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PRAYERS FOR UNITY.

L. R. WARD, C. S. C.

THE praiseworthy custom of the thousands who from January 18 to January 25 of each year pray and work and suffer for church unity, indicates that most men believe that the truth is objectively not manifold but one, or at least that a commonly accepted church would be a convenience. Outside the Catholic Church, of course, unity and integrity in religion are not facts; but by their honest efforts men make evident their aspirations for unity. The proper question thereafter regards the immovable basis of such unity.

In February three years ago, representatives of thirty Protestant sects of our country met in Philadelphia, with the aim and the hope, so it was given out, that the "Christian churches of the United States" should become "the Christian Church of the United States." But as its working basis this variegated assemblage took, unquestionably but unfortunately, private judgment, that is, Protestantism; and unity of course did not result. Perhaps the representatives did not look forward to unity, except as to the vaguest ideal: the summons to the congress might have been prophetically worded: "You are invited to an assemblage the members of which think they will attain church unity, but know they shall not." At any rate it requires no great acumen to see that Protestantism has not in it the groundwork for unity, since its chief historical characteristic is ever-widening dissension: for those thirty sects, not to invoke additional scores of them or the individual members of each keep to their battle-cry, the right of private judgment, and so must continue effectively to discourage unity and to dissipate all approach to it. "Protestantism in its manifold phases

can never result in unity," says the Anglican minister, E. S. Middleton, in his recent work, "Unity and Rome."

Church unity, nevertheless, can be and eventually must be attained; it can be purchased at a certain stipulated price. That price, as all Catholics well know—but as others are slow to discover or to admit, is submission to authority, to infallibility. Before unity can become more than an indefinite and unrealizable ideal, the very kernel of Protestantism must be thrown away. Indeed, the mere fact of so many disagreements and dissensions among Protestants, as evidenced in the enormous number of their sects, would seem to argue that private judgment, so long as it be clung to, precludes anything like unity, and to point to the need of a determined, specific rule for all—something "to believe in and go by." If each one may interpret the law of God for himself, then he may make and unmake that law to suit his convenience, and apply it as he will and if he will.

Meanwhile the Church is one and universal. She is a world-wide organization—go where you will and you will find her ahead of you and you will find her everywhere the same. Catholic travelers, our students of foreign commerce, for instance, fortunately find the same ceremonies, the same Sacraments, the same doctrines proclaimed and practiced in Hongkong as here at home in Indiana or as they would find in Rome herself. A Catholic European living or traveling in America, hears the "Ave Maris Stella" sung in a tongue which he hardly recognizes as Latin, yet he can with a wealth of sincerity join his coreligionists in their devotions; and in all the essentials of the Faith he knows that he and they are one. These marks of the Church, her integrity and universality amid so many variations and collapses, are more than a convenience and a distinction for her

members: they are a part of the ground for our assurance that she, herself unified, is the Queen to which the denominations, if they would lay hold on unity, must yield.

A year ago the Church mourned over the death of Pope Benedict, and while all over the world her members prayed for the repose of his soul they prayed likewise for the divine guidance in the choice of his successor. But no reasonable person, within the Church or without, ever doubted that the Church, though her Popes come and go, remains the same,—the Church Catholic, through all vicissitudes and in all ages. Perhaps some missionary in India or mid-China received on the same day the news of one Pope's going and another's coming, and he found reason to mourn and to rejoice; but he found no reason to doubt the Church's unity and integrity amid exterior mutation.

MISTS OF THE PLAINS.

ROBERT B. RIORDAN.

The Old Timer and I sat resting on the banks of the waterhole after relieving our horses of saddles and sweat-soaked blankets for a short breathing spell. Low hills about us shimmered in the heat, making me want to close my eyes and drowse away. The Old Timer sat hunched over his knees smoking a battered briar and saying nothing; I didn't disturb him for I had become used to his moments of silent dreaming.

I must have closed my eyes for a moment when I became conscious of a tense feeling of activity in the atmosphere. Looking straight across the hollow that held the waterhole I saw a cloud of dust arising from a break in the low hill. The haze danced and glimmered with the heat under a broiling sun. Over the edge of the rise and out of the dust appeared a dark mass that soon broke up into individual bulks that I decided were mounted figures. Coming down the opposite slope they became distinctly men on horses.

A little band of soldiers, sixteen in all, were riding toward us at an even trot. That their uniform was not of today did not seem unusual to me then. They were clad in the old blue of the eighties, black campaign hats,

and leather boots; mostly gray in accumulated dust. Two or three wore the yellow stripe of the cavalry non-com. A smart looking chap, in spite of the stains of the trail, rode at the head of the little column of twos. I took him to be, probably, a lieutenant from the straps on his shoulders. All but he carried short carbines slung on shoulder belts, besides the old regulation long-barrelled revolvers stuck in black holsters.

I wondered dreamily why men would forsake civilization to follow such a life. For their hazardous occupation they received little pay and no thanks. Perhaps the call of the wild, the promise of adventure, or the devotion to the flag; even other things might have led them to cast their lot with that small army that was so gallantly holding open the doors of the new West. Whatever it was, there they were, and sixteen of them riding gaunt-looking mounts across a scorching bit of scenery toward me.

Silently they came on, their hats drawn low to keep the blinding sun from their eyes. I noticed one big fellow in the rear of the column occasionally lean toward the trooper next him as if to whisper a word of encouragement, for the trooper seemed only a lad, not more than seventeen, and the ride and the sweltering atmosphere were telling on him.

The officer lifted his arm and the column swung, changing direction broadside to me. Just then a crash of shots rang out and echoed from side to side of the little valley. The troop faltered, a riderless horse galloped away; then at command of the lieutenant the cavalymen dashed for the dry creek bed below the waterhole. Deploying in a semi-circle they threw their horses and lay prone facing a second volley from the edge of the hill where puffs of smoke marked the position of their attackers. Little spurts of dust were whipped up about the soldiers, yet not a shot had so far been fired in return.

Each trooper (only fifteen now) lay his carbine across the flank of his horse and spread a handful of cartridges at his side. The firing subsided to an intermittent put-put, then ceased. An ominous silence pervaded the scene as I watched. At the top of the hill a bit of brush moved, then another,

and there appeared to be a few bits of log-wood and stone that I had not noticed there before. It dawned upon me that the ambushers, Indians no doubt, were advancing slowly, using paint-smeared hide as disguises for pieces of the scenery.

How well would this ruse work, I wondered; the answer came with the thought. One shot was fired, by the kid, too, and a naked brown figure leapt from a fake stone, sprawled in the dirt and lay still. Their game discovered, the savages attempted a mad rush for their victims, only to be cut down as easy targets. The rattle and snap of the carbines was music to my ears while the prone troopers pumped lead into the charge. The breech-loading guns of the soldiers were too much for the leather hides of the attackers and they abandoned their charge for a mad rush to safety over the hill.

The whole affair was over in seconds, it seemed to me, yet it must have taken at least a half hour for the entire occurrence. The lieutenant and a sergeant rode to the edge of the rise and surveyed the far side for more hostile bands. The others led their horses back to the spot where first fired upon and gathered up the remains of the one casualty. They scooped a shallow grave for their comrade, wrapped the body in a blanket and tenderly laid it to rest. Stones were piled over the narrow mound to keep the coyotes from polishing the bones. The kid knelt by the old soldier's last resting place and covered his face with his hands, for it was his big comrade of the ride.

For the first time, I forced myself to move. I turned to the Old Timer, but he seemed to anticipate my thoughts.

"I was the kid," he said, "an' it was my first fight. I cried like a baby. That old soldier had looked after me ever since I was with the troop. Mebbe you know how it is to see your first dead, 'specially when it's like your own dad."

Hardly understanding just what he had laid, I looked back at the scene, but there lay the valley, the hills still quivering in the heat, everything silent—and empty. No signs of life were there, not even a grave-shaped pile of stones.

DREAMING THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

LOUIS V. BRUGGNER.

"I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would know
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness."

The thought struck me first merely as an apt quotation, one that a person puts away to use on some occasion. Later, however, it struck me as being almost exactly descriptive of the attitude with which I read the poem from which the thought itself is taken. For I have read the poem for reading's sake and really dreamed the Dream of Gerontius.

