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Rebirth.

THE Winter blight is on us; all too soon
The seeds lie dead beneath the tongless snow.
But spring will come with voices; and the glow
Of April suns will warm the fields I know.

Though every seed that blooms to flowers of song
Be winter dead, and all the garden bare
Of growing things that blossomed here and there,
Though silence and white-faced Death stalk everywhere,

Yet Spring will come again with whispering
To waken song seeds out of mute cold clay;
And they shall drink them down anew, the gray
Old wine of dreams and feel the warmth of May.

—Ex.

Historic Justice in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

DOUBT and mystery surround the authenticity of 'Henry VIII;" critics are divided as to the person to whom to ascribe this play. We commonly think of it as Shakespearean, but there are many who have deemed it Fletcher's work. These contenders point out the un-Shakespearean phraseology, the prosaic language, the prevalence of masque, the absence of finished plot. Indeed, the drama is far inferior to most of Shakespeare's works. But to the historian it makes little difference who wrote this play; whether it be Fletcher or Shakespeare, he cares not. The importance of this drama lies not in its rhetoric, nor in its plot, nor in its portrayal of the life or customs of the English court at that time. It is, however, of moment as an historical document. By it we can judge the depth to which Henry had descended when he divorced Katharine; its lines tell with the utmost candor the pitiful story of the just woman who would suffer no dishonor. We cannot say that the poetry of "Henry VIII" is of an inferior quality. The queen is indeed at times queenly, and her speech regal. Prescott, the historian, leads us to believe that Katharine was a very mediocre person; pious, and endowed with domestic virtues, but lacking the superb and authoritative qualities which are commonly associated with royal women. And thus has Shakespeare painted her—"her that loves him with that excellence, that angels love good men with, simple, pure and guileless."

Despite the fact that "Henry VIII" is relegated to a low place among Shakespeare's works, the drama does not fail to convey this significant fact: namely, that even in the sixteenth century, while Elizabeth still held the hearts of her knights and the heads of her lords, there were those, who, in spite of their interests and convictions, admired, pitied and loved the lawful wife of Henry.

Briefly the plot to "Henry VIII" is as follows: Wolsey, the cardinal-chancellor to Henry VIII, becomes enraged at the Duke of Buckingham and plots his downfall. The Duke is a great friend of the queen, and she, on certain evidence, also becomes inimical to the Cardinal. The queen notices the change wrought in the Cardinal, who impresses her with his arrogance and for whom she conceives a great dislike. Later the Duke of Buckingham is sentenced to death by the king at the instigation of Wolsey.

Henry becomes enamoured of Anne Boleyn, a maid of honor to the queen, and this awakens in his mind a certain scruple as to the validity of his marriage with Katharine. He asks Wolsey's advice and Wolsey promises to endeavor to arrange everything to the king's satisfaction. The Cardinal, however, proves less successful than he had planned for, and at the delay in obtaining a divorce, the king becomes angry, and, taking matters into his own hands, proclaims his own right to divorce Katharine, and then marries Anne Boleyn.

When Rome refuses to recognize his actions, and when Wolsey, the unsuccessful, finally hides beneath the infallibility of the Pope, Henry becomes angry at the Chancellor and deposes him. In his stead, the king puts Cranmer, the pusillanimous Archbishop of Canterbury, who sanctions the divorce of Henry and recognizes Anne as the lawful queen, and Elizabeth the legitimate heir. The play closes with the baptism of Elizabeth by Cranmer.

It is conscientiously believed by many, that had no other works of history come down to us concerning the three great characters of "Henry VIII,"—Henry, Katharine, and Wolsey,—present-day individuals would have a vivid and true picture of them. Wolsey, to Shakespeare, is the arrogant, the newly-rich, the drunkard of power and honor; and after the fall, he is the weak, creeping, explaining, mistaken, and self-pitying wretch that even the present-day Dom Gasquet believes and demonstrates him to have been. For instance, in the first scene, Wolsey, the proud, insinuates the death of Buckingham, laying the downfall to his own influence over the king. And in the second scene, the Lord-Chamberlain nominates Wolsey "the cardinal-king," the influence of the Cardinal over Henry having become plainly apparent to the courtiers. Even his piety and morals are assailed and wittily commended to all those who would pursue a "pious course." In the same scene, Wolsey's singular influence over the king is shown; it is not an influence which is born of some subtle charm which often mesmerizes those who come in contact with it; neither is it that influence possessed by virtuous souls by which the mind and heart are drawn to it out of sympathy; it is rather that influence which is obtained by people anxious to satisfy every desire or whim of some individual, that solicitude for being thought well of, which often captivates the unwary and at the same time satisfies the possessor; it is an ability which makes a man a good server, not a good servant. History tells us that Wolsey was only a butcher's boy,—anathema sufficient,—that his rise was accidental, and that there was nothing of merit in his character save an indomitable will and a liberal supply of pluck, and, for a churchman, an appalling lack of scrupulosity. These are exactly the characteristics which Shakespeare discloses in the Cardinal.

And then, after the turn of affairs, after Wolsey is unable to satisfy the desires of Henry, the ex-Chancellor can only bewail his fate; self-pity is that which dominates his thoughts. Before the fall, how assured of success, how independent he appeared to be. But after the misfortune had overtaken him, he displays no durability. Shakespeare's picture is true. The Archbishop of York was a servant, who, so long as he served his master adequately, won his encomiums and grew fat on them; but when he failed to render the desired service, he was discharged. The only spark of manhood left is voiced to his servant, Cromwell,—

> O Cromwell, Cromwell!
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my King, He would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Now to the King. Shakespeare fails in any part of the play to show the King as the Defender of the Faith. He is, on the contrary, faithful in the defense of his own peculiar conscience. He is, indeed, a capital example of the juvenile idea of a king,—capricious, self-willed, a slave to his passions, a weather-vane of a man, always pointed with the wind of pleasure, the possessor of a hundred wives, chopping off the heads of those whom he fails to fancy, marrying new ones to take their place. Shakespeare begins by showing the King as the amiable husband of Katharine, attentive to her suggestions, generous with his gifts. As open-heartedly as Herod with the daughter of Herodias, he says to Katharine who had come to ask some favor, "Arise, and take place by us; half your suit never name to us: You have half our power." But immediately after this display of affection, which is really affectation, the dramatist pictures the King at a banquet given by Wolsey; Henry loses his head when he meets Anne Boleyn, and seems to lose it with such readiness that it is difficult to imagine this to be his first offense.

In the second act we have the first intimation from any outside force that domestic troubles exist in the royal family. It is the common people who discuss the situation, pitying the good queen and patriotically apologizing for His Royal Majesty's weakness.

Henry's manner of procedure with the Roman authorities, to whom he has intrusted his scruple of conscience, is that of the sycophant. He fawns upon Cardinal Campeius; he assures the papal minister of his countenance in everything that he may do. So with the parting injunction, "Conscience, Conscience! O 'tis a tender place;

and I must leave her," he sends the Cardinal to investigate his case, and paradoxical though it seems, this speech discovers a conscience for Wolsey.

As for the further delineation of the King's character, it may be said that when ill success crowned his efforts at securing a divorce, or even before the case was decided by Rome, Henry had set Katharine aside and married Anne,—had forgotten his promise to abide by the decision of the Church. Conscience was indeed a tender place!

But the most humane and merciful character of all Shakespeare's works is the Queen; more terrible even than Lady Macbeth, for Katharine's power lay in her goodness which is always stronger than wickedness; more pathetic than Ophelia, for that one suffered unconsciously; more faithful than Juliet, for Juliet had her lover to the end, while Katharine was abandoned.

