

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 14.

Village Churches.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

(Chaplain 117th Engineers, A. E. F., in the *Catholic World*.)

GOD help you, little churches,
That were the help of God,
A broken-hearted host that War
Shattered, and spurned, and trod—
You are the saddest ruins left
Above the saddest sod!

A hundred years, a thousand,
You were the holy place,
An ocean and a river
Of the white tides of grace,
Now only stones and mortar
And in the dust, your face.

You were the happy prison
That Love's great Captive chose,
To have among His children
His house and His repose,
Where all the saints, like lilies,
Bloomed round the Mystic Rose.

O sundered bars, O broken cage,
O God that was your Bird,
No more within His secret bower
The Dove's low voice is heard;
The rain falls through your open roof
And you are all unstirred.

O lonely little villages
Where never God comes by,
No nearer than the heavens,
The far and fearful sky—
Who used to dwell within you,
The Apple of your Eye.

I speak not of cathedrals
Whose ruin robs the arts,
But little village churches
And broken village hearts

Where living faith and love abide
Though hope almost departs.

Almost, but they are minded
Of deeper than this gloom,
The age-long hours of anguish
And the dead Bridegroom,
And all in a sunny morning
An invincible tomb.

Dear Christ, these little churches,
You were their only pride:
I crawl into their ruins
As into Your wounded side,
And know that in The Church, Lord,
You evermore abide.

Concerning Ancestors.

BY ROBERT THORNTON.

LIKE a certain Miss Canine for the reason that she has never told me that her ultimate ancestor was a dog-fancier, or a kennel-master to the King of England. If she had so enlightened me to that effect I would no doubt have felt it necessary to inform her that my ultimate ancestor was called by that name because he plucked thorns from the roses in the king's garden. We could never have, on that basis, been the good friends that we are; for a friendship founded on a foundation of lies can be no real friendship. A lying friendship is simply a contradiction in terms.

As it happened, and fortunately, the tales were never told. I do not think that a dog-fancier in Miss Canine's family would have had any great effect on her in either direction; but there were no dog-fanciers among her immediate kindred, nor have there been any gardeners in mine; hence we had no reason to feel for our ancestry and consequently no cause for disagreement. Really, even fathers and

mothers count for very little. I have sat at table with a blacksmith's daughter, the niece of an Austrian count, and a saloon-keeper's son, and none of them has caused me to be ill at ease. The Austrian was very ordinary, the ex-blacksmith's daughter as perfect a lady as any convent school ever produced, and the saloon-keeper's son was the only one who refused the wine. If parentage has no more influence on people than this, why should we look to ancestry to make us worth while?

Ancestry must have the very opposite effect from that commonly ascribed to it, if we are to believe the claims voiced by some of our friends. You have heard of people, very decent people, gentlemanly men and lady-like women, claiming descent from one of the moral blots on the pages of history. On the other hand, there is the proverbial minister's son.

Ancestry is in a great part foolishness. However, I do believe that blood will tell in a man. But for one to trace his ancestry—that is sheer foolishness. If you are a gentleman, and are descended from a noble house, your conduct will publish the fact sooner and more effectively than your words could ever declare it; and if you are such a gentleman, what need is there to bring in a family tree to prove it?

It is always the ignoble chap who boasts most loudly of his noble blood. That is how I know I am not really noble, how I know there is a peasant strain in me somewhere—because I can not help making an occasional reference to the title that was in our family before the conquest of Ireland. The fact that Miss Canine is silent on the subject of ancestry is a better proof that she is noble than any number of family trees would be.

No one who makes a show of power is really strong. The political boss who is constantly bragging, generally has as his superior a man who has no apparent connection with politics. Similarly, no one is so plebeian as the man who boasts of blood. If he were really an aristocrat one could feel the fact—he would not need to boast of his patrician ancestry. There are many untitled men who are of more noble family than the highest titled ones; there is more uncrowned royalty than crowned; and there are more honest blacksmiths and temperate saloon keepers and blue-blooded commoners than moral counts.

Therefore, give the blacksmith's daughter a chance. Vulcan was the son of the highest of

the gods and the wisest of goddesses,—but he was a blacksmith for all that. Real blood will tell more than your words can tell about your ancestry; one blue-blooded deed will raise you more in the eyes of society than a whole forest of family trees. To be continually "spouting" blood, if we may use the slang verb, is to become anaemic.

The Armistice Message.

FRANCIS S. WYSS, '19.

Like a huge mausoleum the world lies asleep; it is dreaming of sons, husbands, brothers in that deadly struggle in northern France. In their slumber anxious eyes observe the fire and smoke spurt from the cannon and anxious ears hear the accompanying din.

But now there is no coruscating battle line, no deafening din; everything has been suddenly hushed. They see but the dying flare; they hear but the closing echo, the falling cadence of war's last shriek resounding over the broad expanse. Into these frightening dreams through the early hours of the morn burst the news of peace.

A feeble, care-worn country mother goes to the window, raises it, and looks out into the startled night. She hears the wild acclamation in the near-by town. As she kneels on the floor with elbows planted on the window sill and her weary head resting on her hands the full significance of peace comes to her like incense wafted from the altar. With straining ears she listens for the returning steps of her long absent boy. From her heart ascends a paean of joy and thanksgiving too tender for words. But, as she listens in earnest she hears no foot-falls of her son.

The silence around her becomes oppressive as she kneels more pensive in the mystic night. And then she becomes gradually and strangely conscious of some calamity. A bright star reveals itself in a bit of unobscured sky. She recognizes it as her son's gold star, which the angels have hung there, for he lies asleep now, deaf to the triumph of his own victory. The silent mother needs not the painful message of men. She bows in sorrow to receive her son's blessing shed upon her by the lone star. Even the moon is veiled in sympathetic mourning. But now she feels no sorrow. Another star appears, another soul has been released.

Père Berdeau.

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

In summer the valley of the St. Joseph was a paradise. Bank on bank, tier on tier of foliage lined the winding river from Fort Miami to the village of the Pottawatomies. The sun rose gloriously over the dew-sparkled grass in the morning, it warmed the gentle breezes that stirred the fresh green leaves at noon time, and at evening sank into a pillow of crimson and golden clouds. And night time was such as Paradise might well envy. The moon tinged the atmosphere with a pale greenish light, and through the black shadows of the tree-lined shore, it danced on the beautiful stream to the mysterious wailing of the hoot-owl.

Nature had lavished her choicest gifts at the Fort of St. Joseph. Here, a century before, the early French missionaries had paused and thanked God for designing such wondrous beauty. La Salle and Hennepin were solemnly impressed with its majesty and grandeur under the white ermine of winter; and on their return to the spot in summer they wept because all men could not behold this lovely creation of the great Artist.

Those were the days when the music of the Roman Church reechoed through the wilderness for the first time; those days saw the French making liberal treaties with the Indians and winning the everlasting respect and veneration of those savages. In the winter the frozen river served as a path for the fur-laden *courier de bois*, whose snow-shoes left their tell-tale trail behind him.

But French domination had closed now. In the bitter strife that lost the Lilies of France, was found the flag of the English. Frenchmen never gave up the hope that the land might some day be called New France again. The Indians were constantly assured that their friend, the great French king, would wake from his sleep and come to reclaim the land for himself and for his Indians.

On this May morning, the sun rose over the hills to greet the English flag that flapped in the summer breeze. Located on a grassy eminence, the little palisade guarded the river of St. Joseph. Across the stream was the Catholic chapel, where lived a French priest, Père

Berdeau, who served the Indians both up and down the river. He seldom came to the Fort; under the Flag of King George lived no Papists. When the old priest did deign to come, however, which was always through necessity, he was treated with courtesy because the commandant knew it was the "black-robe" who kept the Indians peaceful.