The poem must be dreamed. So, at any rate, I felt. A reader cannot read it as he does prose, or even some poetry. He does not give it the intellectuality which, in prose, he must too often give to mere "words, words." Only when a bit of theology halts his fretting imagination and the words loom up on the page before him, is he really aware of the language in which the thought rides. More often is it the case that he forgets the printed page and, feeling, if anything only the delicate pattern and rhythm of the metre, loses himself in the dream of Infinity. Hence the discontented Newman wrote the poem and hence the discontented reader reads.

Man is ever discontented and untiring.
Small wonder, too! Strange union of the
Godlike and the beastlike that he is, he
struggles always upwards, fighting always
the mightiest foe man ever meets, himself.
He is indeed a

"Strange composite of heaven and earth!

Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering
power . . ."

Such is man, every man. How can any man read this portrayal and not see in it just himself? It is a platitude, I suppose, to say he cannot see anything but himself, but yet that is just one aspect of his own, my own dream.

Indelibly imprinted on my mind is a picture of a dream I once dreamed, one I had almost forgotten until my reading of the

poem brought it back to me in all its vividness, its peacefulness and its heavenly beauty. In the innocent days of early childhood, it must have been, there came to me out of the black nothingness of sleep a light, a mellow, actually holy light, which revealed a beautiful pool in a more beautiful room of graceful arches and marbled expanse. In and about the room hovered angels who, as I awoke from the dream, were about to bathe me in the refreshing waters. Of sound I remember nothing; of odors only the sense of the fleeting beauty one can almost, but never quite, appreciate from the heavy odor of incense in a psalm-laden air, a delicate odor for which there are no adjectives but *heavenly* or *peaceful*. This and no more I dreamed, and then unfortunately (or fortunately?) I awoke. Or did I awake? Was it a dream? Who shall scoff if I say, or hope, it was not. Surely there is in childhood something which the adult mind has lost, some sort of approximation of the Beauty and the Peace Which is God, that is the boon of only an unsullied soul.

Into my imaginings there rushed also another dream, but one quite different, a man-made, drug-laden, pain-punctured dream, wherein "sure I could move, did I but will it, every part of me," but either did not or could not will it so. The likeness of this consciousness to the poetic phrasing is not so startling. It is only to be expected that an artist who is still, after all, merely a man, must rely for his pastels of the Hereafter, on the imperfect colors of the physical world. The poem must be anthropomorphic in its diction. Gerontius' angel, on quitting him, promises to return on the *morrow*, following Gerontius' speedy *night* of trial and, calling Gerontius *brother* and *child*, bids him farewell.

Yet Newman is conscious of his inadequate representation of things eternal and Divine, and skilfully he has the Angel say:

"Divide a moment as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; . . .
For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time . . .
By the recurring seasons and the swing,

This way and that, of the suspended rod,
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours, . . .
Not so with us in th' immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone."

Here, as in a few other places, the thought forced itself into my consciousness and the dream of Gerontius was arrested in its course while I pondered over theology and philosophy.

It was a happy foresight, too, of Newman's when, in making the experiences of Gerontius those of a dream, he made it logically possible for a writer in this world to describe the experiences of the Hereafter. Moreover, the happy caution against heresy, and the holy awe of the Beatific Vision prompted Newman, very probably, to end his poem with the entrance of Gerontius into Purgatory.

Such musings as these over Newman's motives and such pondering over metaphysical simplicities are practically all that draw the mind back into this world. Of course, there is the appreciation of the fitness of a certain pattern to the mood and thought, but this appreciation only enhances the beauty of the vision and only subconsciously draws the attention, if such a thing is possible.

There is a diversity of metric patterns, from the opening sonnet octave to the closing pentameter lines. The opening lines are fitly a sonnet octave, if considered alone, and form a fitting vehicle to the awful prescience of approaching death and to the unity of the mood. Then, if the appeal to his friends for prayers be taken as the natural turn of thought, Gerontius' following words can even be taken to complete a creditable sonnet.

Beginning his lines spoken after death, Gerontius lapses quite naturally into blank verse. Limitless grandeur has taken the place of the awe and fear of the living man; verse has superseded the sonnet. The other metric vehicles are equally appropriate. The Biblical parallelism of the Assistants' breviarial chantings, the ecstatic rise and fall of the angel-chanted alleluias, the priestly litany, yes, even the demon's dissonance are fitting to the thought and the mood. There is a striking similarity be-

tween the demon's dissonance and the witches' cacklings in the fourth act of Macbeth; a similarity that is extended to both the mood and the rhythm.

But it was not of any metric pattern of which I started to speak; it was not with any philosophical abstractions with which I was to concern myself; it was rather with the beauty of the dream that a great dreamer strove to paint for us with the iridescent colors of language, colors even more iridescent in our ever-changing tongue. It was with the beauty of verse generally laid down as inferior to the dreamer's prose, that I concerned myself; and it was in the beauty of that verse that I at length lost myself. No doubt, verse beauty in itself is not so evident, but that transcendent beauty that is the composite of the infinite and the finite, the eternal and the temporal, the spiritual and the material, the divine and the human, and what we call generally religion, is a beauty that cannot escape notice. Such beauty I found but outlived in "Paradise Lost," and such beauty I found, but pray I may never outlive, in this work of that astonishing man, Newman.

"I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse,
Nor does one moment differ from the next, . . .
I had a dream, yes!"

THE TOWER CLOCK.

The midnight moon bestows its spell.
Above the church the tower bell
Rings somberly in accents clear.
The college sleeps. Alone I hear
The twelve deep sounds, that fill the air,
And seem to cast a calmness rare
Upon the campus. Silence now
And overhead the white stars glow.
On through the night, up in the tower,
The church bell rings at every hour.

J. C. RYAN.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

DENNIS J. O'NEILL.

Under the flickering glow of a single gas light sat "Shovel" Harper writing. The light, although dim, was sufficient to illuminate the entire room and mark it as a typical miner's cabin of the district. In one corner against the wall, were his grimy tools, a pick and shovel. The only incongruent detail was a box of rejection slips, a very complete collection from the nation's best magazines.

"Shovel" had a peculiar habit of consoling himself for poor prose with poorer verse. Looking up from his writing he mused,

"Fate is no weaver—
On an antique loom
Weaving man's life
From birth to the tomb.

"Fate is a knitter—
Clumsy old witch
That ever so often
Drops a stitch."

This coal miner, born with the desire to write, was filled with bitterness against a fate that bade him write but withheld his recompense.

"Sometime I'll write something—something with a punch and pathos," he muttered, "punch and pathos, I like that. After I'm gone I'll leave something for the world to catch its breath over and perhaps 'implore the passing tribute of a sigh.'"

Shovel was on the night shift that evening and at nine o'clock the trembling, creaking elevator lowered him into the pit, several hundred feet below the ground.

All went as usual until shortly after midnight. Then a soul-sickening crash boomed forth and rocks that had held themselves in centuries-old embraces, parted and crashed down, smothering the exits from the mine. "Shovel" and his fellow workmen knew what it meant and after a moment of fruitless exploration, searching for a means of escape, they threw themselves on the floor of the mine, in anticipation of the gas that was sure to choke them to death.

Aid failed to reach them in time, and so a week later all the rescuing party found was

the bodies and Shovel's story on the wall,—a story with a "punch and pathos," the only story that outlived him,

"Friday, 9 a. m. Awful night spent.

Saturday, 3 p. m. Gas getting strong.

Sunday morning. Good-bye."

ARISTOTLE AND POETRY.

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

Poetry, in common with sculpture, painting and music, is one of the fine arts. It has been accepted as a fine art for many centuries; it was as such that Aristotle defined it. In a consideration of the Aristotelian theory of poetry, one may pause briefly, therefore, to study the Greek conception of the arts in general.

The arts, according to the Greek idea, are an imitation of nature. The useful arts, while arising in their processes out of nature, strive to supply the deficiencies of nature; the fine arts recreate, by idealization, everything in nature that expresses the mental life of man. A work of art, for the Greeks, reproduced its original not as the original was in itself, but as it appeared to the senses. Art, according to the words of Aristotle, became a thing which impressed the artistic form upon a matter not proper to that form. This is the substance of the Greek conception.

