

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Vol. LVI.

March 10, 1923.

No. 19

THE LAETARE MEDAL AGAIN.

FOR this year of 1923 the Laetare Medal goes, as several of its predecessors have gone, to the stately city of Philadelphia. The recipient is Mr. Walter

George Smith, in acclaiming whom the University of Notre Dame joins the approval of discerning citizens throughout the United States. Mr. Smith is a public man with a singular record of manifold and devoted public service. He is known, first of all, as an attorney whose legal ability has been extensively looked up to. In 1917 he became president of the American Bar Association. Like many another famous lawyer, his leisure has found time for writing, particularly in the field of history and legislation. As a Catholic his influence made itself felt

publicly as president of the Federation of Catholic Societies of Pennsylvania. It is, however, for three important positions of general public trust that his name is esteemed nationally. When Colonel Vickrey organized the indispensable Commission for

Near East Relief, he turned naturally to Mr. Smith for aid and guidance, and has since treasured his influence on the executive committee of that body. Perhaps no charity to which the country has given itself spontaneously has been more successful or more

noble. Again, when President Harding called the world's peoples together for a parley on the limitation of armaments, the name of Mr. Smith figured prominently in America's advisory committee. Finally, the latest appointee to the powerful board of Indian commissioners is, once more, Mr. Walter George Smith.

All this service is characterized by the finest sort of disinterested labour, by the absence of pecuniary or political gain. These are positions which a man covets for the things to be accomplished, for the deeds to be done.

Mr. Smith has never stood before the people to beg for rewards or honors; his name is of the coinage which is silently conscious of its flawlessness; and Notre Dame is particularly glad to do homage to a man of this character at the present difficult time. The Laetare Medal,



it may be said without further comment, goes to an American Catholic gentleman.

Mr. Smith's career has been long and diversified. Born in 1854, he later attended the University of Pennsylvania, graduating from that institution in 1873. Pennsylvania later conferred two higher degrees upon him. In after years he was to become a trustee of his school. Among numerous other positions of trust, his membership in the Conference of Commissioners for Uniform State Laws may be cited as one of the more important. He has also been manager of the Drexel Institute, and is manager of the Beneficial Saving Fund of Philadelphia and director of the Philadelphia Contributionship. In his new field of service with the Board of Indian Commissioners he assumes duties for which his training and profession have peculiarly adapted him.

We hope that the Laetare Medal may bring Mr. Walter George Smith both joy and honor. To the University of Notre Dame this occasion is one of pride in her ability to discern once more an eminent and honorable Catholic layman.

THE LAETARE MEDAL.

RAYMOND M. MURCH, C. S. C., '23.

On Laetare Sunday for the last forty years, the University of Notre Dame has conferred the Laetare Medal upon a leader from the ranks of the Catholic laity. In 1882 Professor James F. Edwards originated the idea. Father Sorin, the founder of the university, and Father Thomas Walsh, the president, sponsored his plans, and the following year John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the Church in America, received the first medal.

The custom of conferring the Laetare Medal is closely akin to that of the Golden Rose. Indeed, the Laetare Medal has frequently been called the "Golden Rose of America." Each year on Laetare Sunday the Holy Father blesses the Golden Rose. The emblem, however, is not always presented. In fact, the Golden Rose has not been conferred during the last thirty years. The Laetare Medal, however, has been presented every year since its institution, and to-day

the list of Laetare Medalists bears the names of America's foremost Catholic leaders.

Although the chief value of the Laetare Medal lies in the association of the new recipient with the medalists of the past, the medal has an intrinsic value. The disk which forms the body of the medal is somewhat larger than a dollar, and is suspended from a bar bearing in black enamel the words, LAETARE MEDAL. Both the disk and the bar are of solid gold. The edges of the disc are raised and the center is impressed. The words, *Magna Est Veritas et Praevalebit*, "Truth is mighty and shall prevail," form the legend of the obverse side; the name of the university constitutes that of the reverse side. In the field of the obverse side the profession of the medalist is symbolized, in that of the reverse side the name of the recipient is engraved. Of necessity, therefore, the medal changes somewhat each year. The first medals were lettered in blue and purple enamel. The legend of the medal given Patrick J. Keeley, the celebrated architect, was suited to his profession: *Fiat Pax in Virtute Tua et Abundantia in Turribus Tuis*, "Let peace be in thy strength and abundance in thy towers." The escutcheon of the federal government was placed in the field of the medal given in 1896 to General William S. Rosecranz. Thus each Laetare Medal has some special feature to distinguish it from the others and to make it more fitting for the particular recipient.

It was originally intended that the medal should be presented to the recipient on Laetare Sunday. It soon became evident, however, that such a custom was impracticable; hence came the practice of announcing the award of the medal on Laetare Sunday and of presenting it formally at a later and more convenient date. During the first twenty-five years it was customary to present with the medal a beautifully illuminated and framed address, citing the reasons that prompted the selection of the recipient of that year. For the first few years this address was composed in Latin verse, but the prose of the vernacular soon became the fixed language. The artistic work was chiefly the work of Professor Gregori and of artists at St. Mary's college. After 1908 this custom

was succeeded by the one now in vogue—that of reading the formal address at the ceremony of presentation.

The occasion of presentation has, as a rule, been enhanced by the presence of ecclesiastical dignitaries and of other notable persons. The late Cardinal Primate of America, in several instances, pinned the medal on the breast of one of his laity honored by the award, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, the Archbishops of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, together with numerous Bishops, have done likewise for members of their flock. In this and other ways the custom of presenting the medal has received the heartiest approbation of the American hierarchy.

The highest value of the Laetare Medal has been, since the first year of its existence, in the association of its recipients with other Catholic leaders of former years. The selection of the medalist in 1883 was a most worthy one. This award would very probably have gone to Orestes A. Brownson, had he lived a few years longer. As a consequence the name of John Gilmary Shea now heads the list of Laetare Medalists. In the years since that first award numerous leaders have been selected whose achievements have merited a comparison with those of the great historian, and some may have equaled his achievement in other fields, but it is safe to say that his position as a layman in the history of the Catholic Church in America will not be surpassed.

The Laetare Medalist is selected each year by the Academic Council of the University, a body composed of the president, the vice-president, the director of studies, the registrar, the deans of the five colleges, and one faculty member elected from each college. At one of the meetings early in the year the Laetare Medal committee is formed. This committee draws up a list of candidates for the medal, studies the merits of the persons proposed, and several months later reports the results of its investigation, recommending the person whom it considers the most suitable candidate. The Council is then free to choose the person proposed or to choose any other person. Usually, however, the person recommended is accepted. The list of

candidates in the order of preferment is preserved each year in the university archives.

When the Academic Council of the university chooses a Laetare Medalist it does not choose someone from the ranks of the laity to become a leader. On the contrary it singles out one of the true leaders of Catholic laymen and confers upon him a recognition for past services to God and country.

The following is the list American Catholic leaders who have received the Laetare Medal:

- 1883—John Gilmary Shea, historian of the Catholic Church in America.
- 1184—Patrick J. Keeley, architect.
- 1885—Elizabeth Allen Starr, author.
- 1886—General John Newton, noted military engineer of the Civil War.
- 1887—Edward Preuss, selected as medalist, but in fulfilment of a vow declined to receive the honor.
- 1888—Patrick V. Hickey, founder of the *Catholic Review*.
- 1889—Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist.
- 1890—William J. Onahan, organizer of the first American Catholic Congress.
- 1891—Daniel Dougherty, the greatest orator of his time.
- 1892—Henry F. Brownson, author and philosopher, and editor of the works of his distinguished father.
- 1893—Patrick Donahue, the founder of the *Boston Pilot*.
- 1894—Augustin Daly, theatrical manager and promoter of high ideals in the drama.
- 1895—Mrs. James Sadlier, writer of beautiful Catholic fiction.
- 1896—General Wililam S. Rosencrans, the leader of the Army of the Cumberland.
- 1897—Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, distinguished surgeon and author of important medical studies, grand-nephew of Robert Emmett.
- 1898—Timothy E. Howard, noted jurist, and member of the Supreme Court of Indiana.
- 1899—Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose benefactions made possible the beginning of the Catholic University.
- 1900—John A. Creighton, philanthropist and founder of Creighton University.
- 1901—William Bourke Cochran, the stirring orator.
- 1902—Dr. John B. Murphy, America's greatest surgeon.
- 1903—Charles J. Bonaparte, noted lawyer and attorney-general under President Roosevelt.

