

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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GETTING INTO LINE

Let there be no heaving of the bosom in vacancy.
—George Meredith.

ONCE more the stately Spring has lived up to the poet's promise, and here the final and most credible symptom awaits your attention. These editors, you may judge them by their faces and from their speech; they have qualities of youth and growth and green vitality; it might be possible to compare them with flowers, not the blushing violet, by any means, nor the melancholy—seductively melancholy—lilac, but perhaps the brave and conquering dandelion. Here they are, anyway, in a row, with their poetry and prose, their humor and their honor, parading modestly in their best. It is not for us to say how good that best is, but we venture a private opinion that seldom has the galley of Minerva been manned by more surrendering slaves. They sweat and they toil; their literary muscles are stiff from the straining, but their hearts are in love with the breeze.

The man who adores his mood and the idea of giving it expression doesn't always happen to be young. But if he lives in Walsh Hall and writes about tobacco the chances are good that he is. Older heads would admit gravely that nicotine, wily young lady though she be, is hard on the pocket-book and the heart—in the best manner of other young ladies. But this the boy (bless him) is quite too blind to see. The world is a rainbow sea, with the ship's sails tossing with the mystery of elusive winds. All too generally, the middle-aged, with their wisdom and acid humor fail to give the newest generation credit for its adventure. Against this we protest, taking our position in front of Walsh Hall.

Some times one is surprised to note how thoroughly representative of Notre Dame

life the SCHOLASTIC board is. Other groups mold the expression of student impulse in a number of successful forms. Grace, strength and agility of body are set in appropriate pose by our extensive and able teams. The canvas of our oratorical mood bellies with the power of striving speakers. And so on. But the manifold shifting shadows and lights of student experience, reflection and aspiration, the prose and poetry of the Notre Dame mind, are to be treasured only in the continuous and fascinating etching of this magazine. It is work with a dignified past out of which youth has stepped to the gloves and cane of middle-age glory elsewhere. It is work with a present, an amply satisfying present, in which there is promise and expectancy. "Let there be no heaving of the bosom in vacancy"—let our school always find the song for its singing and the paragraph for its practicality.

What of the future? It is very likely true that the SCHOLASTIC will merge soon into a daily paper to carry the moods and deeds of a constantly growing Notre Dame, a Notre Dame more and more significantly the buckler of Our Lady, and the shield of young men. There will be also, we hope, a successful monthly literary magazine, not too serious but readily thoughtful, unashamedly poetic. A bit of sorrow comes over us at thinking how, possibly, this may be the last Editor's Number of our magazine as it has been during a fruitful and stirring half-century. But forward, cheerfully: through other scripts on other sign-posts the future Notre Dame will read itself more clearly and benignly, perhaps, than has been possible in the past. Scribblers are like sparrows. They can build on telegraph-poles when trees have all been cut down. And suddenly as one listens they grow into a chorus of cardinals and larks and orioles, the voice of unending spring.

THE EDITOR.

THIS BEING—THE STUDENT.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

A CONSIDERATION of no person' is so interesting as that of a student, unless it be a lover. All of us are interested in the lover because all of us have been deeply in love at least once, and are less profoundly in love at all times, and most of us are interested in the student because most of us were once desperate hunters of the truth; and all of us are inclined to seek it less desperately always. The lover and the student are much alike. Both are actuated by an intense longing; both seek a mistress. Sometimes the lover succeeds in his quest, but the student never, for the truth is a fickle mistress who ever eludes the grasp, although some are so foolish as to suppose they have captured and wedded truth. The true student is never so mad as to suppose he knows the absolute truth, for the best of men must be content with but fragments. The only digested truth is material, built up by scientific experimenting, and then even a careful man may be mistaken. But the skeptical attitude, on the other hand, is also to be avoided. The educated man has a clear, conscious view of his opinions and judgments and has a sincere belief that he has reached the logical truth of his inquiry, but he must admit, nevertheless, that he may be mistaken, lacking somehow, the power to see the truth as a fellow sees it. In religion, for instance, I am sincere in believing that I know the truth, and to my own satisfaction and to many others, I can prove the reasonableness of his judgment, while he cannot understand my logical progression to a different conviction. I may be wrong in this opinion, for it seems that I speak in an extended paradox, but, perhaps, I have not arrived at the truth here, either.

