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## WHAT A FRESHMAN THINKS ABOUT.

ROBERT IRMIGER.

### *A Meditation.*

**T**HE Freshman is a college-man. More than that, he is the rising barometer of college life. Every day he rises—sooner or later—and begins to think about things. What does he think about?

"That car took a long time to get out to school. I hope that the watchman didn't get around yet. If I sign up after eleven o'clock our rector may not let me go to the scholarship dance next Friday. I got one late per this month. I do hope he lets me out. I haven't been to a dance since September. I wonder what these dances are like? Some of the fellows say that they have a good time. I'd like to meet a nice girl there—one with a car—but what's the use of wishing for the impossible. I don't see how some of the fellows meet the girl with whom they go around—take Jack, for instance. His father must know the mayor of South Bend, or something."

"Well, I signed up all right for eleven o'clock. That bell sure does wake a fellow up. The prefect will be around in a few minutes to get us up for morning prayer. I'll beat him to it and get up now. I'll have to get up all this week just because I want to go out next Friday. I got three classes this morning and two duties to get. I'll tell them I was sick and couldn't do them. They may get wise, though, I better get them from someone. These bells make me sick. They get you up with bells, go to class with bells, eat by bells, and they put you to bed by bells. After I graduate, if I ever do, I'm going to have a set installed in my mansion and laugh every time they ring. All I'll have to do in the morning is turn over and laugh myself to sleep again."

"This letter from Mary makes me just a little bit worried. She tells me about all the swell times she is having at home. I'd like to run up for the week end but that eleven o'clock on Saturdays sure puts a 'crimp' in that. I wonder if she is running around with anyone in particular. I don't think she is, but she is not writing as often as she used to."

"That dinner today was terrible. I wonder if dad will let me eat in the cafeteria this half. He said he would not, but maybe mother could coax him to let me do it. How I would like to have a good square meal once in a while."

"Examinations come off next week. I do hope I pass them all. If I don't I'll be hit from about three sides—the faculty will hit me hard, dad will give me a nice long letter and as for permissions, well, I might just as well stay out of school next quarter if I flunk. Dad would cut down my allowance, anyway."

"I guess the only thing to do is to cram for examinations and hope to get through. I know I have not done enough studying this past quarter and that old notebook to get in for that terrible class. I wonder who has a notebook in history?"

"And now Lent is here. They start out by putting ashes on your forehead, and the weather gets colder. You feel like staying in bed all morning, but it's your duty to get up. I wish Lent were over. The fellows are swearing off cigarettes and candy. I don't like candy and I can't afford cigarettes. Guess I'll stick to Hershey bars and my pipe. Only a hundred and twelve days till June, anyhow. Gee, I wish June would hurry up. Oh, I like school. A fellow couldn't get along without school nowadays. It makes you different. Guess I'll take a bath."

"Where in heck is my towel?"

## DECORATED.

ROBERT RIORDAN.

The little depot of the equally little town was crowded with an eager throng of people, relatives and friends of the returning warriors, and many merely curious. Word had come that the soldiers would be permitted a stop-over of a few minutes on their way through to the demobilization camp and the town had turned out to do honor to its heroes.

Far down the track an engine steamed into view and dragged a long line of day coaches up to the platform. Smoke, dust, cinders, and greetings filled the air as the brown-clad boys burst from every opening along the train. Boys, indeed, they had left home, but men they were returning.

A strapping weather-beaten sergeant drifted slowly from the crush of soldiers and civilians, surveying the whole rather quizzically. He expected no one—there were none who might come to see him climb down out of a dirty troop train. He could not understand such a hub-bub over soldiers. When he became part of the army of the United States no one wished him well. Hard campaigns in tropical hell-holes had brought him no applause, and now he could not make himself a part of such a demonstration following the so-called World's War.

Down the platform the big fellow strolled alone, only awaiting the whistle to start. A little old lady stopped before him; she started to speak, then hesitated. The soldier mechanically touched his cap and, on second thought, smiled.

"Pardon me, sir; but for a moment I thought you were my son. You're almost a likeness of him. I had expected him with his regiment, though it has been a long time since I have heard from him." The little gray-haired woman seemed disappointed.

Something felt funny inside the rough trooper. He wanted to say something, and he hardly knew what. Soldiering does not make conversationalists.

"Sure now, I couldn't look much like anyone else," he ventured with a grin. "But, if your son was in this regiment, maybe I knew him. What is his name?"

"John Mahan—a corporal, I think they call him."

The grin faded from the sergeant's face. "Corporal Mahan. And you're his mother?"

"Yes, sir. You know him, then?"

"I did, and a better soldier there never was."

At the word "was" the old lady paled. "Didn't he come home with the other boys? Surely he would have written if he was delayed."

"Yes, he was delayed," parried the soldier. He seemed uncertain how to continue, but he pulled himself together and tried to speak gently. "Mother, John and I were pretty good pals, and I have a lot to tell you. Let's sit in the depot where we won't be bothered by this racket."

With a mother's intuition the gray-haired little woman guessed much. War was war and she had waited for the heart-breaking news; with no word from or about him she had hoped against hope for his return. Now she knew, yet hardly dared listen to the actual words telling her it was a fact.

"I presume the War Department will notify you officially when they unravel their damnable red tape," thus the sergeant started his story as tactful as he knew how.

"You see," he continued, "John and I got pretty chummy going over as we were on the same deck watch. At Le Mans he was transferred to my platoon and stayed with me until we reached the lines.

"Up there they put him on duty as a runner, and I didn't see him any more until a few days before the end. We were moving up pretty fast, making it rather hard to hold our lines of communication intact.

"On this particular day the lines were shattered to our P. C. It was there that I again saw John. He was sent in to get our location and report back. The major had given him a written report and sketch of our movements, so the barrage could be kept ahead of us.

"He passed through our trench on his way back and shook hands with me on the run. I watched him crawl out, then run crouching over an exposed rise before he could reach cover. A machine gunner spotted him just as he reached the top. There was no escape

from that splatter of lead. He died in action."

"Died in action," seemed to be the greatest praise the sergeant could give, but the significance was lost on the bereft mother. She was too grieved almost, it seemed, to weep.

"My boy—no wonder I didn't hear from him. My God, it's hardly possible that he died without even a good-bye to his old mother." No more could she say.

Here the sergeant did some quick thinking.

"He did send his farewell," lied the trooper. "I managed to get out to him before he died and he whispered with his last breath, to tell you, and to bring you this."

"This he won for bravery, and wanted you to remember him as happy that he could die for his country." He took from his pocket a Croix de Guerre.

The old lady took the medal, wept over it, and stumbled out of the depot, forgetting in her grief to thank her son's buddy.

He arose, stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Well, the kid should have been decorated, anyway. Nobody would ever admire the thing on my chest, and I couldn't eat it, either."

#### RULE OF LIFE.

Horace Bk. II, C. X.)

Murena, live the better life,—

Avoid the distant deep,

Nor in your dread of shaken seas

Press hidden reefs asleep.

Who has at heart the golden mean

Is safe from low estate,

And is too wise for halls that heap

Suspicion on the great.

The lofty pine must bear the storm,

And turrets towering high

Will crash the heavier. All heights

Tempt red wrath from the sky.

Great Jove, who made the winter mad,

Puts in the Spring's alloy;

In sorrow, hope blooms loveliest,

The tares of fear, in joy.

There is a rose above the thorn;

Dawn treads the heels of night;

God's fingers stern that bend Fate's bow

Upon the lyre are light.

When straights are low let hearts be high,

And when the winds blow fair,

Draw in your bellied sails of hope

Lest gales should nestle there.

c. s. cross.

#### THE SENSE OF MISS REPPLIER.

MERLIN ROLWING.

Miss Agnes Repplier holds a supreme place in the field of the essay. Someone has said that she "applies to the romantic effusions of popular thinkers the acid test of intelligence," and this is her chief claim to fame. Her style is charming and her thoughts flow in logical sequence. She has remarkable clarity of expression, without any heaviness or awkwardness; her fault, if any, lies in the fact that sometimes her matter is trite. With such pleasing gracefulness, such subtle power of analogy, and such ability to foresee and dispel shams, her position is not likely to be molested. She writes with ease and lightness, with unique references to historical characters of interesting traits, and injects into it all a sense of humor and a use of satire that makes of her work a rounded whole. "She is the ghost of Jane Austen wedded to the spirit of Montaigne."

