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My Garden's Memorare.

LEO L. WARD, '20.

IN the garden of prayer that's in my heart
There bloomed a lily fair,
But the angel that keeps God's gardens came
And plucked my lily-prayer;

And took it away to the Queen of Flowers.
To Mary, the Mystic Rose;
And there! she smiles; while through my garden
The sweetest fragrance blows.

American Problems of Reconstruction.

BY CORNELIUS R. PALMER, '20.

THE great European war was primarily a war of political principles. It marked the culmination of a long series of conflicts between the popular and the autocratic theories of government. The doctrine, first set forth by Bellarmini and Suarez and modified slightly by the Catholic writers of the nineteenth century, that governments derive their power from the consent of the governed has for over two hundred years been contending violently against the false principle of the divine right of kings. This latter doctrine, conceived by Machiavelli and later taught by Luther during the period of the Reformation, was finally formulated in the sentence, "cuius regio, eius religio," of the Treaty of Westphalia, meaning that the religion of the people was to be determined by the ruler who was regarded as the source of all authority, the vice-regent of God on earth, whose will was subject to no human power, and to whom his people owed absolute and unqualified obedience. Father Barry in his splendid treatment of this subject in the "World's Debate" has aptly called it "the king's evil." It was in consequence of the most complete acceptance of this principle by the German people for generations that enabled the now deposed emperor to attempt the subjugation of the world. Only when William II, who claimed absolute authority of divine right, used his power to threaten the very existence of popular governments was it that America took up arms in the defense of liberty and freedom in order "to make the world safe for democracy." God has granted victory to our cause and the principles of democracy have been sustained on the field of battle. Thus the principles upon which this republic has been established are to remain in force, and "the problem of our return to peace," to use the words of President Wilson, "is a problem of economic and industrial readjustment."

A spirit of unrest has long been prevalent in America. It is evidenced by the violent upheavels in political parties, by the persistent conflict between the industrial classes and by the unlimited competition of commercial forces. Very numerous industrial disputes, lockouts, and strikes have for years characterized the estranged relations between labor and capital. The forces of labor have been waging relentless warfare against the fortified position of capitalists, a position based on the materialistic philosophy of the "laissez-faire" economists. Organization has enabled the various branches of skilled labor to achieve remarkable results, but the great mass of workers are today unorganized; they are the unskilled, the helpless victims whose welfare is determined by the free play of the law of supply and demand. The greatest indictment of the present industrial system is the fact that before the war, according to the Manly Report of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, from three-fourths to two-thirds of our male adult toilers were receiving less than a living wage, estimated at seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. The same proportion of women workers were paid less than eight dollars a week. Although monopolies, corporations, and numerous American business concerns were declaring fabulous dividends, employers still paid their employees starvation wages. They

were reaping their gain at the cost of the nation's weal and the individual's rights, a cost that can be measured only by the wasted lives of men, women and children.

The evils of the present order demand immediate reform. A sense of justice and fair play has been enkindled anew in all classes by the war, and it is universally admitted that a more harmonious relation must be established between labor and capital. The fundamental principle of such a relation must be the recognition of man's intrinsic worth, as a human person, his individual personality and dignity which makes him the essential equal of his fellowman. The employer must no longer use the worker as a mere chattel or a thing. Society will not suffer it; public opinion will not tolerate it, and the toiler will use every means in his power to prevent it. If we accept the proposition that man is a person of intrinsic worth, it must of necessity be admitted that the worker's right to a decent livelihood takes precedence over the claim of the employer to rent, interest, or profits; it means that there must be necessities for all before luxuries can rightfully be enjoyed by any; it means, in short, that a living wage for adult workers must be made a first claim on industry. Unless this fundamental requisite be accepted as the basic principle of social reconstruction an enduring reform is impossible.

Several concrete plans for reconstruction have already been formulated. The most progressive and comprehensive of these is contained in the pamphlet issued lately by the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council, each provision of which has the official approval of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States. The programs contain measures for the immediate alleviation of the more serious of our industrial ills. The establishment of a legal minimum wage is the first of the provisions suggested. A wage that shall be adequate for the present needs of an average family in the case of adult male workers, and sufficient for the decent individual maintenance of female employees. For many years the proposal of such a law has met with criticism and objections from employers and economists on the score of its practicability, but the successful experience of Australia, England, Canada, and several of our own states in which the law has been applied to women and minors, has proved it to be essentially sound not only in theory but also in practice. Although the great majority of employers may now be willing to pay living wages, it is rightly urged that a minimum wage be guaranteed by law, for the reason that even a small percentage of unscrupulous employers could by paying low rates place the willing majority at a decided disadvantage in the competitive system, and the inevitable result of this would be either to force a considerable number of the latter out of business or compel them to beat down wages to their market value. It is to be noted that this provision is embodied in nearly every reconstruction scheme of both England and America. But since this wage is to provide only for the present needs of the workers it is necessary to supplement the law by social insurance; for until the minimum wage becomes a living wage the laborer shall be unable to provide against illness, invalidity, unemployment, and old age.

It is true that social insurance tends gradually to create a spirit of paternalism, but if this measure be not adopted, it will be at the expense of the laborer's present welfare, and will surely result in evils far worse than the hypothetical harm of such legislation. Moreover, this is suggested only as a temporary means of attaining normal conditions in which the workers will receive a wage that will enable them to provide for their own future wants without the state aid.

Today the problem of unemployment is acute. The serious nature of the present situation necessitates the continuance of the United States Employment Service, which was established merely for the war-time purposes of the government. This department is as a matter of fact indispensable as a means of carrying out the government's plans whereby a large number of the discharged soldiers and sailors are to be set to work reclaiming the millions of acres of lands, arid, swamp, and timber, and preparing them for cultivation. All the necessary municipal, township, state, and national work should be immediately undertaken, so that the great supply of labor now idle, due to the abrupt transition from the industrial activities of war to those of peace, be absorbed. Unless this be done at once the prevailing rate of wages will be lowered, and judging from the present conditions a critical industrial depression will ensue.

Another weighty consideration in behalf of the laborers is that they be given the right to organize and participate in industrial management. This is to be accomplished, as it was accom-

plished in many industries during the war, by having each labor organization select a shop committee to treat with the employers concerning methods of production, working hours, labor grievances, and other important matters. Such a relation between the employers and employees would mean fewer strikes, increased output, a better quality of product, and more satisfactory returns for both parties.

Finally, it is suggested that child labor be as far as possible eliminated by an amendment to the Federal Revenue Bill providing for a ten-per-cent tax on all commodities produced by children under sixteen years of age. Women should withdraw from those occupations which are injurious to health or morals and a greater number should seek domestic employment. Monopolies are to be closely regulated, and even controlled, if necessary, by the state.

There is indeed an imperative and vital demand that these reforms be adopted. But while these measures would remedy the ills that have now become acute, they still lack an essential element of sound reconstruction.

The present industrial order is unstable. There is lacking a wide distribution of property, a state which the far-sighted Webster deplored in a democracy. Property is in the hands of a small minority and the great mass of toilers are dependent upon that class of property owners for the instruments of production. The workers lack a reasonable degree of independence, self-respect, and self-confidence because the only return from their labor is their wages. They are devoid of a sufficient incentive to put forth their best efforts in order that the maximum amount be produced. In the final analysis, the real problem simmers down to the question, not of how the product shall be distributed, but of how the amount to be distributed may be increased. It is the realization of this fundamental principle that has recently changed the trend of economic thought to the consideration of what has been summed up in the term "operative ownership"—which implies both co-partnership and co-operation. The former applies to those industries in which the workers themselves own a substantial share of the capital equipment and join with the employer in the management; in the latter, or perfect form of operative ownership, the workers own and manage the entire business.