The true student is always a student. He is ever endeavoring to get at the heart of things, and if he studies efficiently he is best able to do that by a study of not many things, but a few thoroughly. "I fear the man of one book," says the sage.

The true student is a fascinating study. He and his fellows make a pleasing picture gathered in a room in the ideal university.

I like to picture that room in a certain way—a large room, of old English construction, with large beams across the ceiling, with wide, airy windows, lighting the many books along the walls, and the tables around which sit young men discussing many things. I like to envisage even better, being a sensuous being, the scenes in Thackeray and Hugo, where Marius and his fellow students gathered in the old taverns and talked over their thoughts, Marius or Courfeyrac now and then flushed with a bit too much drink, orating on some thought that particularly impressed him; where Esmond drank ale in the coffee houses frequented by Steele, Addison and other wits; where Pendennis supped at the Back Kitchen with his friends. As they sit about the tables conversing, with portly waiters rushing past with steaming soups and meats, I am reminded of the reflection that a meal exists as much for the enjoyment of conversation as for the enjoyment of food. These scenes give one an idea of the student life when it is most interesting and fruitful. They suggest pleasant conversation, friendly argument and generosity of opinion, all bringing progress in thought. The earnest student here studies men as well as books. He is anxious to put the best possible interpretation upon the motives of his fellow, and so becomes broader of mind, and learns to understand the working of other minds. He divides his time between men and books.

"Books are the best of things, well used"; Emerson says, "abused, among the worst." They are canned knowledge, the written thoughts of experienced men, and have value in that they enable men to learn the workings of other minds, and bring knowledge quicker than experience can. But their value depends upon the ability, sincerity and previous knowledge of the reader. The successful student does not try to remember all they tell, and does not try, like George III., to learn foolish bits of dry facts. He uses books to learn the elements, to inspire. He ruminates over their content. Like the cow, which depends for her physical life upon rumination, he depends for his mental life upon rumination, a chewing of the thought cud.

And learning things, the prudent student



WARD

FLANNERY

ENGELS

HOGAN

takes care to remain humble. Once he is proud of his knowledge, he loses the ability for valuable camaraderie, and is no longer able to appreciate men, being puffed up with himself. The prudent student remembers that Ignorance met Christian in the land of Conceit.

The great life is one of never-ending study. A college course finished, the great adventure is to travel, to trod the scenes of great romances, great productions, great discoveries, to see where Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Bacon, Dante, Stevenson, Pascal, Richelieu, Plato, Aristotle, worked; to see where David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby, Jean Valjean, Don Quixote, Roland, Pendennis, were created. The voyage, to be perfect, would never end; it would be a marriage of the soul to experience.

THE PROFESSOR.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

YOU never, I suppose, met the student who, even at his graduation, seriously wanted a professor's photograph. "Ugh! That dried-up codger!" your student would scout the suggestion. "Yes, you just take all my share and welcome, and peddle them where you can. But, Lord, deliver me." Or let us suppose the impossible youth—that oddity of a chap who at heart desired the professor's likeness. Well, not even he would care to broadcast his propensity. He knows what kind of verdict he might expect: "Hang on to the old prof's coat-tails as long and as tight as you like; but as for me, I don't believe in that stuff."

The college man, of course, is a youth of

liberal imagination. But is his imagination ever so lawless and unreasonable that it pictures his professor a quondam little boy or even a young man? "That young fellow who teaches Greek or Ancient History," "a dashing young professor of Economics":—no, the college man has not met the monstrosity. Dashing fellows, as the very Freshman knows, simply are not professors, and professors simply are not dashing fellows. Age and discretion, wrinkles and sparsity of hair are prerequisites for the professors and prerogatives with them. Hollow-cheeked and sallow they may be—in fact, they generally are; in exceptional cases they may be rotund and rosy. They should also retain a few straggling wisps of neglected hair,—some of them do not. But old—professors must be and are old.