Miss Repplier, who remains today America's most prominent and successful living essayist, was born in Philadelphia in 1858. She began her education in the Sacred Heart convent at Torresdale, Pa., and in 1902 received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Pennsylvania University. Always a zealous writer, Miss Repplier has been at work since 1888. She is the author of "Books and Men," "Points of View," "Essays in Miniature," "Essays in Idleness," "Varia," "The Fireside Sphinx," and many other noteworthy works. In 1911 she received the Laetare Medal, and so is by no means a stranger to us.

Miss Repplier is an example of what intelligence, humor, and calm conservatism can accomplish when all are found together. Her literary knowledge is broad and boundless, her ability to inject both simple and subtle humor of an attractive sort into her phrases is well known, and her calm common sense, conservative, yet not old-fashioned in any way, is possibly her most outstanding characteristic.

In "Compromises," for instance, we find one of her best known essays, "The Luxury of Conversation." Nothing could be more intelligently and more fluently written. In it we find Miss Repplier at her best. She covers

much more ground in her estimate of the art of conversation than does Sir Richard Steele in the "Tattler." While Steele is perhaps more confidential, more explicit in places, and wastes no time on trivialities, Miss Repplier has accomplished a well-rounded, perfectly formed essay.

Several writers, Miss Repplier says, would have us believe that our age is lacking in the wit and brilliancy of former days and former conversational styles. Russell points to Matthew Arnold as his ideal talker, "a man of the world without being frivolous; a man of letters without being pedantic," and he maintains that such a combination of versatility is as necessary today as it is rare. But Miss Repplier refuses to think so. "The luxury of conversation," she answers, "does not depend upon one or two able talkers. It is not a question of stars, but of good stock company." Supplementing this broad view of life, she adds that conversation should not be permitted to decay "like the art—or the habit—of letter-writing," and she makes the following admirable distinction: "Letters form a by-path of literature, a charming, but occasional, retreat for people of cultivated leisure. Conversation in its happiest moments is a link between mind and mind, a system by which men approach one another with sympathy and enjoyment, a field for the finest amenities of civilization, for the keenest display of social activity." And she maintains that conversation is a duty that we owe to humanity in common.

Her fascinating manner and pleasing style are more and more evident as she proceeds. Reminding us that the "contagious ardor, the urbane freedom of the spoken word lift it immeasurably from the region of pen and ink," she easily awakens in her readers a love for the point of view which she accepts as true. And though we may not agree with her that in actual life the spoken word has reached as far or even farther than the newspaper or the book, we cannot help but admire her personal, friendly, and easy style. She goes on to say that "it is not what we learn in conversation that enriches us, but the elation that comes from swift contact with tingling currents of thought." Could any better explanation of conversational

pleasure be made, and still be so exceptional? Miss Repplier reminds us of Bishop Spalding, for she has the ability to connect the familiarities of life with higher things without being harsh or awkward. Her acquaintance with divergent walks of life enables her to succeed in this most elegantly. "Discussion without asperity, sympathy without fusion, gayety unracked by too abundant jests, mental ease in approaching one another," are the things which to her mind give a pleasant smoothness to the rougher edges of life. And how well she follows the dictates of her own attitude! A good conversation is for her a benefit to humanity, and in like manner her essays are for us just as beneficial.

Miss Repplier would not permit good talkers to become loquacious or good listeners to become habitually silent. She draws the same distinction between the amenity which forbids bickering, and the flabbiness which has no principles to uphold. Macaulay was a man who knew too much for society, but the average man need not worry. There are not many Macaulays, and it is safe to say that even that genius of the pun and phrase, were he alive today, would find it difficult to surprise society, and almost impossible to teach it anything new.

The tendency to replace conversation by story-telling is, so Miss Repplier thinks, the saddest proof of "intellectual inertia." It may be that she has experienced the crudities of the "brilliant dinner, at which strings of anecdotes, disconnected and illegitimate, have usurped the field, to the total exclusion of ideas," just as I have retired in haste from such a "feast of buns and barley sugar" with a cheerless feeling of mental indigestion. She would place the story in the social album as a second cousin to the lie, and would never allow it as a substitute for conversation.

In my opinion, she is a trifle too wrought up over this particular point, for the story is not so bad as she would have us believe; at least it is not always so. And one need not rely on Doctor Egan's dinner-table diaries for bearing out this statement. Evidently Miss Repplier has not considered the possibilities, and, sad to say, the grave prev-

alence of the artful slander, the wholesale back-biting, and the so-called "parlor phrases" of the exclusive "four-hundreds," which are ever so much more to be detested than the innocent and amusing, if irrelevant, story. Such malicious and perverse repartee is much more to be condemned than the idle story, or even the "sustained stupidity" of feminine chatter for its exponents are the disciples of Ibsen and of Ingersoll.

It is pleasant and amusing to dwell on Miss Repplier's reference to Mme. de Stael, the "hurricane in petticoats," who may rest content as a most characteristic example of the majority of her sex. But Mme. de Maintenon was truly a wonder, if she "talked always well, and never too much." Obviously Miss Repplier is too honest and too intelligent to try to condone for the over-divergent and cosmopolitan qualities of the usual feminine vocal-organs. Still, Mme. de Maintenon's success in holding her tongue is a lot to hope for in any woman, as Irvin Cobb will verify.

Miss Repplier's essay on "The Eternal Feminine" is quite lengthy. The whole theme is based upon the "new woman," a phrase which she claims catches the public fancy by virtue of its total lack of significance. It is good to find further proof of the intelligence and commonsense of our subject; it is her firm understanding and application of Catholic truth on the dignity of womanhood and motherhood, and the place of woman in society, that empowers her in caustically criticising that group of sad, sated, and irrational females who are always running around organizing something for the eradicating of the "down-trodden sex" from the bonds that make them slaves. These popular persons are effectively halted by the facts and fairness of her statements. She gives her readers many incidents in the history of the past which show that womankind has always been as new and as energetic as today, and that women are not seeking freedom with less conviction and less force than their feminine ancestors did. Miss Repplier is sensible and does not try to uphold the revolutionary ideas which some few feminists have. But I do not like to see her take Addison to task, when he said: "It grieves my

heart to see a couple of proud, idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmothers." The immortal creator of the "Spectator" was right, and wrote things as he saw them. And even if the great-grandmothers of those idle flirts had been as bad as their descendants, it is no argument for feminine pride, idleness, and afternoon scandal-spreading. Addison's observation might well be applied to many of our modern women who have been led astray by artificialities, superficialities, and search of adventure.

In her essay on "Three Famous Old Maids," we find Miss Repplier again lauding the actions of her sex, but in a different tone. She wants us to understand those peculiar feelings which were the pride of the three "unfortunates," in other words, we must perceive the reasons why their maiden hearts were so free and independent of the wiles of love-god Cupid. In reality, this essay was about as interesting to me as an airship is to a fish. Miss Repplier cannot desist from exasperating praises of her sex. One could hardly expect anything else, though, since she herself still remains, as did the Misses Austen, Edgeworth, and Mitford, in that "most charming and incomparable state" of spinsterhood. "Love," she says, "had no chance to storm their well-defended walls." But I wonder if they have not at some time peered under the bed in hopes of finding a man. In most cases the old maid has merely failed to run into love because love saw her first and got out of the way.

Miss Repplier would give Miss Bronte the "prim demeanor, the methodical habits, and the sarcastic attitude toward the male sex," while the charming, though non-loving, Misses Austen, Edgeworth, and Mitford, having had no time for wandering fancies and foolish frivolities, live to serene old age. The only things lacking are the cat and the canary. Miss Repplier has even written a book entitled "A Happy Half Century," which is evidence that she was all too contented and joyful in her own little boudoir to have it spoiled by some romantic Romeo, and if her voice has not been Juliet's, it has been Portia's, carrying wisdom.



## A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

EDWIN MURPHY.

When Jefferson wrote that "all men are created equal," he coined a phrase that was to be more powerful than empires, and is yet to prove as false as the idea of divine right of kings. For purposes of eloquence it has been very effective. As a piece of political wisdom it has only one flaw; it is not true. And the fact that it is not true should become increasingly evident, as the signs of our decaying democracy keep multiplying.

All the inequalities that exist in this world are the inequalities that exist at birth. You are born with either a better brain or more powerful physique than your neighbor, or you were endowed with the potentiality of developing them better. That is as it should be. It is useless to maintain that "all men are created equal." It is enough to have been created. It implies an ineluctably superior idea, the idea of immortality. When a man is created, a soul is created. You do not say souls are created equal.