- 1904—Richard C. Kerens, a kindly philanthropist and former ambassador to Austria.
- 1905—Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, prominent business man of Boston, known as the friend of the poor.
- 1906—Dr. Francis Quinlan, a medical specialist of international fame.
- 1907—Katherine E. Conway, author, the disciple of John Boyle O'Reilly, and one of the makers of the *Pilot* and the *Republic*.
- 1908—James C. Monaghan, noted lecturer and leader in the consular service of the United States.
- 1909—Francis Tiernan (Christian Reid), a leader in Catholic literary circles.
- 1910—Maurice Francis Egan, noted teacher and writer, and American minister to Denmark.
- 1911—Agnes Repplier, distinguished essayist.
- 1912—Thomas B. Mulry, prominent charity worker. at the time of his decoration head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.
- 1913—Charles B. Herberman, the blind scholar, editor-in-chief of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.
- 1914—Edward Douglas White, chief justice of the United States.
- 1915—Miss Mary V. Merrick, who though heavily burdened with bodily afflictions, founded and still supervises the work of Christ Child Society.
- 1916—Dr. James J. Walsh, the distinguished physician and author.
- 1917—William Shepherd Benson, chief of naval operations, United States Navy.
- 1918—Joseph Scott, distinguished lawyer.
- 1919—George L. Duval, business man and philanthropist.
- 1920—Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, eminent physician and historian.
- 1921—Miss Elizabeth Nourse, artist.
- 1922—Charles Patrick Neill, economist.

O FONS BANDUSIAE!

(*Horace C. III, 13.*)

Fount of Bandusia, crystal clear,
 Worthy the flowered wine I pour,
 In offering, a kid I'll bring,
 With frustrate love and war.

Scion of carefree flocks shall shed
 His blood to paint thy waters red.

Fingers of heat may not touch thy robes,
 Giving their folds of cool and peace
 To vagrant flocks, and yoke-worn ox
 From hours afire, surcease.

(Remembered fountain shalt thou be
 For I have built a song for thee!)

F. B. S.

A CENTURY OF ISOLATION.

RAYMOND M. GALLAGHER.

A century ago European despotism, supreme upon the Continent, looked with disapproval and threatening aspect upon democratic institutions in the Western World. Throughout the old world democracy was in bad repute. The Continental Powers had conspired to crush popular rule and to perpetuate absolutism. When they had stamped out liberalism at home, they turned to the Western Continent, which had thrown off its shackles, and where new movements were in progress. They looked across the Atlantic and saw democracy triumphant; they saw kingly power successfully defied; they saw the colonies of South America escaping from the tyranny of Spain and struggling towards self-government; they saw the United States, firmly established as a free republic, expanding rapidly in population and power. America had repudiated the old order.

To those defenders of legitimacy and divine right who dominated European politics this state of affairs was repugnant. The status quo must be preserved. The world must be made dangerous for democracy. These infant nations must go back under the yoke. So the great powers got together, decided to recognize no government produced by open revolt, and perfected their plans for throttling freedom wherever it showed its head. It was generally understood that their next move would be joint military action against the new nations of South America, and ultimately against the United States.

At this critical moment our government decided to act. After careful consideration, there was issued to the European world a message and a warning. This message, which expressed nothing new or revolutionary, but only that which from Washington's day had been American theory and American practice, was conceived by Secretary Adams and President Monroe. In substance, it said to Europe: "We don't like your ideals of government. We have no use for your tyrannical kings, your ignoble oligarchs, your dishonest diplomats. We shall stay out of your affairs and expect you to do likewise with ours. Hands off the American conti-

ment." Such was the first official declaration of America's foreign policy, known as the Monroe Doctrine.

One hundred years have passed. From an inferior nation, scorned by the great powers, we have become the giant of the world. Our population has multiplied ten-fold, our area vastly increased, our wealth become phenomenal. Political parties have come and gone; great domestic issues have arisen, been settled, and passed into history; yet in our foreign policy, despite attacks from all sides, despite distortion and misinterpretation, the Monroe Doctrine remains the cornerstone. It has found its way into international law, treaties and agreements, and has forced itself into the covenant of the League of Nations. Diplomacy has had to swallow it; the nations of Europe and Asia have been compelled to bow to it. At numerous times, against five great powers, it has been courageously invoked. Never has it retreated; always has it triumphed. Under its protective influence, there has flourished on this continent a score of republics, peaceful and prosperous, sound and secure, free from the dangerous maelstrom of European politics.

During our Civil War, when France, in league with other powers, thought it opportune to re-establish the European system on this continent, and set up a monarchy in Mexico, our government intervened, prepared to defend the Monroe Doctrine by force, and drove the monarchy from Mexico. When England, in a boundary dispute with Venezuela thirty years ago, tried to bring to America her methods in international dealings, it was the Monroe Doctrine, in the hands of President Cleveland, which forced Great Britain to accept our arbitration. When Germany, in 1902, arrogant in her swelling power, disregarded the Doctrine and blockaded the ports of Venezuela, you recall how vigorously Roosevelt stood by our policy. You remember that curt message he sent to the Kaiser: "Admiral Dewey with the Atlantic fleet sails to-day," at which Germany withdrew. You remember, too, that only a few years ago, when it seemed that Japan was trying to establish herself in the Western Hemisphere by purchasing land in

Mexico, the United States Senate promptly passed a resolution, which only reaffirmed the Monroe Doctrine, and which checked the activity of the Oriental Power.

These are but a few instances of the vindication of the Monroe Doctrine in its evolution from a theory, unrecognized by Europe, to an established principle in international politics. The Monroe Doctrine is not a mask for United States imperialism; neither is it a crutch for small American nations; it is a measure of self-defense against the encroachments of foreign powers, and as such it has been used.

So much for the past, what of the future? As the Doctrine becomes a century old, and we review its splendid achievements, it is well to take stock, to ask ourselves if it shall remain our guide in foreign affairs. For to-day America is at the crossroads. It seems necessary that our attitude towards Europe be redefined. There are those who tell us that the Monroe Doctrine is antiquated and unnecessary; that is, has become merely an apology for American aggrandizement, and that the time is now here when the nations of both continents should be merged into one great world government. They tell us that America's "peculiar differences" and "splendid isolation" are fancies; that we are one with Europe in political aim and ideal.

Are the internationalists right? Can we now safely abandon the Monroe Doctrine and mingle our affairs with those of Europe? It is true that the century has changed much in Europe. There has been a revolution—peaceful or bloody—in every nation. Kingly despotism has gone out of style. Constitutional government is the rule. Yet, if we pry under the surface to the motives which animate Europe to-day, we see that same spirit of selfish aggrandizement which prevailed a century ago. Diplomats and prime ministers have proved as capable of tyranny as kings and czars. The Holy Alliance is long since dissolved; but schemes of nations in our day have proved as baneful. The balance of powers, the interference in the affairs of small nations, the secret diplomacy and chicanery, the disregard of popular rights and wishes, the theory that might makes right, the subordination of principle to pur-

pose and means to end, the total abandonment of international morality—all these violations of justice are part and parcel of Europe in 1923 as surely as in 1823.

In international ethics, aims and ideals, we have little in common with Europe. We fight a great war unselfishly for a principle; they fight the same war for territory and spoils. We cultivate friendships with all nations; they stir up distrust and perpetuate ancient grudges. We strive for peace and justice; they, for conquest and power.

If you believe that we can destroy the Monroe Doctrine and all it connotes, and cast our lot with Europe; if you believe that the Old World has reformed during the century—go there to-day. See the millions of troops eager for another conflict; sense the fears and hatreds and suspicions which hang like a dark foreboding cloud over the entire Continent; watch the diplomats as they skip about from London to Constantinople, plotting in secret, not to further the welfare of their people, but to gain new territories, subjects and spoils. Go to those unhappy countries of the Near East, where everything that we deem precious—truth, honor, sincerity and principle—is sacrificed to expediency.

When you are fed up on European politics and have seen with disgust that the years have taught nothing to Europe's rulers, come home. Come to this country, whose people, industrious and prosperous, need not bother their heads about international wrangles, where standing armies are unknown, where but one war with another American nation has been fought during the century, and where "peace on earth, goodwill to men" is more than a platitude. Then ask yourselves whether by abandoning our traditional policy of non-interference, and by throwing our men and money into the gamble of European politics, we can better the condition of their people or our own. Your reply will be a fervent "No!"