The professor himself took the irretrievable step when as professor he crossed the threshold of that classroom on a fatal September afternoon. At that moment his youth fled away in panic. (It should be noted that aspirants to professorships are invariably assigned to afternoon classes, that any lurking pretensions to youthfulness may be summarily crushed out of them).

"What! You tell me I was an old man from that hour?" my friend, the professor, shrieks. "Why, I was but two and twenty then, and some of the lads were three or four years older." But stay, old fellow: you, not they, took that fatal step; you, not they, thereby became and remained the "old Prof." And why not? Are you not to pay the penalty for holding forth? Your deliberateness (by the way, a quality of yours to be imitated), your dignity and sedateness, and, I was about to say, your unctiousness,—

are you to get these for nothing? No, indeed. Like the farmer who to small-town folk is always the "old farmer," the professor is to his students the "old prof."

On the normal and drab class-days,—say, on four days out of every five,—the scarcely memorable days when little is happening and we are getting nothing but an education, the professor is the old prof. Once in a weary long while he loosens up, perhaps, and we genially dub him the "old boy." And the irate professor (good professors are irate two or three times a semester on principle) is still the old boy. But in our tone and manner there is a wide world of difference between the old boy irate and the old boy placable.

Yet they say that in after years of ups and downs, and backs and forths, and revelations, the college graduate turns with almost longing and fondness to the old professors: certainly not with the unfeigned disdain of the upper classman nor with the awe of the Freshman, but with revised and perhaps reversed evaluation of the old boy's place and worth in the making of other men's lives. He begins gradually to appreciate the efforts of the old "slave-driver"; to see that the professor labored to expound and to transfer something of importance,—not bare facts, let us hope: a high school student could glean facts,—a mountain of them, if need be,—from the World Almanac; but the college man finds, fortunately, that he has something more vital than facts—he has standards and principles by which facts and events are everywhere to be safely and sanely appraised. Perhaps he has gained inspiration, too; and with that, and that alone, his equipment is quite complete. And inspiration is not imparted or acquired by correspondence courses, but by the daily, personal human touch; and it presupposes on the teacher's part that biggest of assets,—that day by day the teacher is prepared to diffuse inspiration, and to make it catch and flourish oftentimes where the soil is untoward.

Whisper the night away, o winds,
Pray ye the dawn to come
Into the sky's garden.

LOW VOICES

JOHN P. MULLEN.

My father was a piper's son,
He used to play when day was done,
But all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

G. G. KING.

THE splendors of the West had long since faded out; now the myriad rush-lights of heaven pointed down their fingers upon the resting earth. A young moon—the carmine-edged moon of the tropic night—slowly ascended above the highest clouds, casting shadows beneath the palms which swayed and sighed in the wind from the sea as a tired child sighs in its dreams. From the heart of a distant magnolia came the sweet, passionate melody of a nightingale across the moist, perfumed air—a long ripple of entrancing song, rising and falling like the south wind, deep with the melancholy of sorrow, and rich with the laughter of love. Long swells rose from the formless spaces like lithe runners of the Greeks bearing ghostly fires, and fell exhausted upon the sand. Before us the pale, narrow road ran to lose itself in the shadows of a village, which looked out upon the world with kindly, yellow eyes.

"Let us not go on," said my chance companion of the morning, "but rest here under the palms where we may enjoy the breeze. The town will be stuffy and restless."

We sat facing each other in the moonlight by the roadside.

There is something exhilarating in the soundful quiet of the Southern night; in its faint breath laden with the odors of drowsy flowers; in the long, weird sighs of the sleeping world; in music that is not real, but more the echo of a strain heard and forgotten in forgotten years. My soul was fettered as if by the chains of witchery. Turning I looked upon my companion. He might have been thirty, not older; his slight form was motionless; in the moonlight the oval face was pale and sensitive and singularly young, and his eyes were deep pools glowing with a strange fire. Feeling my eyes upon him he raised his own questioningly.