The discordant note in the domestic ties first occurs in the second act, scene one. Here we are acquainted with the fact that Henry seeks to put aside Katharine, urged, we are told, by Wolsey or some other. The first pathos displayed by the Queen comes in the fourth scene of the same act. This scene portrays the reading of the commission by which Henry voices his resolution to bring about a separation. It is supposed to take place in a hall in Black-Friars. The state and majesty of Shakespeare's picture contrasts strangely with the attitude and actions of the queen. When all are seated, the legal processes are begun; but Katharine refuses to take part in any of them. She seems to fear that some misapprehended legal act may ensnare her, so, as a suppliant, she goes to the feet of the King and begins that sublime appeal:

> Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
> And to bestow your pity on me: for
> I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
> Born out of your dominions; having here
> No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
> Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
> In what have I offended you? what cause
> Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
> That thus you should proceed to put me off
> And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
> I have been to you a true and humble wife,
> At all times to your will conformable,
> Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
> Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
> As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
> I ever contradicted your desire,
> Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
> Have I not strove to love, although I knew
> He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
> That had to him derived your anger, did I
> Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
> He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
> That I have been your wife, in this obedience
> Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
> With many children by you: if in the course
> And process of this time you can report,
> And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
> My bond of wedlock or my love and duty,
> Against your sacred person, in God's name,
> Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
> Shut door upon me, and so give me up
> To the sharp'st kind of justice.

Wolsey, then appeals to her trust in the ministers of the Church,—Campeius and himself,—who were supposed to settle the case. She refuses to accept them as her judges, and proclaims that the Vicar of Christ alone will act in the matter.

In the next act, the warm vigor of her resentment breaks forth upon the two cardinals, who have come to her apartments in an endeavor to convince her of the efficacy of a separation:

> . . . . . holy men I thought ye,
> Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
> But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
> Mend 'em for shame, my lords.

And after confounding them successfully, she says pathetically:

> Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
> No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
> Almost no grave allow'd me; like the lily,
> That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
> I'll hang my head and perish.

The next appearance of the queen is in the fourth act. She comes on the stage weak and sick from her heart-aches and disgrace that she is made to suffer. She feels the end of her miseries approaching and lays down a few rules and utters some last commands to her faithful servants. And before the curtain drops, she turns to her woman, saying:

> . . . . . When I am dead, good wench,
> Let me be used with honour; strew me over
> With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
> I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
> Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
> A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
> I can no more.

Thus ends Shakespeare's delineation of Katharine of Arragon, beautiful, tender and humble, a queen subject to every lawful request of a king, a wife held in obedience by her Faith to the just dictates of her husband,—but honorable withal.

As to the veracity of these characters, present day writers have no doubt. Shakespeare has not painted them; he has photographed them. It is often said that even though these three

characters have been drawn true to history, auditors are always deceived in the character of Anne Boleyn. But when the circumstances under which the play was written are examined the impossibility of a true portrayal of Anne becomes evident. The play was written while yet Elizabeth reigned, and from the conclusion of the drama, we draw the inference that it was written to compliment the queen. Shakespeare was always desirous of pleasing the queen, and was forever flattering and glorifying her,—not because he liked her overmuch, but merely because he deemed her support necessary for his existence. Now Anne Boleyn was the mother of Elizabeth and it was for Anne that Henry had cast off Katharine. One might expect that the rightful queen would be drawn as the inferior character, and that Anne would be developed as the most glorious and magnificent female in the whole play. It is true, none of Anne's real vices are portrayed, but she is unimportant in the force she exerts on the auditors. She is merely pretty.

On the other hand Katharine, whom one might expect to be minimized by the very purpose of the drama, is exalted, and the purity of her character leaves her indelibly impressed on the readers. Now Shakespeare, whose purpose was to exalt Anne and Henry, would scarcely credit Katharine with any virtue which she did not possess, so we may logically conclude that, as he has drawn her full of virtue and charm, she really had as much goodness as he has given her, if not more.

The play concludes with the baptism of Elizabeth, as though to justify the past acts of the king by the final happiness displayed. But critics agree that the dramatist wrote for too long a time; he did not set his pen down soon enough. If he would only have ended with the death of Katharine, it would have indeed been glorious tragedy, instead of the poor masque which it really is. Dramatists see little of value in this play, but it is, nevertheless, a very precious heritage. It is the chronicle of an eyewitness to the reformation in England, of one who listened to his ancestors with rapt attention while they retold the stories of good queen Katharine, of one whose keen insight and well defined judgment has made him the greatest character sketcher the world has ever known. Hence, it is that this play is regarded of inestimable value, and is counted a reliable source for historians.

Waiting.

THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY.

But a year ago today
That he passed this quiet lane,
That he trod the white road-way,
Proud eyes and laughing heart and gay;
And in the hedge of glistening rain
In an unremembered strain
Blackbirds, thrush and linnet green
Carolled, just for him I ween.

I watched them westward to the sea,
Hussar and Fusilier in line,
And prayed such goodly company
That bore him far away from me
Would bring me back my own one—mine.

Today the sky is full of pain;
The hedge is still; it has no song.
I stand and listen all in vain
For marching feet to come again:
I know my waiting will be long.

I think I'll see his face no more—
Yet shall I watch the road outside
To catch one passing by the door;
And I shall ask him nine times o'er
How my love fought and how he died—
For they have flown both far and wide,
Balckbird, thrush and linnet green
So silver-sweet but yestere'en.

As You See It.

LEO R. WARD, '22.

The village of Stacyville, forty strong, was as quiet as such a village usually is on Sunday evening. The farmers had come to an early Mass and, after a rather quiet half-hour chat, had returned home. Now two "Fords" stopped in front of "Shorty's," the only store, and four young men "thronged Main street."

"Let's go to Melrose," suggested Jim Cummings, proud possessor of one of the "Fords."

"My 'jitney' would never make it there and back in one night, and the boss wants us into the hay in the mornin'," objected Mike Heffron.

"I'll tell you, fellows! Let's play another joke on 'Big Man'," put in Jerry Mahoney.

"Ah! what more *can* we play on 'Big Man'? I'm tired of him," answered Cummings.

After a pause, Jerry answered, "Well, I've

been thinking. You know Big Man is cock-sure that there are chicken-thieves in the neighborhood. Now, I'll tell you: he will be down in a little while. Let's put "Shorty" wise. Cummin's, you and Bill Heffron will have to do the dirty work; Mike and I will stay here with Big Man."

A few minutes later, a step was heard outside the store, and "Big Man" entered to find a rather wise-looking and expectant trio—Jerry, Mike Heffron, and "Shorty."

"Where's Bill?" asked "Big Man" of Mike Heffron, after he was able to discern the faces about him in the uncertain light shed by a kerosene lamp.

"Gone to Melrose with Jim Cummin's," Heffron answered indifferently.

"Big Man" sat down on an empty box and rested his back against a sack of flour. "Big Man," alias Tom O'Connor, was a man of powerful but lean frame, dark, honest eyes, and dark hair just beginning to grey. For twenty years, he and his brother Jim, with whom he lived, had rarely spoken to each other. Jim managed the home farm, and Tom had bought a rough eighty—"the Campbell place." For years his hobby had been horse-raising; but lately he had added two dozen White Rock hens to his live-stock, and now these were demanding a share of his attention. He rarely remained at home at night, nearly always visiting the store. After an hour or two of idle but harmless gossip, the subject-matter—the weather and the crops, —was exhausted, and a lull followed naturally. Invariably "Big Man" would break the spell with, "Well, it's gettin' late. I must go over to the Campbell place and lock up." Alone he went out into the night air, hot or cold, wet or dry, and trudged, in a roundabout way, several miles to a house which could hardly be called a home.

