

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Vol. LVI.

March 17, 1923.

No. 20

## THE HERITAGE OF IRELAND.

JAMES F. HAYES.

IT IS the natural wish of every human being to leave to posterity some memorial by which it may remember him. This is as true of nations as it is of individuals. Sometimes the heritage is a beautiful cathedral, radiant with the dreams of sculpture and painting; sometimes it is expressed in exquisitely carved statues or magnificent paintings. More frequently, it is in the form of books wherein men set down all that is good and beautiful in their time. Many of these memorials have survived the ravages of the ages and still exist, glorifying the countries whose artists gave them to the world. Too often, however, as in the case of the cities of the ancient world, the mutilated Cathedral of Rheims, and lost legions of artistic works, the onslaughts of men and nature have deprived the world of much of its inheritance.

A heritage which has not died is that of Ireland. No great monuments mark her soil, no classic frescoes beautify her churches, no Dante or Shakespeare stands supreme over her literature. Neglected ruins and naked shrines alone are hers. For twelve hundred years Ireland has been the prey of the world. What has been left? What has the posterity of Ireland been able to claim as its own? There is but one answer—it has the most glorious heritage imaginable, a national spiritual life and a moral purity which has never been approached in the history of any nation.

To St. Patrick Ireland owes its heritage, and in all the fourteen centuries since his death she has been loyal to her trust. Never has she listened to the voice of heresy or schism. Never has the lawless spirit gained

the ascendancy in all her seven hundred years of fighting for freedom. The barbarian hordes, Henry the Eighth, John Knox, Oliver Cromwell, Queen Elizabeth, and all the scores of persecutors have failed to destroy "the faith of the Irish." Century after century it continues to blossom forth as the most beautiful flower in all Christendom.

The life of St. Patrick is a familiar one. He has left an indelible impression on the whole Irish nation. Fireside lore, traditions, the names of villages and towns and churches all bear evidence to the Divine Mission. He won the whole of Ireland in nine years, not through fierce conflict and the blood of martyrs, but "through some supernatural spiritual transformation." When the "Voice of the Irish" called him from Gaul to his vocation, he undertook a work which was considered hopeless, but all the Druids, all the superstition that confronted him quailed before his courage and fighting spirit. Since then his domain has been enduring. When the enemies of the Church forced the followers of Saint Patrick into exile, they did not foresee the result of their action. The Irish went forth into every land, strengthened by the same spirit and courage which actuated their patron Saint. They mingled their talents with other nations. Their beliefs caused them to be scattered far and wide but they carried the Cross of Christ forward just as they carried with them the beloved shamrock, itself a symbol of the greatest mystery of their faith. A great majority of the Catholics in the world to-day belong to the Church of Saint Patrick either by birth or tradition—evidence of the immense work of the Irish missionaries.

Ireland of the past is in a shadow, illuminated only by the halo of her great Saint. Ireland of to-day is full of anxiety and peril. She has not, however, lost sight of her

spiritual heritage. Revolution there did not mean the overthrow of religion as it did in France and as it is now doing in Russia and other countries. Ireland of the future depends upon the ability of her people to substitute for the spirit of action, a generous patriotism, and for supremacy, equality and justice. It is not difficult for us to imagine Saint Patrick looking down from Heaven upon his people, confident that they will not fail in the fulfillment of his teachings. Once a year the Catholic world blossoms forth with green in honor of the Saint. This "wear' o' the green" means more to the Irish people than simply a line in a stirring song. To them the "green" means the shamrock, the shamrock represents the Faith, and Faith—well, that's Ireland!

#### ANTHOLOGIES.

BY R. R. MACGREGOR.

"The old earth rings with names that cannot die,  
The old clouds come to colour in the sky."

And so it is. In one way or another, we are all collectors, and the natural desire to group together ideas, impressions, names, persons, our favorite passages of poetry and prose, in a single volume is at least as old as the toilsome illuminated manuscripts of the monasteries. In the generation immediately preceding ours we find abundant evidence of the luxuriance of this taste. All of us remember how our grandmothers and grandfathers kept albums or diaries, every family preserves a few, where the melodies of Cowper, Herbert, Moore, Burns and the lyrical fervors of such profuse writers as Mrs. Hemans were engrossed in the neat angular calligraphy peculiar to that age. And to-day the anthology is merely a sign-manual of taste and erudition, each man or woman of letters being represented by his or her own particular anthology. Nothing tends to maintain the standard of taste so effectually as the currency of a sound and comprehensive corpus poetarum, which, correcting the judgment by the rich fruitfulness of example, a method proverbially excelling libraries of precept, keeps our minds green to the glories of our noble literary heritage.

Speaking generally, then, the preparation of anthologies, the reading of which does so much for the encouragement of the literary taste and judgment, should be encouraged, fostered and developed.

This is all generally true, but there are distinct limitations, and, at the same time, risks and responsibilities. According to the dictum of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in one of his works, the task of the anthologist is not quite the dilettante business for which it is too often and ignorantly derided. The art of anthology demands, in fact, the most delicate exercise of the critical faculty. Ease and self-confidence are, indeed, the very worst qualifications for the task, because the labor of selection and arrangement demands the continual application and readjustment of judgment. It is highly improbable that any single anthology was ever prepared which would satisfy a number of at least a dozen critics. Personal predilection and association play so large a part in judgment that there must always be omissions and inclusions which will arouse question. The greatest danger of the anthologist, and hence the one to be most assiduously shunned, is that, feeling the impossibility of satisfying all, he should be smugly content with merely satisfying himself, without testing and proving those predilections, and discounting those associations that are always a menace to a sound, unbiased criticism. Caprice, whether of choice or rejection, is thus the cardinal sin of the anthologist; and it can be avoided only by the persistent application of a high and undeviating standard. For it must be remembered that there is a real responsibility in giving to the second class the popular currency of association with the first class, and that the ensuing general injustice done to the public taste by obscuring the distinctions of first and second-class material merits far more consideration than the individual injustice possibly done to a doubtful writer by excluding what might reasonably have "passed the censor" under a rather generous latitude of selection.

The measuring rod of the Golden Treasury, compiled by Palgrave, could scarcely be improved upon. This is what he writes on the subject: "That a poem shall be worthy

of the writer's genius—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity—that passion, color, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity, or truth; that a few good lines do not make a good poem, that popular estimate is serviceable as a guide-post more than as a compass—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts—such and other such canons must be always steadily regarded.” How comprehensive this is; how clearly correct in judgment! But it is well known that it is one thing to enunciate a principle but a far different thing to sustain it; and anyone following the by-paths and vagaries of current literary criticism in the various periodicals and reviews will soon discover that even the sanest judgment is hourly disfigured, or malformed by caprices that would scarcely be possible, if a sound standard of excellence were inculcated in all anthologists and rigidly maintained by the traditions they subserve.

It must not be thought, however, that the only task confronting the anthologist is that of selection. Arrangement also plays a very important part, and it is this part which is the most generally neglected. The easiest method is that of historical or chronological succession. It is by no means the best. Its abuse is abundantly evident, if we refer to those laborious series of Professor Arber, in which a single volume represents, or is supposed to do so, the work of a single poet, with the logical result that the whole work overlaps and intersects with a bewildering intricacy. Here again, Palgrave sets a rich example, though one beset with bristling difficulties to a less abundant capacity. The poems are so arranged in the “Golden Treasury” as to give a sense of continuity and inter-relation, so delicate that the taste lightly passes from poem to poem with perpetual refreshment and increasing stimulation. In this juxtaposition of interests one poet is made to illustrate, or amplify another; one poem strikes poetic fire from its neighbor, and altogether the splendid continuity of English verse is unrolled for us in all its splendid perfection.

For the crowded hours of the day's work we need, perhaps, more actual, vital interests; literary history and criticism, the greatest creations of fiction and the drama, move with us through the period of busy activity, suggesting, instructing, enlarging the practical and active sympathies. But when the stir of the working day is over, what calmer and more penetrating pleasure has literature to offer by children than the grand silent hour by a dying fire, with some rich treasure-house of English poetry open upon the knees? Old influences begin to stir in the half-shadows; old ideals awaken from the fluttering pages, and take the form of real entities. Spenser, Drayton, Carew, Herrick, Crashaw, Drummond, Vaughan, Collins, Gray—the whole golden pomp of glorious English poetry passed before our tired eyes. Here is the divine, majestic form of Shakespeare, at ease in the shadows of Arden; blind Milton touches once more the melodious organ-stops of his eternal music; Dryden's “twin-couriers” sweep by in triumphant panoply. And so to the open fields with Wordsworth, to the glimmering waves with Coleridge, to the dizzy aerial heights of the lark with Shelley: we taste in an hour all the joys of Nature and are made one, in tune with her illimitable voice, her transcendent music. Visions and voices like these make pilgrimage with us through the darkness and call us to fresh hope and energy with the expected morning.