The doctrine of Jefferson was never more than a slogan. Men who fostered hatred for the degenerate aristocracy of the times used it as a rallying cry. As a foundation in support of the natural right, it is valueless. These rights existed and still exist where men do not pretend to be created equal. During the best days of democracy in Greece and Rome, men sought excellence, not quality. It remained for a new world and a later generation to become obsessed with this figment. In the shadow of our emaciating industrialism, you can hardly say the idea of equality has increased the prospects for "life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness." Individually, our life is absorbed in the adventitious affairs of existence. Liberty is becoming a chimera, and the pursuit of happiness takes the form of an escape from self, the immersion in environment.

Life as such holds out small, small satisfaction. Culture, the realization of and reaction to life, should be the criterion of a civilization. And life in America is an anaemic thing. We are at a period of our culture

when we seemingly get as much satisfaction out of trinkets, reminiscent of the Indians and the sale of Long Island, as we do from the most exquisitely jeweled art. The encroachments of our industrialism more and more snatch away opportunities for spiritual realization. Art, where it does thrive, exists as something exotic, because it is too high above the soil.

As for liberty, the war revealed some unpalatable facts about us. There is no use in dwelling on prohibition, the mention of which is inevitable in this connection. Our summary dealings with those dissidents among us who, for reasons we refuse to recognize, have refused to submit to the prevailing industrial order, indicate our crude conception of freedom. The assertion of liberty in America is a precarious privilege.

If happiness followed a full stomach, theoretically America should be happy. We are probably the greatest industrial nation in the world. We grow more on our farms than we can consume. The frozen condition of international credit has prevented the selling of our surplus farm products in Europe, and is causing rural unrest. If we are not prosperous, it is because of over-plenty. Yet the distribution of wealth in America is a crime in the eyes of many, is regarded as a gross injustice by the working class generally, and presents an awkward effect in the perspective of our democracy. The comforting idea of equality fails here.

The decay of our democracy is particularly evidenced in our disgusting vacillation of policy confronted with Europe's paranoid condition. What Europe needs is an unbending dictator. There was a time when Europe looked to this country to produce such a man. We thought to clothe Wilson in the purple of such a Caesar, and Caesar was ambitious. But when they blew over this man of straw, we had to forego the moral conquest of the world, and resolved to return to the things of our childhood. So we chose for President a man whose face suggests the cookies mother used to make. When we should be using our prestige to restore Europe to itself, we write editorials denouncing the Ku Klux Klan. There is much to say for the Klan. It is a monument to the magic of alliteration

and assonance. The rich neology of the klan's movers, their lurid and febrile rhetoric is exactly the tinsel that charms Americans; another evidence of our puerility.

Today we are sick in spirit. We find ourselves without a leader and without a policy, and at a moment when history is at flood tide. We are losing all our old illusions about our destiny and our culture. Looking at each other, and proclaiming our equality, which is our mediocrity, we get little inspiration. The point is we have showed more concern about Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality than for Faith, Hope, and Charity. The idea of equality is really a puny thing. It is not that we think ourselves equal to the least of these; it is because we bring down to a level the best ones among us. We have a Congress made up of nonentities (not my own epithet), because any man with presumption can demand our vote, and we have no legitimate reason for refusing. The best men are least likely to assert themselves or proclaim their equality. Not until we realize our inferiority, will we begin to be superior. What we lack is the Christian spirit of self-abnegation, and we lack it because to an appalling extent we lack Christianity.

## SCENES.

### THE BOAT.

Like conspirators in file, making the leap from a secret room down into the king's passageway, we jump warily into the motor-boat. Defying the night, the motor sends its popping exclamations in unloving farewell to the wharf, as we speed off. The lights of the shore become indistinct blurs; we are swishing through the water at a breath-snatching rate—and above my consciousness of everything else is that sharp staccato of the motor, who speaks in more measured tones now that his wife, the dull-eyed wharf, lies steeped in stolidity far behind. The awful sea, gliding past in a shroud of crystalline blackness, is within my reach; but my hand has no desire to touch it.

There is nothing on the dark ocean table now but our boat, and a thick fog that reaches graspingly into the hollow of every tiny wave. There is no moon, no light of any

kind, but the sleepy radiance from the lamp in the pit. I look behind—but no, humanity has forgotten us, for even the beacon lights of San Pedro have receded behind the curtain of fog.

It is glorious! A good wind blows in my face, and it has the lonely tang of the sea in its breath. There is nothing in all existence but the boat, the water, the darkness, and—ah, there are lights ahead. Like the trees of an oasis seen on the bare sand-rimmed horizon, they intrude their hospitality into the sea's grim solitude. I count them; they are many, and they are growing larger. Then a voice, like the greeting of an unearthly, eternal watchman, "Shore boat, ahoy! The Oklahoma!"

The girl in my arms moves her head. Two eyes, akin to the smouldering beauty of the night, look into mine.

H. A. M.

### NIGHT.

Shimmering softly in the sly falling moonbeams, the lake lies asleep. Only one gentle, nocturnal sound can be heard—the lazy waves lapping sleepily on the pebbled shore. Far over on the other shore a trolloping giantess lies in slumber, a black mountain whose untidy edges are limned by the moon's caressing hand. All about the shore is formed the darkly trellised hair of the lake. Splotched by patches of glistening trees, it piles up on itself until in unequal passion it throws its black silhouette out on the horizon. A band of liquescent silver points the way over the lake's tender skin, up to the only thing awake, the moon. All is peace. Even the breath of the sighing breeze is warm, and sweet-perfumed, hardly daring to rustle a leaf lest Nature be wakened and roll from God's cradle.

H. A. M.

### LIBERTY.

The night is overcast. Gray clouds scud across the sky, effectively shielding the rays of the moon from the scene. Dark and mysterious, the water laps at the piling, stirred into tiny wavelets by the shifting, sighing winds.

Far down the bay, a pin-point of light glimmers. Then, for a moment, the moon,

breaking through the clouds, illumines the scene. The color of the water changes from black to gray. Outlined against the background of turbulent clouds, a massively graceful figure is brought into momentary relief. Gleaming in its outstretched hand is the far-away speck of light. The symbolic torch of Liberty burns on.

The moon slips back behind its mask of clouds. The graceful statue of the Goddess is blotted out by the re-descending gloom. The night is overcast, and the water laps away at the piling.

T. H.

#### THE STORM.

The strong wind pushes the stubborn black clouds over the horizon and blots out the afternoon sun. A hitherto quiet barnyard suddenly shows signs of life. A brood of ducks fail to heed the frantic calls of their stepmother, but every other living thing seeks shelter. The weather-cock stirs on its rusty hinges. An inquisitive cow releases the check on the windmill.

The wind suddenly slackens. The thundering of horses' hoofs on the threshing floor; the crowing of a young rooster—then, the rain begins.

R. T.

#### NOISES.

LOUIS V. BRUGGNER.

I was lounging on the bed—a Sorin bed, if you would know—eyes closed, listening to the multitudinous sounds echoing about the corridors. They were expressive sounds, the low, monotonous murmur of night prayer, later the wall-sifted sounds of a nearby Victrola, the quick slam of the door, a two-voiced argument immediately following, one voice loud and not at all uncertain, the other voice conciliating and explanatory. And, as I lay there listening, I fell to musing over the noises one hears in the night.

City noises are considered nerve-racking and detrimental to the health, but the country, I think, is little different, especially in the summertime. In town the noises you hear as you lie awake are those of lifeless, lively things, the clatter of street-cars, the rumbling of trains, the tooting of whistles, the sputtering of automobiles, the raucous

squawking of klaxons, the vibrant scratchings of your neighbors' worn-out Victrola records. They carry no messages, other than that this is a busy world.

In the country, the sounds are plaintive, haunting, compelling. A moonlight night sets the dogs to barking, a moist night starts the frogs croaking, a hot one stirs the locusts and katydids to frenzied rattling, and any sort of night finds the roosters crowing their hourly "Twelve o'clock and all's well on the roost!" Or when these sounds fail, some cow bereaved of her calf can be depended upon to ruin your rest, or a few courting cats to wail out their worries from the fence-tops.

Someone ought to write a book on noise; noise is given too little criticism of a constructive nature. The Bible is full of reference to the noise of war, of the city, of rain, of chariots, of jubilations, of the wind and the tempest, and of roaring beasts. And there is that prophecy in II. Peter of the greatest of noises which is to come with the day of the Lord, "in which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

#### LICINIUS MURENA.

(Horace, Book II., Ode X.)

Licinius, your course will be more true  
If you neglect the ocean's deepest blue,  
Nor hug too close the shoreline's vicious rocks,  
While dreadful storm its evil store unlocks.

Whoever venerates the golden mean  
Is safe from squalid hovel, home unclean;  
His wisdom holds the hand that might erect  
A palace for the eyes of hate bedecked.