On this particular morning Père Berdeau stood in the door of his chapel, watching up the river, as if he were expecting someone. He turned his eyes to the sand hills, covered with evergreen trees which glistened in the morning sunlight. Down the river, almost before he noticed it, sped a canoe in which were seated several Indians. They greeted their pastor by waving their hands. When they arrived at the path which led up to the chapel, the boat was drawn to the shore and the Indians alighted. Their moccasined feet made no sound as they climbed the sandy path down which Father Berdeau was coming to welcome them. The old man smiled cordially. He, indeed, loved his Indians.

"Meenawah," he said, "you are late. I looked for you two days ago."

"Meenawah is much occupied," returned the savage.

"You are too occupied to come to your friend?" asked the priest.

"All Indians are busy," interrupted another of the savages.

The priest looked perplexed. "What new plan are you devising now?" he inquired. The Indians returned no answer.

Having reached the chapel which served also as a dwelling for the priest, the savages retired to the woods back of the chapel with the exception of Meenawah. He squatted himself on the ground near a rustic bench on which Père Berdeau seated himself. For a long time silence continued. Then, as one well-assured and possessing positive information, Meenawah said, "French king will wake soon."

"What do you mean?" said the priest.

"French king kill the English pretty soon," was the rejoinder.

"From whom have you gotten this information?" asked Père Berdeau. The savage did not reply.

"Meenawah," said the priest, "I want you to tell me what you mean. Am I not a Frenchman and your black-robe? Have I not been your friend these many years? You mean to

make war on the English. You must tell me. What is it?"

The Indian arose from the ground and folding his arms across his breast, he said: "Meenawah tell you, Père. Big fight with English over all lands. Your King is wake now. He will send many men and much money after we kill British."

"Are you going to seize that place, too?" asked the priest pointing across the river to the poor garrison. The Indian nodded.

"Will you kill them all?" he inquired, looking wistfully at the savage. Again the Indian nodded.

"Do you think it would be right to kill the women and children?" he asked in a pleading tone.

"Yes," answered the savage hotly. "Did they not kill our women and children? Did not they kill the French?" The savage was majestic as he stood over the priest, his head thrown erect and his long black hair hanging loosely around his bronzed face. The priest bowed his whitened head, and tears dropped from his eyes.

"When are you going to rise?" he asked as he lifted his face to the savage.

"Tomorrow night we shall come. But you will not be here. You will come with us tonight."

The white-haired priest leaned against the chapel wall and sighed. Thoughts raced rapidly through his mind. How could he save the women and children in the Fort? It is true, they would hardly believe him if he told them a massacre was at hand, but he felt it his duty to tell them. The Indians would think it the height of folly for a Frenchman to do such a favor for an Englishman. It was evident, then, that if he was to do anything for the guard inside the Fort, he must do it unbeknown to the Indians. Nay, more, he must make the Indians believe that he heartily approved of their plan. Tears came to his eyes, as with hand pointed at the English flag, he began: "Yes, my friend, there waves the banner of England where once the Catholic flag of France did blow! Under it now lives the lazy, cheating English, the enemy of the red-man. Long was the struggle for her possession of it. Stained were the hills with Frenchmen's blood; terrible the battles round the palisades. But now, the great king wakes. He shall come to strike. You are his soldier. Do thou thy duty, Meenawah!" Saying this, Père Berdeau entered the chapel. His heart

was heavy. Meenawah signalled for the Indians in the woods. He peered into the chapel. The priest was kneeling on a rude priedieu before the rough, little altar.

During the day the Indians did not allow the priest to leave their sight. They had eaten at noon some dried venison which the Indians had brought with them and the priest furnished some corn-cakes. In the evening, while still it was light, the Indians, taking the priest with them, went to the river for the purpose of embarking. As the priest stepped into the boat he looked across the river. From the palisade, John Bassett, the Commandant, was viewing their departure. With a sorrowful heart the priest raised his hand as if in benediction. The Englishman responded with the same gesture. All hope of saving the Fort with this genial occupant and his wife and small children was now lost.

It was quite dark when they arrived at the camp of the Indians. The camp fires burned brightly and from the river could be seen blanketed forms crouching around the warm embers. Meenawah whistled and immediately dark forms came from the bushes near the river's edge. Without a word Père Berdeau was handed over to them and conducted to the rear of the camp. As the priest was passing among the teepees he noticed that no men were present,—only women and children. Not even they recognized him. He turned to one of his guards to ask where the men were, but the sternness of the savage's face forbade him to speak. He was led to the farthest tent, before which was a small fire. One of the Indians pointed inside, and the priest entered. He listened carefully and heard the Indians go away.

He fell on his knees and pressing the crucifix to his lips, determined that he would do all in his power to save the English, even though he should lose the friendship of the savages. He pondered over several possible ways of notifying them. Perhaps, he thought, it would be possible to strike the conscience of some good Indian who might then run to the Fort to tell the Commandant to flee to the nearest well-fortified place. But on second thought, he concluded that it would be better for him to go himself. He peered out of the flap of the teepee. No one was in sight. Only the stars looked out from the blue-black sky. The moon was just beginning to rise. A faint breeze stirred the

embers to spasmodic flames, and blew sparks all about. The rustling of the leaves might well conceal his own escape. He decided that he would try to reach the Fort that night and return immediately, so that the Indians might not miss him. To make as little noise as possible he took off his shoes. Then creeping from beneath his tent on the shaded side he raised himself to get his bearings and strode off into the dark night. He looked back at the camp, but as before, he could distinguish no men. All were women. He thought that the men had gone up the river for a conference, perhaps.

Away from the camp, the priest made his way to the river, where by chance, the rising moon shone on the white bark of a frail canoe. He thanked Providence for such good fortune. Now, with swift work, he could reach the Fort in two hours. Just as he swung into midstream, a shot blazed from the thicket on the shore. The bullet passed through the white hair of the priest. He stretched out full length in the canoe. From the bank of the river he heard a confused muttering and a few angry imprecations. He waited in this position for some time, but hearing nothing raised himself and guided and paddled the boat as best he could. How calmly the moon appeared on this May evening! The water rippled and sparkled beneath its silver light and the breeze sang drowsily through the trees. The priest paddled on swiftly. Once he heard a splash behind him as that of a fish jumping out of the water. He looked back over his shoulder in time to see a dusky head dip beneath the surface of the river. His heart beat anxiously as he waited for the savage form to re-appear. With paddle upraised he waited, and when the head again came up, the priest lowered the paddle swiftly and deftly on the head of the savage. Stunned, the savage leaped out of the water, and as he sank back, the priest snatched the black hair in his hands. Holding the head of the savage above the water with one hand, he steered the canoe to the shore with the other, and when he came to the bank of the river, he jumped from the canoe, dragged the Indian to land, wrapped a blanket about him and left him there. Père Berdeau ran back to the canoe and swung rapidly into midstream again. He worried about the condition of the Indian, but believed that he had been merely stunned. All count of time was lost because of the anxiety and nervousness which the good priest felt. He

thought that he must reach the Fort and return to the camp before morning, so that he might not incur the disfavor of the Indians. The stillness of the night served only to agitate him the more. Occasionally the mournful whistle of some night-bird floated from the black woods. The moon had now risen far into the deep blue heaven and served to light the river, so that the priest found little difficulty in ascertaining where he was.

