The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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My Son.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY.

THE sun was bright that day,
And God's own shining sky
Was smiling at the way
The lads went marching by.

But I saw only one
In all that tramping line—
His laughing lips and gun,
My own one—mine.

I watched him down the lane
Mine eyes grew wet and dim:
How my heart did pain
When I saw the last of him.

I have been waiting long,
Ochone! and now he's dead:
Once beautiful and strong
With the dark hair on his head.

"Fell for Freedom's right."
And bravely—with no fears?
How proud I am this night—
And yet, O God, what tears.

The Imperial Error.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY, '19.

WHO ever heard of a man ordering his dinner at a certain city, when he was one hundred miles away from it, when he had a retinue of four million men, and riding not in a coach or carriage but in an armored automobile? This is precisely what his Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser of Germany, did long, long ago, it seems. He had his ticket for Paris and perhaps had printed the menus himself years beforehand. Who knows? In reality he scorned everything that smacked of France, but he could not hide his longing for a glass of Burgundy, nor forego the taste of the products of those wonderful vineyards of a land he coveted. But his wish went for naught. If he had come like a gentleman and trusted himself to the hospitality of the French people, he could have had fifty dinners free of charge. But he could not do that, because he was the Kaiser. Was it because he could not trust the French? It may have been so. In that case he showed an attidude most unworthy of a Christian monarch. He had gone to Turkey and to Jerusalem when he was younger in years and no hurt had come to him. At that time he even gave a sermon in a mosque and spoke in a synagogue in the Holy Land and got away unharmed. He might have known that the French were just as civilized as the Turks, and as hospitable; but then again he might not, for, you see, he was the Kaiser.

Perhaps he came into France as he did because it was fitting that he create an impression. It was opportune. Was it not the year 1914, when peace wrapt the world and the birds sang in French country-lanes and the streams murmured in their wonted bliss? The world was in a most proper mood to receive impressions. Peace was over all, though there was a possibility that it might be disturbed by the impending civil war in England. That should not matter. So he came as he did, with gilded panoply, with a million guns, a 100,000 stamping horses, with motor cars and plumed helmets and fluttering lances, with gray-clad men whose name was legion. Such an array was only in keeping with the high designs of his most august majesty, with the ideals he held before him, with *Kultur*, till now in its potential state, the *Kultur* about to come unto its own.

As he rode on to Paris in all the glory of an Emperor of Empires, the Heir of Centuries dead and gone, he must have looked like a knight of old with chivalry radiating through his plumed visor, as he ascended to the grand reality of the Hohenzollern dreams. On the way, however, he stopped to think, for his

reception was not what he desired. His men stopped too; they were weary; their haversacks were heavy and their pockets bulged with Mill bombs, grenades, dum-dum bullets, matches, dynamite sticks and other curious articles, stamped "Made in Germany." They put the bullets in their Mausers and the bombs in their hands and stood ready for the second act. But here things went sadly awry. The French did not play their part in harmony. They queered the whole plan by asserting themselves, whereas they had been cast to play such a minor rôle.

Moreover a new party appeared on the scene. It came from over the Channel. The affair was inexplicable. *Kultur* potential grinned. The chief actor pulled out his watch and grinned. He shook his sword at the skies and swore by Odin and Thor that the intruders should rue it. Their place was in the audience not on the stage. He dispatched his right-hand man, his very own Von Kluck, to close up the right wing. Von Kluck hastened, but in his hurry he went too far and overlooked a few details. Two men called Foch and Joffre got behind him but did not follow him. Instead they turned round and struck for centre. Wilhelm taken so quickly withdrew for a time. He looked again at his watch, consulted his chart and saw that he was due in Paris in an hour. Could he do it? He should, must, and would. He should be there, for his staff had appointed this hour back in Berlin, and furthermore his Crystal Globe had predicted the moment. He must be there, because he had given his word that he would be there. And he would be there, if Von Kluck would only hurry up. But Von Kluck did not hasten back, for Foch again turned and dealt a staggering blow, which knocked down the right wing. Foch did not follow a chart, but he outvied poor Von Kluck in quick thinking, being French of course. The French poured into the right wing, and Wilhelm, to save being flanked, departed with his centre. He ran quite fifty-six miles in record time.

The Imperial sleep that night was disturbed by strange dreams. The cause of them was a man named Foch whom Wilhelm had never so much as thought of before the Marne. How could he, when he had until now considered France as a mere nonentity in his calculations. He surmised that there might be more like him. And that morning Wilhelm for the first time in his life awoke with a presentiment of evil, with a dim foreboding that after all he might not be able to pass the winter season in Buckingham Palace. Von Kluck was dismissed that morning. Wilhelm consulted his accurate map of Europe. His Imperial eye fell on London and on the key thereto—Calais; and his autocratic finger traced for the ninetieth time the road to London via Dover. He tried Calais but failed before the thin line of flesh and muscle that held like a granite wall.

Then winter came, and Wilhelm went into winter quarters with the Crown Prince; for the front was now a deadlock and no place for an Emperor. But Big Willie and Little Willie came back in the spring with new plans, which resulted in a further withdrawal of the German army. Then came Verdun, where Wilhelm saw the white flame of French patriotism and where for nine long months Petain and Pau-Pau held him back, and then the Somme, where Allied shells battered his trenches into heaving seas of earth. Thus have gone the fortunes of war until to-day—success and failure, defeat and victory. The next victory will decide the war; and the Allies cannot fail.

Wilhelm, you know you have everything that becomes a Prussian conqueror; but you should by this time be aware that you have not the gift of prophecy. Still you plunge blindly ahead. What you have got is a "*super*"-human amount of presumption, which pronounces you to be vain and conceited. Or perhaps some Cassandra has whispered in your ear and told you of things to be, and you have believed, which condemns you as an unwise man. Withal you have caused many tears in the world. The old mother misses her sons, the sister sighs for a lost brother, the little child is ever crying for those he knew and loved in his infancy. You foresaw the sorrow you would cause, but you have never suspected that eyes which glisten with tears can gleam anew with the light of high resolution. This was your fundamental error; you dreamt that humanity without *Kultur* was afraid to fight and die. And so you have matched the mail-clad fist of horror against the brawny arm of righteousness—the arm that never falters. You have sung your Hymn of Hate to drown the pulsing strains of the Marseillaise—which can never die. You have put your trust in the grim shouts and steel-gray eyes of your soldiers, and you are sure. But we are more sure—we, who have heard the laughter on young lips and who have seen the unforgettable purity of purpose in far-

seeing eyes. What is your tiara of bloody laurels before the white crown of perfect freedom? What are your wicked, bellowing proclamations before the holy, undying voice of a Mercier? Your dream of Paris is shattered and the rest of *frischer fröhlicher Krieg* is gone forever. Now it is a grim fight. Wilhelm, you have been reading Heine. When you will have been relegated to the world's scrapheap of emperors we shall place your broken sceptre in the British Museum and we shall put in your hands a copy of Burns where you may find at your leisure and read for yourself:

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

On Tramps.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

Tramps are persons with scraggy whiskers, old clothes, and an antipathy for dogs. Dogs, in turn have an antipathy for tramps, and a kind of aggressive antipathy. No self-respecting dog would ever let a tramp get past him without sampling the cloth of his trousers,—or more properly "pants."

Then tramps are victimized by many others besides dogs, for instance, housewives. How often is the poor, but fairly honest, tramp sentenced to the wood-pile to pay for his supper. But an even greater oppressor of the tramp is the demon Wanderlust. Dogs also are victims of the demon—particularly in the case of collie-dogs. The collies are, at all times, obsessed by an over-mastering desire to be in some place where they are not. I sometimes feel like a collie dog—more especially during my English class. This class comes just at that time in the afternoon when I should be lying with my back to the grass, and throwing stones nowhere at all, and trying to think myself anywhere at all except where I happen to be.