The strongest gales the lofty pine must fight,  
And tall tower crash from out its dizzy height;  
It is the mountain's crest that bears the blow  
Of heaven's lightning sword thrust down below.

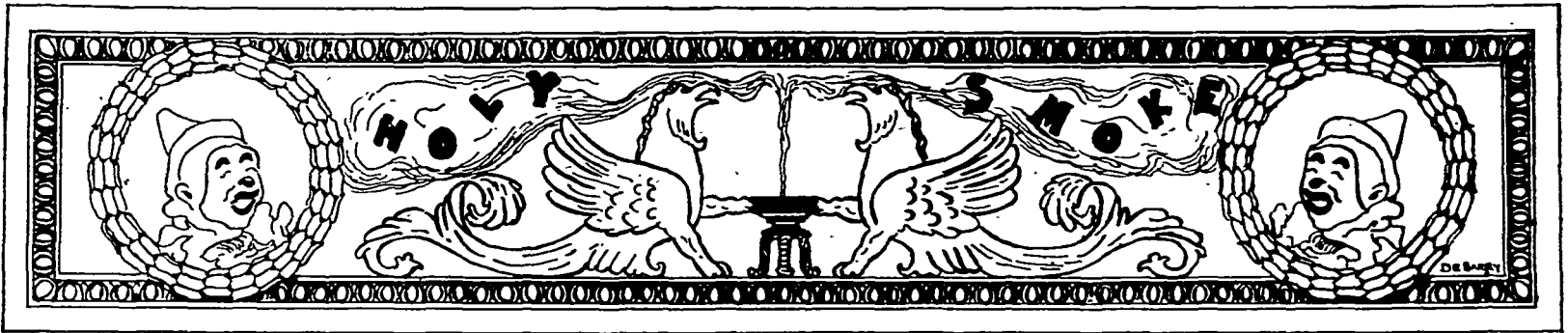
Bad times will turn to good, the wise man hopes,  
Yet at the top remembers slippery slopes;  
For Jupiter it is who brings the snow,  
And Jupiter it is who makes it flow.

If all is ill, prosperity is near;  
Apollo's lyre the brave man soon will hear;  
Not always is his ailing bow in use—  
It sometimes prods from sleep the silent muse.

So when your path is rough and steep uphill,  
Its roughness with your laughing courage fill;  
And when a friendly wind your canvas swells,  
Draw it up before necessity compels.

H. A. M.





QUITE SO: QUITE SO,

"The early bird gets the worm."  
I read that some place in a book.  
But think of the fish;  
He likes the same dish,  
And gets along with it—the Hook.

\*\*\*

THE WIT WACKY.

'Twas Frivol, and the Royal Gaboon  
Did Froth and Banter in the Pitt,  
All Hum Bug was the Lyre Lampoon,  
And Mugwumps Squibbed wit.

Beware the Sour Owl, my son,  
The Wampus, and the Awgwan.  
Beware the Purple Cow, and shun  
That Goblin Pelican.

He took his Siren sword in hand,  
Long time the Phoenix Foe he sought,  
So rested he in his jest Showme  
All Octopussed in thought.

And as in Jaded thought he stood  
The Sour Owl with eyes aflame  
Crept Voo Doo through the Widow wood  
Orange Peeling as it came.

One two, one two, and through and through,  
The Scalper blade went snicker snack;  
He left it dead and with its head  
He then Flamingoed back.

"And hast thou slain the Sour Owl?  
Come to my arms, Tar Baby, boy!  
Oh, Cracker crack, my Maniac,"  
He Jugglered in his joy.

'Twas Frivol and the Royal Gaboon  
Did Froth and Banter in the Pitt.  
All Hum Bug was the Lyre Lampoon,  
And the Mugwumps Squibbed wit.

\*\*\*

Stude (singing): "Then I'll wed you, and by and by—"

Roomate: And Buy and Buy and BUY!

\*\*\*

He (over the phone): Have you an engagement for this evening?

She: Not yet. He's only been here an hour.

LIBERATED VERSE.

Sleep on, sweet youth;  
Let numbness be your goal.  
Your mind's uncouth  
But never mind; your soul  
Is pure and simple

Your knowledge bump, a dimple;  
Dumb Isaac be your guide; sleep, sweet boy, sleep.

\* Note: The above is dedicated to the Fresh who thought Florence, Italy, was an opera singer.

\*\*\*

THE TOUGH LUCK DIARY.

One: Walking down street when a Turkish bath took fire. Ran six blocks, only to find out it was men's night.

Two: Flirted with a girl. She told me to call Lincoln 81, and ask for "Cookie." I did, and it was a bakery.

Three: Last night I dreamed I was playing opposite Pola Negri in a big love scene, and woke up with the dog licking my face.

\*\*\*

Ris: Why do you always cross yourself when you see that girl?

K: 'Cause I think she looks like the D—.

\*\*\*

"Do you think that joke is amiss?"

"No, it's a hit."

\*\*\*

"What's the height of foolishness?"

"Bragging all over that your ancestors were the first to come from England, and then going back there to marry."

\*\*\*

EXTRA! ! ! ! ! ! \* \* \* \*

Next week Holy Smoke will be run entirely on the contribution basis. Get your stuff in now. Wednesday is the dead-line!

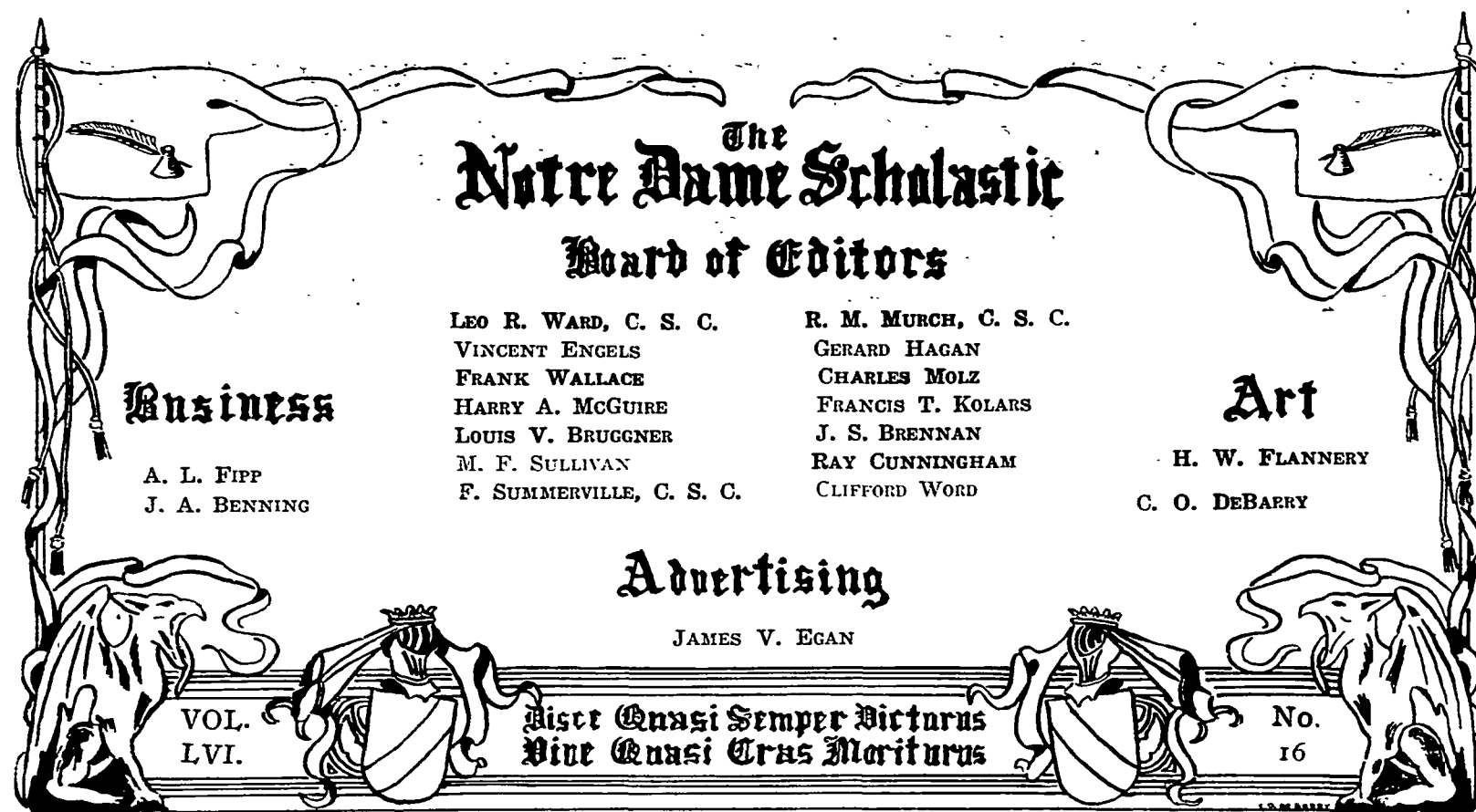
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Last line:

And as he walked across the street  
A street car had a wreck;  
A line came down from up above  
And hit him in the neck.