As he rounded one of the many bends of the river, his eye was attracted by a dull red reflection in the sky to the north. Instantly his heart leaped, he stopped paddling, and a mighty sob shook his rugged frame. Then, as if inspired with new life, he lifted the paddle high in the air, and with both hands firmly grasping the handle, speeded the boat forward with all his might. Each moment the sky grew brighter. The next hour was one of horrible anxiety. He knew now that his services would be useless, but the scene of the crime attracted him irresistibly. He strained his tearful eyes on the northern sky.

Presently he heard shouts, and lo! from around the river bend, he beheld coming towards him a great number of canoes loaded with savages. With alertness, he made for the shore. He was, he believed, not seen by the Indians, exultant as they were over their crime of butchery and bloodshed. The thickets and vines which happened to grow out over the edge of the river concealed the Father admirably from the Indians, and through the wild-grape leaves he beheld them, madly hilarious, piercing the night with their savage yells. Forty or fifty canoes passed him. He waited until long after they had gone by and then once more paddled his way down the river.

An hour later he came to the Fort, now a pile of bright embers. He climbed the little knoll and advanced towards the ruined palisade. He could not restrain the tears. Under that burning building, no doubt, were the bodies of those unsuspecting English whose souls were now passed into eternity. He felt badly too, because the Indians had deceived him. He walked around the building, hoping that he might find some human form. He could see nothing but burning logs. He dropped to his knees, saying very audibly, "May God have—"

For some time, a man whose frenzied eyes betrayed his disturbed state of mind had been watching from the bushes the actions of the

priest.* It was the Commandant of the Fort, who, being away from the Fort for a short time, had escaped the terrible massacre. When in the woods about a mile distant from the Fort, he had heard the terrible cries of the savages mingled with those of the English. Hastening back to the fort he had seen the sky grow red with the burning of the palisade. Terror struck his heart. Most unexpectedly the Indians had risen. Only a few days before he had been assured by the French priest that never before had the Indians been in such a peaceable state. Then he recalled how that very night he had seen the priest go away with the Indians. Immediately he connected the two events. Certainly, he concluded, this priest, with his power for appeasing or inciting the savages, was the instigator of the crime. These thoughts raced through his mind as he hastened blindly through the woods. As he approached the Fort, he grew more cautious. He had arrived in time to see the Indians embarking in their canoes, but had remained hidden in the woods lest some straggler should discover him. He watched the Fort crumble into a burning heap, and with agony in his heart, he heard the screams of a dying woman buried beneath the smouldering ashes. Shortly afterwards, it seemed—although he had lost all track of time—he heard the boat of the priest scrape the sand at the landing. He crept back into the bushes and waited to see who the visitor was. The priest, bare-footed, climbed the hill and walked slowly around the ruins. The heart of the Commandant nearly burst with rage as he beheld this priest whom he believed to be guilty of the deed, returning, as he supposed, to the scene of the crime. He waited until the back of the priest was turned, then grasping a stout cudgel that lay at his feet, he advanced stealthily. He saw the priest fall to his knees. He heard him say "May God have . . ." The cudgel was raised and with terrible accuracy, the Commandant swung with all his might. The priest's body sank to the ground, but from his lips came the whisper, " . . . mercy on their souls."

The Commandant heard the words. His wild eyes reflected the dying flames of the Fort. His hands for the moment tore at his hair, then throwing back his head, he pierced the night with a terrible scream. He looked to right and to left. Then, turning, ran with all speed through the thick forest, his horrible cries re-echoing weirdly through the night.

Varsity Verse.

MY DAISIES.

In my childhood I roamed in the woodland,
And I wandered beneath urban skies,
But my pleasure was found in the meadows,
When the daisies had opened their eyes.

I see them in fancy like billows,
As they surge and resurge in the sea,
But the joys of my childhood and daisies
Are only my sweet memory.

RAYMOND M. MURCH.

LAZYTOWN.

Oh have you heard of this old town
That's on the river Slow?
That's where the Sometime fills the air
And all Go-Easies grow.

It's in the valley What's-the-Use,
The home of Let-her-Slide,
And all the needy I-Don't-Cares,—
Where Give-it-Ups abide.

The town's as old as this great race
It's wrapped with idlers' dreams,
The streets are paved and well inlaid
With old, discarded schemes.

The people there live aimless lives
With ne'er a purpose high,
And in its lazy, stagnant air
Ambitions quickly die.

Heed well the signs of this old town,
And turn the other way;
Turn to the town called Making Good
Where Mayor Success holds sway.

ROBERT LILLA, '22.

AMOROUS ASPIRATIONS.

I long for thee; thy laughing eyes
Shall linger longer with the ties
Of memory; thy lovely art,
Playing its ever winning part,
Reveals the grace of fairer skies.

O what the mind that could surmise
Thy love had craved another prize!
Although I roam in field or mart,
I long for thee.

Behold! Ere I can realize,
Swifter than an eagle flies
The sweetened tip of Cupid's dart
To fire the ardor of my heart;
Anon my spirit louder cries:

I long for thee.

R. M. S.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

My kingdom for a thought!
 The subway is all right as a hole.
 Sarcasm is the weapon of the weak.
 Consider each day's work a life work.
 None so blind as those who will not see.
 The cheerful smile is a radiation of charity.
 There is no use in advertising for lost time.
 Success is the only way to the ladder of fame.
 It takes a wise man to realize what a fool he is.
 Judge others by a true standard, not by yourself.
 Daily study plus review equals a passing mark.
 A dollar in the bank is worth two in your pocket.
 Mere philanthropy is often mistaken for charity.
 When a man is A. W. O. L. he is apt to become S. O. L.
 What a burden our conscience sometimes becomes!
 Germany is celebrating her defeat by numerous parties.
 The wood-pecker thrives by knocking—but he's a bird.
 Spiritual wounds cannot be healed by material applications.
 Tell your troubles sparingly; you alone may be interested.
 "He hath put down the mighty" who wanted to be *uber alles*.
 The best men do not always top-line life's list of performers.
 Work ceases to be prayer when punctuated with profanity.
 Don't repeat a falsehood too often; you may come to believe it.
 Don't condemn a uniformed man as a slacker because he was kept on this side; there are two sides to the war.
 He that controls his imagination can easily master his passions.
 Now that the war is over we shall learn who have been the patriots.
 Hot air never solved any problems for the Fuel Administration.

A true friend pays his debts.
 Being a traitor oneself—that's lying.
 By their books ye shall know them.
 Know thyself, but don't forget others.
 Silence is at least a sign of intelligence.
 A man is no stronger than his weakness.
 The realism of today was romance yesterday.
 We should all keep a spiritual as well as financial balance sheet.
 The way of sorrow seen through the eyes of Faith is the way of God.
 Every mother has two sons: the one she has and the one she thinks she has.
 Good thoughts badly expressed are like good victuals spoiled in the cooking.
 Now that the war is over, what will the newspapers do for "real" headlines?
 The world diplomats at the peace conference are now fighting to prevent war.
 Many a generous Christmas giver will not pay his employees a living wage.
 The Kaiser has the bitter taste of "Black Jack" in his mouth these days.
 Some persons absorb knowledge like a blotter—with the impressions reversed.
 A poor beginning may make a bad ending, but it is better than no beginning at all.
 Swifter than lightning, deadlier than poison, more perfidious than treason—gossip.
 Germany was once too small for the Kaiser, but now he is glad to be in Holland.
 Choose a book as you choose a friend, for books, like people, may prove enemies.
 Influence may get you a position, but only ability and industry can keep it for you.
 I would rather be a kernel of wheat and live than be a mountain of gold destitute of life.
 Speaking of sheepskins, some of us may have to content ourselves with these new-fangled coats.
 What changes the war brought about! Indeed many a spinster aunt sent cigarettes to her "doughboy" nephew.
 The suicide who jumps into the stream would discredit the old adage that "time and the tide wait for no man."
 With reform in politics and prohibition imminently nation-wide, it may be our luck to have the "cigarette rule" made into law by congress about the time we graduate.