Sunday nights were usually the most pleasant for "Big Man," as there were likely to be two or three or sometimes half a dozen at the store. Consequently, "Big Man" was pleased though not surprised to find Jerry Mahoney and Mike Heffron before him at "Shorty's."

"Let's have a hand of euchre with Casey," said Jerry, after a few minutes of talk about the weather and the prospect for the crops.

Half an hour later, their game with Casey was abruptly ended by a "honking" outside and the squawking of a chicken.

"Thieves!" cried Jerry, and he and Heffron were out of the house in a second.

"Big Man," all a-gog in a moment, followed close. Before they could reach the road, a "Ford" drove west rapidly and was soon out of their sight.

"A great, big car with four masked men in it!" shouted Jerry.

"A big car with four men in it and masked!" echoed "Big Man." "The very bloody-backs that have been after my chickens for a week! Let's follow them, Mike; your Ford can catch any big car on them hills between here and Melrose."

"Wait till we see Shorty," said Jerry. "Mebbe he seen them."

"Shorty" had seen them: one of the thieves had come in for gasoline, but "Shorty" had none; as usual, he was "just out."

"That's all the more reason why we can catch them," urged Mike Heffron.

"Yes: crank up your 'flivver,' " said Jerry.

In front of the "Campbell place" the "big car" stopped; one of the men, with a sack in his hand, was out of the car.

"Out of gasoline, I betcha a dollar," shouted Jerry to his companions.

But before the pursuers could ascertain anything definite, the man leaped into the car, and started off at a good speed. A few rods farther on, a white hen flew madly from the leading "Ford," and alighted or, rather, landed in the hedge which forms a fence for the "Campbell place."

"One of my hens!" gasped "Big Man," "and the only one I have left now,—I'd bet my best horse on that."

The two "Fords" raced for a couple of miles, each gaining and losing alternately. At one moment the pursuing car had almost overtaken the other; at the next, the chase seemed hopeless.

"That fellow's gasoline can't hold out much longer," shouted Jerry over the back of the front seat to "Big Man," who sat alone behind, but, in his eagerness and excitement, leaned well forward.

But, as luck would have it Heffron's "Ford" "hung" on a hill. "Big Man" was exasperated.

"Just where we should have caught that d— big car!" he groaned as all three jumped out of the "Ford." Then, after a pause, during which the two younger men tried in vain to start the car, "Big Man" asked, "How far is it to Winslow's, Jerry?"

"Oh! a mile or so, I guess; why?" Jerry asked concernedly. "Big Man" was starting in that direction.

"I'm goin' to 'phone the sheriff. We'll get them fellows, if there's enough men left in Iowa."

"Oh! I wouldn't do that, 'Big Man.' Wait! we'll get her goin' pretty soon."

But they failed to "get her goin' pretty soon." "Gears stripped" was the verdict, although the exact nature of the trouble was hard to discover in the darkness.

"Big Man" started off again. But just then a "Ford" came over the hill.

"Car down here! Don't run into us!" shouted Jerry as the "Ford" coasted down the hill. At the foot of the hill the driver stopped his car, sliding the rear wheels a yard or two.

"Who's there?" shouted the driver.

"'Sthat you, Cummins?—You never was more welcome; we're 'in a pickle,'" said Jerry.

"Jerry Mahoney, huh? and Mike Heffron and Big Man? What's happened?" Cummings' questions followed each other in rapid succession.

"Gears stripped," Jerry explained briefly.

Cummings began to make out the rest for himself. "On your way to Melrose, and this's as far—" but Big Man unceremoniously interrupted him, "After some d— chicken-thieves.— Did you meet a big car goin' west?"

"Yes," answered Cummings and Bill Heffron together, "and tearin'—four or five men in it."

"And chickens," Cummings finished, "chickens, I'm sure it was—squawking to beat the band."

"How far up the road?" asked Jerry. "Mebbe we can catch them with your car."

"Oh! half way to Melrose. They are at Melrose now, or further," answered Cummings, "and, the speed they're 'hittin' up,' they'll soon be out of the state. There's no use for me to try to catch them."

A pause followed. Mahoney powdered a clod or two with the toe of his shoe; the others stood still, pondering what was to be done.

Big Man soon broke the silence. "We might as well go home," he said; "all my chickens is gone, but the divil go 'long with them; I'll never fool with chickens any more."

Cummings suggested that they try again to start Heffron's car.

"No use," sighed Mike hopelessly, "we'll have to trail her in, or I'll come with a team in the morning, if Dad will spare me from the hayin'."

Nevertheless, Cummings gave the crank a "spin" and,—contrary to all (?) expectations, —the engine pounded away as well as it ever had. A few minutes later they were at "the Campbell place." Big Man locked the stable, but saw no particular advantage in locking "the empty roost."

The next morning "Big Man" O'Connor sauntered rather aimlessly to his work. Ever since, he has been at a loss to account for the fact that his two dozen hens, minus one, were in the chicken yard; the one, he found somewhat dilapidated by the roadside, yet able to cheer the bewildered master.

The Character of the Farmer.

RICHARD P. DEVINE, '20.

The importance of Agriculture is being more and more realized every day. The war, just won, has probably done more toward bringing that importance home forcibly to the people of the world than any other single factor in our history. Agriculture is the most ancient of all the sciences. Upon it the people of a nation must depend for life. Their food and clothing must come primarily from the soil. Let us see then what manner of man the farmer is.

He is a pupil of one of our greatest teachers—Nature, and more or less unconsciously he is a man of education; for whoever becomes trained to observe the interesting and varied phenomena on the farm is also learning to appreciate the basic facts of plant and animal growth. Thus farm life naturally develops character. And education in its truest sense is first of all the development of character. Now to possess character one must first acquire habits. On the farm good habits are formed and they are seldom lost in later life.

There is no true development, no notable approach to excellence in life without labor. And labor is surely one of the farmer's constant habits. From his early childhood until old age his life is one of industry, of almost incessant work. His day is regulated by the rise and set of the sun in order that he may obtain the maximum of daylight in which to perform his tasks. Often in the busy months you may find him gathering in his grain by the light of the harvest moon.

His labor, however, would be of little value to him without the habit of economy. The

American people are noted for their prodigality. Philosophers and statesmen predict the downfall of this nation unless more thrift be consistently practised. We urge that there is a great foundation upon which to build that admirable quality. The farmer is held up before the country as a striking example of thrift and economy. Perhaps he is thrifty from necessity, but nevertheless the important fact remains that as a class the farmers practise more real economy than any other class of people. The average farmer is not "well off." Until very recent years he was the poorest paid and yet the hardest working scientist and business man in the land. Then, too, the opportunities for foolishly spending money are not numerous in farming communities. The indulgences, the luxuries and extravagances of the city are almost unknown to the ordinary farmer.

Again the farmer is and must be a patient man. St. James, the Apostle, recognized this when in commending patience to his hearers he said, "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, being patient over it, until it receive the early and the later rain." The farmer must plow, sow, plant, cultivate, and then after all this he must wait for the rain and sunshine to either make or ruin his crop. He must wait on the weather. He must let Nature pursue her course. Storm, hail, snow, sleet, rain, wind, or lightning may come and set at naught his months of labor, and then he must wait until next season to begin again.