Last Line.

KOLARS.



When a class committee working out details for one of the major dances is obliged to decide where the dance shall be held, the members are easily puzzled.

#### ON WITH THE DANCE.

They must make a choice out of only two or three places.

In the end the decision may be made through a process of elimination, the advantages of the final choice being not so obvious as the disadvantages of those places rejected. The choice is only a compromise.

This problem of choosing the place for a dance is partly the consequence of the relative smallness of all those floors available. When the university was smaller, or when the number who wanted to attend the major dances was not so large, the size of the dance floor was a matter of less concern. Now this is otherwise. One could find sophomores last week who felt they were placed in an unjust position when they were unable to get tickets for the cotillion. These same sophomores saw juniors and seniors paying high prices for tickets. Men who had dated for the cotillion weeks earlier were, in numerous instances, without the elusive pasteboards, and accordingly embarrassed. Here was a situation arising because only one hundred and fifty couples could be accommodated at the Oliver.

The average university is equipped with an armory or a hall suitable for important dances when there is not a place elsewhere.

Here we have nothing of this kind. South Bend cannot snap its fingers and produce the floor that is needed. Still, the situation will grow more acute each year as the school grows. The solution, when the number who desire to attend exceeds the capacity of the dance floor, may eventually be found in the example of one mid-west state university where, the same night last year, two senior balls were held in order to accommodate eight hundred couples. Our problem, compared to this, shrinks away. This kind of solution may hardly be considered a satisfactory one. One or the other of the dances, when two are held, is likely to be the more important. This consideration aside, however, any solution is likely to be better than the scalping of tickets or an attitude of rebellious jealousy by those disappointed at not getting tickets.

MOLZ.

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The newspaper controversy as to whether athletics are given too much emphasis in university life, continues. The recently-announced intention of VARSITY SPORT? TOO MUCH Ohio State to offer a course in physical education leading to a degree in the college of education is caused, perhaps, by the controversy. Further and more radical actions may follow.

Just the other day a coach of champion

teams in a California school had his say. "The system," he said, "is making us a nation of spectators." He advocated a discontinuance of the present system in which a comparative few are given the opportunity to take part in athletic games, and suggested general student participation in sports, and elimination of the long trips made by many teams.

There is no argument against the statement that university training is intended for development of the spiritual, with development of the physical indulged in only insofar as it may aid in mental development. Inter-hall competition and gymnasium work gives all Notre Dame men the opportunity to develop physically and to satisfy the natural desire for some athletic competition; and it is a question whether or not the varsity games are given too much attention. That is a matter upon which one cannot venture an opinion without considerable reflection.

FLANNERY.

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Everyone who is right-minded should be reasonably interested in exposing the hypocrisy of the Ku Klux Klan. There are,

MEETING of course, certain methods to be pursued, certain principles THE KLAN. to be observed, in exposing that hypocrisy. This theorem

is basic. Error can be met only with truth and hypocrisy can be destroyed only by honesty. The American Unity League, which leads the campaign against Ku Klux duplicity, was, in our opinion, somewhat unfortunate in having as its associates those men and women who edited and published *Tolerance*, the League's official organ now, at least temporarily, suspended. We say frankly that we found the pages of *Tolerance* lacking the urbanity and the sincerity that one might expect from a journal whose purpose was so high and so clean. When we consider the absence of these qualities and, further, the lack of care that was observed in publishing statements regarding purported members of the Klan, it is not surprising that the editors of *Tolerance* are involved now in a number of damage suits.

The Ku Klux Klan should meet aggressive

opposition from those whom it maligns, but it should meet an opposition that is not tainted with commercialism. The editors of *Tolerance* were, we think, looking for dollars, not for truth. Those who desire to expose the purposes of the Klan can, it is certain, be satisfied with nothing less than informing the opinion of honest people in an honest way. The Unity League itself is hardly responsible for the disaster that overtook *Tolerance*. We fail to see, however, where the League could have been surprised. *Tolerance* during its brief life was interesting, but not convincing.

The Klan is not now, and is not likely ever to be, so strong that it will injure or undermine the Roman Catholic church. It is only as an enemy to the rights and the liberties which the members of that church possess that it is dangerous. The Kluxers declare on occasion that they have no antagonism toward Catholics. We know that to be untrue. Now the *Fiery Cross*, which represents the Klan, declares openly that it is fitting that northern Indiana should be the battle-ground for the Klan in Indiana because it is the home of Notre Dame. If the Kluxers think they are going to make northern Indiana their battle-ground, we suppose they will continue to think so. We hardly know what the term battle-ground, in this use, implies. However, if the vicinity of Notre Dame and South Bend were to become the battle-ground of the Klan, we see no reason why the Klan could not be met here as effectively as elsewhere. The men who founded Notre Dame and their friends who settled along the St. Joe were the friends of truth. They were not bigots, nor are those who have followed them bigots. Truth can meet error anywhere beneath the blue skies. It can meet it in northern Indiana.

MOLZ.

Couè for the creamery: Every day, from every whey, we get butter and butter.

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The man who drowns his sorrows is usually the man who drowns himself.

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To be or not to be isn't a question; it's an answer.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "THE COMMISSIONS OF C. O. M."

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC:

I differ with your columnist, C. O. M., who states in "Book Leaves," that "we think 'Certain People of Importance' successful, as a serious attempt to portray the life of an American family." Surely not a typical American family. I would hate to think it was the fashion, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, for old men to marry negresses. He also says: "If this book is defective at all it is in the absence of vitality in the last hundred pages." Perhaps the ending may lack vitality, but this is far from being the only or greatest defect this book possesses. Throughout the continuous airing of all the sordid incidents of adulterous marriages, and of the most disgusting details of marriage for the satisfaction of passions, there is a total disregard of marriage as a Sacrament. This is the great defect of most of our best sellers, and Catholic journalists should be the first to recognize it.

Undoubtedly Mr. C. O. M. would not have said, "Leacock gets better the more he writes," had he known that the essays appearing in *Harper's* were delivered as lectures before Leacock's humor became popular. Now, he, like Strachey, and many others, is selling his old exercises because the gullible public craves his "stuff."

M. O'BRIEN.

## "GOD'S COUNTRY."

Editor of THE SCHOLASTIC:

An editorial appeared entitled "The Formal Cotillion," by Molz. From this editorial, I take the liberty to quote a sentence:

"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 hobnails."

With all due respect for Mr. Molz's editorial ability, I who come from the "great open spaces," cannot endure to let such a gross misrepresentation pass unnoticed. This attempt at humorous sarcasm dwindles into the weak, shabby derision of a parlor rat, lounge lizard or tea hound for a man to whom life and the God-given earth mean more than the strutting vanity and the polished emptiness of conventional society. To Mr. Molz, the Westerner is evidently a species of fowl for whose digestive tract crushed rock is a necessity. His imagination has even led him to establish a connection between "great open spaces" and hobnails and dancing—some kind of an endurance test, I presume; such as a cross-country dance.

I would recommend for Mr. Molz an eye-opening

trip through the West. He will need neither arms nor ammunition, but had better carry a bone-grinder and a rock-crusher for emergency, also a first-aid kit for rattlesnake bites and some thirst-quencher for the "great open spaces" of the deserts. A notebook will not be amiss, for through his impressions he might possibly learn something, who knows?—and above all, his tuxedo.

He will see, however, the "great open spaces" of which he writes; he will be in places where his vision will be unobstructed for a hundred miles, and he will stand in awe and wonder, and marvel at the magnitude of Nature, of which he seems to be unaware. He should then feel the infinitesimal littleness of man, the vision which is the heritage of the West.

For Mr. Molz's edification, I would ask him to note the expression in the eyes of the genuine westerners on the campus. In them he may be able to see the typical faraway look of eyes that are accustomed to vastness and distance of view. He will then realize the attribute of the West that grips every man who has spent a portion or all of his life there, and which calls him back over half the world to a place where he can look down on the earth and nature in all her primal magnificence and have that feeling of liberty surge into his soul that makes the world his own and God his only Master: when Mr. Molz has had this experience—then he will not speak disparagingly of the "great open spaces."