More than ever before, the Monroe Doctrine and America's historical foreign policies must be maintained. The menace of Europe still confronts us. The Old World seeks to draw us within her circle, not by show of arms, as in 1823, but by fine words

and subtle flattery. Her emissaries are amongst us, preaching their heresies, spreading their ideals, trying to accomplish by propaganda what could never be accomplished by force. We must guard ourselves against their poisonous appeals. We must not surrender the principles which have made us great, the principles which are our birthright. If we do, we shall get a mess of pottage impossible to stomach.

During these disheartening years of reconstruction, Europe has dropped her mask. One by one the ideals set up as a basis for the lasting order of peace and justice have been ruthlessly shattered. Yet with fervent hopes we shall look forward to a better era. We shall pray that soon the clouds will lift from the Old World and a ray of peace will light up those unhappy lands.

Let England abandon her imperialism and reform her diplomacy; let France discard her ancient hatreds and animosities; let Italy give up her selfish plans of aggrandizement; let the new republics of Central Europe prove their stability and sincerity; let Russia find herself; then may we depart from the Monroe Doctrine, break down the barrier between the continents, and link our destiny with that of Europe. Then, gladly, shall we enter into a world government and use without stint our strength and influence to hasten the era of eternal peace. Until such a time, until Europe comes to us cleansed of her sins, we should guard zealously our traditional foreign policies, practicing the maxims which our fathers have given us: "Never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe, and never to allow Europe to intermeddle with American affairs."

LOVE'S MEMORY.

More dear to me than all my memories—

That treasure chest where love has locked past
Junes

With tears and smiles alike; more sweet to me

Than plaintive notes beneath a lonesome moon,
This jasmine flower—your gift. Plucked all too
soon,

It died and withered. Never could it know
Maturity. Was not our love just so?

F. T. K.

SEASONAL SERMONS. II.

THE DIVINE FAVOR.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

God's holiness consists in this: God knows the good just as it is and supremely loves it, and God knows the evil, too, just as it is, and abhors it. Now, by our Christian and religious life, our understanding, darkened by sin, must be enlightened, and our weakened wills reinvigorated, so that we, too, may in our measure know and pursue the good, hate and shun all evil. This is the work of grace. For grace is the application of the merits of Jesus to our souls, to the end that we may be converted to the way of righteousness, kept in that way, and so be saved. In fact, grace has the self-same purpose as has prayer or poverty or mortification or devotion to Mary or any religious act. Grace, however, is more fundamental than any of these. For these only acquire, or increase, or retain grace for us. But it is by grace itself, the merits of Jesus Christ applied to our souls, that we are converted and saved.

St. Paul in all his teaching presents no lesson which comes home to us better than that he was a man and a sinner, tried even as we are in all things. He says that though he knew well enough what he ought to do, and though he desired to do it, he could not always accomplish it. Consequently St. Paul needed the grace of God. And we, just as surely as we are men, have St. Paul's experience in ourselves. We are in every way tempted and, though by God's grace we may see what is right, we cannot always do it. So every man, literally every man, finds himself drawn by contrary spirits. The two standards are continually set before him.

The fundamental fact, with regard to the need of grace, is that man has fallen from his first and grand estate. Man, as the Catechism teaches, has by original sin inherited a darkened understanding and a weakened will; nevertheless, it is by the use of that darkened understanding and that weakened will, that each one is to work out his salvation,—and this, no matter how much darker and weaker he has rendered them by his actual sins. Now, to offset this two-fold de-

fect in our souls, God gratuitously places His grace at our disposal. That is, the merits of Jesus Christ may at any time, so long as we are not abandoned by God, be applied to our souls, unto their conversion, their perseverance in good, and their salvation.

The understanding is the soul's power to know what is right and profitable and necessary, and the will is the soul's power to do it. But these powers, the Church plainly teaches, are by sin seriously impaired. Man, we know from experience, is weak and irresolute in will, in his purpose to do good. But that we are spiritually blinded we perhaps less realize. Whether we realize it or not, however, the man in sin, anyone of us in mortal sin, stands on the brink of the most terrible abyss; and standing there, he needs grace to show him exactly where he stands and to snatch him back from destruction. He needs God's help, His light and His strength.

Grace, then, in the first place, puts things in their proper and relative position before our spiritual eyes. It evaluates things for us. And no service could be of greater significance. Because we do not know or do not keep before us the importance of fundamental truths in the spiritual life, we waver and fall. A secular writer once exclaimed: "O for a statesman—a single one—who understands the living might inherent in a principle!" And so may we well say: "Give us a spiritual leader—just one—who knows the might of a principle! Give us a man who knows the relative importance of what comes before him, who realizes pointedly and unmistakably what is of basic importance and what is of minor consideration."

Such a man would thus be informed by the light of divine grace, so that in his judgments he would be determined by no questionable or worldly maxim, but by some spiritual standard, such as that of St. Ignatius, "All for the glory of God." Such a man would be well started on the way to God. But with all the keen desire and high purpose awakened within him, he would still need grace to fortify his will. For by sin, original sin and actual sin, our wills are made flabby. This each of us knows by experience. We know that, face to face with violent tempta-

tion, we need God's help. We know that even to begin to do what we know we must do, especially to begin over again after a fall, we stand in need of a great grace.

Sanctifying grace is of a permanent character. It is the state of a soul free from mortal sin. Such a soul is, for the time at least, established in grace. Now to live in a state free from mortal sin, a state wherein our every act is meritorious unto salvation, is indeed one of God's greatest graces. The desirability of such a state no one will question, but its inherent glory and beauty no man upon earth can appreciate. To St. Catherine of Sienna it was given to behold a soul in the state of grace. But its brightness so dazzled her that, like the apostle, she could find no words or figures in which to represent her experience. Her biographer says that "she thought of the sweet light of the morning and of the beautiful colors of the rainbow, but that soul was far more beautiful. She thought of the dazzling beams of the noonday sun, but the light which beamed from that soul was far brighter. She thought of the pure whiteness of the lily and of the fresh snow, but that is only an earthly whiteness. The soul which she had seen was white with the whiteness of heaven." So said St. Catherine: "I cannot find anything in this world that can give you the smallest idea of what I have seen." I asked the angel who was with me "what it was that made that soul so beautiful, and he answered: 'It is the image and likeness of God in that soul, and the Divine Grace which make it so beautiful'."

This glorious gift, whereby the human soul is reformed unto the image and likeness of God, is Divine Grace; and it is a gift of such inherent beauty and worth that, if with St. Catherine, we had but one glimpse of it, we should spare no sacrifice necessary to maintain it in our souls. Beyond doubt, we should then desire it and seek it and cherish it, and our souls, through the merits of Jesus Christ, would be restored unto the image and likeness of God. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked should turn from his evil ways, and live." (Ezekiel 33:11).

THE MARTYR.

His steps were firm, and every grain of sand
In that arena longed to be so pressed.
His eyes were bright, and steady was the hand
That had so many feeble hands caressed.

His heart was light, and terror knew him not
For all the air about was filled with God;
And when his feet had reached the fatal spot,
A trail of gold marked out the ground he trod.

Then when his soul the body had forsook,
And blushing sands did bloodless lips salute,
The earth about, all trembling was shook,
And all God's creatures suddenly were mute.

Thus welcomed God another Martyr's soul—
Another name affixed the endless scroll.

JAMES F. HAYES.

PRO PATRIA.

(HORACE.)

O Ship, dark waters rise
To bear thee from the shore.
Where driftest thou? Once more
Give strain, for safety lies
In harbor's loan.

Behold! thy broadside's bare
Of oars forlorn; thy mast
Is shorn by rushing blast
Of Africus; despair
The yardarms groan;

No cables hold the sea
Inexorably grim;
No gods when hopes are dim
Will bend an ear to thee
To hear thy moan.

What then thy boasts of name,
Thy hull of Pontic pine
From lordly woods, thy line
Avail: no painted prame
Can fear atone.

Have care, lest sport is found
For winds. Thou sickened me
At first; anxiety
I hold and yearn: sail 'round
The sunken stone.

JOHN P. MULLEN.

"OUR FRATERNITY."

LAWRENCE W. O'LEARY.

There seem to be times in nearly every youth's life when he feels that in order to be a man the pearly pin of some college "frat" must ultimately grace his vest. Perhaps those times come mostly in prep-school days, when the older fellows return from the state university and spend a lot of time telling alluring tales about their "frats." One has to admit that their stories do sound attractive.

But after the youth, thus typified, arrives at Notre Dame and begins to get acquainted with the place, he puts away the things of prep-schools and his yearnings to a "frat" man begin to dwindle until he finds himself actually glad that N. D. is "fratless." In a short time he makes friends and soon he realizes that there is no place for such basically undemocratic institutions here. Here there are no "barbs" and one cannot possibly be made to feel that he is socially below the level of others; these are pleasing thoughts.