Another virtue peculiar to the farmer is his broad-mindedness. In every profession nowadays there are specialists. In medicine, we have the eye specialist, the ear specialist, the throat specialist, the lung specialist, the kidney specialist, a specialist for every part of the body that needs treatment. Each raves on his own subject but is promptly lost in a conversation about the temple of Karnak or a black bass. The farmer cannot afford to be a specialist. He has too many interests. If he should specialize on wheat he would surely neglect his corn and his hogs. Furthermore he could not specialize on wheat if he had no corn or hogs, for Nature would not allow it. He must vary his crops, and he must study each in a thousand details; he must maintain soil fertility and must distribute his labor; he must grow both grain and animals; he must know the markets for each; he must know how to market them, and he must have a plan for restocking his feed lot and for growing another grain crop. He must take care of his social, religious and civic interests more zealously than the city man. He must keep abreast of the times in politics, inventions, and the like, if for no other reason than to prevent his being called the proverbial "rube."

Finally, as to his soul, science has devised no way of indexing its good and bad qualities. But it has been said, "What we are depends largely upon the life we lead." An outdoor, busy, thrifty, patient life, surrounded on all sides with the beauties of nature, is surely one in which virtue would naturally thrive best. It is under such conditions that true purity, honesty, and love are found. And nobility of deed is the result of virtuous dispositions. The farmer's noble deeds are more brilliantly recorded by the rude, wooden crosses over the dead farmer soldiers in France and Flanders than human pen could ever hope to express them.

A man's life is generally an index to his character. Choose your ideal of a man. He is a hard worker, thrifty, patient, broad-minded, pure of thought, and noble in deed. He is a man who is loved and respected by everyone in the community. He has many acquaintances and friends, and has few enemies. Where will you find a class of people who approach this ideal nearer than the farmers? Surely, "No occupation is nearer Heaven."

Ship of Fancy.

FRANK B. SOMMERVILL, THIRD PREP.

When the evening sky is blushing 'neath the kisses
of the day,
And some vibrating impulse is luring me away,
My ship of state in fancy goes gliding from its bay,
When the evening sky is blushing 'neath the kisses
of the day.

When the deep pacific waters sip their color from the
sun,
And the creeping shades of eventide portend the day
is done,
The tiny ship that's in my mind sails to oblivion,
As the deep pacific waters sip their color from the sun.

When midnight's hideous darkness enshrouds the
watery lea,
And the night-bird's raucous twitter rends the silence
of the sea,
My little ship of fancy will ne'er cruise back to me,
For midnight's hideous darkness is but eternity.

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When Theodore Roosevelt passed away, it almost seemed as though a cherished American institution had been annihilated. Never before was a man mourned by so many Americans. Never since the death of Leo XIII. has a man been so generally mourned throughout the world.

Theodore Roosevelt.

This is high tribute and its value is not lessened because Mr. Roosevelt was a practical politician, making enemies and fighting enemies, and being energetically fought himself throughout his whole career.

Mr. Roosevelt was a doer of deeds, and not a dreamer of dreams. He had no prophetic vision; his scholarship was amateurish; his education pugnacious rather than picturesque. He was a versatile man rather than a profound man, but he was also this big, wonderful thing,—a real American.

Mr. Roosevelt may not have understood the deeper current of social, political and economic life; he may have had only a superficial knowledge of many problems about which he essayed to speak and to write, but no man since the birth of the Republic understood better than he the real meaning of American citizenship. Not Washington, nor Jefferson, nor Jackson, nor Lincoln ever had a tighter grip on the essential principles on which our country is founded.

That is praise enough for any man; that is why Mr. Roosevelt was free from any suspicion of bigotry or boodle or bunkum. Because he was the most American of all Americans he was idolized by real Americans everywhere.

A leader and a great man has fallen this day in Israel. He has rendered his countrymen many great services. The greatest of them all perhaps will be his example of broad, deep, generous American spirit.

When Father-Provincial, Father Hudson and the President made a special journey to be present at the funeral of the late Doctor Onahan, they were paying a well-deserved tribute to a long-time and constant friend of Notre Dame. Doctor Onahan first visited the University about fifty-five years ago, and in the interval that ensued he has manifested in many ways his special friendship and interest in our work. This interest was shown not only by his constant remembrance of our Library by sending interesting books, but during his more active years he frequently visited the University in company with distinguished guests, not only from all parts of America but from all parts of the world.

Doctor Onahan.

Doctor Onahan's acquaintance was literally world-wide. He knew practically all the distinguished figures in our national and ecclesiastical life, and he enjoyed friendship with many famous men in England, Ireland, France and Italy. This in itself was a tribute to the high quality of Doctor Onahan's mind and character. His countrymen showered well-merited honors upon him, and the Holy Father paid him what was a most signal honor in that day, by making him a Papal Count.

Doctor Onahan belonged to an older generation and had necessarily dropped out of public view to some extent during recent years. At one time his name was familiar in every parish of America and he has been generally acclaimed the premier layman of the United States.

To his distinguished daughter, Mrs. Mary Onahan Gallery, and her family, we extend the condolence of the University which looked on him as her own.

"No man," declared Abraham Lincoln, "is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent." When we behold the spectacle of one people governed by another, we suppose the governed to be incapable of self-government and the rulers eminently capable of exercising that power in behalf of the ruled. But when we examine

Lincoln on Ireland.

further and find that the governed once governed themselves and never consented to the relinquishment of the right to do so; that they have given leaders of their blood to all the nations over the earth; that the government which has been forced on them has been characterized by oppression, purblind plundering, deliberate malice towards the subjects, cruelty, treachery, extortion, and double-dealing; that the results of that rule have been discontent and incipient rebellion, impoverishment purposely brought about, industrial life deliberately destroyed, and general decay fostered; when we recognize the patent fact that this is in no respect government either by the people or for the people, but misrule in the interests of aliens we may well wonder how it is that the world has so long permitted this monstrous injustice. Yet such is the lot of Ireland, in the way of whose freedom stands nothing but supreme selfishness. Unless the heart of humanity has hardened, it will hearken to the plea of Ireland. That independence which was once hers, that honorable station in the sisterhood of nations which was filched from her must be returned, if justice is to be done among nations and among men. There can be no peace in the world with Ireland in chains, for Peace will not enter where her sister Justice is not welcome.—G. D. H.

Obituaries.

Dr. William J. Onahan.

We regret to announce the death, at his home in Chicago, of the Honorable Count William J. Onahan, LL. D., 1876, Laetare Medalist, 1899. Mr. Onahan was ill only a few days, and in spite of his venerable age,—he was 83 years old—his health in general had always been good.

Doctor Onahan came to New York in 1851 and moved to Chicago three years later. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Inspector of Public Schools. This was the first of a long series of civic honors bestowed on him by his fellow citizens in Chicago. He was successively Collector of Chicago, City Comptroller, Jury Commissioner, and President of the Public Library. Many schools honored him with their doctorate, and Notre Dame bestowed on him the highest honor within her gift. Leo XIII. made him a Count of the Cape and Sword. He was the chief organizer of the First Catholic Congress and of the Columbian Catholic Congress. Four prelates and many distinguished priests assisted at the funeral, which was held in St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, and the sermon was preached by the president of the University. *R. I. P.*

Simon Ercile Twining

Notre Dame was deeply grieved last week when word was received that Simon Ercile Twining, of the class of 1913, had succumbed to pneumonia in a hospital in Washington, D. C. The deceased was an exceptionally high type of Catholic scholar and gentleman. His record as a student at Notre Dame has been surpassed by none and equalled by few. Remarkable talents and an almost heroic degree of industry made success for him inevitable, and, as was expected by all who knew him, he rose rapidly to distinction after completing his college course. As post-graduate student and fellow in economics at the University of Indiana and later at Princeton his work was of so superior a grade as to evoke the commendation of the faculty in both places. When the war began he tried to enter the Army, but being debarred through physical disabilities, he helped his country in a most responsible position as member of the Federal Trade Commission, at which post he died.