To hasten the advent of what may be called the "Distribute State" James Finn, in his treatment of "Operative Ownership," has outlined a feasible scheme by which government credit could be extended to the workers. This would enable the workers to invest in the capital stock of the industry and, if it should be necessary, the state could use its power of "eminent domain" to compel the owner to turn over to the workers a portion of the shares of the industry. This same idea was suggested by Roosevelt in a speech to the members of the Progressive party at Chicago; "ultimately," he said, "we desire to use the government to aid, as far as can safely be done, the individual tool-users to become in part owners, just as the farmers now are."

Operative ownership is indeed the logical step in the evolution of economic and industrial development. It is the only rational solution of the basic evils of a capitalistic society; it has all that is good in Socialism and in a more eminent degree, without any of the defects of Socialism; it destroys what Hilaire Belloc feared in minimum wage legislation and social insurance, namely, the Servile State. The workers would receive besides their wages a part of the interests and profits. Though there are many practical difficulties which the complete establishment of this order must overcome, they are by no means insuperable, and the ideal must be realized to an appreciable extent if the private ownership of property is to remain a permanent institution. Only by the attainment of economic contentment and industrial peace among the laborers can America become a real and successful democracy. For, in the words of Father Ryan, "until the majority of the wage-earners become owners, at least in part, of the tools with which they work, the system of private capital will remain, in Hilaire Belloc's phrase, 'essentially unstable.'"

De Valera: Ireland's Leader.

Eamonn, or Edward, De Valera, President of the Irish Republic, is one of the most popular and picturesque leaders Ireland has produced since the days of Robert Emmet. He is the delight and the darling of Irish republicans and more especially of Young Ireland. No wonder. In him are personified passionate patriotism, noble courage, and an intense attachment to the religion of Saints Patrick, Brigid, and Columkille. A halo of romance surrounds his brief but brilliant career as professor, soldier

for Erin, and national leader. Eamonn typifies Ireland's age-long fight for freedom, civil and religious.

It was the rising of that historic Easter week 1916, in Ireland, that first brought Mr. De Valera into the fierce limelight that beats upon a national leader. As Commandant of the Ringsend District he distinguished himself no less by his chivalry than by his bravery and military skill. After practically a week's fighting against enormous odds, he surrendered only because he thought that thereby he could save his men's lives. After the surrender, the Commandant turned to the British officers and said: "Shoot me if you will, but arrange for my men." He would have been shot too, but for the fact that he was born in New York City. Tried by a drumhead courtmartial, De Valera was sentenced to death. The sentence was afterward commuted to penal servitude for life.

He was pardoned about a year. later, just in time to stand for East Clare on the Irish Republic platform. The election was the most historic fought in Ireland since the days when the great O'Connell as champion of Catholic Emancipation ran for the same county. De Valera's easy victory gave a great impetus to the Republic party, besides startling easy-going Englishmen who, with characteristic complacence, if not stupidity, fancied that "half-Home Rule for three-quarters of Ireland" would settle forever the Irish problem. He has never taken his seat in the British Parliament, and never will, for the obvious reason that in doing so he would be recognizing the usurped authority of an alien assembly to legislate for Ireland. Besides, his party maintains that Parliamentarianism has been morally and materially disastrous to their country. England, Sinn Feiners rightly hold, has given nothing to Ireland until convinced that the Irish can get it without her leave or that it is in her interest to grant it. Agitation at Westminster accomplishes nothing; agitation in Ireland, something. Faced to-day by a militant and enraged Irish opinion, England would consent probably to give Ireland "Colonial or Dominion Home Rule," something that before 1916 seemed as far off as St. Tib's Eve.

Last May De Valera and most of his prominent supporters were seized at midnight, deported to England, and imprisoned. They were charged with complicity in a "German plot," a charge they emphatically denied. The trial they demanded was refused them. For the last three years Eamonn has spent two-thirds of his time in British prisons; Patriots' Colleges, the Irish call them. Lord Wimborne, who till practically up to the day of the arrests was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, scouted the idea of a "German plot" and asserted in Parliament that the Sinn Feiners were not pro-German, but pro-Irish. "We serve neither King nor Kaiser, but Ireland" was the motto displayed at their headquarters in Dublin.

De Valera's father was a Spanish political refugee, his mother Miss Kate Coll, a Limerick girl, from whom he imbibed his passionate love for Ireland. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. De Valera returned to her own country when Eamonn was only a child. He made his preparatory studies under the Irish Christian Brothers, a noted body of educators. When he took his degree at Blackrock College, Dublin, he astonished his examiners, we are told, by the ease and readiness with which he solved the most abstruse problems in the higher mathematics. He has a linguistic talent, also, for he speaks fluently several languages. After graduation, he taught in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, one of the most famous of modern Irish schools. Owing, however, to the demands of public life he has had to relinquish his various professorships.

Mr. De Valera commands the respect of all classes of Irishmen. An intimate friend and pupil of his says: "He is the most childlike and urbane of men. I could not conceive him hurting anything or any one wantonly. Like all other leaders nurtured in Gaelic-League idealism, Ireland is to him not so much a country as a religion, for which a man should shrink from no sacrifice."

Like most of the Irish Republic's leaders, he is a devout Catholic. Religion he regards as the most important thing in life. As Convict No. 394, he recently wrote from Lincoln Prison to his mother: "I know you will be glad that I have served all our Masses here. I feel like a little boy again and I pray that my childish faith may ever remain with me. I tell you this because I know it will give you more pleasure than anything else I could write. . . . This life is so very short in comparison with the future that it counts for little what sorrows and inconveniences it brings."

B. AIDAN.

Varsity Verse.

When Erasmus Played His Fife.

I often long to be back South, down where I used to be,
In a little old log-cabin, where I often went to see
A negro who could play a tune a-bubblin' full o' life,—
You couldn't help but listen—when Erasmus played his fife.

When the night wind whispered love-songs to the honey-suckle vines
And the gray owl's lonesome hoot re-echoed through the mournful pines,
I used to make a bonfire with the whittlings from my knife—
And I'd sometimes sing a little—while Erasmus played his fife.

I often wish I could go back to the scene of that dear home
The childish dreams I had in it would fill a noble tome,
For fancy peopled it, and made it grand for knightly strife,
But my knights were changed to angels—when Erasmus played his fife.

I have no heart to visit it,—my friend has gone away,
Though the echo of his music fills the hush-hour of to-day,
Still, I know that when we meet the skies with music will be rife—
For the angels will outsing themselves—when Erasmus plays his fife.

ROBERT O'HARA, '20.

Routine.

They cost six cents; I do not know
Why prices always seem to grow
And never take a drop instead.
A nickle bought a loaf of bread
Until a year or two ago.

The other day I thought I'd show
That I liked chocolate bars, and so
I gave a dime, but then he said,
"They cost six cents."

I wondered why he spoke so low,
Why cheeks like his, not wont to glow,
At this, were colored red.
But looks like these I always dread;
I bought those chocolate bars although
They cost six cents.

RAYMOND M. MURCH, '22.

His Return.

A loving valentine from France
To-day has made my mother glad.
I wonder if the Saint, by chance,
Knew how much we wanted—"Dad."

P. S.

Teh Wolf-Wind.