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Board of Editors.

THOMAS F. HEALY, '19

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19

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ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20

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LEO RICHARD WARD, '22

JAMES W. HOGAN, '21

CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20

South America appears above the commercial horizon of to-day beckoning to the business men of the world and especially to those of our own

Our Commercial Chance.

country. There in the southern hemisphere lies the greatest field of undeveloped commercial endeavor of the century. That country is willing, even anxious, to throw the bulk of its trade to the more progressive nations. The nation possessing the greatest number of sympathetic manufacturers will doubtless win this South American trade. The war has practically closed the South American ports to the large trading nations of Europe. Part of this neglected trade has already come to the United States. Now that the war is over, the former salesmen of Latin-America will be again bidding for her trade. Now is time for our business men to put in promptly the best bid, thus making the future of American commerce with that country safe. To do this successfully two things are needed—the Spanish language and sympathy. If we learn to talk to the buyer of Chili in his own tongue, we shall have the advantage over the foreign seller who uses an interpreter. We must also sell with sympathy, selling the buyer what he wants, not merely what we have. Thus if we invade South America with a host of Spanish-speaking and sympathetic salesmen the success of American commerce there will be assured. A commercial invasion of this kind would also bring with it an interchange of ideas which would doubtless be of great advantage both to us and to our South American neighbors.—J. S. M.

Revolutionary Germany is a repetition of revolutionary France. Prior to 1914 the world's thoughts were in the direction of peace. No one dreamed that a conflict On to Berlin. such as the one from which we have just emerged could rend the nations of the world. Nor did anyone think that a situation such as once existed in rabble-ruled France was any longer possible. But history does repeat itself. With the downfall of the German arms we find Germany rent by a political dissension and violence seemingly quite as serious as the revolt of the blood-crazed French peasants of century before last. Like the revolutionists of that time, the liberated Huns are now electing, following, and overthrowing leader after leader.

Robespierre, the courtly scoundrel, Danton, the uncouth ruffian, and Murat, the cold and calculating demon, have their counterparts in the Spartacus group of Berlin. Liebknecht, the leader of the radicals, and his lieutenant, "Red Rosa," of Luxemburg, the high priestess of Bolshevism, are re-enacting the deeds of 1793. The reign of terror which they have inaugurated in imitation of their French models has been for them the way to death, as it was for the French leaders. France in her hour of peril and internal dissension was unified under Napoleon Bonaparte to withstand foreign aggression. France found Bonaparte, and Bonaparte made himself "Emperor of France." To-day Germany is facing a foreign invader in the Czech army now marching into eastern Prussia. To save herself Germany must find a leader, a strong man, another Bonaparte. Such is Germany's situation—a torn Germany facing an uncertain future. And yet nothing is plainer in history than that the world is better off without Napoleons. Hence Germany must be shown a way of escaping from the flames of chaotic revolution without landing back in the frying pan of monarchism. The Allied nations should not permit a repetition of the *coup d'état* of the Corsican. The Allied armies must march to Berlin and maintain there law and order, until the German people set up a real government on a true democratic basis, and thus cease to be a menace to the world's peace. Only in this way can the nations realize surely in a general and permanent peace the democratic ideals for which they have sacrificed during the last five years so many lives and so much treasure.—J. S. M.

Local News.

The mid-year examinations began Thursday afternoon and continued until noon to-day. The second semester will begin Monday.

LOST: A gold watch chain, in the Gymnasium Wednesday night between 7:15 and 8:00 o'clock. Finder please leave it with Brother Alphonsus.

The green, white, and orange flag of the Irish Republic was displayed for the first time in Washington Hall during the concert last Saturday and attracted much attention.

The New England Club, one of the liveliest organizations on the campus last year, is to be re-organized at a meeting to be held in the Sorin law room next Monday evening.

Although debates with outside teams have not yet been scheduled, Notre Dame's aspirants will come into their own immediately after examinations. Father Bolger plans to announce the subject for the varsity debates early next week.

The Notre Dame Glee Club is now to be promptly revived after its war-time interruption. An organization meeting of the university's songsters and musicians will be held in Washington Hall early next week. Everyone will welcome heartily the re-appearance of the Club.

Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., extends through the SCHOLASTIC an invitation to all students of the University to enjoy the privileges of the Apostolate Library, of which he is founder and director. This library, located in Brownson Hall, is an exceptional collection of good reading, including clean and enjoyable fiction as well as other kinds of the best Catholic literature.

Father Gregory, O. S. B., has been engaged for some time past in restoring and retouching many of the valuable pictures in the Library. In his opinion, Notre Dame has the finest collection of Italian art in this country, excepting that in the Metropolitan gallery in New York City. Father Gregory's work is intensely interesting and anyone who can appreciate art will be repaid in spending an hour in the art rooms.

The College of Agriculture announces that three teaching fellowships are open to graduates of agricultural colleges of recognized standing. By employing half of his time in teaching and the other half in graduate work the fellow

will receive between \$500 and \$750 for his work. Undergraduate courses are open to teaching fellows. Anyone interested may obtain further information from Professor W. A. Johns, of the department of agriculture.

The juniors and seniors in the four-year courses will get together immediately after the examinations, to discuss the feasibility of uniting the junior "prom" and senior ball this year in one event. As there are comparatively few seniors, students of both classes seem to think that one social affair for the two classes would meet with greater success than two separate ones. George D. Haller, of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, is president of the seniors, and Alfred Ryan, of Phoenix, Arizona, president of the juniors.

The SCHOLASTIC received by mail a few days ago from some one who signed "An N. D. Sport" a request that we publish the schedule of the varsity basketball team. It must have been while our friend was napping that we promptly published the schedule for the season in the "Athletic Notes" of our issue for January the 11th, page 180. Thanks, anyhow, for the reminder.

A delegation of pastors from Evansville waited on the Very Reverend Provincial Morrissey last Monday. As the nine parishes in that city are to open a central Catholic high school next September, the pastors were here to secure Brothers of Holy Cross for the proposed school. We are assured that their mission was successful. This will make the third high school the Brothers conduct in Indiana, as they already have institutions in Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

South Bend has an unusually active branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom, a nation-wide organization whose purpose is "To uphold Ireland's right to self-determination and complete national independence, and to inform American public opinion on the justice of Ireland's claims; to diffuse a more intimate knowledge of Irish history and the history of the Irish race in America, and to develop the economic resources of Ireland." We are glad to note that several members of the faculty are officers of the branch. Father Cornelius Haggerty, Brother Aidan, and Professor John Cooney are vice-presidents, and Professor Vincent O'Connor is secretary.

It is only January, but every Minim is already

searching the fields and trees in an effort to find the first robin. Indeed, it is hard to realize that the winter is scarcely half gone. Brother Alphonsus, the special friend of the birds for the past twenty years, reports the purple finches and the mourning doves to be for the first time among his winter companions. The beautiful cardinals and the red-headed wood-peckers, very unusual in the winter, are also here. These are indications, according to Brother Alphonsus, that the rest of the winter will be mild and that spring will come early.

