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Solitaire.

I LIKE to steal down leafy lanes
When fledglings take to wing;
When buds awake to thunderous rains,
And robins gayly sing.

I like to sit by plashy creeks
And list the idle flow,
When shadows trail the hills in streaks,
And fragrant west winds blow.

Perhaps alone I'd stroll, you say?
But there you do me wrong,
For Fancy trips to friends alway
And brings them all along.

LEO R. WARD, '20.

The Irish National Cause.*

BY REV. CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY, C. S. C., PH. D.

I COME to you tonight to speak of Ireland's claim "to take her place among the nation's of the earth." I come not as an Irishman, but as an American. I was born in America, and so were my parents: the bodies of my father and my grand-parents lie mingled with the soil of northern Indiana, and have consecrated it for me forever. Though I look across the Atlantic "with sea-ward straining eyes" to the green island which is our nearest European neighbor, as to "the home of my forefathers and the fountain-head of my Christianity," I wish to consider the Irish question from the standpoint of an honest American citizen.

Last Fourth of July there was a celebration of Independence Day in London—for the first time. The upshot of the addresses and resolutions of this celebration in which Englishmen joined with Americans was a Declaration of

Interdependence. What a contrast! In 1776 a group of virile, masculine Americans declared their country a free and independent nation, self-reliant and self-sufficient, asking nothing of the rest of the world except the courtesy which should obtain amongst all self-respecting communities. In 1918 in London another group of Americans joined with our ancient enemies, who have also been our enemies in every war we ever fought, even our Civil War, and our zealous rivals in times of peace, in declaring that the U. S. was dependent on England. On that occasion Mr. Bryce, former English ambassador to the United States and a great student of American government made this significant remark: "We in England have scarcely yet realized the magnitude of the new departure which America took when she entered the war. The oldest and best established of her traditions, dating from the days of Washington, had been to stand aloof, secure in her splendid isolation, from all European entanglements." Personally, I fear that the magnitude of this departure from our traditions is far better realized in England by a certain group of crafty men, amongst whom Northcliffe is a Lord, than it is in America.

I have made myself familiar with Washington's Farewell Address; and ever since my college days I have been fond of the speeches of Daniel Webster. Both of these great exponents of the duties of American citizens teach with an earnestness which is passionate that the first duty of Americans is to guard their unity by remaining undivided among themselves and at the same time divided from all European entanglements. They warn us that our country is a big country comprised of many nationalities; of a variety of religious creeds; of widely separated sections with interests which sometimes conflict. The only way to live together in peace and harmony is to allow Europe to settle

* Speech delivered at Cincinnati, March 16, 1919.

her own quarrels and to treat one another with mutual forbearance and respect. According to these great Americans any man who attempts to rouse nationality against nationality, creed against creed, or section against section, is unpatriotic, disloyal and treacherous. They taught that whoever aims a blow at the unity of our country aims a blow at its very life: this is true, indeed, of any nation, but nowhere is it so true as in the United States because of the very vastness of its area and the cosmopolitan character of its population.

There is a certain class of self-styled American patriots, represented by those Americans who joined with the English last Fourth of July in making a declaration of inter-dependence and by the newspaper men who took Lord Northcliffe's money for English propaganda in this country, who frown upon the agitation being carried on in favor of self-determination for Ireland as unpatriotic. Contact with Lord Northcliffe has made these lordly; so with an air of fine superiority they admonish us to mind our own business; they say England is our ally and we must not embarrass her; that the Irish question is a domestic question for the British Empire to settle; that Ireland is divided along religious lines and if we interfere we shall be obliged to take sides in a religious controversy; that the Sinn Feiners have not merited a share in the fruits of the war because they opposed England and, therefore, the allied cause. These so-called American patriots tell those of us who are active in endeavoring to aid Ireland to realize the dream of nationhood, which she has steadfastly cherished through unparalleled persecution and suffering for more than seven centuries, that we are traitors to the allies and our country, for doing thus is to offer sympathy and aid to those horrible Sinn Feiners who actually resorted to physical force against England in the very midst of the war.

I reply, that even if the United States Government had not entered the European war and thereby departed from "the oldest and best established of her traditions dating from the days of Washington," even if the United States "had stood aloof, secure in her splendid isolation, from all European entanglements," we who are agitating for the right of the Irish people to imitate our own example and throw off the yoke of British tyranny by a declaration of independence, would still be in line with the best traditions of our country.

In 1824 whilst the Greeks were engaged in a bloody struggle for independence of the Turkish Empire, Daniel Webster made a speech in favor of the Greeks. This speech was looked upon both in the United States and in Great Britain as the ablest ever made in the House of Representatives. In that speech the great American says: "What part it becomes this country to take on a question of this sort, so far as it is called upon to take any part, cannot be doubtful. Our side of the question is settled for us, even without our volition. Our history, our situation, our character necessarily decide our position and our course before we have time to ask whether we have an option. Our place is on the side of free institutions. . . Our own system of government we are not likely to abandon; and while we shall no farther recommend its adoption by other nations, in whole or in part, than it may recommend itself by its visible influence on our own growth and prosperity, we are nevertheless interested to resist the establishment of doctrines which deny the legality of its foundations."

The right of the Greeks to break away from the Turkish Empire was the same as the right of the American colonies to declare their independence of the British Empire. It was precisely the same right as the right of Poland to declare herself independent of the three empires which had seized and severed her; it was the same right Bohemia exercised in declaring herself independent of Austria.

In April 1916 by a declaration of independence modelled on our own, Ireland declared herself a free and independent republic. At the subsequent elections the position taken by the signers of that declaration, all of whom went to God by the same quick route as Nathan Hale, was sanctioned, in spite of all manner of interference and intimidation, by eighty per cent of the people of Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, Orange and Green. More than three-fourths of the people of Ireland are in favor of establishing an independent nation and living as a self-reliant and self-sufficient community. Which class of Americans are in the traditions of Washington and Webster on the Irish question? Those who are doing propaganda work for imperialistic England or those who are aiding independent Ireland?

But the United States did not "stand aloof, secure in her splendid isolation from all European entanglements." Our government broke away

from "the oldest and best established of her traditions" by taking sides in the great European war. So effectively did we aid the allies that it is agreed by all, America was the deciding factor in bringing down to shapeless ruin the great German Empire and the lesser Empire of Austria.

Different causes were assigned for our entrance into the war: the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the freedom of the seas, the enforcement of international law, the protection of neutrals. But the one cause which took hold of the mind and hearts of the people; the one which was stated as the great principle of the war by our President at the tomb of Washington, and again and again in all his public utterances on the subject; the principle which looms largest among the fourteen points to which the allies and the Germans agreed as the basis for the armistice; the principle which was made use of to incite the young men to volunteer and the old men to buy bonds; the principle which was hailed with acclamation by the weak and oppressed the world over was the declaration that America was fighting to help little nations who had not sufficient might of their own to resist the unjust aggression of a great empire. We entered the war, we were told, at the time, "to make the world safe for democracy." If that principle be not merely an inane phrase, it means that those nations, small and great, which want a democratic form of government must be allowed to have it. This principle was accepted in England as well as in America and declared to be the principle of the war by no less a personage than Lloyd George. That Belgium and Poland and Hungary and Northern Italy and Northern France should be saved from domination by imperial Germany was avowed by all the allies to be the great principle of the war.