The idea that the arts are an *imitation* of nature was first emphasized by Aristotle. The term imitation was not, however, his own; it was current both in popular speech and literary idiom of his time. An exact English translation of the word is difficult. Imitation in this sense is equivalent to "producing" or "creating according to a true idea." Such an imitation of nature, or the universal, is an imitation of the ideal. "Nature taught Art," said Milton, centuries later. Art, and this included poetry, was in the mind of Aristotle, "an idealized representation of human life under forms manifest to sense." Imitation, in other words, is a creative act. "To seize the universal and to reproduce it in simple and sensuous form is not to reflect a reality already familiar through sense perceptions," says Butcher, in commenting on this conception; "rather it is

a rivalry of nature, a completion of her unfulfilled purposes, a correction of her failures."

What is true of fine art in general Aristotle asserts to be true of poetry in particular. Poetry is the expression of the universal in man and in life. It frees him from his physical surroundings; in it, his material needs and animal longings are disregarded.

The first distinguishing mark of poetry, according to Aristotle, is that it expresses the universal, not the particular. Poet and historian do not differ because one writes in verse and the other in prose, but because the powers of one enjoy unlimited range and the powers of the other are defined by the laws of fact. "It is not the function of the poet," says Aristotle, "to relate what has happened, but what may happen,—what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity." The distinction between the poet and the historian is "that one relates what has happened, the other what may happen." Poetry expresses the permanent possibilities of human nature unmindful of the story of individual life.

Few writers have understood better than Aristotle the relation of poetical truth to empirical fact. Aristotle conceived that poetry might invade the world of fiction, but must adhere to possibility. When people attacked poetry with the cries "unreal," "impossible," and "these creations are not true to life," Aristotle answered, "Not real, but a higher reality, what ought to be, not what is." Poetry, he insisted, should be concerned not with fact, but with a transcendence of fact, not with the actual, but with the ideal.

Artistic treatment in poetry should give to the thing incredible in real life the aspect of probability. The impossible should become not only possible, but natural and inevitable. Laws of the physical world and restraints of material conditions may be neglected so long as inner consistency is not sacrificed. "Probable impossibilities are to be preferred," says Aristotle, "to improbable possibilities." Things beyond the range of poetical experience may be truer poetically than the occurrences of daily life. "What has never anywhere come to pass," said

Schiller, "that alone never grows old." Aristotle holds, however, that the irrational is less effective in dramatic than in epic poetry. Cause must always be present in true poetry. Accident and chance are "the negation of art and intelligence, and of nature as an organizing force." While, therefore, poetic truth may disregard the laws of reality, it cannot violate the laws which make of the world a rational theater.

Poetry, because of its unlimited possibilities in theme and because of its unity, acquires an ideal form that history never achieves. "The acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man," wrote Bacon, whereas poetry "was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind." "Poetry is," said Aristotle, "a more philosophical and a higher thing than history." Poetry achieves a higher plane because it approaches the universal; yet unlike philosophy which strives to discover the universal in the particular, it seeks to represent the universal in the particular. The universal in poetry comes to us clothed in the form of the particular. Goethe, in the nineteenth century, echoed this when he said, "The youngest poet must do some sort of violence to himself to get out of the mere general idea."

Aristotle's conception of poetry cannot be considered apart from his understanding of the end of poetry and art. The useful arts, according to Aristotle, either provide the necessary means of existence and supply material wants, or furnish life with its equipment of moral and intellectual resources. The true end of the fine arts is to give pleasure or rational enjoyment. Esthetic enjoyment proceeds, however, not from an intellectual, but from an emotional source. The appeal of the fine arts should be to the feelings, therefore, not to the reason. While the pleasures of philosophy are for the philosopher, the pleasures of poetry are for those who enjoy the poetry; in philosophy, the intellectual act must be the end in itself, while in poetry the pleasure of the reader must be the end.

This theory that the end of poetry does not reside within the poetry itself appears to be, in part, a contradiction of other Aristotelian philosophy. In Aristotle's general philosophy, the end of an object is inherent in that object. An artistic creation, it might similarly be said, is complete in itself; its end is imminent. This would not be inconsistent with Aristotle's definition of art as "a faculty of production in accordance with a true idea." Discussing this point, Butcher, in his criticism of the Aristotelian theory, says, "If we seek to develop his (Aristotle's) line of thought, we may say that the artist, pursuing an end which is external to his productive activity, attains that end when the work of art comes into existence,—that is, when the process of change is complete, when the matter has been impressed with the artistic form, and the potential has been developed into the actual. How are we to know that this end has been attained? By the hedonistic effect produced on the mind of the percipient subject. The work of art is in its nature an appeal to the senses and imagination of the person to whom it is presented; its perfection and success depend on a subjective impression. It attains to complete existence only within the mind, in the pleasure which accompanies this mode of activity. Thus the productive activity of the artist is not unnaturally subordinated to the receptive activity of the person from whom he produces." Considered from this viewpoint, the inconsistency becomes negligible.

The end of poetry, to repeat, is achieved in the pleasure it gives the reader. The poet's effort to express the ideal, to achieve with fidelity things possible, to connect cause with effect, to represent the universal, must be subordinated to this end. His poetry must be a window through which shines transfigured the light of his own thought now blended by rich colors into rays of changing universal hues.

MALEVOLENCE.

The dusky stars are gay tonight,
And thunderously the ocean surges:
When spring puts in my heart its light,
The darkest place in the glow merges.

THE MASTER OF THE SEA.

JOHN BRENNAN.

In 1900 a book appeared which marked the high tide in recent English fiction. It was the work of a comparatively unknown Polish sailor who had landed in England twenty-two years before, absolutely ignorant of the language. The book was "Lord Jim," a psychological study of cowardice, the story of a man's attempts to redeem himself and to win back his self-respect after a single unworthy act, and the author was Joseph Conrad. From that day to this Conrad's fame has increased until now he occupies a high position among the masters of English prose. He has enriched our language because he chose it, in preference to his native Polish, in which to pay his tribute to the sea.

Of him, Gouverneur Morris says, "More and more I hear people say, 'Have you read Conrad's latest?' He is becoming necessary to contemporary education. Those who haven't read him are not well read. Those who don't intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him for the first time—how I envy them."

Conrad's life is a background for his work. An exile in his boyhood, he spent twenty years in the far places, in Africa, in the islands of the Pacific, and in the Malay Peninsula which he afterwards used as a setting for a number of his novels. Outwardly he lived the life of an ordinary seaman, but in reality he was observing what people said and did, so that he could weave them into his tales of the sea and cast about them the charm of the picturesque and the glamour of romance.

If there is anything at which Conrad excels, it is in his portrayal of character and in his ability to create realistic atmosphere. He has no equal in the art of conceiving a personality and thrusting it, vivid and sentient, before the gaze of the reader to work out its destiny. One actually feels the heat in "Heart of Darkness," suffers mental anguish with Lord Jim, hopes for the deliverance of Axel Heyst from the hands of Mr. Jones in "Victory," admires Tom Lingard

in "The Rescue," hates Donkin in "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and waits anxiously with Monsieur George for an opportunity of meeting the beautiful Dona Rita in "The Arrow of Gold."

Conrad has been compared to a primitive man telling a story to his companion over a heap of coals, and the battle between this aim to tell a story simply, as he sees it, and that of other modern realists to use the novel as a medium for propaganda has become one of the most significant literary movements of recent years.

No artist is perfect, and Conrad is no exception to the rule. Even his most ardent devotees must admit that he has his faults. As a playwright he is a failure, his "Shadow-Line" is worse than mediocre, "The Arrow of Gold" is an involved tale of which even William McFee, a lifelong Conradian, could make neither head nor tale. His best work, however, as one reviewer aptly said, "can smile defiance at hostile criticism."

FAILURE.

Rank bitter was the wine I drank

From out the cup;

With thistle-thorn and bone-dry weed

Was it filled up;

And even now, as thoughts turn back,

And dwell upon its taste,

My soul cries out in torment,

And my lips, disgraced,

With ready speech proclaim abroad

That I have failed.

Yet sweetness is not always sweet

When years have rolled away,

Nor always does the bitter draught

Its blessings betray.

