate in so far as my health is concerned, not having missed a meal an account of illness. And after all, this is about as much as a soldier can wish for over here.

My brother Jesse is still down at Camp Gordon, Georgia. He was fortunate enough to secure a furlough. He has gained considerably in weight, and is getting along fine.

I have been rather unfortunate in regard to meeting any Notre Dame men. We have none in our organization, in so far as I am able to learn. I had a card from Father McGarry a few days ago. It happened that he was in Chatsworth while Jesse was at home, and they had a very pleasant visit. If he is still at Notre Dame please tell him that I received his card, and that I shall endeavor to write to him at my first opportunity. I must say, however, that my opportunities for letter-writing are very limited. Just at present I am very nicely situated and have been trying to catch up a little with my correspondence.

I was rather surprised to learn that you have such a large enrollment this year. I presume that you are as busy as ever with your work, but whenever you do get a few spare moments I shall be very glad to hear from you. With best wishes to you and all at Notre Dame, I remain,

Very sincerely,

Sgt. Stephen H. S. Herr.

Hqrs. Company, 34 Infantry.

Dorr Field, Florida,
September 6, 1918.

Dear Professor Cooney:

Excuses do not go in this man's army; so there is no use in my trying to "stall out" of this by telling you that I have been too busy to write, or anything of that sort. No, I am not going to make any excuses at all. If I did, you would probably recall some of the things I tried to "get away with" during the time when I was under your protection, and guidance in the little back room on the third floor; and then you would smile reminiscently and say, "Hopeless case! even army life has failed to improve him!" No, all excuses are "de trope," but honestly, I have been kept on the jump ever since I dooned the regalia of Uncle Samuel.

Just at present I am down here in the land of perpetual sunshine, luscious grapefruit, snakes, alligators, and beauteous women. I am having the time of my life. It is just like spending a vacation, the only difference being that you do not have a fortune along with the vacation. The people down here treat us all as they used to treat the millionaire tourists in other years, and everywhere we go we are as welcome as the ace of diamonds in a diamond straight-flush.

I held up my right hand and told them that "I did," on January 6, at Fort Thomas, Kentucky. From the way you and Sinnott Meyers used to talk about that Blue Grass State, I thought that I had struck it lucky in being sent to Fort Thomas. Suffice it to say that while I was there, it got as low as twenty-three below zero, and to this was added the warmth of the profanity which some of those hard-boiled corporals and such indulged in. All this and various other things, too numerous to mention, made Kentucky rank about .0002 1/3 higher than the Kaiser in my league.

From there I was shipped, along with various other rookies, to the aviation camp at Waco, Texas. As to Texas,—well, I am undecided as to which of the two I like the better, Texas or Kentucky. They seem to be running neck and neck in my estimation. While there, I was treated to some rare (?) sandstorms, cold weather, quarantines, and talk about "going over." After a sojourn of about six weeks, we moved eastward to this country, where we have been side-tracked for the past six months, living in hope all the while that

maybe we should get a chance to go across the next week. To date, however, said chance has failed to come.

As a result, I am trying to get into an infantry officers' training camp, but on account of my age I am meeting with poor success. I understand, however, that the recent 18-45 draft bill provides that men under twenty-one can enter the officers' training schools; so I am awaiting something definite about that. I like the air service all right, but I should surely like to get in with the Doughboys where I would get a chance to see some real action before this Hohenzollern chap throws up the sponge.

How many of the old Kub Klub boys are still at school? Have you ever heard from "Stu" Carroll? It does not seem that he is across either, for I have not seen any "Melting Pot" column in the *Stars and Stripes* as yet. Please give my very best regards to Father O'Donnell and Brother Alphonsus, and also to any of the boys I used to know, who may still be at school. Let me hear from you soon. With kindest regards and very best wishes, I am,

Your former nuisance,

John J. Ward.

Headquarters, Squadron A,
Arcadia, Florida.

France, September 16, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney,

As usual this period of the year brings to me new and large-sized worries about my Alma Mater, and exiled as I am for a little longer at least, I am taking the best means of alleviating my worry, and of reminding you at the same time, that I am still alive. I am ready to return to N. D. and continue whatever good or bad I was accomplishing when I left there two years ago to venture forth on my present vocation.

I am enclosing ten dollars to be used in forwarding me a 1918 Dome, if such can be had, and also for a year's subscription for the SCHOLASTIC. If sent to my address, I should get them all at one time or another.

When last you heard of me I was on the Pacific coast, enjoying Oregon's very best weather, but now my address will show a change. There are pages of news which I cannot very well tell and pages of regards and wishes to send, for which I have not now the time. So, Father, if you will try to do whatever you can for this old-timer, and let all my old friends know that I am waiting for another chance to grace the front steps of Walsh Hall, I shall be more than obliged. I wish for a special remembrance to Father Cavanaugh and Father Farley, and for prayers from you all. With sincerest regards to yourself, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Edwin Morris Starrett.

United States Naval Force,
France.

American E. F., France,
October 17, 1918.

Rev. Joseph Maguire,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father,

Your letter was received some time ago, but owing to the fact that I had just been commissioned and assigned to a division which was ready to embark for overseas, I have been unable to answer sooner, and so I hope that, knowing this circumstance, you will kindly pardon my delay. Since my arrival here I have been constantly on the go from the time we get up in the morning until late at night. After getting billeted we had to settle down, arrange a drill schedule for the different regiments of our brigade, and it is not till now that everything is running smoothly.