Still, did he ever think that Notre Dame really has a fraternity? More than likely he never got that slant.

Below is the context of an editorial that appeared in a certain Indiana college's paper some time ago. Mainly, it was another of those rah, rah, editorials so common to most school papers. But while the writer moved along, energetically pleading for a new spirit at his school, he attempted to strengthen his case by reporting a conversation said to have been held between a Notre Dame man and a student at the college at which the paper was published.

The two men were talking school. The conversation turned to fraternities, and the question came, "How many fraternities are there at Notre Dame?"

The reply was, "One."

"What, but one fraternity in such a large school? What is its name?"

"Notre Dame."

So Notre Dame really has a true fraternity. After all, are not ordinary college fraternities only the means, and very superficial ones, too, of bringing about a better fellowship? "Our Fraternity" is a greater

fraternity. It does not exact this or that mere material condition. Its only requirement is that a man be a real Notre Dame man, and if fellowship is the main object of a fraternity ours succeeds while the other kind—the ordinary kind—scarcely tastes of success.

THOUGHTS.

Calamity is the test of integrity.

Study that we may learn to study.

Babies are the only true democrats.

It's perversity that begets adversity.

Disappointment is the salt of endeavor.

Puppy love is the first prelude to a dog's life.

Innocence is a virtue that has never been tried.

How well we bear the misfortunes of others!

I'd rather a man would floor me than ignore me.

Passing time plays havoc with the moderns.

Fear, when luxury takes the place of refinement.

He is foolish who sacrifices his ideals for his ideas.

A good synonym for "professor" is "patience."

A good book nowadays is really a diamond in the rough.

The effect of gossip is like the melting of snow into slush.

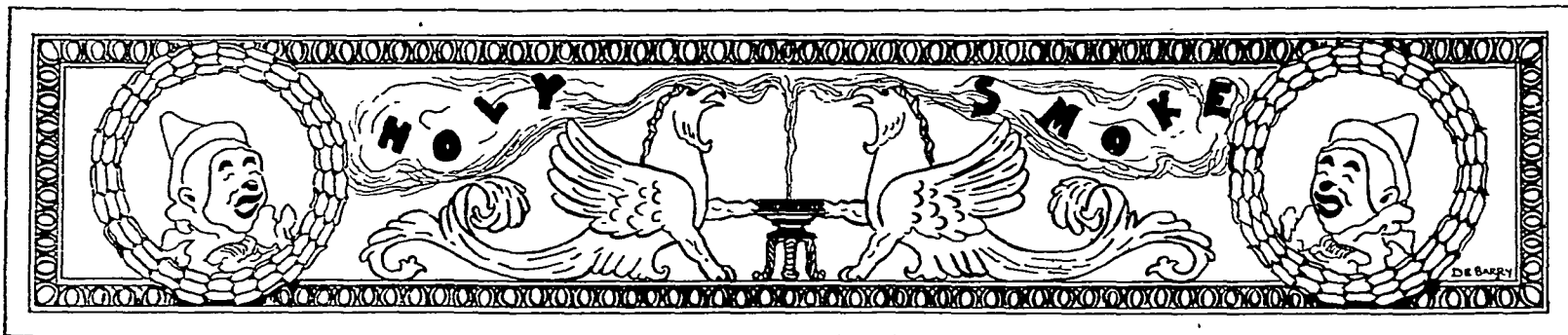
God could not always be with us in person and so he gave us friends.

There are people who keep their word because no one else will take it.

We should make of failures, stepping stones, and not stumbling blocks.

The Great White Way should not be looked upon as "The Bright Side of Life."

Remember those who went down on the Maine did not come over on the Mayflower.



ORIGIN OF EXPRESSIONS.

1—"For two cents I'd kill him." This started in Germany since the "Steve Brodie" of the mark.

2—"Gimme." As near as we can find out, this term is the real nebular hypothesis. It was the first thing in the world.

3—"Got stung, didn't cha?" The snake said this to Cleopatra.

4—"Some line." This is a corruption of "Some Lyin'," and was first used at the time of Baron Munchausen.

5—"Oh, Baby." It is uncertain as to just when this exclamation was first used, but it is thought that someone cheated at the time of Lady Godiva's ride.

FAMOUS WHOOPS.

_____ My dear!

_____ing cough.

_____ing it up.

Put a _____ on it.

Cheer up! You can't be two-faced and one-sided at the same time.

She: Yes, he used to kiss me and tell me of our wonderful love,

For ours—

He: And hours and hours.

STORIES WE LIKE TO HEAR.

Once upon a time we had a date. And the girl knew that the latest slang expression was "Hold her, Newt, she's a rarin'." And when we walked across the street with her to the theatre, a car almost hit us. And she said, "Hold her, Newt, she's a rarin'." And during the show at any tense time she would squawk, "Hold her, Newt, she's a rarin'." And by the time we got to the ice cream emporium afterwards, and the waiter came to take our order we almost told him, "Hold her, Newt, she's a rarin'."

And it kept up. And we put her on a car and said, "Listen, Newt, go up front and get a seat, we want to talk to a guy on the platform. We'll be right up." And we knew she was broke, so we told the conductor that she would pay her own fare, and then we slipped off the car. And as it started out we hollered after it, "Hold her, Newt, she'll be a rarin'."

I thank you.

FLIVVERS.

When I look in your soulful eyes
And ponder their depths—where lie,
Like pools of passion 'neath a veil
Of soft, blue-tinted sky—
The fires of many loves; I must award
You this: If I could choose again,
I'd sooner have a Ford.

"Where y'goin'?"

"Down to the astronomer's to find out when the total eclipse of the moon comes."

"Wha' for?"

"I'm invited to a lawn party, and if it comes on that night, I'm goin'."

Teacher: Now, Abie, if I gave you four apples, and Mickey O'Toole had eight, and I told you to divide them between you, how many would you have?

Abie: A dozen.

ETIQUETTE COLUMN.

Slogan: There's nothin' we don't know.

Stupid Asks: Should the man get off the street car first, or should the girl, or how should it?

Answer: If it is a pay-as-you-leave car the man gets off first. A girl is never arrested for beating her way.

Debutante Asks: Can you tell me how peas should be eaten?

Answer: Certainly we can. Shall we?

Riskay Asks: I am giving a party and I don't know just in what way the wine should be served. Can you tell me?

Answer: Wine? WINE??? Young lady, I am very surprised at you. Do you not know that it is wine that blights the youth of our land. That all the misery and poverty in the world can be traced directly to wine. Wine is a mocker; strong drink is—I forget the rest—But, anyway, wine is an awful thing; simply awful. In fact, it is absolutely unvalitudinarianistic. The last time we had any wine we got so pie-eyed that—But enough; go down to police court and they'll tell you about it.

By the way, how much of it have you, and *what* WAS the address you gave???

KOLARS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Board of Editors

Business

A. L. FIPP
J. A. BENNING

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.
VINCENT ENGELS
FRANK WALLACE
HARRY A. MCGUIRE
LOUIS V. BRUGGNER
M. F. SULLIVAN
F. SUMMERVILLE, C. S. C.

R. M. MURCH, C. S. C.
GERALD HAGAN
CHARLES MOLZ
FRANCIS T. KOLARS
J. S. BRENNAN
RAY CUNNINGHAM
CLIFFORD B. WARD

Art

H. W. FLANNERY
C. O. DEBARRY

Advertising

JAMES V. EGAN
JAMES HAYES

VOL.
LVI.

*Disce Quasi Semper Victorius
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
19

March is the month of white clouds and dashing winds. It comes with a tremulous burst of sunshine that melts away the patches of snow. It disappears under the lash of April showers perfumed with the sweetness of a fertile earth.

There is a breath of expectancy about March. The pendant clouds, fleecy white, and the tender growing things are the harbingers of hope. Only the man who keeps his eyes fastened on the earth can be insensitive to their message.

During the first weeks of March there is still some of the pensiveness of February about the campus. There is only a little of the vision of spring which comes full-blown at Easter time. Now there is a sluggish fever, not to do things, but to believe things. We see a yawn instead of a smile. We are still drugged with a winter's sluggishness. The clouds are a fleece, but we are not their Jason.