Then tramps and dogs are very much alike. I like them both very well. In fact, I am sure that there exists an actual brotherhood among us. Such a brotherly feeling would account for some of the actions of tramps and dogs. They are much more like brothers than friends.

Tramps never have a full suit of clothes any more than they ever wear a full beard; nor are they ever completely shaved any more than they are ever completely undressed. It is, indeed, a well-known and lamentable fact that tramps and soap are on much the same basis of communication as are tramps and dogs, except that soap never gets so close to tramps as do the dogs. I could never imagine a tramp as being both well washed and happy, any more than I could imagine a clean poodle-dog being anything but miserable. Soap has the Wanderlust too; of that I am sure, because I never wash my face without the soap showing dogged determination to get into my eyes, but even this common trait in character does not reconcile dogs and tramps to soap.

Little boys are the greatest sufferers from soap. Most little boys find their strongest appeal to trampdom in its lack of baths and soap. The occasional lack of food is never an inducement to little boys—one never really understands the pleasure of missing a meal until he has been dragged in on a Hooverized luncheon given by the Archeologists' Association.

I would like to be a tramp. I believe that any archeologist could find more antiques, ancient curiosities, in the clothing of our average tamp, than in any other time-worn ruin. Tramps' clothes are always remnants of clothes. When I was littler than I am now, I thought that remnant sales were sales where tramps could buy new but "pre-worn-out" clothes at reduced prices. I know better now. Tailor bills are not for tramps—they only lead to trampdom. I hope I may be a tramp some day. It would be wonderful to be a tramp somewhat—if it were not to be for too long a time.

To Our Flag.

Heart of mighty martial men,
Men who bear the shield,
Fly your furrowed folds again
Upon a foreign field.

Cheer the lusty soldier boys,
Boys who fight and toil.
Be their source of foreign joys
Upon a foreign soil.

Past the mass of angry waves,
Waves that hide our foe,
Honor them on foreign graves
Where foreign breezes blow.

Show your stand for freedom's cause,
Show it once again.
Teach the Hun the might of laws,
Heart of martial men.

RAY M. MURCH.

John Randolph of Roanoke.

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '19.

Not far from the point where the James River widens into a bay, on ground made historic by Sir Walter Raleigh and Roger Bacon, was born on June 2, 1773, John Randolph of Roanoke. His ancestors had long held possession of this territory, not only by virtue of their numbers, but also by dint of the influence they could exert and the respect they could command. The father of John of Roanoke was likewise called John; from him, the later congressman inherited a cherished and perhaps not over-estimated idea of his lineage. From his paternal grandmother, he inherited the blood of Pocahontas; there were also Randolphs who had been dubbed knights, and those who had been favored by the monarchs of England. His mother, Frances Bland, from a family of not much importance, conceived it as her duty to impress the young John that his birth and blood transcended that of ordinary mortals, and stamped on him the idea that the possession of land was power and the mark of a gentleman. "Never part with your land," she said so often that it became a ruling maxim of life to him; and part with it he never did, although he ruined himself, and some of those dependent on him, by trying not only to keep what he had, but to acquire more. Born with a weakness of constitution, he augmented it by the excesses of Virginia planter-life.

He flourished in a period immediately after the external policies of America were thought to have been settled; when all eyes were turned to the internal problems perplexing us. America has probably never seen together such a number of brilliant legislators and learned lawyers as it saw at that time. Randolph was to meet and clash with many of them; with Marshall, in his struggle with the Judiciary; with Adams, whom he heartily detested for his aristocratic tendencies; with Chase, whom he considered to have inviolably abused the privileges of the Supreme Bench; with Madison whom he rebuked and accused of being a briber; and with Burr, of whose criminal schemes he was aware almost before anyone else dared dream of them.

That he was a useful agent in the House of Representatives cannot be doubted. For all his quibbling and attacks of jealous hate, Randolph molded opinion and overcame greed and ambition in more than one instance. His greatest activity, one which later caused America grief, was performed when he was in the Senate during the latter part of his life. There he built the platform on which the struggle of 1861 was fought—he allied state rights with slavery in such inseparable bonds that the destruction of one meant the ruin of the other.

Randolph was but ten years old when the revolutionary hostilities closed. His greatest power as well as his greatest drawback, was acquired, it appears, from his independent and unsystematic reading, with which he amused himself the first ten years that the United States enjoyed peace. He read freely of Voltaire and the other exponents of "French philosophy." They influenced his work all through life. By nature inquisitive, as well as spontaneous and passionate, he delved into literature, loving what appeared defiant, respecting all that was new and modern, and condemning vehemently that which was tainted by pre-discovery. He was influenced, no doubt, by the opinion then prevalent in his state, that Virginia was America. An ardent defender of state rights, he was swayed by more than conviction. Although he conceived his actions as rising from conviction, yet it was pride in his own state, not in any other, that led him to antagonize the central power. In 1787 he went to Princeton where he spent a few months; the next year he attended Columbia College in New York. This completed the schooling of John Randolph, and when he exclaimed near the close of his career, "I am an ignorant man!" he was nearer right than he really thought. In 1790 he went to Philadelphia where he pretended to study law with his relative, Edmund Randolph, attorney-general during Washington's administration. An admirer of Jefferson and his principles, he had a chance to catch some of the glamour of the state as Washington and his successor, Adams, conceived it. He heartily detested the "titles" and the coach-and-six of the aristocracy. To him they were emblematic of monarchy, and he conceived it to be his duty to do all in his power to check this growing force. It was to this unwavering purpose that he owes his phenomenal rise in civil affairs, as likewise his later humiliation and loss of power.

In 1799, he debated against Patrick Henry. He defended state rights and even advocated the defence of those rights, if need be, by force. When he had finished, the famous Virginian

of the primeval era shook the hand of the young man who was to rival him in eloquence, if not in true worth. A few months later, he was elected to Congress. At this time, also, the Federalists were turned out of office. Jefferson's administration began. Randolph, very affable and not altogether free from ambition, soon won the esteem and trust of Jefferson. He was appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, from which vantage point he was able to use his invective and sarcasm on all who dared oppose him.

That the Judiciary should be a higher tribunal than Congress was incomprehensible to a believer in state rights. Why should a small body of men, not elected by the people, have the power to decide the justice or injustice of laws passed by the direct representatives of the people? One of the first moves in which Jefferson interested himself, was the "cleaning-out" of the Judiciary. Judge Chase, a most partial and unfair judge, had made himself obnoxious to the Republicans by openly violating many of the customs and procedures of the court; moreover, as he was one of the appointees of the late administration his removal from the bench was decided upon by Jefferson. His impeachment was arranged, but Randolph, who had the case in hand, thought that to issue only charges of recent misuse of power, which had not really been as bad as former misdemeanors, would not be weighty enough to convict the judge and cause his removal. Accordingly he accused Judge Chase of such obviously absurd "crimes" that the case was turned into a farce, and Chase escaped even censure.

After this defeat, by which he lost prestige, Randolph grew sullen. He affected to be disgusted with the monarchical tendencies Jefferson seemed to have acquired. In reality, however, it seems very probable that he was really provoked at his own loss of power. In a letter to his friend, Nicholson, he writes: "Mr. Jefferson is again seated in the saddle for four years more with a prospect of re-election for life." This was after the election of 1804.

Considerable credit must be given Randolph for his attitude toward Talleyrand in the Florida purchase. The French minister was willing to release Spanish claims on the land, provided the United States would grant him a large sum. Randolph opposed the plan vigorously, and although it was later adopted and was a disgraceful piece of work, the Virginian representative succeeded in delaying the purchase several years.

Through Jefferson's administration, Randolph retained something of his old power, but on the election of Madison whom he hated, he offered strong opposition to every policy the President proposed. He believed the nation to have lost all sense of democracy. In a letter to Nicholson, he wrote: "My friend, I am standing on the soil of my native country, divested of every right for which our fathers bled!"

