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The Triumph.

JAMES H. MCDONALD, '19.

THE watch is on, the night is still,
The blessed legions keep,
Beneath a poppy-breathing hill,
The armistice of sleep.
Oh, winds are soft and winds are glad
For soldiers at their rest;
Brave Flemish heart, and Yankee lad,
Saxon and Frankish breast.

Camp fires on the shadowy hill
Glow soft and warm and red,
Ten thousand poppies light the still
Dominions of the dead.
When, lo,—it is the lark that sings
Out of unfolding skies,
And with the lark, on burning wings
The clouds of morning rise.

"Awake! Awake! It is the day,"
A thousand trumpets sing.
"Awake, arise! The Lord doth say,
'This is My reckoning.'"
As one the waking millions rise
And stand with sword and gun;
The bayonets make radiant skies
For flashing in the sun.

The march is on, and Gabriel
Walks first with flaming sword,
And Michael on his snow-white horse,
The Captain of the Lord.
Ah, could there be a holier sight,
A thing more grand to see,
Than saints in splendid coats of light,
And God's white cavalry?

Then through the silver mist that shrouds
The oceans of the air,
The white-winged navies of the clouds
In golden sunshine fare.
A song goes up; the levelled eyes
Of fighting men and strong
Behold God's city of the skies;
This is a blissful throng.

Oh, but the fields of God are fair,
To weary, weary men!
And how the sweetness of the air
Can make them young again!
The ways are strewn with golden sand,
No cloud the beauty mars;
And daisies make each meadowland
A firmament of stars.

"All halt!" The moving army stands
Before the gated wall.
"Lay down your arms," the chief commands.
The blue and khaki fall.
All stand in raiment clean and white,
In sudden grace—
The gates are wide—and, ah,—the light!
And—ah!—His Face.

It is a blessed, blessed thing
In white and gold arrayed,
To march before the kingliest King
And get the accolade.

The Failure of Christianity.

BY LEO R. WARD, '22.

WHO of us, in whatever enterprise he may be involved, does not wish to succeed? Once we are fairly launched, once we are rightly warmed up to a task, success at whatever cost is a far more tolerable goal than honorable defeat. But what is success? What are we to make its criterion? "By success," says a modern critic, "the world means intelligible success—success which can be expressed in terms of the intellect." The term, it would seem, usually signifies something tangible, something that can be seen and felt, in most cases something that can be expressed in terms of dollars and cents.

Measured in these terms, there never was a more signal failure than the earthly life of our Lord. He had come to establish a kingdom: from a jeering mob he received only a crown of thorns. He was executed as a capital criminal without a friend to defend Him. He had, therefore, in the eyes of the world failed miserably. Whether or not He should rise again, as He said, was not a matter for grave concern. Men, His enemies reasoned, do not rise from the grave,—why should this Man? Even supposing later that He had risen, still He had usurped no throne, had established no kingdom, and if He had some few followers they were of no consequence. Hence there was at most but the barest likelihood that His doctrines could long endure.

Yet the seed sown on the day of the Ressurection seemingly in a most sterile soil took root, a seedling sprang up which somehow lived, and in spite of its apparent insignificance thrived and spread even in roughest climes and on desert areas. All down the centuries it flourished and withered alternately here and there, withered sadly in one land while it blossomed promisingly in another. So it has ever gone on, daring forth boldly here, lurking shudderingly there; spreading its branches on one day, only to have them rudely lopped off on the next; holding out to the husbandman promise of fair fruits, and yet—O paradox of paradoxes!—seeming to fill the enemy's granary. And thus season after season for nearly two thousand years, ever doubtful, yet ever hopeful; ever expanding, yet always and everywhere stunted and cramped, until at last it was but too evident to "rational" men that the first Sower's dream could never be realized; for as a modern statesman has expressed it, "We have extinguished with a magnificent gesture, and altogether, the lights that have burned in heaven so long."

Christianity, then, if it has not already perished from the earth, sees at last the end of its course. But why, after all, should this not be so in the natural course of events? History teaches that every institution upon the earth is but "a growth destined sooner or later to decay." No individual, no city, no nation, no civilization can hope to escape; all must run, with hands tied, through the inevitable, everlasting cycle: birth, growth to maturity, downfall, decay, death. Is there any reason why Christianity should not follow the law? It is true that it has survived many establishments whose beginnings were far more promising than its own; but does that not more surely augur its own dissolution at no far distant day, if, indeed, that day has not already arrived?

The Great War, with its too evident return in many instances to primitive barbarism, has been urged as the final and "palmary proof" of the total disruption of Christianity. The assumption is that war and Christianity are wholly incompatible, that the one must perish where the other even exists. It is well to bear in mind, however, that the time of peace and plenty before the war was no proof of the success of Christianity. Indeed it is urged on the contrary that those days were the direct result of the practical philosophy which scorned the idea that Christ—if there ever was such a Man—was God. But as soon as war broke out, the situation was reversed: Christianity was all at fault. For how could "thinking man" be in any way the responsible agents of the inhuman atrocities that were being perpetrated? Impossible! The whole sickening spectacle was then a powerful object lesson which heartlessly told what a state Christianity had reached. Anent this attitude, the greatest American essayist had this to say three years ago: "Press and pulpit are calling Christianity to account for its failure to preserve peace,—a failure," she styled it, "to reconcile the irreconcilable."

The fact is that Christianity did fail to preserve peace—as did everything else. But to preserve peace, to make war impossible under any and all provocations is not the specific mission of Christianity. Any conduct to rhyme exactly with the teaching of Christianity needs

only to be morally justifiable, and war, either defensive or offensive, can be entirely legitimate. Nay, there are times when not to draw the sword and not to wield it vigorously and relentlessly, would be far more telling proofs of the collapse of the Christian spirit than the making and prosecution of a war. There is, for instance, something in the doctrine of Christ about laying down one's life for a friend. Now a nation may have as a friend another nation; and that other nation may be in peril, may be in the very throes of death, and to step in at such a time and succor the afflicted is in strictest accord with the teaching of Christ.

Christianity has, beyond doubt, borne the brunt of the recent great battle. As a result of the war, it has suffered and will for years continue to suffer in the hearts of countless Christians. The rain of shot unfortunately did not single out either the just or the unjust; it fell on both alike. Christianity has seen the destruction of many of its noblest monuments. The demolition of churches, however, does not destroy Christianity; it does not so much as scathe it. There is, to be sure, a certain relation between Christianity and churches, but the two words are not at all synonomous—for "The faith that built these churches is as unassailable as the souls of the men who died for them."

Experience,—to disregard sentiment,—teaches that war and the gruesomeness that accompanies it result, not in the irretrievable toppling of Christianity, not even in injury to the Christian cause or the Christian spirit, but indubitably in a quickening of both. Hence to assert that Christianity has signally failed to preserve peace—which is true—or to save treasures which it has cost centuries to amass, does not prove that Christianity is dead or even dying, but may in fact prove the very contrary.

More than this, the outlook of today happily presents several bright aspects. The proposed League of Nations is based on Christian principles, and it is consoling to know that the only voice opposing such a basis was given but scanty hearing. Yet we are not to think the millenium has been reached; this old world is not yet Utopian; there are and will be, among many other evils, tyrannical assumptions and abuses of power. Yet we are not for that reason to discard whatever of good there is in the world, but to improve gradually upon it as we may, and now and then to make—at what cost we know not—necessary and feasible additions to it.

East and West.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

FROM out the darkness crept the dawn
And trailed the fleeing night;
It thrust aside each starry pawn
With shafts of brilliant light.

Before the dawn had turned to day
And captured earth and sky,
Great clouds encamped upon the way,
The sun went passing by.

The colorless sun recolored red
And cooled a world in pain,—
But East and West can never wed,
For dawn and dusk are twain.

The Old Captain.

BY FRANCIS BUTLER, '19.

The Old Captain sat on a wooden bench sunning himself. Near by, a revolving lawn-spray let fall an iridescent shower over the flower-beds of the terrace. Facing him was the railway station where little groups, awaiting the arrival of the evening train, were collecting. How entertaining were these villagers with their light, playful, gossipings; their frank outbursts of laughter and surprise. He could hear but faintly the click-click of the telegraph board.

All his life he had known them, these men, women and children on the station's platform. He had lived at Carthage long before most of them had been born. He had seen them grow up, marry, and have families of their own. They called him affectionately the "Old Captain," not because he had seen service in any war, but because his figure, always erect, trim, commanding in appearance, was somehow associated with that of an intrepid military captain. It was his hobby, when the weather was fair and inviting, to come every afternoon to take his seat on the terrace. None of his townsmen ever sought to ascertain the cause of this senile habit. He was just an ordinary old man, too much preoccupied perhaps, but his ways, however childish, ought surely to be indulged.

A stranger, travel-worn and shabbily-dressed, trudged toward him. The Old Captain, glad to have an opportunity to chat with anyone

at all, welcomed him with a gesture.

"Have a seat. You've got a brief spell to wait before train-time, and you look tired out."

"Tired out I am," returned the stranger, his voice quavering. "I've come a long ways to-day, but I've got to keep on going."

The frayed coat-sleeves of the man, his unkempt beard, the dark circles under his eyes that bespoke dissipation, his eyes, too, that shrank instinctively from a direct gaze, stirred the Old Captain's heart to a show of ready sympathy. A host of possible questions thronged his mind. It so seldom happened that a stranger from the wide world beyond the hills of Carthage came into his life that he fairly revelled now in anticipation of the conversation he was about to enjoy. Far countries, strange peoples, great cities, celebrated men and women, all these, perhaps, this stranger had seen and he himself had not.

"Did you say you came from far away?"

"Yes, a great distance from here, a thousand miles and more. It's a place where men work hard and always. They slave away their lives felling trees all winter, and in the spring they drive the logs downstream when the rivers are swollen high. But I'm through with that. I'm kind o' restless by nature and I got to keep moving. I'm going West to-night to California, and—"

"To California?"

"Yes, and when I get there—"

"To what part of California?"

"Los Angeles, I think. Why? do you know anyone there?"

"Not exactly. But my son, Jack, was there once and he sent me a picture of the place, and I've got that picture yet."

"Your son?"

"Yes. Jack travelled around a good bit just like you; only he is a great actor."

"Tell me about Jack. Where is he now?"

The Old Captain did not heed his question.

"You know, Jack used to send me the newspapers with his pictures in. He was always a pretty good looking lad, but when he put on them stage clothes you'd think there was nobody in the world half so swell as our Jack. Me and my wife showed the papers to all the neighbors. Of course we were a bit proud of him and his little sister Annie (that's my daughter I live with now) was prouder than a peacock every time she heard from him."

"Does she still hear from him?" broke in the stranger.

"No—not regular."

The interruption annoyed him. He resumed slowly, his unsteady voice trying bravely to convey an impression of inner tranquillity.

"Jack was a good lad, though. Even when he was just a little feller he always had a hankering to go far away and do something big in the world; and every time a show came to town he was sure to be there, taking notes, I suppose, on the way the actors carried themselves. And when he came home he'd go through the whole show, act by act, for his mother and me and Annie. His old mother—she's dead and buried now—she'd be splitting her sides at the way he was cutting up, singing and dancing (but not like they do nowadays) and making love to imaginary ladies in balconies, and sometimes running his sword through some devil-may-care rascal that he called the villain,—You've never met Jack in your travels, have you?"

"No, I never have."

"Well, by golly, Jack got to be getting quite an actor. The folks around here always had him leading the program when any entertainment was going on in the hall here. The neighbors used to tell my wife—you know how the women folks talk about their children—they used to tell her that our Jack had the making of a great actor in him. Of course, this pleased his mother considerable, though she'd never let on to me that she was pleased because she was terribly afraid that some day Jack would up and leave us and go on the stage. And oh! how she dreaded that. She'd been kind o' brought up, you know, to think that all stage people were an ungodly lot. Maybe she was right—"he paused reflectively.

"Anyhow a wonderful show company came along to Carthage. Weeks before the billboards were posted with them red and green and yellow posters, advertising the 'Prisoner of Zenda.' I guess that was the name of it. Somehow or other one of the actors took pretty sick on the train bringing the company to Carthage and the manager asked Charley Meade, that's the hotel keeper here, if he knew anybody that would like to try a hand at acting. Naturally, my Jack was recommended and that afternoon the manager took him to teach him his part. I don't know how the lad picked it up so quickly but, anyway, he did. And as long as I live I

shall never forget that night. It seemed that all the folks in Carthage and for miles around turned out to see that play. The old hall never held so many before or since. The orchestra struck up a merry tune. I forget just how it went, but it was one of them old-fashioned tunes that makes a fellow pretty good-natured and a little talkative. Then the curtain went up and the play began. It was a frightful thing, full of dukes and princes, love-making and dungeons, drinking and murdering. I could see right away that my wife was pretty scary. But everybody around us was in high spirits, talking about our Jack. He played mighty well, even if I do say so, and he didn't let any of those princes plunge a sword through him either. Lord! I was never a prouder man in all my born days. Jack was cheered again and again. Finally the show was over and the orchestra played another lively tune. The folks began crowding around us, complimenting Jack and congratulating us. I was so bewildered I didn't know which way to turn. 'Jack, Jack, Jack,' was all that I could hear."

He stopped short as if the thread of his story had suddenly slipped from his grasp.

The stranger interposed.

"What happened then?"

It was a long while before the Old Captain answered. The emotions of grief which he had hitherto kept suppressed were struggling now with overwhelming mastery for expression. Something seemed to deter him from continuing, from further unravelling the story of his mysterious son. Yet the frank, tense features of the stranger prompted him to do so, and in the end he began again.

"I really don't know what happened after that."

There was a clatter of hoofs over the pavement behind the station and the hotel-bus wheeled into view. A crowd covered the station-platform, laughing, gesticulating, exchanging farewells. It was nearly train-time.

Again he spoke. "But when we got home, it was late, very late, and Jack wasn't there. His mother was always a great hand to worry, and that night she just fretted herself sick. All I could do was to quiet her nerves a bit. We waited and waited. Jack never came home. The next day Charley Meade told me that he'd run away with that show company and was going to be a great actor some day. And I guess he had—"

He broke off suddenly. The other looked at him sharply, searching his face for a trace of sorrow, of defeated hope. There was none.

"But are you contented with your son far away?"

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I be. There's Jack out there in the world making a name for himself, and living in swell hotels with servants at his heels and all the while laying away a pile of money for himself and Annie and me. And some day he's coming home to live with us, because in the last letter I got from him he says, 'Dad, if I keep up the pace I'm going now, it won't be long before you can expect me home on the 5:15 with a bag full of money and a batch of good stories that you can swap with the old boys.' That was just like Jack, always saying something smart—and do you know, stranger, I haven't missed a 5:15 all these years, except when it's cold and rainy-like and Annie won't let me out-of-doors."

The 5:15 was whistling at the crossing then; and the Old Captain strode towards the station, bearing his age gallantly, ready to welcome his son.

And the son, Jack, rose from the bench and flicked the dust from his coat-sleeve, resolved to mend his ways.