For the information of the clergy, we record the fact, that clergy fares will be honored on all trains throughout the country, except the following, all of which are limited:

A. T. & S. F. R. Trains Nos. 2 and 4; Atlantic Coast Lines R. R. Trains Nos. 87 and 88; Boston and Albany R. R. Trains Nos. 1 and 2; Illinois Central R. R. Trains Nos. 7 and 8; New York Central R. R. Trains Nos. 25 and 26; N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. Trains Nos. 15, 16, 23, and 24; Pennsylvania R. R. Trains Nos. 30, 31, 127 and 130.

A. T. & S. F. trains Nos. 3 and 4 are the "California Limited." C. & N. W., U. P. and S. P. R. R. trains Nos. 1 and 2 are known as the "Overland Limited." Illinois Central trains Nos. 7 and 8 are known as the "Panama Limited." New York Central Trains Nos. 25 and 26 are known as the "The Century."

Lieutenant Eddie Meehan, former track man, and student in the department of architecture, has been visiting at the University the last few days. Because of the recent death of his mother, Eddie is undecided as to whether he shall remain at school now or wait until September to resume his studies. Andrew McDonough, a team-mate of Meehan's, and until recently a pilot in the air service, has returned to school to complete his course. He left Notre Dame shortly after the outbreak of the war. Incidentally, Coach Rockne hopes to use "Andy" to advantage in the outdoor track events.

With Mary Pickford as the star and a cluster of screen satellites only a little less effulgent, "M'liss," the photoplay exhibited in Washington Hall Wednesday evening, was eminently satisfying in every respect. Miss Pickford, unlike so many "movie leads" does not resort to the crude histrionic ruse of employing a mediocre caste to enhance by contrast her own acting, and her pictures are always uniformly and genuinely good. "M'liss," reflecting in a striking way the romantic West of Bret Harte and his rollicking Argonauts, affords this

dainty darling of the "movie" world a felicitous medium for her rare charm and is the type of high-grade film in which the student spectators delight. The piano accompaniment of Mr. Charles Davis was not the least part of a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Captain A. Goodrich, of the War Pictorial Division, has addressed the following letter to the Editors of the SCHOLASTIC:

It is requested and very vigorously urged that the alumni of the University of Notre Dame who have served in any capacity with the American Expeditionary Force and who have snap-shot photographs, taken in France, forward copies of all such photographs, together with the necessary explanatory information to be used as captions, to the Officer in Charge, Pictorial Section, Historical Branch, War Plans Division, General Staff, Army War College, Washington, D. C.

These photographs are requested for incorporation in the permanent pictorial files, which will serve as the official photographic record and history of the war.

Colonel C. W. Weeks,

Chief, Historical Branch, W. P. D.

By: A. Goodrich,

Captain, U. S. A., Pictorial Section.

The following interesting paragraphs were contained in a letter to Father Cavanaugh from "Vince" Mooney, now at Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C.:

Last Sunday Sgt. Fred Pralawtowski of the Chemical Warfare Service, and Ensign "Joe" Miller called at the house and we visited the Monastery. Both boys were bubbling over with devotion to the school and "Freddie" paid a splendid tribute to Fathers Nieuwland and Maguire. Fred will stay in the service another six months, as he is doing good work here in American University Laboratories. Ensign Miller expects to leave Annapolis this coming week and will return to his former position at Laporte or thereabouts.

While at the Monastery I recognized "Cupid" McDonough, Andy's cousin, wearing a gold bar and the same golden freckles. "Cupid" has been placed in the O. R. C. and is taking up medicine at Georgetown. We all enjoyed the afternoon very much, recalling "the days of real sport."

A new and very interesting feature was added to the work of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society when it resolved itself for ten minutes into a deliberative assembly at the second meeting of the year, on Thursday evening. Following a well prepared five-minute talk on parliamentary law by Edward McMahon, the society took up the practical application of the speaker's subject. The discussion which followed was spirited and the practice was determined upon as a permanent part of the society's future programs. Joseph Sullivan, a freshman, spoke

with ability on "The Pope's Relation to the Peace Settlement." Joseph Tierney was well received in a humorous talk on miscellaneous topics. A considerable increase in membership has added much to the enthusiasm of the organization, and President Cusick expressed much satisfaction with the work that is being done. Brother Alphonsus, who founded the society fifteen years ago and has always been its sponsor, was present at last week's meeting and gave an address of encouragement to the embryo-orators.

The following tribute to the Red Cross from the pen of Father Cavanaugh has been going the rounds of the papers:

"The American Red Cross is a beautiful work of mercy in which all citizens of whatever faith or race may blend in charity and service. It has no ambition that our Lord Himself might not bless. Its spirit is the spirit of Bethlehem and Calvary. There is no touch of narrowness or bigotry or foolishness to be observed anywhere in its work.

"Its vision of duty is clear as the eagle's glance; its heart is tender and warm as love; its spirit is fresh and wholesome as the upper breezes.

"Wherever humanity suffers it serves; wherever humanity faints and languishes it cheers. It inspires the strong with sympathy and the weak with hope. May we not all pray that this beautiful society which gathers to its heart the best men and women of all the world may unite humanity in a union which will mean the death of misery, of cruelty, and of bigotry."

On the evening of January 25th a vocal program of notable merit was given in Washington Hall by Mr. George O'Connell, the prominent Chicago tenor. Mr. O'Connell's repertoire, comprising Mexican love lyrics, Indian melodies, and Irish folk-songs and battle hymns, was as well rendered as it was varied. "The Pipes of Gordon's Men," was sung with remarkable technique and spirit. "Molly Brannigan" had all its mirthful charm brought out in tones of unusual clarity, and the plaintive old Negro melody, "I Stood on the Ribber of Jordan," revealed a new beauty in Mr. O'Connell's masterly execution. This Irish-tenor's thrilling robust tones, his flawless rendition of cadenzas and fiorituras, and his sympathetic interpretation of lilt and lyrics will inevitably recommend him to any audience capable of appreciating the finer effects in the art of music. Incidentally, we wonder whether some less puerile way of passing the time before a performance than that of dropping program sheets from the balcony might not be discovered by certain students.—C. A. G.

Obituaries.

The sympathy of all at Notre Dame goes out to Father Patrick Haggerty, C. S. C., rector of Corby Hall, in the loss of his mother, Mrs. James Haggerty, who died on Wednesday, January 29th, at Scranton, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Haggerty, who was an excellent Catholic mother, came from Ireland at an early age and settled in Scranton, where she has spent her whole life. Besides Father Haggerty, she is survived by her husband, Mr. James Haggerty, and four daughters, one of whom is in the service of the country as nurse at the London Naval Hospital. The students, faculty, and members of the community promise Father Haggerty prayers for the repose of his mother's soul.

JOHN C. LARKIN.

After an illness of nearly three months, John C. Larkin, LL. B. '83, passed away on January 13th at his home in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. After graduation he taught mathematics for a few years in a western university. He then settled in Johnstown, where he has since resided. That Mr. Larkin was a successful man is evident from his prominence in civil affairs both before and after the disastrous flood of 1889. To his family and relatives the University extends sincere condolence and promises prayers.

Personals.

Lawrence Cook, who studied law here in '15 and '16, is at present in the United States service somewhere in Austria.

Paul Swift, a graduate in engineering last June, has been lately commissioned an ensign in the Navy, and is now on his way to China.

"Butch" Whipple, famed as a Varsity end and an interhall track star three years ago, is one of the many Notre Dame boys in France.