A WESTERNER.

## "BETTER SPEECH."

A committee, compounded of members from three national organizations, urge upon Americans the desirability of consecrating annually a week in February and another in November as "Better Speech Weeks." As an object lesson in the need for "Better Speech," hardly anything more convincing could be devised, I suppose, than the preliminary statement of the chosen committee. "Speech improvement" should, of course, first command our attention; then we should look to "distinctly and agreeably spoken standard English in America"—surely a burly fellow to take in hand. The committee concedes, too, that "distinctness of utterance and agreeable voice quality are achievements in speech worthy of cultivation."

Now improvement in speech, as in everything else, is a highly desirable achievement, and in speech, as everywhere, improvement presupposes and demands as a groundwork subservience to rather definite but simple formulas. Those basic principles in English

are the rules of grammar, rules which all of us readily admit in theory, but hardly in practice. Nouns, for instance, are, without any fault of their own, thrust crosswise into the berths of adjectives, or a whole retinue of adverbs, participles, and nouns is inconsiderately called upon to do duty as a simple adjective. This latter monstrosity, with its many convolutions, gets somehow into the daily press, and we wonder a bit as we labor to free the thought from the unnatural construction; for such makeshifts have no place in our conversation. As a general gauge, however, we may say that the unpardonable breaches of grammar and such sheer inanities as "And that's that" grace our editorials only because we tolerate them in daily intercourse. Anyone can verify this fact for himself. He will observe that those ephemeras and barbarisms which appear in our magazines and newspapers have already gained something of a practical vulgar acceptance. Our first argument for better speech, therefore, should be a plea that the grammar of conversation be brought up to standard and, as nearly as possible, kept there, and that argument, unless for the sake of contrast, should be grammatically stated.

The editors of the SCHOLASTIC, of course, individually sanction this commendable movement toward better speech; indeed at some early meeting they may pass a "collective resolution to support" it. But seriously—where, if not in university life, shall we look for the nurture and practice of standard English? And, fellow editors (think about it till we meet), where, if not in our venerable and growing magazine, does the English of our university life display itself?

In sincerity, then, we shall have to admit, I think, that good English is hard to speak and to write, and this is for the simple reason that clear, straightforward thinking is not easy. In sympathy we admit, too, that weeks and months and years of "Better Speech" would not make the language of our daily intercourse intolerably good. For example, "speech worthy of cultivation,"—no matter which of many things that might mean,—bespatters the best articles appearing in the magazines of American colleges,

—not, however, in our own columns. But making big allowance for the need of better English, we still maintain that the joint committee sets a base standard.

LEO R. WARD.

### INTERVIEWING EUGENE.

What sort of fellow is Eugene O'Brien off the stage? That is what we wondered before our interview with the celebrated artist. We had heard that most of the stars of the stage were conceited and temperamental, and so it was with some awe that we approached this star's dressing room.

But the twinkling blue eyes, the genial smile and the hearty handshake of Mr. O'Brien soon put us at our ease and we enjoyed a long conversation with, to our mind, the finest fellow on the American stage.

"I am one of the 'Irish' myself," he said, "for O'Brien is my real name and I am proud of it. Frequently my managers have advised me to take a stage name, but to my mind O'Brien is much better than 'Elfilie Mauri' or some such nonsense. In fact, if I did take such a name the public would not be fooled as to my nationality and would think I was trying to misrepresent myself."

Mr. O'Brien is a faithful Catholic and attends his religious regularly, according to Mr. Dousman, his secretary. Mr. Dousman is a young fellow who discontinued his studies at St. Louis University in order to accompany Mr. O'Brien on his trip.

When questioned as to the reason for his return to the speaking stage Mr. O'Brien answered: "I have always wanted to get back to the legitimate stage. It was the way I started out and probably a bit of sentiment has crept into my constitution. I was bound by a long contract with Selznick and became very tired of moving picture work. As soon as I got the chance I resolved to appear on the stage. And here I am.

"However, I made a few pictures before quitting the silver sheet and the one which I worked hardest for and hoped would be a great success was 'The Voice from the Minaret.' It was my return as leading man for Norma Talmadge, so I wanted it to be good. I had received thousands of letters from



'movie' fans asking me to go back to Miss Talmadge. I hope they all enjoyed the picture as much as I did making it."

Mr. O'Brien said that he really rode the pony in the polo scene in "The Voice from the Minaret." "It had been quite a while since I had ridden a horse," he continued, "but I used to ride very much when I was a boy, and my old ability soon came back. I did not make the goal, though. The ball was rolled between the goal posts and I rode furiously down the field, threw up my mallet and smiled as if I had done something wonderful." And here the good-natured Eugene laughed long and heartily as he thought of the many young men who envied his athletic prowess.

"There is a peculiar incident connected with that same picture," he went on. It seems that as a clergyman, I was required to give the congregation my blessing. After the scene had been 'shot' I was told that I had used my left hand in performing this religious rite. At first I thought they were dreaming for I did not see how I should commit such an error. I have always made the sign of the cross with my right hand and it did not seem possible for me to use my left. But nevertheless when I viewed the film I saw that I had actually done so. I was forced to make the scene over. After studying the matter over for a while I discovered the reason for my mistake. I had become used to making gestures with my left hand, for to use my left hand while a picture was being filmed would cause the camera view to become impaired. And thus it was that I blessed the faithful with my sinister hand."

THOMAS AHEARN-JOE MENDER.

### KREISLER.

To meet Fritz Kreisler is to come in contact with a wonderful personality. To talk with him is to hear the outpourings of a rich heart and a full mind. But to hear him play—ah! there is pleasure. To try to describe his playing would be worse than saying nothing at all; but we can always voice our appreciation.

Kreisler's tone is, of course, his diadem of glory. About his technique—that is left to

the music critics. From the opening number, Kreisler had his audience with him, heart and soul; for to withstand him is impossible. He started with the Burch "Concerto," which he rendered, as he did all the selections, inimitably. He also played "Lotus Land" by Scott, and "Dance Orientale" by Rimsky-Korsakoff. He was called back time after time; the people were enthusiastic; and they drew out the best in him. He responded with "Ballet Music" by Schubert; "Spanish Serenade" by Chaminade; and one of his own compositions, "Rondino."

At the end of the concert, the audience was enraptured; and Kreisler, unlike a great many other artists, came back and played the "Song of India" by Rimsky-Korsakoff; and two of his own compositions: "Caprice Viinoise," and "The Old Refrain."

When we say he was appreciated, we leave too much unsaid. South Bend and Notre Dame crowded the commodious Blackstone to overflowing. After four hundred standing room tickets had been sold, the box-office closed. The students formed a very large part of the audience, showing the "N. D. Spirit" in music as they do in other things.

M. F. S.

### AMONG US IMMORTALS.

"It is much easier to be critical than correct."

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While it is indisputably true that T. Gorman et al. can cut some figures on the ice, it is no less true that Jim Bell cuts quite some figger in sassiety. At the Sophomore Cotillion the other night, surely no one out-Beaud old man Brummel any more than did Jim. In passing we wonder when he is going to return our suspenders, and our socks, and our derby, that he borrowed the night of the Cotillion.

\*\*\*

Furor and excitement reigned supreme for a half hour at the cafeteria one afternoon this week. Our reportorial Mercury, seeing multitudes dashing madly across the campus and through the great entrance of the afore-said establishment, decided to ascertain the cause of the commotion and in due time tried

to gain entrance. It was a physical impossibility. Because of the swarming crowd within he could not even begin to enter. However, on asking a bystander about the cause of the pandemonium he was told that a short while before, someone had found a clean sugar bowl on one of the tables. Late that evening information reached us to the effect that the legs of three tables, one chair and one student were broken in the excitement.

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Anyhow, Kable's is the best cafeteria on the campus.

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If you live in Chicago, and you are at least twenty-one years of age, you might learn something of interest to you by making yourself known to our dapper and diminutive friend, Mr. G. Devers, who can possibly be found in his office any afternoon.

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We saw Mr. Alexander P. Jones stretching his literary legs languidly across the campus this morning. He looked as if he had been suffering from ennui. And then, too, he wore a disconcerted air—and a new hat. Alexander is nothing if not disconcerted—and sar-torial.

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We borrowed a copy of the Divine Comedy, last night, from one of Father Cavanaugh's students (?), in which we learned that Dante went through Hell and all its suburbs in order that he might get a glimpse of Beatrice, who had taken up her residence in the celestial sphere. And as soon as that fair lady saw him she emptied on his head many vials of wrath—and they were all quart sizes. And to think that poor Dante went through Hell for her!