March rides a swift chariot. Its steeds are the four winds. The driver is fiery and impetuous, lashing his steeds to the right and to the left. Over the mountains and between the clouds spreads the track as it sweeps upward. We can only visualize over what lands it runs. No matter where it turns and mounds, however, the tempestuous March rides over it. Surveying the sluggishness of campus and classroom, we think we catch a

glimpse of our own failure. We need chariots also. While the March wind is sweeping over the mountains, we, too, should be riding a chariot through the clouds. We should be seeing the sun from Mt. Olympus. MOLZ.

Philosophers still enjoy asking that old question: If all the people in the world except a few were insane, would the crazy people lock up the sane people? Most of us have the answer, or at least think we have. But now comes Dr. J. N. Hurty, famous Hoosier medical man, and says that the American people are rapidly going crazy. "Going? They're already gone. Americans are fast becoming a race of morons, imbeciles, and maniacs," is the discouraging remark of the doctor, who thinks that in another hundred years there won't be a sane person left in the country.

We will have to differ with the Doc. Feeble-mindedness and maniacal hysteria are undoubtedly pandemic in these United States, but we must blame that on the war, which left us in a highly-strung, nervous condition. In time we'll settle down to normalcy. We're headed that way now, and normalcy is sanity.

The craziest people are not all locked up in asylums. Sanity and insanity are somewhat vague terms. We consider average

mentality as sanity and anything below the average as insanity. Even one whose mental state is radically above the average may be said to be queer.

A man may be "off" by one standard and O. K. by another. In grading mentality, most of us are apt to be like the soldier who said: "Everybody's out of step but me." Sanity is a question not only of degree but of circumstance.

ROLWING.

While our debating teams were busy heaping argument upon argument about the allied debts a week ago, New York University and Swarthmore

THE ENGLISH DEBATING SYSTEM. were employing a new experiment in debate by using the English collegiate debating system. Only two men represented each university in the formal discussion, one a negative and the other an affirmative speaker. The teams did not maintain opposite sides to the argument. At the close, no judge's decision was given, but an informal discussion followed in which the audience participated. Here was debating as we would be unfamiliar with it. Might it have its advantages? We think so, especially insofar as the audience is actually a participant in the debate. It would be unwise to say, though, that it is, on the whole, better than the American system. A debate is more exciting when a decision is given. Contests of any kind are an incentive to the interest of auditors and participants.

The English system of debating may be more attractive for the Englishman, who is more deliberate and less enthusiastic than we are. But the Englishman has little of our love for contest. That is why he is a Britisher. As for us, give us the contests.

MOLZ.

The efforts of the Students' Activities Committee to cooperate with the managers of the Cafeteria in obtaining the best service possible will be

COMPLAINTS AND OTHER COMPLAINTS. applauded by the whole student body.

The committee scores again. Estimating its work, we would say that the most valuable thing the committee

has introduced into campus affairs is fair play. Whether adjusting complaints against groups of students, the Cafeteria management or anyone else, fair play is needed. In the instance of complaints against the Cafeteria, it becomes particularly valuable.

The suggestion box which has been placed in the Cafeteria is not of itself important, yet it assumes some importance if considered in the light of what it stands for. The campus needs more of the suggestion box idea. It needs more criticism that is constructive, not destructive. Both individual and collective opinion shows a tendency to condemn unscrupulously. It is an opinion that becomes at times scornful of everything except itself. It is bred of cynical complacency that frequently seeps between the walls of every hall on the campus. We say that more suggestive criticism is needed. Others will agree with us. For those who use a hammer, we suggest the purchase also of a few nails.

MOLZ.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"USING THE LIBRARY."

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC:

A citizen of Indianapolis once told us that people who live in Indiana are not altogether eccentric. He said that practically all the people of the United States possess a peculiar characteristic that is exemplified daily in the capital city. He said that when people possess something or are within easy reach of it they do not appreciate its true worth and value to them.

Our friend told us that more than half the population of the Hoosier capital had never seen the interesting martial paintings and other Civil War relics that hang on the walls of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. Some people have lived in that city for years but they have not availed themselves of the opportunity to look upon some of the most treasured remembrances of the days when slavery was in the balance.

The same spirit of indifference and unconcern is prevalent at Notre Dame. We have on the campus one of the best collections of art and literature that can be found in America. Our library is reasonably complete, containing many books of limited editions and of great historic and literary value. Our Dante collection is the third best in the United States. Our art gallery is among the greatest and has many original paintings of high art value.

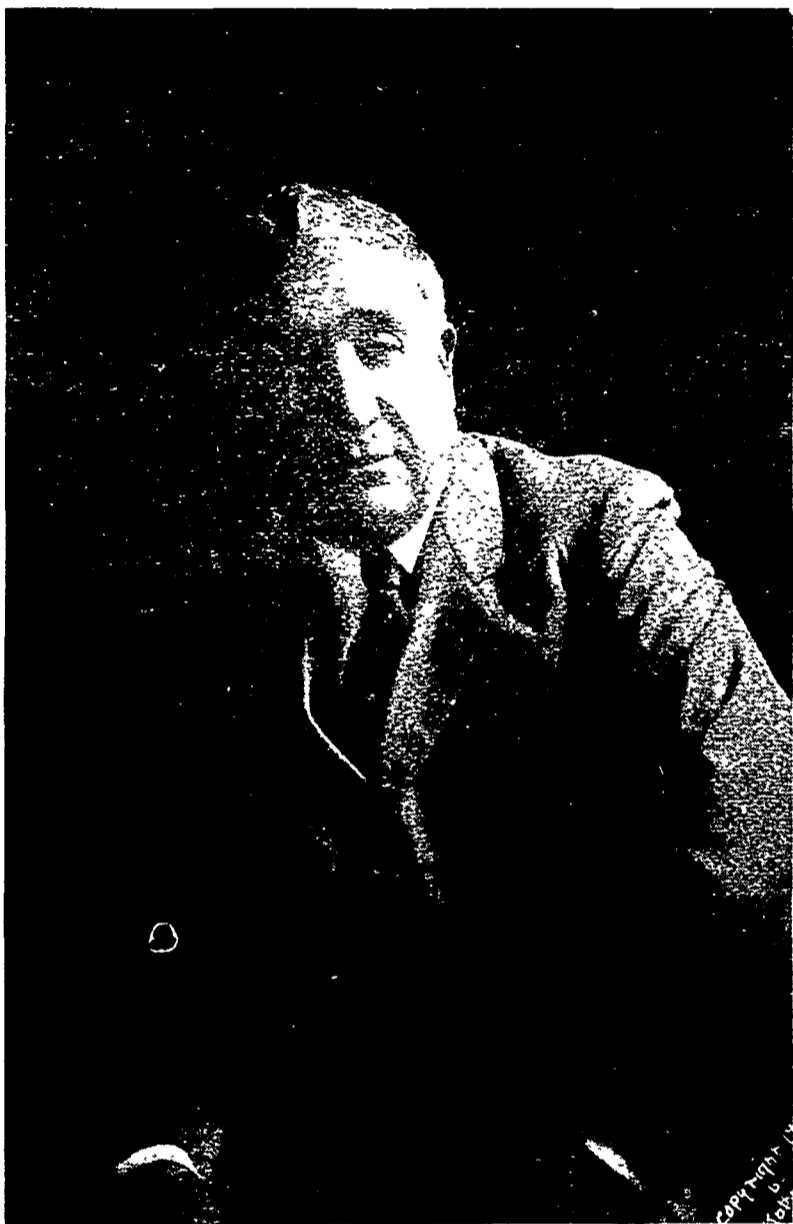
The benefits that Notre Dame offers in this respect are great; and it is to be advised that the student-body make use of these opportunities.

C. M'GONAGLE.

A GREAT ORATOR PASSES.

Hon. Bourke Cochran, orator, statesman, and Catholic gentleman, died at his home in Washington, Thursday, March 1, after an illness of only a few hours.

Mr. Cochran's motto was "Live intensely



and die swiftly." The day before his death he attended the session of the House and spoke with his usual vigor in opposition to the pending bill on farm credits. He was a man of wide interests whose voice thrilled hundreds of audiences in the forty years he was in public life. He espoused many causes, political, social, and legal, which he pursued with characteristic enthusiasm; he opposed the free coinage of silver in 1896 but supported William Jennings Bryan in 1900. He was always a champion of Ireland.

Born in Sligo in 1854, Mr. Cochran's childhood was spent in Ireland and in France. His early education was for the priesthood, but at the age of seventeen, after deciding that this was not his vocation, he came to

the United States. He taught school, and, in his leisure moments, studied law, fitting himself for the bar to which he was admitted in 1876. He became interested in politics through Abram B. Tappan and joined Tammany Hall where his extraordinary oratorical ability was much in demand for political meetings. At the time of his death he was known as the greatest orator of his day.