Lieut. Stanley Makielski, a South Bend boy who left his studies in engineering at the University to join the colors, writes from France that he is anxious to return to complete his course.

John Conboy, LL. B. '16, stopped for a visit at Notre Dame recently. John is at present in the employ of Uncle Sam, serving as an instructor of the "Jackies" at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

George Schock, LL. B., '18, who was admitted

to the practice of law by the Superior Court in South Bend last June, is serving as assistant prosecuting attorney of St. Joseph county under Prosecutor Samuel P. Schwartz, a Notre Dame graduate who was elected to the office last fall.

The good news comes that "Archie" Duncan, a student in Corby Hall two years ago, has merited the favorable attention of the Federal Government, and has been given the opportunity to attend school abroad. "Archie," who is already established in Paris, has the best wishes of his friends at Notre Dame for success in his new studies.

Felix Saino and "Jimmie" Ryan, both of whom did much in the last few years to prove to Notre Dame people that Memphis is more than on the map, will not return for the remainder of the year's work. They are in the employ of the F. L. Saino Manufacturing Company, of Memphis, but hope to return to Notre Dame next fall.

The President of the University recently received from Gerard M. Noonan a card bearing the following beautiful message:—"Dear Père: I am visiting dear old Ireland before going home. It is Christmas Eve and very peaceful and quiet here. I feel quite lonesome for my mother and all at home, but still have much to be thankful for. Just going to Midnight Mass. I saw Father Walsh in Paris, but could not speak with him."

(Rev.) Lieut. George M. Sauvage, C. S. C., a chaplain and interpreter in the French-English armies, and formerly a teacher in Holy Cross Theological College, Washington, D. C., has been appointed procurator-general at Rome for the Congregation of Holy Cross, to take the place of Father Labbè, C. S. C., lately deceased. We congratulate Chaplain Sauvage, and feel assured that his new work in Rome will be quite as successful as his achievements in the seminary and in the army.

David Philbin, LL. B. '18, a son of the State of Oregon, has won the commission of ensign and is now making his maiden voyage to Europe on the transport *West Point*. Last spring Dave declined the offer of an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and, even before his graduation, entered the naval service at the Great Lakes Station. "Dave" was a popular student during his three years' stay at Notre Dame, and was prominent in both scholastic and athletic

activities. Last year he was president of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society; for two years he was a member of the varsity football team, being one of the sturdy guards of Notre Dame's impregnable line of 1916; and before going into the service last spring, he won his monogram in baseball.

From a letter received from Paul R. Byrne, '13, who is a member of the 89th Infantry, Camp Sevier, S. C., we quote the following excerpt: "The 89th is now the Camp Guard, and all the other regiments have been moved away, so that it is quite dead. My only pleasure is in visiting the K. C. hall. The Secretary, called by the boys Uncle Joe Cannon, is an Indiana man and knows many of the N. D. men. He and I have little talks about the place once in a while. They are mighty good to the boys over there."

Paul J. Donovan, LL. B., 1910, who for four years has been a member of the firm of Waite and Donovan, of Woodstock, Ill., has opened an office for the practice of law in Harvard. After graduating from Notre Dame Mr. Donovan spent four years as assistant prosecutor in the office of the state attorney of Illinois. During the period of the war he was engaged in various branches of war activities, and was especially popular and successful as a four-minute man. His friends at Notre Dame wish him every success in his new undertaking.

Three more former students of the journalism department have been heard from recently. "Dick" Daley is still doing circulation work on the *Stars and Stripes*, in Nantes, France. Frank T. Taaffe, writing from Rochefort-sur-Mer, France, says he is living well. On the day after mailing his card he was to dine with Pierre Loti, a member of the French Academy. Joseph LaFortune, whose home is in South Bend, has been made physical director at the soldiers' and sailors' reconstruction home near Camp Dodge. He recently returned from overseas service.

At the beginning of the war, Dan C. Curtis, an old Notre Dame boy, entered Fort Sheridan, where he was made a lieutenant. Later he was transferred successively to Washington, D. C., Newark, N. J., New York City, Camp Lee, Va., and finally to Camp Grant, where he was given charge of the trade test department. The purpose of this department is to examine recruits who claim to be proficient in any line

and to assign them to those positions of the service which they are most capable of filling. In June of last year Mr. Curtis was married to an old student of St. Mary's, Notre Dame.

Dean James Joseph Quinn, who received the degree of LL. B. at Notre Dame in '78, of A. B. in '82, and of A. M. in '83, and who for years has been pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Rock Island, has lately been forced to resign his parish on account of ill health. A few sentences from an appreciation which appeared in the *Argus* will give an idea of the general honor and esteem in which Father Quinn is held. "In the history of Rock Island never was a man so beloved. . . . A churchman of the highest order, his zeal and fair-mindedness drew to him friends and admirers of all denominations, and four hundred converts were added to his fold during his administration. The announcement of his resignation was met with a storm of grief and protest, and it is just one more proof of the magnificence of the man that he would let nothing alter his decision."

From the *Messenger*, of Owensboro, Kentucky, for January the 18th we quote the following concerning Sergeant Gerald S. Clements, graduate in law from Notre Dame in 1916:

Col. T. S. Moorman, Commanding Officer, 320th Train Headquarters and Military Police, 95th Division, Camp Sherman, Ohio, has written Mr. and Mrs. LaVega Clements his official and personal opinion of their son, Sergt. Gerald S. Clements, who died in that camp of pneumonia, October 9, 1918. Of this estimable young man, who won the respect of officers and men with whom he was associated, Col. Moorman says:

"I desire to furnish you my official and personal opinion of your son, Sergeant Gerald S. Clements, late of the Headquarters Detachment, 320th Train Headquarters and Military Police, 95th Division. As a soldier, his character was excellent, and services honest and faithful. At the time of his death, he was acting regimental sergeant-major, performing such duties well. He no doubt would have been a commissioned officer had he lived, and the war continued much longer.

"He was dignified, quiet, gentlemanly, and attentive to duty. He showed grit in the last sickness, never losing hope, brave, and cheerful to the last.

"A fine man and soldier, who won the respect of the officers and men with whom he was associated."

It will be remembered that important elections were held in the State of New York last November, and while the result showed a Democratic Governor, it appeared, when all the votes were in, that the attorney-general

remained Republican. This was due in part to the splendid record made by Charles D. Newton in the office, but also to the clever young associates who assisted him, and notably to our old friend, T. Paul McGannon (LL. B. '07; LL. M. '08), who claims that his experience as athletic manager here was a great training in politics. From a long article in the *Knickerbocker Press*, of Albany, January 19, we quote this paragraph:

One of the important changes made in the attorney general's office was the appointment of Deputy Attorney General T. Paul McGannon, of Corning, as chief of the agricultural bureau. In this position he succeeds Charles M. Stern, of Albany, who retired on January 1st after ten years of service, during which he distinguished himself, to enter business with his father-in-law, William Barnet. Mr. McGannon was appointed a deputy in 1915 and was assigned to the conservation bureau of the office. During the last campaign Mr. McGannon acted as manager for the Attorney general, who was a new man on the state ticket. The other state officers had been candidates at both the general elections of 1916 and 1914. Mr. McGannon is a protégé of John S. Kennedy, who was formerly secretary to the up-state public service commission.—L. R. W.

Athletic Notes.