My Chum.

A DREAMER of dreams and fancies wild
Peculiar chap with manners mild,
And yet there seems to underlie
His quiet mien and peaceful eye
A muted soul that seeks to cry,
"Take heed! All powerful am I!

"I am imagination's child
And born of places ne'er defiled
By man's profaning word or touch.
Eluding his ambitious clutch,
I rise and wander where I will
O'er Appian road or Calvary's hill,
And shod with magic boots of thought
I cover worlds that I have brought
Into existence by my will."

So thus I picture His refrain,
Attempting what I know is vain
And feeble effort to portray,
The phantasies he dreams each day
Then shapes into this mortal clay,
Creating worlds with which to play.

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

Poetry of William Butler Yeats.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, 19.

. . . . wild thought
Fed on extravagant poetry, and lit
By such a dazzle of old fabulous tales
That common things are lost, and all that's strange
Is true because 'twere pity if it were not.—"*Deirdre.*"

William Butler Yeats is one of the finest singers of the Celtic Renascence, of which it has been said that "the Irish literary and dramatic movement is the most vital contribution that has been made to contemporary English literature." As a poet, dramatist, dramatic critic, essayist, and story-writer, Yeats has won imperishable fame, but it is as poet and dramatist that he is best known, and since his genius is fundamentally lyrical it is with Yeats as a poet that this paper is concerned.

None of the writers of the Celtic Dawn, as it has been termed, has achieved the recognition or popularity that his work deserves. In the novel, the most backward of all the Irish literary forms, there are writers such as Maria Edgeworth, Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, and William Carleton among the earlier authors; and in recent times George Moore, "George Birmingham" (Rev. J. O. Hannay) Canon Sheehan, St. John Ervine, James Stephens, and Patrick MacGill write with a refreshing power and original touch which is exhilarating. In the essay, there are names such as William Sharp, "A. E." (George Russell), Tom Kettle, and "John Eglinton." In the drama a distinct school of literature has arisen and produced writers such as Yeats, Lady Gregory, George Moore, Edward Martyn, John Millington Synge, Padraic Colum, Lord Dunsany, and T. C. Murray. This school has made a marked advance over contemporary drama, by evolving a new theory of scenic decoration and (at least in the English-speaking stage) a new style of dramatic recitation. In poetry, which has been styled "the first voice of the Dawn, the land's most enduring art," there have been such masters as "A. E." (George Russel), Yeats, "Fiona MacLeod" (William Sharp), Lionel Johnson, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Douglas Hyde, Francis Ledwidge, Thomas MacDonagh, Percival Graves, George Sigerson, J. M. Synge, Thomas Keohler, and Seumas MacManus.

In any consideration of the work of Yeats, there are several points which must be touched on: his literary aims, his medium, his views on style, the philosophy of his poetry and its qualities, and the man himself. Yeats is a dabbler in the occult, a mystic and magician. Magic enters into all his writing, and yet gives the impression of necessity and congruity. He is preoccupied with a dream-world, a realm of the spirit, a life of dream which he says is the only true reality. He is a poet's poet, seeing "spirit as the weaver of beauty." His mysticism has changed his verse from explicit and melodious lyricism to subtle intention clothed in obscure symbols. He is a symbolist, possessing that realistic "immediacy" of art, which is to be found also in the work of a school of European writers, among whom Maurice Maeterlinck is foremost. The effect of his verse is emotional; his keen temperament, his spiritually sensitive personality, has been quickened by the nobility and poetry of the past, his nature stirred by beauty. He sees his art as producing a trance in the hearer, as evoking "the great mind and the great memory" through symbols. He treats love spiritually, without regard to sex.

His poetry receives all its impulse from his philosophy, which is emotional—based on feeling rather than on thought, on intuition rather than on reason, on mysticism rather than on rationality. He follows the mystical side in the breach which has divided philosophy in all ages into two interpretations; which in scholastic philosophy has produced a Thomas Aquinas on the one hand, and a John of the Cross and a Catherine of Sienna as examples of the other tendency.

It was the aim of Yeats to arouse through literature a distinctive national Irish consciousness, to create a national culture embodying the ideals and spirit of the race. This literature was to be democratic, seeking to approach life in its simplest and most truthful terms. Creative activity was to be prefaced by a critical discussion of the general theory of poetry and the medium to be employed; then the creative intelligence was to be directed to the drama, poetry, and novel. Thomas Davis had first expressed the view that a spiritual renascence of Ireland was possible through art, and this view Yeats proceeded to make definite and influential and to put into practice. Dr. Douglas Hyde had put the Anglo-Irish dialect of the peasants of west Ireland into literature, and Yeats became attracted to this

speech because it was so naturally poetic. Yeats held that the English of modern literature was an essentially impoverished speech, unable to directly express thought because of its lost vitality, and because it had become merely an imperfect algebra of thought, in which words were mere counters.

The dialect of west Ireland, however, since it was a fusion of Elizabethan English, the speech of Shakespeare, and of the old Gaelic, was a colloquial tongue, full of rich idiom, not standardized in its suggestiveness, not vitiated to express the concreteness of life and the abstraction of thought with equal richness. Yeats speaks of this himself: "Before men read, the ear and tongue were subtle, and delighted one another with the little tunes that were in words. They loved language, and all literature was then, whether in the mouths of minstrels, players, or singers, but the perfection of an art that everybody practised, a flower on the stem of life." Printing killed the art of oral speech, however, the appeal to the ear was forgotten, and words became mere counters of thought. Yeats therefore went back to the peasant idiom, out of life but uncorrupted by print.

The influences which have shaped the poetry and lyric tenor of Yeats' dramas, have been Jacob Boehme, the Rosicrucians, and the William Blake of the "Prophetic Books" and of "Jerusalem." Indeed literature has had more to do with the moulding of his art than his life. One of his fine poems is the following:

RED HANRAHAN'S SONG ABOUT IRELAND.

The old brown thorn trees break in two high over Cummen Strand,
Under a bitter black wind that blows from the left hand;
Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind and dies,
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The wind has bundled up the clouds high over Knocknarea,
And thrown the thunder on the stones for all that Maeve can say.
Angers that are like noisy clouds have set our hearts abeat;
But we have all bent low and low and kissed the quiet feet
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The yellow pool has overflowed high up on Clooth-na-Bare,
For the wet winds are blowing out of the clinging air;
Like heavy flooded waters our bodies and our blood
But purer than a tall candle before the Holy Rood
Is Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The Passing of Paudeen.

(A Play in One Act.)

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

Persons:
PAUDEEN.....*An Old Beggarman*
FELIM.....*A Little Boy*
MAUREEN.....*His Younger Sister.*

SCENE:—*A chamber in an old castle. Grass is growing on the floor. Against the wall is a pallet of straw whereon an old man is lying. His breathing shows that he is ill; his face is pale; his beard is white and unkempt. In the middle, facing the high door, a dog lies with his head upon his fore-paws. When the old man speaks his voice is soft and tremulous.*

PAUDEEN—'Tis sick I am this day an' dyin', dyin'. They won't be knowin' it in the village nor down by the crossroads an' they not thinkin' I be in the castle of Glenogra like a king. The wind will be strong to-night an' the rain will be loud in the boreens; for 'twas in the sky when I came up the road to Glenogra. An' now my eyes are dim an' the dusk is on the way. 'Tis wonderin' they'll be after Paudeen, the Beggarman, an' if the good folk don't come an' make me young again, when I'm found, the word will be down by the blue shore how Paudeen died in the castle of Glenogra like a king. (*The dog gets up and moving toward the old man puts its head upon his beard.*)

PAUDEEN—Great hound of Finn! My Skolawn, an' your wantin' to follow the fawn to Slievenamon. Oh, 'tis many the day we went upon the roads of Ireland an' our faces on the houses, or ate the water-cresses that do be growing in the little streams. The snow-white fawn is dead, Skolawn, an' Paudeen will not be eatin' the black sloe nor restin' under the sally leaves anymore.

(*Steps are heard upon the spiral stair. A boy comes in followed by a little girl. The former climbs upon a large stone and looks into a crevice in the wall. They do not see the old man who is quietly regarding them.*)

FELIM—Oh, Maureen Oge, the young birds are out: they have their beaks open and the eggs are broken into small bits.

MAUREEN—Oh, let me see before the mother swallow comes back.

FELIM (*helping her up*)—Don't touch it!

MAUREEN—They will be grown soon and flying from the nest to the lake in the valley. (*The dog makes a sound whereat* FELIM *turns and sees the old man. Both children jump from the rock and look upon the figure on the pallet in silence.*)

MAUREEN—(*in a whisper*)—Old man.

FELIM—'Tis Paudeen the Beggarman, I think.

PAUDEEN—Tell me are ye from Dagda an' did ye come in the magic ship of Manaan to take me away to the land of the Danaans?

FELIM—No, old Beggarman, we did not come from Dagda in the magic ship of Manaan; for we live in the village in the valley.

PAUDEEN—An' what do ye be doin' in the castle of Conary Mor, when 'tis only ould kings do be walkin' on the walls at twilight or sittin' down an' the birds whisperin' to them?

FELIM—We come up here every day, old Beggarman, and we passing over the furze-hill from school to count the nests and to find the one with the blue-speckled eggs in it. And then, Maureen Oge likes to be thinking herself a queen.

PAUDEEN—Do Maureen Oge be thinkin' she is a queen and ye a king?

FELIM—No; only we play at it, and Maureen Oge would be letting on that she is Grania of the Golden Hair or Deidre of the Sorrows.

(*The old man coughs and then looks steadily at* MAUREEN *who draws closer to her brother.*)

PAUDEEN—An' 'tis afraid of me ye are? An' ye not frightened to be climbin' to the top of the windin' stairs where Conary do be standin' there of nights longin' for the plains and the smooth rivers of Erin.

MAUREEN—I amn't afraid of the Beggarman and I don't want to be Grania.

FELIM—(*half to himself*)—'Tis sick to the death he is and his eyes having no meaning in them.

PAUDEEN—'Tis sick I, am but ye would be makin' it light for my heart an' ye playin' at king an' queen, and I lookin' at the Golden Hair of Maureen Oge.

FELIM—(*to* MAUREEN)—Let us be letting on for the poor Beggarman and he wanting it so.

(*He leads* MAUREEN *to a flat rectangular rock. He pulls a long hazel rod from under the stone and stands by* MAUREEN *as if holding a sceptre.*)

PAUDEEN—(*looking at* MAUREEN)—'Tis so, 'tis so. She might be Fand the Pearl of Beauty or Etain of the Fair Eyebrows for all Paudeen the Beggarman knows.

FELIM—O queen of Emain Macha, I must go beyond the hill of Allen and down to the sea and the men of Erin wanting me to lead them.

PAUDEEN—(*raising himself on one elbow*)—'Tis Cuchulain he is an' he goin' to fight on Baile's strand till the waves master him.

MAUREEN—Go, O King, and be with the men of Erin and they listening for the singing of your sword among the forests.

PAUDEEN—Oh, Bov the Red, bring me two crowns from Locha Lein from under the rainbow and the dew. Bring me the harp of Dagda, the honey-sweet murmurer, an' I'll be playin' Cuchulain to sleep that he go not to Baile's strand. (*A clap of thunder is heard. The old man falls back upon the pallet. The children run toward him and look into his face. His voice is low.*)

PAUDEEN—Listen, children, 'tis the sword-play of Fergus among the mountains. The men of Erin are riding against him and Cuchulain will lead them. Hear the chariots and the clashing of the spears. 'Tis the ould prophecy comin' true.

FELIM—It is the thunder, old Beggarman, and not Cuchulain and the men of Erin. It is only thunder and we knowing that Cuchulain will not ride any more and for it is a sign that Ireland will be free; but they are sleeping under the Hill of Ainé till that day.

PAUDEEN—'Tis so, but I tell ye I do be seein' them now an' they ridin' like mad. Only the ould will be knowin' it, the ould like Paudeen the Beggarman an' they makin' no sound to wake the plover in the glens nor the corncrake in the deep meadows.

MAUREEN—(*afraid*)—He is seeing something above the castle wall.

FELIM—The meaning has gone out of his eyes and the light is dying in them. (*It is twilight now. There is a soft rumble of thunder far away.*)

PAUDEEN—They come. I hear the silver trumpets and the neighin' of the Grey of Macha above the whistlin' of the wheels. They will be goin' all round Erin to-night and ridin' back under Tara Hill an' the dawn-wind rushin' through their spears.

MAUREEN—Oh! I am afraid now of the Beggarman.

PAUDEEN—'Tis the sign, I tell ye. And now they are gone but there do be a pale light after them like a shinin' road in the dark, an' I do be wantin' to go out now upon it to follow the men of Erin. (*His eyes stare wider. He dies. The children look upon his face in an entranced*

FELIM—Let us go down now to the valley and tell them that Paudeen, the Beggarman, is dead in the castle.

MAUREEN—And how he was looking over the wall.

FELIM—He was looking at the hosting. They were riding over the castle and down to the woods by the shore. 'Twas the sign he said and he dying. It won't be to-night I'll sleep for the thinking of it and dreaming about the men of Erin. (*They go out.*) *Curtain.*

His Grave.

(To Fred; killed in action.)

AH, little green grave in Angers
My memories are of you to-day.

The lilies of France are pressed
So lovingly 'gainst your crest.

While the blushing sun each day
Comes shyly to kiss your clay.

Loire softly hums her song
To you as she flows along.

Your warm grass is jewelled in dew,
The proud tears of all Anjou.

All nature has wooed and kissed
Your fair face through warring mist.

Though nature's akin to God
You're nearer to Him, dear sod.

Ah, little green grave in Angers
My memories are with you for aye.

P. S.

Day Dreaming.

BY PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

In this heyday of industry the world is much disposed to frown upon individuals who do not apply themselves in some way or other along industrial lines. He who stops to contemplate the beauties of nature, to meditate upon the end of his being, to concern himself with ideals, has no business in this ordered cosmos—particularly in the cosmology of a university. The men and women attending college are righteously expected to evolve into standard machines and automatically concentrate on assigned tasks for the purpose of achieving high grades and a limited personality.

None of this mechanics for me! I am far more content to dream my dream and seek my ideals. Yes, I am one of those peculiar college pests often termed faineants by pedantic professors, one of those who insist on constructing air-castles rather than an economic system. Imagination once told me that my lineage could be traced back through worthy progenitors to some noble of the Lotophagi, and I feel that deep rooted in my being there must be some scattered seeds of the conforting lotus,

My favorite creation is the Chateau D'Eau, of which I am sole lord and master, and there each evening I stroll with Fancy, the charming chatelaine, or idle away the hours with her in some sacred ingle-nook of Ideals. I am often wont to give galliardise banquets in my vaporous castle at which only personages of worldly renown grace my tables. I always insist on inviting my old friend, "Nose on the Grindstone," for he affords me much amusement by his profitless antics. He forever capers about, fussing with this and that, never still and never satisfied; believing that he will find happiness by floundering in work and following the ignis fatuus of life, the minted eagle. My friend book Worm also sits at my aulic board shedding a scholastic aura that emanates from his multi-syllabic words. I always place him vis-a-vis with College Hobo, who takes keenest delight in irritating the litterateur by affecting a stupid rôle and then confusing Book Worm with the irrefutable logic of common sense, which he has acquired by associating with the people of "Commonplace Lane."