If the war was waged on principle, it was waged against imperialism as such. If we conscripted our citizens for foreign service, and borrowed and took their billions to gratify the racial prejudices of our political leaders; if we were drawn into the war by our newspapers, which aroused the passions of the people by exaggerated stories of German atrocities; if we were deceived by the self-interest of international financiers, then, I say, Heaven help our betrayed country! If England was able by the same means to entice men from Canada, Australia, India and Africa to come to Europe

to kill men who were strangers to them for no principle; if, in other words, the world was just a wild orgy of slaughter to save the old and tottering Empire of Britain from the young and vigorous Empire of Germany then, I declare, the duplicity of America and England offers the most appealing of invitations to Socialists, Bolsheviks, and Anarchists. If the most solemn declarations of the highest authorities are sheer hypocrisy, then it is an easy inference for the ignorant mind that all government is nothing but a colossal sham. The only star which lights up the black night of this chaotic period is the thought that America fought by the side of the little nations to oppose an imperial power whose unjust aggression they could not unaided resist.

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

Our government has assumed a terrible responsibility. We conscripted our citizens for foreign service and many lie in Flanders' fields, martyrs to the principle that little nations have the right to self-government. The poem I have just quoted for you has exerted a deep influence on me. As the young officer sat there amongst the "crosses row on row" over his fallen comrades and realized that "on the morrow, he would be numbered with the slain" his thoughts turned toward the beauties of nature, with the melody of its song-birds, the beauty of its sunsets, the joy of friendships,—and he grieved to die. But then he thought: "I am dying that all these fair and lovely things may be enjoyed more fully and more freely by the weak and oppressed of all the earth." Thus was he consoled; but only on condition that we who are allowed to live "take up the quarrel with the foe," which is imperialism; and that "we hold high" "the blazing torch" of freedom for all the little

nations to light thereat their long-extinguished lamps.

I am not blind to the faults of democracy; I realize that ultra-democracy and anarchy are separated by a very thin partition; I realize that the political freedom of democracy may co-exist with very little individual freedom; I resented the prohibition law as an instance of this, I recognize that in a democracy the wise may be governed by the ignorant, who are led by crafty and unscrupulous men. I have had my doubts whether the world has done wisely in destroying so completely those two great empires which, when all be said against them, stood as a mighty rampart protecting our Western civilization against the chaos and anarchy of Eastern Europe. They were stern, severe, masculine, even to the point of brutality, but they were mighty forces for law and order in the world and we may learn too late to value what we so incontinently destroyed. These empires stood for much that is ultimate in human progress, in science, in painting, in music, in philosophy, in theology, in Scripture. Their scholars followed every trail of Truth with a dogged persistency which could be inspired only by enthusiastic love. There truth was truth and a lie was a lie.

But I am an American! I love independence and therefore hate empires. In spite of Bolsheviks and Spartacans and Socialists and their ever-growing power; in spite of bullets whizzing at men in authority the world over, I believe that the Constitution of the United States as it was drawn up by the fathers of our government and expounded by Daniel Webster and John Marshall was the grandest government under which fallen man has ever lived. I sigh for a leader who will form a party whose slogan shall be: "Back to the Constitution! back to the sanity and the wise democracy of Washington and Adams and Webster and Marshall! I believe in democracy, I love independence and hate empire, which I regard as the most powerful and unmanageable of bullies. If other nations oppressed by gigantic, demented empires wish to erect themselves into self-reliant communities the better to realize their own ambitions and the better to care for the weak ones they have brought into the world, I believe in their right and I acknowledge their claim.

But no matter what I believe, the boys are dead in Flanders' fields for this very principle. Our government conscripted them for foreign ser-

vice to face machine-guns and shrapnel, bombs and poisonous gas in defense of this right. We cannot go back on the principle now without turning all thinking men into skeptics about the declared motives of the war. Was it all a "grim hoax?" a cunning game played with young men's lives and mothers' tears, with young women's broken hearts and babies startled out of life within their mother's wombs? We cannot refuse to enforce the principle of self-determination, "no matter whom it may hurt," without depriving our dead soldiers of the wages of their blood. Whatever we may say about the sincerity of President Wilson and Lloyd George, the boys who sleep in Flanders' fields were sincere. They thought they were fighting the battles of the weak and oppressed of all the earth. If it is a sin which cries to Heaven for vengeance to deprive the laborer of his just wage, what sin shall we call it to cheat the dead of the justice they purchased with the red rivers of their blood? "Take up our quarrel with the foe!" their restless, haunting souls cry out. That foe is imperialism. How can we condemn the imperialism of Germany and condone the imperialism of England?

Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon
Than such a Roman.

Our Flag.

O precious folds of shining hue,
Of sparkling scarlet, white and blue;
O silver stars that gleam as bright
As those that deck the wand of night.
A fond heart's wish—long wave on high
And gently float across the sky;
As birds pursue their airy flight
At death of day and birth of night.

'Tis ours through long and steady strife,
When each man fought for home and life
And now above a country free,
There flows the Love of Liberty.

BROTHER JUSTIN, C. S. C.

The Position of America.

BY RAYMOND M. MURCH, '22.

More than two years have elapsed since that morning in April of 1917 when President Wilson descended the steps of the capitol building in Washington, armed with the power of a hundred million people. He realized well his high position. He was the voice of a nation demanding justice; he was the commander of her resources; he was the director of her movements. On his shoulders rested the responsibility not only of the Americans of to-day but of all the liberty-lovers of all time to come. His hand was to sway not the sword of might, but the pen of right; his mind was not to be busy with the strategy of the battlefield but with the schemes of peace; his political life was not to be lived for the subjugation of small nations, but for that same purpose for which thousands of American sons have so nobly fought and died—the autonomy of small nations. Such was his position. And well indeed did he understand the duties of that position when he stated the issues and voiced the aims of America in the war.

"Shall the military powers of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of might?

"Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their own purpose and interest?

"Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?

"Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations; or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?

"Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance, or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?"*

These significant questions were aimed at Germany. They were the voiced convictions of human justice not of one man but of a nation, a nation enjoying the blessings of liberty and happiness.

More than a half-year has elapsed since those

famous words were uttered. But within that time they have received a broader scope and a wider application. In that address the President emphasized the fact that the God-given blessing of autonomy was intended for all nations. "A common standard of right and privilege" must be granted "to all nations." No strong nation is "free to wrong a weak nation." No small nation is to be "ruled and dominated, even in internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force except by their own will and choice." And finally, there must be a "common concert," that is, a "League of Nations," "to oblige the observance of common rights."

This was the first official American utterance on the necessity of the league of nations. It was seen that a common concert would be necessary to oblige the stronger nations to respect the rights of the weaker ones—a league strong enough to overcome any power that might seek to deprive any people of their autonomy.

A few months ago, on November the eleventh, the struggle against a lawless autocracy was brought to a successful conclusion. At once representatives of all the Allied Nations assembled at Paris to formulate a suitable peace. One of the first matters considered was the autonomy of small nations. To insure this autonomy, the famous plan of the "League of Nations" was submitted. In accordance with the American issues of the war as explained by the chief executive of our government, this league was to include all nations with impartial justice. This was the ideal which stayed the Hun at Chateau Thierry, that pushed him back at Saint Mihiel, and broke his power in the Argonne Woods. This was the American principle of justice, and it is the only principle upon which an international league can be successfully formed; for, says a popular writer, "the price of internationalism is impartial justice."