"The night—," I started to say when the

horror at breaking the silence sealed my lips.

"I love the night," he answered.

There was a natural melody in his voice, a soft, silvery cadence with now a wave and now a calm, a perfect harmony, one with the stillness and the enchantment. He turned his eyes out to the sea, and spoke in dreamy accents, half to himself, half to the night.

"They say that I am cursed, that I am a dreamer, a wanderer like Cain, without home or love. But they have not heard, they could not understand the song that is in my heart. The far, low summoning of the wind, the raptures of the open are not for them. Theirs are the narrow towns and the narrower streets, the fears of poverty and death, the black breath of towered chimneys, the cold hearts stilled by a Midas' touch. They are an alien race; how can they feel the peace that comes into my soul to-night?

"Long ago, when I was but a child, I caught the song of a gypsy caravan, and even then a vague unrest possessed me; a new fire throbbed in my veins, and I heard a voice calling in a strange tongue. The winds of the sea and the woods bore me the music of distant lands; the dawns to me were but reflections of the glories of the East. Each Spring birds sang to me in quivering notes of a land of perfumes and shadows, of forests filled with lofty pines, of flowers frail and beautiful, of cascades whose flying waters made rainbows in the sun. And the days of my youth I spent in dreams, roaming the fields and the musky woods, or down at the wharves listening to the tales which sailors told of peoples of other centuries, of massive ruins—cities built on sand. At night the magical strain of the gypsy trail resounded in my ears like a harp-song of the heavens, and my heart, bursting in its agony, could soothe itself only in tears.

"One day when I could hold my dreams secret no longer, I ran to my mother's arms, and there between sobs and the cooling touch of her caresses I opened my heart. She kissed my forehead, laughed, and bade me run and play, but I saw her face grow pale with the whiteness of marble and felt her hot tears upon my cheek.

"As I grew older I felt my confinement the more. I hated the men who scrambled

and raced, fought and killed for their graven gods. The worn faces, the hunched forms bent beneath the burden of slavery, the feet and hands that grew machine-like in their quest of bread filled me with horror. I hated the cities which men built as altars to their gods, and as monuments of their faith—tombs of iron and steel. Their life I tried to make mine. But I found no beauty in the gods whose faces knew neither pity nor mercy. I cursed the riches which narrowed the mind, and darkened the soul, and the soot of factories which hid the sky.

"One day the madness for freedom severed the bonds which held me to a life not my own. Afoot and light of heart I left the world of steel and mockery, death and restless years, to follow the gypsy trail to where the caravans lost themselves in the purple shadows of the West. The noise of commerce, the clash of iron muscles and brazen bones of wealth's machinery, the labored pantings of steel lungs died in the distance, and I heard only the song of my heart. I felt a strange freedom. I shouted to the birds and the woods until the hills re-echoed my soul. When the dusk came on I sat by the roadside, as we are now, and wept.

"For years I have wandered, a bird of passage, a shadow with a heart of song, but I have been happy. The secrets of the sky and sea, the marvels of the seasons, the magic of far lands have all been revealed to me. In the valleys I have known men and on the mountains God. Men some times say that I am cursed, but children, whom the wolfish world has not yet devoured, always know and understand."

TRANQUILITY.

It is not hard to die;
The little flame will blow
Out at a sigh.
Why we will go
Away and only live
In the sad hearts of friends,
Who will forgive
Our petty trends.
It is not hard to die.

ME AND MYSELF.