Other immortals I gather about me on these occasions, but I choose them carefully lest one unworthy should intrude into this elite company, one who is not a Success, for all my guests must have acquired the bauble of success as a qualification for admittance. After the feast I marshall all my "celebrities" and review them in a grand march. Fate, leading the orchestra of Destiny, swings his baton in allegro time, and I laugh and fleer at the clumsy steps of my guests wondering all the while what their efforts will avail them a hundred years hence.

A Wee Bit of Sunshine.

AY PAUL SCOFIELD, ,20.

A *WEE bit o' sunshine*
Comes creeping through the door,
With loving eyes I watch it
As it wanders o'er the floor.

A wee bit o' sunshine
That comes to comfort me
And drive away the sorrows
Of my Gethsemane.

That wee bit o' sunshine
Alone can make me glad,
Since God has called the mother
Of my wee laughing lad.

Jimmy North—Adventurer.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '2C.

Jimmy North was thrilled as he closed the door of his home behind him. The night of November 1st was rife with the outward manifestations of Adventure—and even more than he longed for an automobile, Jimmy North longed for Adventure, with a capital A. Many moons he has searched for her over the dusty pavements on a midsummer night, in the slush of the southern mid-winter, in the heaviest of spring rains, in the cold rains of late autumn, and it was on this dreariest night of autumn that she seemed nearest. Hence he chuckled in a sort of irrepressible glee as he watched the wet pavement showered with gold by the spendthrift lamps along the street throw back the gift at the givers.

With high hope in his heart that this time his quest would end with the pot of gold in his grasp, Jimmy ran down the steps to the sidewalk, and began his nightly chase. He told himself that the gold-spattered street reflected the jewels of Fate and that she herself waited him just around the corner. Pulling the fur collar of his short coat up around his ears and his cap down so that the beak would keep the rain out of his eyes, he plunged his hands into his pockets and hurried off.

From the other direction, Adventure approached, also walking swiftly. At the street corner they collided, and Jimmy, by a quickly extended hand, kept her from falling on the slippery cement.

"I beg your pardon," he said, bowing in his very best manner.

"Certainly;" came in answer, in a voice as thrilling as Adventure herself; and then the girl went quickly down the street and was almost lost in the misty gloom before he had recovered himself sufficiently to follow. Follow her he did, of course; he did so almost involuntarily. His meeting with her certainly savored of advanture; and everything that savored of adventure was a sure bait to draw him afield.

When he swung into pursuit, he could see her but dimly. Still, that was a consolation; for if he, the shadower, could but barely see the girl for whom he searched, she could scarcely be expected to see him at all as he trailed half a block behind her. However, she did see him; she turned her head several times to see if he was still following, and then increased her speed. The rain was changing to snow, and Jimmy was thankful for the impulse that led him to reject his raincoat. The fur lining of his coat did not give him any too much protection against the brisk wind, which promised that winter would soon come to stay.

After the girl had led him almost a mile, her pursuer saw the Parkway along the river less than a block ahead of him. He increased his pace until he was only some fifty yards behind her when she came to the point where she must turn. She looked hurriedly to right and left and then darted across the Parkway road, and down the dark, moss covered bank. Jimmy stopped when the girl stopped; when she ran down the bank, he stood stock-still, as if paralyzed; then, with all the speed in his strong legs he followed after her, through the bushes, down the bank. Suicide! Here was adventure!

There was no sound except the thud of his own footsteps on the bank. No splash came from the gray water of the icy river; but suddenly he became conscious of a gentle click, the unmistakable click which high-heels always make on a cement sidewalk. He turned quickly, and saw the girl, walking rapidly toward University Avenue, where the car line ran. The gong of a car could be heard clanging. Jimmy turned and ran with all possible speed towards the Avenue, knowing that the girl on the Road could not hear or see him. He hid behind the parapet of the Avenue bridge until she had boarded a car, and then he ran forward, and as the car started, hopped on the rear fender, and the chase was resolved for the moment into watchful waiting. She finally got off, and her pursuer, who had been badly cramped during his ride, rolled off after her. He swore softly as he brushed the snowy slush off his coat before turning down the street after her.

He saw her about a block ahead of him, on the opposite side of the street. He soon saw that he could not very well keep from passing her now, and just as he began to lose hope of being able to keep his eye on her any longer, an idea occurred to him. He pulled a pocket-mirror out of his coat, and, under pretence of holding his cap, he could see her although he was walking ahead. They kept on this way for a time until Jimmy, who was leading a wavering course n trying to cast his eyes backward, plumped

into a very solid telephone pole. He saw some stars; but outshining their glories as the sun outshines the constellations came an idea. Wavering courses at that time of night led to but one conclusion, which the mud on his back made unmistakable; hence he began staggerring along so that he could soon abandon his mirror, for the shadow was now a little ahead of the shadower.

Then he discovered that he was but two blocks from his own home; it was evident that she had known all along he was following her and had led him over a three-mile course back to where he had first seen her. As he pondered the matter, the girl entered his own home. As she turned to go up the familiar steps, the erstwhile drunkard stopped, gazed across the street, and wondered. He recalled some stories he had read, in which members of the same family had after a few years separation passed each other on the street without recognizing each other. Could it be that he had collided with his sister, followed her for three miles, without knowing any better? But the figure of the girl he had pursued was not that of his sister. It must be some friend of hers, who had gone to school at Miss Moore's. He would go in and meet her. Romance had a great appeal to these school girls, and the fact that he had followed her for three miles in the spirit of adventure would be a very romantic prelude to their friendship.

He walked across the street, up the steps and into the hall. Closing the door softly, he tip-toed over to the closet, hung up his muddy coat, looked apprasingly at himself in the mirror, and decided that he would not need to change his trousers. The drawing-room was empty, but there was a gleam of light under the door of th' living-room. With his hand on the knob he was arrested by the voice of Bobby, his young brother.

"He didn't know me at all. I'll bet I made him walk three miles. I'll bet with this Hallowe'en outfit I could go on the stage, and be like Julian Eltinge. I'll bet—but you should have seen his face, mother! I'll bet he's still standing across the street." Bobby laughed again.

Jimmy slammed the front door after him and pulled his coat collar up around his ears as he looked down at the street. The snow had covered all the gold of the street lamps. Before turning down the street, he paused a moment and snorted, "Adventure—hell!"

Mother.

FORGOTTEN, lone I stand
No one to clasp my hand
And softly say:
"I know and understand."

Our days of long ago
In fancy's pageant glow
And kindly say:
"*She* understands, we know."

PAUL SCOFIELD.

American Patriotism in Time of Peace.

BY CORNELIUS R. PALMER, '20.

America has astounded the world with her marvelous achievement in the war. The president's declaration of war on Germany found this nation helplessly unprepared. While a host of submarines kept their deadly watch of the seas and the enemy's army, the equal of whose power is not recorded in history, swept steadily over the fair fields of France and martyred Belgium, America lacked ships, guns, munitions and soldiers; she was without an effective army or navy, without any of the means by which her formidable foe could be met, with nothing more than a deep conviction in the lofty principles of American democracy, a conviction that has rooted in the hearts of her people an undying love of justice and liberty. It was not the power of our navy or the size of our army which prompted this nation's refusal to accept the barbaric creed that might makes right; it was a spirit of noble patriotism burning in the breast of all true Americans that prompted them to cast aside the garments of peace and don the armour of the battlefield. It was this spirit which organized the industries of war, built ships, contributed billions to the treasury, equipped and sent to France the flower of American manhood. It was this spirit which gathered together our strong men irrespective of class, color, creed, or any other difference and made them into the great American army.

Now that the guns of the enemy have been silenced, are we to watch the fire of patriotism smolder beneath the ashes of indifference, or are we to fulfill those duties and obligations of citizenship which bind us to the service of our country in time of peace as well as in time

of war such as we have just experienced? At the nation's call millions of heroic men went forth bravely to vindicate the cause of democracy upon a foreign field of battle. Today our country's call is not so imperative, but it is as vital; it is a call for voters who have sufficient love of country to promote its welfare by an intelligent use of the ballot.

In a democracy where the promotion of the general welfare which includes the protection of all the rights of all citizens is secured by a government of the people, by the people and for the people, the right to vote implies the moral obligation of using that right; in no other way can the best government be attained.

Obviously the duty of voting has as its coefficient the obligation of being informed on all those public questions that are to be decided by popular suffrage. The voter who fails to acquire a reasonable understanding of the political issues before the people injures more the welfare of the state and thus does more to frustrate the purpose of good government than the laggards who do not vote at all, because such a voter lacks motived convictions, and his ballot generally is cast in the cause of the highest bidder or sinister politician who respects the welfare of the people only in so far as it contributes to his own personal interests. Democracy has nothing to gain from the voter who has only a vote to register.

Finally, a citizen who has the good of his country at heart should cultivate a kindly regard for the views of his fellow citizens, for only by carefully weighing the considerations and contrasting the arguments on both sides of any question can a healthy public opinion, the powerful right arm of democracy, be developed and maintained. "The whole purpose of democracy,' to quote the words of our President, "is that we may hold council with one another, so as not to depend upon the understanding of one man, but to depend upon the counsel of all. For only as men are brought into council and state their own needs and interests, can the general interests of a great people be compounded into a policy that will be suitable to all." Without due amount of toleration of the opinions of others such common counsel is impossible.

The last few decades of the political history of the United States show the development in the structural machinery in every executive branch of our government of a system which attempts the strict regulation of each administrative officer by establishing about his department numerous checks and restrains. The object of such a policy has been to keep the unworthy office-holder from seriously misusing his power, but with the inevitable result that when the right man gets into office his power of doing the greatest amount of good is lacking. The present evolutionary trend of political thought is in favor of bestowing unlimited administrative authority, provided, however, that direct and concentrated responsibility can be secured. Such a principle is entirely sound, and it is the only means by which we may hope to attain the advantages in executive efficiency of an autocratic rule without surrendering the precious privileges of liberty and freedom. The carrying out of this theory with practical success necessitates a wide-awake keenly interested, intelligent electorate. Those who are so liberally invested with authority must be accountable for their stewardship; they must answer before the tribunal of public opinion with intelligent American voters as jurors. Authority with direct accountability means efficiency, but power without responsibility means tyranny.

At no period in the history of this nation has there been a greater need for patriotism than at present. With the foundations of many of the old nations of Europe trembling in the clash of fundamental principles, political, economic and religious, the established order of law is being swept away by the violence of revolution. Witness the terrible havoc that Bolshevism is working in Russia; we have seen the total abolition of the private ownership of property, the marriage contract made a mere "scrap of paper," individual rights disregarded, the public practice of religion prohibited, the sacredness of life, limb, and happiness ignored in the constitution. Study the great unrest that is now threatening the stability of American institutions and the dire need of a keener appreciation of the duties and obligations of citizenship can readily be realized. Since the Civil War our national resources have been developed, commerce and industry expanded, until this country stands today as the foremost agricultural and industrial nation of the world, even threatening to surpass the commercial power of Great Britain; but if young America is to achieve the glory and power of her greater destiny, that same patriotism which won the war for civilization must continue to nourish the font of true citizenship.

Within the Family Circle

(*A Comedy in One Act.*)

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

TIME—*After Dinner.* SCENE—*Sitting Room.*

Cast of Characters { MR. PA JENKS; MRS. MA JENKS; MASTER WILLIE JENKS

(*When curtain rises,* MA *is seen sewing,* PA *is reading the evening paper, and* WILLIE *is taking his dollar watch apart.*)

PA.—(*Throwing his paper away in disgust.*) Confound it!

MA.—What's ailing you now, dear?

WILLIE.—Pop's cigar is out again, but he can go himself for matches this time.

PA.—(*Ignoring* WILLIE'S *diagnosis.*) The whole darn nation's going dry.

MA.—When?

PA.—Don't know, but anytime will be too soon for me. I hate to picture America like the Sahara Desert

WILLIE.—Pop, what's the Sarah desert?

PA.—Son, it's a land of sunshine without flowers or happiness, because it's all dry territory.

MA.—Well, prohibition can't come any too soon for me.

PA.—Even now the saloons close too soon.

WILLIE.—You should worry, Pa; last Sunday you told the preacher you didn't drink.

PA.—(*Provoked.*) You keep out of this discussion, or I'll—

MA.—Pa Jenks, how dare you address me thus?

PA.—(*Losing his temper.*) Ma Jenks, every time you open your mouth you say something wrong. My admonition was not to you, but to that little scamp behind the stove.

MA.—William, if you don't conduct yourself properly, off to bed you go.

WILLIE.—Aw, shucks, Ma, I didn't do nothing.

PA.—(*Having picked up the paper continues the discussion.*) Thirty-eight states have already ratified the amendment for national prohibition.

MA.—It's a blessing that we have so many sensible statesmen.

PA.—It's a devil of a blessing!

MA.—Pa Jenks, please be more discreet in your language while our son is present. (WILLIE *snickers audibly.*)

PA.—It will be a curse on our constitution.

MA.—And a blessing to our constitutions.

PA.—It will ruin both cities and citizens.

MA.—It will abolish the saloon.

PA.—And will make drug fiends instead of drunkards, and will make our alleys metamorphose into blind-tiger menageries.

WILLIE.—(*Whimpering.*) I'm afraid of tigers, even if they are blind.

PA.—(*To* WILLIE.) Will you shut up?

MA.—(*To* PA.) I don't have to, thank you; women have the right of suffrage in this state.

PA.—Go ahead. Suffer all you want to, but don't try to force your agonies on me. I'm not in favor of Woman suffrage, and I'm against prohibition. Everybody should not be deprived of the use of liquor because a few abuse it.

WILLIE.—(*To* PA.) You said Coca-Cola wasn't good for me, but you drank two bottles of it yourself.

MA.—I'm a suffragist and our platform favors prohibition, because every drinker is a drunkard.

PA.—I drink, and yet you never saw me drunk.

MA.—He who takes one drink is that much drunk, and every little bit he adds to what he has already makes him just that much more drunk. And when he get supersaturated with alcohol he is dead drunk.

PA.—But one glass drunk never made a *man* stagger.

MA.—But it will lead up to that condition. The moderate drinker of yesterday is the drunkard of today. Anyhow, people can live without drink.

PA.—Yes, and we can live without eating oysters, too, but still you like your blue points.

WILLIE.—(*Trying to put the parts of his watch together.*) Here are the hands but all of their fingers are gone and the wheels are all mixed up.

MA.—But the use of fish and oysters is never harmful.

PA.—Neither is drink until it is abused.

WILLIE.—(*Despairingly to his watch.*) Guess I'll call in a doctor; you're all run down.