His attitude towards slavery is interesting. He often said that he wished to free his slaves, and would do so were it not for his overwhelming indebtedness, as well as the condition to which freed slaves were often subjected at this time. He always treated them well, and on his deathbed, extremely solicitous for their welfare he gave every one of them his freedom.

Randolph spent some time amusing himself with things other than politics. His political career, although taken seriously during the early part of his life, was little more than a pastime for the later years of his career.

He traveled about the country considerably and, indulging in his hobby of land-buying, kept himself and those under him constantly in debt. He often desired to travel more extensively, but it was not until he was in the fifties that he was able to go even so far as England.

He died in Philadelphia in June, 1833, an unhappy man, possessing no more than that with which he was born. His greatness, Adams says, is measured by his audacity, of which he had not a little. Impatient by nature, this fault was augmented by the pride which was instilled into him by his early training.

He retained the old idea of chivalry, having two duels in his lifetime; one with a fellow student, while at Princeton, and the other with Henry Clay in 1826. He refused a challenge from another, saying that he could not descend to the level of the challenger.

Whatever there was of worth in Randolph's life, must be said to have come from honest convictions. It is true that he alone among the prominent Republicans, held practically the same political views in 1833 that had characterized the Republicans of 1804. All the others turned over more or less to the Federalist idea of a strong central power. Adams says, "He has the credit of honest convictions and love of liberty."

Varsity Verse

The Silent Workers.

The tall and silent workman hears
A step he has known for many years.

The Boy now enters and greets the man,
Then silently works at his new plan.

Why are they silent as they work
And bitter sorrows near them lurk?

What is the mystery of their lives?
In silent communion speech survives.

The thoughts of the heart have found new speech—
Too deep are they for words to reach.

B. ALPHONSUS.

Dusk.

The clustered clouds of pillowed gold
Day's weary head in sleep enfold,
And down the path Christ's feet once trod
The Day returns in peace to God.

L. L. WARD.

The Senior Bark.

O worthy craft sail on!
Thy long-sought port on yonder shore-line lies;
Unfurl thy canvas to the breeze anon
Before the North wind dies.

An ever-blowing gale
Hath tossed thee to and fro upon the sea,
And sorely rent thy sturdy, salt-sprayed sail,
But still thou'rt riding free.

Within thy tender arms
Full many hearts in sacred friendship beat,
And labor, lighter made by friendship's charms,
Hath made thy sailing fleet.

But on—thy end is near;
The dark'ning of the distant flouting clouds
Doth threaten peril, giving cause for fear,
And night the sea enshrouds.

How slow—how slow she rides,
As wounded birds before the dying do;
How bullet shattered are her sinking sides,
While gone is half her crew.

But see the haughty grace!
As on she rolls with flapping sails unfurled—
With honor? Yes. Dishonor? Not a trace—
She sails into the world.

JOHN REUSS.

For Liberty's Rebirth.

Without remorse we sacrificed the ties
Which bound us with the dearest bonds of earth
To those who battle for the glad rebirth
Of Liberty. Beneath the livid skies
Of Burgundy, with flashing eager eyes
And loins in righteousness and honor girth
They struggle, though the price our cause is worth
Is Death, and barred by Death the laurelled prize.

The snows mayhap of dizzy Alpine heights
Will with their blood be purple crimson dyed,
And, while the cannon's ghastly, flaring lights
Play o'er the scene, Death will not be denied
His harvest; and our brothers, Freedom's Knights,
Fall dead, avenging Belgium crucified.

T. D. FORD.

Fragile Flowers.

The rose is fair when in its flush
And lily pure when in its bloom;
But e'en the rose's glowing blush
And lily's whiteness meet their doom.

Virginity is sweet and fair,
And dazzling bright when in its bloom,
Yet strangely fragile, so beware,
Lest unaware you cause its doom.

B. EDWIN.

At the End.

Who follows pleasure's wav'ring star
With vain and maddening lust,
Finds when the zigzag trail is done,
His objects are but dust.

J. P. DOWER.

To a Baby Sister.

Her cheeks are of delicate-tinted pink,
And her skin as soft as down,
And her sweet little lips can quiver with glee
And next curl up in a frown.

And the wild look of wonder that peeps from her eyes
Enthralls me and holds me a slave,
They're so innocent, clear, so elusive and blue,
But can't speak out what they crave.

On her wee tiny head is some auburn hair
To crown this face serene,
The frame of a picture appealing and sweet,
It's my sister,—Teresa Kathleen.

WALTER O'KEEFE.

The Benzene Ring.

BY B. AUSTIN, '18.

In glancing through the pages of current literature, we notice rather frequent discussions of rings. Engagement rings and wedding rings seem to be the favorite subjects for discussion, with the boxing ring a close third. Even the rings of Saturn get their share of attention, and the city ring generally comes in for some specific comment. But we never read of the benzene ring, the grand old stand-by of the organic chemists. This is sadly, shamefully neglected. It is worthy of a better fate.

In the minds of politicians, street-car conductors and other ordinary people, the word benzene is usually associated with the cosmetic used for improving the complexion of stoves, furnaces and other articles of a temperamental value. But this is a somewhat erroneous, not to say illusory view of it. A benzene ring is, in shape, much like a baseball diamond that has for its first and third bases sixty-foot lines, and it has nearly the same national importance as a ball ground. It may be objected, that a six-sided figure of this kind could scarcely in all honesty, be called a ring, But boxing rings are four-sided and nobody ever objects, and city rings have always been crooked and nary a fuss is raised. So any exceptions to our nomenclature would be not only ill-natured, but positively undiplomatic.

The chief use of the benzene ring is to serve as a sort of chemical hat-rack, the six corners corresponding to the pegs. The chemist backs this rack up against the wall, and proceeds to dress it out to suit his fancy. He tries on a methyl group for the top piece, flanked by a pair of amines or perhaps an oxygen or two. He puts a chlorine on the bottom peg, and then backs off to see how he likes the effect. If the colors harmonize, and the odor is not too pronounced, he is satisfied, and hangs it up to dry. But should the amines look too flushed beside the chlorine, or should the oxygen seem somewhat lopsided, he has to start over. He may put a sulphur dioxide at the top, try a diazo for the right wing, and maybe bolster up the left flank with a little cyanide, finishing up at the bottom with a bromine. He may shift around like this for an hour before he gets the right co-ordination of color, odor and general cussedness. When he finally has rigged up the ring to suit his fancy, what has he obtained? Well he may have anything from a potato-bug dressing to a piano-tuner. It may be Aunt Lucy's pine tar tablets, or Lydia Pinkham's liver pills, or Smith's hair tonic, or Wilson's axle grease, or most anything. In fact if you took the benzene ring out of the industrial world, you wouldn't have much left, but the soda-water garages and homes for the feeble minded. So, all hail to the benzene ring!

But there is one sad feature about the benzene ring, inasmuch as it develops an undue familiarity and consequent contempt for such undeniably venerable drugs as nicotine, morphine, quinine, and other grand old relics of a superior age. When these are dished out to you by a tan-stockinged, red-haired individual that wears green glasses, and three letters after his name, they seem very mysterious and awe-inspiring, especially when the label is disfigured with hieroglyphics. But just watch the chemist for a moment and all mystery vanishes. It is simplicity itself. He merely takes three or four benzene rings, whirls them around anti-clockwise for a few moments, then lets them join hands and circle to the left, balance forth, and there you are. Shake well before using, and that's all that's to it. No drug could hope to hold our respect after such disclosures.