For after rocky roads are left,

And oft I've met defeat,

I know I'll come to realize

There's chaff in all the wheat;

And every man whose seat is high,

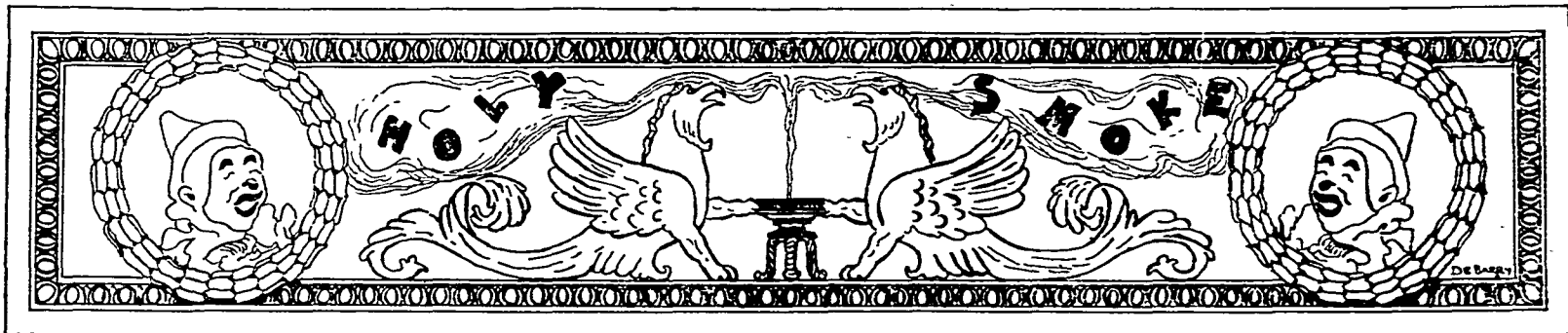
Whose name is hailed,

Has drunk the wine that I have drunk—

Has failed.

H. A. M.

A pessimist is one who growls at adversity, and shuns prosperity for fear there be a catch in it.



Mary: My sweetie kids me, but he's honest, too.
Verna: I'd ditch my sweetie if he was ever on a stew.

* * *

EXTRA! SPARK PLUG SUCCUMBS AFTER THREE-DAY GRIND.

Two Thousand Witness Futile Efforts of Panting
Beast as He Takes Count of Sixty, and
Passes Out.

* * *

Campus, Feb. 1.—The once-famous Spark Plug slumped in a sloppy second in the Wotta Flunk Handicap, when Ferocious Faculty led him a pitiless pace in the three-day grind that blasted the hopes of two thousand spectators. Ferocious Faculty went by him like a cyclone on a vacation, but at the same time didn't pass him. I. M. Kondishoned, who is an authority on ponies, says that Spark Plug's morale was murdered by ill-nutrition and late hours the night before the race. I. M. Thru, Z. Roe, N. O. Mark, and I. Givahoop, who are other turf wizards, claim that Ferocious Faculty slapped Spark Plug's psychology sick and silly by refusing to pass him when he could easily have done it.

Spark Plug pulled his first faux pas when he did a disgusting Annette Kellerman into the turf of History Heights. Bruised but game he staggered to his feet only to careen wildly into Three Chapters of Fetter and the Law of Diminishing Returns at Economics Alley. Whipped, goaded and chagrined, he rallied and took Logis Lane at a terrific pace, but slipped on two ugly episyllogisms, slid by six hypothetical propositions, and crashed miserably into a presumptuous non-sequitur, knocking its middle term for a dilemmatic disjunctive. Then he changed. He got worse. Running now like an unleashed demon gone mad, nostrils distended and eye-balls bulged white, he tore into Poetry Pad-dock; upset a Rubyatt, slaughtered five Eight Lines, and slammed two Anthologies, and the Ancient Mariner for Midsummer Night's Dream. Here he gained two feet, but he lost ground again at Chemistry Creek where he floundered into Raoult's Laws and bounded off, skinning his nose badly on a Praseodymium formula.

He recovered on Avogadro's Hypothesis, and the betting became feverish and frenzied as he hurtled

past Ferocious Faculty on Honor System Stretch. Ferocious Faculty looked like he was anchored. Spark Plug here took eighteen questions at a leap. His form was marvelous, and he thundered down the track amidst ear-splitting cheers; but just as easy victory was in sight Ferocious Faculty's jockey turned the course out of Honor System Stretch into German Green. From then on Spark had the same chances a short change artist has in Jerusalem.

Unfamiliar as the ground was, he nevertheless took it at heart-breaking speed, with sweating flanks and bursting wind. Taking four pluperfects at a bound he careered headlong into a consonantal digraph, bounced off, and came down on his neck in the middle of an Ungeschaftswort. Again he rallied, only to run amuck in a mess of genitives and impure conjunctions, after which he succeeded in slapping seven accusatives for a mixed declension. Ferocious Faculty was by now so far ahead that this booted Spark Plug nothing, and when feeble and weak-kneed he batted lamely into a spurious preposition just as the bell rang, the race, so far as he was concerned, was over.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The huge paddle wheels began to churn the water, and the Albany slid ponderously away from the dock. . . .

He settled himself for the long, uneventful, four-hour trip. Then his gaze wandered to the deck chair at his right, and he straightened perceptibly. Hang it all; if he but dared risk speaking to her. But she was surely beyond flirting. Her attire and manner bespoke that. But he didn't want to flirt. He wanted company; intelligent company.

He speculated. No! there could be no harm in venturing some little pleasantry, and then telling her frankly that he was lonesome and wanted to talk. He thought of correct girls like her whom he knew at home. They would be broad enough to understand. Then why not this one?

He ventured, "Really, I suppose that you think it awfully bold of me to speak to you, but—"

"Oh, that's all rightie," she broke in, "I know a swell guy like you wouldn't pass an inultin' remark to a lady. Take it from—"

But he had left!

KOLARS.

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Advertising
JAMES V. EGAN

VOL.
LVI.

Discite Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

No.
14

Bridging the thoughts of a new semester is the prospect, especially attractive for the second-year men, of the sophomore cotillion.

Students are never in the proper sense initiated as upper classmen until they have danced to the strains of their cotillion music. Subjectively, the event is the passing of the old, the beginning of the new, the transit as it were into the inner court. When the cotillion is passed, the sophomore finds himself looking backward. The alpine stick with which he is scaling the rude heights becomes a staff for less cautious use.

This year's cotillion is for the first time a dress suit parade, using that term without any intention of scoffing. In making the dance a formal one, the members of the class of 1925 have, we think, used good common sense. We hope they have set a precedent which other classes will follow. It is true that to make the cotillion formal may decrease to some extent the number who will attend. There are men who shrink at the necessity of wearing a tuxedo; they are the kind who appear to come from the great open spaces of the west, the kind who eat crushed rock for breakfast-food and dance, when they do, in hob-nails. Formal dances simply were not made for them. For the majority, however, a formal—and a formal cotillion at that—means a better dance and

a more comfortable evening. No one can say that with a formal cotillion we have too many formal dances during the year. We shall have enough, perhaps, but not too many. Informal dances are sufficiently numerous to justify the sophomores in taking the cotillion out of that class. If the cotillion is one of the big dances of the year, and most all are willing to admit that it is or should be, it is worth doing right. It is worth a tux, then, and a girl from back home, if necessary. The sophomore men this year are placing the right importance on it. We give them credit for their judgment.

MOLZ.

The man who finishes this semester of the college year believing that he has learned little and accomplished nothing will confront the coming months with a sad heart. His case is a pitiable one. There are, however, those who ask, "What have I learned?" others who wonder, "What is it all about?" Trying to learn is not so easy, perhaps, as digging a ditch or laying a brick wall and the irrelevancies that are a part of the average college program serve only to disturb the composure of the student. Unless his aims are definite, unless he has mapped out his career, certain of his own abilities and limitations, he is like a mariner sailing an un-

charted sea. The guides are few and the waves rough. Is it any wonder, then, that he may stop to question how far he has gone or whether he has made progress at all? If he is honest, the man cannot shift all the blame for his position upon others; nor need he assume it all himself.