The wind goes like a wolf through the streets,
Clearing his stormy way,
Lifting aloft the snowy fleets,
On this wild winter day.

Bitter his cry from venomed fang
That snaps at humanity;
I can hear my shutters creak and bang,
To that weird threnody.

So I'll heap the faggots beneath the pot,
And make the kettle sing,
And I'll thank the Lord for the home I've got,
And for all His comforting.

T. C. D.

Limerick.

There was a young horse from Milwaukee
Who was most exceedingly baukee
When I bade him say why,
He neighed in reply:
"My driver, the Preacher's too taukee."

R. MCBARNES '22.

The Pink Sheet.

Welcome, welcome blushing page,
With the dreams of spring and all,—
A few more weeks of Winter's rage,
Then the clarion 'Play Ball!'

K. NYHAN, '22.

Low Views.

She had black curly hair, Marguerite,
And her eyes made your heart miss a beat,
Her features were fine,
Her form was divine,
But you'd wilt when you looked at her feet.

THOMAS KEEFE, '22.

Writing.

The Sun unrolls with golden glow
A new day writ in glory,—
The Valley stretches far below,
A page of ancient story.

E. J. BAKER, '22.

The Students' Crusade.

BY JAMES J. RYAN, '20.

This war-ridden world seems to have but little time for the peaceful pursuits of evangelization. Yet, was there ever a time when the teachings of Christ were more needed than at present?

Catholic America has accomplished much in the missionary fields of China, Japan, and India, but her work has not been what one would expect of an enterprising and religious people. What has been wrong? Organization, though characteristic of the clergy of the Church, has been sadly lacking among the laity, especially among the younger classes. How can the needed interest and organization in missionary activities be instilled into the hearts of American Catholics? The mission problem has already been solved by our Protestant friends in England in the association known as "The Protestant Student Volunteer Movement." Realizing the influence which the graduates of higher educational institutions have upon the masses of the people, a revivalist named Moody delivered a series of lectures at the University of Cambridge as early as 1882. His discourses on missionary topics won a small band of prominent students to the cause of evangelization. The spark thus enkindled spread quickly through the other colleges and universities of England. Protestants here and in Canada took up the movement in 1885 and adopted a slogan, "The evangelization of the world in this generation." This organization did not presume to send out missionaries in its own name, but aimed at becoming a continent-wide recruiting agency, with stations well established in the prominent educational institutions of the United States and Canada. "The Student Volunteer Movement" has grown rapidly and to-day is producing a large number of energetic volunteers. Most of its work is accomplished by its secretaries, who from their central office in New York visit the colleges and universities of North America, and thus keep aglow the missionary zeal of the local organizations.

Taking the "Student Volunteer Movement" as a model, a band of zealous students at Techny, Illinois, have organized what is known as the "Students' Mission Crusade." The purpose of this organization is to promote the mission interests of the Catholic Church in general, and not of any one particular society or congregation. It confines its effort to inducing Catholic students to do something for the missions, maintaining at the same time a genuine indifference as to which particular corner of the Lord's vineyard profits most in consequence. It hopes, however, to see that no portion of the harvest be entirely neglected. The bureau of the "Students' Mission Crusade" is simply a provisional institution which serves as a central agency for student missionary activities. The founders of this bureau tell us that as soon as the Students' Mission Crusade is well under way the bureau will cease, in order to make way for one of a more permanent character. The scope of this movement is extensive. Mission societies are to be established in all Catholic institutions of learning, whether for boys or girls, for the awakening of missionary interests. The "Students' Mission Crusade," similar to its model, holds four important purposes before the students for consideration: first, to awaken and maintain intelligent and active interest in the foreign missions on the part of all Catholic students in the United States and Canada; second, to enroll qualified student volunteers to meet the demands of the missionary boards; third, to aid not only such mission students, but likewise to co-operate in the promotion of missionary interests in the home churches, and last, to encourage all members who may later belong to the home clergy or laity to continue as long as they live in furthering missionary enterprise by their generous offerings and fervent prayers.

The "Students' Mission Crusade Bureau" has already made its first appeal to our Catholic Students, stating that its exclusive aim is to promote the mission interest of the Catholic Church in general, and not of any particular society or congregation. Its one purpose is the propagation of the Faith both at home and abroad. Every Catholic school, large or small, should consider it a very special duty to take part in this splendid missionary movement. Non-Catholic students have set an example which we may well emulate. "The Sacred Heart for the world and the world for the Sacred Heart,"—with such a motto, with organization, co-operation, and zeal in so great a work, we shall not fail. In a cause so divine there should certainly be no such thing as failure.

The Wooing of Margery May.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

Lieutenant Robert Graham of H. M. 5th Royal Dublin Fusiliers threw his cigarette butt through the trellis work with an air of impetuosity and leaned toward his companion, who was dreamily inhaling long draws. The latter was also a soldier in every sense of the word. If you would know it for sure ask the men of his regiment about Captain William Blair, of 123 Infantry, A. E. F., and about the medal on his breast.

Graham was a well-built man with a boyish face. You would have thought him physically perfect except for the heavy crutch leaning against his chair, and for the fact that he was sitting in one of the verandahs of Charing Cross Hospital. His hair showed itself thick and wavy, of a light colour, almost golden in the sunlight. When he spoke he seemed intensely interested in the topic of conversation, and yet in his eyes shone a light of indifference amounting almost to sadness. They were always glistening with a sort of an invisible dew, which pointed Graham as a Celt of the truest type.

Blair looked somewhat older in years and experience. Indeed his face wore a haggard expression and the lashes of his eyes often twitched, indicating a nervous disposition, the result of nine months of service in the front line. Withal you would pronounce them splendid types of soldiers.

The wheels of war had but an hour before thrown the two of them together for the second time. When Blair had first me this companion he found himself in Graham's arms badly wounded and helpless as a child. Blair's regiment had been brigaded with the Munsters and Rangers when the Huns began their last drive to Paris. Blair was found out in No Man's Land lying in the path of a terrible fire. Graham, then a junior subaltern, pulled him half a mile to safety. Thereafter the two of them became friends and had a good time together 'strafing' Fritzie. A month later Graham disappeared. He was reported as missing, then as fatally wounded, and finally as having been killed; anyway Blair had never seen him again until he had stumbled into Charing Cross and found his old friend dozing in his chair.

"Well," the older man was saying slowly, "the whole show is over at last and the blood and murder of it all. The last war of the world Graham; it's for that they've died over there, and for that it is we have fought, for that we will live and our children and theirs after them."

"As it should be," said Graham; "we've paid the price for the peace that has come."

"Yes, it is wonderful, the manner in which the dead have died so nobly. The death of young Kerne was a sample. A bullet sniped him clean through the throat. When he saw he was a 'deader' he broke down like a lonely child. I was by his side when he 'went out.' All I could hear him say was Margaret or Mary or some name like that. Whenever he said it he seemed in peace. At last he got delirious and whispered to me, 'Tell her that I—' but he 'went west' before he could say it, leaving me with the unfinished message. I suppose he meant 'love her.'"

Graham took another 'Gold Plate' from his silver cigarette case and twisted it in his fingers.

"Handsome devil too," continued Blair, "but he always seemed lonely. Poor old Kerne."

The lieutenant had been looking at the foliage of an old yew-tree on the lawn near by. He turned his head slowly.

"Kerne, did you say? What regiment?"

"Yes, Bartley Kerne of the 7th Connaught Rangers—on our right at Lagincourt."