There is one industry where the benzene ring has not received due and fitting recognition, and that is the "movies." This trade, if it may be called such, has shown a callous disregard for our beloved hexagon that is almost heart-rending. And the benzene compounds would be so useful. For instance, when the hero has his arm rolled over by a tin Elizabeth, or has his left tibia predigested by a blue shark, why have the heroine rush up and rub his beard, or at least the place where the beard ought to be? What is the good of pulling a man's whiskers when he's down, especially if one of his arms is out of commission? People that do that sort of thing are radically deficient and inherently dislocated. Why not give the poor chap a dose of trinitrotoluol, or inject some dimethylparaphenylenediamine into his system, or at least give him a bath in methylineaminoacetonitrile. But clawing his chin feathers! It's illogical. We can only hope that as the years go thundering down to the centuries, the world will at last open its eyes to its negligence, and the glorious old benzene ring will come into its own.

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Home Rule First.

—"Ireland is standing idle while civilization falls." So shouts the mob. But the mob never reasoned, nor does it reason in this instance. It does not see that civilization may be falling in Ireland as well as on the fields of Flanders. The population of Ireland is slightly over four millions. England's policy of repression has wrung Ireland dry, wrung her dry of her brave sons and valiant men. Only the aged men and the women and the children were not able to save themselves by emigration before the war. Of those four millions fewer are able to bear arms than in any other equal group of people in the world. Yet from that handful there came forth in the first days of the war two hundred thousand fighting men. They are nearly all gone now, foreign fields have wrapped them close, alien skies bend over their mounded graves. They taunt Ireland that she has not done her part; yet in the dark days of 1914 the British government declared Ireland the one bright spot in the Empire. Civilization is falling in Ireland as well as in Flanders. The Irish will not be conscripted against their will by alien slave-masters. Coercion by the British will hurt the Allied cause. Grant Ireland Home Rule, then ask her for fresh sacrifices in the great cause, and see the response. The Irish will fight for freedom, for the right of small nationalities to self-determination, for Democracy and Humanity, but at home first. Home Rule first! Let the British government cast bread upon the water, and it shall return an hundredfold.—G. D. H.

The Summer Session.

—Every friend of Notre Dame will wish her success in her first summer school. This latest academic venture is certain to benefit both the summer students and the University. The experience of those universities which have been holding summer sessions is unanimously in favor of their retention and extension. It is found that the summer sessions attract a more mature, and certainly a very earnest, class of students, drawn largely from the professions, and many of them graduate students. They create a demand for new and advanced courses, which, once begun, tend to become permanently fixed in the curriculum. Instructors and lecturers are brought in from other schools; these exert a helpful influence. Best of all, the summer students—many of them persons in important and influential positions—secure a first-hand acquaintance with the university which they would not obtain except for the summer session, and this knowledge is naturally made use of in directing young men who desire university training. The summer session is consequently an advertising force in the highest and best sense, as well as a valuable stimulus to higher academic standards.—L. G. H.

A Deserving Charity.

—In these days when so many charitable organizations are making demands upon his generosity, the average citizen is apt to find himself somewhat embarrassed. Nevertheless, while recognizing his subscription to the Liberty Loan as a patriotic obligation, there is one cause he should make every sacrifice to support, namely, the work of relief and comfort for soldiers at home and abroad and for those made homeless and dependent by the calamities of war. The American Red Cross, assisted by the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. deserve all the assistance that can possibly be given them. Catholics should realize that a dollar given to this kind of work is an alms, a corporal work of mercy. It is such an active charity as will bring them rich spiritual reward. Says Cardinal Gibbons: "It

is my earnest hope that all of our people will cheerfully and generously co-operate with the Red Cross committee in their efforts towards reaping the fullest measure of charity that it may be possible for the society to attain." The week of May 20–27 has been set aside as "Red Cross Week." Let us not scruple to stint ourselves a little, and be generous in our charity.—J. H. MCD.

Washington Hall Events.

Mary Pickford again graced our screen last Saturday in "Less than the Dust." While the acting was up to the standard, the characters well drawn and the various scenes realistic and even beautiful at times, the plot itself was rather poor. Slowness of action, lack of plausibility and an unnecessary disregard of propriety in one instance were outstanding defects. Moreover, the condition of the hall was such that the audience could sympathize with Rahdah for not being able to sleep on account of the heat.

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Last Tuesday evening the Notre Dame Choristers made their first appearance and were quite a success. The soprano and alto parts were sung by members of St. Edward's and eight of the Glee Club carried the tenor and bass. The fact that it was the first appearance of the organization is sufficient extenuation for the few imperfections which appeared. The most noteworthy performance of the evening was the singing of Master Orf in "O'er the Stars there is Rest," though "Thy Will be Done" by Master Nelson was also enthusiastically applauded. The solos by Messrs. McGinnis, Ott, and Devine were very pleasing, and Mr. Ingersoll's interpretation of Wieniawski's Legende showed his powers in technique. Of the chorus work, "Hail, King of the Jews" stood forth both because of the excellent rendition and the beautiful harmony of the piece itself. A variation, however, from the too frequent staccato ending would have been more artistic and less monotonous. To produce so successful a program in such a short time speaks well for Prof. Becker's direction and gives promise of greater success in the future. And even if this, their first concert, had been less meritorious, the movement would be praiseworthy of itself, and entirely deserving of encouragement and support.

Local News.

—Beginning with May 20, the Preparatory and Collegiate Oratorical and Elocution contests will take place in Washington Hall. Any one wishing to enter can obtain any information needed from Professor Farrell.

—A triple play by Scanlon, a timely three-bagger by Mohardt and McCracken's air-tight delivery gave Brownson Hall a 2 to 0 decision in a fast game with the St. Florians at Oliver Field Sunday afternoon. The Brownsonites played a consistent game, garnering six long hits and fielding perfectly.

—Honoring the sixty members of the South Bend lodge, 435, F. O. E., who have gone to the colors a service flag dedication was held at the Eagle Home Sunday afternoon. G. A. Farabaugh, president of the South Bend Eagles and member of the Notre Dame law faculty, planned the elaborate schedule of the dedication and delivered the principal address of the day. Mr. Farabaugh eulogized on Eagle progress in patriotic activities.

—On the evening of May 5, the Holy Cross Literary Society held its regular semi-weekly meeting. Norman DeGrace opened the program with a recitation, Philip Beaghan following with an essay. A short story was then read by S. Jankowski, after which a personal essay was read by James Brennan. Hilary Paszek completed the program with a combination of humorous verse and music. The meeting was exceptionally good and the society spent a really enjoyable yet instructive hour.

—Corby strengthened her championship prospects when Father McElhone's Maroons bested Badin Hall in a bat fest, Sunday morning, 12 to 9. Kipp, Badin's twirler, allowed Corby five runs over the free route circuit and gave way to Maher who held the hard-hitting Corbyites to three hits for the balance of the game. Badin took a liking to Hogan's offerings and registered seven runs in the sixth and seventh innings, but "Reo" Donovan, Corby's strike-out king, promptly tamed the ambitious sluggers.

—A publication which will be of interest to all Notre Dame students, who were formerly members of the Fort Wayne Central Catholic High School, is "The Record," a volume which purposes to give the history of that school from its earliest years up to the present time.

Considering that it is a high school product, it is a remarkable work. The literary matter is exceptionally well done, and the cuts rival anything we have seen in local productions. The man behind the book, to whom great credit is due, is Brother Ephrem, C. S. C., instructor in English at the school.

—In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of business ethics and administration, a committee, headed by Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Shaffner and Marx of Chicago, has been again enabled to offer four prizes aggregating two thousand dollars for the best written studies submitted. The gigantic war, with its multitude of economic abnormalities, provides an unlimited field to the prospective entrant. Interested parties may obtain additional detailed information concerning the contest from J. Lawrence Laughlin, chairman of the committee, University of Chicago.