It seems now, however, that the American plan of the league of nations has been somewhat modified by those at the peace table. They declare that the present plan includes all nations, but either they deny that Ireland is a nation, or else they are completely ignoring the nationhood of Ireland.

Is Ireland a nation? Hear in answer the voice of her own people. By word and deed they assert and have always asserted to the peoples of the world her undying nationhood. Why, then, are the nations silent? Do they

* Speech in New York City, Sept. 27, 1918.

not know that Ireland fulfils all the requirements of a nation? Do they not know that she is three times as large as Belgium and twice as large as Denmark; that she is separated from all other nations by nature's own barrier, the sea; that she is peopled by the children of an ancient nation which once stood where the autocracy of England now reigns supreme? Do they not know that the Irishman is as unlike the inhabitants of any other country as the land is unlike the sea; that the Irish customs are distinctly those of a nation; and that the Irish language is still preserved after eight hundred years of persecution? But more than that, Ireland possesses that most necessary condition of nationhood, patriotism: "Nationalism, at its best," says a certain writer, "is nothing more or less than patriotism," and the genuineness of Ireland's patriotism proves the genuineness of her nationhood. Look back for a moment over the pages of her history. For eight hundred years the sons of the Gael have preserved, in spite of all that has been done to destroy it, that patriotism and filial devotion which only a distinctive people could preserve. They are Irish. They are the sons of a nation which has long cherished beneath the rags of her bondage the golden garments of by-gone glory.

The plan for a league of nations has been recognized by most Americans as a fitting sequel to the past war. But that plan, to be successful and just, must include *all* nations, and among them Ireland. Ireland must be given her autonomy along with Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Dalmatia, and the others.

Furthermore, it is within the powers of the Peace Conference and the plain duty of the Conference to give to Ireland the right to self-government which has been so long and wrongfully usurped by a foreign power. This war was "for democracy." But how can there be a democracy so long as England, the ruthless autocrat of eight centuries, still rules over a people against the will of the governed? It is true that England was not the enemy, as was Germany; but, since this great war has been fought on the ground that all nations have the right to self-determination, it must be terminated in a peace which insures this right, and the termination of the war rests in the hands of the Peace Conference.

Clear, then, is the position of America. She must see to it that Ireland is included in the

League of Nations as a nation. Unless this is done, there is but one alternative for America: either she must not become a member of the league, or if she actually becomes a member, as the strongest nation, she must see to it that all the members of the league oblige England to withdraw her autocratic hand from Ireland, and let that country have the independent nationhood which is hers by every right. If we fail in this duty, we thereby fall short of the high ideals which we expressed on our entrance into this war; we thereby make hypocrites of ourselves and jeopardize the high honor we have upheld throughout our history and the distinction we have just achieved as the champion of impartial international justice.

Vaunt of a Verbomaniac.

(With apologies to S. Johnson.)

CONTRA.—Polysyllabic vocables

Have always been my bane,
I never could quite understand
Why wights who look inane,
Will bend their tongue and twist their teeth,
Throw out of joint their face,
To verbigerate and fustianize
So quaintly out of place.

Folks don't know when they're gulled, I guess,
And bilked by biped books,
For charlatanic savants win
Most adulatory looks.
And lucubrators grow verbose
With dulcet disposition,
So the *hoi polloi* may marvel at
Their pseudo-erudition.

PRO.—Some persons don't mind aquiline

In reference to their nose,
But fly into a rubric wrath,
When their *nez* is full of bows,
Of bends and hooks, of crooks and curves,
And we term it eagle-beak,
For then they know they surely have
A proboscideal freak!

Annoyance oftentimes obtains,

When *le monde* knows what we mean;
And a proletary oath is cursed,
When what we say is seen.
It's safest then for us to use
Colossal clause and phrase,
For plain words bring opprobrium
But pomposities amaze!

The "Sage of the Osage."

(Reprinted from the *Kansas City Star* of March 4, 1919)

Thomas Moore Johnson, the "Sage of the Osage," is dead, and in his passing Missouri has lost one whom too few Missourians have recognized as "one of the greatest living men, in certain lines of thought, in either Europe or America." His body lies surrounded by the thousands of rare books which he loved and which have been his constant companions through a life of singularly brilliant contemplation; but, it is difficult to reconcile the thought of stillness and decay with the vivid life of a mind which has thus phrased the conception of death:

"There is no essential connection between my mind and my body. These modern, so-called 'psychologies' that are three-quarters physiology disgust me. There is too much physiology even in the works of William James. Two of my senses are defective—I am short sighted and my hearing is bad, but I have nothing to worry about so long as my mind is kept active with work. These learned gentlemen always overlook one thing in their discussion of mind and body. They see how the body disintegrates and returns to the earth, and they assume that the mind dies with it. But they have no proof of that latter point. They have seen bodies die, but no one yet has seen a soul or a mind die."

Thomas Johnson was born in Osceola, March 30, 1851, and lived in the Missouri town all his life. In fact, it was only at comparatively infrequent intervals of his settled years that he ever left St. Clair County. His father, Waldo P. Johnson, an eminent lawmaker, statesman, and Confederate soldier, had come to Missouri from Virginia when there were fifty houses in Osceola. Thomas went to Osceola schools and completed his education at Notre Dame University, Indiana.* He married Alice Barr, a St. Clair County girl. They had three sons and a daughter.

Mr. Johnson was a distinguished lawyer, being for some years prosecuting attorney of his

county. He was president of the village of Osceola and was its first mayor when the town was incorporated. Being of independent means, however, he ultimately gave up the practice of law, devoting himself to philosophic research, and his claim to fame rests upon his attributes as scholar, writer and bibliophile. He was a phenomenal linguist, particularly in the dead languages, and wrote, read and spoke, with equal facility, Latin, Greek, French and German, to name four at random. He was the author of quantities of authoritative essays, books and treatises valued by students the world over, and the publisher of a quarterly, the *Platonist*, an *Exponent of Philosophic Truth*, which first appeared in 1884, as well as the *Bibliotheca Platonica*, an *Exponent of the Platonic Philosophy*.

All of Mr. Johnson's writings were published in Osceola, a fact worth noting, inasmuch as Greek type can be set, supposedly, at only a few of the great universities—and the appearance of Greek text was frequent in much of the sage's work. In this connection the story is told of an awe-struck student who entered Mr. Johnson's library—it was customary to enter without knocking, owing to the philosopher's infirmity—and found him rattling away on a typewriter. The interruption elicited the awful realization that the machine was, so to speak, an ancient Greek machine, and the scribe was dashing off a letter in Greek!

Perhaps Mr. Johnson knew how many volumes his library contained—they are variously estimated as between five thousand and fifteen thousand. Among them are tomes which have been out of print for hundreds of years and are priceless, from the standpoint of the collector. The books soon overflowed the Johnson house and a stone library building was erected a few yards away, on the banks of the Osage River. The library bulges with books. They run in double rows from floor to ceiling, from basement to attic. There are ladders to give access to dusty top shelves where the books stand, as on the lower shelves, in a double row. The collector has tried to arrange them, politely, with the short fellows in the front rank so that the austere rear-rank privates can show wrinkled faces over the top. This library, by the way, is distinguished as the only private library in the state set aside for its particular purpose.