Graham stopped twisting his cigarette. He struck a match and settled back in his chair. His voice was low.

"That reminds me of a story. Would you mind hearing it?"

Blair laughed lightly. "Another one of your romances, I suppose. Well, let it go. Of course the girl is in it?"

"If there wasn't I couldn't begin," Graham retorted. "And it's a romance too,—no interruptions."

The young lieutenant, turning his eyes to where the sun was sinking to rest on the edge of the world, began his tale.

"There is a village on the western coast of Galway called Kiltara-by-the-Sea; a quiet spot where men till their own soil and love the earth which gave them birth and reared them. They are strong men and daring: they love the salt of the sea and their ears are forever filled with the lip-lap of soft waters and the crying of petrels on the shore. The women are beautiful, raven-haired and slender with skin olive as the vintage fields of Spain whence their ancestors came. If you are acquainted with the history of the country you will understand."

"Can't pride myself as knowing any too much about it—just a smattering. But go on with your romance. I'm all attention." And Blair settled himself into a listening attitude.

"Well, you see," said Graham, "they are like queens among their own people. Not that they live in palaces or drink of regal wines from golden goblets; no, their fare is simple and they live in quaint, humble homes: but their comeliness and beauty and their haughty, unbroken natures tell of fiery blood and proud lineage. All of that by way of preface, for now comes the girl, the queenliest among them all. Margery May—that's what they called her—was a beautiful woman. When you looked at her, into her eyes, you were aware of a light mist hanging over the ocean on a fair day with the waters trembling unseen beneath. Her laughter was like a breeze from the headlands and her voice when she was sad was like the cry of a lone lapwing in the marshes. That was Margery May.

"There was a boy in the village who loved her, and I am sure she loved him in return, at least for a while. They went to school together as children, played together and grew up together. It would most probably have ended in the regular lived-happily-ever-after manner if the stranger from afar had not stepped in. He came from the East, Dublin, just then a graduate out of Trinity, full of wanderlust and love of life in all its adventurous forms. He struck Kiltara-by-the-Sea in his travels and remained there.

"To get to the point the stranger fell in love with Margery May. The girl reciprocated ardently. She turned her heart to the young student, wholly enamoured of his graceful and debonnair ways. One day, the victim of it all went to Margery May and, as it seems, pleaded for his lost love. She stamped her foot and told him she should do whatsoever she pleased. The mist suddenly vanished from her eyes and brought things to a climax. The consequences of it all was a struggle. The other man went to the stranger and swore he would kill him. One day they happened to meet by the seashore, where the crags were casting back the spray and foam. There the rivals fought for the love of Margery May. It was a battle of bare arms and strength. Once the stranger slipped and fell upon a jagged rock. Luckily it merely tore his scalp a little behind his right ear—a life-long mark though. The other man paused, and in so doing lost all, for the stranger was up again in an instant, caught his rival off guard and pitched him headlong down a deep gulch, where he lay to all appearances dead."

The speaker stopped for an instant, drawing his crutch over his knees.

"The man, the stranger and Margery May," mused Blair. "What did the stranger do then?"

"He had to flee the country, intending to return after a lapse of time. He thought he had killed a man and he fled to the States. But the fellow did not die—seriously hurt, that was all. He went to England. Another man might have tried again, but the sting of defeat in love and battle was too much for a sensitive spirit such as his.

"The stranger did not stay long in America. When your first division landed in France he was in the rank and file. He quit the American army and was transferred to a certain Irish regiment in which two of his brothers were officers. After Croisilles he got his commission. At St. Leger he came near losing his left leg. It took him a long time to recover. Now he walks with a stiff leg and a droop of his left shoulder; knocked about a good deal."

Graham paused and gazed out upon the trim green lawn with its century-old oaks casting pleasant shades.

Blair turned impatiently.

"Well, the point? What happened to Margery May?"

"Oh, Margery May became an angel of mercy. She is at present a nurse in some hospital in England."

"Yes, but the stranger? Did they meet again?"

"I have every reason to believe that they have met not to part again." The lieutenant was waiting for Blair.

"But the other fellow? Killed or kicking?"

"He died in the arms of a Captain Blair. His name was Bartley Kerne." Graham looked at his friend's face; a languid smile crossed his own.

. . . . . .

A footfall was heard outside the verandah. Someone was walking slowly behind the vines that clustered around. The humming of an old tune in a sweet voice reached their ears. Then someone passed the doorway, a figure clad in white. Graham rose to his feet quickly and cast his crutch to the floor.

"Excuse me a minute, Blair," and as the lieutenant hobbled to the door and down the

steps Blair's eyes opened wide. Graham walked with a stiff leg and a droop of the left shoulder, while a deep scar showed behind the right ear. The soft voice which greeted Graham came to Blair like a sweet awakening and confirmed a vague apprehension. A gentle laugh lingering on the still air told him it could be no other.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS

Ambition is born of incentive.

True friendship defies limitations.

A defaming pen defiles the penman.

Advisers are many, sympathizers few.

Health and wealth seldom go together.

A man of wisdom usually says nothing.

Jealousy is a sign of one's own weakness.

To err is human, but don't be too human.

Aim high—e'en artillery hits win attention.

Supremacy is an evil which leads to Autocracy.

Very often a "showing off" is a "showing up."

Control thyself if thou wouldst govern others.

Ambition has ruined more men than has drink.

Success is the victory of consistent common sense.

Some minds run regularly in the same shallow channel.

"De mortuis nihil nisi bonum" is scarcely a eulogy.

It takes more than long hair to make a musician.

Germany's ambition has proved itself very short-sighted.

The intelligent performance of duty is the key to success.

A friend sometimes turns out to be a mere acquaintance.

The Kaiser might recruit his following by starting a new religion.

Experience shows that the wisest may outwit themselves.

Having a thought is knowledge; being able to express it is art.

The man who said "in caelo quies" did not foresee the aeroplane.

Apologizing for his own faults is just another side of the man who dodges his debts.

Many a man would like to have hell on earth if he could be Lucifer.

May the ex-Kaiser possibly be sawing wood as fuel for his hereafter?

Judging by the weather we should soon have a plenty of fresh rhubarb.

The once poetic term "golden wheat" is now a commonplace with the farmer.

The man who can't afford to drink makes the most rabid prohibitionist.

Church-going with some people is nine-tenths policy and one-tenth worship.

The hawk is not the only chicken thief—as the Seminary can testify.

He is a just man indeed that does not fall at least seven times a day.

With what pleasure will the German historians record the World War!

Those who never study more than is required never learn more than is required.

It seems that the news of peace has not yet reached the boys in Siberia.

He prays poorly who in kneeling worries about the crease in his trousers.

Perhaps the fellow who now draws his inspirations from across the bar will soon be barren.

The conscientious objector was the son of the man who couldn't afford a liberty bond.

If woman only said something every time she speaks there would be no lack of wisdom in the world.

You can fool some of the professors some of the time but you can't fool all the professors all the time.

Too many sinners have found the way of sin in a false notion of charitable companionship with criminals.

Having removed the "root of all evil," the prohibitionists are now looking for other roots of all evil.

With merely a change of address some of our patriotic dailies would pass quite well as London publications.

"It can't be done!" said the wise man; whereupon the latest model of airplane swooped down in his backyard and eloped with his daughter.

Perhaps it is best that the doings of the Peace Conference are kept secret. An international show of selfishness would not be a pleasant spectacle.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS·—VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS

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A Champion of the Church.