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#### AU LARGE!

V. ENGELS.

Slip from the bank where the willow droops repenting,

Ease through the rushes and the tender lily leaf—  
Shove where the eager current races unrelenting,

Time for wild laughter now; much too late for grief!

Furious the waters toss,—Bowman, watch your paddle!

Madly they drive past the rearing canyon side—  
Raging they lift and pitch our slender birchy saddle,  
As down the white rapid's mane we ride, ride, ride.

In the blue valley now, and dreamfully gliding,  
Through the calm amber pools that mirror bush and tree—

Dream on to-day, for to-morrow we'll be riding  
To the unknown islands on the grey open sea!

## IDEALS.

J. P. M.

It is the lot of almost every man, without exception, to strive and admire; it is the curse that came with his sin in the Garden to keep him ever discontented and unhappy. The superior man, who has no desire in his heart, can gaze upon the sea, the sky, or the stars, without admiration or fear. Emptiness has made him full, and fullness has brought gratification.

The earth can boast of no paragon among nations. Every aggregation, whether politic or social, is of necessity composed of individuals of diverse ideals—ideals deliberately chosen for their appeal emanating from beauty, worth, or sanity, and then pursued with a greater or less degree of thoroughness. So a nation must hold ideals, not diverse, but unified in this, that they are the composites of all things best in individual ideals. These aspirations must bind themselves to the heart of the people, grow, and produce, like the lizard-footed vine, which sends its roots deeper into the earth so that its foliage may be the more abundant and beautiful.

The framers of the American Constitution, recognizing the need of an ideal, adopted a plan of government "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Here was an ideal of equality, of brotherhood, whose animating purpose was the "good of all." The one all-embracing mission of the government was to pursue untiringly the desire for the common welfare, to make it possible for all men to live as brothers in one, large, loving family.

Although the term "equality" may have at times seemed a little abstract, and a little too idealistic, generation after generation readily saw the full significance of this ideal. They admired and wondered, or feared somewhat; in either case, however, there was a disturbing flutter of the heart whenever they thought of loving family and brotherhood. Then there came a wonderful awakening of the social conscience of the nation. Men began to regard themselves, and their relation to their fellowmen in a new light. The wel-

fare of each became the concern of all. Evils, real or imaginary, that appeared to be stumbling blocks in a brother's path were readily removed without respect to cost. Reformers multiplied by the thousands, and personal rights decreased in proportion. Prohibitions closed the saloons that they might make every man the equal of the bartenders and brewers. The standardization of religion and education was recommended to give all men the same privileges in this life and in the next. Some pursued the ideal so thoroughly that they soon found in their own hands all the powers of law and government.

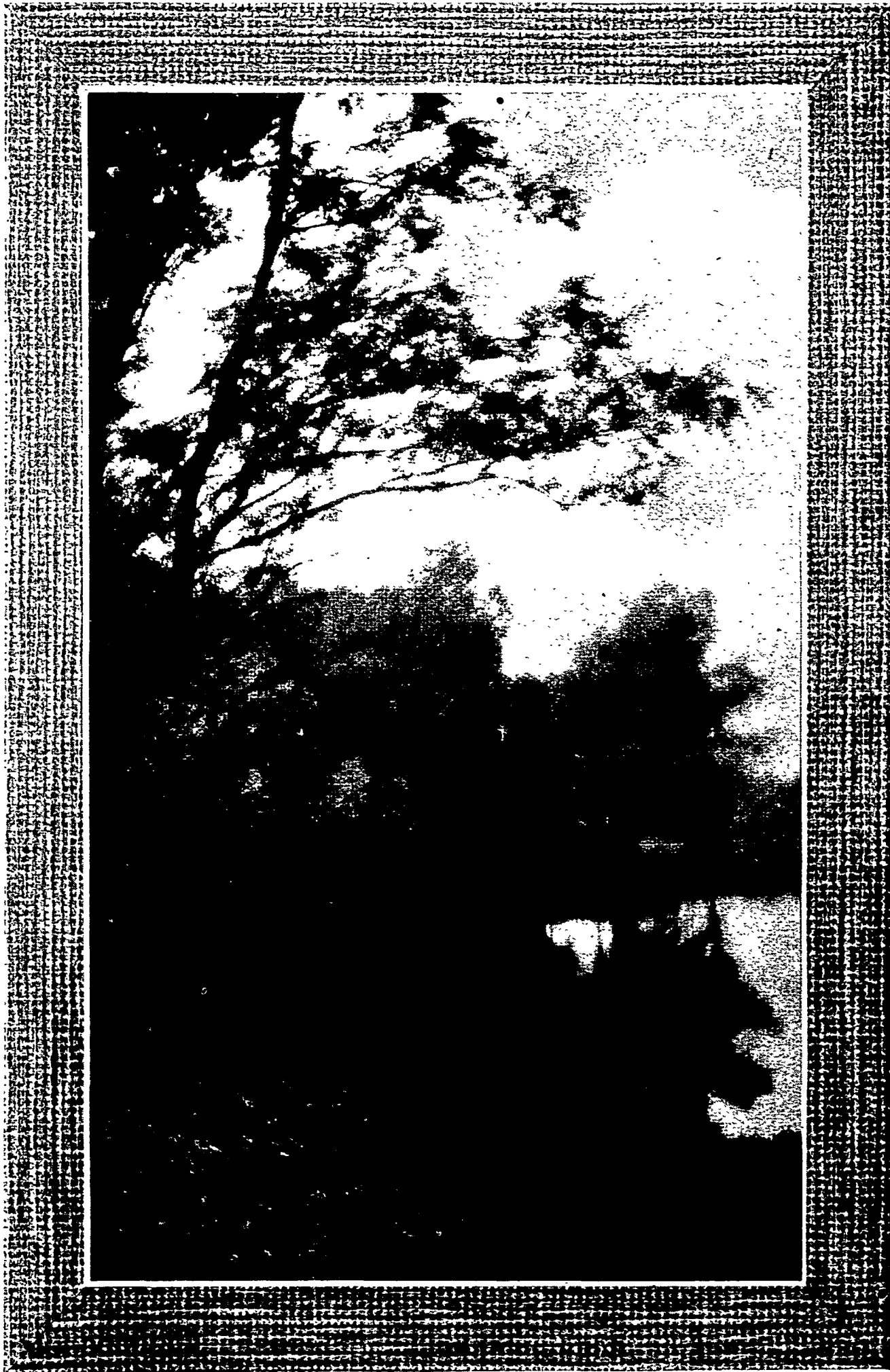
Others thought of equality as a mere word; their desires and strivings terminated in wealth, power, popularity, love, laughter, or virtue. They had no time for brotherhood; the framers of the Constitution seemed to have no ideal of the limits of these individuals.

## HE SLEEPS.

He tried everything, quacks and eminent specialists, charlatans and pathologists, he tried them all. He could not sleep. He was told he had insomnia. Others opined that he lacked a sense of humor. No matter—when night fell, when the sun was somewhere else, and when those it abandoned laid down to woo the sweet unconsciousness, Zebel Ehx was not among the accepted wooers. Ehx cursed his fate. He swore, he pounded upon something, he danced up and down upon the floor; he tore his hair. But it would not come; he couldn't sleep. He eschewed perambulation: he might accost sheep, and he feared incarceration. The mallet method simply would not do. There was none of hero in—the needs of the cinema are paramount, and must be supplied. Zebel Ehx could find no panacea. And, too, the merry pharmacist had gone back home.

But our man was persistent; a real fighter. "Never quit" would Ehx say to Zebel. "Not us" would Zebe reply. And persistency won. Yes sir! He found a cure. The ambition of all his years found a reward. The remedy was a permanent one, too. Now, I know this to be a fact. Oh! I'm sure of it! You see, I myself saw the name on the tombstone.

The end. (His too.)



*Courtesy of the 1923 Dome.*

## INDIVIDUALISM AND THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

H. F. BARNHART.

"Complete self-confidence is not merely a sin;  
Complete self-confidence is a weakness."

—Chesterton.

The modern world is a seething caldron of ultraisms, neoisms, egoisms, and other fantastic philosophies, theories and ideas which are accepted by the great majority of people without their even questioning the conviction upon which the philosophies are based. This is true because the world generally, and American particularly, is not educated to examine into and analyze current philosophies. The average person is quite unable to see truth in the obvious. He thus becomes rather gullible to queer ideas which are foisted upon him by persons who in many instances neither understand nor readily accept the theories they themselves advance.