Mr. Johnson was attracted in university days to the writings of Plato and Aristotle. He stood

* He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Notre Dame in 1876 and that of Master of Arts in 1892. Mr. William T. Johnson (A. B., '68; A. M., '70) of Kansas City, Missouri, brother of the late philosopher, in a recent letter to the President of the University writes: "The clipping from the *Kansas City Star* is a better resumé of my brother's life than anything I could write for you. He was for the last five years of his life very deaf, and as he was both a recluse and an invalid it was not easy for me to see him oftener than five or six times a year."

among the foremost of the world's interpreters of the ancient Greek philosophy. One of the ends of his life was to translate into classical English the best thoughts out of the original Greek, some of which never had been translated. For instance, he would take hold of a philosophical treatise by some master mind, perhaps a German—something which had been translated into German from the Italian, and into Italian from Greek—translate each successive translation into English, including the musty original, place his own interpretation upon the original Greek and point out the fallacies of the others. Such were his pastimes, when his regular work as a writer on his chosen topic did not claim his attention. "No one should infer," wrote an admirer of Mr. Johnson, "that the works he translates or annotates can be read by persons unaccustomed to severe and protracted thinking."

As might be expected, Mr. Johnson was appropriately eccentric. Few photographs of him were ever made. He did not like photographs of people, agreeing with the ancient Greek who said that it was bad enough to have to drag your body through life without having a counterfeit presentment of it sticking around to regard your comings and goings—or classical words to the same general effect.

The Sage of the Osage literally lived among his books; he slept with them and ate in their company. He would spend, as it is stated, about an hour each day with his wife, descending to pots and pans, furniture, newspapers and the like, and, perhaps, a change of linen. Two little trips he would make each day to the express office, one in the morning, one in the afternoon, to get books for which had no shelves in the library. Perhaps he would deposit the books under the table or bed, and forget where he had put them. Being absent-minded, the sage was very apt to slip on his rubbers and a raincoat at such time as the sun was shining and skies were unflecked, and stroll out in his short, blue-library jacket when it was raining. Such tales are inevitable. It was said that he wore at times a coat especially devised: in each pocket was a Greek dramatist, or Omar in the original, or Virgil, Ovid, Livy—one of those "old birds"; in fact, instead of having the pockets made to fit the books, which might have been inconvenient, the books were actually made to fit the pockets. In such distinguished company the sage was wont to fare forth on a summer's day, and so

browse among the oaks and elders or whatever grows on the banks of the Osage.

It should be said that Mr. Johnson was not averse to the modern authors, though he did not allow them to molest him. He was an expert at scientific skimming, and skimmed through the best of the "best sellers" in ten minutes, "got" them, and then in ten seconds forgot them. He considered that there was not much that was worth while in the modern writers. He remembered having read "The Arabian Nights."

The late J. M. Greenwood once wrote to the *Star* of Mr. Johnson: "In addition to his vast reading, in nearly every direction of human activity, he carries on an extensive correspondence with many of the most famous literary men and philosophical thinkers of the world. His style is clear, vigorous, and strong. He hates shams and he punctures them with a merciless pen. His mind is classic in every respect, and it is among the greatest schoolmasters of the human race that he lives, moves, and thinks. To know Thomas M. Johnson is to know one of the most charming men of this nation."

Night.

The light of day
Now melts away
Far down the golden west;
While through the air
The doves in pair
Sigh on their way to rest.

Sadness falls
When evening calls
And softly flows the light
Of tiny eyes
From cloudless skies
That gaze on earth all night.

And while you shine
My heart must pine
For sorrow fills it so;
Then dim your light
That beams so bright
And chase away my woe.

But cold winds blow
And murmur low
Beneath the heaven's blue;
And in my breast
There reigns no rest,
O winds,—I grieve with you.

BROTHER JUSTIN, C. S. C.

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THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20

RAYMOND M. MURCH, '22

"The greatest mistake of penetration," said the wise Rochefoucauld, "is not to have fallen short, but to have gone too far." Purporting to minimize illiteracy and to reduce the number of our citi-

The Smith-Hughes Bill. zens who are ignorant of the English language, comes the Smith-Hughes Educational Bill for immediate enactment by Congress. Seemingly it is a plausible measure which we have long needed. But when we analyze its provisions and note its ill-concealed purposes, we readily discern a grave peril to our rights and a menace to our parochial school system. Briefly stated, the bill aims to establish an educational paternalism, to disturb that nice balance of power between federal and state authorities regarding the control of educational matters, which the framers of our constitution so discreetly adjusted, and to put into the hands of a bureaucracy at Washington the power to determine the studies to be pursued by 20,000,000 American children. Further the bill implicitly declares that no subsidy whatever is to be given to any school where the principles of religion are taught and man's duties to his Creator inculcated. Such a measure is an open attack on the growth and stability of our parochial schools, and American Catholics should vigorously oppose its passage. The bill is a blood-relative of the Prussian School

Bill, the direct products of which, we have now come to know, were machine-made men, mere puppets in the hands of a militaristic clique. Furthermore, Catholics are already obliged to support schools which they cannot in conscience patronize. They have nobly borne the burden of a double taxation. To increase that burden would be to aggravate an already grave injustice. This is altogether likely to happen if the Smith-Hughes Bill is enacted, and enormous sums of money are thereupon required to carry out its extravagant educational program. Catholics ought to be watchful of their interests and their rights. Now is the time to act, to protest before the promoters of this vicious bill have "penetrated" too far.—F. T. B.

After settling the disputes of the Czechoslovaks and sundry other peoples on the other side of the world our peace commission should be fully qualified to con-

The Mexican Task. sider a more pertinent American question—a peaceful Southern neighbor. Carranza and his support only "seem" to have matters under control. Trouble in Mexico long ago became chronic. Just how long Carranza will be able to hold the reins is the problem. So long as there exists two or three outlaw bands, small though they may be, he has failed to master the situation. These marauders, can, as far as the government forces are concerned, re-enact the New Mexico raid any moment they choose. Such possibilities must be removed. We cannot prosper in peace with a Cain ready to stab us at any moment. The Villas and Zapatos must go. There are, no doubt, many peace-loving people in Mexico, but the barbarous, murderous bandits must be exterminated. The decent citizens of Mexico and their government have flatly failed to do this. It is inevitable that the United States sooner or later solve the difficulty. It is inevitable that the United States clean out the only rat-hole on the Western continent, and the sooner the better.—J. S. M.

"Notre Dame in the War."

(From the Indianapolis Star for April 7, 1919.)

Preparations are being made for the erection of a bronze tablet at the University of Notre Dame commemorating the Notre Dame men who served in either the army or the navy during the war. The entire state

of Indiana has just reason to be proud of the war record of this educational institution which has so splendidly upheld the principles of Americanism during the seventy-five years of its existence.

It is well known among those who are versed in Notre Dame history, that when the Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., the founder of Notre Dame, arrived in this country from his native France, he fell upon his knees on American soil and, in the manner characteristic of the impulsive French people, embraced the ground as a sign of his devotion to the land of his adoption. During his long life Father Sorin constantly taught Americanism at Notre Dame, with the result that every student, physically able, volunteered for service when President Lincoln called for an army to put down the rebellion. Among those volunteers were a number of priests, members of the faculty, who entered the army as chaplains. All rendered distinguished service, and the Rev. William Corby, afterward the president of the University, made history by reason of his gallant conduct at Gettysburg.