And we also noticed in the Divine Comedy that Dante did not go through Hell unaccompanied. So in one respect at least we all have something in common with Dante. For, assuming such a trip to be optional, who would choose to go through Hell alone?

## CAMPUS COMMENT.

At the regular meeting of the Knights of Columbus last Tuesday evening, Fr. George Finnegan spoke on "Some Character Hindrances to Success." His analysis of character was certain and startling; his treatment of the flaws of egotism, timidity and voluptuousness left nothing to be desired. After Fr. Finnegan's talk, smokes, ice cream and cake were served.

The regular speakers for the remainder of the year were announced. They include Knute K. Rockne, Fr. Miltner, Prof. G. N. Shuster, Fr. Walter O'Donnell, Chief of Police Lawrence Lane, Judge Vurpillat, and Mayor Eli F. Seebirt.

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Proceeding on the assumption that athletes need continued punishment if they are to keep in training, the Monogram Club initiated the football letter men of last fall into the club last Sunday afternoon in the gym. Cheer-leader Gleason was among those who smarted under the paddle.

The rough riding was followed by a banquet at Kable's banquet hall, at which Coach Rockne was toastmaster. The main speech was made by Harry Costello, sporting editor of *The Detroit News*; his talk, which had clean athletics as its theme, was inspirational as well as instructive. The members were also addressed by Gus Desch, president of the club, and by Fr. Irving, vice-president of the university and member of the board of athletic control. Fr. Hugh O'Donnell, honorary president of the monogram men, presented the athletes with the new official certificates, which from now on will be awarded to all monogram men. The result of Vince Fagan's pen, they are the kind of "scraps" that will be cherished alongside diplomas in years to come. Music was furnished by the Blue and Gold Syncopators.

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Classical Notre Dame assembled in Kable's banquet hall last Thursday evening and chewed on Shakespearean tid-bits while they had dinner. At the banquet the Shakespeare Club of Notre Dame completed its organization, and placed itself on a foundation which promises to be lasting. Professor Hines, hon-

orary president of the club, was toastmaster as well as chief quoter.

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Fresh, frosh were everywhere Tuesday night in the Brownson "rec" room, making their first bow to polite society on behalf of the Class of '26. As becomes the proper modesty of first-year men, their smoker was smokeless—some say it was because the class president would have Melachrinos or nothing; consequently there was nothing. Among those who took and gave some hard blows were Kempler of Walsh hall; MacDonald, Griffin and Keats of Brownson; and Murray, Splane, Durban and Goulette of Freshman. Fr. Heiser played and sang, and the Gold and Blue Syncopators jazzed things up while the eats were being served.

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Frank Wallace and his "Campus Comment," two of the liveliest things in these parts, have just dropped the final curtain on a little play entitled "Sheik, Sheik, Who's the Sheik?" The outcome was so tumultuous and hazy that no man can be certain that he is not a duly elected sheik. However, the impression is gaining headway that the man who was finally sheiked was Mr. Wallace himself—although the renowned journalist has been too modest to publish the gobs of letters which award to him the Royal Turban.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

#### FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Henry Barnhart, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame K. of C., represented the local council at a meeting of all the grand knights of the state, which was held at the Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis on Feb. 4. It is tight that he spent some of his spare time on the train in putting the finishing touches on that vast chronicle, "My Travels With the President."

Reverend Vincent J. Toole, an old Notre Dame student, has been appointed pastor of a new parish to be organized in Detroit, the location of which will be announced later. Father Toole served overseas for more than a year and was cited for gallantry in action

while in the Verdun sector. In the third Liberty Loan drive he stumped New York and New England with Theodore Roosevelt. He is remembered for his defense of Henry Ford when the motor magnate was being attacked for his war views, and also for his defense of the Y. M. C. A. For the past four years he has been in charge of a parish at Paw Paw, Michigan.

Reverend Mathew J. Walsh, C. S. C., president of the university, has left for Portland, Oregon, on an official visit. Father Walsh was delegated by the Provincial to represent him in the discharge of this yearly duty. Reverend Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., has gone to Austin, Texas, on the same mission.

Dan J. Carr, '21, who holds the enviable position of head of the science department at Seton Hill, Greensburg, Pennsylvania, was on the campus Sunday renewing old acquaintances in Cadillac and in Music Hall.

Mr. James J. McGraw, president of the Exchange National Bank, Tulsa, Oklahoma, supreme director of the Knights of Columbus, and a member of the Republican National Committee, has accepted membership on the advisory board of the College of Commerce. Mr. Samuel Insull, president of the board of directors of the Commonwealth Edison company, of Chicago, has also accepted membership.

Oscar Ruzek, E. E., '22, is employed by the Escanaba Traction company, Escanaba, Michigan. The exact nature of his duties is not known, but it is safe to say that Oscar is the busiest man on the force.

Word was recently received of the death of Bishop O'Reilly, an uncle of Gerald and Eddie Ashe. Until a few years ago Bishop O'Reilly was in charge of the Baker City diocese in Oregon, but was transferred to Lincoln, Nebraska, to succeed Bishop Tihan.

Thomas C. Kelly announces the opening of

an office for the practice of law in the Majestic Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The Institute of International Education is conducting a prize essay contest among undergraduates on "The Cancellation of the Allied Debts." The purpose of the contest is to stimulate interest in the present world condition among students. Those interested in the competition will find notices on the bulletin boards giving details and the conditions.

The University has just received the following books, the gift of Professor Edward J. Maurus, M. S., "Geometrie de Position Par Carnot," and sixty-nine volumes of the "British Almanac and companion," dating from 1833 to 1901 inclusive.

In a recent issue of THE SCHOLASTIC, Mr. William A. Walsh, Yonkers, New York, was referred to as having received his monogram in 1885 instead of in 1895. Mr. Walsh was graduated from Notre Dame with a law degree, and is now a member of the law firm, Walsh, Baird & Smith.

Dr. John Stuart Thomson, Jersey City, New Jersey, is being advocated by the Chinese progressive press for the appointment of United States minister to the Chinese Republic. He is known in China as "China Thomson" because of his influential work on behalf of that nation as a republic. Thomson is the author of many works accepted in China as standard, and adopted by the Chinese government for use in the native Chinese universities.

John J. Buckley, J. D., '22, of Youngstown, Ohio, visited the university over the week end. John has his own law offices in Youngstown and claims that business there is booming. According to all reports, he was as much at home in the Oliver Cafeteria as he was in the days when he was president the day Dodgers.

BRENNAN.

## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

### HOCKEY.

Norman Feltes, by scoring Notre Dame's third and winning point against Michigan here last Saturday, concluded one of the most exciting hockey contests ever seen on the local rink. Feltes shot the puck over for the winning point after a clever advance by McSorley and Flinn, resulting in a terrific but futile effort on the part of the Wolverines to tie the score in the remaining minute of play. Lieb successfully prevented the Wolverines from further scoring on two remaining moves, once by recovering the puck from Captain MacDuff, the cleverest skater of the visitors, who brought the rubber within scoring distance, and on a later play by stretching himself full length, completely destroying the Wolverines' remaining hopes. Neil Flinn played a clever and consistent game, winning the first point for Notre Dame practically unaided, only to repeat his performance at the beginning of the second period. The Wolverines, who took the lead after the first six minutes of play, displayed themselves as fighters, Henderson tallying for them at the close of the second period. The third period was bitterly contested, but as a result of Feltes' follow-up of McSorley's and Flinn's advance, ended in a thrilling victory for the Irish.

The line-up and score is as follows:

NOTRE DAME (3)		MICHIGAN (2)	
Feltes	_____	Anderson	_____
	Wing.		
Gorman	_____	Buesford	_____
	Wing.		
McSorsley	_____	Linstrom	_____
	Center.		
Lieb	_____	Kahn	_____
	Goal.		
Capt. Wilcox	_____	Capt. MacDuff	_____
	Defense.		
Flinn	_____	Comb	_____
	Defense.		

Summary: Goals—Flinn, 2; Feltes, Comb, Henderson. Substitutions—Henderson for Anderson, Peterson for Lindstrom, Bullard for Feltes. Referee—Paul Castner, Notre Dame. CLIFF WARD.