"A man was meant to be doubtful, about himself, but undoubtful about the truth; this order has reversed," says Chesterton. Many ambitious, supremely egoistic individuals with some brains but very little common sense, with a superficial knowledge of many things and a deep understanding of nothing, believe that the fates have allotted them the duty of purging modern civilization of its commonplaceness and extreme conservatism which they think to be tombstones of misdirected effort. The result is some startling innovation for the purpose of reforming and revolutionizing the world by casting out the thought and influence of the past which has been the firm rock of ages and the keystone of all civilization. Modern art, literature, and philosophy are contaminated by the effects that the realists, modernists, materialists, and individualists have produced. This constant procreation of philosophies serves to satisfy the innate desire of the authors for distraction, notoriety, and a robust purse, and their hatred for that unbroken thread, Catholic culture, which has come down to us through the ages. It would be ridiculous to think that modern materialistic philosophers, victims of intellectual hara-kari, have any altruistic motives behind their movements.

Democracy, offering equality of opportunity as it does, has its shortcomings. The people in a democratic state do not seem to realize that, after all, men are not equal in ability, character, intelligence and ambition; or if the people realize it, the pride of egoism causes them to shrink from admitting it. Our democracy permits and encourages all to express their views as they see fit, which under ordinary circumstances is a good thing. The consequence, however, has come to be a diversity of opinions based entirely upon the attitude and belief of the persons advancing them, taking absolutely no cognizance of the safe philosophy of the past which should be the guide. Modern individualism has no standard by which it is able to gauge its thought because it is founded on supreme egoism which completely and invariably ignores the past and finds a panacea and the explanation for all phenomena in its own limited experience.

A story is told of a partially blind individual whose hat was removed by a strong gust of wind. He pursued here and there, what he thought to be the hat, until he was informed by a by-stander that he was pursuing a neighbor's hen. In like manner the individualist is not sure of his line of reasoning or where it will ultimately lead him. Unlike the blind man, however, he is less intent upon accomplishment of a purpose.

Taken collectively the American people do not possess a thinking mind which embraces the universal truth based on the experience of tradition. This accounts for the fact that we are a nation of critics who destroy, consume, hate and dream but do not build. Left to work out our own destiny we resemble the proverbial bull rambling in the china shop, or an acephalous hen. We are iconoclasts who, it seems, cannot stand by and see others with inborn ability surpass and rise in our midst. Charity seems to be ignored, and respect for the opinion of others does not exist to a notable degree.

Destructive criticism, a trite but expressive and appropriate term, is apparently the order of the day. Criticism which suggests some helpful remedy is good; undoubtedly the person who is able to assume its darts and survive the assault has

strengthened his position and the cause which he champions. Criticism, in the role it plays in modern life, is averse to building a race of supermen or an art that is truly great. Ideas which lead to progress spring from the individual mind. The individual alone must function in the world of intellect and in the field of leadership if as a nation we are to accomplish great things; and he should not be hampered by the injustice of criticism which generally embellishes and distorts facts beyond recognition or avoids the real facts to accomplish its sinister purpose of defeating conscientious effort. Encouragement instead of undeserving diatribe should be showered upon the individual. Current tendencies to criticise everybody and everything find their roots in egoism. Criticism of this kind will be relegated to the receptacle for useless waste material when the critic and his subject coordinate their philosophies on that ground which is the spirit of the past.

Individualistic philosophy is based upon reason and reason alone. It casts out all tradition which is contrary to reason as pernicious, and ignores imagination entirely. It is much more limiting than the Christian religion. No trace of spiritualism or miracle is admitted by the individualistic philosopher. Chesterton says in this connection, "Like the sun at noonday, mysticism explains everything else by the blaze of its own victorious invisibility. Detached intellectualism is all moonshine; for it is light without heat, and it is secondary light reflected from a dead world."

The absence of the Catholic spirit involving mysticism and imagination, as it does, has produced a literature based upon the rancid philosophy of the individualist. Our friends of this school of thought conceive art, not as the expression of beauty, but as a reflection of life as it really exists, which is to say a vivid pictorial presentation of the contemptible and despicable side of life. Immorality for them is not fundamental but superficial. Since this is so, and we are all naturally immoral, why ignore the facts? Why should we not recognize existing conditions and lend approval by making them a recognized part of art and literature?

The individualistic philosopher does not consider that the very nature of art is contemplation, and that, since this is true, it must be governed by the restrictions imposed by the moral law, which are standards born in the past and our heritage from the ages. Common welfare demands that they be recognized. Apotheozing corruption, for the tendency is toward this very thing, is casting aside beauty which is the object for which art exists, and certainly is not upholding the moral standards of the generation nor leaving to posterity a beneficial product. The gradual deterioration and decay of art and literature brought about by individualism can mean only the ultimate ruin of civilization.

The philosophy of individualism is the sequel to the Reformation, the cancer which has gripped the world since the sixteenth century and is still gnawing insidiously at the vital organs of the body of time. This disease will accomplish its end and prove fatal unless the past, is "brought to light again as it was, with no disparagement of the truth and beauty of its culture.—The spirit which informed mediaeval life is latent and can be made effective in modern life,, a philosophy which really worked out should again become a working philosophy." If this spirit is not revived our civilization will not live long enough to die of some peaceful complication of diseases in senility, but will expire from the dissipation and wild excess of a hectic youth.

## THE HAPPY ENDING.

BY JOHN BRENNAN.

"The spectator of a good drama is amused, admonished, and improved by what is diverting; affecting and moral in the presentation; he is cautioned against deceit, corrected by example, incensed against vice, stimulated by the love of virtue. Such are the effects produced by dramatic excellence; but they are not to be expected on our present stage, although we have many authors aware of the present defects, but who justify themselves by saying, that in order to make their works saleable, they must write what the theatre will purchase."

It would appear from these lines, written by Cervantes in 1605, that even in his early day the question of giving the public what it wants was in existence. And it is to be presumed that the public, in its turn, cried out that it did not want what it was given. This question is nowhere so insistent as in the theatre; and it is particularly turning up whenever there is talk of how dramatists end their plays.

The happy ending in the theatre is a contradiction of the statement that Pollyannism is a thing of the past. In a majority of instances it is an artificial device which is not only untrue to life but which is a perversion of artistic principles. It has come to be expected and necessary—expected because the theatre-going public is accustomed to it, and necessary from the point of view of the box office because it is expected.

Both the legitimate stage and the motion pictures offend in this respect, but the motion pictures commit more and graver sins. The scenario invariably ends happily, and the story or play adapted for the screen is garbled to suit the purpose of the producers. "Eugenie Grandet," filmed under the name of "The Conquering Power," was changed so that the hero returned, regardless of the fact that nothing was farther from the author's mind when he wrote the book. If "Madame Bovary" is ever filmed, the plot will, in all probability, be mutilated to make it possible for Emma to avoid taking poison, and to provide for her happy union with one of her many lovers, if not to Charles. Ashille Cor-telon, the vacillating hero of Bernstein's "The Claw," a character weak in mind and body, guilty of betraying a trust, will appear before his accusers, triumphantly vindicate himself and turn his intriguing wife out of his house after making his peace with his long suffering daughter. What would happen to Claudell's "Hostage," one of the best plays of the neo-Catholic movement in France, defies conjecture. This tinkering with plots renders the plays valueless from an artistic point of view, for the endings, although credible, are not satisfactory, because they are not in logical accordance with what precedes them.

The question of a happy ending is a de-

batable one, and one which seldom receives the consideration it deserves. In less serious offerings a happy ending is justifiable, but in more ambitious presentations it is often uncalled for. The reformation of Oliver and the repentance of the usurping Duke in "As You Like It" demonstrates that even Shakespeare was not above throwing artistry to the winds to insure good feeling among the groundlings as they filed out of the pit.

The most important reason for the happy ending is that to be successful a play must have characters with which the audience can sympathize, and characters which it can dislike. When the emotions of the audience have been aroused, when it hates the villain, loves the heroine and admires the brawny hero, the playwright finds it difficult not to have the hero burst into the old log cabin and rescue the heroine from the Relentless Rudolph of the piece, when, as a matter of fact, rhyme and reason demand that he should be sowing fall wheat on his father's farm, twenty miles away. And then, too, when the hero is a popular matinee idol whose picture appears in the Sunday supplements with great regularity, people will not pay three dollars for the privilege of seeing him outgeneraled by the villain who usually has more histrionic ability but a less Apollo-like profile.