—The following notice has been received from Charles W. Schick, Ensign, U. S. N. R. F., relative to enlistment in the U. S. Naval Auxiliary Training School, Municipal Pier, Chicago:

It is desirable that the men for our service be between the ages of 21 and 30 with a High School education or better, and possessing a working knowledge of trigonometry. They should be men of unquestioned integrity and have capacity for leadership.

The initial training is on the Municipal Pier, Chicago, Illinois, where the men receive intensive training in seamanship, signalling, military discipline, etc. After the theoretical training on the Pier, the men will be put aboard lake or coastwise vessels for two months to receive practical experience and further instruction, at the expiration of which time they will be returned to the Pier and undergo an examination. Ratings will be determined by the result of the final examination, and a large number of men selected each month for a finishing course preliminary to receiving commissions as Ensigns in the Naval Reserve Force. Those who may not receive commissions immediately will still be in a position to render valuable service as petty officers with later opportunity for advancement, if deserving.

Your interest and co-operation in helping to secure the class of men we desire will be greatly appreciated, and I trust that you will use every endeavor to interest any young men who you believe are up to the standard and have them communicate with me at the Municipal Pier, Chicago, Illinois.

Yours very truly,
Charles W. Schick.
Ensign, U. S. N. R. F.

Personals.

—Carl Rowlands (old student, '07) visited Notre Dame recently. He is now head of a furniture store in Lima, Ohio.

—Arthur Hesch, who was a student in Brownson Hall last year, is now en route to Spain to take up his duties as a member of the American Embassy in Madrid. Art has been having some trouble getting through France, because of war conditions.

—Brig.-Gen. J. P. O'Neill ('83) was recently tendered a reception by the Governors' staff and the people of Oklahoma City when he passed through that city. Gen. O'Neill commands a brigade of Oklahoma selected draft men at Camp Travis, San Antonio.

—Father Moloney has received word from Ward Perrot, a former leader of the Glee Club, who is now at Camp Gordon, Georgia. Ward says that the only Notre Dame man whom he has been able to locate in his particular territory is Dwight Cusick. He also writes that Joe Gargan has gone to the first line trenches.

—Among the recent benedicts who claim Notre Dame as an Alma Mater is Joseph F. Smith, '16, who is well remembered by the students of that day as the boss of the news stand. Joe was married on April 16 to Miss Kathryn Tinney of Conneaut, Ohio. His many friends among the students wish him luck.

—Mr. William E. Bradbury (LL. B., '16) gave a recital of several readings from Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" at the Auditorium of St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, recently. The evening's entertainment was highly praised by all who heard it, and we are sure that Mr. Bradbury's work was a credit to his training here at Notre Dame.

—We announce with pleasure the ordination on Wednesday, May 8th, and first Mass tomorrow, of the Rev. Jacob R. Geiger (Litt. B., '14). Father Geiger was ordained by Bishop Hartley in the Cathedral at Columbus, Ohio, and will celebrate his first Mass in St. John's Church, Logan, Ohio. He is an ideal Notre Dame man and will make a good priest.

—Father Davis, in a letter to Father Cavanaugh, writes that he has been changed to another station "Somewhere in France." He speaks of the need of K. of C. shacks in France. He mentions the funeral of five soldiers who were drowned. They were all Catholics. Father

Davis conducted a service for the Protestants and Jews of one regiment, and gave a sermon for the Y. M. C. A. He saw "Nig" Kane and Charley Stevens, old students, and heard of an officer whose home is in South Bend, and who is an N. D. graduate.

—The following beautiful letter from Miss Winifred Hayes, of Chisholm, Minnesota, gives some interesting and touching particulars about the death of her brother, the lamented Art. Hayes. We venture to print it without permission:

This is the first opportunity I have had in which to write you particulars of Arthur's death.

He was ill only six days with pneumonia. He was a very sick boy when he finally gave up and went to the hospital. He complained of a backache and headache on Sunday, but being a soldier he would not give in. All day Monday he superintended the digging of trenches, as he was acting sergeant. Tuesday all day he drilled sixty men, and Tuesday night was completely exhausted. They took him to the hospital and prepared him for death on Thursday. That same day they telegraphed to us. Mother and brother Wilbin went down immediately. He was conscious, and delighted to see them, as he always worshipped his mother.

He died on Tuesday, April 16, at five fifty-five in the afternoon. He was fully prepared and satisfied to go. His death was very peaceful and beautiful, and in his casket his face showed perfect contentment.

He was in the Army just seven weeks. He was a terrible loss to us, as well as to all the literary world. We feel it must have been for the best, although we miss him so very, very much. And we are very proud to think that he gave his life in the service of his country, even though he did not have the chance to go to France and do any actual fighting. He made the supreme sacrifice, and we are proud of him.

We appreciate the interest you have always taken in Arthur, and he surely did. They asked him just before he died, when he was nearly unconscious, if he remembered Notre Dame, and he smiled and said "yes!" He surely loved Notre Dame, and so do I.

Athletics.

With the veteran Murray in midseason form, Harper's baseball crew experienced little difficulty in trimming Indiana last Friday afternoon by the score of 9 to 2. Indiana appeared on Cartier Field for the first time since 1907 and failed to vindicate herself for the past defeats. For five innings it was anybody's game, but in the sixth frame the locals cut loose and found Jefferies for five runs, enough to assure victory.

With a good lead in his favor Murray pitched a good steady game, having his hits well scattered. The visitors scored their only runs in the fifth with the assistance of three errors. In that same period Batman scored on a well executed squeeze play, the first seen on Cartier Field this season.

"With Pete" Ronchetti in the army, the batting order was somewhat rearranged, Clarence Bader, who made a running sensational catch, was the lead-off man. Ralph Sjoberg and Philbin shared the hitting honors, the keystone sacker collecting four, while "Dave" made three. Capt. Wolf, Bader and Barry made two apiece.

The score:

Notre Dame	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bader, cf	5	1	2	2	0	0
Bahan, rf	1	0	1	0	0	0
Mangin, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Sjoberg, 2b	5	3	4	1	5	2
Wolf, ss	4	2	2	2	3	1
Philbin, 1b	5	1	3	16	1	0
Barry, lf	4	0	2	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, 3b	5	0	0	0	1	0
Andres, c	2	2	0	5	1	0
Murray, p	4	0	1	1	5	2
Totals	39	9	15	27	16	5

Indiana	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Rouschbach, ss	4	1	0	2	0	1
Cassbeer, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	1
Katerjohn, cf	4	0	1	5	1	0
Julius, c	4	0	0	5	1	0
Peckham, rf	4	0	2	3	0	0
Driscoll, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Sutherland, 1b	4	0	1	3	0	0
Batman, 2b	3	1	0	4	0	0
Jefferies, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	33	2	6	24	4	2

Notre Dame 0 0 2 0 1 5 1 0 *—9
Indiana 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 —2

Two base hit—Philbin. Stolen bases—Bahan, Sjobrg, Katerhojn. Struck out—By Murray, 4; Jefferies, 3. Base on balls—Off Murray, 2; off Jefferies, 2. Hit batsmen—Andres, Barry. Umpire—Schaefer. Scorer—Szczepanik. Time of Game—two hours.

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The following account of the Notre Dame–M. A. C. game, under the heading, "Irish Speed up in the Ninth to Win Game," is copied from the Indianapolis *Star* of May 5:

[*Special to the Indianapolis Star.*]

EAST LANSING, MICH., MAY 5.—The University of Notre Dame baseball team won out from the Michigan Aggies here yesterday by a score of 11 to 8, though up to the ninth inning M. A. C. fans were wondering where Coach Harper's team was acquiring its license to be runner-up for the intercollegiate title of the middle West.

At the beginning of the ninth inning the score was 8 to 5 in favor of the Farmers. Six hits, all bunched, in this frame, with a couple of wild pitches by Don-

nelly, changed the whole aspect of the score board, however, and put the game where the Aggies couldn't reach it.