The Spanish-American war took its quota of Notre Dame men, and when the United States entered the world war, the upper classes of Notre Dame were almost depopulated, so many junior and senior students entered the training camps or volunteered for service as enlisted men in the army and navy. In gathering data for the memorial tablet it has been found that 2,093 Notre Dame men—faculty members, alumni, and active students, served with Uncle Sam's fighting forces. Nine of these were priests, members of the faculty who left their classes to become army chaplains. This number included the Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., vice-president of the university, and the Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., whose fame as a lyric poet is international. Only one of these priest soldiers has returned to his academic duties, the Rev. Ernest Davis, C. S. C., who was gassed at Chateau-Thierry. He saw nine months of hard service in France and has returned to the university covered with honors. The others are still abroad.

Fourteen lay members of the faculty entered the army during the early part of the war, and the university points with mournful pride to the record of Capt. George Campbell, the United States Army officer, who for several years, was a government military instructor at the university, and who, after winning the distinguished service cross, was killed in battle. The Rev. E. A. Murphy, a secular priest, who is an alumnus of the university and was at one time a member of the faculty, also won the distinguished service cross by reason of gallantry in action.

Several alumni and students whose names are familiar to Indiana people because of the athletic and academic honors they have won at Notre Dame, gave their lives on the battlefields of France. Among these were Lieut. Arnold McInerney, a football star; Lieuts. George O'Laughlin, Jeremiah Murphy, Charles Reeves, Clovis Smith, Arthur Hayes, and Sergt. Philip Callery. Harry Kelly, well known as an athlete and popular as a student, lost a leg and won the Croix de Guerre. Lieut. Emmett Walters was captured three times by the Germans, escaping each time.

The University of Notre Dame did not lose sight

of its men while they were in service. A letter writing bureau was established by members of the faculty and the men were kept imbued with what every Notre Dame man is pleased to call "the Notre Dame spirit." If there was a man overlooked by the bureau it was because the university was not aware of his whereabouts.

It is spirit of this kind that makes for sturdy patriotism in this country, and it is gratifying to know that Notre Dame displays this spirit not only during times of national stress, but every day of the scholastic year. Since long before the war, Notre Dame has believed in military training for students, and the thoroughness of this training was quickly recognized by army officers when Notre Dame students entered the officers' training camps, as many of them were commissioned for the regular army.

Obituaries.

There came a few days ago news of the tragic death of Bernard J. Walsh, a recent student, which happened on April 10th in Moline, Illinois. While riding a motorcycle he collided with a heavy touring car and was instantly crushed to death between the vehicle and a telephone pole. The deceased had recently been discharged from the service and at the time of the accident was in the employ of a Moline concern as draftsman. Notre Dame poignantly regrets the premature loss of this excellent old-student and extends to his parents, brothers, and sister heartfelt condolence in their sorrow.

Donald Fournier, a seminarian in the preparatory department, died on Holy Thursday at St. Joseph's Hospital in South Bend. On April 7th he was suddenly stricken with malignant meningitis and after ten days of the severest suffering, during which his patience and fortitude were the wonder of those who attended him, he succumbed to the dread malady, whilst his seminary companions were singing the office of Tenebrae in the college church. With his passing Heaven is, humanly speaking, happier and earth less so. Donald was loved by all who knew him. To his last moment he was ever cheerful and had the rare gift of making others so. To the bereaved parents and to the students of the Seminary, for whom the memory of this laughing lad of gentle ways and generous heart will not soon fade, we proffer sincerest sympathy and the promise of many prayers. R. I. P.

Local News.

—Thomas J. Tobin, lecturer of the local branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom, is in Terre Haute organizing a branch of the society in that city.

—Through the courtesy of Coach Knute K. Rockne and the Athletic Board, the Pittsburg "Pirates" practised on Cartier Field before leaving for Chicago Tuesday morning.

—Arrangements have been made by which a number of Notre Dame students who served either in the Army or the Navy during the war will participate in the Victory Loan parade in South Bend this afternoon.

—According to word received at Notre Dame, students who served in the S. A. T. C. are not entitled to the Congressional World War buttons. Only men who served at camps or cantonments in this country or with the Army, Navy, or the Marines abroad will be awarded the buttons.

—George Cutshaw, who played second base for Pittsburg against South Bend in the exhibition game here last Monday, renewed old acquaintances after the game. George played as a student here with the Notre Dame nine of 1908. He was rousinglly cheered when he entered the senior refectory for supper.

—Four hundred farmers and stock-raisers of Northern Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin were at Notre Dame Tuesday afternoon at the auction of forty cows. The cows, all registered Holsteins, were bred and raised on the St. Joseph's farm under the direction of Brother Leo, farm foreman at Notre Dame. The auction was held at the Notre Dame stables, and the sales were most satisfactory.

—To show his hearty sympathy with the Notre Dame Knights and the project they have undertaken, Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York City, a favorite lecturer with the students of the University, will deliver a lecture on "Marshal Foch" on or about May the sixth at the Oliver Theatre in South Bend. Likewise for the benefit of the Social Center Building Fund, the Glee Club will appear in South Bend about the first of June under the auspices of the Notre Dame Knights.

—Contracts have been completed for Glee Club concerts at Elkhart on May 23rd and at Fort Wayne on May 20th. The Club will appear

in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, Thursday evening, June 5th. Next Monday the Club will give a concert at La Porte and on Wednesday will appear at St. Joseph's parochial hall, St. Joseph, Michigan. It will also give a concert for the benefit of the building fund of the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus in South Bend late in May.

—The juniors, under the direction of President "Al" Ryan, have completed their plans for the junior "prom" to be given at the South Bend Country Club on May the twenty-first. Charles Davis and his novelty orchestra have been engaged to concoct some new effects conducive to terpsichorean bliss, and Vincent Fagan gives assurance of originality in the designs for the program cover. The juniors are looking forward to a time extraordinary.

—The Library received recently from Mr. J. L. Heineman, a former student, some interesting books on Indiana History. Mr. Heineman has been for many years a student of early local history and he has done numerous brochures on early settlers in Indiana. The books presented are: "The History of Fayette County," "The Indian Trail down the White Water Valley," and "Two Chapters from the History of Fayette County of 1917." The University acknowledges also another valuable addition to the Civil War collection, in the form of a gift of the sword of General Rosecrans, presented by the widow of the late Colonel Edward Robey, of Chicago. The sword had been in the possession of the Robey family for many years.

—The Orpheus Male Quartet held the attention of a large audience in Washington Hall on the eve of the Easter vacation with one of the best concerts we have ever had in Washington Hall. The program was most agreeably balanced, classic songs were skilfully rendered, and the occasional humorous numbers were well received. A few solos of original composition by Mr. Glasse, the first tenor, deserve special mention. The quartet showed real mastery in their rendition of Tennyson's "Bugle Song," which won for them a \$3000 prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Their imitation of Scotch bagpipes in "Annie Laurie" was very realistic, and "The Barnyard Song" as a humorous number was exceptionally well rendered. "The Sunset" and "The Perfect Day" were among their best selections. The whole program was highly appreciated, and it is to be hoped that

Notre Dame will be favored with more concerts of this quality.