A year of college life cannot, however, be fruitless. No matter how listless the efforts that have gone into curriculum work, they will not be altogether barren. The attitude of the indifferent student cannot be condoned; nevertheless, even he accomplishes something, whether it is apparent or not. His classman, who devotes all his energies to the business of learning, often understands incompletely the benefits that he is getting from his college days. Not everything that is accomplished is apparent to the eye. The contact of mind with mind yields much that is intangible. The atmosphere of classroom and campus contributes its own culture. The books of an idle hour, the voluble discussions of the corridor leave an imprint as great as the instructor's lecture. The work of a particular day may be forgotten even, but its influence, though unperceived, remains. A year of university life may, without his knowledge, change the whole man, modifying his mental life and awakening his personality. He may ask, "What have I learned?" and be unaware of the acquisition he has made. The things that the college gives cannot, unhappily, be set down like a column of figures to be added up. They are too often hidden. They are like the gold imbedded in a loamy soil. The fine yellow grains appear only after the rains of many years have washed away the soil and sifted them out.

MOLZ.

While the shadows deepen over all of Europe, the plight of Armenia and the Near East grows steadily more harrowing. Mohammedan might is once more ARMENIA. firm over the land of Byzantium, where European civilization was once so beneficent, and where it is still heroically Christian. We must not forget that, before the War began, there were four million Armenians: now there are two mil-

lion. That is a simple and a staggering fact. The way down to the present population figure is a long and bloody road, thickly strewn with the bodies of men, women and children. Comfortable Americans can never quite realize what this means; but we have understood splendidly our duty to aid the survivors,—a duty which there is every reason to continue fulfilling, and which is really nothing more than a pleasant *per capita* tax we pay for the privilege of being human.

We have a vision of freshmen and seniors, juniors and sophomores, repeating, from Freshman Hall to Badin, that euphonious formula that has been ENTERTAINMENT brought all the way from A LA ZEIGFELD. Nancy, France. And if you ask why, the answer is simple. We are getting better and better in every way. Take a single example, the juniors are promoting a home-made, home-sung musical comedy. We think that it is highly improbable the juniors would ever have thought of offering the entire sum of twenty-five dollars—that is almost enough for a week-end in Chicago—for a production, were it not for the concentrated thought power of the whole campus, drawing betterness day by day from the cosmos. Beyond question we shall get a whole gob of betterness in the coming musical comedy. We cannot overlook the realization that so many hundreds must have been insufferably bored in listening to the Paulist Choristers the other night just because they were thinking of the great improvement a home-made musical comedy would be.

Considering the vastness of the sum that is offered for the plot, lyrics and dialogue, the present contest should command the brains, we say—of the campus. We hope it does. The possibilities are immense. If we were going to try for those twenty-five bucks, we would build an elaborate scenario around someone—say "Wop" Berra—as a Spanish senorita. Recently fled from Mexico, the senorita would just have arrived in South Bend. The opening scene would be in the lobby of the Oliver Hotel—this would enable the producers to introduce a large

Notre Dame cast—where “Wop” would be rescued from a pursuing suitor by—well, Fod Cotton or some other celebrity. Our chorus would be composed of the janitors from all the halls. We would have a villain, of course. Gadzooks, how terrible he would be. For this we would put in training all the black mustaches on the campus and let the best one do its worst. There would be several elaborate scenes. These would be knock-outs. For one of them we would move the lake over to Washington Hall and stage a great ice scene in the best manner of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and “Way Down East.” Here would occur the incident of the escape of “Wop” from the villain just as the evil one is laid cold by a recalcitrant golf ball from the neighborhood of Walsh. The grand finale would be a duplicate of the rush-hour at the cafeteria, with the janitor chorus shaking a—few brooms. We would stick in some snappy songs and put a few smart costumes on the chorus. The house would be packed for a week.

All of this is just an outline. We’re modest and yet we’re certain this would be worth not twenty-five but a thousand dollars. To see it would be worth twenty-five. It would knock the whole audience for a row of spaghetti trees.

MOLZ.

THE PAULIST CHOIR.

Father Finn and the members of his famous Paulist choir came to Notre Dame, singing their way into the hearts of 1,800 students gathered in Washington Hall Tuesday evening, who came there expectant of something beautiful and inspiring, and were not disappointed. The choir seemed a huge organ with the sweetest sopranos, the clearest tenors, and the smoothest basses possible; Father Finn was the artist, crouching over his instrument, his every move bringing forth still sweeter tones that swelled and died with an imperceptible movement of his baton. The voices of the children resembled so many violins in the hands of masters; the older voices so smooth that they blended like ‘cellos.

“Silent Night” left the audience hushed and thoughtful, more impressed than by a

hundred sermons. The Russian group proved interesting, for there we heard Tchaikowsky as that grand old man would have delighted to hear his own inspirations. As to the soloists, Master Jack Huber deserves a great deal of credit for his renditions of “Silent Night,” “My Little Grey Home in the West,” and “Chant Hindu.” Each was the work of an artist. Masters Slattery and O’Callaghan also proved their right to honors by singing “Whispering,” and “Wings of Night.” Mr. Fenwick, in a group of Irish songs, immediately won 1,800 friends in the audience. He responded to three encores.

At the close of the concert, we felt, as Mr. Fenwick would have expressed it, that Father Finn had “dropped a little bit of Heaven at Notre Dame.”

N. E.

AMONG US IMMORTALS.

“Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.”

* * *

Steve Wilson was seen wearing a white collar and a necktie one day this week, which excites our curiosity to the nth degree.

We have a communication at hand to the effect that a philosophy student was seen leaving the library this morning with a magazine under his arm which he had purloined in the reading room. It is to be regretted that he is not a utilitarian. However, he is a veritable demonstration of the fact philosophy is not a futile study after all.

Mr. Michael Zetland—real name not known—was absent from the University one day last week. His absence is accounted for by the fact that he returned the following day with his hair cut.

Early in the week, Mr. Blievernicht and a companion were seen coming from the direction of a pasture near the University. Both gentlemen carried guns on their shoulders. No doubt they had been indulging in the old Notre Dame sport. Still, we can not understand why they went off the campus.

Information has reached us that Harry Haynes cut his finger yesterday, while playing with a razor. We suggest to Harry’s friends that they be careful not to leave

matches in conspicuous places in their rooms hereafter.

Three times to-day did we see one bubbling, bombastic, gesticulating R. E. Light-foot quaffing coffee, in the cafeteria. If coffee is stimulating he ought to be a regular wild-cat by now.

We were talking to a business man of South Bend the other day who made us strain our credulity by telling us that he had never heard of the "Juggler."

Well, what can't be cured must be endured.

A REVIEW OF NOTRE DAME'S RELIGION.

The *Religious Survey* of the University of Notre Dame for the scholastic year 1921-'22 has just been issued. It is a convincing witness to the vigorous, manly piety of the student body; and it is no less a practical guide to the future. Too bad it is, indeed, as we learn from the preface, that of the total questionnaires sent out only four hundred were returned; but the discrepancies among those returned is so marked that they may fairly be regarded as typifying the religious life of the whole student body. On almost every phase covered by the questions the *Survey* indicates for the past year both a more widely-spread devotion and a more intense application by each individual. There is every cause for optimism. The befogged notion of religion as something to be downed each Sunday morning has gone by the board. Every page of the *Survey* attests that the Notre Dame man regards religion as the heart and soul of life, as the cornerstone of the temple he is building day by day.

The *Survey* reveals interesting facts. Three hundred thirty of the four hundred declare that their parents are Catholic: a Catholic home is the surest transmitter of the Faith. Only forty had one non-Catholic parent; only ten had one a convert; and only three had parents neither of which was Catholic. Again, the city man predominates overwhelmingly. Of the four hundred no fewer than two hundred eighty-five are from city parishes; eighty-eight are from towns; and only twenty-six from the country. It

would seem either that the city man is better able financially to go to college, or else, financial ability aside, that the city man is more aggressively alive to the intrinsic worth of college education.

The relative fervor of the various colleges is another interesting point of comparison. The peregrinating commerce men head the list with eighty-four *per cent* of their number daily communicants. The hard-working engineers come second with seventy-six *per cent*. Of the science men, who are perhaps the most perilously exposed to all the snares of infidelity, only fifty-three *per cent* receive the Body of Christ each morning. The lawyers, as one might expect, are at the bottom with only forty-four *per cent*.