MA.—But the use and abuse of liquor are so knit together that to eliminate the abuse we must abolish the use.

PA.—If some people committed the sin of gluttony by eating too many fish suppers, would the nation attempt to exterminate the fish industry by calling an election to vote the waterways dry?

WILLIE.—(*Sotto voce.*) Wonder who'll win? Pa won't give in, and Ma won't give out.

MA.—Pa Jenks, you've been drinking again tonight.

PA.—Ma Jenks, I'll drink still more when the country goes dry.

WILLIE.—(*Poking eyes into the face of his watch.*) Talking about booze has made Pa tipsy. (MA *hustles* WILLIE *off to bed.*)

PA.—*Relighting his cigar and then soliloquizing*) If I want to drink and can produce the price, no one can prevent me from buying my beer, not even Uncle Sam. You can't vote away an appetite for drink. The American people, as the past war has demonstrated, are too humanitarian to see their fellow-citizens suffer. There will always be in America a supply of liquor equal to the demand. (MA JENKS *enters the doorway, but* PA *continues.*) The legalized saloon may be remodelled into a dance hall or a butcher shop, but blind pigs, bootleggers, and blind tigers will find a home in the heart of every city in our country.

MA.—Is that so, Pa Jenks? Well, they won't rent any rooms in this house.

PA.—It won't be necessary.

MA.—Why not? (WILLIE *peeks out of his bed-room door.*

PA.—A certain wiseacre answered that question when he said that the eyes were the windows of the soul; so when a man looking sicklike walks into a drug store in a dry state and closes one of his windows, the clerk usually knows what the poor soul wants.

MA.—So then, after all, prohibition is no good unless it prohibits.

PA.—Right you are for once, my dear.

MA.—But still I'll not tolerate a blind tiger on these premises.

WILLIE.—(*Rushing into the room.*) But, Papa, I'll watch a blind pig for you.

Curtain.

The Knights of Columbus in the War.

BY THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20.

The battle-scarred American "doughboys" marching into Germany, their eyes alight with the consciousness of a big job well done, greet heartily the gray-haired secretary of the Knights of Columbus who is there ahead of them to serve them. "We saw you in the Argonne," they say, "and here you are again." But their surprise is more apparent than real, for they know that "Casey" will be with them, more likely before them, wherever they may be sent. Back in the Argonne a young artilleryman had called, "Keep coming, Casey—keep coming!" and Casey means to "keep coming" until the American fighting man has left Europe for home.

It seems a far call from the spontaneous extempore work of the Knights of Columbus on the Mexican border in the fall of 1916 to the great systematic work of the K. C.'s in the recent war, a work new in the history of fraternal enterprise, new, indeed, in the history of war. The Knights entered the field "which had been," as Colonel P. H. Callahan, first chairman of the K. C. committee, says, "preempted by the social-work representative of the Evangelical religion," because of the unwillingness or inability of the officials of the Y. M. C. A. to respond to the necessity suggested in the straightforward admonition of President Roosevelt, some years before: "If you good people do not see the wisdom of letting into full membership the young men of all religions, there will be nothing left to do but have a competitive organizatiom."

American Catholics were quite prepared to play their full part in the war when it came. If we seek a synonym for this preparedness we shall find it in the words, Knights of Columbus. The first expenses of their work were met by a per capita assessment on the membership of the order, which netted a million dollars. The next appeal was to Catholic churches, which appeal brought in three million more. By the summer of 1918 the K. C. War Fund had exceeded fourteen million dollars, all collected without a positive drive. When, in June, 1918, Secretary Baker proposed that all the agencies engaged in welfare work should secure additional funds by means of a united drive, Dr. John R. Mott of the Y. M. C. A. objected, saying that he desired separate drives because "the Y. M. C. A. has a constitution which it has followed for sixty years, with a trusteeship to perform." There might be some criticism, Dr. Mott opined, if funds collected by his Association should be used for the extension of any other religious program than its own. Colonel Callahan, in answer to Dr. Mott's objections, said that he rather admired a religious constitution that is unfavorable to money collected by it being spent for the extension of some other religion. "But," said the Colonel, with characteristic *savoir faire*, "the Catholic Church, which the Knights of Columbus represent, has practically

the same constitution, and it has been in operation much longer, as you know, than sixty years. However, the Administrative Committee of Bishops, speaking for the Catholic churches in the United States, will be glad to cooperate in a common drive." President Wilson, recognizing the force of the K. C. argument that a dual drive would be tantamount to a drawing of the religious line, endorsed the movement for one drive in common. This drive raised $200,000,000 of which the K. C. share was $25,000,000.

Beginning their work without any extensive public opinion in their favor, the Knights of Columbus set about their patriotic and humanitarian mission. Their slogan, "Everybody Welcome—Everything Free," elicited instant appreciation from the fighting men. True, its execution almost brought "Casey" into official disfavor with the Committee of Eleven, but the Knights retorted "Everybody Welcome—why not Everything Free?" and Casey continued his labor of love. The Knights believed that the soldiers were eminently worthy of anything that lay in their power to do for them. The K. C. secretary was a man's man, a good, wholesome, likable fellow, selected with the utmost care by the Order and trusted by it to the very limit. Five o'clock was not quitting time for the K. C. secretary. So long as there was anything to be done for the boys, there simply was no "quitting time." The secretaries "tended to the business at hand," as one mordacious sergeant put it, "and didn't go snooping around to the military police with suspicions that there was evil in this or that, which the soldiers should be kept away from."

When they accompanied the American Expeditionary Force to Europe, the Knights had to overcome certain prevalent apprehensions, which were, to say the least, farcical. Some Frenchmen, for example, were disposed to view the advent of the Knight as a sinister movement against secularism in government. There were Italians who thought the Knights had exotic schemes for the restoration of the papal states. There were not a few among the British who imagined that K. C. was but an American name for Sinn Fein. But even these prejudiced parties were not long in realizing that there was something attractive about the atmosphere of the K. C. huts, a certain homelike, human quality, that distinguished them from all others. The soldier who went into a K. C. hut asked for what he wanted, and got it. If he asked for cigarettes he got cigarettes, and not an erudite pamphlet on the physiological detriment resulting from nicotine poisoning. If he asked for chocolate he got chocolate, and not an invitation to attend religious services. One of the chief reasons for the existence of the K. C. was the safeguarding of the religion of the Catholic soldier, but, as William Almon Wolfe remarks, "Casey never forced religion down any man's throat!" Nor did Casey try to popularize religion by bruiting the merits of "a god with guts."

The Knights of Columbus did not confine their activities to bomb-proof positions behind the lines, where they might distribute their creature comforts to the boys *returning* from the front line trenches; they went where they were needed most, to the boys *in* the front-line trenches. And the men of such fighting divisions as the Forty-second, the Twenty-sixth, the Twenty-seventh, and the Sunset Division, organizations which saw hard, fast, furious fighting, and plenty of it, will testify that had it not been for the K. C. supply of the little physical luxuries that brace the soul, the victories of Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry and the Argonne would have been much more difficult.

There are instances in which K. C. secretaries, their supplies having been exhausted, have actually gone into battle. Epics might be written of the struggles made by K. C. men to pilot their roller kitchens to stragetic points where they might be of the utmost help to the boys entering the trenches. Disregarding one of the cardinal formulae of modern efficiency, the Knights have not allowed their advertising to precede their deeds. Typical of the K. C. instinct for doing the deed before publishing it, was the case of the K. C rolling kitchen, the first haven for the men of Lieutenant-Colonel Whittlesey's famed Lost Battalion, when they emerged from the Argonne forest.

When Father John B. de Valles and Father Osias Boucher, K. C. chaplains, afterward decorated by the French government, risked their lives to bring consolation to dying soldiers, when Secretary Joseph Crowe, of Binghamton, New York, had a leg blown off while attempting to get supplies to a certain battalion, when Secretary Jack Stewart of Helena, Montana, was badly gassed while on his way to rescue a wounded boy, when these and a score of other memorable deeds were done, the spirit of the Knights was ineffaceably impressed upon the memory of the American Expeditionary Force.

The College Hobo.

BY JAMES W. HOGAN, '21.

"Dolce far niente"—"Oh, 'tis sweet to do nothing."
—from the Italian.

"Do you see that lad coming across the campus there with the books under his arm?" asked my Erudite Friend as we stood together this morning on the front portico of the Main Building.

"The one with the tan shoes and the green checked cap?"

"Exactly!" replied my E. F. Now in order to give your powers of observation a further test and to determine whether you are a keen judge of men, I will ask you to give me your honest estimate of the calibre of that youth."

Fortunately, the young man in question had now reached the foot of the steps where he stopped for a few moments, engaging in conversation with a fellow-student. I had therefore a good opportunity to study him at close range, and I must admit that I was impressed. He was perhaps twenty years of age, clean cut, and seemed bubbling over with good spirits. I rather liked his looks and felt confident I had formed a correct judgment.

"Although I do not claim to be a psychological expert, yet I would be willing to wager that this youth has a very genial disposition, is a good 'mixer,' comes from a refined family, and is head over heels in love."

"You are right on all four points," rejoined my learned companion, "but you have, as usual, indulged in a generality, one in fact that would be applicable to almost any college man in America. I expected something more specific. Now I am sure that you would be surprised if I should tell you that this young man is a typical college hobo."

"A college hobo?" I exclaimed in astonishmen; and even as I spoke I saw the youth fastidiously rearrange his tie and brush a few particles of dust from the lapel of his coat. My comrade also observed these details, and as if to forestall any further objection, he continued in his customary dogmatic tone: "You must never judge character by such external manifestations alone. In order to be a college hobo, a man need not sew himself up in his clothes and belong to the I. W. W. No, the college hobo who is true to type indulges in none of these eccentricities. He is, in fact, nothing more than an intellectual vagabond, and his distinguishing characteristic is an itinerant mind He lacks the power of attention, of concentration, and of continuous application. Should he set out to do a required duty, he no sooner settles himself at his desk than he feels an overwhelming desire to abandon the task and turn his attention to something more attractive,—a novel or a magazine. His reading is done without purpose, without discrimination, without reflection, the result being that his mind becomes burdened with a mere jumble of facts, bearing no relation to one another. "Timeo unius libri lectorum,"—"I fear the reader of but one book," was the dictum of a profound scholar of antiquity, but the modern college hobo scorns such restraining counsel. Like a true knight of the road he wanders wherever his erratic fancy leads him, while his books gather dust."

"You speak as though you have had some experience in that line yourself," I remarked; but he adroitly ignored the interruption and continued his theme.

"He may be attending a lecture, but instead of listening to the speaker his nomadic imagination is far afield, reviewing past events or building empyreal castles for the future. While his long-suffering professor is expatiating upon the momentous events of the world's history or unfolding the intricasies of science the college hobo is actively engaged in preparing his English assignment for the next hour, or re-reading the amorous portions of a letter he received yesterday. It may truthfully be said, therefore that he lives always in the future or in the past; the present means nothing to him. For it is burdened with odious duties, the accomplishment of which demand the exercise of will and self-control and the conscious expenditure of effort."

"Your diagnosis may be correct," I observed, "but it is worthless unless you have some remedy."

"The remedy," he continued, "is found in a tenacious adherence to a definite, constructive schedule of work, together with a deliberate exercise and development of the will power. Nor is it sufficient that the tasks of each day be performed at their own time with care and precision: they should in turn be synthesized into one central motive of life directing and co-ordinating each lesser act toward the realization

of this Ideal. For if the college hobo did but set himself to the achievement of some exalted purpose he would slowly but surely draw away from his old habits of indifference, developing within himself new and unexpected powers. Then would he garner from each fleeting hour its richest fruits and deem that day lost which did not yield a full harvest of accomplishment. For just as an oak gathers its vital elements from every passing breeze, so a man of high resolve derives new strength and vigor from every circumstance of life, until at last he attains the Ideal upon which his heart is set."

"Before you go," I said, as we came down the steps together, "I wish you would tell me why you have taken the trouble to advise *me* regarding the proper conduct for a college hobo."

"Because," he replied, looking me squarely in the eye, "I think you need it."

And that is the reason I call him my friend,—because he hates false words, deceit, and compromise, and when he speaks his words come straight from his heart.

The Aristocratic Dinky, or Hill-Street Society.

BY CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20.

"Merciful goodness! that guy's—"

"Don't forget to call me tomorrow night, Mareesha, I'll—"

"Step lively, please!"

"No, put it in your pocket; I've got to get this changed anyway."

Still, the five-fifteen pulls out and squeaks and squawks around the curve.

"Oh, thank you ever so kindly."

"Step forward, please!"

"And do you know, Grace, I have the spiffiest new V-necked, lace, crepe-du-chene, and—"

"Madison transfers! transfers for Madison?"

"Unnh-unnh."

"Well, I just can't push over any more. This man next—"

The gentleman with greasy hands and countenance bends and pushes his dinner pail nearer the seat.

Alice across the aisle casts a coquettish glance at the young gentleman standing.

"Aw, I just got through askin' you if you wanted Madison transfers. Why didn't you—"

"I don't think the boys out at Notre Dame are near as nice as they used to be, do you?"

"How-di-do!"

"How-di-do!" returns Mrs. McFlannery with little Georgie on her lap, airedly acknowledging the business maiden four seats over on yonder side. Then Mrs. McFlannery covers her basket. It is hardly society-like to go a-shopping with baskets. Wide skirts maybe out of fashion, but they serve a good stead on the aristrocratic "dinky."

"Georgie, Georgie! Can't you sit still?"

"No, I think Wilson has the wrong idea. He don't consider the side of the workingman." The man with the greasy countenance shakes his head in agreement. He moves himself and pail still closer to the personage and pail of his neighbor.

"Alice Cottinger was cute. I didn't see 'Fiddlers Three,' but I saw,—good night! that blamed bell doesn't ring! There,—I've passed our street."

A gallant youth pulls the bell-rope.

"Oh, this isn't the one; it's the next one. Thank you."

Squeak, jerk!

"They do have the worst imaginable motormen on this line. They're awful."

"St. Louis!—Notre Dame!"

Clang, clang, clang,—and the usual jerk.

"There are seats for all now.

"Aunt Jemima" gets off at Corby.

"Can't see why they don't have the Jim Crow law for those black babies up here!"

"Well, don't forget to call when you can. Of course, don't skive Mr. Da. or do anything the prefects wouldn't like. Good-bye."

"Goo-bye."

Caps are ever so much easier to tip than hats.

All the women have left the car.

"Now for a drag," says chorus.

"Hey, Al; got a match?"

The conductor obligingly provides the matches. A match for a Fatima is a fair exchange.

The speeding dinky slows down and stops.

Father —— steps aboard.

Strange it is how so much smoke can hover in a car with no one smoking!

Fifteen perfectly good "drags" have suffered the tragic through the falling action.

But there's one consolation about that five-fifteen. It gets you back in time for supper,—usually—and sometimes tries to take you right into the refectory.

The Smith-Hughes Bill.

BY THOMAS H. BEACOM, '20.