Twining accomplished brilliantly every task to which he put his hand. He was for three years a very active member of the Scholastic Board; from his sophomore year he was prominent in debating, taking first honors in his last year and helping very materially to win several hard contests for his school; and his graduating year culminated in his winning the Meehan medal for English, the Breen medal for oratory and the Dockweiler medal for philosophy. A youth who worked his way through college, acquiring the best college education and the highest honors his school could give, who earned by sheer merit of character and achievement the admiration of everyone who knew him, who by his qualities of mind and heart made a friend every time he made an acquaintance, who was as devoted to his religion as to his studies—this sterling alumnus may well be suggested as an exemplar for every Notre Dame student. That he was quite as highly regarded by his own townsfolk in Bowling Green, Ohio, is evident from this tribute paid him in the local *Sentinel-Tribune:* "Ercile was one of the finest young men in the world. His

ideals were high, but he was practical in his pursuit of their realization. He was clean of thought. Possessed of high ambitions and great industry, he was always interested in the welfare of others and gloried in the success of his friends and acquaintances. Towards his parents his attitude was one of greatest reverence and he was ever solicitous of their peace of mind."

The University feels deeply the premature loss of this gifted son, and extends to the bereaved parents and sister the most sincere sympathy, assuring them that his numerous friends and admirers will be mindful of the lamented Ercile in many fervent prayers.

J. Frank Hanan.

We regret to announce the death of J. Frank Hanan (LL. B., '07; LL. M., '08), who passed away December 26th, at his home in LaGrange, Indiana. Frank is remembered as an earnest student of mature mind and great promise. At the time of his death he was a member of the firm of Hanan, Watson and Hanan. Pathos was lent to his passing by the circumstance that his distinguished father had on the day of Frank's death taken boat from New York for Panama to assume his new duties there as United States District Judge. We extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved wife and father.

Local News.

Found:—A fountain-pen. See J. Aviles, of Carroll Hall.

Found:—A signet ring. The owner may obtain the same from Brother Alphonsus.

The senior four-year men met on Thursday last for the purpose of organizing. Matters concerning graduation were also up for discussion.

Brother Alphonsus wishes to thank Mr. James Keegan for a gift of ten books given to the Apostolate Library, and also the person who donated a copy of Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany."

Brother Emilius, the postmaster at Notre Dame, urgently requests that all students who have not registered at the post office since the beginning of the new year do so at once, in order that their mail may be promptly delivered.

Glee Club stock has been booming since the holidays. A great number of the best of the Varsity singers are back, and the orchestra seems to have a better prospect than it has had since the days when "Stretch" Parker made Notre Dame famous for its concerts.

Father Cavanaugh, in his explanation of the rules in Washington Hall last Monday, made it evident that the school intends to return to its old policy of thorough discipline, which was sadly interrupted by the S. A. T. C. Certainly we can stand the discipline for the sake of having once more the good old times.

"Bound in Morocco," an ingenious photo-play featuring the inimitable Douglas Fairbanks, was shown in Washington Hall last Saturday evening. It is about the best Fairbanks picture that has come to us recently, and had there been a piano accompaniment, the evening's entertainment would have been considerably enhanced.

The school is getting back to pre-war appearances. Several of the Notre Dame boys who have been in the service with the 137th and the 139th Field Artillery, the old Indiana National Guard regiments, are now at home, and it is very likely that a large number of these men who are being mustered out of service will return to school in February at the latest.

Brother Leopold's firm, which has been nomadic since the coming of the S. A. T. C., has finally been given permanent quarters in "Rockefeller Row," in the new "business district" of Notre Dame. It is hoped that the rent of the new home of Notre Dame's foremost candy dealer will not cause any delay in getting the prices back to an ante-bellum basis.

The journalism department is fast reviving all its old-time energy. Its latest enterprise is the collection under the direction of Professor Cooney of a complete library on the subject of journalism. The thousand or so of periodicals already in the department are being classified and arranged, and a card index to the library is being prepared. In the future the young journalists will find it easy to secure readily all materials dealing with the various phases of newspaper work.

The local drive for the Knights of Columbus social center building was the matter discussed by the building committee at their meeting Friday evening. The explanatory circular letter and the pamphlet, to be sent to all members, are ready for the press, and as soon as they are printed the active work will begin. The Knights feel certain that all the students will aid the cause enthusiastically when they will have

heard of the advantages the new building will be to them. With a continuation of the good spirit that has been demonstrated thus far, the building should be easily completed and paid for by June.

The new steam tables for the Notre Dame cafeteria were shipped from Chicago last Wednesday. These tables are to be set up in the west end of the cafeteria, and in them all victuals will be placed and kept warm until served. Two new water-founts also are to be installed. These improvements will greatly facilitate the serving of students during the rush hours in the morning and at noon.

Brother Leander of St. Edward's Hall, Brother Arnold of the Department of Engineering and Brother Owen of the Catholic Central High School, Fort Wayne, a member of last year's junior class, had the privilege of pronouncing their final vows on January 10, in the chapel of St. Joseph's Novitiate. On the same occasion the following novices made their temporary profession: Brothers Harold, Theodore, Salinus, Agatho, Lambert, Anselm, Paulinus, and Firmin. Cordial congratulations, Brothers!

The Notre Dame Knights of Columbus held their first business meeting of the new year last Tuesday night at seven o'clock in the council chamber in Walsh Hall, with sixty Knights present. Reports were made by numerous members in regard to the collection of funds for the proposed social center building. Some new projects to raise the necessary money were considered, one of which is to be a minstrel show in the near future, to be got ready under the able direction of Father Eugene Burke. Coffee, sandwiches, and cigars were served after the meeting.

The sophomores met and organized on Monday evening, January 13. The law room in Sorin rang with the cheers of the "peppiest" crowd of midway men that Notre Dame has had for sometime. "Jerry" Hoar, of LaSalle, Illinois, was elected to wield the big stick for the rest of the year. Charley Davis, the Indianapolis "jazz king" did credit to Washington Hall in getting himself made vice-president. George Douglass O'Brien, the pride of Illinois, was chosen custodian of the plumes, and D. Walford Duffy, of Ohio, the smallest man in the class, was the only one who could be trusted with the funds.

Personals.

Lieut. H. A. Richwine sends from France the season's greetings to Brother Florian, C. S. C., at Notre Dame.

William A. Deary, now stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, announces his intention of returning to Notre Dame to complete his course.

Joseph Murray (LL. B., '11) is now a member of the firm of Kelly, Murphy and Murray, with offices at 618-21 Dayton Savings and Trust Building, Dayton, Ohio.

"Another mud hole in France sends greetings of the season," says Louis Keifer (Journ., '17), in a card recently received. "Lou" hopes to be home for next commencement, if possible.

Ralph J. ("Kufu") McCaffery, who unfortunately was forced to spend his Christmas vacation in St. Joseph Hospital, is with us again, and assures us that he has more "pep" than ever.