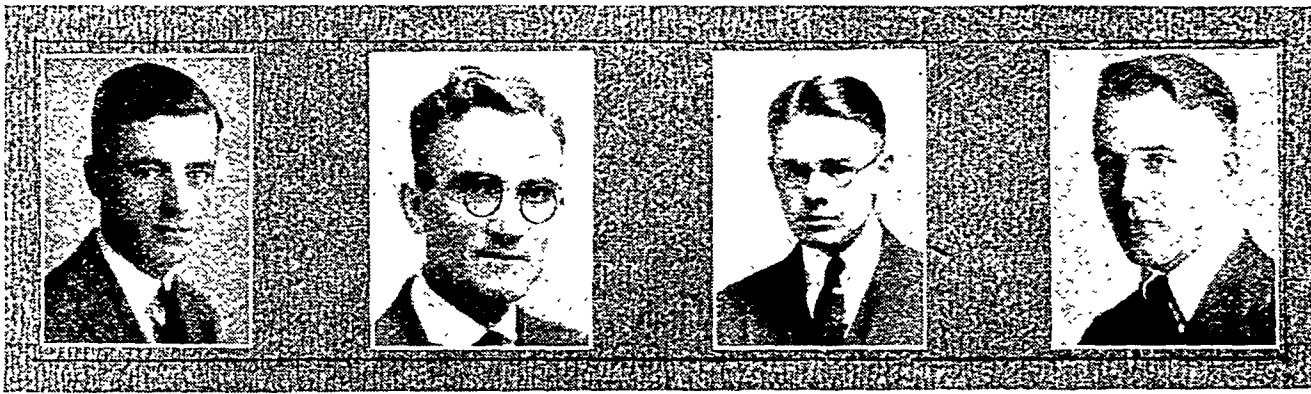
CLIFFORD B. WARD.

HEREIN, expect to find much egotism. I sing a song of myself, myself in my native haunts. Before beginning serious discussion, I must state a few facts. First of all, I am a descendant of an illustrious family. On my father's side I can trace my ancestry as far back as Adam; on my mother's side as far as Eve. That's far enough. If I had any previous existence, I am unaware of it. My lineage I formulate through pure induction. My family's paternity by Adam, I conclude from my utter detestation of clothing, a dislike which I manifest daily with much weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The maternity by Eve I induce from my penchant for heliotrope, attar of roses, and other pleasant aromas that waft themselves to my olfactory centers with the passing of the fair sex. I have all the weaknesses of the human kind, with none of its dynamics. I neither apologize for, nor boast of, my multiple deficiencies.

I was ushered into the world in the year '01," with my intuitive knowledge laboring under false pretenses. I seemed assured of free board, my room rent never bothered me, and as for clothing, a square yard took care of me very well. Had I been a girl, I could still get along with the original yard, provided I had taken a course in dress-making, and managed to stick closely to Parisian models. Now, however, these delusions have vanished. Unless I cross the palm of my landlady once every two weeks, I must sneak out of the house early in the morning, and wait until late at night to get in again. Unless I write salable buncombe for newspapers my weight decreases rapidly; unless I replenish my coffers frequently for new wearing apparel my friends proceed to shout: "Ward's losing his self-respect. Too bad, isn't it?—and to think he's a college man with so many opportunities for college men." And then the neighbors take up the anvil chant. "His folks certainly made a mistake in sending him to school. You know, people greatly over-rate this college education

stuff." Maybe they are right, maybe they are wrong. I don't know. It is this perpetual quandary of life that descends upon a man when he leaves the parental roof, that robs men of their boyishness, that forces them to sneak out at five o'clock in the morning to play a round of golf, carefully labelling it exercise, so that the Ancient Order of the Helping Hand may not say that the lad wastes his time. The whole world conspires against Youth. The lad becomes the man, and not content with the biblical injunction that he lay aside the things of a child, the world, as expressed by the Ladies' Aid, says that he must take on the characteristics of a dinosaur, and should he become married: The Powers protect him. He certainly is crazy, and someone ought to have warned him. Why the lad's only forty, and the Lord knows there's enough troubles in life after sixty to disgust any one." Well, maybe they are right, I don't know.