Unless a man is a non-Christian, or so self-satisfied that he feels capable of ordaining the world's religion as some men decree our morals in the form of prohibition, he will subscribe in all probability to the two fundamental principles of education held by Catholics. The first of these is that parents have a natural right to educate their children as they themselves believe, and the second is that religion should go hand in hand with secular knowledge.

Knowing these basic principles all persons interested in education should carefully examine and understand the provisions of the Smith-Hughes Bill which was introduced in the last session of Congress. While not aimed at the parochial or private schools directly, this bill contains such powers of centralization of educational authority that it indirectly but seriously imperils the progress of our institutions.

The act which plans the creation of a department of education is designed ostensibly to "encourage education in the United States." In so far as it does that it is commendable. But establishing, as the bill does, a school system completely under the domination of the federal government, which means an American educational autocracy, it is not commendable. The head of the department is to be a regularly appointed cabinet officer drawing $12,000 a year with three assistant secretaries at $10,000.

An annual appropriation of $500,000 is to be allowed for the expenses of the Department, and $100,000,000 is to be provided annually "to co-operate with the states in the promotion of education." Specifically, the Department is to abolish illiteracy, Americanize immigrants, equalize educational opportunities, promote physical and health education and recreation, and prepare teachers for the public schools. Ample latitude is given in the additional authority to work in "such other fields as come within the provisions of this act, or as *may come* within the provisions of other acts of Congress relating to the Department of Education." From all benefits of the act, religious and privately owned schools are specifically excluded and only those "schools entirely owned and conducted and controlled by the State or District or local authority" may share in the appropriations. However, private as well as public schools are subject to the *regulations* and *supervision* of the Secretary and his department officials.

There are several important and specific provisions with which we are primarily concerned. First, in Section 20 it is provided that no sum shall be paid by the Department from "any fund, in any year, to any state" unless an equal sum has been provided by said state, or by local authorities, or by both, "for the Americanization of immigrants, or the improvement of the public schools, for physical education, for teacher training, or any other such purpose as the case may be." This means that taxes must be increased; we cannot duplicate the contribution of the Federal government *without* such an increase. And for us it means additional hardships. To the already great burden which Catholics bear for the maintenance of Christian education there will be added another state and federal tax. From this injustice we are entitled to protection. "We are not asking as conceivably we might," observes Father Paul Blakely, "either our share of the school funds, or exemption from the tax. We only ask not to be crushed by further taxation, State and Federal, for the maintenance of schools which we cannot in conscience use." And again he says, "Add the federal tax under the Smith Bill; increase the already heavy state tax; open in every ward new public schools housed in magnificent buildings; staff them with officers whose words are as music in the ears of careless or climbing Catholics—what will be the result? The heart-breaking toil of the parish priest and of *all* who do not wish their children in schools which teach them that God is a myth, or a prejudice, and religion a subject not to be mentioned in polite society, will be almost as futile as Mrs. Partington's attack on the tides." The argument is made that it is constitutional to embody in the law a prohibition against giving state aid to sectarian schools. But it is also true that the federal government may not legislate, directly or indirectly, against any religious denomination. This Smith-Hughes legislation *does* affect Catholic education both directly and indirectly. It is in effect very much the same as if the government should enter the manufacturing business on an enormous scale and pay fabulous prices which no private concern could duplicate with the result, an increase in living costs. What alternative has the individual producer?

He must either line up with the monopoly, or starve.

In another paragraph is found the power which goes to the Secretary to determine what "is a satisfactory system of preparing teachers." And, of course, it is necessary that a state have such a "satisfactory system" before it can hope to get any money from the federal appropriation. Thus the sole authority to decide on the fitness not only of public school teachers but of private school instructors as well will be the educational Caesar in Washington. The danger that lies in this tendency to federalize all functions of government, even those given to our states by the constitution, is at once apparent.

There is no estimating the excesses of Prussianized, dictated government to which we may go if our legislators are allowed to continue carrying out wartime policies in days of peace. Despite the statement of Senator Smith that the bill proposes "co-operation" between state and nation, the explicit wording of the act can mean eventually only one thing,—"federal domination." The Secretary will pay out appropriations, he will pass final judgment on all studies followed both in public and private schools, he will direct the training of teachers, and he may in time establish a government controlled, public, Godless, educational autocracy in the presence of which our system of Catholic, religious instruction will not be able to stand.

Forgetfulness.

I ASKED the Lord the other night,
Before my Mom turned out the light,
To make me good like other boys
Who always get a lot of toys
An' is their family's little joys,
But He forgot.

'Cause when I met big Archie White
The Lord didn't say I mustn't fight,
I waited though an' counted ten
An' even spelt my name—it's Ben,
The Lord didn't see me fightin' then,
'Cause He forgot.

I guess I'll ask again to-night
An' pray real hard to do the right,
'Cause Mom she wants me to, I know.
But gee, the Lord is very slow
Or else He wants to let me know
That He forgets.

PAUL SCOFIELD.

On Being Small.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

Have you ever, after hearing something that made you speculate, come to a conclusion that was for you entirely original and novel? "Did you ever sit and wonder, sit and ponder, sit and think, why we're here and what it's all about?" Hearing an actor recite those lines once set me thinking to the effect that in this life nearly everybody has a disadvantage or encumbrance of some kind which seriously hampers his efforts to attain beatitude. Pope, "the little crooked thing that asked questions," Cyrano de Bergerac, who was so sensitive about the enormity of his nose that it involved him in frequent duels, Chiapin Vitelli, who fought the Dutch, all—and the list might be extended indefinitely—bear out the truth of the saying of à Kempis "Nemo sine onere." To enumerate all the varieties of vexations to which mankind is heir would be an interminable task. A brief account of one which has been proper to me from the time of first consciousness will perhaps best illustrate my point.

My particular and perpetual embarrassment is my abbreviated stature. Once, when I was just old enough to wander abroad, I went to a neighbor's house at which there happened to be some "out-of-town" company. An overgrown, crustaceous boy of about my age, spurred on by parental coaxing, was doing a program of puerile parlor tricks for an ostensibly admiring group of relatives and friends. It must have been that I did not evidence enough appreciation of the entertainer's antics, for presently I became the victim of a maternal vindictiveness such as only a philoprogenitive feminine could indulge. "How old are you, Willie?" the fond mother interrogated with an unctuous smile that betrayed the malice of her question.

"I am nine," I answered diffidently, as I dug the toe of my shoe into the carpet.

"Gracious! How small for your age. You must chew tobacco or something of that kind to stunt your growth so."

There followed an embarrassing silence broken shortly by the scornful cachinnation of the oversized darling. Thus discredited before the whole company, I ran out weeping, and for two days was so heartsick that I longed "to pay my breath to time and mortal custom." Since then, however, I have grown hardened

to being eyed askance whenever I publish my years, for not even the calumny of having repudiated in early life the example of Johnny Greene, who according to the Fourth Reader "would not touch the filthy weed—no, never!" causes me any longer the slightest perturbation.

Besides the discomfiting suspicion of a premature indulgence in masticatories, which, *secundum judicium vulgi profani* is the prime cause of diminutiveness, there is another burden I labor under—and I suppose it is more or less common to other Lilliputians—the popular disposition to suspect a maladjustment of the sub-pilomotor mechanism whenever I employ a word of more than two syllables. The discrepancy between the size of me and the size of my words becomes so abhorrent, particularly to commensals and confrères, that I am sometimes counselled to try the Keeley cure or a swim in the Styx to "shake off" the nebulosity. A spaciously-dimensioned person can successfully declare that "piscatorial pursuits are inevitably conductive to mendacity," whereas if I should attempt anything beyond the bald statement that fishing breeds fibs I would be promptly incinerated with a shower of brimstone vocables and incandescent objurgations. To tell a comrade that in view of a malignant case of hypertrichosis an imminent visit to the college koureion is advisable would mean for me a challenge to physical combat and a contused physique. *Vae parvis!* Folks forget that a congruity between the word-wielder and the words themselves is not absolutely necessary. They wrongly think that he who quotes Webster ought, if he cares to avoid absurdity and worse, be corporally patterned after Jess Willard. It is urged in support of their case that the most eminent exponent of colossal English, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was as big as his namesake Jack, the giant African of pugilistic renown, but I retort that the notoriously small Boswell was in vocabulary often as ponderously imposing as his hero. I think that a mere pry into the tome in which the adventures of himself and the pursy Doctor are chronicled will verify me. And after he had lived in an atmosphere of tumidity for years and years is it not reasonable to suppose that he sometimes tried out a few dumfounding vocables on an insistent landlady or a bluff tavernkeeper?

The most serious disadvantage, however, in being small is the improbability of ever being a hero. I, just like all others, once dreamed the juvenile dreams of being immortal and of riding on occasion on a curveting white charger gorgeously-caparisoned, or of seeing my name emblazoned at the entrance of motion-picture palaces and my portrait for sale at nickel-and-dime emporiums, but, despite the success of Napoleon and Charlie Chaplain, I have long ago relinquished the hope of such fame. Greatly too have I envied the heroes of fancy and legend; the gigantic Ursus, the sturdy Christopher, the lion-hearted Richard, and all that giant company whose deeds thrilled me and whose example I longed to emulate. But again;—"He's of stature somewhat low: Your hero should be always tall, you know." All fiction heroes must be big. "The man I marry," said the girl who had been reading expensive novels with inexpensive contents, "must be tall, strong, full of grit, brawny, and silent, must never hear an unkind word against me nor ever say an unkind word to me." Her friend must have had the same handicap as I, for he promptly suggested that what she wanted was a deaf and dumb coal heaver. No one else could adequately answer the specifications.

I read somewhere about a little man who lamented: "There are days when I feel miserably short and think of going away to some lonely spot to grow up." I am not only in sympathy with him but grateful to him as well, for having given clear expression to what I have often thought, but could ne'er so well express. I say this because, having endured, since I was first able to associate, the compassionate gaze of companions, I am eager to get a glimpse of life from their level. For me height is happiness, a joy incommensurable, a gladness unsurpassed, a felicity beyond utterance. And though there seems to be no likelihood that I shall ever reach the rarefied ozone inhaled by those who tower a yard or so above me, there is one gleam of consolation that keeps me from permanently succumbing to the dismals and yearning to go to the graveyard of Edgar Lee Masters where the skeletons gossip. It is this encouraging passage which not long ago I found in an essayist whose confidence is contagious: "I am sure Heaven is a place where every little angel feels taller than every other little angel. It is not a Heaven of strife because each little angel is sure of his own stature and there is never any argument about comparisons." I am earnestly trying to reach that Heaven.

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The President's Jubilee.

Easter Sunday of this year will be a day of gladness to the faculty and students of Notre Dame. On that day the President will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. It is customary on the occasion of such a jubilee to look back over the years and pay tribute to the man and his deeds. In the present instance no wealth of words is needed. To the lover of Notre Dame, to those who have lived and to those who now live within her walls the mere mention of the event is sufficient to suggest its significance. In his office as President of the University for the last fourteen years Father Cavanaugh has labored ardently, ably, brilliantly for the welfare of his Community and the development of Notre Dame. In the magic throb and beat of the school life around us we may read a tale of energy and zealous devotion that forms a worthy sequel to the story of Sorin, whose noble inspiration begot Notre Dame. We think of the gentle priest, in whom are sanctity and chivalry duly met; we see on every side the admiration for one who has done his duty, who has done, unconsciously, much more than his duty, bearing with us his word of wisdom, ever mindful of the charm and influence of noble example. Thus pondering, we have but one wish—that Father Cavanaugh may be with the men of Notre Dame until another and greater jubilee and for many years thereafter, imparting the precious message of his mind and heart, that he may continue to be the vanguard of those who look toward the mountain-tops and bear ever upward the name of Notre Dame till the zenith of her ambition is reached, with the nadir yet far away and coincident only with the end of things human.—T. F. H.

"Their Souls go Marching On."

A rattle of bullets down the street, the dying echo of horses' hoofs, a green, white, and orange banner bright against the murky pall of a burning city, intermittent booming from gunboats in the river, the closer crash of light artillery, men writhing in alleys and behind frail barricades, men whose only weapons were an axe or a pike, a sudden spiritual tensity in men's hearts, a quiet flame lighting stern faces—a week of daring, exaltation, and despair—and the Poor Old Woman's friends had gathered to help her once again. And as she passed, this strange woman who goes about the country when there's war or trouble coming, she murmured to herself: "If they are put down to-day, they will get the upper hand to-morrow. I am not afraid." And behold, it was not a poor old woman, but a "young girl, and she had the walk of a queen." This is the third anniversary of that Easter week of 1916. Three times since has the Fruit of the Cross grown ripe, but Ireland's cross is still heavy upon her; three times since has the lily bloomed upon the Easter altar, but Ireland is still a broken reed. But as Christ did not die in vain, neither shall the blood so generously sown by those who carried His Cross for Ireland go without its harvest. The firing-squad took toll of their bodies, but their souls go marching on. In prison yards they lie in lime, and it shall eat their bones, but out of their mouths will grow white roses and out of their hearts the red. White roses of song and prayer for Her, and red for sacrifice!—G. D. H.

The Gentle Art of Living.

So manifold and various are the avenues of education that in sedulously following one we are apt to forget that others are beautiful and long, as rich and noble and every whit as prominent. In our fidelity to books and business we are prone to neglect cultivating the gentle art of living. Dollars and books

are trifling substitutes for breath and blood; living is the craft of man. When education, and the pursuit thereof, beclouds the vision of a world of men it tosses its holy purpose to the winds. To make one realize his manhood in its respect to God, one's neighbor, and one's self—that is the be-all and the end-all of education. It must minister to the soul as well as to the mind. Learning lies like dust on the souls of many men, when it should rather unlock their hearts and reveal new purposes and aims of life. A revered literary man who lately died upon the field of honor expressed the hope that he might return from battle less a bookman and more the man. It was a noble aspiration. We must learn to live as man with man under the eye of God. The crisp, companionable fellow radiates an early-morning freshness; the sunny, tropical soul breathes health and happiness upon our world and makes us better by its presence. Vain introspection, world-weariness, an ignorance of hearty, wholesome living, is the current sin. Let us away with it and cultivate the knack of being men, of being easy, refined, well-poised and democratic; with a salutary largeness of both mind and heart, and a fervent Catholicity beneath. We cannot regret the efforts it will involve; it will give point and purpose and value to our days of study.—J. H. M.

Obituary.

Notice was received at the University last week that Leo J. Stephan, student here, 1914-'16, in the department of electrical engineering, died of influenza in Chicago on March 30th. Leo was, during his years at Notre Dame, a successful and popular student and is especially remembered for his happy and genial disposition. He was a monogram man in football and played with two of Coach Harper's champion teams. To his relatives and particularly to his bereaved brothers, Ray and Anton, of the classes of '03 and '04 respectively, is extended the sympathy of all at Notre Dame and the assurance of many prayers for his soul.—*R. I. P.*

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Word was received recently of the death of the mother of Lawrence Kempel, of Brownson Hall, at her home in Akron, Ohio. The Scholastic offers to the bereaved family the sympathy of the faculty and students.