The fatal ninth opened with a couple of singles by Wolf and Philbin; so as a presumably precautionary measure Coach Brewer sent in Donnelly to relieve Demond, but Donnelly didn't seem to be able to work up his control or get up steam, for the visitors whaled him for a series of four safe ones hand running. With what he had inherited from Demond these were sufficient to shoot the whole delivery for M. A. C.

M. A. C.	AB	H	O	A
Kellog, 2	5	1	2	2
Snider, rf	3	2	1	0
Andrews, 3b	5	2	1	2
Hammes, 1b	4	0	13	0
Demond, p	5	4	1	6
Johnsen, c	1	0	2	1
Doscher, lf	5	3	3	0
Hayes, c	4	2	2	1
Peters, ss	4	0	0	2
Collinson, c.	3	1	2	1
Donnelly, p.	1	0	0	1
Totlas.	40	14	24	16

Notee Dame	AB	H	O	A
Bader, cf	1	0	0	0
Mangin, rf	3	2	0	0
Sjoberg, 2b	6	3	3	2
Wolf, ss	5	2	0	0
Philbin, 1b	4	2	12	1
Barry, lf.p	3	1	2	2
Fitzgerald, 3b	4	1	3	2
Andres, c	3	2	7	1
Lavery, p	1	0	0	2
Morgan, p	1	0	0	0
Murray, p	2	0	0	3
*Halern	1	1	0	0
Totals	34	14	27	13

*Batted for Murray in the ninth.

M. A. C. 3 0 2 1 1 1 0 0 0— 8
Notre Dame 1 0 2 1 0 0 0 1 6—11

Errors—Philbin, Barry, Andres 2; Lavery. Home run—Demond. Three base hits—Wolf, Snider. Two base hits—Philbin. Sacrifice hits—Snider, Bader, Murray, Mangin, Bases on balls—Off Demond, 7; off Murray, 2; off Donnelly, 10. Struck out—By Demond, 3; by Murray, 7. Wild pitches—by Donnelly, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Philbin, Hammers, Andres, Sjoberg. Passed ball—By Collinson, 2.

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Once again Notre Dame uncovered a coterie of runners at Illinois last Saturday that swept nearly everything before them on the track. Only the lack of corresponding strength in the field events gave the Illini the victory by a score of 69 2-3 to 56 1-3.

Again, to Gilfillan, gritty and game, though his wrenched knee pained him at every step, goes the majority of credit for the closeness of the struggle. He completely outclassed the Illini in his pet races, the 120-yard high hurdles and the 220 yard low hurdles, and experienced no trouble in winning the discus throw. A second in the shot put brought his total points to 18.

Captain Frank Mulligan fought desperately for his struggling teammates. After placing second in the 100-yard dash and third in the 220 yard dash, he entered the 440-yard run, and to the surprise of everyone covered the distance in 53 seconds which landed him a second.

Notre Dame secured slams in the one mile and half mile. Sweeney was the first to the tape in the longer race, in the exceedingly good time of 4:37; Van Wonterghen was the winner of the half mile in 2:01 4-5. Call was third in both races.

Powers was the biggest surprise of the meet when he captured the pole vault. His 11 feet was better than Rademacher, of Notre Dame, or Utt and Lang, of Illinois, could do. The latter three tied for second. McGinnis took third in the shot put and second in the javelin throw. McGrain was third in the javelin.

Illinois (69 2-3); Notre Dame (56 1-3).

100-yard dash—Won by Carroll, Illinois; Mulligan, Notre Dame, 2d.; Lang, Illinois, 3d. Time, 10 1-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Carroll, Illinois; Emery, Illinois, 2d.; Mulligan, Notre Dame, 3d. Time :23.

440-yard dash.—Won by Emery, Illinois; Mulligan, Notre Dame, 2d.; Christ, Illinois, 3d. Time, :52.

880-yard run—Won by Van Wonterghen, Notre Dame; Sweeney, Notre Dame, second; Call, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2:02 4-5.

One Mile run—Won by Sweeney, Notre Dame, Van Wonterghen, Notre Dame, second; Call, Notre Dame, third. Time, 4:37.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Gilfillan, Notre Dame; Kriedler, Illinois, second; Hayes, Notre Dame, third. Time :16 2-5.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Gilfillan, Notre Dame; Kriedler, Illinois, second; Lang, Illinois, third. Time, :27.

Pole vault—Won by Powers, Notre Dame; Lang and Utt, Illinois, and Rademacher, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 11 ft.

Shot put—Won by Weiss, Illinois; Gilfillan, Notre Dame, second; Rohe, Illinois third. 40 ft. 8 1-4 in.

High jump—Won by Deuchler, Illinois; Lang, Illinois, second; O'Shea, Notre Dame, third. 5ft. 5 in.

Discus throw—Won by Gilfillan, Notre Dame; Weiss, Illinois, second; Anderson, Illinois, third. Distance, 125 ft. 9 in.

Hammer throw—Won by Anderson, Illinois; Bennett Illinois, second; Pike, Illinois, third. Distance, 125 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Won by Kriedler, Illinois; Lang, Illinois, second; McGinnis, Notre Dame third. Distance, 21 ft. 8 3-4 in.

Javelin throw—Won by Weiss, Illinois; McGinnis, Notre Dame, second; McGrain, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 160 ft. 6 in.

Letters from Camp.

"Somewhere in France,"
March 30, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

Just a telegraphic dispatch, for we scarcely have time for more. We have been in this city for over two weeks awaiting orders to join our division, but so far no word has come. I slept a week in barracks, and am glad to be billeted now with a fine Catholic family. Last week we reported each day at 8:30 a. m. for an hour of drill, and then attended two lectures until noon. At 1:30 we have calisthenics, more drill, and a four-mile "hike," rain or shine. The Colonel was unwilling to exempt even the chaplains; and so we line up sixteen strong—twelve Catholic and four others. We eat now at the restaurant and get good meals, though there is no butter and vegetables are scarce.

Last night we dined with Eugene ("Nig" Kane), now a first lieutenant, who came part way over on the Tuscania that was "subbed." The details would be interesting, but are "verboten."

We have seen no fire in France and it has been very chilly all the time. The rain saturates our clothing and we have no chance to dry them. Yet we are happy, except that we are very anxious to get permanently settled with our regiment. On Sundays we have Mass at 6:45 at the Y. M. C. A. hut and on week-days at the cathedral or a church near here. The Y. M. C. A. people are very kind to us in every way. We each had a room in their hut this afternoon to hear the Easter confessions. There are many Catholics among the enlisted men and not a few among the officers. Each Wednesday and Sunday evening we have a sermon and Benediction for the men at the cathedral. The French priests do everything they can for us, some hearing confessions during the week in English. Last night we had the Stations, with the men singing the "Stabat Mater."

On my train to this city I met a Notre Dame student of last year whom I had in class. His name is Charles Stevens, an enlisted man in the —th Engineers. He didn't acknowledge to me that he was a millionaire at the time and I slipped him the price of a few "chows." We then jumped on our train and that's the last I have seen of Stevens, as I was in the officers' apartment.

At this depot I met a Captain Gannon, who told me that he had met Father Matthew Walsh, who was at the time on his way to Fort Monroe to a chaplains' school for three weeks. It was my first news of any of our chaplains in America and was very welcome. We of France hope that our brothers in arms in America will soon have become sufficiently schooled and groomed to join us on this side. Let us know when they arrive here and send us the number of their American Post Office (A. P. O.) after they forward it to you. Otherwise we shall probably know nothing of them. Though the A. P. O. number does not tell us what city they are in, we can correspond with them. We are all hoping that they may be as lucky with the "subs" as we were. Tell them to bring plenty of cigarettes, rubber boots, and chocolate, for these things are scarce here.