Leo Fitzgerald, who for several years was a student here and who is now a member of the Field Artillery in France, has been confined to a base hospital as the result of injuries received when his horse was shot.

Thomas J. Hanifin, the popular SCHOLASTIC editor, has been called to his home in Akron, Ohio, on account of the sudden illness of his father. Tom writes that the illness is serious, but let us hope and pray for the best.

Paul Scofield, formerly of Walsh Hall, has returned, having successfully completed his work at Decatur, Illinois. While at Miliken University in that city, Lieut. Scofield was for a time commanding officer, in which capacity he reflected credit on his training received at Notre Dame.

William "Dave" Robinson, a member of the SCHOLASTIC board of last year and a junior in the classics course, left at the beginning of the new year for St. Lawrence's College, Montreal. "Dave" was for several years one of the most popular boys of the Seminary, and it was with regret both on his part and on the part of those who know him that he left.

Persistent rumors are afloat on the college campus that Earl Gilfillan, who won the all-around championship in the indoor carnival at at Illinois University last winter, will return to Notre Dame next month. If there is anybody

who would like to see Gilfillan back in the fold, it is our genial athletic director, Knute K. Rockne. Gilfillan's absence would be sorely felt in the coming indoor season.

The President of the University has received the following postcard from Louis F. Kiefer '16, who is now in France: "Happy New Year to you and the Faculty. All the students I knew at N. D. are over here, I guess, as I have met N. D. men in nearly every town I have visited in France and England. Don't know now whether it is U. S. or Germany for the First American Army."

Paul R. Conaghan, a sophomore of last year, has returned to the University. Paul entered the Officers' Training School at Fort Sheridan last July. There, after two months, he was commissioned second lieutenant, and later was sent to the Small Arms Firing School at Camp Perry. On October 14, he was assigned as one of the four adjutants of the S. A. T. C. of Loyola University.

Charles Vaughn, a graduate of Notre Dame's law school, will soon be established in his elegant new office at Lafayette, Indiana. "Charley" has just returned from the Navy, in which service he would have been commissioned in a few weeks. His brother "Vint," LL. B., '17, who has been serving for many months, as a Knights of Columbus secretary in France will become an associate in the law firm when he returns.

Seamen "Jerry" Jones, a former football star of Notre Dame, paid the University a visit on Sunday. As a member of the Lakes football team of 1918, "Jerry" now proudly wears a big sheep-skin coat, on the left sleeve of which is the insignia of the Great Lakes Training Station. As at Notre Dame, "Jerry" was one of the stellar guards for his team. Leave it to the Notre Dame boys to make the best of their circumstances.

Francis P. Monighan, who received a degree in the arts and letters course at the 1918 commencement exercises, has entered St. Bonaventure's seminary at Alleghany, N. Y. In a letter to one of his colleagues, Mr. Monighan writes that the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC is highly esteemed by the students at the Alleghany institution. For the last three years Mr. Monighan acted as assistant master of ceremonies in the University church.

Leo Berner, Ph. B., in Journ., '17, and the last member of the 1917 class to be called to the colors, received his honorable discharge at Camp Taylor, Ky. After a few weeks at camp, Berner was promoted to the rank of sergeant and worked in the Trade Test Section. He contemplates returning to the newspaper game. Before leaving for camp, Berner was the state editor of the South Bend *Tribune* and established for himself an enviable record.

"Charley" Bachman, one of Notre Dame's most widely known and best athletes, has been made director of athletics at Northwestern University, Evanston. "Charley" was released recently from the Navy, and his former reputation, coupled with his invaluable work on the Great Lakes team, made him a very prominent figure in the world of athletics. Previous to the war, he at coached DePauw University. That he will be a great success in his new position is the hope and the belief of everyone Notre Dame.

Alexander A. Szczepanik, the property man at the University gymnasium, who was honorably discharged from Camp Upton, N. Y., and whose "nom de plume" is "Alfred Alexander," has assumed the duty of publicity man for South Bend, Indianapolis, and Chicago papers. Another student who has renewed his activities in publicity is Charles A. Grimes, a junior in the journalism department. Grimes was one of the first Notre Dame men to volunteer for service in the spring of 1917. Now watch this duet do the "scooping!"

The President of the University received recently from Captain Albert C. Fortin, of the 22nd Engineers, A. E. F., France, a very interesting card in verse, bringing the Christmas and New Years greetings of the Captain's regiment. Engraved on the front is the seal of the unit, showing the American eagle rampant and the insignia of the Engineer Corps, topped with the regimental slogan, "Assayons"—"Let us Try." Captain Fortin graduated in Law from Notre Dame in 1901 and took his Master's degree in the same subject in 1902. He was one of Notre Dame's most prominent football men during his college years and was captain of the team during his last year of play. After finishing school he became a construction engineer and was associated with one of the largest companies on the Pacific Coast. At the outbreak of the war in 1917 he promptly enlisted in the service. The Captain is a most loyal son of old Notre Dame, and she is heartily proud of all his successes.

Athletic Notes.

PURDUE 31; NOTRE DAME 13.

In the initial appearance of the 1919 season, the Notre Dame basketball team was defeated by the strong Purdue University quintette last Tuesday evening at Lafayette by a score of 31 to 13. Lack of practice spelled the defeat for the Gold and Blue, while the victors have been practising since last fall and had played three regular games prior to meeting Notre Dame. This first defeat does not discourage Coach Dorais or the players, who are confident of winning most of the games of their schedule. Coach Dorais was satisfied with the exhibition his men gave in the first game against a seasoned combination.

The boilermakers very promptly captured the lead in the first half-minute of play when Al Smith, the lanky Purdue center, dropped a long one through the hoop. Bahan evened it up on the next tip-off. Smith again caged one, giving Purdue the lead which they kept throughout the remainder of the encounter. Coach Dorais' men fought their opponents every minute, and played remarkably well, considering the fact that the team had practiced less than a week. The boys displayed the old N. D. spirit, but team work was lacking and the play was marred by long passes. Another week of good hard work will find the team in first-class fighting form.

Capt. Bahan played at forward his usual steady game, making most of Notre Dame's points. Joe Brandy at the other forward position caged a pair and his passing was superb. Dorais anchored old "Rock-of-Gibraltar" Stine under the basket. The Purdue tossers won't forget him, as he spoiled so many of their chances to score. "Pitch" Smith and Hayes held down the roving guard position and kept things lively for the Downstaters. Gipp and Bader showed well in spots. Gipp handles the circle job nicely, except that he needs to jump a little higher.

Al Smith, Purdue's center, was with his eight baskets, the star for the opponents. He received good support from his mates, who played a clever passing game. The line-up:

PURDUE	POSITION	NOTRE DAME
Markley	Forward	Bader
Tilson, Beall	Forward	Brandy
Smith, Campbell	Center	Bahan, Gipp
Whipkus	Guard	Hayes
Coffing	Guard	Stine

Letters from the Soldiers.

American E. F., France,
November 30, 1918.

Dear Father and Mother:

After an absence of six weeks I am back with my regiment and every one from the colonel to the last private says he is glad to see me again; so I feel as if I had returned home. I had been reported missing, then as captured, and finally as having been killed. I had the rather unique distinction of meeting the man who had buried me. But I guess the best way to tell my experiences of the past two months is to begin at the beginning.