Kalamazoo Normal nosed out the varsity, 31 to 29, in the most exciting basketball game of the year in the "gym" last Saturday afternoon. The Celery City team led by a good margin during the first half of the contest. Notre Dame seemed baffled by the Michiganders' attack. In the second half Shepard, Kalamazoo's long-distance shooter, was kept fairly well guarded and the home men outplayed their opponents. Shepard was easily the star for the visitors, scoring six times from the floor with shots that were long and difficult.

Captain Bahan made from the floor, sixteen of Notre Dame's points. Gipp played a strong defensive game, and Ward and Pearson, who went into the fray a few minutes before the end, showed to advantage. Score and summary:

KALAMAZOO (31)	POSITION	NOTRE DAME (29)
Camerson, Westgate	Right Forward	Ward, Bader
Shepard	Left Forward	Bahan
Bowman	Center	Gipp
Eva	Left Guard	Smith, Pearson
Thomas	Right Guard	Stine

Goals from the floor: Bader, 2; Bahan, 8; Gipp, 2; Stine, 1; Westgate, 3; Shepard, 6; Bowman, 1; Eva, 1; Thomas, 1. Goals from fouls: Bader, 2; Shepard, 7. Free throws missed: Bader, 1; Shepard, 2. Referee, Cook, of Indiana.—A. A. S.

Letters from the Soldiers.

American E. F., France,
December 20, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

The other night at mess a captain of the Engineers mentioned the name of an engineer in his company who had been a particularly valuable man to his company and esteemed by all his comrades. I was interested when he mentioned the name McCausland; I inquired where he was from, and the captain said, "Notre Dame University." I asked him if he had a picture of the man and was given the snap-shot which you will find enclosed. I am sure this is the Harry McCausland who came to us from the Catholic University. I am enclosing also a little write-up that Captain Rubel gave me which tells of the death of McCausland. From all accounts he was exceptionally brilliant and a wonderfully fine soldier. If you can forward the name and address of his sister, which the Captain has been unable yet to obtain, we would send her some few hundred dollars which Harry gave the Captain one night, saying, "If anything ever happens to me, spend this on the boys." Capt. Rubel is very anxious to return this money to McCausland's sister.

I don't know whether I told you in a previous letter that I have been relieved of my work with the infantry regiment and assigned the task of getting out an educational programme for the Division. It is by no means an easy task to create the organization and teaching staff that will be necessary to carry on this work. I have been at it three weeks and hope by the first of the year to have things running about as smoothly as your old Chevrolet. If the Germans succeed in holding up peace negotiations long enough, perhaps I shall get things as smooth as your Cadillac, but I sincerely hope that before that time most of these boys will be over in the States worrying some of your University professors instead of one who thought he had escaped school work when he joined the Army.

I have not seen any of the old crowd since I left the 38th Division. Father O'Donnell wrote from Italy recently saying that he expected to sail within a month. Father Walsh is still sitting on the world in Paris. Where Father George Finnigan is I have not the slightest idea. Father Edward Finnegan is on his way to join a new division. The other day I met Russell Hardy on his way to the rear and, I presume, to the States, as the Artillery seems to have the preference in returning. Our division is stationed in much the same place as it was on November 11th, scattered over a front of thirty five miles, through the most desolate country, between Ostend and St. Mihiel. Not a city or a village from Verdun to Montmedy has escaped destruction. The other night at ten o'clock I stood alone at the cathedral in Verdun, and was surprised to hear the chimes in the cathedral tower ring out the hour of ten. Half the tower had been blown away by a shell, but no amount of German steel could silence these wonderfully sweet chimes. The city is, of course, a mass of ruins; hardly one building is left intact. I live within four miles of Verdun and go through the city frequently on my way to the units that compose our division. At Etraye, another

city in ruins, I saw hanging by a piece of wire from the window of a ruined church a piece of stained glass, which upon examination I found to be the pierced hand of our Lord. I removed it from the window, and as it is whole, I am keeping it as a souvenir of this historic little church.

I have often wondered how things are going on at school. Many times I would have given anything for a SCHOLASTIC. Several days ago I went into a dug-out on the front lines and to my surprise found two copies of the *Ave Maria*. I hunted up the owner and got his permission to take them back with me. I had them in my pocket the night that I stood at the cathedral in Verdun and watched the moon, then nearly full, dancing in the clouds. When I returned home and opened the *Ave Maria* the first poem was entitled, "Our Lady of the Moon." These two *Aves* are the first reminder I have had of the States and of Notre Dame especially. If I can persuade the French authorities of Verdun to open the cathedral on Christmas Eve I shall have a midnight Mass there. There is enough of the main altar left and the debris has been taken away sufficiently to make room for a considerable congregation. I have not much hope of convincing the French that midnight Mass would be a wonderful event for the American boys now in Verdun. If this plan fails, I have already arranged to say the midnight Mass at Dugny where I am stationed.

I hope that you are well and can find time to send me a line some of these days. Give my regards to all of the Faculty and to any of the old boys who are still there. I hope that the New Year may bring you all the blessings that you deserve.

Devotedly yours,

Lieut. John C. McGinn,
Division School Officer.

79th Division, American E. F., A. P. O. No. 771.

Topographic Office, 304th Engineers,
Dugny, France, December 18, 1918.

Memorandum:

To Chaplain McGinn:

I was first associated with Master Engineer McCausland when he came to the Topographic Office in Camp Meade, Maryland, as a private in the 304th Engineers. His ability as a surveyor and topographer and as a man of unusual efficiency along engineering lines very quickly asserted itself, and after he had repeatedly declined the opportunity of attending the Officers' Training School, where he would have undoubtedly won a commission, he was given the rank of master engineer, the highest non-commissioned rank in the service.

He remained with the office, instructing our new recruits, and helping in no small measure to bring the work of the organization to the level to which it now aspires. He was evacuated to the hospital from Jouyen-Argonne previous to the start of the great Argonne offensive, and it was not until some five weeks later that we were saddened in receiving notice of his death from pneumonia.

He was universally liked, respected, and admired by his officers and fellow-soldiers throughout the regiment, and those of us with whom he was daily associated and with whom he had lived and worked,

felt that in him we had lost a friend whose place could never be filled, but whose memory would remain with us as an inspiration for ability, loyalty, good-fellowship, and patriotism.

A. C. Rubel, Captain 304 Engineers.

Norfolk, Virginia,
November 21, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

Early last spring I left the old school with the intention of enlisting in the Navy, and finally, after being rejected twice, succeeded in getting in at St. Louis. Since that time I have gone through the training stations at Great Lakes and at Hampton Roads, Virginia. I have served on the U. S. S. *Minnesota* and in the Armed Guards, and finally have been detailed to do guard duty here around Norfolk. Though I have seen no active service in a foreign country, I have had many experiences which make me say that the past six months have not been wasted.

Now that we are in a fair way to a permanent peace, I want to get out of the service. There is now an opportunity for men to complete their education, and that is the one thing I desire to do. I have been in this outfit long enough to realize that I do not know anything. My father also is anxious to have me complete my college course. Hence, if you would be kind enough to allow me to return to school and to send me a letter stating that I was at Notre Dame just prior to my enlistment, I should be very much indebted to you. I know that my scholastic record was none too good when I left Notre Dame, but you understand that I was dissatisfied with everything and had only one desire, that of getting into some branch of the service. I know that this writing is sufficient evidence that I had better return to school as soon as possible, but sitting on a deck with nothing but a box to write on is not so conducive to literary effort.

With best wishes for you and for the rest of the faculty, I am,

Most sincerely yours,
Charles A. McNaman,
Seaman Guard, U. S. S. Richmond.

Somewhere in France,
November 5, 1918.