Local News.

—The Wednesday of next week, April 23rd, is the fortieth anniversary of the great fire of 1879, in which practically all the buildings of the University were destroyed.

—Due to the efforts of Father Doremus, the Sorin Hall chapel has been recently renovated. Last Friday night, a set of stations of the cross, artistically framed by Brother Columbkill, were erected with the prescribed ceremonies. On the rear wall of the chapel hangs a beautiful copy of Murillo's "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," the gift of Andres Castillo, of the class of 1918.

—Norton Sullivan, Edward Doyle, and Andrew Wallace, sophomore journalists, accompanied Father Lahey to Elkhart Saturday for the purpose of studying the circulation problems of the Elkhart *Truth*. Free access to all departments of the paper as well as to all advertising and circulation records was given the young journalists by Editor Keen. The *Truth* has few equals among small city papers of the Middle West.

—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Notre Dame branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom held Monday evening, April 7th, it was announced that Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, former president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, will address the student body on the Irish question some time in the near future. Mrs. Jolly's visit to Notre Dame will be in connection with the celebration of Father Cavanaugh's jubilee.

—Grand Knight Frank Goodall announced at a meeting of Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus last Tuesday night that the first degree of the order will be exemplified on Thursday, April the twenty-fourth. The exemplification of the second and third degrees will take place on Sunday, April twenty-seventh. Fifty-five applicants will be given these degrees. About twenty members of Notre Dame council have applied for admission into the fourth degree of the order, to be exemplified in South Bend on Sunday, May the twenty-fifth.

—At the meeting of the Brownson Debating Society last Thursday evening a closely-contested debate on the question, "Resolved, That the League of Nations will destroy the power of the Monroe Doctrine," was won by J. Worth Clark and William G. Murphy on

the affirmative against Joseph Sullivan and George Scott on the negative. The debate was of high quality, and the speakers are promising candidates for some of the varsity honors next year.

—The Glee Club, assisted by Mr. George O'Connell, made its First appearance of the season in the high school auditorium at Mishawaka last Friday night. Mr. O'Connell's rendition of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," an old negro spiritual arranged by Burleigh, and "The Pipes of Gordon's Men," by Hammond, was most pleasing. Charles Butterworth fully satisfied the expectations created by the program title of his number, "Tom Foolery," and Charles Davis, with his novelty orchestra, "Jazzed" his syncopated way to the immediate favor of the audience. Especially fine was the manner in which the club sang "The Viking Song," by Coleridge-Taylor, Cook's "Swing Along," Grieg's "Landsighting," and "The Americans Come," by Fay Foster. Under the capable direction of Professor J. J. Becker, the club is not likely to fall below the standards of other years.

—Easter Sunday will mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Father Cavanaugh and Father Ill. On the completion of their theological studies at Notre Dame the two were ordained in Sacred Heart Church on April 20, 1894, by Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Fort Wayne. For some time after his ordination Father Ill taught accounting at Notre Dame and was a prefect in Sorin Hall. After a number of years as president of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, his alma mater, Father Ill was attached to the Holy Cross Mission Band. During the last four years he has been a professor of English and German in the University. Coincident with Father Cavanaugh's silver jubilee comes the announcement of his resignation of the presidency of Notre Dame. Concerning him the South Bend *Tribune* for April 11th says: "Dr. Cavanaugh was graduated from the college of arts and letters at Notre Dame in 1890 and was the winner of the Meehan gold medal for English essays, and a few years later received the degree of doctor of theology from Ottawa University, Canada. Shortly after his graduation he was made assistant-editor of the *Ave Maria* under Father Hudson, and up to his removal in 1904 many of the splendid articles of that magazine came from the pen of Father Cavanaugh. He was also professor of rhetoric in the college and later was made professor of belles-lettres and dean of the English course. As a preacher and lecturer he is probably the best known to the outside world. He is recognized as one of the foremost orators in the country. In the spring of 1899 he was made superior of the Holy Cross seminary, a position which he resigned on assuming the presidency. During his administration the seminary doubled its size and trebled the number of students." Father Cavanaugh will celebrate his silver jubilee on Sunday, April the twenty-seventh, and Father Ill, on Tuesday, April the twenty-second. —T. J. Tobin.

Personals.

—Francis J. Murray, student at Notre Dame 1904-06, is now principal of the Canyon Creek School in Hamilton, Montana.

—Ensign J. J. McCaffrey (E. E., 1916) is now at his home in South Bend on a twenty-day leave from the U. S. S. Munwood.

—Alfred "Dutch" Bergman is at present enjoying a furlough of fifteen days at his home in Peru, Ind. "Al" is unable to say when he will get out of the army.

—Captain J. Gargan (LL. B. '17), who has been with the marines in the thickest of the fighting "over there," payed a visit to his friends at the University last week. Joe has shown the old N. D. spirit throughout the war; he was wounded and received his promotion from the ranks for his bravery in action.

—"Butch" Whipple, who for two years played a star game at end on the varsity, has just returned from overseas where he served in the search-light division. "Butch" was wounded several times but with his characteristic modesty says little about it. After taking part in the football scrimmage a week ago Saturday, he left for his home fully determined to get back into the N. D. line-up next fall if possible.

—The frequent calls from various cities for Notre Dame speakers to address audiences upon the question of Irish freedom is a source of satisfaction to the faculty and students of this University who have always been in sympathy with Erin's inspiration for self-determination. Recently there arrived from the nation's capitol a letter which gives evidence of the fact

that Notre Dame's activity has not been unnoticed. The letter is addressed to Father Cavanaugh and reads as follows:

Very Reverend Father:

The Padraic H. Pearse Branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom of Washington, D. C., has instructed me to forward to you these resolutions adopted at their last meeting.

To the Very Reverend Dr. Cavanaugh,
President of the University of Notre Dame.

The members of this organization, the Padraic H. Pearse Branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom feel deeply grateful to you and the faculty of the university for the splendid work you are doing in the cause of Irish Freedom. Our hope is that we will act in unison until our great purpose, the independence of Ireland, is achieved.

Proposed by J. J. Dore.
Margaret L. Brosnahan, Sec'y.

—Mr. George Duval of New York City, the recipient of the Laetare Medal for 1919, has with characteristic modesty, notified the University of his acceptance of the honor. He was out of the city when the announcement reached his home, but upon his return he sent a brief message of acknowledgment to Father Cavanaugh supplemented by the following letter:

25 Broad Street, New York City,
March 31, 1991.

Very Rev. John Cavanaugh,
University of Notre Dame,
Dear Father Cavanaugh:

Your telegraphic announcement of the honor conferred upon me by the University of Notre Dame was a delightful greeting on my return to town late Saturday night, and I had the honor to briefly acknowledge it by wire yesterday morning.

To the Faculty of the University and to those who sponsored me I am deeply grateful. There is no distinction I could more highly prize, and I candidly deem it beyond my merit unless, perhaps, in the sense of a will to do, and in this respect it will serve as an additional incentive.

Again I ask you to kindly accept, and to convey to your associates, my thankful acknowledgment, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
G. L. Duval.

That the selection of Mr. Duval for this mark of distinction was a happy one is evidenced by the following message of congratulation received by Father Cavanaugh from His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons:

Cardinal's Residence,
408 N. Charles St.,
Baltimore, March 29, 1919.

Very Rev. and dear Father Cavanaugh:—

I have this day telegraphed my congratulations to Mr. George Duval on the well merited honor conferred upon him by the University of Notre Dame. Notre Dame is likewise to be congratulated on having selected one whose benefactions to the cause of charity and religion are well known.

With sentiments of esteem, and my blessing, I am
Faithfully yours in Christ,
J. Card. Gibbons.

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

Athletic Notes.

ALL-STARS 4; NOTRE DAME 3.

In the first exhibition of the season, Coach Dorais' war-ridden and undeveloped baseball team lost to the All-Stars of South Bend last Sunday afternoon on Cartier Field by the score of 4 to 3. The visitors were a team of former major and minor league players, who gained a decisive advantage over the collegians in a critical moment of the play. Koehler, an old player for South Bend in the defunct Central League, hit a "Texas leaguer" to the centre, and thereby scored the winning run. Up to the last inning honors were even. Neither side scored in the first four innings. Valda Wrape on the mound, ably assisted by McGuire behind the batter, twirled a number-one ball. "Swede" Edgren, varsity pitcher in '16 and '17, was in the box for the visitors and acquitted himself creditably. In the fifth inning, after two men had been retired, Barry muffed a high fly, giving the All-Stars three runs. The home team evened the score in the next inning with a hit and a misplay by the visitors' infielder.

The varsity team with several new figures in the line-up, presented a scrappy game, forcing the opponents to struggle for every inch of the ground. The new men were, Myles at short, Mohardt on third, Scofield and Connors in right field. Score by innings:

Notre Dame	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	—	3	4	4
All-Stars	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	—	4	8	4

Batteries—Edgren, Moore, and DeRose for All-Stars; Wrape, Murray, McGuire, and Halloran for Notre Dame.

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The final spring football scrimmage took place Saturday afternoon. An account of the spring drill will be given in the next number of the SCHOLASTIC. The football lectures and quizzes ended last Friday noon.

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On Saturday, April 19, the Gold and Blue is to open its official season in a game on Cartier Field with the University of Wisconsin. For a number of recent years the Badgers have

furnished the opening attraction, and this year they are coming with a strong team. Although there is some doubt as to the exact line-up, it is almost certain that Murray, who defeated the Badgers twice last season, will face the visitors on Saturday.

***

Athletic Director Knute K. Rockne announces that permission has been granted to the Pittsburgh Nationals to use Cartier Field for practice after the game with the All-Stars of South Bend on Easter Monday. Coach Dorais is trying to arrange a game between Notre Dame and the Pirates for Tuesday, the 22nd. If a satisfactory agreement is reached, a first-class exhibition of the national pastime may be expected.

***

It will be a two-mile and a one-mile relay team that are to represent Notre Dame in the Annual Drake Relay Classic at Des Moines, Iowa on April 19th. Edward Meehan, anchor man of the '17 team which set a new western record, and Andrew McDonough, another member of that fast quartet, are set for the big race. Sweeney and Meredith will run with McDonough and Meehan. The personnel of the one-mile team will be unknown until Wednesday afternoon, the day of the final try-outs. The likely possibilities are Scallon, Meredith, Colgan, Smith and Hayes.

—Alexander A. Szczepanik.

Sergeant Keane's Record.

The New York Evening *Journal* for the 26th of February gave the following account of the service rendered and the honors won on the field by Sergeant William C. Keane, one of the N. D. Yanks:

Sergeant William C. Keane, of Chicago, has arrived in New York with a remarkable record of bravery. He lost his right leg that he might save the lives of his comrades. Helpless in No Man's Land, where the Germans concentrated their machine gun fire on them, the men lay on litters, while the stretcher bearers groped about trying to locate the first aid station. The men were lost in the internecine inferno that broke loose on October 10 at Verdun, in the Argonne Forest sector. All escaped except Sergeant Keane. He was struck down by an explosive bullet fired from a German machine gun. The bullet tore his right leg so badly that it was necessary to amputate it.

That was not all that happened to this boy from Notre Dame College. He was awarded the D. S. C. for this bit of heroic work. Before this adventure he was the recipient of the Military Cross, pinned on his tunic by no less a personage that the King of England. But wait, there is more; he received the English decoration on the same day and at the same place that General Pershing was made a Knight of the Bath by King George.

South Bend, Indiana, saw much of young Keane up to April 24, 1917. He had been a student at Notre Dame in that city. At least he was until Pancho Villa thought he could dictate to the United States as to how America should treat the marauders in Mexico. He left his Alma Mater to go to the border with the old First Infantry.

When Villa's army retreated to the mountains of Mexico, Keane returned to his home in Chicago. A few months later, April 24, 1917, he re-enlisted in the "New Dandy First Infantry," one of Chicago's crack outfits, for service overseas. Later he was billeted with the medical department of the 131st infantry with the rank of sergeant.

One of his principal duties was keeping tab on the stretcher bearers. It was arduous work, for it meant that he must see that the boys who were wounded received prompt medical attention. No matter how terrific the fire was, those men must be carried off the field.

His chance came on July 4, at Hamel, France. At this time he was brigaded with the Australian Third Division. The Australians were fighting like fiends and during the morning's engagement those brave lads from that far off country captured 3,900 Germans. Wave after wave went over the top and a call for stretcher bearers went along the line.

No time was lost by the boys who carry the litters in getting into No Man's Land. Minutes went by and none returned. Volunteers must go and find out what had happened. Keane jumped out and said he would get the information. It was one chance in a million that he would come back, but he gladly accepted the odds.

The Germans saw him coming and let go round after round of bullets. The artillery fire was so terrific that the concussion threw him to the ground many times before he came upon the first wounded man. On the stretcher lay the soldier where the two brave carriers had placed him. They did not get further, for the Huns sniped them off. They were dead. Another and another and another stretcher was found with the same story. Maddened by this cruel exhibition of sportsmanship, Keane plunged forward until he came to a group of Germans on a sortie. He engaged them, but his frenzy was too much for them. They capitulated.

With hands over head he marched these prisoners back to the stretchers and compelled them to carry the wounded American soldiers back to the dressing station. When they finished that job he made them bring in the dead stretcher bearers. The Huns dug the graves and buried the men they had so wantonly killed.

Thousands may fight and die, and all their relatives learn of their supreme sacrifice and how, when and where they fell, but let a man do something really big, no matter who he is, his work never escapes the vigilant eye of his superiors.

So it was with Sergeant Keane. Reports went to headquarters telling of this boy's wonderful fortitude under terrific fire. A short time later there marched on the field at Villers Bocage, King George and his entourage. Keane was called forth and stood on the plain in view of thousands of troops while His Majesty pinned upon his tunic the Military Cross. That was not all. King Edward shook the boy's hand and thanked him for what he had done that memorable July 4.

Of course the young Notre Dame student was the proudest man in the ranks, but his ecstasy reached the highest point when he learned that General Pershing was among those who had been honored on the day he received the Military Cross. The King had made the head of the American Expeditionary Forces a Knight of the Bath.

Those boys from Australia fought everywhere and Keane with them. On September 26 at Verdun, on Morte Homme Trench 304 (Dead Man's Hill), made famous by the appalling number of killed, 700,000 men started the big drive that subsequently caused a debacle among the Germans, when two wedges were made in their lines ending in that famous Hun cross country race to the Fatherland.

On October 10 last, Keane, then attached to the Third Battalion, was ministering to the men during the battle at Verdun, in the Argonne Forest. Again those heroes of the battlefield, the stretcher bearers, went over the top after the men, under terrific machine gun and artillery fire. Eternity it seemed to Keane since they had gone, and none had returned. Some one must go out there and find what caused their delay in bringing in the wounded.