—Twenty-five years a priest last Tuesday, the Rev. Bernard J. Ill celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination with a Solemn High Mass in the University Chapel. Father Ill acted as celebrant of the Mass, the Rev. James French as deacon, the Rev. Eugene P. Burke as sub-deacon, and the Rev. William Connor, master of ceremonies. A large number of South Bend friends of Father Ill were in attendance. Among the out-of-town guests was Father Ill's brother, Philip Ill of Cincinnati.

Following the Mass Father Ill and members of the community assembled in the west dining room where a banquet was served. Father Cavanaugh, who will also celebrate his silver jubilee this week, delivered a congratulatory address.

—Frederick Paulding's lecture on April 5th dealt with "Romeo and Juliet," and was a very interesting entertainment. We should say, however, that there was a slight tendency to the bombastic in Mr. Paulding's reading which detracted from the otherwise very pleasing impression which his selection of scenes produced. Aside from this the reading was masterful and the portions of the play which were read were skillfully chosen to present the setting and the essence of the play. His reading gives one all the pleasure of the whole play without making it necessary to hear the entire five acts. On Wednesday 8th, "The Merchant of Venice" proved that Mr. Paulding is an actor of the finest abilities. Whatever adverse criticism could be offered to his "Romeo and Juliet" had no application in regard to his Shylock, or Bassanio, or Gratiano, or Antonio. Every scene that was given was rendered perfectly; and everyone felt as he left the theatre that he had lived a day in Venice and met all the characters that Mr. Paulding had impersonated. His "Shylock" seemed to us extraordinarily good. It is doubtful if the most perfect setting and costuming could have improved the effect. The first scene read, that of Bassanio, Shylock, and Antonio was well done, but the best scene of all, beyond doubt, was the first of the third act, in which occurs Shylock's defense of the Jew. Mr. Paulding will return to Notre Dame in July for another series in the summer session.

C. A. GRIMES.

Personals.

—Father Schumacher has received a card from Leo V. Bohannon, student in E. E., 1912-14, who is at present in Falmouth, England.

—William J. Redden (Arch. '14) is at the head of the manual training department in the high school at Racine, Wisconsin. At the outbreak of the war he was obliged to discontinue architecture, but he expects to resume his professional work again within a few months.

—We take pleasure in quoting the current number of the *Law Students' Review* to the effect that the College of Law at Notre Dame furnished a larger percentage of men to the service of the government during the war than any other law school in the United States. Here's to the lawyers!

—Rev. Frank O'Connell, former student of the University, has been transferred from St. Joseph parish, Oil City, Pennsylvania, to a parish in Du Bois, Pennsylvania. Father O'Connell, who was shortstop on the varsity nine in his day, will be remembered by the familiar cognomen of "Happy," given him because of his genial smile and unfailing good humor.

—The Reverend Edward Mears, pastor of St. Columba's Church, Youngstown, Ohio, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on May 7th. The sermon will be preached by Monsignor John T. O'Connell, Vicar-General of Toledo. Father Mears is one of the great priests of northern Ohio, and a devoted friend of Father Sorin and the other pioneers. The University offers heartfelt felicitations on his Golden Jubilee.

—A school memorandum made at the Headquarters of the Fifth Division of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, and dated March 1st, contains the following paragraph as the third point: "Chaplain Finnegan has been detailed as Division Post School Officer. All reports required by orders from organization post school officers will be forwarded to the Senior Chaplain's office, Division Headquarters. All requisitions for text-books or materials will be transmitted through regimental or separate unit school officers, to the same officer."

—The current issue of the *Outlook* contains an interesting character sketch of Theodore Roosevelt written by Rev. John Zahm, C. S. C., (A. B., 1871; A. M., 1873). Father Zahm

was an intimate friend of the former President, and it was he who persuaded Mr. Roosevelt to take his momentous trip of exploration in South America. Their close companionship on this journey, together with their mutual interest in the natural sciences, has enabled Father Zahm to delineate a striking pen picture of the great versatile American.

—John William Wadden (Ph. B., 1907) has been chosen president of the Sioux Falls National Bank. There has been a rapid growth of business and industry for the past two decades in South Dakota and particularly in the city of Sioux Falls. The city's prosperity is manifest by its great expansions among which is the new Sioux Falls National Bank now under the control of Mr. Wadden, who, to quote from the *Argus Leader* of that city, "is one of the clean cut, aggressive and successful type of the younger businessmen of to-day." The personal ability and broad executive experience of the new president are qualities that make all confident of his success.

—Walter Bernard DeGree writes from Wittgiert, Germany, on March 30th:

I am now in the Army of Occupation across the Rhine. I made a little trip down the Rhine last Monday from Coblenz to Cologne, and although the weather was not the best, I enjoyed the trip very much and found it very interesting. The high hills on both banks, topped by the old castles and the quaint little towns and villages at the foot make the scenery very picturesque. While on leave a few weeks ago I visited the Kaiser's castle, Stalzenfels, two kilometers up the river from Coblenz.

I was up at the front for a considerable time and had some very rough experiences, but in the end I emerged from the fray just as well and healthy as I entered it. It is pretty difficult to say just when our organization will return, but I am almost sure it will be before the summer is over. I most surely would like to attend the commencement in June but I am afraid that would be expecting a bit too much.

—"Louie" Wolfe, captain of the 1918 baseball team, played his first game of professional baseball with Indianapolis against St. Paul at Indianapolis last Wednesday. According to the sport writers of Indianapolis Wolf won a place with the team a week before the season opened. E. T. Ballinger, war correspondent for the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, who came to Notre Dame with the "Pirates" last Monday, said: "Wolf is one of the headiest players I have ever seen. He is a brilliant fielder and an excellent batter. He knows what to do with the ball when he gets

it. I noticed that off the diamond he is a perfect gentleman, and gentlemen who can play ball are wanted in the big leagues. I venture to say that Wolf will be up in the majors before the end of the season."

—William T. Johnson (A. B., 1868; A. M. 1870) of Kansas City, Mo., writes the following in a recent letter to Father Cavanaugh:

I am always glad to hear from Notre Dame, and I trust she may continue to flourish, and to spread the true religion and correct ideas of educational development. I suppose I am considered by the Progressives a moss-back and a reactionary, but I am opposed to the League of Nations and to many of the policies of the President. I am in harmony with the views of a former federal Judge, now deceased, who recently said: 'Our civilization has about reached the point when it looks as if the chief end of man is to get money, and the chief aim of the government is to take it away from him: a point where the strands of the cable that binds us to a constitutional form of government, one by one are parting.' We, as Catholics, have the Church for our anchor and we know that whatever may happen to governments, she will in the end prevail.

—The great American University at Beaune, France, has been formally opened by the Army Educational Commission and everything is in readiness to receive the largest body of students ever assembled at such an institution of learning. This school is of special interest to Notre Dame because of the recent appointment of Vice-President Father Matthew Walsh on the board of regents as dean of theology. It is called the "Magic" University in France because of the wide scope of its activities and the amazing rapidity with which its organization was perfected. The faculty is made up of eminent professors assembled from all parts of America, the President being Dr. John Erskine, of Columbia. President Kenyon L. Butterfield, of Massachusetts Agricultural College, is director of the department of agriculture; Dr. Louis L. Reber, Dean of the University of Wisconsin, is director of the engineering college; and Dr. F. E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, O., will act in an advisory capacity. Fourteen separate colleges have been established at the University and the forty thousand students will be housed in semi-permanent buildings of brick and concrete, nearly one thousand of which have already been erected. Any member of the A. E. F., officer or private, may enroll as a student of the school, provided he has had the equivalent of a high school education, and his expenses will be taken care of by the U. S. Government.