My dear Professor Maurus:

Your letter came bringing me the latest news of the University, and I was surely glad to learn that so many are taking up the new work at the school. You told me many things that were of great interest, for I have had very little knowledge of what has happened since I left Notre Dame. I hope that the men who are there succeed, for we need them over here as soon as they become proficient in the various military matters. Of course, when a fellow gets to the actual fighting lines he will find many differences both in the theories and in the examples; yet, he must begin with the study of books.

Since landing in France I have had many and varied experiences, having been in all the American advances since the St. Mihiel drive. I have seen what war really is at its worst—to say nothing of the service of supplies and the problems that involves. The

devastation and desolation caused by the struggle can never be learned by those who do not take part in our advances. We have been victorious, but the lives of good American boys have been the price. We will push on to victory at whatever cost. I pray for a quick finish to all this slaughter. I have been in places which the Boche had vacated but a few hours before and in some which he had left in a mighty hurry. Of course, the number of the dead, and the like, cannot be mentioned, on account of censorship. After the war we shall know the real number. There was a time during the drive when I was the only officer left in my company.

We are getting along splendidly now, however. It would take a long time to tell you all about our work. We built bridges under fire, patrolled fords up under Jerry's machine guns, worked on roads, cut trails for advances through forests, worked on railroads, built shacks for shelter, put in wire and trenches, and the like. The most thrilling experience, however, is going over with the first wave of infantry in the advance with wire cutters. I shall never forget that task. I don't mind machine-gun fire, but that heavy shelling is rather tough. Gas is not pleasant but I was rather accustomed to it till a Boche baptized me with the poisonous fumes.

I am still at the front, having spent most of my time here since I reached France. Some times I think I am lucky for having come through all the perils in safety, where so many have been nipped; yet I shall not crow about it, for Jerry may get me. With God's help I shall come back to the old U. S. some day for a real rest. I shall not forget to visit Notre Dame. I know everyone there is praying for us. Best wishes to you and to all my friends at the University.

Sincerely your friend,

Peter J. Ronchetti,
Second Lieut. Engineers, U. S. A.

Washington, D. C.,
January 5, 1919.

Editor of the Scholastic,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Sir—I think that I have some information that will be of interest to you and your readers. I am enclosing a picture of Donat J. Pepin, E. E., 1914; who is now a first lieutenant in the Aviation Section, U. S. A. Donat is remembered by all the Notre Dame men of his time as the man who developed the famous 1913 football team—at the training table. He enlisted in Detroit, Michigan, in May, 1917, and went to Cornell University and finally to Italy and to France. He has been in France about fifteen months. In a recent letter he tells me that he is married. The story runs about a pretty little ceremony in Issoudun, Indre, France; where Miss Germaine Foulatier was married to Lieutenant Donat J. Pepin, and so forth. Pat Maloney, an old N. D. student, was best man. Pepin also reported having met in his travels Captain "Nig" Kane and Lieutenant "Curly" Nowers.

If you care to use the enclosed photograph of Pepin I shall be pleased to think that I have been able to be of that much service to old Notre Dame, and I should like to have it returned to me, if possible, at your convenience.

As for myself, I have followed a more prosaic course. I have been juggling new explosives and toxic gases at the American University, Washington, D. C., and am connected with the Research Division in the Chemical Warfare Service.

With every good wish for the New Year, I am, as ever,
Respectfully yours,

(Sergeant) Frederick M. Pralatowski.
Chemical Warfare Service.

3030 One St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Safety Valve.

HIM.

He had an antiseptic smile
He wouldn't hurt a creature,
His mother was a gentle soul
His father was a preacher,
But if you knew him you'd have seed
That Horace wasn't built for speed.

He wore brown cuffs of celluloid
And when he shook your hand
His bones all seemed to rattle, like
The clappers in a band—
But you could tell he had not been
Constructed with an eye to speed.

He had the same fedora hat
Since Venus lost her arm;
The dandruff on his coat, folks said,
Did Horace no great harm,
But anybody would have knowed
Speed's not the quality he showed.

And yet he seemed to get along
I don't know why it was.
The men said, "on account of gab,"
The women said, "becus,"
The weaker men he could have lead
Although he wasn't built for speed.

AND SO IT HAPPENS.

TENANT: (*with a veritable tornado of anger on her face as she stands before the landlord who is a short fat man*). You lazy loafer! You good for nothing thief! You crook who get money under false pretenses! Tell me this instant what is the matter with our steam—Do you hear me? Tell me this instant! (*She stamps the back of her neck on the floor and froths at the eyebrows.*)

LANDLORD: (*smiling good naturedly*). My dear, good woman, I'm a landlord, not a fortune teller. How should I know what's the matter with your steam. Can you tell me what's the matter with the Kaiser?

TENANT: (*looking even moreso than before*). Don't try to get fresh with me you brute! Do you think I'm going to live in a house with ice-cold radiators—do you?

LANDLORD: Why certainly not you dear heart, I couldn't expect that of anyone. I wouldn't think of living with cold radiators myself. Why don't you put them in the backyard so you won't have to associate with them or even look at them?

TENANT: (*somewhat worse than moreso*). Can we or

can we not, you poor idiot, have the chill of death taken out of those radiators? I pay the rent here and I want to know this instant?

LANDLORD: You might try hot compresses on them. I have read somewhere that they will take the cold out of most things—or maybe the old fashioned hot water bag is as good as anything. I am almost certain that if you take a radiator to bed with you, you will have it warm by morning.

TENANT: (*slapping her nose on the table*). Didn't you agree to furnish us with steam? What's the use of a contract if you don't live up to it? Do you think we're paying our good money to get "flu" or something?

LANDLORD: (*stroking his chin with the stove lifter*). Madam, you may have all the steam you want if you bring something to carry it in. We have tons of it in the basement. Did I ever agree to force that steam through the solid pipes you have in your flat? Of course, I didn't! I knew those pipes wouldn't hold steam and that's why I put them in there.

TENANT: (*angry and shaking all over like a package of Wrigley's Spearmint*). I'll move at once. You're an absolute fool! Didn't I tell you last week that the sink was leaking and that it was impossible for me to go into the kitchen without getting my feet soaking wet? What did you do? You did nothing at all.

LANDLORD: (*scratching his knee*). I beg your pardon my noble lady. I told you to wear rubbers in the kitchen or to stay in the dining room. That sink has been leaking ever since the house was built. As a result of it I've been expecting the plaster to fall off my kitchen ceiling every day. It hasn't done so yet; so why should I have the sink fixed.

TENANT: There, you ape. (*She throws a nasty look at him that hits him square on the nose.*)

[Quick Curtain.]

SILENT HEROES.

I never killed Boche in a foreign land,
I haven't a medal at all to show,
But I've gone through the old war just the same
And I've suffered a deal I'd have you know;
For without a gun or a hand grenade
I've caved in many an ivory dome,
And the map of many a Hun I've spoiled
Till I stopped the bosh of the Boche at home.

You have heard how the Huns poured deadly gas
All over the fields where our soldiers fought,
How they planted mines and set hellish traps
That a heap of our soldiers might be caught.
You know how they treated the captured boys,
How they flung at the dying man a curse,
But unless I've missed it a thousand miles
The bosh of the Boche at home was worse.

So make all the medals you choose my friend
But don't ship them all o'er the purple sea,
For I'm here alone in the silent street
And never a soul's pinned a rose on me.
And yet I have worked like the boys across
From the dawn of day till the silent gloam,
And what have I done?—well, I've just done this—
I have stopped the bosh of the Boche at home.