Notre Dame seems almost to anticipate the needs of the Church. The cry of the hour is for effective Catholic leadership by laymen. That this duty and opportunity is grasped by Notre Dame students is indicated from the fact that three hundred twenty-two out of the four hundred belong to some Catholic society. The largest number is claimed by the Knights of Columbus and the next largest by the Holy Name Society. Even here at school a goodly part of the religious and social life of the student finds expression in the activities of the Knights of Columbus. And when the graduate departs Notre Dame, it is encouraging to realize that he does not go forth as a solitary wayfarer in the wilderness of the world; rather, it is as a member of one or more of the mighty Catholic organizations, as a knight pledged to the peerless standard of knighthood, as one resolved to live for the church as the ancient martyrs were resolved to die for it.

The *Survey* indicates that the Notre Dame man is not avaricious for Catholic literature. Of the four hundred replies, ninety-six read no Catholic newspaper; one hundred nineteen have read fewer than five books in college and the same number have read none at all; one hundred forty-three have read fewer than five pamphlets and fifty-seven none at all. This leaves a margin altogether too wide between the ideal and the fact of the college man's interest in urgent Catholic problems. In the face of this it is consolingly antithetical to see that of the four hun-

dred, two hundred thirty-two are sufficiently well acquainted with Catholic literature to have a favorite Catholic author. Newman is by far the favorite at Notre Dame; this is due in no small measure to the unflagging zeal of Brother Alphonsus. Then Father Finn, Benson, and Ayscough follow in order. The Imitation of Christ, Chesterton, and Belloc do not seem to be particularly popular at Notre Dame.

What stands out gloriously in this *Religious Survey* is the devotion of the students to the Blessed Sacrament. The total number of communions for 1921-'22 was 146,584 with an average of 600.6 *per diem*. This means that approximately half the student body received Holy Communion every day. This is a gross increase of 27,000 or 20% over the previous year.

These figures, together with the confronting array of communions on feast days and First Fridays tell how effectively the life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament has entered and ennobled the daily life of the student. Has any other university in the world such devotion to the Holy Eucharist? Does not Notre Dame lead the way?

Nowhere in the world will you find more masculine, vigorous, virile men than the men of Notre Dame. In this age of genteel lust and fashionable sin there is no better sermon for the world, no more absolute refutation of the calumnies hurled against the holy priesthood than the purity and cleanness of the life of the Notre Dame man as shown in his loyalty to the Blessed Sacrament. Oh, may Notre Dame excel in athletic skill; may her intellectual standard be unsurpassed. But God grant that her proudest boast may ever be the devotion of her sons to Christ Jesus in the Sacrament of His love. May Notre Dame become known to the farthest parts of the world as the University of the Blessed Sacrament, as the abiding place of the sixth beatitude.

The obvious purpose of a survey is to show what has been done and what remains yet to do. Thus far we have considered the former purpose; a word now on the latter. Two things there are in which great progress can yet be made. The first is devotion to the Blessed Virgin. From the answers to

every question on this subject the conclusion is unavoidable that God's Mother is not enough known and not enough prayed to at Notre Dame. She is about the best friend a man can have. There is no shield so secure as the protection of her immaculate mantle. Is it too much to believe that every Notre Dame student should carry the Rosary and, in honor of the Mother of Jesus, recite it daily?

The other objective to be aimed at is the development of intellectual piety, of piety so rooted in conviction that it can ignore feeling and dispense with sensible sweetness. The untoward falling off in the number of communions during vacations indicates that solid intellectual piety has been too rare in the past. If this enduring kind of piety is not planted, cultivated, and matured by the student while he is yet at school, it is to be feared that he will leave his devotion when he leaves Notre Dame.

F. D. M.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

There was no reason for avoiding the concert given by Miss Helena Marsh, Saturday evening in Washington Hall; we hoped eventually to hear something worth while. Miss Marsh is a contralto of much more than ordinary ability and all her lower tones were exceptionally rich and full. There was an attraction to her personality that served partly to offset the disadvantage with which she announced her program, for seven of the thirteen songs were in Italian or French, and the majority of the audience was at a loss fully to appreciate them.

If performers would only realize the advantage of varying their programs to suit a particular audience, there would result more mutual satisfaction. For instance, Miss Marsh received a thunder of applause when she sang "The Land of the Sky Blue Waters," while her Italian and French, as well as her heavier numbers in English were received with only half-hearted enthusiasm.

With Dean John M. Cooney of the College of Journalism as the chief attraction, the Forum held its first meeting of the new year on last Thursday, January 25th. Dr. Cooney

told the members of the Forum the necessary characteristics, in his opinion, of all forms of oratory and public speaking. He compared the journalist with the orator and drew the analogy between these two occupations.

Charles Sollo, a budding barrister, delivered a very comprehensive talk on the origin, development and present menace of the Ku Klux Klan. John Gallagher added further to Father Bolger's material on the "War Debt Cancellation" problem.

After the program had been completed there arose a general discussion on the questions discussed in which everyone present, with few exceptions, participated. President Miller was forced to close the meeting at 9:45, although there were quite a number who had something more to say.

Avast, men, make way for a crew of doughty journalists, who have been assigned the job of shoving the "Santa Maria" out into the water and guiding her on her first journey. The Knights of Columbus plan to have the first issue of their quarterly paper out the latter part of February. It promises to be a versatile publication, for it will deal in articles by famed writers and Knights of Columbus, sports, council news, personal notes, and what not. Its purpose is to provide a link between the Notre Dame council and her members who no longer live on the campus, as well as to keep things humming among the resident council members.

To Gerald Hagan, man of letters and many affairs, has gone the position of editor; he will be assisted by Ray Cunningham, ingenious journalist; Stephen Willson of histrionic fame will handle the business, and onto Jimmy Egan's burdened shoulders has been placed the position of advertising manager.

There will also be an advisory board, or august court of last appeal, which will consist of Henry Barnhart, grand knight; John Flynn, financial secretary; Vincent Engels, chancellor, and Harry McGuire, lecturer.

When the first syncopated note, as wept by the "Hartwell Melody Boys" of Chicago,

pulsates through the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel next Thursday evening, the Sophomore class will make its first bow to society. Their Cotillion is unique in the fact that it is the first formal Sophomore affair in the history of Notre Dame. The Class of '25 is establishing a precedent in making their dance formal, and the success of President Sheehan and his aides will largely determine the attitude of future classes in regard to their Cotillion.

The demand for tickets would bring tears to the eyes of a scalper. As the ticket sale is limited to 150, and there are 125 Sophomores who are making the society leap, there has been a grand free-for-all among the upper classmen for the remaining bids. The chairmen of the committees for the "coming out" party are Jack Scallan, tickets; Ward Connell, reception; John Kane, programs; Ray Cunningham, publicity; George Koch, novelties; Harry McGuire, decorations; and Henry Wurzer, music.

The patrons and patronesses will be Mr. and Mrs. Miles O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. William McGann, Dr. and Mrs. John A. Stoeckley, Prof. and Mrs. William L. Benitz, Mr. and Mrs. Knute K. Rockne, and Dr. and Mrs. John M. Cooney.

Poets of the present and poets of the future grouped themselves around America's greatest Catholic poet at the round-table meeting of The Scribblers on last Tuesday night. Father Chas. O'Donnell, poet laureate of Indiana, delighted the members with a talk in which he proved that free verse may not be free, a talk broken by amusing reminiscences and anecdotes. Then each member submitted some verse for his reading and criticism—and it is because of this criticism that it is true to say that there were poets of the present there. Every member left vowing that he would become a poet or bust.

Two vacant seats around the table were filled before the meeting adjourned. The two new men given membership in the club were Henry Barnhart and Jack Scallan, both of whom carry a cryptic pen. H. A. M.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

"Literature," wrote Bishop Spaulding, "preserves the essence of the intellectual, moral, and imaginative life of the best minds. A good book may easily be more interesting than its author; for there we find pure and refining what in him was commingled with baser matter. I cannot read all books, but I can read many; and the writer of the many I read have read all that is worth reading."