## BOOK-NOTES.

C. O. M.

Every year Edward J. O'Brien classifies along with many statistics and asterisks the "best" short stories of the previous twelve months. His anthology for 1922 is now in the hands of all those who believe that short stories as Mr. O'Brien picks them look good between purple-bound covers. The O'Brien supply of asterisks is as great as ever, and whether you like asterisks singly, in pairs or in triplets you are bound to be satisfied. In reading this group of short fiction one conclusion is almost inevitable. That is that American authors were responsible for hardly any notable short stories during 1922. With one exception, the stories in O'Brien's anthology might have been written by high school students studying under the learned J. Berg Esenwein of the Home Correspondence Schools. Sherwood Anderson's story, "I'm a Fool," reprinted from the *Dial*, is the exception. "A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one," says the editor of the volume in his introduction. Then 1922 was an exceptional year.

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When the millennium is a few years nearer, we hope that the social service workers will turn their attention to the case of the rich bachelor who always possesses an immaculate apartment, a Jap servant and a couple of cars, who has a business and a subtly suggested income, and who lives in an elevated world of his own. He is always a helpless individual despite his affluence. "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street describes the helplessness of one of these individuals, in love with one woman without knowing it and not in love with another of whom he thinks he is enamored. It has the flavor of literary dessert, sweet-tasting, but not nourishing.

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Padraic Colum is the poet of the broken earth and furrowed field, of winding roads at dusk, and of the incense of steaming sod. One cannot read his poetry without understanding the strength and virility which he breathes from the peasant lands which he transfigures. The poems in "Wild Earth," which is now republished after six years, are informed by this virility. Withal there is a pensiveness to the verses which it contains, the pensiveness that is more often mute than expressive, the primitive introspection that is awakened when man stands awed in the sight of Nature. Colum's poetry has the beauty of clay moulded by the hands of an artist. It is best represented in "Wild Earth" by "The Plougher," "An Old Woman of the Roads," "Across the Door," and "Dermott Donn MacMorna."

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The three numbers of the *International Book Review* which have been published thus far have not been sufficiently interesting to warrant great hopes for this publication in the future. It contains lengthy book reviews,—but who cares for the pe-

dantic opinions of professional reviewers, most of them past the useful age of life and already in their dotage. Criticism must be interesting to be worth reading. This new journal appears to be a monthly edition of the New York *Times* Book Review, whose former editor now heads the editorial staff of the *International Book Review*. The *Times*, wrapped in conventionalities, has been interested more in orthodox policies than in the newer traditions which some of its contemporaries have followed. The contemporaries, we note, are in the field of literary criticism more successful.

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"I very much resent being called a jazz poet," protests Vachel Lindsay in the February *Poetry*, "because the phrase has been used to mean something synonymous with hysteria, shrieking and fidgets. . . . I abhor the kind of ballroom dancing that goes with jazz. . . . My standard for oratorical and musical poem might well be represented by Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast.' And as for poems written for pictures, among British poets I could cite the example of Rossetti, for the great majority of my verses are inscriptions written for my pictures, made or imagined."

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February is an important month. We have the birthday of Edgar Allen Poe on the 19th, James Russell Lowell on the 22nd, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on the 27th, and there was the birthday of Lincoln on the 13th—Joseph C. Lincoln, the gentleman who discovered Cape Cod. . . . Irvin Cobb has collected some of his newspaper experiences into "Stickfuls: Compositions of a Newspaper Minion," now on the Doran presses. . . . An item exclusively for the low-brows. Harold Bell Wright will publish a new novel, "The Mine with the Iron Door," the coming August. . . . Miss Rebecca West, author of "The Judge," promises to visit American shores next November. . . . Old George Saintsbury, who has oozed wisdom about literature and other things for the past half century has gathered into "A Scrap Book" seventy essays so diverse in subject as "Tennyson, the Brigand," "Red Hair" and "Sausages." . . . A new edition of James Stephens' "Crock of Gold" has just been published. . . . "The Waste Land," says John Drury, "is the greatest poem so far written in contemporary literature," which is taking a big mouthful. "The Waste Land" won for its author, T. S. Eliot, the Dial prize of \$2,000 for 1922. . . . If you are one of those who are wondering what they should read, you may be interested in the new Catholic Reading List, which will come from the Ave Maria press within the next week or two. . . . As a fitting observance of Lincoln's birthday, we started the reading of Lord Charnwood's Life of Lincoln, and we may as well pause to recommend it to all who enjoy biography that is neither mere writing nor simple hero worship. . . . Covici-McGee, Chicago publishers, promise a novel by Maxwell Bodenheim, "Blackguard," March 15th.



## CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

### "LOVE WILL FIND A WAY."

The typical college fellow's room is always decorated with many pictures of beautiful girls, including those on snapshots, movie magazine covers, et cetera. But usually, hanging on the wall, directly in front of his desk, one will find at least one photo which seems to be more important than the rest because of the gilt-edge frame surrounding it. And the student will always feel elated when the other fellows admire his friend represented in the picture. One cannot always be certain, though, that the girl in the picture knows that he has her photo. We infer this because out in Oklahoma University, a number of heart-broken young men who were unable to persuade their "sweeties" to give them a picture, stole them from the photographer's show case.

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At Beloit College it is not sufficient for the girls to follow the regular educational courses which require a great deal of pondering over involved textbooks. They must also spend at least five weeks before graduation learning to keep house. The girls work in groups, one as a housekeeper, one as a cook and one as a janitor, and every few days they exchange jobs with one another. We feel certain that the girls who receive the high marks in this, rather than in their other classes, will not have the slightest trouble securing a partner in the business of life.

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### NOW WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

In this column some time ago we stated that the faculty at the University of Chicago considered adopting a new course,—“The Psychology of Love,” in order that the students might learn how to solve scientifically all serious love affairs. But since then, Forrest Kingsbury, assistant professor in the Department of Psychology, has strongly opposed all factions that were endeavoring to instigate it, and has succeeded in keeping the course out of the curriculum. He had two chief objections: In the first place the type of student who would register for such a course probably would not be the serious-minded one. He most likely would be a searcher after the sensational and salacious. And in the second place the lack of efficient organization would hinder the success of the course.

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Considerable time has been spent in many universities discussing various types of students to determine which ones possessed the most recognizable qualities befitting the modern sheiks and shebas. In many instances the students who were the best dressed were the ones picked. At Iowa State College, however, they have not been content to find out merely who the best dressed students were so

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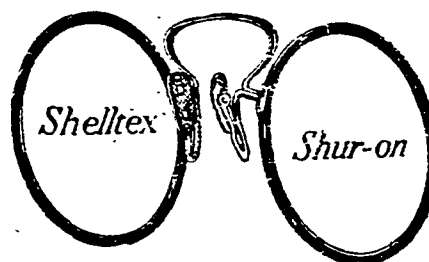


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as to place them on the sheik and sheba list; they are at present holding a contest to ascertain who is the best dressed professor. The nominees are three faculty men and three faculty women. And all of the students vote. When the winner finally has been decided the college officials should introduce "The Psychology of Love" as a regular course, and assign the winner as instructor, teaching the student sheiks and shebas.

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### AUTO-SUGGESTION OUGHT TO SUGGEST 'EM.

The diminutive French apothecary, Coue, set sail on the Olympic last Saturday to return to his native soil, but before he left he paused in New Haven to address the students at Yale. To them he recommended the use of auto-suggestion in connection with studies and sports, and gently hinted that a course in the theory which he upholds, be established. The course has been established in every university for many years, only the tricky tactics of the ancients have not been put into practice heretofore.

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The members of the "weaker sex" have always consoled themselves believing that because they are not as strong physically, as the other sex, they are superior mentally. Especially in co-educational universities can this be noticed. The co-eds simply take it for granted that they are more brilliant because they usually receive higher grade marks than the eds. But ever since the survey was made at the University of Southern California, the co-eds have had little to say. The statistics revealed that the higher marks which they received were not attributed to any prodigious knowledge, but to the fact that women average two hours less work than men, take lighter subjects and have fewer outside activities. We shall concede them nothing until figures prove they deserve it!

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### CAUGHT CRIBBING.

During the exam week at Wisconsin University five men,—two freshmen, two sophomores and one junior,—were caught practicing dishonesty (cribbing), and were severely penalized by the faculty discipline committee, being required to earn from five to ten extra credits for graduation. In commenting we quote from an editorial in the *Pennsylvania*: "At the present time, the man who uses unfair methods will not as a rule feel guilty. Later in life, after he has had time to view his college day in retrospect, the matter will assume a larger aspect. Then he will realize the serious mistake he made. He will not then be able to correct the error made years before, but the consciousness of wrongdoing will shadow the recollections of his college career. The man who will face an examination fairly and squarely, and abide by the results so obtained, will never have cause for shame later in life. He will know that he has played the game according to the rules. It is an object of sacrifice worthy to obtain."