We went into the line on the tenth of October on the Champagne front and began a drive at once. The Germans used everything they had against us. Artillery fire, machine-gun fire, rifles, gas, and even bombs from airplanes were common, but our casualties were not very great. We made very good progress, meeting few of the German infantry, as they depended almost entirely on machine guns to delay us. They did not hope to stop us, as they were retreating all along the line. A few days of such work, though, is about all a man wants. You fight all day and dig all night, and rations and water come up about every three or four days. The worst thing we hit was when we were in support. We were under continuous artillery fire twenty-six hours, with no cover except holes in the ground, and worst of all, we were under direct observation from the German lines. It certainly tries your soul to lay there day and night while shells hit all around, unable to do anything but wait for the shell that has your number on it. Machine-gun and rifle fire are not so bad, because you can fight back.

A few nights later I met my Waterloo, or rather Elba, for I returned. The major and I went well into the German lines to reconnoiter. We had picked up considerable information and were getting along nicely when two machine guns opened fire on us from only about fifty yards away. Of course we hit the ground but the bullets were coming uncomfortably close and Germans began to show up all around: so we decided that the locality was rather unhealthy and proceeded to "beat it." I ran squarely into seven or eight of the enemy and of course they grabbed me. How the major got back is a mystery he is still trying to solve.

For the next day and night I was taken to the rear, being with the rear guard of the retreating army. It was during this day that I really began to hate the Germans. Before this I had looked on them in a rather impersonal way, but the things I saw that day made me look on them as personal enemies. Everything was destroyed, every town burned, and when night came the sky was red from burning villages, in every direction, as far as you could see. They had no intelligence officer at regimental or division headquarters who could speak English, and so the second night they sent me in charge of two mounted guards to corps headquarters to be examined. It was raining hard and about seven o'clock we came to a place where a thick woods came down to the side of the road. It looked good to me; so I ducked in front of one of the horses and hit the woods. The underbrush was so

thick that the guard could not follow me on horseback, and they had to content themselves with shooting. They fired four or five shots each and that was the last I saw or heard of my guard. Incidentally I might mention that I may not have broken any world's record for speed going through those woods, but I did make time.

As it rained all night I could not guide on the stars and of course they had taken my compass, but occasionally I could hear a big gun, and I guided in the direction of the sound. The roads were deserted, I avoided all towns, and had no trouble. When morning came I was within five hundred yeards of our lines, but it was impossible to go across No Man's Land during the day; so I hid in an old shack to wait for the next night. All day I lay there soaking wet and with nothing to eat, but very happy, because I thought that by the next morning I should be back with our troops. However, all my hopes went smack about five o'clock in the evening when two soldiers took the fool idea to explore my hiding place,—and I was a prisoner again. That night was the hardest I had while a prisoner. From seven in the evening until four-thirty in the morning I was compelled to keep up with monted guards without being given a single rest. The guards were rather comical. They were so afraid I might try to get away again that they carried their pistols in their hands the entire night.

During the next ten days I was in nine prison camps, moving to the rear all of the time. Every camp had a story, but I shall have to wait until I see you to tell you about them. Finally I reached Sedan and found a rather large camp there and about thirty Americans. The next day I discovered a possible way of escape and arranged with an artillery corporal to leave that night. We succeeded in getting some bread and when it became dark we were ready.

The building we were in was in the center of the town and had been an orphanage before the war. On one side of the building was a paved court with a grass plot about ten yards square. A second story window opened directly over the grass space and the nearest guard was about thirty yards away; so we figured we could make the jump without his hearing us. It worked as we planned and we were soon in the street. By that time the moon had come up, and we had to walk through eleven city blocks in the bright moonlight. We passed any number of German soldiers and officers, but for some reason they paid no attention to us. We travelled all night, and could take a straight course as the stars were out. At dawn we hid in a small woods but had hardly got located when a Boche battery came up and went into action at the edge of the woods. So we had to lie very low all day. The next night we travelled without anything happening until about two o'clock when we came to a river. It was too cold to swim and we could not find a boat. Things looked bad. We boarded a freight, hoping to ride over, but were discovered and had to run. Finally, we decided to walk across the bridge, though we knew it was guarded, and try to bluff the guards; it failed, for they had all been notified to be especially watchful that night for two Americans. The next day we were taken back to Sedan and given four days of solitary. I can assure you that sitting in a room with no bed, no fire, and only some water for rations, for four days, is anything but my idea of a good time.

After I had finished my solitary, they sent me to and officers' camp in Karlsruhe, Germany. The day after arriving I went to bed with influenza. The Germans were dying in large numbers from it and for four or five days the officers with me thought I was gone. The prison doctor would not even come over to see me but sent an orderly. He would take my temperature and tell how much it was. I would ask him, "Is that bad?" and he would say, "Yes, very," and walk away. The officers kept asking the doctor for medicine but he always refused, claiming that they had none, until finally one of the lieutenants went over and threatened to whip him if he did not give me something. In about half an hour he came back with a young drug store.

I had been out of bed three days when I ran into an English aviator who had figured out a way to escape; so I left with him. Everything went well until we came to the Rhine River, when we had the same trouble I had had on my second escape. We hunted for four hours for a boat but could find none. The river was very cold and swift, and we could not swim it. Finally we decided to walk across the bridge and take a chance on the guards. When we got to the other side of the bridge we ran into six sentries and four of them took us in charge to take us to the guard house. We ran for it, and, though they all shot as fast as they could, we escaped without a scratch. After getting out of that we were so happy that we carelessly walked into another bunch, who turned a machine gun loose on us, but again we were lucky and neither of us was hit. That night we walked thirty-five kilometers without anything happening and at dawn hid out in the woods. We had scarcely settled down when soldiers began coming along a near-by road; a number of them would wander into the woods, and to keep out of their sight we had to cover up with leaves. Lying under a pile of leaves for eight hours on a cold November day is another experience that might be beaten for pleasure.

The next night we travelled all night, but it went rather hard with me as I was still weak from the influenza and our food had given out. The next day we hid in a stack of reeds and saw no one until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when a young "kid" discovered us. We grabbed him, tied him up, and were about to gag him when he made us understand that he was an Alsatian and a friend. He told us the last Germans had left there about noon. After a long discussion we decided to believe him and went over to to a little village near by, and sure enough every house was decorated with the French flag. They gave us a good hot meal and took us to Strassburg in a buggy.

We arrived in the evening and the French troops had come that morning. You can imagine how wild the city was. The people were delirious with joy at being in France again, and after being under Germany for forty years. Of course two escaped prisoners were as welcome as the flowers in May. One of the city council took charge of us and after feeding us a wonderful supper took us out to his mansion for the night. The next day we went to Metz and there took the

first train that had run across No Man's Land since the beginning of the war, and arrived at Nancy a few hours later. There we caught the Paris express. Of course we were in rags and had no money, but that made no difference. We were welcomed in the finest hotels and houses until we were fairly embarassed with the attentions that were showered on us.

At Paris my English friend left for London, but a number of American officers took me in charge and proceeded to show me about Paris. Of course the place was wild over the armistice and for two days we had a wonderful time. I ran out and paid a visit to Notre Dame one afternoon and was certainly repaid for my trouble.

In Paris I received orders to rejoin my division, but as it was moving back, it took me nearly a week to catch them. Finally on Thanksgiving evening I reached my regiment and reported. They had given me up for dead and were tickled to death to see me again. I felt as if I had come back to a bunch of brothers. The major had become lieutenant colonel during my absence. He spent almost the entire night telling me how lucky he was to have escaped when they got me. When I had been captured he spent the whole night looking for me but had been unable to find out anything.