One would have thought that the record of the Catholic Church in the war would have discouraged, if not shamed, the perfidious propaganda of hate which has so long been conducted among our American people. But the eye of the enemy is still blind. The fool, with the denial of God upon his lips and the hate of all things holy in his heart, is first, finally, and forever the fool. Bigotry is not dead. But it is good to know that fair-minded, truth-loving men will not be put upon so gratuitously. One man, an editor and a non-Catholic, has allied himself to the side of truth and is devoting the strength of his admirable paper and of his powerful pen to the defence of the Church. His organ, Brann's *Iconoclast*, deserves the unhesitating support of all Catholics. It is a stout breakwater against the tides of bigotry and slander. The cause of the Church is, primarily, the cause of the Church. Catholics make no appeal to sentiment or sympathy; they offer no justification other than that of truth. It is for this truth, the impartial revelation of the facts concerning the doctrines and practices of the Church, that the *Iconoclast* so courageously fights.—J. H. M.

Campaign for Citizenship.

America must be Americanized. Now, as never before, there is an impelling need that the immigrant be informed, the youth instructed, and every citizen inspired with the lofty ideals of American democracy. The National Catholic War Council is undertaking a nation-wide campaign to aid in the accomplishment of this task; the systematic organization of the work is being carried out as a component part of the reconstruction programme recently set forth by the Council. A civics text and a manual of patriotic biography, supplemented by instructions in English, are to be immediately prepared for immigrants and all illiterate adults in order that such citizens may be taught the significance of the principles upon which the structure of this republic has been established. As the political experience, economic standards, and national ideals of the various classes of immigrants differ greatly, special attention is to be given to each class according to particular needs. The chief aim of this whole system of political training will be to emphasize the duties and obligations of citizenship. In short the Council hopes to create a more intelligent electorate and thus arouse a keen interest in all the governmental affairs of city, county, and nation; for it is only by educating the great mass of voters and giving them concrete incentives to take an active and intelligent part in politics that the vital problems confronting the nation can be solved, a responsible legislative policy assured, and administrative efficiency finally attained in our democracy.—C. R. P.

Local News.

—Father Cavanaugh has returned from Los Angeles, where he conferred the Laetare Medal of the University on Hon. Joseph Scott. While on the coast Father Cavanaugh visited Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

—Father Cornelius Hagerty delivered a forcible address at the Irish mass meeting held in Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Sunday, March 16th. On St. Patrick's Day Father Hagerty spoke in St. Patrick's Hall, in Toledo, and Rev. Thomas Lahey delivered the address of the day in Cathedral Hall in the same city.

—At a meeting of the Alpha Alpha Delta Club last Tuesday evening the president appointed a committee on entertainment, consisting of Messrs. Tosney, Shaw, and Cain, and a commitee on literature, composed of Messrs. Casey, Ortega, and McCabe. The principal event of the meeting was a talk by Mr. Tosney on "The Advantages of Agriculture from a Campus Point of View."

—Rev. William A. Bolger, C. S. C., was toastmaster at a very delightful St. Patrick's banquet held Tuesday evening in St. John's Auditorium, Benton Harbor. Father Bolger called upon Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., of South Bend, who spoke on "Ireland's Right to Self-determination," Prof. John M. Cooney, dean of the department of journalism, who spoke on "The Irish Question," and Thomas Tobin, who told of the Irish Race Convention at Philadelphia.

—"The Art of Speech-making" was the subject of a good talk given by Alden Cusick at the last meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. A lively extemporaneous discussion of "Immigration and Emigration" by all members of the society resolved itself finally into a heated debate between Emmet Sweeney and J. Worth Clark as to the desirability of referring this question to the peace conference. The society is considering plans for some debates with other organizations and for the annual banquet to be given some time in late April.

—The attractive featur of Wednesday night's "movie" in Washington Hall was Mary Pickford in "Amarilly." The picture is realistic enough in depicting "Clothes Line Alley," but much less so in its portrayal of the "Four Hundred." Its plot is decidedly suggestive of that in "Mother," by Kathleen Norris. It does not abound in stirring events or dramatic situations, but there is a quiet and subtle undercurrent which proves quite conclusively how ill-advised must be any attempt to fuse the products of the "Alley" and of "social cold storage."

—Within the last few days the Notre Dame Freshmen have "vernalized," like other verdants. The result is a regular class organization headed by John Higgins, of Shelbyville, Indiana, with Roger Kiley, of Chicago, as assistant. John Huether, of Sharon, Pennsylvania, will record Freshmen activities for the remainder of the year, and Charles Hirschbuhl, of Portland, Oregon, will guard any funds that may find their way into the coffers of the class. The Freshmen, sharing the belief of the Sophomores that size is not essential to an efficient sergeant-at-arms, elected Gerald Ashe, of Rochester, New York, to that position.

—The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus will hold its commemorative exercises Tuesday evening, March 25th, at eight o'clock in the council chamber in Walsh Hall. It is the custom of the Knights to gather annually to discharge their duty of fraternal love toward those members of the order who have died during the year, and in particular toward the deceased members of the local council. Within the past year Notre Dame Council has suffered the loss of Captain George A. Campbell, Captain "Jerry" Murphy, and Mr. Simon E. Twining, and it is in memory of these men in particular that next Tuesday's meeting will be held. Father Schumacher will speak on "Our Order and its Dead," and Professor James Hines will deliver a eulogy of the deceased members. Only Knights of Columbus may attend the exercises.

—Brother Philip, our landscape gardener, considers the verses, by Justin Thyme, in Professor Stace's volume, "Vaporings," as particularly timely these fine days:

Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass!
Stray not from orthodox paths as you pass;
Let the bright verdure untrampled remain,
Clothing the dry, arenaceous plain.
Manifold checks its exuberance grieve,
Sunburn and frostbite it needs must receive;
Add not your mite to its woe, then, alas!
Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass!

Blacksmiths have aprons to keep off the sparks,
Swimmers torpedoes to keep off the sharks;
Parasols keep off the hot solar beams,
Stouter umbrellas the pluvial streams;
People who dwell 'mid malarial ills
Always have something to keep off the chills.
Why not belong to a numerous class?
Keep off the grass, darling, keep off the grass!

—Notre Dame was well represented at the St. Patrick's Banquet given last Sunday evening in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel by the South Bend Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the South Bend and Notre Dame branches of the Friends of Irish Freedom. The occasion was in the nature of a get-together-and-get-informed meeting, which drew an attendance of more than five hundred persons. Among the numbers on the program from the University was a vocal solo by Joseph McGinnis, who with his song awakened fond Irish memories. Charles McCauley won the usual applause, and it remained for Father Eugene Burke to capture the audience completely for Notre Dame with his original "Erinspired" songs. George Haller, the president of the Friends of Irish Freedom of Notre Dame, delivered an oration, "The Dream of the Gael," which with its wealth of

poetic fancy was a credit to himself and a delight to his auditors. Rev. Patrick J. Carroll delivered an address on "Ireland's Right to Self-Determination," in which he refuted in a masterly way the half-truths of British propaganda and conclusively established his contention that in justice the Irish people must have freedom. Father Cavanaugh, who appeared unexpectedly in the midst of the program to hear Father Carroll, was himself called upon for "a few words." His eloquent remarks were received with enthusiastic appreciation. He declared that petty prejudice, such as is now emanating from the pulpit and the press, can best be met by straight truth forcefully driven home, and he urged that nothing is to be gained by "a recital of the dolorous mysteries of the rosary of Ireland's past," whereas everything may be hoped for from an active, intelligent presentation of her rights.