Someone said, "Tell me what a man likes, and I will tell you what he is." Since I must not creep into this autobiographical number unclassified, I will answer the Inquiring Reporter's impertinences, that you may know and recognize me should we ever pass at night on the storm-tossed sea. "What do you think of prohibition?" is always a good question. I am absolutely in favor of it. What do I think of Art? Intelligence can give but one answer. I like it when I understand it. Do I like Van Dycks? No, I can't appreciate technique, not being an artist, and so I don't care for Van Dycks. Landscapes and marines appeal to me. Blues, browns, and grays are my favorite color effects. Rather morbid, I must admit, but so are a lot of things in life. Music? I love melodies, expressions of heartfelt emotions, but a great deal of so-called music has too great a wave-length for my receiving set. I ignore the 12th Hungarian Rhapsody while applauding generously, "The Wearin' of the Green." Tanhauser is inferior to Barcarole, Carmen to Pelleas. I have often wondered when attending grand opera, by radio, whether the world is composed entirely of liars, or entirely of music critics. When Madame Waltza Againa goes into a fit of laryngeal convulsions, proceeding for five or ten minutes to go through vocal calis-



BRUGNER

WARD

SUMMERVILLE

MURCH

thenics I await expectantly for the song, only to start at the audience's applause, thereby learning that a song has been already sung to the heart's delight for a vast audience. If all the people who applaud understand what they applaud, then my education has been neglected; if they are all like myself, ignorant, what mishap has befallen Washington's children? I know the exquisite essence of harmonicas. I recognize difficult finger positions. I proclaim volume when it's forthcoming. Such is the value of an education. One can lie with liars, or lie with the sincere.

Is the world going to the bow-wows? Well, that's difficult to answer. I was very many thousands of years late in starting with the world, and any change in my meager twenty-one years doesn't index very well any degenerating trends. I am optimistic, however, and to prove it will express my view of the matter by quoting a campus orator: "The first man was a rebel, and the second man a murderer, so what can one expect of mankind?"

This contribution to the infamy of the SCHOLASTIC is, by the way, my last major one, and for that reason I wish it were worthier. Before I express myself for the last time, I wish to thank all those numerous readers who have followed so closely my articles, both my parents, and myself. I have always felt as safe in expressing my opinions in the SCHOLASTIC as a Congressman must feel in addressing the Congressional Record reporter. My space is vanishing. I am being pushed off the page to make way for the younger generations. And now, dear readers, Mother, Father, George, and I, may your recollections of the SCHOLASTIC be as generous as my affection for it.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

FRANK WALLACE.

THE Moon, princess of quiet, shines peacefully upon an untroubled night. Vassal stars dot and twinkle through her court. The air is pleasantly cool and charged with the quality of velvet that seems to bring the far things of the sky unbelievably close to earth.

Frogs croak complainingly but crickets chirp in derisive answer. Trees whisper to passing winds. If there be fairies, and why should God send the night except for such as these, the merry little people are abroad. Certainly, it is the time when strange and delicate thought rambles on in undisturbed enjoyment—maybe thoughts are the fairies for whom God created the peaceful night—poor little fragile thoughts which are so apt to become frightened and run to modest shelter from the bluster of the day.

A solitary figure trudges along a road. His eyes are on the moon and her stars; his feet stumble on stones in the roadway. He searches the unattainable, reaches out to the stars that only stare in return. Maybe they smile at the Liliputian who ignores the great world around and asks constantly about himself. If stars have a sense of humor these inquisitive people must cause many ripples of amusement in the heavenly court.

He is thinking, this traveller, of life and its problems; and the trend of his thought has turned his eyes to heaven with the eternal question from which philosophers have proceeded: What is it all about? Possibly, in pity, these hoary lighthouses of the sky will tell him something—sometime—this traveller who stubs his toes on the things of

his own world while questioning the why and wherefore and the whither of the intangibles that constantly peck at his hide, block his path, fly in his face, disturb his solitude, affect his every act.

What is happiness and why is it so elusive? Why does it always seem like a dream from which we know we must awake? Why are we continually afraid of losing that content which we have? Why is there never enough to go around to everybody at one time? Is it a proof of the existence of God, this very trouble on the earth? Is God alone able to make everybody happy and sustain that happiness in eternity? If so, why do we not take the simple means He offers? Are we cowards, continually pursued by the House of Heaven? Are we so lost in self-complexity that our intellects can not see the simple thing that a peasant with the gift of faith perceives clearly?