Athletic Notes.

GOAT'S SPECIALS, 11; NOTRE DAME, 3.

Goat's Specials had an easy time winning from Notre Dame at Cartier Field in the second game of the series on Sunday, April 13th. At the end of nine innings of listless play the South Benders left for town with the long end of an 11-to-3 victory. Wrape and Murray did the pitching for Notre Dame. "Swede" Edgren, former Notre Dame twirler, pitched for the Specials against his old team-mates and had them helpless throughout.

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NOTRE DAME, 4; WISCONSIN, 3.

Coming from behind in the eighth Notre Dame pushed three runs over and won a 4-to-3 victory from Wisconsin in the first college game of the season, on Cartier Field last Saturday. Captain Sjoberg entered the game crippled and was forced to retire toward the end. Miles at short-stop suffered a fracture of a finger on his right hand in the second inning but stuck it out to the finish. His sensational fielding and clever hitting were the features for Notre Dame.

Barry moved in from the outfield and held Murray in big league fashion. While in the preparatory school Barry caught for Brownson. His shift to the backstop position helped fill a big gap left by Allison when the latter was barred from further athletic competition at Notre Dame because of infringement of rules of discipline.

In the eighth inning, after Notre Dame had passed up numerous chances to tie the score, Murray with three men on bases squeezed two runs across on an infield single. Those tallies tied the score and made possible the victory for the Gold and Blue. The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	H	R	O	A	E	WISCONSIN	AB	H	R	O	A	E
Bader, cf	3	1	0	0	0	0	Keyes, ss	3	0	0	0	0	1
Donavan, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0	Cramer, lb	4	1	0	13	1	1
Sjoberg, 2b	4	0	0	1	1	0	Emmanuel, rf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Moore, 2b	0	0	0	0	1	0	Edler, cf	3	2	1	0	0	0
Bahan, lb	3	0	1	11	0	1	Lyman, 3b	4	1	1	2	0	1
Miles, ss	3	2	2	2	3	1	Abrahams'n, c	4	2	1	8	0	0
Mohardt	2	0	0	1	1	0	Wall, lf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Connors, rf	3	2	1	1	1	0	Beaver, 2b	4	1	0	0	2	0
Barry, c	2	1	0	12	0	1	Miller, p	4	1	0	0	6	0
Murray, p	4	3	0	0	4	0	Doyle, p	1	0	0	0	2	0
	27	9	4	27	11	3		35	9	3	23	11	3

* Connors out, failed to touch first base.

Two-base hits—Connors, Barry, Edler. Bases on Balls—Murray, 1; Miller, 3; Doyle, 1. Hit by Pitcher—By Miller, Bader and Barry; by Doyle, Miles and Barry. Sacrifice hits—Donavan, Mohardt, Keyes. Struck out—By Murray: 7; by Miller: 1. Double play—Keyes to Abrahamson to Cramer. Stolen Bases—Bader, Bahan, Mohardt, Connors, Barry, Murray, 2, Edler. Left on Bases—Notre Dame 14; Wisconsin 7. Umpire—Schaefer. Time—Two hours and thirty minutes.

RELAY VICTORY AT DES MOINES.

"The prettiest race of the meet" was the consensus of opinion of Des Moines Sport writers when Notre Dame won the two-mile relay at the Drake games in Des Moines last Saturday.

Coach Rockne left Notre Dame with his two-milers last Friday with nothing more than hopes. Meehan sustained an injury that made the prospects anything but promising. On the way to Des Moines, however, Rockne met a Dr. Watson, an old friend, who worked for hours on Meehan and got him into shape ten minutes before starting time.

Meredith ran the first half for Notre Dame and kept abreast of his opponents until Sweeney took up the running. Sweeney went as he never ran before and kept always within striking distance of the leader. He handed the baton over to the veteran McDonough, who ran the headiest race of his career and delivered the stick to Eddie Meehan with McCosh the Chicago runner five yards in the lead. Inch by inch "Eddie" edged his way up to the Maroon star and fifty yards from the finish let loose with a sprint that won by five yards.

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PIRATES AT N. D.

The Pirates of the National League won a 4-to-1 game from Goat's Specials on Cartier Field last Monday. Bezdek scheduled the game for the purpose of getting a line on Pat Murray, who has already turned down two big league contracts, but was disappointed. The Pirates were under the impression that they were to play Notre Dame. Goat's Specials, however, afforded the opposition for the big leaguers. Three Notre Dame men figured prominently in the game. Catshaw played second for Pittsburg and was the leading sticker of the day. "Swede" Edgren pitched a creditable game for the South Bend team, allowing only seven hits, six of which came in two innings. "Chief" Meyer played first base for the town team and gathered a two-bagger off Hamilton in the seventh inning. "Benny" Allen, a former Notre Dame student, was at third for the South Bend team and got two hits.

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The relay team left for Philadelphia Thursday morning to participate in the Penn games held in the Quaker City yesterday and this afternoon.

Letters from Soldiers.

American E. F., France,
March 17, 1919.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

... I am very glad that Father Davis and Father McGinn are now at home. I can imagine their feelings at seeing Notre Dame again. Sometimes I would give a million dollars to be back at home. Army life is all right and never monotonous, but it is not Notre Dame life and never can be. The 80th Field Artillery that I am with is a fine organization and everyone does all he can to help me in my work. There is plenty to be done. Still I cannot help often wishing for a little more quiet and a little more of the old company. I never knew how lucky I was to be for so many months with Father McGinn and Father Finnegan until I was deprived of their company. We left New York on the same day by different boats, and I have not seen either of them since. I had two happy days with Father Walsh in Paris about two months ago. I think that he has gone to Rome. I hope to go myself some time while I am over here.

We are now at Pont à Mousson, about half way between Nancy and Metz, and expect to move soon farther to the front. This was a town of about 18,000 people. It was badly battered up during the war. The French people are coming back now and a sorry sight greets them. The church in which I say Mass and hold regimental service every Sunday must have been a beautiful one, but the fine windows are all shattered and the roof caved in and in one side of it is a big shell-hole. But for these very reasons it is fine to say Mass there, and the men feel it. The band goes down and playing in the church near the door sounds like a fine organ. Then we have some special music by our glee club, or by some soloist; I talk to the men, then there is more singing, and finally the Catholics stay for Mass.

We are right in the middle of the trenches here. To the west and the north of us is the land for which both sides battled for four years. I was out at a little town west of here to bury two men some days ago, and I doubt whether there be five walls standing in the town. All around were hand grenades and unexploded shells. Near each other were German cemeteries and American and French cemeteries. The war was so hard here that even military police went over the top against the Germans. About forty kilometers west of us is St. Mihiel and further on is Verdun. If I find the time I am going to visit both these places after a few days. Just how soon we shall move we do not know, but I hope to find Father Ed Finnegan up around Luxembourg somewhere. I understand that he is with the 5th Division.