The psychology of audiences affords much food for thought. It accepts impossible situations and characters to which no single individual would give credence even in his most extravagant moments. There is something in the hush which prevails when the house lights are dimmed and the footlights flare up that lulls the already passive senses and transports the audience into what Sir James Barrie would call "never-never land." These people come to be amused, their minds are in a receptive mood, and the eagerness with which they are willing to receive anything offered them, is almost pathetic. They invariably have compassion for the woman who leaves her husband for the reason that she has met a more interesting man, and feel no commiseration for the husband she wrongs, exemplary individual though he may be. Principles of right and wrong boot

nothing. No matter how questionable the morality of an act, it is an exceptional audience which fails to tip the scales in favor of an appealingly presented character.

At times the audience is so carried away that it forgets that the characters on the stage are puppets and confuses the actors with the parts they are interpreting in the fable. This calls to mind an incident which occurred in connection with "Seven Days Leave." The villain, a German spy, had done a remarkable piece of work in the second act, but when he appeared to take his curtain call he was hissed off the stage. The explanation is simple. "Seven Days Leave" was a war play, presented at a time when feeling ran high and when stories of German espionage and cruelty flooded the country. It sounds paradoxical to say that this hissing was in the nature of a tribute, but it was, no doubt as gratifying to the recipient as the twelve curtain calls to which Lionel Barrymore smiled his acknowledgement at the end of the most turbulent episode of "The Claw" were to him. The role of the German spy did not appeal to the audience. It was too realistic; and when he scored a momentary victory over the hero it was the proverbial last straw.

It is contended that the craving for happy endings is a healthy result of a desire to see good triumph over evil; but it is more probable that it is an effect of the childish belief that "there is enough misery and suffering in the world, so why go to the theatre to see it?"

But where is the dramatist to end his play? And how is he to end it? Mark Twain said that when writing about people it is easy enough to conclude with a marriage. But marriage is not an end; it is a beginning. Moliere held the theory that all endings are purely arbitrary, and often introduce a long lost uncle in the last act who saved the day. The literary theory that death is the only logical conclusion is false because death itself is not an end, and the purpose of art is life not death.

The idea of the drama, as in every other form of art, is to present a personality, and this personality must be presented logically. Everything the dramatist does, then, should

be guided by this principle. He should set a high ideal, and his ending should be in accordance with it, in strict sequence to what has gone before.

### THOUGHTS.

A slight idea of Hell, is—homesickness for all eternity.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but so do presents.

Any fellow can fall, but it takes a man to pick himself up.

People who make the sky the limit often forget to ascend.

A thought in time has saved a great many mothers from tears.

We must have reasons for speech, but we need none for silence.

Thought is the brush which smooths down the bristles of perplexity.

If one could feel his own tongue, how tempered would be his words.

Nothing is sweeter than friendship, and nothing is more dangerous.

Cramming for an exam is like going to confession on your death-bed.

We aim at only one spot in a target, but we shoot at the spot in a multitude of ways.

Everything has its drawbacks. A bald-headed man has that much more face to wash.

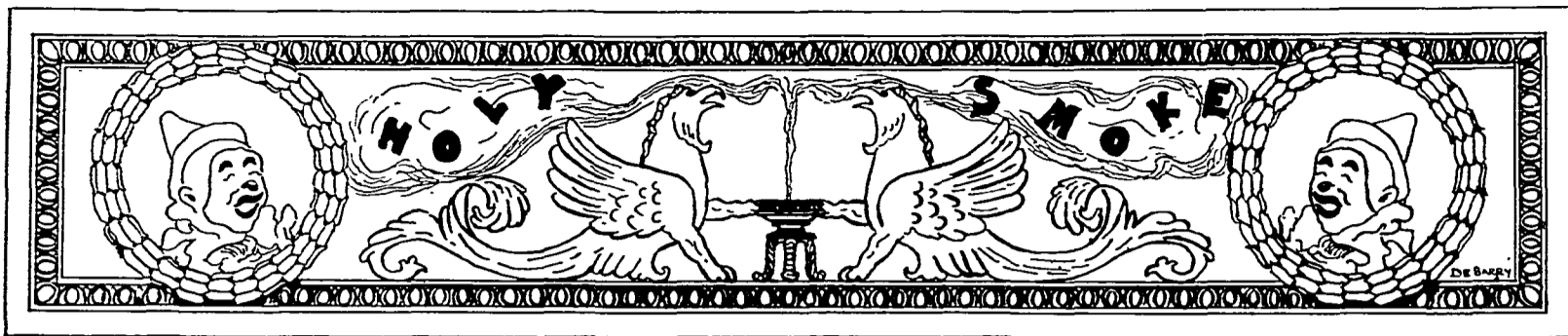
"Most smashing success of the season" often refers to the morals of those who attend.

The three main ideals in the life of some people seem to be: money, wealth, and riches.

The best test of a piece of literature is the number of foolscap copies in the waste basket.

The work of a genius has double value; it ennobles the author, it inspires less gifted souls.

If you would have all hearts softened toward you, never freeze them with a chilling remark.



# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## SCENE—1.

A back yard in the ghetto of the East Side. Dirty brick buildings stifle the hot dirty little enclosure. Ragged slate colored washings hang from window to window. A sweaty oppressive heat simmers over the dusty floor of the space.

Julia Capaustein is seated on the railing of a lower staircase that hangs drunkenly to the side of the heat-soaked buildings.

The noonday factory whistles blow.

JULIA. I wonder if dat boss is gonna make Romie work over time again. He's been workin' too hard lately. I remember the night I met him at Coney he looked swell. Lately, though, he ain't so good. I wish he wasn't a wop. If he was like us fader wouldn't be so sore about my going with—

ROMIE. (rushes in from the left, upsetting some tin cans that are lying around Julia. If you don't call those two Rike cousins off me I'm gonna murder them some day. I just been in another fight with 'em. Look at me knuckles?)

JULIA. I know it, Romie. They gimme a pain too. Come on up here and I'll fix the knuckle.

ROMIE. I'm too tired to be flittin' up stairways. Come on down.

JULIA. What's a matter with you. It ain't gonna kill ye to come up here, is it? You're a swell Valentino, you are.

ROMIE. Listen. I may be a wop. And I may the outs with your old man and the rest of your push, but don't say that I got to take any lip offa any of you. I ain't coming up and if you don't want to come down they's plenty of janes that don't get exactly disgusted when they look me over. Comin' down?

JULIA. I believe fader was right when he said you were pig-headed. I don't blame my cousins. You eat too much pork, Romie.

ROMIE. Awright. Suit yourself. (Starts to leave) —

JULIA. Aw listen, Romie. I was just kiddin'. Come on back. Take a joke can'tcha?

ROMIE. Sure I can, but come on down. I'm not gonna bite cha.

JULIA. And I ain't gonna bite you if you come up here. What's come over ya. You never knew that there was any down stairs to any show we ever been to. Its always balcony or gallery.

Romie. Speakin of goin' out. How come you didn't meet me last night. I thought you said that that you'd make believe you were sleepin' and then sneak out when the old man had turned in? I may not be a shiek, but I never stood you up.

JULIA. Sure I did, but I didn't wake up 'till seven this morning. Somebody left the gas on. Fader was scared stiff—of the bill.

ROMIE. Now I'll tell one. Say, ain't you comin' down?

JULIA. Not 'till you believe that I was trying to make believe that I was sleepin'.

ROMIE. What if I do believe it. That ain't gonna help my standin' down on the corner pullin' the "wherefore art thou?" stuff, is it? Come on down.

JULIA. Come on up.

ROMIE. Say, somebody'd think we was playin' elevator around this dump. We got the "come on" part of it settled. Now lets get together on the "up" or "down" part. Tell ya what we'll do. I'll come half way if you come half way. That a go?

JULIA. I don't think much of it, but—say listen. You ain't gonna get me started down are ya; and laugh at me?

ROMIE. No, I'm on the level. You come half way down and I'll come —

(Enter the two Cousins with a rush. One carries a sawed off pool cue, the other a ball bat. They yell "There he is.")

Romie. —Gang way! All the way up.

Curtain.

\*\*\*

IT'S SAFE.

Flip: Why do you speak so harshly of your wife.

Flop: Because she's three thousand miles from here.

KOLARS.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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VOL.  
LVI.

*Discit Quasi Semper Victorius  
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.  
20

A little isle in the Northern seas looks up to-day to grey skies, yet in the heart of her people hope springs eternal. Her ancient

emblem was the sun-burst, but her centuries have dawned and closed in storm. When will the watching end, with her faithful, hurried people at rest, in their own land, under sunny skies, and through nights without alarm?