"In literature any writer of ordinary cleverness," says Arlo Bates in one of his lectures, "may gain notoriety if he is willing to be eccentric enough, extravagant enough, or indecent enough. An ass braying attracts more attention than an oriole singing. The street musician, scraping a foundling fiddle, vilely out of tune, compels notice; but the master, freeing the ecstasy enchained in the bosom of a violin of royal lineage, touches and transports." This would be an excellent inspirational message for some of the younger American "intellectuals", drugged by the influence of European naturalism and expressionism.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon," by the late Father J. A. Zahm has been published by Appletons. The book is essentially a travel narrative. It is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab.

The latest French literary sensation is "Ouvvert la Nuit," a novel whose young author, Paul Morand, was until recently almost unknown. The book is the product of a highly fantastic romanticism which has caused several critics to call Morand the most striking figure of recent French letters.

"A reviewer of our acquaintance," says the Macmillan company, "sent in a request for 'Chilly To-day and To-morrow,' evidently under the impression that he was at last on the trail of what he had so often heard spoken of—a thoroughly timely book. Miss Elliott's new volume, 'Chile To-day and To-morrow' has, however, received a warm welcome under its proper title," adds the report.

Contemporary Irish men of letters have been peculiarly partial to the short story, the drama and poetry. With the exception of a couple volumes of James Stephens and the rather unrestrained outbursts of James Joyce, Irish letters contain few novels. There is more than ordinary interest then in the information that "AE," known also as George Russell, and Padriac Colum have been at work on novels. Stephens also is said to be engaged on a new work of fiction.

Despite the prominent place it holds in the minds of book-lovers, the *Bookman* becomes year by year,

month by month, less interesting. Since it has got into the hands of the Doran company, it is no longer edited for the whole public that is interested in books, but is sponsored for the interests of the writing craftsmen. Sometimes you can almost hear the Coronas chattering and smell the odor of proof ink. Too much intimate professional gossip, in our opinion. Give us the *Bookman* of 'way back, when—say, 1914, 1915, or along there.

Among the new books: "Dusk of Moonrise," Diana Patrick Dutton; "Man's Country," Peter Clark Macfarlane, Cosmopolitan; Jean Jacques Rousseau, biography, Henri Frederick Amiel, Huebsch; "Hot Corn Ike," James L. Ford, Dutton; Americans, critical essays, Stuart P. Sherman, Scribners; "Finders," poetry, John V. A. Weaver, Knopf; "Fury," Edmund Goulding, Dodd Mead.

The breath-taking weight of the Coue title, "Conscious Self-Mastery Through Auto-Suggestion," has caused someone to suggest that, since the formula "Day by day in every way, I am getting better and better" contains twelve words, the book should be re-named "Coue's Daily Dozen."

Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish playwright who was awarded the Nobel prize for literature last year, will arrive in America during the present month. Simultaneously Scribner's will publish the third series of his plays. . . . Reversing the usual process, Edmund Goulding wrote his novel, "Fury," from the motion picture of the same name. . . . Vachel Lindsay will publish a new volume of his poetry within a few weeks. . . . The slender volume of "Last Poems" by A. E. Housman, author of "A Shropshire Lad," is being published in American by Holt, following the English demands for one edition after another. . . . The Italian government has decorated William Roscoe Thayer, American biographer, for his services to Italy. Previously he was made a chevalier in the Legion of Honor in recognition of his "Life and Times of Cavour." . . . Reading a novel recently, we discovered that the hero was dressed in a heavy tweed suit and broad-cloth overcoat. As an added precaution against the wintry days, he was "wrapped in thought." . . . In referring to Greenwich Village, the London *Evening Standard* speaks of "Greenwich Village, a village near New York." . . . "Three Wonder Plays" by Lady Gregory contains "The Dragon," "Aristotle's Bellows" and "The Jester." . . . Speaking of the drama, a play by Joseph Conrad, dramatized by him from one of his novels, lasted less than a week in London recently. . . . Harper's have received more than 200 manuscripts in their prize fiction contest which closes March 1. . . . Amy Lowell is busy writing a life of Keats. . . . "Books are delightful when prosperity happily smiles; when adversity threatens, they are inseparable comforters."

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Alex Colgan, Ph. B. in Jour., '21, is on the staff of *Columbia*, the official publication of the Knights of Columbus.

"It has been learned almost by chance that Joseph Sheedy, North Bay Ontario, student at Notre Dame, 1901-1905, willed \$1,000 to the University in a will made three years ago. He is succeeding in the insurance business in Canada and in thanksgiving for success he is putting a carved-oak side altar in the new Chapel of Holy Cross Seminary. The altar will be dedicated to St. Joseph. From now on Joe says that he must have the Scholastic so that he can keep in closer touch with "the old school."

* * *

Abraham Epstein, author of "Facing Old Age," and an authority on economic subjects, is engaged in giving a series of lectures on Russia. Mr. Epstein spent a number of months in Russia, and consequently is in a position to give much valuable information to his audience. His first lecture dealt with the political and social disturbances which brought about the assumption of power by the Bolsheviks. The second deals with the Bolshevik rule, and the subject of the third, which will be given on February 6, has not yet been announced.

* * *

John P. Harte, '22, is sojourning in Cleveland where he is connected with the Builders' Exchange.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, ex-American minister to Denmark, and former Notre Dame professor, has received at the Danish legation in Washington, the gold medal of merit recently conferred on him by King Christian. M. Constantin Brun, the Danish minister, remarked as he pinned on the medal, that it was the first time this honour had ever been bestowed on an American.

* * *

Charles J. Hirschbuhl, '22, has been elected vice-president of the Clark County Iron Works, Portland, Oregon. The new industrial executive is taking his duties very

seriously. In his statement of policy, he says, "I like to feel big by considering that we are supporting families which is really a worthy contribution to a community."

HOCKEY HOPES.

It looks like a losing battle with Old Man Weather gaining every round and the hockey team getting more dispirited after every punch. The "oldest inhabitant" states that this is the warmest winter that has been experienced in this country for thirty years. And yet the All-American Paul Castner, manager and coach, says that he will fight to the last block of ice to achieve the puck chasers' ambitions. He is at present burning the wires to arrange home and home games with Assumption College, De Pauw, University of Wisconsin, and Marquette. The Fighting Irish hockey team is also ready to display its wares in the following combats:

Feb. 5.—St. Thomas at Notre Dame.

Feb. 10.—Michigan at Notre Dame.

Feb. 13.—St. Thomas at St. Paul.

Feb. 14.—University of Minnesota at Minneapolis.

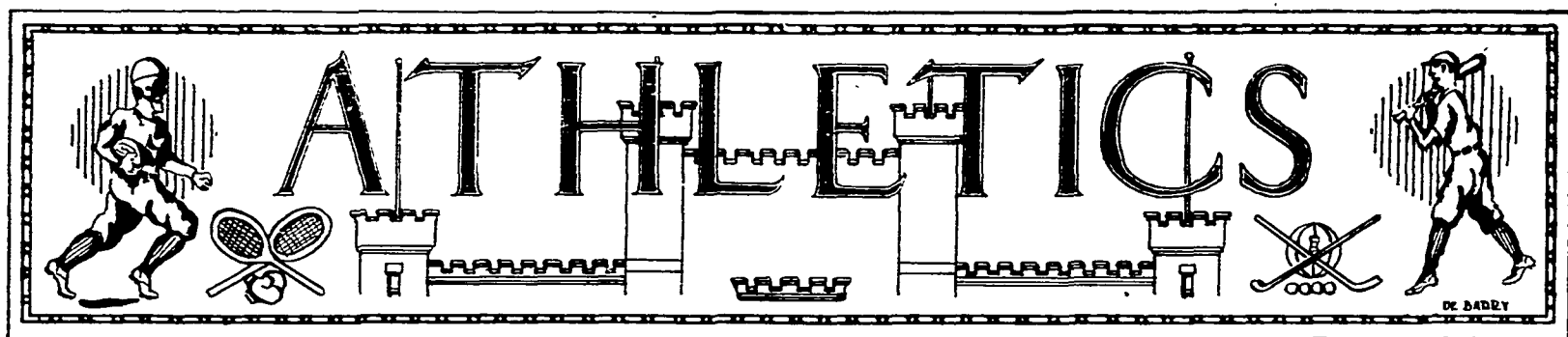
Tentative—Michigan College of Mines at Calumet.