Mr. Cochran's death was reported to the House of Representatives, of which he was a member from the Sixteenth District of New York, by Representative Riordan (New York). Resolutions of regret were adopted and a committee of twenty members was appointed to attend the funeral which was held Monday morning at St. Jean Baptiste Church, New York City.

Mr. Cochran is remembered at Notre Dame for his addresses on three memorable occasions: at the presentation of the sword of General Maher to the University; at the time when he received the Laetare Medal in 1901, and at the Diamond Jubilee in 1917 when he spoke at the dedication of the Lemonnier Library. His thesis at his last appearance was: that the enduring and abiding supports of all true democracy were Catholic in their origin and development. He said:

"I do not know how this monastic library can be dedicated to the spread of learning more effectively than by showing that so far from being hostile to Democracy or to constitutional freedom, the Church is herself the source of both. Every lesson preached from her pulpits, every Sacrament administered from her altars, every form of discipline established for the government of her religious houses, has been a step toward the establishment of constitutionalism. And this not from choice exercised between different alternatives, but from the very necessity of her being."

"If history proves anything it is that nothing but the spiritual, the ideal, is really practical. Everything that man has undertaken solely for sordid profit or material advantage, however skillfully considered or vigorously prosecuted, has always ended in failure."

J. B.

THE STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE.

Notre Dame is to be the scene this year of the Fourth Annual General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, the convention to take place August 9 to 12. Literature issued recently from the office of the executive board points to an unusually interesting and eventful program.

One thousand guests and delegates are expected to attend and five residence halls are reserved for these visitors, made up of priests, Brothers, Sisters and lay delegates. An inviting program of entertainment is outlined for these newcomers to Notre Dame, and all the summer recreation facilities will be thrown open to them.

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, with headquarters in the Catholic Welfare Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, is an organization of students existing, as its name indicates, for the purpose of promoting interest in foreign missions and lending assistance to them. Anyone, according to the prospectus sent out, who has a genuine interest in Catholic missions may apply for accommodations at the convention or affiliate himself with local units.

Especial interest attaches itself this year to "The Crusade Act of Faith," a notable piece of literature written by Father T. Gavan Duffy, missionary to Pondicherry, India, and printed in large, attractive posters sent out to all units of the organization. Remarkable among the professions of faith therein are these: "I believe in the Missions, because Faith, like other wealth, is given to me in trust, to be shared with others. . . . I believe in myself because God believes in me," and the remarkable closing lines, "I believe in Failure, because Christ failed; in Success, because He succeeded; in Work because He worked; in Death, because He died; in Triumph, because He rose again. Yes, unutterable, all-conquering Word of God, I believe in Thy Message—strengthen my unbelief!"

Officers of the Mission Crusade are: President, Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D.; executive board, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Beckman, S. T. D., chairman; Rev. Frank A. Thill, secretary-treasurer; Anthony P. Lav-

erty, R. J. Kitsteiner, Mary Burks. Communications may be sent to Father Thill, Catholic Welfare Building, 129 E. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. BRUGGNER.

LIGHT ON AFRICA.

There are two ways to get a rise out of Notre Dame fellows. One is to say: the prefect is coming; the other is to say: Newman is coming. Psychologists might tell us what kind of reactions we undergo upon receiving these sensations, but no one needs to tell us what to do under the circumstances. We dodge the prefect; but we flock to Washington Hall to travel with Newman.

The Africa of our desultory reading on that subject has disappeared before the slides and motion-pictures he has brought back from the Dark Continent. Newman is the kind of traveler we like to hear. He brings no superficial view or pictures any one of which might have been taken from a Pullman car window; he has more of the qualities of an explorer. He abhors the beaten path and is more enterprising than William Randolph H. in the matter of bringing the unusual to our eyes.

Capetown was the starting point of our journey this year, and at Cairo we shall part. No phase of the life, both human and natural, of Africa is left untouched. The modern cities, the native pueblos, the whites, the blacks, the scenic beauties, which we never knew Africa possessed, form an extraordinary panorama to be given in four evenings.

All those intrepid individuals who are planning to go on a hunting trip to Africa are given an excellent chance to size up their prey by the unusual natural pictures of the animals which were taken at the cost of much time and trouble, with a noiseless camera. Both Mr. Newman's pictures and his lectures are as different from the old stereotyped form as is night from day. M. F. S.

Give some people enough rope and they will hang themselves; give the same amount to others and they will weave a ladder to success.

3-0, AND VICE VERSA.

Since there needs must be bitter wine, to quaff it first will make the sweet the sweeter. Last Friday night Indiana university brewed the bitter stuff at Bloomington and gave it to our negative debating team. Messrs. Duffy, Cavanaugh and Gallagher, to change the figure, did extraordinarily well against odds, which, they assure us, were odd in more ways than one. Indiana's emphatic, and insistent, "Yes" to the proposition that the war debts due the United States from her allies in the great war should be cancelled, carried the day, or more accurately, the night. The judges were unanimous, that's what makes it so bitter, and voted a solid 3-0. The unanimity of the decision was somewhat of a blow to all concerned. This may explain the fact that our men so far forgot themselves as to eat chicken sandwiches after the debate,—time ten-thirty Friday p. m. Father Stack, who accompanied our representatives to Bloomington, must be excepted from this amnesia. Mr. Gallagher and company will uphold their side of the proposition again next Friday against Earlham College. This time they will be at home.

Now, the good wine! On the same night that proved so disastrous to the negativists, Notre Dame's affirmative team, composed of Leo Ward, Frank Drummey and Mark Nolan, vice versaed the above score. Wabash was on the zero end. Messrs. Pugh, Roley, and especially Mr. Pippin, did their wonderfulest for the Little Giants, but . . . logic can't be beat. Drummey, who opened the debate for Notre Dame, proved that the war debts should be cancelled as a business proposition. Nolan, who followed him, showed that political and financial reasons would make the debt uncollectable. Then inimitable Mr. Ward clinched matters with the argument from equity and fairness. But if the constructive arguments were superb, the rebuttals were,—well, thumb the dictionary! Drummey started his rebuttal in a climax and ended in a super-climax amid the most enthusiastic applause of the evening. Finally our captain took the arguments for the negative that Nolan and Drummey had not anni-

hilated, and crushed them like egg-shells. Wabash made a good case, but a case was seldom more thoroughly beaten than was hers that night. The final decision of 3-0 in Notre Dame's favor surprised no one, although that same no one would not have dared to predict so complete a victory before the debate started. The affirmative team journeys to Lafayette next Friday to stand up against Purdue.

Father Bolger deserves a separate paragraph. Let this one pay tribute to the best debating coach in the country!

Mental note to be taken: Whether I get a duty to report the debate against Earlham next Friday or not, I will be on hand with both hands to applaud Notre Dame to victory in her most dignified sport,—the battle of wits.

 THE SENIOR BALL.

The unsuspecting are warned to inoculate themselves against the questionnaire fever which has once more broken out on the campus. This time it is Johnny Stephan's Senior Ball Questionnaire offering serious competition to the religious survey. Seniors received their questionnaires Friday and are to return them by next Thursday.

Stephan's entertainment program for the week of the ball looks like the church calendar of movable feasts and fasts, at least it contains as many dates. Great emphasis is laid on the fact that the ball commences on May 16th when there will be a novelty dance to furnish the informal opening of the week. On the afternoon of the 17th the seniors and their guests will be entertained and at eight that evening the banquet will begin, followed two hours later by the formal opening of the ball.

But two days is not enough for a Senior Ball, so on the 18th there will be some informal entertainment lasting into evening. On the 20th the Michigan Aggies will furnish entertainment in a track meet and the entertainment committee confesses that the night will be uncertain. The committeemen say that this is the only respect in which this year's ball will resemble those of former years.

Information as to favors is not forthcoming, nor has the orchestra been decided upon; but it is understood that the leading contenders are Isham Jones', the Oriole Terrace Orchestra of Detroit, Ernie Young's Marigold Orchestra of Chicago, Gene Rodemich's of St. Louis, Roy Bargo, and Paul Biese.

A feature of the week will be the introduction of the new record of Notre Dame songs, which is to be made Tuesday afternoon in the Marsh Laboratories in Chicago. The record will have vocal or instrumental renditions of The Victory March; Mr. Fagan's new "Hike" song, and Father Shea's "The Fighting Team." The instrumental work will be furnished by the Big Five, and the choral part is performed by the Glee Club Quartette.