Nations, as men, are wont to forget that nothing is ever settled until it is settled right. The easier, and always fatal, policy is to supplant justice and right by compromise and expediency. For seven years we Americans fought Ireland's ancient oppression to make impossible a like oppression of ourselves. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge and Yorktown mean nothing, if they do not mean that. Our cause was just. No less just is the cause of Ireland, and Ireland has carried on the struggle not for seven years but for seven centuries. Had we taken counsel with compromise and expediency in our dark hour when all seemed lost, today we should not be a free people but a subject colony. True men and women in Modern Ireland have no heart for a despicable compromise such as the so-called "*Free State*." These men and women cannot be blamed for refusing a cause which we ourselves rejected as the direct road to complete subjection.

In the end truth must prevail. "Those who

deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves, and under the rule of a just God, cannot long retain it." So spoke our first American, Abraham Lincoln. Can England read the words that burn upon the wall? Men are learning that the demands of peoples to govern themselves in righteousness must take precedence of the commercial interests, however vast, of any nation. One by one, as men reach out for freedom, the strands that bind a mighty empire into a semblance of external unity, are broken. "Compromise, expediency," counsel the continued enslavement of Ireland. Justice and right demand that her claim to complete independence be recognized by an Empire which for three centuries has fought for liberty at home, and for the subjugation of weaker peoples abroad.

Blood and tears have been Ireland's gray fortune for centuries. But they have never been her destiny. Heartbreak has come in and sat down by the peats on her hearth stones. Desolation has crumbled her dreams. Ruin has ridden her hopes like a tattered hag o' the winds, but despair never. And because her faith in her own valiant spirit has flowered like the defiant beauty that hovers over her emerald hills, Ireland will endure, and emerge and advance from her own Gethsemane. Not even the disaster which confronts her in the passing of Griffith, Collins, Mellowes, and Childers, the surging figures

of her magnificent youth and resplendent spirit, can change, though it may for the moment retard, that march forward.

JAMES P. COYLE.

Although the plea for the missions is an old one, it is worth listening to, especially during the season of Lent, when works of spiritual mercy are imposed upon us. To give to the missions is fulfilling part of the duty we are bound to perform. The mission fields are sometimes far away, but they are close to the heart of the Church and to those to whom the spreading of the gospel is a true victory for Christ. The pennies, the dimes, the dollars that are given to them are put into the bank of eternity. Of this bank it may be said that no other one pays so high a rate of interest.

The appeal of the Bengal missions is a powerful one at Notre Dame. The hand that is outstretched for Poor Ben cannot be refused. For us Poor Ben signifies the missions, because we know of no other field where the needs are greater. In giving to Poor Ben or to any other mission fund, we need not forget that the mission work to-day is a great romance in a matter of fact world. It is a romance that has a sweeping vista of two thousand years behind it. All have the opportunity to participate. Give to Poor Ben!

MOLZ.

#### AN HONEST PROGRAM.

Concert by concert, the crowds at the Washington Hall programs grow smaller and smaller; and the concerts keep getting better and better. Those who had faith enough to venture forth Saturday evening were justly rewarded by Irene Stofolsky, violinist; George Imbrie, baritone; and Magdalen Massman, pianist. This trio provided one of the best concerts heard so far this year. They presented a well-balanced program; one that did not tire the hearers by lengthy selections or an excess of some so-called classics, calamities fairly common in Washington Hall.

Irene Stofolsky demonstrated that power

is not the property of male violinists alone, for she displayed a remarkable strength, combined none the less with smoothness, of attack. Adding to these things a tone of full beauty, Miss Stofolsky becomes an exceptional artist, indeed. Her outstanding number was easily Shubert's "Hungarian Dance" (a real test for technique) which she played with apparent ease. If she was struggling under difficulties, no one knew it. The little encore, which everyone liked so well, was "The Butterfly" by Engberg, a number composed entirely of harmonics. George Imbrie sang, his ballads especially, very nicely. Stephenson's "Requiem", which has been so well set to music by Homer, was perhaps his best offering. Magdalen Massman proved a capable accompanist as well as soloist. Her 8th Rhapsodie, by Liszt, was very well done and deserves considerable commendation. To Irene Stofolsky, however, go the honors of the evening. We hope to hear her again.

—NORBERT A. ENGELS.

#### COMPASS AND CAMPUS.

J. P. M.

Through the courteous offices of the nineteen twenty-three Dome, The SCHOLASTIC is able to offer this week a photograph which reveals once more the changeless, yet ever undiscovered beauty of Notre Dame. There are many times, particularly during the stormy and sloppy weather which inflicts the Hoosier kingdom as with scrofula and the plague, when we feel that the beauty of the world lies elsewhere, as we pick a precarious way between mudpuddles and skip from stone to stone in a lumbering imitation of the antelope. Who can doubt that one of the real needs of Notre Dame for money is the campus—the provision of good drainage and solid paths? The Romans changed bogs into communities by the simple process of making solid ground a permanent thing; by the erection of highways they conquered the world. Sometimes we wish that the Romans might come to Notre Dame.

But the future will remedy this situation in its own way, when adequate finances give

the future a chance. Other ways of improving and preserving the campus belong, however, to the present. It is not only a matter of not doing this or that. Keeping off the grass ought, as always, to be observed from the very beginning of the season. Almost every student is cheerfully willing to coöperate here, and the few thoughtless others can be educated. This year, as in other seasons, the slogan "Please" should come early and stay late. Tearing down bushes and mutilating trees are pastimes without any past at Notre Dame. It is a pleasant surprise to observe how few flowers are plucked from bushes and how few plants are trampled in the dust. We doubt if there are many places where so much reverence for natural beauty would be felt, under the same circumstances. It reveals the student's instinctive appreciation of landscape beauty.

When all this has been said, however, nothing constructive has even so much as been hinted at. What can the Notre Dame man contribute to the beauty of Notre Dame? What can the fellow who expects an admirable campus do to make the campus still more admirable? These are questions which ought to be answered. We say there is much to be done. At all universities like ours, some portion of the student body takes an active part in the keep-up of the lawns. We ought to be ahead of them because we have more to begin with; but we are woefully far behind. What is the matter then, with a voluntary organization to help clean bent on keeping the weeds out of Paradise?

We have no practical details to suggest here. We leave all practical things to the executors. Emerson says, "The world is built on ideas." Notre Dame will rise on ideas, affectionately conceived and faithfully executed.

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#### AT EVENING.

Above in starlit skies

The Virgin's image glows.

Beneath from upraised eyes

My prayerful paen flows.

J. W. S.

#### CAMPUS COMMENT.

Under the spell of Fr. Miltner's magic words, cold facts lost their coldness, and became shining meteors flashing over the blue background of the K. of C. chambers last Tuesday night. Throughout the whole of Fr. Miltner's talk there gleamed bits of epigrammatic wisdom, scintillating and sane.

At the meeting it was decided that a new player piano would be purchased, in pursuance of the house committee's plan for making the council chambers an attractive recreation center for the members.

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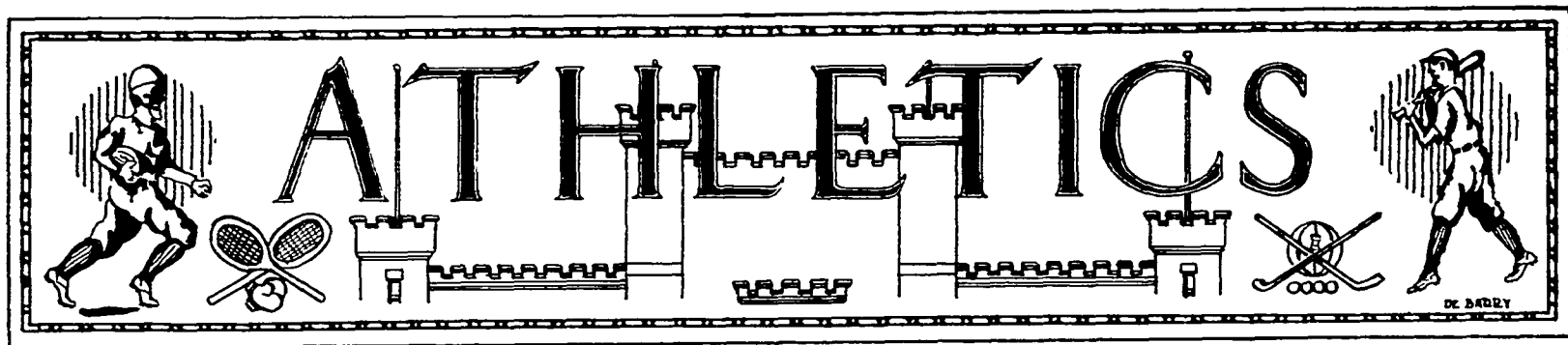
Mr. Paulding has come and gone once again, and as usual he has left worth-while lessons for us to ponder over. On Thursday, March 8, he read A. S. M. Hutchinson's "This Freedom," and on Friday read Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray." What his readings lost from lack of repression, they gained from sincerity and keen insight into the messages of the books. Mr. Paulding as a reader is entertaining, perhaps unique; but as a moral force he is particularly vital, particularly successful.