—T. J. Tobin.

Obituaries.

Doctor J. A. Bodine (student 1882–1884), chief surgeon, Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital since 1889, died of heart disease on February 24th, 1919, in the New York Athletic Club. Doctor Bodine registered from Louisville, Kentucky, and was later graduated from the University of Louisville. He was the originator of the operation for hernia by using local anaesthesia. The sympathy of all at the University goes out to Mrs. Bodine and her daughter, who survive the Doctor.

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Word has been received from Akron, Ohio, of the death in that city of Mr. Patrick J. Hanifin, father of Thomas Hanifin, member of the Scholastic staff. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Father O'Keefe, of Akron, who paid unstinting tribute to the devout Catholicity and exemplary Christian character of the deceased. "Rarely," said he, "in my experience as a priest have I had the joy of attending the last moments of a soul so well prepared to meet its Maker." Death loses much of its accustomed bitterness when it comes at the end of such a life. The saddest feature of the funeral was the absence of an elder son who is serving in the United States Army in France. Tom's fellow-seminarians, the members of the Board, and his many other friends at the University unite in extending him their deep sympathy and promise prayers for his father in this hour of bereavement.

Personals.

—The marriage of Doctor Dwight W. Stoughton (student, 1910-11) to Miss Aileen Dickson-Otty is announced in Montreal, Canada.

—Louis H. Hellert (LL. B., '18) is junior member of the firm of Wade and Hellert, at 217 LaPlante Building, Vincennes, Indiana. He considers himself a Notre Dame Club in that town, holding all offices and constituting the entire membership. "Louie's" energy and loyalty will soon increase the Vincennes colony at the University.

—The *Michigan Catholic* of March 6 contains a letter to the editor from James E. Sanford, who is now in Verdun, France. In part James says: "I suppose the war has brought sorrow to many homes in Detroit, and doubtless on my return I shall find many faces missing. Here is a little verse by our Father Charles O'Donnell, of Notre Dame, which will apply:

> Sometime returning out of ways more wide,
> The rippling waters I may walk beside;
> Seek out in the old familiar places,
> Seek, but not find, the old familiar faces.

How prophetic were those lines written for our Dome of 1915."

—Thomas F. O'Mahoney (B. S., 1872, A. B., 1873, M. S., 1874, A. M., 1875) is now judge of Lake County, and resides at Leadville, Colo. In a letter, which he sent for the purpose of renewing his subscription to the Scholastic, he calls himself "a troglodyte" of the "Wild and Woolly West" who cherishes the hope of visiting the University sometime in the near future. Although it has been forty years since last Mr. O'Mahoney resided at Notre Dame, Father Maher, the one link that binds the present with the far-away past, is still here to explain the new and recall the old in case his Honor favors us with the visit which his letter promises.

—Thomas Daniel Lyons (Litt. B., '04) has, in conjunction with a business associate, contributed a very elaborate treatment of the laws concerning oil refinery operations to a recent issue of *The Oil and Gas Journal*. The article deals particularly with conditions in the Oklahoma fields. The same issue contains the following reference to Patrick Malloy (LL. B., '07): "Pat Malloy, of the Constantin Refining Company, a lawyer and oil man who is widely known throughout the Southwest, was

an orator at a bankers' convention in Fort Worth, Tex., last Saturday evening. Mr. Malloy is a Demosthenes when he turns on his eloquence, and has not the slightest difficulty in convincing his hearers that he has just about the right dope on any theme which may receive his attention." Old students will remember "Pat" as a varsity orator and debator of the first water.

Athletic Notes.

ILLINOIS 44; VARSITY 42.

In one of the most exciting finishes to a track meet seen here in years, Illinois triumphed over the Varsity squad last Saturday evening by two points. Notre Dame took what seemed a good lead and held it until the visitors scored heavily in the half mile. From that event the result was in doubt until the relay. An unfortunate accident to Gerald Hoar, our lead-off man in the relay race, robbed the home team of a victory. After having a good lead over the Illini runner in the second lap, Hoar fell on a sharp turn, giving his opponent a lead of 20 yards. Scallon made a desperate attempt to make up the distance, but the handicap was too big. Colgan and Barry finished strong, but the visitors had already won the meet.

Meehan staged a remarkable "come-back" in the mile when he stepped ahead of Caskey and finished in 4.38. Sweeney, who set the pace for Meehan, came in third. Meehan tried his luck in the 880-yard run, but the Illini pacer managed to finish ahead of him, forcing Meredith into third place. For the first time since 1916 Notre Dame made a clean sweep in the high jump. Douglass went 5 feet, 9 inches; Gilfillan and Hoar were tied for second. In former years the Suckers had no difficulty in winning this event. Douglass tried for a new record but missed the mark by an inch.

Gilfillan paired off with Hoar in the high hurdles, and both came ahead of Carroll and Goff. Gilfillan won the shot-put, but Smith and Malone lost out by a small margin of 4 inches. The summaries:

40-yard dash—Mulligan, Notre Dame, first; Mills, Illinois, second; Carroll, Illinois, third. Time, .04.3.

40-yard high hurdles—Gilfillan, Notre Dame, first; Hoar, Notre Dame, second; Carroll, Illinois, third. Time, .05.3.

440-yard dash—Emery, Illinois, first; Barry, Notre Dame, second; Prescott, Illinois, third. Time. .55.

880-yard dash—Brown, Illinois, first; Gardener, Illinois, second; Meredith, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2.04 3-5.

One-mile run—Meehan, Notre Dame, first; Caskey, Illinois, second; Sweeney, Notre Dame, third. Time, 4.38.

Two-mile run—Birks, Illinois, first; Blount, Illinois, second; O'Hara, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10.15.

High jump—Douglass, Notre Dame, first; Hoar and Gilfillan, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 5 feet 9 inches.

Pole-vault—Buchheit, Illinois, first; Rademacher and Douglass, of Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 11 feet 3 inches.

Shot-put—Gilfillan, Notre Dame, first; Schuh, Illinois, second; Leifendahl, Illinois, third. Distance, 39 ft. 7 in.

Relay won by Illinois. Time, 3.49.3.

INTERHALL GAMES.

In a hotly contested engagement, Corby Hall defeated Sorin's crippled basketball quintette and won the 1919 interhall championship last Wednesday evening. Sorin had triumphed over Corby in a well-played game on the Sunday before the final battle, but the Maroons strengthened themselves successfully for the final clash. Captain Mehre was most instrumental in winning the trophy for Corby, his floor work and excellent guarding being too much of a problem for the Sorinites. Trafton did all the heavy scoring for the victors. Scofield and Mohn were unsuccessful in their efforts to wrest the championship from Corby. The final score was, Corby, 23, and Sorin, 11.

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With a well-balanced team Walsh Hall experienced very little difficulty Monday afternoon in carrying off the interhall indoor championship. The Gold Coasters scored 60 points, while the Maroons, who had visions of a possible victory, could gather only 36½. Sorin, with only four men in competition made a remarkable showing by capturing 20 scores, leaving 15½ for Brother Casimir's men and a single point for Badin. Walsh took an early lead and maintained it to the end. Several surprises were sprung, as when Kirke defeated Wynne in the low hurdles and when the victors made a sweep in the broad jump. Burke, the former interscholastic champion of the East, established a new interhall record in the 880-yard run by reducing the time to 2.04.4, a few seconds faster than the time made by Captain Cyril Kasper in 1916. Burke won the mile race also and with ease. The Walshites won the relay in good time. Thomas O'Shaughnessy, a former varsity hurdler, officiated. Many spectators and visitors attended the meet.