I never was in better health, and the fine spring weather and beautiful country is making everyone feel fine. I have a motorcycle now, which the Knights of Columbus gave me in Paris, and this makes it easy for me to go to the hospitals; many of them are a considerable distance away, some of our more serious cases being at Toul. I have a good horse, although our Captain says that from the looks of him I must make

him sleep on barbed wire. Tell Father McGinn that my horse, "Metz," is even better than the one I had in Camp Shelby. Tell him also that "Metz" is much younger than the old nag he used to ride, and that moreover he does not lie down in every puddle of water he comes to.

Father, I wish you would send me some glee-club music. I have a good club, but it is impossible to get music here; even Paris has none. I want to put this glee club on the road, but I cannot do it without music. We should like to have about fifteen copies of each song.

I am glad to hear that Notre Dame is going so well and that everything is progressing. It surely will look good to me when I see it again. I am trying to run a school of my own here, and hope to bring it up to two hundred students, but when you have to use planks for tables and paint the walls for blackboards and have water pouring through the roof, it is pretty hard.

Give my kindest regards to everybody at Notre Dame, and especially to Jimmy McNulty. Tell him the next time he wants to break into print to leave my name alone for a while. I tell you, Father, there are only a few Jimmy McNultys in the world, and they all come from Notre Dame. Pray for me and my men.

Your devoted son in Christ,

George Finnegan.

Chaplain, 80th Field Artillery,
A. P. O. 793.

A. P. O. 901, Italy,
January 29, 1919.

Dear Father Schumacher,

Your letter came yesterday, delayed because it came through the Italian post. Incidentally, too, it had been opened by the Italian censor; the first letter I have received from America to be so treated. Happily, however, none of your righteous words were deleted. (I seem, bound to fall into rhyme when I write to your office.)

You may tell Father Joseph Burke that the old adage, "The style is the man" is disproved in his case or proved by the exception, which he assuredly is. I was sure the unsigned letter was yours. This merging of personality, or total suppression, argues well for the harmony of your office, I am sure. It is complimentary to you both!

I wrote a long letter to Father Cavanaugh a few days ago, telling all the little news there is. Thanks to Father Burke, I was able to locate Lawrence Cook; he is only about twenty miles from Treviso, at Castlefranco. He looks fine and is well contented in his work. Your secretary's brother is now at Fiume, Iotria. I was over there before Christmas, and when I go again, will make it a point to see Albert. Sherwood Dixon is there, too, in Company I.

To-morrow I must run over to Venice—an hour and a half by train—to see the American consul, and next week I go to Cetinje, Montenegro, to round up some of our scattered forces. My general health is good now, though for a while I had to haunt the hospital here. The only matter of interest to any of us now is when we are to return home.

Here's hoping to be with you by commencement, and may there be no more wars in our lifetime. Regards to Father Burke and all the house.

Faithfully in Domino,

Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

332nd Infantry,
American E. F., Italy.

St. Maixen, France,
January 19, 1919.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

I was thoroughly elated on receiving your recent letter and delighted to hear from Notre Dame. Before your letter came I had received several clippings from Rochester newspapers containing your Thansgiving address at our cathedral, and it surely seemed like old times to get once more some good things in the style with which we are all so well acquainted. I would have very much enjoyed greeting you in Rochester, but, as we say over here, *C'est la guerre*.

Since my last letter I have seen a great deal of Western France, either from the French "pullmans" or on the numerous "hikes" we are required to take; and despite its antiquated activities, its weather, and the like, I should thoroughly enjoy travelling all over France.

We are now stationed at St. Maixen, not far from Tours—where Captain "Nig" Kane and Lieutenant "Curley" Nowers are spending their hours of leisure. I have been corresponding with them lately; they are very desirous of returning to the United States. In playing a game of football here on Thanksgiving Day I had occasion to "crab" at the referee throughout the game—whether it was due to my disposition, my enthusiasm, to the familiarity of the referee's features, or to the fact, of which he good-naturedly reminded me, that I was living up to my reputation at Notre Dame. The referee was Lieutenant "Eddie" Malley, of Brownson Hall, 1912-1914. We got together after the game and enjoyed many pleasant hours reviewing old times and acquaintances. Through him I learned of the great number of Notre Dame boys over here in this vicinity. I have received several letters from Frank Quinlan, who is attached to an engineer company at Bordeaux. He expects to return soon. We have not the slightest knowledge as to just when we shall leave for the United States, but no doubt it will be soon. I notice that several New York papers have recorded our return on December 14th. I judge we have been the unfortunate victims of inefficiency somewhere, but such things are bound to happen.

Well, Father, we drill presently and as such "amusement" cannot be omitted, I must close. Would you kindly tell Brother Florian that "Nig" Kane has searched all over France for some trace of his old "pal," Pete Yearns. Extend my sincerest regards to Father Morrissey, to the other priests and brothers, to my other Notre Dame friends, and continue to send some words of good cheer. I shall expect them eagerly in the near future.

Sincerely yours,
(Sergeant) "Stubby" Flynn.

22nd Photo Section,
American E. F., France.

Cerilly, France,
February 23, 1919.

Dear Father Schumacher,

I must say I am feeling guilty for having neglected to write to those at Notre Dame whom I should never forget. Our opportunities to attend to personal affairs have been few and far between. During the last month, however, we have become more permanently situated and expect to be so until we leave for the States. At present I am attached to the 81st Division, stationed in the district of Mussy-sur-Seine, just a few "kilos" from the big town of Dijon.

Although I have been in France since early September I did not get to see any of the fronts, as the 84th Division with which I came over was broken up soon after landing in France. Most of the work of the medical men was confined to various camps and base hospitals, where we got a great amount of experience. We were by no means slighted by the influenza epidemic. We had, however, comparatively few deaths among the boys either from our own or from other units.

Among the Notre Dame boys in the service over here are Howard Graham, "Red" Richwine, Paul Thompson, Jack Young, "Pete" Motts, Ralph Lathrope, and George Lynch. George Lynch is with the 309th Field Artillery of the 78th Division, now stationed at Semur, France. He has reached the rank of major.

One of our chaplains, Father Millet, S. J., of Cincinnati, Ohio, whom I got to know very well while in a hospital, told me he was well acquainted with Father Bernard Ill, of Notre Dame. I have heard of the Holy Cross Fathers who are serving in the Expeditionary Force as chaplains, and I certainly would like to meet them over here. I have met several of the fellows with whom I was in school at Notre Dame and several are also with the 78th Division. When we meet we have a great old-time talk about Notre Dame and about our time there together.

Of late our activities have been more or less suppressed, and during the time we are not on duty we have every form of amusement at our convenience—which helps a great deal to keep up the general morale. Still the matter of most concern to us is the big question, "When are we going home?" There is no end to the rumors, both good and bad. Regardless of what we hear, however bad it may sound, we hope for the best; and we usually make it most unpleasant for the "gloom-spreaders."

I shall be very glad to hear from you, Father, and from any of the Fathers or Brothers at Notre Dame. I shall always feel that I can never be too grateful to them in return for all they have done for me. No matter whom you may meet among the old students, good is always spoken of old Notre Dame. Kindly remember me to all my old friends there. With best wishes, I am,

Very respectfully,
Pvt. Clarence J. Williamson.

321 Field Hospital,
306 Sanitary Train, A. P. O. 791,
American E. F., France.