I found that I had been recommended for a war cross for some work I had done the day before the Germans got me, but as the armistice was signed before the recommendation was passed on, I doubt if I shall get it. My commission as a captain was all made out waiting for the time when we should come out of the line, but, of course, when I disappeared the vacancy was filled up with another lieutenant.

During the three weeks the regiment had been fighting on the front and for the one hundred and fifty miles it had marched coming back to this station, they had taken care of all my baggage just in the hope that I might show up. So in a short time I had changed all my clothes and looked and felt as usual. I came through the entire affair without even a cold, though I lost about thirty-five pounds during the six weeks I was away from the organization.

About the treatment of the prisoners, the big air raids the Allies made every night on the German towns, the German revolution and the like, I could write for days, but I am back on the job again, and so, am afraid shall have to wait until I see you to tell you all about it. However, I cannot resist giving you an idea of the menu in the prison camps. For breakfast you got a bowl of so-called coffee made from barley. Dinner consisted of a bowl of soup of cabbage and carrots; supper, a bolw of coffee, same as at breakfast, and a small slice of bread. Of course this was not so bad for the officers, who did not have to work, but the men who were made to do twelve hours of hard work a day on such food were almost starved. I saw some English who had stood it for three years; they scarcely looked like men, they were so emaciated.

I wrote one letter while a prisoner, but if you receive it do not believe anything in it, as it was written for the benefit of the German censor-to take suspicion from me and make it easier to get away. I also sent a card through the Red Cross, announcing that I was a prisoner, and when I reached Paris I cabled that I was back in France safe; so you should have nothing to worry about now.

We are in a little town near Tonnere, and the rumor that we shall be here a month in being equipped and then move into Austria as part of the army of occupation. As the major is now lieutenant colonel, my old job as adjutant was gone. Hence I am now back in the line with Company E. You can not begine to realize how good it feels to be back.

I hope you are both well and have escaped the influenza, which, I understand, has been rather common in the States. I shall write as usual from now on and hope to hear from you before long. A letter of yours written on the sixth of the month came yesterday and was surely welcome.

Your loving son,

(1st Lieut.) M. E. Walter.

Co. E., 143rd Infantry,
36th Division, A. E. F.

France, Oct. 20, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Reeve:

The news of your gallant son's* death has doubtless been communicated to you before this time. The duty of conveying the sad news to you is not mine, but I do want to tell you how much his splendid qualities and character were appreciated in this regiment.

Words are so impotent at a time like this. I realize that it is far beyond my poor power to say anything that will help you to bear your great loss, yet I feel that you will be glad to hear of him from one who was with him shortly before he died.

In an attack on October 4th, the major commanding your son's battalion was killed. Lieut. Reeve immediately took command and carried forward with extraordinary skill and courage, handling the battalion so well that the colonel was quite content to leave it in his hands.

The succeeding nights were very trying, but we never once had occasion to worry about the first battalion. My work as regimental operations officer brought me into contact with your son each day. He was always so superbly calm and indifferent to danger that I found it a great relief to talk with him.

On the morning of October 6th our attacking battalion met with such fierce resistance that we were forced to engage another battalion to carry the objective. I shall never forget how gloriously your son led his men into that inferno of bursting shell and whirring bullets. With such a leader they were irresistible.

The last word that I heard him utter was "Forward." You who know him so well can imagine how he looked when he said it, his face aflame, transfigured with the exaltation that surges in the hearts of men of high courage when they go into battle.

When the report of his death was brought back by runner we were stunned. It seemed incredible that young life so glowing and so vital could have been destroyed, and in the real sense it has not been. His spirit lives and the memory of his heroism will always be an inspiration to the officers and men of the 23rd.

The death of your son and of others of my comrades

* Lieutenant Charles B. Reeve, LL. B, 1917.

gives me a most poignant understanding of Col. McCrae's immortal poem, "In Flanders Fields." I am enclosing you a copy of it. Be sure, sir, that we shall hold high the "Torch," and death, if it come, will not be bitter because of the beautiful and brave who have gone ahead.

I am unable to give you all the details of Charlie's death and burial, but I believe that Lieutenant Gardiner has done that. If there is anything that I can do for you please do not hesitate to ask me. It will be a privilege.

We send to you and yours our sincere sympathy.

James H. Sharp,
2nd Lieut. 23rd Infantry.

Safety Valve.

ANYTHING BUT THAT.

I could forgive you friend if you had knocked
Each precious little tooth out of my head.
I would not wish you ill though you should steal
The clothes I wear, my food, and very bed.
If you should kick the baby in the face
And with a relish eat my wife's right ear
I'd love you still—but I can not forgive
The Christmas gift you bought for me last year.

If you had got your aged uncle drunk
And brought him to a junk shop in a van,
And asked him to pick out a pretty gift
He could not have selected worse—oh, man!
If you had fed a savage turpentine
And poured vanila extract in his ear
He would have had more brains than to seiect
The Christmas gift you bought for me last year.

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I was holding a football one day in my hand
It was just before playing Purdue,
And the glittering pigskin had just been pumped up
And was smooth as the white throat of you,
As the last whistle blew our opponents came out
And I said to myself, "Here's the victim,"
When a young freshy seeing the bale in my hand
Whispered "give me a kick"—so I kicked him.

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It is suggested that the shot-putters and hammer-throwers practice in the Main Building after Christmas, so we won't feel lonesome for the S. A. T. C.

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WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "THINK"?

The students are back. Pictures of *her* are being pinned up over every desk. Long hours of meditation and adoration are indulged in, and yet the class marks are still in the 40's and 50's with these comments added by the teachers, "No Application." "Has not learned to Think."

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What has become of the old-fashioned man who never heard of pajamas?

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Whatever may be its defects we have to admit, at least that the new theory of moral suasion has done away with boot jacks.

IT DON'T GET ME ANYWHERE.

New year has come, but, dearest friend,
What has it done for me?
Just tacked a year upon my age
Nor raised my salary.

I'm just as homely as I was,
My nose is just as red,
I have to work and cannot spend
My afternoons in bed.

The gas bill comes just as of yore,
I have to pay for meat,
It's strange that now, as in the past,
A fellow has to eat.

An auto still I seek in vain,
My wife must have new dresses,
Time has not taught her how to live
Upon my fond caresses.

The pipes still freeze, the gas jets leak,
The carbon lights still blink,
A plumber comes with wrench in hand
And sleeps beneath the sink.

I have to wind the clock each night
And put the cat out doors,
And gravey that the servant spills
Still seems to stain the floors.

I have a touch of house-maids' knee,
This added to the gout
Was all the help I seemed to have
To blow the old year out.

New Year has come, some folks carouse
And spend the night in glee,
But I don't give a tinker's dam—
What's New Year's done for me?

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BRING ON THE JASS BAND.

She was a girl whose bright eyes shone
Like stars in a dark sky,
Her neck was smooth as velvet plush
Although her brow was high.
Most every one who passed the maid
Would throw a furtive glance
Across her way, until they found
She had St. Vitus' dance.

Her small arched lips like rubies gleamed,
She worked them all day long,
She bobbed her head and twicht her feet
And studdered bits of song,
Since she was all alone, folks thought
Her lover was in France,
Until they came to understand
She had St. Vitus' dance.

She could not do the fox-trot well,
She never danced the bear,
And when a waltz was played her man
Would leave her in despair;
A one-step never suited her,
But no one else perchance
Was such an artist in her line—
She had St. Vitus' dance.