The trip across the water was very enjoyable. I was not sick a minute during the whole voyage. The second day out from New York I began getting a little shaky, not from sea-sickness, but from seeing so many of my fellow-passengers become pale around the eyes and ears and others keeping as close as

possible to chairs and not moving around. The third day many were hanging their heads over the railing and paying generous tribute to Neptune. But with all these examples, I managed to eat three full meals a day and keep them down without discomfort.

France is a wonderful country, unlike ours in very many respects. The one thing which I have noticed in particular is the immaculately clean condition of the land. And the French people have certainly been very fine to our boys. It seems as if they cannot do enough for them.

Hoping, Father, that you are in the finest health, asking to be remembered to all the priests at Notre Dame, and hoping to hear from you very soon, I am as ever,

Yours sincerely,

Lieut. William M. Hanley.

Hdqs. 172d Infantry Brigade.

125 West 74 St., New York City,
August 31, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh,

I am very thankful to you for your letter of recommendation, which I received while I was in Washington. I was drafted last month and sent to Camp Humphreys, which is near Washington. While there I made application for a commission. I was sent back here to New York this week and expect to be shipped to Camp Gordon and later to Camp Zachary Taylor, provided my commission goes through as I expect.

It was certainly very sad to lose Arthur Hayes and Clovis Smith. I met "Art" frequently while he was here doing newspaper work last summer; he had, I think, a brilliant future before him. And poor Clovis had to die after all those years of preparation. It seems that the best men are going first, but, of course, all are best when they go over the top. Joyce Kilmer had to go too.

I am enclosing a clipping which appeared in to-day's New York *Evening Mail*. With Brandy in the game, I think we are sure to win, and if such a thing is possible, I will be there to "root" him over the line. N. D. certainly has a formidable schedule this year, but "Rock" is a real coach and will certainly give us a great team.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

Sim Flanagan.

Camp Sevier, South Carolina,
October 9th, 1918.

My dear Father Moloney,

If the SCHOLASTIC is being sent to my old address in New York City, will you kindly have it changed to my home address in Syracuse? I shall feel more sure of getting it from there than if I give you my address here at camp.

I have been in camp since August 1st and like it very well. Just now it is beginning to turn cold at night, though the days are still rather warm. We have no barracks here but live in tents. It was very pleasant during August and September while the weather was warm, but I do not like it quite so well now.

My entire time since I have been here has been spent in some office about the camp. I have been loaned and transferred from one place to another so many times that I do not mind it very much now. Each move has as a rule also necessitated a change of habitation. The other day I counted up and found that I had moved no fewer than twelve times within the two months that I have been here. I like my work very much, though I think that it would be more enjoyable to be out on the field.

Remember me kindly to all my friends at Notre Dame.

Very sincerely yours,

Sgt. Paul R. Byrne.

Hqrs. 89th Infantry.

Safety Valve.

PROVERBS YOU MAY NOT HAVE HEARD.

A rolling stone is worth two in the bush.
Where there's a will the mice will play.
It's a long lane that has no stitch in time.
A bird in the hand gathers no moss.
There's no time like when the cats away.
I'd rather be right than spoil the child.
Misery loves a cheerful giver.

THE LANGUAGE HEAVEN.

There's a sweet little girl with a sweet little smile
And she carries more sweets in her pocket,
She has shoes on her feet, on her finger a ring,
And around her white neck is a locket.
And her eyes are as gray as the young autumn dawn
And her hair's almost midnight black,
But her language—oh, boys! you should hear that girl
talk

When her dress comes unhooked in the back.

She won't mind it at all if her hair is mussed up,

For she just combs it back into place;

And she doesn't get sore if when out in the rain

All the powder is washed off her face.

If the wind blows her hat off she's calm as can be,

But she certainly has got a knack

Of inventing new phrases in sulphurous words

When her dress comes unhooked in the back.

A SAD TALE.

Tommy was a poor little boy who had no rain coat.
He dwelt in the desert where the hot, scalding sun
beat upon his childish face, and the scorching sands
burned his poor little feet,—and the dear little boy had
no rain coat. His lips were parched with fever, and as
he thirsted, he looked westward with longing eyes to a
spot where there was a cool spring. If only he might
have a drop of water for his burning lips, but the sweet
little fellow had no rain coat. In New York torrents
of rain flooded the city and men and women dressed
in rubber and silk coats walked along the street,
but this helpless little boy burned up with fever in the
Arizona desert had no rain coat. Ferocious reader,
What are you going to do about it?

He held a pickle in his hand

And looked across the sea,

"Wilt marry me?" the maiden said,

The Frenchman answered "oui,"

And as she crowned him on the lean

She sobbed "What does the damn word mean?"

"And do you dearly love military discipline?" the
maiden gushed as she toyed with a button on his coat.

"Love it," he cried, "I just adore it! There are few
things in my life I have ever enjoyed so much."

"And, why do you like it so very much, dearest?" she
asked.

"Why it gives a person a wonderful chance to use
his judgement. Whenever a horn blows you race
out like a wild man—you haven't any idea why you're
going—and the officers are so affectionate and fatherly,
and—well there are any number of things just like
that. No one could help but love it."