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The Badin "rec" room was nearly wrecked last Wednesday night by the surges of mirth occasioned by the appearance of the "Three Mikes." The principal riot-makers were Kane and Seifrit, discoverers of Kano and Seifo, of which remarkable hair-tonics these gentlemen must have imbibed before they departed for the smoker. In short, they were funny. Harrington and McQuern put on a furious bout, during which it is rumored that one of "Tubby's" numerous medals turned from gold to brass. Coach Rockne narrated the story of that old Nebraska game in which Fr. Hugh O'Donnell, rector of Badin, received the appellation of "Pepper" and several other injuries. There were eats and there were smokes, and to complete the success there was Frank Howland on his xylophone.

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Take not too literally the thought, "Let your university diploma be the beginning of your education."



## BASKETBALL

## The Season

FRANK M. WALLACE.

The 1922 basketball season which closed last week found the Irish team on the losing end of the won and lost column. Winning but 10 contests out of 22, losing four of six conference games and dropping eight games to the Indiana basketball schools without a victory, the season was far from successful. But, nevertheless, there were redeeming features.

While flying at top form the Notre Dame team beat Iowa on the Hawkeye floor—and Iowa tied with Wisconsin for the Conference championship. The Illinois battle was tied at the end of the game and required an extra period to make the Halasmen bow. Three games in the lost column—two with Depauw and one with Michigan Aggies—were dropped by one point after thrilling finishes. A fourth one point marginal game was won from Kalamazoo.

Noble Kizer, sophomore running guard, was the big star of the team and the personality which gave the squad far more than an arithmetical share of its ability. Exceptionally clever as a floor man, Kizer consistently broke up enemy formations and converted

them into potential scores. He had one of the best field goal records on the quintet and was reliable for one to three goals a game. His free throwing, always accurate, approached the marvellous as the season passed its zenith. During the strenuous one point decisions

of the last half of the season, Kizer regularly sank more than 75 per cent of his attempts from free shooting. Frequently he scored more than half of his team's point total. Occasionally he contributed a big majority of the points.

Gene Mayl played every game at back guard and displayed satisfactory work which improved in cleverness with each contest. He was an expert at taking the ball from the back and was faster than his weight would seem to permit. Occasionally slipping downfloor for a quick peg at the basket, he

proved himself one of the most accurate tossers on the team.

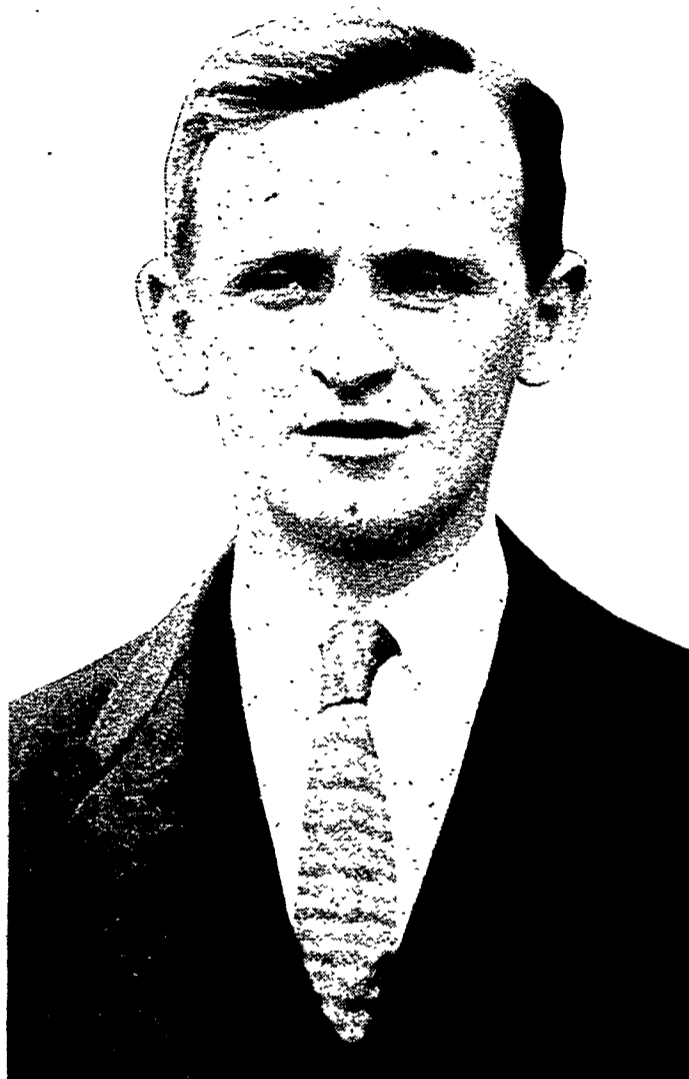
Rex Enright played consistently good at forward ball throughout the year. Most of his baskets were made from mid-floor—at which range he was easily the best shot on the team. He is fast for his weight and employs more basketball tricks and seems possessed of more natural instinct than any man on the squad.

Capt. Micky Kane was handicapped during

Notre Dame	23	Michigan	41
Notre Dame	39	Michigan Aggies	14
Notre Dame	40	Lewis Institute	15
Notre Dame	32	Illinois Wesleyan	25
Notre Dame	29	Bradley Tech.	18
Notre Dame	20	Milliken	23
Notre Dame	38	Illinois	41
Notre Dame	20	Northwestern	13
Notre Dame	24	Iowa	23
Notre Dame	40	Armour	20
Notre Dame	16	Butler	29
Notre Dame	21	Purdue	39
Notre Dame	29	Armour	14
Notre Dame	28	Western St. Normal	23
Notre Dame	18	Butler	41
Notre Dame	18	Indiana	33
Notre Dame	31	Depauw	32
Notre Dame	34	Kalamazoo	33
Notre Dame	21	Wabash	26
Notre Dame	28	Depauw	29
Notre Dame	21	Michigan Aggies	22
Notre Dame	15	Wabash	40

Won 10—Lost 12

the early part of the season by an infected finger. Although not a heavy scorer, Mike had the fighting spirit of a leader and his



HALAS.

team picked up aggressiveness when he was in the game. He received another injury at an important moment of the first Depauw game and his absence from the remainder of that battle broke up the winning combination which lacked one point of victory in the final score. This game was the first of the string of one point reverses and its loss may have had a psychological effect.

Les Logan, veteran forward, substituted for Capt. Kane when the latter was out of the game. In the first battles of the season he promised an improvement which might earn him a regular place on the squad. Against Iowa his work was scintillating and largely responsible for the win over the conference champions. After Kane returned, Logan continued to see service as a relief man and played in almost all games.

Tom Reardon finished the year as a regular at center—a position which was muddled throughout the season. Elmer Layden, Don

Miller and Reardon were prominent candidates early in the year and Layden seemed to have won first choice until he went out before mid-season because of illness. Don Miller and Reardon alternated for a period with Reardon appearing to have the advantage. The argument was settled however by an accident in the Indiana game. Miller broke a bone in his right hand and went out for the year.

Reardon played a promising sort of basketball. His shooting and floor work ranked well with other men on the team and he was considered a valuable defensive man when the season ended.

Mahoney and Sheehan were the other reserves who frequently broke into the game without an apparent weakening of the front. O'Boyle and Tim Murphy slightly saw less service and Coffey and Eaton broke into a few games.

Capt. Kane and Logan will be the only men lost from the squad this year. Promising material from the freshmen class will aid Kiser, Mayl, Reardon and Enright into the development of a first class club. Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Northwestern, Purdue and Indiana are scheduled to play at Notre Dame next season. The perennial hope of a wooden floor and sizeable gymnasium to accommodate the crowds which will be expected at these games, may be realized in the prospective enlargement of the gymnasium.

The season just passed may be divided into four sections. The first including the first ten games, was a period in which the squad was taking shape but nevertheless offering a stubborn battle which resulted in seven victories in ten starts.

The second period included the six games which began with the first Butler contest. Indifference was the characteristic of this period during which four of six games were lost.