I guess I have written enough for one dispatch, except to beseech you to use all your influence to get priests over here. Hundreds of them will be needed and needed soon. At present France is confident of ultimate success, but opinion is that the war will last at least three years longer. The United States, they all realize, must win the war. The others are only trying to hold the line until we can get in. We are going in *soon*,—for we must.

Let there be no pro-Germanism in your domain.

Obediently yours,
Chaplain, 42nd Division,
Lieut. Earnest A. Davis,

Address: A. P. O. 701, A. E. F., France.

Camp Grant, Illinois,
April 24, 1918.

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

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

You have no doubt already heard the sad news of the death of Arthur J. Hayes. I had heard he was here in camp, and was intending to look him up when Howard Parker told me that he had died.

He leaves many Notre Dame men behind him here at Camp Grant, among whom are Lieuts. "Zipper" Lathrop, "Stony" McGlynn, Austin McNichols and Major Fitzgerald. "Slim" Walsh is a sergeant in the ordnance. Hayes, Parker, and Ed Larney were all successful at the last officers' training camp, and are now waiting for the need of more officers to arise when they will be commissioned. These men whom I have mentioned are only a few of the Notre Dame men who are here or have been here since I came, for they are coming and going in a continuous stream.

I am a lieutenant in the Field Artillery, and am at present with the 311th Trench Mortar Battery. I was commissioned at the second training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. Gerald Clements attended the first camp, but, owing to the fact that he was taken ill while there, did not get his commission. I would beg to suggest his name as a possible representative of Notre Dame at the fourth camp.

It must be a great pleasure to you, whose life work has been bringing up the present-day men of Notre Dame to be true to her ideals and traditions, to see them go into this terrible war, as if they would outdo the record set by her heroes of our Civil War. Give my best regards to Professor Cooney, Father Carrico, and all the others.

Very respectfully,
Walter Clements.

On Active Service, France,
April 14, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:

Enclosed please find Mr. Cyril Moran's check, for which please send to the addresses given below copies of "The Dead Musician." See how the shade of the Dead Musician will not rest, but must rise to plague me here! . . .

But I am sure that you are more interested in one live chaplain than in his past works, and I wish that I might write to you with a free hand. The things

most worth telling, however, may not be told. Besides, I find it hard to write "the English," now that I have become so habituated to the use of French. *Quel beau temps!* (It is lightning like fury). *Il va pleuvoir et il y aura encore beaucoup de "mud."* Nothing but English describes that.

Well I am in the best of health, Father, and happy as can be. I stood in the barracks yard yesterday for three hours hearing confessions. The poor privates have no privacy even in their confessions, but they do not mind it, and it is great for religion. We had about four hundred this morning for Communion, Father Duffy and I. We say Mass in the open, in the barracks yard. I am assigned to an engineer regiment, the 117th. They are not all in one place and it is difficult to reach them. Transportation is *the* problem here.

Please send me the SCHOLASTIC, now that you have my permanent address. You couldn't begin to imagine how hungry I am for Notre Dame news, and as yet not a line from anybody. But letters are on the way, no doubt.

With greetings most cordial to Father Morrissey and Father Cavanaugh, as well as to all the others, and I am, dear Padre,

Yours sincerely in Christ,
Lt. Chas. L. O'Donnell.

Address: A. P. O. 715, A. E. F., France.

TOLEDO, OHIO,
April 29, 1918.

Rev. Wm. A. Moloney, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Reverend and dear Father:

No doubt you will be interested to know of the last months of your boy "Lucky" (Frank O'Rourke). In all the four years that I knew him he always spoke very highly of good old Notre Dame, and often expressed a longing to revisit the scenes of some of the happiest years of his life. Our short married life was very, very happy, and yet I can say that I have no regrets, since "Lucky" was an ideal Christian husband and died the happy death that we all pray for. I know that he would not want to come back to this tempestuous old world again if he could, for he was truly resigned and well prepared to meet his God.

During his long illness of six months I nursed him day and night, and I know that he suffered terrible agonies, and most patiently. He would say that the more one suffered on this earth the nearer to heaven one would be in the next world. His long, weary hours were brightened by reading the SCHOLASTIC and by visits from his N. D. schoolmates.

He received Holy Communion every three or four weeks and the Last Sacraments a week before the end. When our country declared war we both realized that we should be called upon for sacrifices, and when he wished to enlist I would not say "no." He was among the first to be admitted to the officers' training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. He entered training May 15, 1917, and returned home July 4, 1917, honorably discharged. The surgeons discovered all too late that he was suffering from a severe case of athletic heart. It finally developed into dropsical conditions, and articular rheumatism, causing the most fearful pain during the six months that remained to him. Inflammation of the heart soon developed and gradually extended to the lungs and other organs. The doctors say that he was not without pain one moment of his waking hours.

During Lent we tried to persuade him that he was exempt from keeping the fast, but he insisted upon doing so and living up to the laws of the Church. He said he'd be dying before he'd eat meat on a day of fast or abstinence, and on Good Friday the Sister tried to serve him potatoes and meat with gravy, but he refused it. The last week of his life I had him taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, as my health was giving away under the strain, and I didn't want any harm to befall him; and so the Little Sisters of Charity assisted him in his last hours. His mother and father, sister and brother, and I were at his bedside. He told Sister that he was not afraid to die, as he hadn't a sin on his soul. That's why I say he wouldn't want to come back if he could. God in his wrath sometimes calls without warning, but in His mercy and goodness He gave "Lucky" ample time and opportunity to prepare himself perfectly.

Frank spoke of you so much that I feel as if I had really known you for years; and how he would recount those tales of Father Farley's chasing the "skivers;" and Father Burke, Father McNamara, and several other Fathers and Brothers played a part in those wonderful stories of Frank's schooldays at dear old Notre Dame. To "Lucky's" way of thinking there was no other school in the world that could come up to his.

I have a nephew, aged seven, and it is my ambition to send him to Notre Dame, where they "manufacture" gentlemen, but I shall have to do a great deal of praying to accomplish that purpose.

I shall close, Father, by asking you to pray for the repose of Frank's soul, though I know you are doing that already. You are right, "Lucky" was truly a most noble-hearted fellow and a good "partner," and I miss my partner more than I can tell.

Sincerely,
Lorine O'Rourke.

U. S. S. KANSAS,
March 9, 1918.

Mr. Edward J. Maurus,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Professor:

I suppose you have been thinking that I am dead and buried; but as the saying goes, only the good die young, and so I have a long life ahead of me. I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but have kept putting it off until now.

I entered the Naval Reserve Force last November, and received a commission of lieutenant in the junior grade. I spent six weeks at the Naval Academy, and have been aboard the U. S. S. Kansas since then. Hence you see I have been fairly busy. I am an electrical officer aboard the Kansas and have about forty electricians under me. I had always imagined that an officer in the navy had an easy time of it; but, believe me, they are kept on the go all the time—on duty about twenty-four hours in a day, and they have to get their sleep whenever they have a chance. I wish

I could tell you all about it, but censorship regulations do not permit it. We surely have a splendid corps of officers, and they are all regular fellows. I have been made to feel at home ever since I came aboard my ship.

Well, how is everything now at old N. D.? I suppose the war has affected the number of students. I heard last week from Bill Hogan who is now in Texas. He expects to be an aviator within three weeks. Bill always was a high flier, you know. He is the only old student that I have heard from, but I am sure that there must a great number of them drawing money from Uncle Sam. My brother Frank was drafted and is now at Camp Grant. He tried to get into the service before they began drafting the men, but was turned down; but they have taken him in the draft.

Give my best regards to Professor Ackerman and to all my other acquaintances at Notre Dame. Kindly write to me as soon as you have the time and give me all the news.

Most sincerely yours,
Lieut. T. A. Furlong.

Address: U. S. S. Kansas,
c-o Postmaster, Fort Monroe, Virginia.

New Orleans, Louisiana,
April 26, 1918.