H.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

The Bengalese Boxing Bouts will be held in the gym, Tuesday night, March 20. The tentative card, as arranged by Brother Alan and his aides, will feature Johnny Klann and Bryan Downey of Cleveland, Jimmy Kelly and Herbie Schaeffer of Chicago, and Dinnie O'Keefe and Jimmy Gorny of Chicago. Tickets go on sale on the campus and in town Monday. Students with season tickets will be admitted for fifty cents; pasteboards for all others will cost one dollar.

McCready Huston, editorial writer for the South Bend *Tribune*; and the creator of the "Jonesville" series now appearing in *Life*, gave a very stimulating and practical talk before the members of the Scribblers' Club at their regular meeting Monday evening. Mr. Huston recounted some of his experiences in the humor field, and with a characteristic willingness gave a "behind the scenes" analysis of two of his short stories which appeared in the current numbers of *Scribner's*, and the *Red Book*. The practical value of his analysis of the various markets, and the weighty advice, based on the experiences of one who has "landed" as successfully as has Mr. Huston, cannot be overestimated.

"Mustachios," a paper given by Joe Burke, announced some new recipes for the develop-

ment of those reticent hairs upon the upper lip. We advise all those who are planning to raise a crop to read Joe's masterpiece. Harry Flannery, our esteemed DOME editor, brought out some interesting theories on the harmony of art.

When students pack the South Room of the Library to attend a philosophical discussion, we are inclined to be skeptical, and to suspect that there is a selfish reason somewhere in the background; and Tuesday evening, after counting the heads at the meeting of the St. Thomas Philosophical Society, we had a suspicion that those heads held visions of the sumptuous feed given by the Society on Wednesday. But when President Gallagher announced that only full-fledged Seniors would be permitted to attend the festivities, there was not a rumor of regret, and as the meeting progressed we discovered that our first suspicions were ill-founded. Hypnosis and its kindred phenomena holds an almost universal interest, and the happy selection of this subject accounts for the capacity attendance.

Mr. Lockwood's exhaustive paper on "Hypnotism and Auto-Suggestion" opened up a discussion that was as interesting as it was personal and varied. Coue's "day by day" doctrine sounded "better and better," or "worse and worse" as it was viewed from various angles. Mental-telepathy also came up for its full share of wild theories. Professor Macgregor added a few sane words on "abnormal states." It was a very interesting meeting, and one that speaks well for the ability of the Society.

Thirty young and budding orators gathered in the Main Building Tuesday night to launch the rejuvenated Forum upon the wordy sea of oratory. Father Irving and Brother Alphonsus, speaking on the value of "expressing oneself expressively," and the need for Catholic lay leadership, gave an impetus to the enthusiasm which characterized the subsequent speakers. In a debate on the St. Lawrence canal project Maurice Coughlin and John Gallagher represented the West, while Jack Scallan and Jack Sheehan spoke for the East. During the discus-

sion, Smith and Butterfield, the Corby engineers, planned and completed the entire canal in record time; Harry McGuire outlined his plan to build a canal from the Mississippi River to the Golden Gate; and George Koch told of the big, big ships seen in the Near East last summer. President Joseph Burke, after stating that the Forum is to be a public speaking club with a literary twist, announced that hereafter regular meetings will be held every two weeks.

After several meetings which ended "way up in the air," the members of the Toledo Club have agreed to agree on the details of their Easter informal. The dance will be held at the Toledo Yacht Club, which is situated on a peninsula overlooking Lake Erie. The evening of April 3rd holds promise of a full moon, and the Club is taking all the advantages the moon offers by holding the dance from ten till two.

Behold, they are here, forty of the finest on or off the campus. Forty who? Forty Glee Clubbers. Our Glee Club is to favor us with an exhibition of their wares. The place is Washington Hall and the time is next Tuesday evening. This year's program is designed to suit both the more and the less fastidious musical critics. Lovers of jazz may come and hear syncopation and non-lovers of jazz may listen to the heavier numbers. Let's all favor them with our presence at their home concert next Tuesday. What say?

Seniors in all the philosophy classes enjoyed their annual holiday Wednesday in honor of St. Thomas, the patron of philosophers. Mass in honor of the Saint was celebrated in the Sorin Hall chapel at nine o'clock. Father Miltner gave a short study of the life of this great Saint and student, who has given to man a rational understanding of the phenomena of life. At twelve entertainment was provided in the parlors of the Main Building, followed by a banquet in the Carroll refectory.

J. MULLEN.

- AMONG US IMMORTALS.

Some said, "John, print it"; others said, "Not so."

Some said, "It might do good"; others said, "No."

Bunyan's Apology for his Book.

We wandered into the library the other day and there we beheld—O wondrous sight—one F. Wallace sitting at a table. And he was bearded like a pard. And his shirt was open at the throat, a la Byron—or to be less artistic, in the manner of a Canadian lumberjack. And his hobnails from which untied shoestrings dangled, were resting on the table at which he was sitting. And his feet were in them. Isn't it strange how easily some people make themselves feel at home?

Long philosophers, and short philosophers, skinny philosophers and fat philosophers, sat around the festive board in the Main Building Wednesday. The Epicureans, in the most polemic manner, averred that the food served at the banquet was more easily digested than philosophy lectures delivered in the class rooms. No one disputed with them. Surely a banquet is no place for a dispute.

We saw Mr. Flynn on the car the other evening, and we could not keep from admiring his new derby. John and Fatimas are, without a doubt, "distinctly individual."

While walking through the corridor of the first floor of Corby this morning we saw two fellows come out of a room. One began to gesticulate wildly. And he gyrated in the most peculiar manner—like a dervish. We concluded that it was someone trying to do a Russian ballet dance. On drawing near we ascertained that it was only J. Alfred Niemic in another argument.

"Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayers."

When turning new leaves in life mark them differently.

BOOK-LEAVES.

C. O. M.

Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishers of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" and "Babbit," promise new editions of Lewis' earlier novels, "Our Mr. Wrenn," "Trail of the Hawk" and "The Job."

Witter Bynner, through the Poetry Society of America, offers one hundred dollars for the best poem, or group of poems, not exceeding 200 lines, by an undergraduate of any American college or university. Previous publication does not disqualify. Not more than two hundred lines may be submitted by any one person. Poetry submitted for the contest should be sent, before May 1, to Alice Corbin, Box 144, Santa Fe, New Mexico. The judges will be Witter Bynner, Alice Corbin and Carl Sandburg.

A new series of books, somewhat like that of the Modern Library, to be called the Borzoi Pocket Books, bearing the Knopf imprint, has just been announced. The first writings include "Hunger" and "Growth of the Soil" by Knut Hamsun, "London River" by H. M. Tomlinson, "Caesar or Nothing" by Pio Baroja, and others.

"The Letters of Franklin K. Lane" may be enjoyed just as the letters of an interesting man. Stripped of their political significance, they reveal that Lane possessed the ability to write letters that were vigorous and entertaining, that he understood the thing that used to be called the art of letter-writing, now not labelled at all because it so rarely exists. Lane conceived the letter as an easy, long-distance conversation. The letters in this book never lose their informality no matter to whom addressed. One might tritely say that a man is best revealed in the letters that he writes, and we think that would be true of Lane. There is in everything that he wrote to his friends and his associates a note of sincerity, of firm purpose and of loyalty to high ideals that were a part of the man. Lane was an unselfish public servant during all the years of his public life.

Countless people have been asking where the Church stands on Coueism. The article, "Coueism and Catholicism," in the March *Catholic World*, is not dogmatic or final, but it is a Catholic interpretation of Coue and his opinions. The passing of Alice Meynell is still fresh in the minds of the English world. In America probably no one would be listened to more eagerly than Agnes Repplier when Miss Meynell is the subject of an essay such as that in the March *World*. "The Bard of Broadway" is the study and criticism of the methods of the recent Shakespearean dramas. The time will never come, we suppose, when even college men will throw away their *Cosmopolitans* to read the *Cath-*

olic World. Still, every month the *World* contains half a dozen articles that any well-read Catholic ought to see.

A visitor to our quarters last week fondled with considerable delight the Modern Library edition of Francis Thompson's poems, a book whose existence he was unaware of. Finally we took it away from him and then before he left searched his pockets to be sure he wasn't carrying it out with him. We supposed almost everyone was familiar with this edition of Thompson. Apparently not. For the benefit of the uninitiate, we urge an immediate visit to the book store for the purpose of ordering one or more copies. The expenditure, ninety-five cents; the dividend, hours and hours of poetic enjoyment.