Letters from Soldiers.

LeMans, France,
December 3rd, 1918.

Reverend Eugene Burke, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Father Burke:

Some weeks have elapsed since I received your two most welcome and interesting letters, and were it not for the fact that I have been on the go from morning until night during the past four weeks, I surely would have answered them sooner. For five months I had waited patiently for some word from good old Notre Dame. Day after day I saw thousands and thousands of smiling doughboys passing through this area on their way to the front, but never did I see a familiar face; and then one day things changed here in this quiet old sector, and I received "beaucoup" news from old Notre Dame.

The program opened with your two fine letters, which reached me on All Saints Day. When I returned from attending holy Mass in the Notre Dame church I found them awaiting me on my desk. The very next day who should walk in on me but my old friends, Father McGinn and Father Finnegan. Then came Lieutenants Miller, Kiefer, and Friedstead. Friedstead had just evacuated from a neighboring hospital and was on his way back to the front. He was wearing two red wound stripes, with which were connected some very interesting stories. I do not know whether you remember him or not. He was formerly in Walsh Hall and enlisted as a private the day after war was declared. He was commissioned from the ranks after almost all of his officers had been killed.

The last night that we were all together here in old LeMans we went out for dinner. At the table sat Captain Lathrope and Captain McOsker, the three lieutenants, and I, and before the party had broken up another Notre Dame man dropped in on us, Lieutenant Hyland. We were all happy as could be, for what one did not know about this or that Notre Dame lad another did. It was only a matter of a few days till they all received their assignments, and off they went, all anxious to get into action before it would be too late.

And who should I meet at once, here in the A. P. O., but a good old "pal" of mine of that splendid law class of 1918, Lieutenant Harry A. Richwine, who has the distinction of censoring this letter. I was tremendously glad to see him, and I immediately got busy in telling my commanding officer good things about him, with the result that he is now "Lieutenant Harry A. Richwine, Assistant Purchasing Officer, Division Quartermaster Office, 2nd Depot Division." He and I are pretty "chummy" these days, but you should see me snap into a salute when there is matter of business. He smiles and so do I, and then we discuss the law.

It was not long till the next big surprise, which was likewise a most happy one; last Saturday afternoon, just when things were getting a bit quiet on the Le Sarthe my good old friend Dan McGlynn dropped in on me from Paris. Three months ago he had passed through here on his way to the front, and not one word had I heard from him. I though that Dan had surely gone over the top never to return, and I cannot tell you how happy I was when he showed up. It just happened that his brother, Lieutenant Joseph B., was in the immediate vicinity. We immediately got in touch with him and you can imagine what a happy session it was when the four of us got together for a week-end in old LeMans.

To-day I received the copy of the SCHOLASTIC which you so kindly sent, and when I read that beautiful sermon of Father Cavanaugh's, delivered at the opening of the schoolyear, it just more than took me back to the wonderful old school. I let Lieutenant Richwine take it, and when he finishes it, it is to go to Father Finnegan. He was in the office to-day, and when I told him about it he said, "Save it for me; I shall be here in a few days."

And now, dear Father Burke, I think you will understand why my letter has been so delayed. It was all because I had the good fortune of meeting so many old Notre Dame men, and while they were around, there was not much time for writing.

I shall close for to-night, trusting that these few lines will arrive in time to bring to you and to all Notre Dame my heartiest wishes for a most happy Christmas. Best wishes from Lieutenant Richwine.

One of your boys,
John M. Raab.

American E. F., France,
November 18, 1918.

My dear Professor Maurus:

I hope you will pardon my long delay in writing, but I think you can realize how busy we have been during the last three months when you recall the wonderful work the Allied armies have done within that time. Our group has taken part in all the big pushes the Yanks have made, which has meant much moving and much work, for when a "party" was to be had, every foot of territory behind Fritz's lines had to be carefully photographed several times and in various ways. As we were lucky enough to have unusually good weather, we were particularly busy, often frantically so. I did not have photographic work as regular assignment, the making of maps being my proper work; but when the poor photo-men were "all in" all other hands were called on deck to help out wherever possible. Now that hostilities have ceased, we are resting on our oars at present, our principal occupation being a somewhat vain effort to separate the grain of truth from the bushels of chaff in the rumors flying about camp concerning our next destiny,—whether it is to be the Rhine or the States. There's no doubt as to what we should like it to be, but that is another matter altogether.

The publication of my letter in the SCHOLASTIC, although a surprise, brought me several letters from old friends. Tom Mahoney wrote from Oklahoma and Jack Cavanaugh from France. I have not seen any of the old fellows over here, though I have had my eyes open for them ever since I landed. I have not even met any of the fellows from my home town. But I am with a fine crowd here and have no chance to become homesick or anything like that. I have learned to speak French fairly well, and so can mix a bit when

occasion demands. I took a shot at writing a French letter yesterday, to a cousin who has never seen me but who has written to me in answer to a letter I had sent to the mayor of the town from which my grandfather came. I am hoping to get a leave and visit my cousins there, if we are over here long enough.

I want to thank you for the SCHOLASTIC you sent me. I wonder if you can understand the warmth of their welcome. Reading matter of any kind is scarce enough, and when a SCHOLASTIC comes bringing with it memories of the by-gone happy days I literally fall upon it and devour it even to the "ads"—of the Orpheum, Mike's, and the others.

We have very seldom been near a Y. M. C. A. hut, and I have not yet been in a K. of C. hut, much as I should like to visit one. I always thought I should be able to get in touch with some of the old Notre Dame boys at the K. of C., but have most of the time been away in the sticks so deep that civilization and its advantages were only dreams. If I am lucky enough to get home in the near future I shall let you know where I am and shall try to visit Notre Dame at the first opportunity. If, however, we go into the Army of Occupation I shall not wait for an answer, but will write and tell you about Hun-land, and how the Huns love us.

I shall have to say good-bye here and line-up for "chow." I have been hearing some wild reports about the "flu" over there; I hope it does not reach Notre Dame. I had a touch of it last year, but, fortunately it did not amount to much.

Hoping that this may find you in the best of health and spirits, I remain,

Your friend,

Sgt. Lawrence Rebillot.

Photo Section No. 1, Observation Group,
1st. Army Corps, American E. F., France.

American E. F., France,
January 8, 1919.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

I did not think you would find any interest in a letter from me until you told Mother that you would like to hear from me. I have very little to tell, Father, for things have a habit of not happening in this place of rain and mud called Caezerais. Our airdome is north of Toul, twenty kilometers from Nancy. But permissions are so brief that we ha.e no time to enjoy these cities.

We moved here only three weeks before the armistice was signed. We managed, however, to put in a little time over the lines, wedging it in between the long periods of rainfall. Our sector stretches across the river Moselle before Metz. It was fairly quiet here until the day before the armistice when the 924th Division (negroes) bulged out the line in order to relieve Pont-a-Mousson. On the morning of the armistice we believed another war was upon us from the manner in which the guns were roaring, but later we found out that it was merely our own batteries, retaliating for a sample of hate the Hun had sent over.

While in training I met a number of Notre Dame boys. At D.llas I saw Fitzgerald and McDonough. I came overseas with "Young Dutch" Bergman, and in France I have met "Red" Schlipp and Gus Jones. I read of Jasper French's death but a month ago. How is the "old school," Father? as picturesque as ever? I have read of the high scores the Team piled up last fall.