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

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

For the first time since I left Notre Dame, I am, as they say in the army, "S. O. L.," out of luck. I came to New Orleans two days ago on a business trip and within ten hours had developed a rather good case of malaria. I am trying to get in shape to return and think I shall be all right by to-night.

Father Edward Finnegan left for the chaplains' school at Camp Taylor about a week ago. Father George is doing excellent work, and has a colonel who takes wonderful care of him.

My work in the Base Hospital has been rather heavy for the last month, owing to an epidemic of la grippe and pneumonia. It may be a slight touch of 'grippe, instead of malaria that I have. I hope so. During the past three weeks, I have seen many splendid fellows go out with pneumonia, most of them Indiana men. The two or three new classes that I have in addition to the hospital work keep me so busy that I have little time to think of anything else.

It may interest you to know that last week I passed my last qualification for the overseas service. It came in the nature of a gas attack at night and was a wonderful experience. I can tell you about it before long.

This is just to let you know that I am still in this country, with but little prospect of getting away immediately. There are some indications of our going within six weeks, but we have been disappointed so many times that we do not any longer place much stock in signs or rumors. I shall write you again just as soon as I get back.

Sincerely,
John C. McGinn, C. S. C.

Address: 113th Sanitary Train,
Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

A. E. F., France, March 26, 1918.

Mr. Mark McCaffery,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Mark,

As you will understand from my failure to write sooner, I have been very busy. There is much to be done here, and just now to do anything quickly is to have to do it twice. You remember the old saying in the science of boxing, "a good punch early in the battle paves the way to the referee's decision." Thal is a good thing to remember in this game, too. t thought I knew something about things military, but I am acquiring new knowledge every day, and it is given to one in such an efficient manner that it is a delight to take it.

I suppose you get numerous letters from over here, and I am sure that most of them contain more of interest than will mine. As I have said before, I cannot tell you what we are doing or where we are. But there is one thing which I wish you to know, and which I wish everyone in the States could know: We are all well satisfied, most proud of the work we are doing, and glad of the chance to do it. Every department is working like a well-oiled machine, and in the end there can be but one result—"Fritz" is fated for the beating of his life. The only thing here that one can "crab" about is the mail. Every soldier wants mail, and every time you write a good letter with the right kind of encouragement in it, you are helping the good cause.

Tell Father Cavanaugh that I go to Mass and Communion every Sunday. This will please him, because I know how anxious he has always been that all of us attend to our religious duties. Sometimes I wish I knew more French so that I could understand the sermons that we get on Sunday. Anyhow, I know that the old priest is telling us to be good and to be brave, and so I am quite as well off as if I understood every word.

Please remember what I have said about writing, and send me word promptly of any man you know about over here. My best greetings to everyone at Notre Dame, without leaving out anyone that I ever knew. Your sincere friend,

Capt. George A. Campbell.

A. E. F., France, April 9, 1918.

Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Reverend and Dear Father:

In the Scholastic of February 22nd I noticed a letter from Joe Cargan, who is now a lieutenant in the Marines. It strikes me that Joe has lost the old N. D. spirit of fair play, and that his rapid rise has turned his head. He refers contemptuously to the Engineers, Ambulance Corps, and our "half-baked" army, and he insists that he belongs to a "fighting unit." Perhaps he can explain how both the 15th and 11th regiments of Engineers were in France long before his regiment of Marines. If the Marines are fighting troops while the Engineers do not even carry arms, how does he explain the fact that the Marines are merely serving as military police, while the Engineers have won undying fame at Cambrai and during the last great German drive? Joe seems to be the possessor of

a "whole skin," while the Roll of Honor published in the New York *Herald* carries the names of many reserve officers with whom Joe would have nothing in common. It strikes me that Joe should do something to earn a reputation before he begins to find fault with our officers.

Taking everything into consideration, Joe must have been very much misinformed, particularly regarding the Engineers. Our regiment has been equipped with rifles since we left the United States, and at present we are armed with the same model of rifle as Lieutenant Gargan's pet Marines.

I do not blame Joe for "sticking up" for his own outfit, but it doesn't seem like the Notre Dame spirit to "jump onto" another unit, particularly when we are all here for the same purpose, and to date, the Engineers have done far more than their share. When the annals of this war are published, and there is no need for censorship, the Engineers and Ambulance Corps will be remembered long after the provost work of the Marines is forgotten.

I trust that Joe will have common decency enough to give honor where honor is due, and not cast slurs at men who are doing as much as he, if not more.

With regards to yourself and the rest of the faculty, and with best wishes for Notre Dame,

I remain sincerely,

(Private) James B. Jones,
15th U. S. Engineers.

Safety Valve.

THE HEROINE.

I like her for her pleasant smile,
Her teeth are just like pearls,
In dimples she has sure a shade
On all the other girls.
I know of none in all our town
Who is so passing fair,
But why in (I won't say the word)
Don't Betty comb her hair.

Her hair is like a sparrows nest
That has been kicked about,
And mauled by all the kids in town
Till it is inside out.
Her comb I think has just one tooth
Her friends all stop and stare—
I wonder why (the same bad word)
Don't Betty comb her hair?

* * *

THE SUPREME BUG.

When your heart makes a noise like the steam coming up,
In the pipes on a cold winter morn,
And your head starts to whirl like the blades of a fan
And your poor mind with anguish is torn,
When you feel like a cross twixt an elephant huge
And a beautiful white turle dove.
Your're exceedingly thick, if you think you are sick
I can tell you right now, you're in love.

O lumbago is fierce when you have a bad case.
And neuritis is painful quite true,
Erysipelas has caused many folks to despair
And with lock-jaw a fellow can't chew.
But of all the diseases that ever man had
Of all pains below or above,
There is nothing you'll find that so preys on the mind
As the little squirrel bug we call "love."

* * *

THE NIGHTLY TALK.

Sos.—Hello! Mildred is this you?
Mil.—Yes.
Sos.—Well, this s Sosthenes.
Mil.—Hello?
Sos.—I say this is Sosthenes.
Mil.—Yes.
Sos.—Is this you, Mildred?
Mil.—Yes.
Sos.—This is Sosthenes, Mildred.
Mil.—Yes.
Sos.—Are you listening, Mildred?
Mil.—Of course, I am.
Sos.—Well listen, Mildred, I'm—
Mil—You're Sosthenes, aren't you?
Sos.—Yes, I'm Sosthenes Mildred and I was just thinking that—
Mil.—Yes, I'm Mildred.
Sos.—Listen, Mildred.
Mil.—Yes.
Sos.—I was just wondering who—
Mil.—Certainly, I'm Mildred who did you suppose I was.
Sos.—Mildred, listen, will you?
Mil—Yes, surely.
Sos.—I wanted to ask you if—
Mil.—Is this Sosthenes.
Sos.—Yes, this is Sosthenes Moreland.
Mil.—Well this is Mildred.
Sos.—How are you Mildred?
Mil.—Where was I?
Sos.—No. How are you?
Mil.—This is Mildred.
Sos.—Yes, and this is Sosthenes.
Mil.—Well?
Sos.—I say I'm—
Mil.—I can't understand you.
Sos.—What?
Mil.—This is Mildred Miles.
Sos.—Yes, of course, but what did you want?
Mil.—What did I want?
Sos.—Yes, this is Sosthenes?
Mil.—I didn't call you, did I?
Sos.—You called me Sosthenes didn't you?
Mil.—Well aren't you Sosthenes?
Sos.—Surely, I am.
Mil.—Well?
Sos.—Listen, Mildred.
Mil.—Yes.
Sos.—I wanted to say to you that I—
Operator—You'll have to drop another nickle if you want to talk any longer!
Sos.—Why we haven't started yet.
Mildred.—Nothing has been said between us. I just picked up the receiver.
Operator—You'll have to drop another nickel.
(*Quick hang up.*)