Before the call came for volunteers a lithe figure was seen creeping cautiously over the mud and slime and dead in No Man's Land. The soldier was Sergeant Keane. He knew what was wanted. He had done it before. The odds were no greater nor less than they had been on his previous journey; and then those boys were wounded and must be taken to the first aid station before they were killed by the ruthless Huns.

Two stretcher bearers were seen in the haze that all but obliterated the view. They were carrying a wounded man. The noise and smoke and battle had bewildered them; so that they had lost their way and were unable to find the first aid station. Sergeant Keane gave them the directions and they went their way. It was the same story with other litter men. All were lost and all were found and sent on their away without further mishap.

When the last men were found and given the location of the dressing station, Keane's work having been finished he started to creep back to the line when an explosive bullet struck the heroic young sergeant in the right leg.

That's all the boy remembers until he woke up in a French hospital minus the leg, but wearing another decoration, the Distinguished Service Cross.

The young Chicagoan refused to stand for any laudatory words from his comrade, who related the abpve story about their sergeant. But Keane did say this much:—

"If you were fighting under a man like Colonel Joseph B. Sanborn, our commander, you could not help pitching in with every drop of blood that was in your body. When we were up at Chipply Ridge with nothing to eat, or drink for days Colonel Sanborn personally brought rations to us on his back under the most terrific fire that I had ever experienced. He did that because he wanted to be sure food would reach us, and he was willing to sacrifice himself for us. Who wouldn't do the same for his comrades?"

Notice to Notre Dame Men.

A PLAN FOR THE CO-OPERATION OF THE COLLEGES AND THE UNIVERSITIES WITH THE UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The following communication from the United States States Service Commission should be of interest to students of the University, as well as to former Notre Dame men in various parts of the country:

Washington, D. C.,
February 28, 1919.

President John Cavanaugh,
Notre Dame University,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Sir:

The enthusiastic response which the colleges and universities of the United States gave at a time when the Civil Service Commission was making every effort to supply specially qualified persons for Government service indicates that closer co-operation between these institutions and the Civil Service Commission would be not only a very desirable but a very profitable arrangement. The need for war workers has apparently passed, but the need for highly trained persons in every line of Government work has not ceased, nor will it cease. The problems of reconstruction which will confront us in the future as well as the greatly enlarged sphere of Government service mean that the demand for college trained persons will increase from year to year. This being the case, it has seemed well to set on foot some plan whereby the colleges and universities of this country may come into close and immediate co-operation with the Civil Service Commission, in order that more of the better qualified persons may be induced to undertake Government work. In the past the best qualified persons may have had no opportunity to qualify because they were not advised of examinations relating to their own specialty. It is the hope of the Commission that this may be wholly done away with in the future.

As a first step in the new plan, which is as yet in but a formative state, the Civil Service Commission requests you to designate some member of your faculty as an official representative of your institution in its future dealings with the Commission. To him we should direct all communications relating to examinations of candidates, as well as copies of the announcements of all examinations being held by the Commission for scientific, technical and professional positions. On his part, he would be expected in particular to bring to the attention of the Civil Service Commission

he names of students or graduates who might be nterested in or qualified for various examinations.

It is the Commission's earnest hope and desire that there may be a generous response to this suggestion. It is believed that the advantages accruing both to the colleges and universities and to the Government service will be far greater than any temporary disadvantages which may appear upon the introduction of the plan.

By direction of the Commission:

Very respectfully,
JOHN A. MCILHENNY,
President.

In co-operation with the plan of the Commission, the President of the University has assigned to me the duties of the official faculty representative of the Commission at Notre Dame. For the information of present and former students interested in this matter, the bulletins of the Commission will be posted, as they are forwarded, in a conspicuous place at the University and the substance of them will be published regularly in the SCHOLASTIC. In compliance with the wishes of the Commission to secure the names of the men who may be interested in this plan, it is urged that all students desiring special information with regard to these examinations see me in person for such data and information as is available. Former students may write to my address at the University.

Two special bulletins have already been forwarded by the Commission announcing examinations on May 21–22, 1919, and on June 18–19, 1919, for laboratory assistant (male) at the U. S. Navy Yards, Washington, D. C., and for future vacancies of a like character, with entrance salaries ranging from $4.48 to $5.92 per diem. Competitors will be examined in the following subjects, which will have the relative weights indicated:

	Subjects	*Weights*
1.	General physics	25
2.	Practical questions on each optional subject chosen	40
3.	Education, training, and experience	35
	Total	100

The competitor selects in (2) one of the following subjects in which alone he is examined and must attain a rating of at least 70 percent:

1. Mechanics and applied mathematics.
2. Naval architecture and marine engineering.
3. Electrical engineering.
4. Mechanical engineering.

Another bulletin received announces an examination on May 21, 1919, for scientific assistant (male), in the Light House Service, at an entrance salary of $1,500 a year.

	Subjects	*Weights*
1.	General chemistry	20
2.	General physics	30
3.	Elementary questions in mathematics and mechanics	15
4.	Education, training, and experience	35
	Total	100

All bulletins sent in accordance with this new plan of the Commission are intended to be brought especially to the attention of college men. The places designated throughout the country for holding these examinations, are on the bulletins listed by states.

—WILLIAM FARRELL.

Book Reviews.

THE FAMILIAR ESSAY IN COLLEGE ENGLISH. By Sister M. Madeleva, M. A., of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The University Press. Notre Dame, Indiana.

This plea for a clear study and a more appreciative understanding of the familiar essay was first presented to the faculty of the University of Notre Dame in part fulfilment of requirements for the degree of Master of Arts. But not for this reason alone does it claim the attention of the SCHOLASTIC, nor yet because Sister Madeleva is one of the first women to be graduated from the University; the essay itself is its own sufficient claim to recognition. It bears on every page the hallmarks of a distinctive style and an admirable sanity. The familiar essay, the author tells us, "is the most intimate, the most natural, the most creative, and for all these reasons, the most thoroughly delightful form of prose," and hence should be accorded a more secure place and a worthier presentation in college classes. The relation of this literary form to the types of discourse and to other literary forms is fully discussed, particular attention being paid, and rightly, we think, to the blood-relationship between the familiar essay and the lyric. "It (the personal essay) has everything but rhyme and rhythm in common with poetry, or at least with its metrical counterpart, the lyric. The lyric is the unveiling of the poet's self, the passionate revelation of the lone and restive soul which is at once the white-hot furnace and the molten song. . . . So alike are the two forms that the matter of saying or singing is frequently all that distinguishes them, and the emotional intensity which may condense itself into six lyric lines can be found distributed with economy and effect over the pages of personal prose." This point, to our knowledge, never worked out before, is here set forth with a clearness and a charm that make Sister Madeleva's pamphlet a real contribution to the literature of the essay. Reading her pages one gets delicious glimpses into R. L. S. Lamb,—Thackeray's 'Gentle St. Charles,"—and incidentally the thought occurs that a more intelligent attention should be directed upon this "thoroughly delightful form of prose." No training, one would think, could better

serve to bring out the creative instinct in young writers, and certainly no prose would make more delightful reading in college magazines.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. By the Reverend Francis Xavier Lasance. Benziger Brothers, New York. In two editions and several bindings, varying in price from 40 cts. to $3.75.

Father Francis X. Lasance has recently added another title, "Manna of the Soul," to his list of excellent prayerbooks. The present manual, meant for the ordinary practical person of the world, offers in good order and convenient form the common and most approved prayers, taken from the *Raccolta* and other liturgical books of the Church. There is also a section of indulgenced prayers for special devotions and for frequent Communion. The author assumes very correctly that the very best prayers for any person are those used in the Mass and in other ceremonies of the Church. In order that everyone may be suited as to form, this manual is issued in a large-type, a vest-pocket, and a thin-paper edition. Considering that so many churches are poorly lighted and that a great many have poor eyesight, the first of these will be in favor. Again, not a few persons neglect to use a prayerbook because so many of such manuals are cumbersome and awkward to carry. For the young man a handier and more satisfactory book than the vest-pocket edition could scarcely be found. We should say that this little prayerbook will shortly become, as it deserves, a popular favorite.

THE VILLAGE (Russian Impressions), By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York City.

Since the beginning of the Great War the world has been increasingly interested in Russia; and the part which that country is at present playing in the affairs of the world makes one wonder about the life and views of the Russian people. Ernest Poole in his book, "The Village," presents in narrative form his personal impressions of the rural districts of Russia, received during a long sojourn in that country. In his extensive travels he came into close contact with every class, associating intimately with the peasants in their hut, with the rivermen and the vagabonds of the shore, with the teacher, the doctor, and the priest, with the old and with the young. In his book he reveals the minds and hearts of these people as he understood them. His exposition of their customs, their superstitions, their lack of method in obtaining a livelihood, their absence of forethought, and their hardships, gives the impression that he understood the Russians thoroughly. The peasants' friendship and preference for the American over the European is well evidenced and interesting. The chapters were first published serially in the *New Republic* and in the *Red Cross Magazine*. The author is known by several successful books on various phases of American life. His Russian impressions seem quite as sincere and convincing as his pictures of our own country. The narrative is broad in its scope, and shows a masterful grasp of social problems, and a sureness of character analysis. For interesting information on the social situations in Russia this book affords as good a study perhaps as one will find in print.—C. S.

Letters from Soldiers.

Neuweid on the Rhine,
February 16, 1919.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

I have just returned from Mass in the German church at Neuweid. Our chaplain, Father Connor, of Boston, a Holy Cross man, read the Mass, and he certainly is a "tip-topper." Please excuse that expression, Father, but he is one of the boys.

I am now stationed at Neuweid on the Rhine, about fifteen miles north of Coblenz and about fifty south of Cologne. I was looking for "Cy" DeGree yesterday on the football team of the Fifty-second Division, but I was not able to find him. I did, however, discover young McGarry, from Montana, who roomed with a McCarthy boy, I think, in Corby Hall in 1916. I just accidentally met him on the street. We had a good old N. D. chat.

Before I get home, I presume I shall pass through at least one more country of Europe, that is, Holland. I understand the Army of Occupation is to embark from Rotterdam. And so I shall have seen France, Belgium, Luxemburg, Germany, and Holland, all within one year; but, Father, I wouldn't give one acre of dear old Ohio for the whole of Europe. Life on the Ohio river is much more worth the living than life on the Rhine. I am working in the palace of the Prince of Wein, whose brother was king of Albania for a short time. I am billeted with a German family who treat me very kindly.

There is just one thing all the boys look forward to, and that is the trip back home. Why, it seems years since I saw Mother and Dad, and, Father, I intend to make a trip to Notre Dame as soon as I am returned home. Kindly give my best regards to Professor Smith, of the mining department, and also to the rest of the faculty. Anticipating the pleasure of an early trip to Notre Dame, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. Robert J. Ovington.

Hdqrs. Det. 308th Engineers,
Amer. E. F., Germany, A. P. O. 754.

American E. F., Luxemburg,
March 2, 1919.

My dear Father Schumacher:

Just why I should think of you to-day may not easily come to your mind. I can assure you that I think often of my friends so far away, of all the dear ones at Notre Dame and elsewhere. Really I have been hungry for news of the dear old place, of the Fathers and Brothers, of the progress, academic, athletic, and, shall I say, militaristic! I know comparatively little of the military regime and still less of the return to ante-bellum programs. The fortunes of Notre Dame from the time I left the States in October to the present are recorded to be read by me when I lay aside the khaki—and what a treat that will be!

I am now directing an educational program here in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. That explains why my mind has flashed back across land and sea to your office in the Main Building where you have so long faced problems of the same kind. For days I have

been trying to digest mentally a huge number of army orders from the G. H. Q. down to the Division, which includes Second Army Headquarters and Sixth Corps Headquarters—all dealing with the establishment of schools for the American soldiers. These are the Post Schools, which were so long a dormant fixture in the armies of peace days, schools that were suddenly vivified in the training camps in the States and now that the fighting is over have come into startling prominence. The military program now takes a second place in the life of the Expeditionary Force.

One of the most remarkable accomplishments of the American Army has been this transition from a romping, victorious fighting force to a pacific, intellectual exploring party. Schools of all kinds are springing up over night, sprouts that are being carefully tended and nurtured, and that promise more than an ephemeral existence. To push the development of one of these post schools I was suddenly rushed in a side-car over truck-torn roads to division headquarters and instructed to get to work at once. Whether I "got to" work or not, I certainly got the work, for I have been constantly on the job and my first breathing spell came to-day after I had turned in my first report to the chiefs of staff, corps, and grand headquarters.

The post schools give the elementary and secondary branches of education, and are intended for soldiers who missed such training in their younger days. All illiterates and all soldiers who do not speak English must attend these schools and there is much pressure being used to have those who are just above these two groups take advantage of the opportunity. Every inducement is held out to them, such as being excused from military duties and the holding of classes in the afternoon. A summary of attendance in the post schools of the First Army has been published and the number reported is 19,807. The Second Army is below that number, which fact was the occasion of my appointment as division post school officer. If I fail to beat the First Army, the efficiency board will get me back to Notre Dame sooner than the present sailing list indicates.

Another system of schools is being worked out and will soon be established. They are called division educational centres and will include a large number of vocational and occupational courses, which are to run for three months. Men desiring to take these courses will be put on "detached service" and billeted around these centres. You have heard, of course, of the founding of the American E. F. University at Beaune, France. Accommodations for 40,000 soldiers are now ready and classes will begin next week. The soldiers from this division will leave for Beaune on March 8th. Besides this university instruction, several thousand officers and soldiers will report to French and English universities next week. An art school is being established in Paris and applications for students desiring to study theology are being approved.

So you must not be surprised to see the American Army marching home with books under their arms rather than rifles on their shoulders. The thirst for knowledge created or intensified "over here" must have a far-reaching influence on our soldiers once they are returned to civilian life. It is heart-rending to see a grown-up citizen of the United States unable to sign his name or unable to read the English language; it is still more heart-rending than that to realize the number in that class.

It seems a long time since I left Notre Dame, and I shall be very happy to get back. The experiences which have been mine will always be happy memories—not very blood-thirsty ones. I have enjoyed what I have seen of Europe, which is another way of saying that when I return I shall enjoy America far more than I ever did before. My greatest handicap from an educational viewpoint is my lack of acquaintance with other tongues. I have billeted with French priests, Germans, and Luxemburgers, and rode for a day with the chaplain-general of the Portugese army and a priest with an S. T. D., and had I had a good knowledge of French, what wonderful points of view on current events I should have got. I hold a grievance against those who are responsible for directing courses in the modern languages and I intend to burden you at the first opportunity with suggestions born of regret and embarrassment.

I had intended to ask for a leave to go to Rome about this time, but my new work will force me to postpone that privilege for another month. I trust that you are keeping well and that the University is seeing prosperous days. Remember me kindly to all the brethren. Please remind Father Cavanaugh that I asked him to send me the SCHOLASTIC. With best wishes I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,
Edward J. Finnegan.
Chaplain, Div. Headquarters,
A. P. O. 745, American E. F.

Verdun, France,
January 11, 1919.

Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Father:

For some weeks I have been intending to write to you but one thing and another prevented me. I received to-day two copies of the SCHOLASTIC. It was "a grand and glorious feeling," when they came, as good as a Notre Dame reunion, and it set my memory out after a thousand recollections of the good old college days. I used to hear all the old "grads" tenderly yearn for the dear old alma mater and grow sentimental, as it seemed to me,—like the spinster in her second childhood speaking of "Dickie-bird," the dead canary that had been her companion all these years—but I thought it was all put on. I was wrong. I have wished for Notre Dame a hundred times since coming over and have grown just as sentimental as the old fellows for whom I used to feel so sorry.

The SCHOLASTICS were as welcome as Christmas vacation used to be. We are pretty much hermits up here, there being no civilians within miles and the mail service is—I don't like to criticize, but if the doughboys were as slow as the mail service the war would have lasted a thousand years. Still I have no real complaint. The meals are fine, for I always did like onions and corned beef, hash and mashed turnips; and the scenery is "just grand," ploughed-up fields

that grow a sturdy heath—of barbed wire—and old tumbled-down ruins that would gladden the heart of Professor Banks. It is a great country, especially if you like rain. If I had designs on all the gold in France, I think I would secure the sole rights in selling umbrellas and raincoats, and give swimming lessons as a side, line.

But to-morrow I go travelling—to Paris! It sounds simple does it not? But to let it go at that would be to give a false impression. Going anywhere in France is far from simple, especially going to Paris. There is no passenger service on the regular railroads up here yet; so I take the "dinky" to Bar-le-Duc. By the "dinky" I mean the miniature railroad, the narrow guage, like the children ride on in the amusement parks. That is easy, as there is only one train a day and there is no danger of getting on the wrong train. I say it is easy. It is if you are a glutton for punishment. It makes the forty kilometers in eight hours and rides like a Ford. Bar-le-Duc is a considerable town with a regular depot and everything. I go to the station to find out how late the train is. Yes, as a matter of old French custom, the train is late. How late nobody seems to know or to care. At length I find that royal, authoritative official, the chef-de-gare, who informs me proudly, gleefully, even with a tone of triumph, that the train is one hour, two, three, or maybe four hours late. What are a few hours to him. So I sit down and wait, in a little, crowded room that smells like onions and wine. The strange thing is that the French do not seem to mind waiting; they do it patiently, cheerfully, just as they plough, or fight, or do anything else. They even take it as a recreation, while I sit down and stand up and walk around and sit down and stand up, and walk around again.

Finally the doors are opened and we are trusted to go out on the platform. Now comes the hard part. There are eight tracks with a train on each, and I have the suspicion that my train has been there all the time. But of course I can not prove it. What is more I can not even prove that it is my train. Seeing a little wide man with a moustache like a seal and *beaucoup* brass buttons, I ask him in my best French, *Ou la hell est la train pour Paris.* At first I fear he doesn't understand me, but suddenly he bursts forth in language. Whatever I have said has stirred the depths of his soul, for he passionately lectures for ten minutes, pointing in five directions. He is an interesting character and I would like to know what he is selling, but I have no time to look for an interpreter; I must catch my train. I ask a half dozen other people, "*Ou est—*" etc., only to get the same answer. Finally, in a state of semi-exhaustion, I see an open carriage door with a Roman one on it and I enter. A Frenchman is in before me, and I make inquiry of him, to which he answers "We"—which means "yes," and not "you and me." Still I am very much in doubt. Just then a train on another track pulls out and I am sure that I am on the wrong one. But in despair I go to sleep, with the satisfaction of knowing that no matter in which way we may be going I am seeing Europe.

So you see how I am thrilled by the thought of going to Paris once more. But I shall meet Father Walsh and we shall talk over "the old days" (while garçon fetches in the cabbage broth), of the days when Brother Leep was keeper of his kingdom, of jelly beans and "sixes", and of when the least of our worries was examination time. I was in Paris before Christmas and spent several delightful evenings with Father Walsh and Father Davis. And on Christmas morning I served Mass celebrated in the Verdun cathedral by Father McGinn. Also I have met since coming over here, John V. Riley, Ned Barrett, "Stu" Carroll, and Dan McGlynn. Those have been the high moments of my life in France, which dissipated any gathering gloom and any inclination to homesickness. The other kind of moments came when I heard of the death of "Big Mac," George O'Laughlin, Clovis Smith, and the others who have been made to pay heaviest in our national war debt. It was only when I was in Paris not long ago that I learned from Father Walsh that Jerry Murphy is dead. It was certainly a shock for I had known only of his having been wounded.

I have been looking forward to the 1919 commencement at Notre Dame and hope to get back for it, but there is going to be sadness in the occasion as well as the joy of reunion, with so many missing.

How is Notre Dame? Is Father Moloney still the same zealous secretary of the treasury? And what has Father Foik got to worry about since the library has become a reality instead of his dream? Tell them all I send my regards, not forgetting Fathers Cavanaugh, Eugene Burke, Carrico, Bolger, Hagerty, and the others. If Fate is kind, I shall see them all in June. Say a high Mass that I may!

Your friend,
(1st Lieut.) Harry E. Scott.
Hdqrs. 3rd Bn. 801st Pioneer Infantry,
American E. F., France.

Camp Bowie, Texas,
March 13, 1919.

Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father,

I am still in the sunny South but, like all other Notre Dame fellows, wishing that I were back at the old school. The SCHOLASTIC reaches here once in a while, (I surely wish it were a more frequent visitor) and then the desire to return is stronger than ever. I fear, however, that my school days are over.

It was surely a wonderful sight upon reaching here to see Lieutenant Monning come marching across the parade grounds with his company. Many are the hours we have spent talking over the "good old days of long ago." It was a still greater surprise on my first visit to one of the aviation fields near here to see Lieutenant Freeman Fitzgerald gliding to earth. Both of these men are out of the service now, but the Lord sent a "sky pilot" to us, by the name of Father "Dad" Carey, ('13); so I am not alone in this section of "No Man's Land."

At the present time, Father, the war organizations are making an educational campaign among the men in camp—"Why not go to College?" Father Carey and I have been campaigning for Notre Dame, and I think a few bulletins would help us a great deal. Matter in regard to the agricultural and engineering

schools, if you have any on hand, would find ready readers, as these branches seem to be the most popular. It would be best to send these at once if possible, as the men at Bowie are being discharged very fast.

At present I am planning a visit home for the Easter days, and if all goes right I shall be on hand for a few N. D. buns. I received my application for overseas last week but am undecided about accepting.

Well, Father, it is near time to close up shop for to-night. Kindly remember me to my friends, and especially to Brother Alphonsus.

Sincerely,

Frank H. Sweeney.

K. C. Headquarters,
Camp Bowie, Texas.

Le Mans, France,
February 28, 1919.

Dear Professor Maurus,

Your very interesting letter of February 9th reached me to-day, and I can assure you that it was a pleasure to hear from you. The news from old Notre Dame was most welcome, and I greatly appreciate your taking the time to write to me.

You have doubtless had numerous letters from the boys over here, but I shall add a line or two, nevertheless, to express my personal sentiments. I came over here with infantry replacement troops and was, I presume, headed for the line when I landed in France. Maybe it was because my private pullman had a leak in the roof, or it might have been because of the long time between meals and the absence of finger bowls, or because I did not appreciate the advantages of a mud bath served while you sleep—anyway I decided that I could imagine what the line was like, and so I grabbed a job here in this depot and have been here ever since. Even here I had a hard time in getting rid of a very bad cough. The sledding was tougher back here even than I care to experience again and, frankly, after my experience overseas, I do not regret not having reached the lines. The doughboy who did his turn in the lines went through a hell which I do not believe the people at home can imagine. The American people can not say too much for him and I hope they will forget about the victory arches, receptions, and the like, and give the boys something more substantial to get started on again.

Steve Morgan and Joe Bennett are the only Notre Dame boys I have met over here. I left Steve at Cherburg; but Joe is right here in Le Mans and I see him very often. I am sorry I did not establish communications with you sooner, as I know there are a great number of Notre Dame boys over here. I should like very much to run across Bill Dolan, who, I am sure, is over here with some engineering outfit. I have received one SCHOLASTIC from home, but it just happened that I did not know any of the boys mentioned in that copy. I feel sure, however, that you will have a very interesting account of the boys for me the next time I reach Notre Dame.

Since you wrote me I have changed my address; I have been transferred twice. The last address was the one I had been working for all the time; it is a passenger list. It required a great deal of manoeuvering, but I finally turned the trick. At present, I have no idea as to how soon I shall walk up the old plank, but I am hoping to be out of the Army by April 15th at the latest. It did look as if I was stuck here, and I am very happy to be set for home at last.

I have been enjoying the life of Riley for the last two months, and now that I am on a passenger list I feel that I am sitting on top of the world. I answer "Yo" to roll-call twice every day now, eat three square ones, sleep about ten hours, and when the weather permits I step out for a little "hike." I am feeling tiptop and when they give me my discharge I shall have no regrets and a wealth of very interesting experiences.

The conditions have improved wonderfully over here within the last four or five weeks. Perhaps the conditions which prevailed before that could not be helped, but anyway we all feel thankful for the investigations. The boys are more content now, I believe, than they were two months ago, but of course the great majority are anxious to get back home.

It was delightful to hear that you have such a good attendance at Notre Dame. Please convey a suggestion of mine to Father Doremus in regard to his French course. The great secret of the language, I believe, is the ability to guess when you should say "oui," and if he could work it into the course somehow, his boys could *parler* with entire success. I have seen doughboys who never guessed wrongly on it, no matter how much *vin blanc* or cognac had been consumed.

With very best regards to you and all my friends at Notre Dame, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

Jim Devitt.

Casual Co. 1219, A. P. O. 762.

Philadelphia, Pa.,
March 25, 1919.

Dear Professor Maurus:

I am not dead nor am I "over there," but I am going over soon, I hope. I am on the U. S. S. *Newport News* in the Navy Yard at Philadelphia and am expecting to go to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, in about a month. We have been assigned to the American relief commission and are to carry grain to that port. I am very glad to get out of New York. The bright lights are too much of a strain on my eyes. How are the classes in "trig" and "calc" coming? I surely would like to come back to Notre Dame again. Believe me, it is the place of places.

I have not heard from home for a week or so. They did not know that I was coming here. No one knew it till I had started. In the Navy you never know what is going to happen until the last minute. I may not even go across on this boat; at least I won't believe it till we shall have heaved anchor and passed Sandy Hook.

There are many battle vessels in this yard; everything from the captain's launch to the *Idaho*—including "subs" and aeroplanes—is parking here now.

Drop me a line when you have the time, and if any of your relatives live in Smyrna I shall look them up. With the best luck in the world to you, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

Frank Andrews.

Safety Valve.

HAPPY EASTER.

There was a hen in our town
And she was wondrous queer,
She laid an egg on Easter morn
And cackled all the year.
She advertised her lay so well.
I think the egg trust leased her,
May I not sing my lay to you
To wish you a bright Easter.

***

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

She greets you like the dawning as it leaps out of the East
She seems to warm your spirit with her smile,
She has an air about her that entrances you at once
You're sure to be enraptured with her style,
She's cheerful when its cloudy just the same as when its bright
No trouble or annoyance can oppress her,
And yet I often wonder how she slumbers in her bed
When most of her is lying on the dresser.
She has the most expensive hair that anyone could buy
Her teeth have cost her parents quite a penny,
She pays for a complexion that is velvety and pink
Few girls can boast her loveliness, if any,
The boys all rave about her, I have often heard them say
"She surely is a pretty girl, God bless her,"
But how, I'd like to know, does she recline upon her bed
When most of her is hung up on the dresser.

***

THE OUTCOME.

Now that the springy days have come
The students snail to class,
Instead of walking on the path
They cut across the grass;
Like people walking in a dream
They stumble forward groping,
I wouldn't be a bit surprized
If they'd be pinched for moping.

***

"Stealing Third with the Bases Full" or "How I Made My Way" is the title of a book soon to be published by Patrick Pearson.

***

Tillie was an altogether respectable girl except that she liked pigs feet. She had had many chances to marry but she didn't want to take a chance. She wanted to be sure. Men with club feet and cauliflower ears and broken noses had fallen under her charm but Tillie didn't want to start a museum because she had no fire-proof home. One day, however, when she was out walking, taking one step after another nothing at all happened, and you can't expect a romance to grow out of nothing. What do you suppose Tillie did under these trying circumstances? She went home, washed the dishes, wound the clock and went to bed. She had scarcely began to snore (she always snored scarcely) when there was a sharp rap at the door. She did not move. There was another rap and then another. "Ah," she moaned, "someone has stolen my wraps, I must wear a bath robe from now on."

Then the door was violently kicked. "Who's there?" she demanded, as she kicked the clothes off her feet.

"I'm a burglar," a voice answered, "and I've come to kill you and take your money."

"I just love burglars," she called back, "they have such pretty eyes and cute mustaches."

"Let me in," a harsh voice growled, "or I'll break in the door."

Are you going to kill me with a gun or a nut cracker," she queried, "I positively must know before I let you in."

"I'm going to kill you with a safety razor and scatter you around the floor."

"Wait just a minute, Mr. Burglar, until I slip on my silk gown—then I'll be dressed to kill.

"Open this door at once. Do you hear me?

"Yes, I hear you all right but you haven't answered my question. Is it a Gillette, A Gem, or an Ever Ready?"

(The door is broken down. They fence with fence posts. The Burglar is killed. Quick Curtain).

***

THE GREAT INVISIBLES.

I've heard of *gingham* and of *wool* of *grenadine* and *silk*
Chiffon and *cotton* everybody knows,
And *satin* I believe is used quite often nowadays
In making very fashionable clothes,
Both *frieze* and *flannel* I have seen in nearly every shape,
But will some kindly soul explain to me
Just what a maiden means when in a temper she exclaims
The laundry has destroyed my *lingerie.*

We all could tell a *middy blouse* at fifty yards or more
And *party gowns* we quickly recognize,
The *hobble* and the *tube* skirts one can label at a glance
And one can tell a *suit* if he has eyes,
But though our observation is quite keen in other things
It seems quite strange that no one ever sees—
Though everyone has often heard it mentioned by his friends—
A garment that the women call *chemise.*

***

DOING MY BIT.

Some dentists fill your teeth with gold
While others use cement,
And porcelain is common too
To fill a hole or dent.
But though I ne'er took dentistry
You must admit I'm handy,
For nearly every afternoon
I fill my teeth with candy.

***

I WONDER.

I've heard you sing my praises in a thousand different notes
As night by night you visited my home,
You like the hospitality that I so freely gave
The cooling amber liquid and the foam,
How often in the burning days of August or July
Have I not like a brother slaked your thirst,
O tell me dearest comrade if your palpatating heart
Will love me just the same on *August First.*

HOGAN

HALIER

HEALY

TOBIN

SCHOLASTIC BOARD

1918 - '19

PALMER

BEACOM

WARD

SCOFIELD

GRIMES

BUTLER

HANIFIN

Mc DONALD

O'HARA

HAVEY