The third period began with the first Depauw game and was the epoch of sensational battling. Four of the five games included were decided by one point. In most of these contests the Irish led until the final minutes. The last game with Wabash, was a return to indifference—but Kizer had just recovered from a sick spell and the team, after show-

ing resistance for one half, broke in the second period and Wabash ran wild.

Coach Halas faced a severe obstacle when the season began as he was obliged to take a green team which had just come from a football gridiron, to face Michigan, which had been practicing for more than a month. The squad took a beating but picked up and won the two games which remained before the Christmas vacation began. A vacation trip to Illinois was made without Capt. Kane, whose infected finger kept him out of the game for three weeks. The five split even on this trip, losing to Illinois and Milliken. Following the holidays the team took another jaunt—winning three games, one of which included the one point decision over Iowa.

Then the game began to slack. Granted a fighting chance to win from Butler and Purdue, the squad went down state and lost decisively to both teams. Victories over Armour and Western State Normal followed but nothing exceptional in basketball was displayed in either win. Another trip down-state resulted in a bad defeat at Indiana. The next night at Greencastle, after trailing at the end of the half, the team found itself and fought within a point of the Tigers at the final gun. The thrilling Kalamazoo game followed on the home floor—but this time Noble Kizer sunk a goal in the last second and it was Notre Dame that won.

The luck flitted away then. After leading Wabash 10-7 at the end of the first half and maintaining a good lead during the early part of the second period, the defence crumbled and the Little Giants won 26-21. Depauw came. Again the Irish took a first half lead and maintained it until the last 10 minutes—but again the Tigers won by a point by a basket in the last 20 seconds. Kizer was out of the game because of sickness but his teammates looked like winners—until the fatal last ten minutes when Notre Dame scoring stopped and the farmers won by a point—in the last 30 seconds. The Wabash final victory was decisive.

Coach Halas was handicapped by a poor start and frequent injuries and sickness which broke up his combinations. But withal, the team played a fighting game all the time and slight breaks in the luck would



KANE

have changed the season from an apparent failure to a solid success.

#### WISCONSIN WINS.

Notre Dame's track team went up against an unexpectedly strong and well-balanced scoring aggregation at Wisconsin last Saturday and went down in defeat to a score of 50 to 36.

Walsh, Notre Dame's speedy dash man took individual scoring honors, winning six points with a first in the 40-yard high hurdles and a third in the 440 yard dash. The surprises occurred in the distance runs, Cardinal athletes placing first in the quarter, half, one, and two-mile events.

In the high jump, Platten and Donohue of the Cardinals tied for first and second, Tuhlar of the same team won third. Hogan of Notre Dame copped first place in the pole vaults with a height of 12 feet and three inches. Wisconsin men took the other two places. The relay was won by Notre Dame in a time of 3 minutes, 46 2-10 seconds.

#### SUMMARY.

40 yard dash—Barr, N. D., first; Eagleburger, W., second; Desch, N. D., third. Time, 4 5-10 seconds.

40 yard high hurdles—Walsh, N. D., first. Tuhlar W., second; Newell, W., third. Time 5 5-0 seconds.

440 yard dash—Johnson, W., first; Spetz, W., second; Walsh, N. D., third. Time, 54 4-5 seconds.

880 yard run—Valley, W., first; Rossmeißel, W., second; Cox, N. D., third. Time, 2 minutes 3 1-0 seconds.

Mile run—Schneider, W., first; Kennedy, N. D., second; Cox, N. D., third. Time 2 minutes 3 1-0 onds.

Two-mile run—Tschudy, W., first; Perry, W., second; Connell, N. D., third. Time, 10 minutes 10 seconds.

High jump—Platten, W., and Donohue, W., tied for first and second; Tuhlar, W., third. Height 6 feet one inch.

Shot put—Lieb, N. D., first; Flynn, N. D., second; Vanells, W., third. Distance, 43 feet 8 inches.

One-mile relay—Won by Notre Dame (Barr, Walsh, Disney, Hamling). Time, 3 minutes 46 2-10 seconds.

Pole Vault—Hogan, N. D., first; Timlinson, W., and Schmidt, W., tied for second and third, Height 12 feet three inches.

### UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS RELAY.

Although Goddess Chance frowned frequently and severely upon the Irish envoys, Notre Dame partook of the honors in four events at the University of Illinois' sixth indoor relay carnival, held at Urbana last Saturday. The affair was the most successful set of track and field games ever held in the middle west, a meet featured by keen competition, in which eight carnival records were broken, two tied, an American amateur record equalled, and another established. The sterling performance of Emerson Norton, of the University of Kansas, won for him the all-around championship of the meet.

Barr, of Notre Dame, placed second in the 75-yard dash following Ayres of Illinois, whose time for the event was :07 3-5, tying the American and carnival record.

Lieb, of Notre Dame, placed second in the shot-put, headed by Van Orden of Michigan, who tossed the shot 43 feet, 1 1-4 inches, establishing a new carnival record.

In the Medley Relay, Notre Dame placed second; Nebraska winning it in a time of 8: 24 2-5.

Notre Dame took fourth place in the one-mile relay, headed by Iowa, Chicago, and Illinois respectively. A new carnival record was

also established in this event, by Iowa, the time being 3:26.

The Irish were given the outside lane in the one-mile relay, which handicapped them severely. A Notre Dame man was also caught in a jam at a start, and fell, losing time which could not be well-afforded under the competition.

Lieb's excellent work last Saturday indicates that Notre Dame's stalwart son will represent her at the Olympics, as discus champion, if not as a shot-putter. What the team lacks this year in phenomenal talent, it makes up for in general balance. WARD.

The Notre Dame Lawn Tennis Association, an organization which promises to provide another varsity sport for the University, and to foster a new interest in the racket game, was put on a sound basis at a meeting of about fifty tennis enthusiasts in the Library Tuesday noon. The Association has the backing of the S. A. C., the Boosters' Club, and Coach Rockne, himself a devotee of the sport, who pledged his support to all endeavors undertaken in the furtherance of the game on the Campus, and in the arranging of matches with representative colleges.

The pretentious plans outlined at this first meeting include: the building of new, regulation courts; the institution of annual tourney matches between the students who wish to complete, and the formation of a varsity team whose schedule will include matches with the "Big Ten." In appreciation of his efforts to rank tennis among the recognized athletics of the University, Harry McGuire was elected to the presidency. Herman Centilevre was made vice-president, and to "Abner" Sommer was entrusted the pen and key of the secretary and treasurer. All those interested in tennis are requested to present themselves at the next meeting.

Joe Bach shot baskets at will last Sunday in the big gym and the Surveyors won easily from the Chemists, 20 to 8. O'Toole and Lang also played fast ball for their team. Miller, Kizer and Fradenburg put up a strong fight for the Chemists, but their efforts were in vain.

## BOOK LEAVES.

America boasts many admirers of the late W. H. Hudson who, no doubt, will do their share toward the memorial which is being raised to him in England. Lovers of nature and of beautiful prose religiously cherish the name of Hudson. "Green Mansions" is a book after their own hearts. This book wins friends wherever it is read and its fame is still in its infancy. Hudson is neither known nor admired now so much as he is likely to be fifteen or twenty years hence.

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The present year is the tercentenary of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays, which was dated 1623. John Heminges and Henry Condell, two of Shakespeare's intimate friends, edited the folio, and it was printed by William Haggard at the expense of a syndicate of publishers. The folio sold, if we recall our history of literature rightly, for what would be to-day in our money about five dollars. Now a copy of the first folio is worth about \$125,000. But that is aside—To commemorate the tercentenary of the folio, Maggs brothers, famous London dealers in Shakespeareana, have published an elaborate and profusely illustrated catalogue of Shakespearean items.

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New York has had its fling at picking lists of ten best books as the result of newspaper inquiries directed at prominent people recently. The question, "What ten books would you take with you if you were to spend the remainder of your life on a desert island?" is an interesting one. However, the answers given are rarely sincere. Persons of whom the question is asked become self-conscious and begin to wonder what is expected of them. The list usually begins with the Bible, then Shakespeare, and dwindles down to "David Copperfield," "Penny-dennis" or the like. What the business man would actually take would be Moody's Investment Guide, "The Psychology of Sales," "Power for Success" or similar business bibles. And the young matron, a copy of the Boston Cooking School Book and "The Shiek."

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What to our mind is the best collection of English essays is the Everyman anthology, "A Century of Essays." It appeals to us not only because it contains English essays that are most representative of the shorter prose in our literature, but also because it shows the development of our prose. From Caxton and Chaucer down to Lucas, Chesterton and Belloc is a long sweep, and a group of one hundred essays that includes examples from all the important prose writers must necessarily show the growth of language and of style. In his choice of writings from contemporary authors the editor is not so successful

as he might be. We know of better essays by Hilaire Belloc than "On a Great Wind." But we commend the judgment that gives the reader Chesterton's "Defence of Nonsense."