I hope you are well, Father, and smiling as of old. Give my best to the professors and the students who may know me.

Your old friend,

(2nd. Lieut.) William E. Kennedy.

Aero Section, U. S. A.,
American E. F., France.

Paris, France,
February 8, 1919.

Dear Professor Maurus:

I shall drop you a line during my short stay here in Paris. I arrived here yesterday morning and will leave to-night. I am on my way to Aix les Baines, a resort in the southeastern part of France, to spend a week. Two other fellows are accompanying me. All men of the American E. F. are entitled to a seven-day vacation when they have been over here four months. Our "leaves" have been rather slow in coming but we have men going all the time now. Only a few are allowed to be away at one time. Aix is a beautiful place, they say, and we hope to have a pleasant time there. This resort is the chief one open to enlisted men. We have permission to visit Nice down on the coast, but I hardly think we shall go on account of the long distance. Riding on the trains here is very tiresome nowadays, as they are always crowded and one is fortunate to get a seat.

I was recalled from La Courtine to Headquarters about five weeks ago. I returned to Headquarters and was there two days when I was taken sick with influenza. I had a bad attack and have been out of the hospital little more than a week. I am feeling fairly well now, but I am not exactly "back on my feet" yet. Perhaps after a good rest at Aix I shall be in good shape. There has been a great deal of the "flu" over here, though I believe it is abating now. There has been an enormous number of cases in the States, I believe, from what the papers say. Did the epidemic strike Notre Dame?

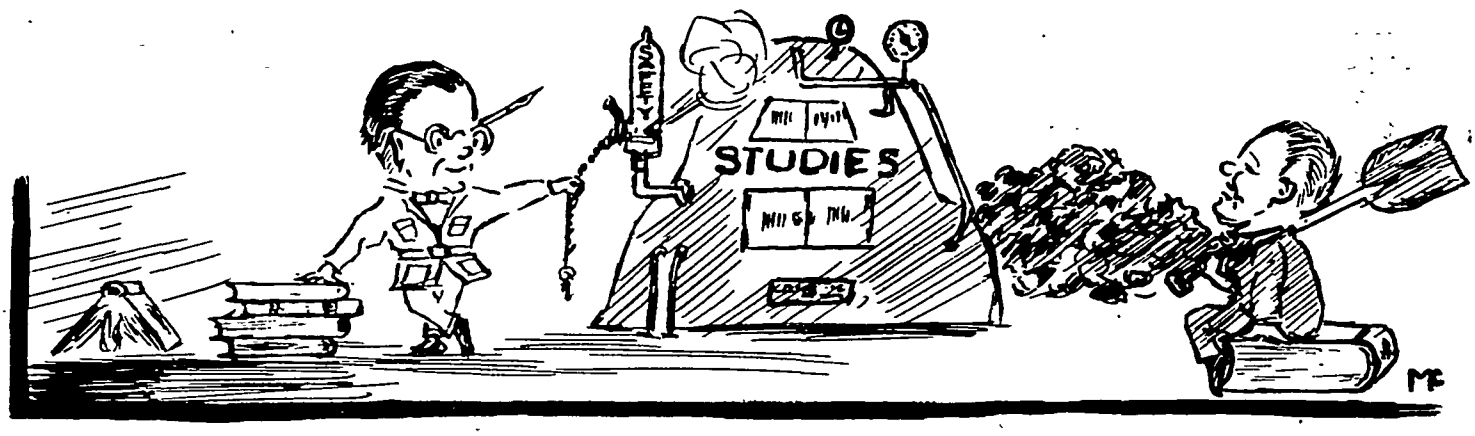
This is my second trip to Paris, as I was there about four weeks ago for twenty-four hours. I took a sight-seeing trip and saw a bit of the city. It has been rainy and disagreeable since we got here this time and I have gone out but little. Sight-seeing in the rain is not pleasant. We are given fifteen days for our trip, seven of which must be spent at Aix. I should like to stay here in Paris for a while, but a twenty-four hour pass is all that one is able to get. Perhaps it is just as well, because it takes much money to linger around here and we should be bankrupt before we got to our destination.

I met a fellow from home last night while dining here in the hotel. It certainly seems good to see a home face over here. I shall send you another line from Aix when we get settled, and I hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely your friend,

Leon T. Russell.

Field Detachment, Meteorological Division,
U. S. Signal Corps, American E. F., A. P. O. 731-A.



OR A QUICK FINISH.

It is rumored that the League of Nations is to sign Ty Cobb—we think it should have a *short stop*.

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SONG HITS.

It's never Spring until the rhubarb comes.
What will the ice trust do after July?

***

LOVE IS A DEAF AND DUMB BELL.

You tell me I'm the sweetest thing in all the wide, wide world
No flower ever blossomed half so fair,
A rose upon a desert island blooming all alone
Could not be more invaluable or rare;
You think we could be happy in yon cottage on the hill
Where grow the yellow jasmine shrubs and heath,
But I have often wondered if you'll love me just the same
When you find out I've lost my molar teeth.

You say I have the mildest disposition ever known
That no one ever saw me in a rage,
My life is like a story book that anyone might read—
A charitable deed on every page.
You're certain that if I will be your honey love and pet
That you will be my tender little lass,
I wonder if that heart of yours that beats so truly now
Will love me when you know my eye is glass.

I've heard you say my countenance is like the breaking dawn,
My cheeks have all the crimson of the sky,
And when I smile upon you all the heavens fill with light
The shades of evening fall when I pass by;
You love the raven blackness that is hidden in my hair,
You know no other with a heart so big,
I wonder little buttercup will you feel quite the same
When you discover that I wear a wig.

I'm told your young heart flutters every time that I pass by,
Though we should not be near enough to talk,
You say you like my carriage and my poise and everything,
There's music in the rhythm of my walk;
Though you have looked the country o'er a hundred times or more,
And searched from San Francisco to New York,
You've never found my equal—will it be the same, dear heart,
When you find out I have a leg of cork?

And if with all this knowledge you are constant as of yore
Believing me to be a very whiz,
I must confess before you in the candor of my heart
I can not comprehend just why it is.
I look on you and wonder if I really see things right,
I know not if you merit praise or blame,
If you could fall in love with me in spite of all these things,
Then you could love a junk heap just the same.

***

James Hoskin, the Sorin Hall hope, is a splendid runner with this one defect—he runs too long in the same place.

***

WHO PUT THE TON IN TRAFTON?

The pole vaulting of Trafton in the inter-hall meet reminded us of a hippopotamus trying to jump over the moon.

***

WE ARE.

Folks tell us to-day of the times long ago
When even young boys were polite,
They spent all the hours of daytime at school
And never went out in the night,
A lie never fell from the lips of a youth
In those dear old days of the past,
Well it may have been so in George Washington's time,
But we're sure getting over it fast.

They tell us of students who labored and toiled,
Who never flunked out in a class,
Of boys who shunned dances and parties and such
And never went out with a lass,
Boys clamored for lectures on Latin and Greek,
They cared not how long they might last—
Well it may have been so when Columbus was young
But we're sure getting over it fast.

***

It's a bright day in the life of a Walsh Haller when someone doesn't tell him to get up off his brains.

***

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Sleeping Sickness.
Hook Worm.
Inertia.
Humbert Berra.

***

I'm not so handy at my work,
But I sure have the knack
Of picking out a cozy spot,
And lying on my back.