The Chicago literary world is beginning to take itself seriously. The *Chicago Literary Times*, a bi-monthly, will make its debut the first week in March. . . . "Youth and the Bright Medusa," that excellent collection of Willa Cather's short stories, is being reprinted. To those unfamiliar with the book, we particularly recommend the story, "Coming, Aphrodite."

Simultaneous with the visit of Hilaire Belloc to America is the publication of "On," his latest book of essays. Belloc will be in the middle west to visit Chicago, Detroit, and other cities in the next ten days. . . . "The Heir at Large," which has been at large every Monday morning on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune*, will soon be captured under the covers of a book. We hope it stays "put" and that Jawn McCutcheon never turns novelist again. . . . The output of poetry does not grow smaller, to judge by the publishers' lists. And yet among the new books of poetry read during the last year we were impressed by only two or three, and one of them was Father O'Donnell's "Cloister." One book interested us without impressing us so much, and that was Carl Sandburg's "Slabs of the Sunburnt West." We found something more than mere words in the free verse ode "And So To-day," which is in this Sandburg collection. . . . Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose books we have never been able to penetrate beyond the forty-ninth page, lectured in Chicago the other day on "Every Man His Own Novelist." The world is already coming to that, and look at the books. . . . Would it surprise you to know that Germany published two or three times as many new books last year as America did? But it's true. . . . We note that four questions on the religious survey blank are devoted to student reading. . . . If we remember correctly, Newman, Finn, Benson and Ayscough were most popular with students last year. The zeal of Brother Alphonsus has fostered Newman at Notre Dame. No one ever gets too old for the stories of Father Finn, and yet his is not the name one would expect to follow immediately after Newman. But Father Finn is for boys of ten or of fifty.

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

EARN A MONOGRAM VIA THE U. S. MAIL.

We have read many magazine ads that tell how John rushed home to Mary one evening after work and surprised her with the splendid news that his salary had been doubled. And when we had read further down in the ad we were informed that his increase in wages was due to the fact that he had been following a certain correspondence school course. Maybe the phenomenal success which he made in the business world after he had been a correspondent student has prompted the coaches at Wisconsin university to adopt an athletic correspondence course for amateur athletes who want to make good. At any rate, they are now arranging a course to teach football, baseball and field athletics.

Walter Camp originated the "Daily Dozen" method by which one may practice calisthenics in harmony with the music of the victrola. And now a law professor at Kansas university, Thomas J. Larremore, has combined music with law; strangely enough, the two seem to harmonize very nicely. During the interims between classes of embryo lawyers, he studies harmony. Could it be possible that he cannot get harmony in the class room?

We already have had indications of an early spring,—the fellows scattered out in back of Badin Hall playing catch, and others practicing golf shots. They were preparing for the season to open formally. There was another lot of fellows, however, who would liked to have been out exercising and developing skill in their line, but they had no place to perform. Those to whom I refer are tennis players. We find that all of the other leading universities regard tennis as a varsity sport, provide suitable courts, and keep the fellows practicing from the first month of the year to be in shape for the stiff conference schedule. Notre Dame has the players, the location, and a wonderful reputation in athletics. Why not annex some tennis laurels, too? If it is an organization that is needed, it should be started.

WITHAL 'TIS DONE WITH AWL!

A great deal of controversy has arisen recently at the University of Oregon between different members of the geology department over a curio which they possess. It is a stone which resembles a petrified human foot, and most of the paleontologists there are convinced that it is a natural curiosity, a freak of erosion, which was utilized by the Indians in making moccasins. The others abhor the idea of the Indians being cobblers. We do not think it

"WALK-OVER"

Newly Remodeled Store

SEE THE NEW SPRING OXFORDS IN OUR WINDOW

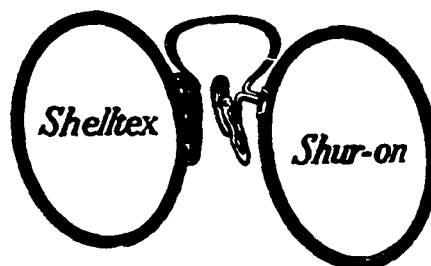


Don't Spend It All!

Some day you'll want to tell the world: "I'm in business for myself." Then you'll be glad you held onto some of your remittance money. This friendly bank will help.

SERVICE - STABILITY
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
JEFFERSON BLVD. NEXT TO POST OFFICE
"The Bank Ahead"

...BETTER GLASSES FOR LESS MONEY...



These Shur-On
Sheltex Glasses
specially priced

\$5.00
and up.

DR. J. BURKE

230 South Michigan Street.

Over Twenty Years in
the Same Location

BUKE'S GLASSES
FIT THE EYES

TEDDY BEAR BLUES



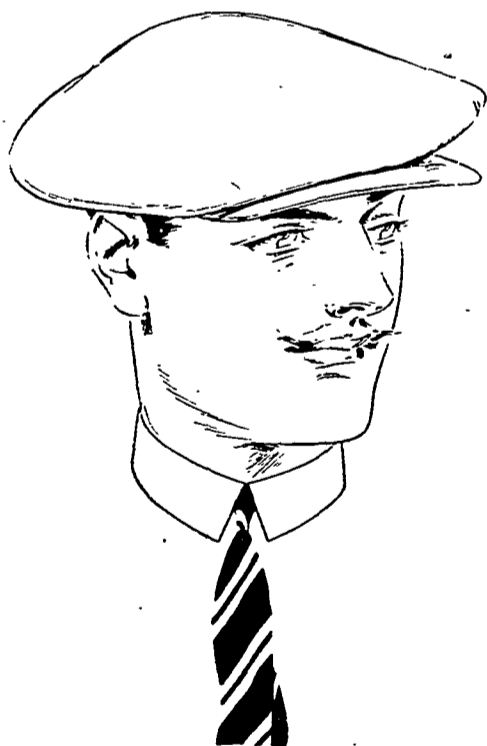
is the newest thrill in "blues"
—a dance record with a roving
cornet chorus, reaching High
Cornet D, which is going *some*.

Gene Rodemich's Orchestra

plays it. And it's on a Brun-
swick Record. Hear it. Record
No. 2379.

NOW ON SALE

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



"SNAP"

A new Collar that fits its Name

LION  **Collars**

UNITED SHIRT AND COLLAR CO. ALSO MAKERS OF LION SHIRTS, TROUSERS, ETC.

MAX ADLER CO., South Bend, Indiana

strange that the Indians should have understood how to cobble, though, because in Caesar's time, long before anything was known of Indians, Shakespeare tells us that Marullus accosted a commoner on a street in Rome, asking what trade he was: And the commoner answered, "A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience: which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles."

AN OLD MAID CO-ED.

The first co-ed to matriculate at Indiana university sixty years ago is still alive and has given an account of her college day experiences, contrasting herself with the modern co-ed. She asserts that she did not attend school as does the modern "flapper" to seek entertainment and "date." She continues: "It was the fashion then to wear large sun-bonnets with rather broad ribbons going over the crown and tied under the chin. The young men were not dangerous to me nor I to them, but I was thankful for the protection which the hat offered me from the six hundred eyes, presumably furtively casting a shy glance at me." We agree there has been *some* change. The shielding bonnets have been replaced by attracting cosmetics.

YO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM.

Few there are who have not experienced the stirring emotions that accompany the reading of "Captain Kidd," "Treasure Island," or "Captain Blood." The gruesomeness of Long John Silver pounding Ben Gunn on the head with a club as he chases him through the thickets of Treasure Isle, or the unmercifulness of Peter Blood commanding Colonel Bishop to walk the plank that had been lashed down to the gunwale of the old galleon, readily incites us. Probably more so the college man who loves adventure. At least the Bethlehem Engineering corporation seems to think so, because they want to form an expedition this spring composed of a senior from the various colleges to hunt for the Peruvian treasures buried on Cocoa Island, 750 miles west of the Dutch Indies, down in the Indian Ocean. The organizers of the expedition maintain that there is about one hundred million dollars' worth of buried treasure on the island when measured for its commercial value, and a far greater intrinsic worth from an antiquarian and numismatic viewpoint, and will be of incalculable value to museums and educational institutions. Here at Notre Dame we have just the type of man to fill a vacancy. He is one who has traveled the deep blue seas during the vacation months, one who has scented the tar on the giggin'; one who has lent a willing hand to the captain, and one who could easily secure a steam shovel from his dad to dig up the sunken chests of doubloons. We do not want to advertise this too widely, however, because if we do those British archeologists who are exploring King Tut's tomb in Egypt may discontinue their work and head for the Cocos Islands.