Feb. 22.—Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Last year's Western Intercollegiate Champions are also planning a conquest of the east and are now arranging games with West Point, Williams, and other eastern schools. The game scheduled with Princeton has been cancelled. The men composing the squad are: Jim Crowley, Tom Lieb, E. O'Connell, and Jimmie Egan for goal guard; Perc Wilcox (Captain), Neil Flinn, Gerry Timmins, Gus Stange, Bob Erminger, and Bill Cerney for defense; Paul Castner, John La Belle, Franklin McSorley, Dick Eldrige, Tony Gorman, Jimmie Stack, N. Mead, and Norm Feltes for wings and rover.

Castner probably will not play until the game with Michigan on the tenth, as he is recuperating from the accident which happened at St. Mary's, during practice two weeks ago.

M. F. SULLIVAN.



BUTLER VS. NOTRE DAME.

FRANK WALLACE.

Butler brought a collection of basketball men who could hit the mesh from any spot on the floor and went home with a 41-18 Notre Dame scalp after Monday night's game on the Y. M. C. A. floor. Capt. Kane and his men fought in true Irish style but succumbed to the coordinated eyes and muscles of Page's boys.

Kizer flushed the local hopes early in the game by dropping three goals from scrimmage and sending the Irish away to a 6-4 lead after eight minutes of the game had passed. Close guarding kept the visitors away from the basket and compelled them to peg from long angles. The handicap was slight, however, as the Butler eye, once found, registered 12 consecutive points in six minutes and increased this advantage until the score stood 25-11 at the end of the half.

Halas' men came back fighting in the second period, kept Butler away from the basket for five minutes and outscored the Pagemen in the first 12 minutes. Again, however, the visitors, led by Hooker, began winging goals from everywhere and pulled away fast. Reardon and Mahoney, substituted for Miller and Enright, stemmed the tide for a short while and picked up a few points with three field goals, but the Butler form returned before the half ended and completed a winning score of 41-18.

Kizer and Mayl guarded well near the basket, but were powerless to prevent the long shots of the Butler tribe.

The team will be idle until Feb. 7 and 8, when Indiana and Depauw will be met at Bloomington and Greencastle. It is expected that the team will take a new lease on life during the week to come, and having tucked examinations under its belt, go out to look for scalps.

Summary:

NOTRE DAME—18	B.	F.	P.	T.
Kane (C.) l. f.	1	0	1	0
Mahoney l. f.	1	0	2	0
Enright, r. f.	0	0	3	0
Logan, r. f.	0	0	2	0
Miller, c.	0	0	1	0
Reardon, c.	2	0	1	0
Kizer, l. g.	3	4	3	0
Mayl, r. g.	0	0	2	0
Totals	7	4	15	0

BUTLER—41	B.	F.	P.	T.
Hooker, l. f.	8	0	2	0
Middlesworth, r. f.	0	0	3	1
Paul	0	0	0	0
Nipper, c.	5	1	2	0
Griggs, l. g.	2	6	2	0
Colway				
Harker, r. g.	2	0	2	0
Totals	17	7	11	1

Free throws missed—Kizer, 10; Griggs, 7; Nipper, 1.

Referee—Young of Ill. Wes.

Umpire—Reynolds of American College of Chicago. WALLACE.

FACULTY BASKETBALL.

BY RE PORTER.

Yo ho!

The dignified and most illustrious faculty has been led to consider the value of basketball as a remedy for its own ills rather than as a stimulant to the alimentary processes (mental and otherwise) of the student body. The faculty is organizing, and sooner or later, most probably later, the gymnasium will re-echo the shouts and lusty bravadoes of sundry most surprisingly rejuvenated professors. This sounds academic, but it really isn't. It is straight from the shoulder!

Stop, look and listen!

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

THE SOPHOMORE'S LOT.

The sophomores at the University of Oregon gave their annual class dance this week. But instead of making it formal and letting the fellows get their own dates, they made it informal and used the lottery system to mate up the couples. The names of the class members were placed in boxes and drawn, first a man's and then a woman's, just as they came. And it was done "absolutely square," according to *The Emerald*. How many Notre Dame sophs would prefer this to the Cotillion? So would we!

* * *

Students need not spend sleepless nights, nor consult ouija boards and palmists trying to ascertain what sort of a girl they are to marry if the psychology test of two hundred graduates made at the University of Washington is correct. The findings show that bright eds marry bright co-eds and stupid eds marry stupid co-eds. The exams are over now, and so when the quarterly bulletins are sent out, take a look at yours, and learn from what class you will pick your wife!

* * *

VALENTINOES STOP USING VASELINE.

The Kansas University sheiks, with their hair suavely vaselined, are passing into oblivion and are being rapidly replaced by more strikingly effeminate characters, known as the "Marcel Knights." These bland knights may be seen strolling about the campus, trying to appear serenely unconscious of their artificially acquired wave; and should they be approached about it, they reluctantly repeat their slogan: "Marcel rules the waves." They confidentially predict that marcel among the men shall be the "rage." Good gracious, if it should come to this we would all have to cut classes every now and then to keep our appointments for a marcel; and besides, it would keep us broke buying hair-nets.

* * *

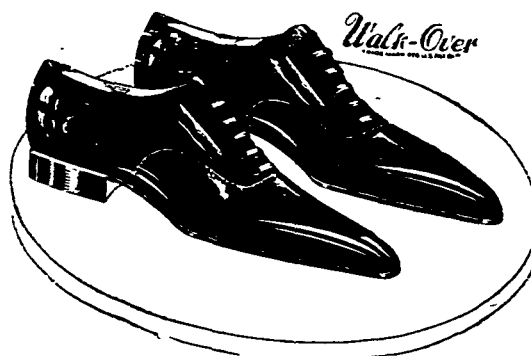
VACUUM, BUT NOT IN THE HEAD.

"It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans," reads the advertisement for a certain make of vacuum cleaner. To this motto should have been added, "as it pays tuition," because that is what the vacuum cleaners do in the case of Arthur G. Johnson, at the University of Illinois. He has three cleaners and a flivver, and he rents the cleaners, either with or without his services, and uses the flivvers to transport the machines about the city.

* * *

There is much discussion between the students and some of the professors at the Chicago Univer-

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sity regarding the adoption of a new course,—“The Philosophy of Love.” The proponents of the proposition feel rather certain that a great many students would enroll, and they believe that the course would prove at once practical by the solution of many weighty love affairs. One of the deans (a bachelor), thinks that the course should be given in addition to the regular majors, to the numerous sheiks and shebas who have shown their talent in the past and have a minimum of three hearts on the hook. Could this be Utopia?

* * *

We have always understood that women spend all of their time talking, but we have been puzzled always as to the nature of their conversation when among themselves. Now we no longer need be in doubt about it. Professor Ralph Powers, of the University of California, has compiled statistics which prove just what the co-eds talk about. Here are his figures: Talk about men, 57 per cent; talk about dress and fashion, 27 per cent; talk about amusements, 3 per cent; just gossip, 7 per cent; jokes old enough to be retired, 1 per cent; miscellaneous, 5 per cent. In his report we notice that the talk about studying is conspicuous by its absence.

* * *

SHOOTING VIA WESTERN UNION.

It looks as though the next war may be fought by telegraph! That sounds absurd, we will admit, but not when we consider that the women's rifle clubs of the University of Tennessee and the University of Illinois held a telegraphic shooting match recently, at which the returns were sent out and received by wire. Each team stays at home and sends the reports as the shots are made. We also learn that many of the co-eds have joined the class in marksmanship. With all due credit to Mr. Volstead, we say that we have heard of some co-eds who are in a class by themselves when they come to mark men's hip.

* * *

Day by day, in every way some professors are becoming more human. Just think of it, a certain science professor at the University of California believes that the bluffing type of student should be given credit for his cleverness,—if he can get away with it. The professor detests the lazy student who has not got gumption enough to put it over on the prof. now and then. “Misrepresentation in written work,” he says, “is actual dishonesty, but if, in a section, a student can prevent a professor from asking him a question by asking one himself, he is making good use of his gray matter. I am not referring to the student who is lazy and who bluffs habitually. I mean the one who usually knows his work, and yet can put on a ‘bold front’ the day he hasn't had time to study. The human professor with a sense of humor accepts such a student as a genius.” Now the problem for us is to find out how many professors here at Notre Dame are of the same opinion.