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American Southern writers have not come in for their full share of recognition—by a long shot. If it hadn't been for French critics Edgore Allen Poe would probably have disappeared from sight. The Puritan who has guided our destinies, and sailed our ship of state, and written our books, has not been in the habit of smiling upon other districts of the nation. Recently we came across two volumes of Louisiana short-stories—"Bayou Folks," by Kate Chapin, which seemed to us technically equal to any New England sketches and a bloomin' sight superior for charm of scene and character.

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Of Mrs Atherton's "Black Oxen" it may be said, as Jeroboam remarked of his favorite geese, "the cackle of the beasts is somewhat extraordinary."

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"Faint Perfume" by Zona Gale, which has just completed serial publication in the *Century*, is now on the bookstands. . . . "Never lend books to any one, young man," said the old gentleman, as he showed us through his library. "You see all these books here. Every one of them has been lent to me." . . . Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish dramatist who received the Nobel prize last year, is now in America. His plays are not widely known here. One of them may be found, however, in the second series of Dickinson's "Chief Contemporary Dramatists." . . . Conrad, who may receive the Nobel prize some time, is coming in April. But he refuses to lecture. And while he is here his latest story, "The Rover," will begin serial publication. . . . We caught a glimpse of the rather bulky volume, "The American Language," by Mencken, perched on the reference shelves of the library the other day. A kind of etymological "So This is America." Good reading if you want to know why we say elevator and not lift, street-car and not tram, etc. . . . Speaking of things seen, there was a two-volume of "Dictionary of Etiquette" on one student book shelf. The quest for knowledge, as it were. . . . Some one volunteers the remark that the most scholarly explanation of auto-suggestion appears in William James' "Principles of Psychology." . . . Doctor Walsh has treated the same subject in a book called "Health Through Will Power," if we remember the title correctly. . . . The latest addition to the literature of Main Street is "Poor Pinney" by Marian Chapman. . . . And among the books that are promising is "The Nineteen Hundreds" by Horace Wyndham, London journalist and penman.

## CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

### AS MANY AS A CAT HAS LIVES.

When George Owen of Harvard is graduated this June he will carry away with him nine "H's" for prowess in football, baseball and hockey, establishing a new varsity record. The nearest previous approach to this record was that of a graduate in 1900 who received seven letters. A remarkable feat, to be sure. And speaking from a spiritual point of view we would say that his accomplishments may make it easier for him to enter Heaven because he is getting his share of "H's" here in this world.

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"Dynamite made from sawdust,"—states a headline in a college paper when referring to the new invention of Doctor Dehn, professor of chemistry at the University of Washington. That is nothing. Not long ago we saw dust made from dynamite.

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### HE IS GOING TO MAKE QUITE A HAUL.

Some sage has said that in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to love, and quite naturally if he is a senior, it turns to graduation and worrying about getting out into the world and getting a position. Fate, that which overshadows us all, is waiting to start them out on a career which may bring them success or failure. They cannot elude Fate. Somehow or other Fate has made Charles Fay, who in the late nineties was graduated with honors from the Kansas University, a success by awarding him a contract to collect garbage for a period of ten years. No this is not a paradox! He actually has made good. The city of Wichita in which he received the garbage contract, agrees to pay him \$32,000 a year the first year, and after that it will pay him at the rate of \$2.00 a house for every home in the city. According to the latest census Wichita has been growing in population rapidly, and if it keeps up its present rate of growth, the contract will amount to \$400,000 in ten years. That is Fate.

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The Scriptures tell us that Samson let his hair grow exceedingly long, and as his hair continued to grow his brutal strength also increased. His hair was the secret of his giant-like physical power. Now it seems that the eds at California University are habitually "annoyed" by the co-eds there, and they have not been able to devote the proper amount of time to their studies as a result of the distraction. They feel that there is too much social life prevailing. They do not feel that they are getting the proper benefit from their education, and so they have formed a "Samson Club," the members

## "WALK-OVER"

### Newly Remodeled Store

### SEE THE NEW SPRING OXFORDS IN OUR WINDOW

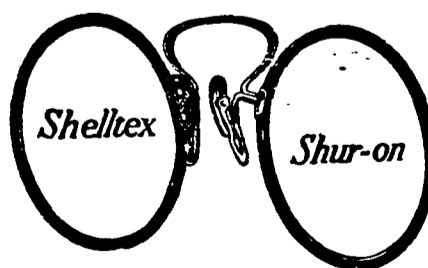


## Don't Spend It All!

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**  
TRUST & SAVINGS  
JEFFERSON BLVD. NEXT TO POST OFFICE  
"The Bank Ahead"

## BETTER GLASSES FOR LESS MONEY



These Shur-On  
Shelltex Glasses  
specially priced

**\$5.00**  
and up.

**DR. J. BURKE**

230 South Michigan Street.

Over Twenty Years in  
the Same Location

BURKE'S GLASSES  
FIT THE EYES

## TEDDY BEAR BLUES



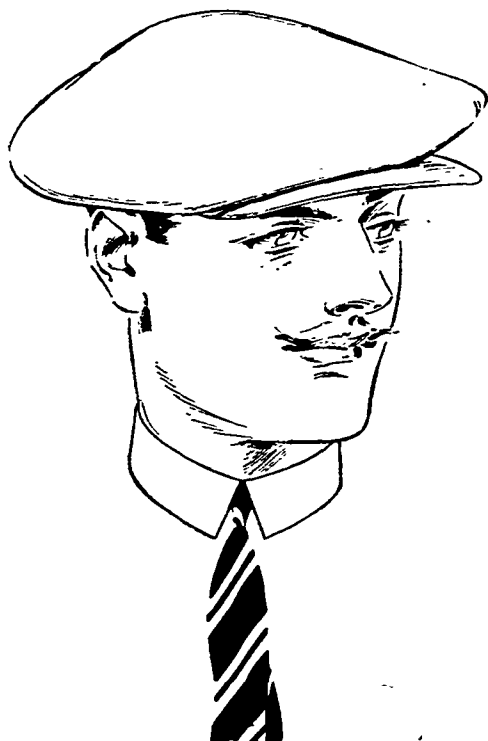
is the newest thrill in "blues"  
—a dance record with a roving  
cornet chorus, reaching High  
Cornet D, which is going *some*.

**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, TROY, N. Y.

**MAX ADLER CO., South Bend, Indiana**

of which must take an oath not to shave oftener than once every fortnight. We suppose that they are trying to imitate that Biblical giant with the hope of developing strength to resist the tempting fascinations of the co-eds.

\*\*\*

### WHAT WOULD DEMOSTHENES SAY?

Ameliorations are rapidly being made in the science of radio; and with these improvements new radio features are introduced. The first debate ever to be transmitted over the radio was that one held recently by the Boston University Debating Society. The remarks of the debaters were broadcasted from a department store radio station, while members of the society listened in at the university receiving station, and voted on the teams. Then at the University of Wisconsin the results of the Michigan-Wisconsin basketball game was broadcasted to the radio fans throughout the country. A play by play service was too impractical, but the news was sent out at five minute intervals telling of the general progress of the game and the more important plays. Undoubtedly the innovations will mean that in the future radio debates will be arranged with other colleges; and the alumni and other fans all over the United States will be able to follow the crucial games of the year without having to stir from the cozy morris-chair in front of the fire place.

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### WANDERLUST.

We believe it was John Locke who advised a year of travel for the completion of a thorough education. And his utterance seems to have been fully accepted by the educators of this country. In a great number of the leading universities, including our own, student tours to the various countries are made each summer. All the students who make the trips are required to bring back reports on the conditions existing in the foreign lands they visited. But aside from this one duty they are free to learn from experience anything that the world can teach them. They become tempered to the sickening roll of the sea; they imbibe portions of philosophy from the officers, engineers and stevedores; they learn to work without complaining no matter if they are detailed to scrub the deck or load the hold; and always they are associating themselves with what Emerson calls the instructor in eloquence and wisdom,—drudgery, calamity, exasperation, and want. When they go ashore they do not overlook any places of interest; they try to solve the ancient mysteries as they gaze upon the pensive, expressionless Sphinx of Egypt; they observe the peculiarities of human nature as they ride in the ginrickshaws of Japan; and they enjoy the exotic thrill as they dance the tango of Buenos Aires. In short, they learn what Emerson says they do: that the world and its attractions are the keys that unlock one's thoughts and make him acquainted with himself.