Men are of the same genus, equipped with the same instruments of mental and physical armor. Recognizing that we must have the same end, why is it so difficult to meet on common ground? Why the necessity for the art of diplomacy, the so-called virtue of tact? Why is it expedient sometimes to avoid natural laws? Why do we question the word of almost every man? Why is the Machiavelian Prince the power that he undoubtedly is?

Where, apart from a few contemplatives, is the pure virtue of charity? Where is the man who never speaks ill of his neighbor, who forgets self entirely in his dealings with other men? Why is such a man so universally commended when he is discovered and why do not more people follow his example?

The traveller turns into the side road from the main highway. Animals complain in their slumber. Dawn streaks its way against the etching circle of the sky like footlights upon a curtain. The morning orchestra begins to tune its strings. The traveller hastens his steps, thoughts still on high. Other men have watched the stars and discovered things—it might be that those sky lights are really anxious to tell something to men who can keep their eyes from the ground long enough to catch the meaning of messages that

twinkle through space on the wings of fairy thought that revels in the night.

Why can not men be honest with each other? Nothing worth-while is ever built without that saving virtue which acts as a plumb-line and leveler on every layer of achievement in order to prevent a building from being so poorly constructed as to fall down of its own weight. Empires built without it have fallen. Just one institution has stood the test of time—and that institution still exists like an Ark awaiting the next flood.

Why do people not recognize and observe natural laws that govern man because of his nature just as certainly as the law of gravity governs construction? How many hearts are throbbing pain because of a faulty analysis of the condition which demands that people love and be loved? How many people approach the relations of affection with the respect which the dignity of these relations demand? How many divorces, how much unhappiness, are due to a foolish invasion of a domain by the blind ignorance and criminal disregard of passion-swept thought? How many people, temperamentally and physically compatible, approach happiness, desire it, even gather in the promise of it—only to be swept apart by their own inner weaknesses—their failure to recognize and abide by these necessary rules which God gave to man when He gave him life; rules whose penalty for infringement follows as certainly as death follows any other poison.

Why do intelligent people permit the demon of egoism to crash through their lives, destroying the finer things upon which happiness feeds almost before they have been allowed to sprout? Why do people not realize that vanity is a vain red cloth which most easily recognized warns others away and imprisons the personality of its wearer? That it acts upon friendship like the woolen shirt of a furnace-worker by preventing the heat from without from penetration and the heat from within from escape? That it is a sack of infection which surrounds the body—crying out in pain at every prick of the physician's instrument whose intent is to heal?

The farm animals bray and bawl at the

sight of the morning light chasing night with lusty blows. Birds chatter through the woods noisily. A bell beats the air with notes that pile up discord. The moon flees; the stars have long since gone. Poor little fairies of thought tremble and retreat before the braggart day. Just one little elf remains. It scratches the traveller's brain as softly as a baby might stroke his face. The traveller stops at the church to pray.

ON BEING FIRED.

EDWIN W. WURPHY.

WHEN you are bored, or some such thing, there are a few alternatives that can be generally relied on to make life rather more interesting than instructive. You may get in love; start a fight, or, be fired. In my case the thing, love, is like the idea in the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay, if you know what I mean. It may arrive some day. As to fisticuffs, while, like the profession of journalism, they offer profuse opportunity for making strong contacts, I do not somehow manage to enjoy this diversion. But I always get a great "kick," in a manner of speaking, out of being fired. I have been fired for nearly everything except ambition.

A peculiar instance of this sort sticks in my mind. I was on one occasion "bounced," as they say, for coming to work late. The ludicrous part of it is the fact I had never been late before. I was, to be exact, two days late. It had been a week-end affair, and, perhaps it was fate, I missed the train which would have gotten me back on time. I had been dining with the provisional president of the Philippine Islands—provisional, i. e., when the Philippine Islands have a republic, and he is elected. I remember that evening distinctly. We had both been drinking coffee freely, quite as freely as if it had been tea. Suddenly I thought of the missed train. But it was too late—not the train. The upshot of it all amounted to my losing the emoluments that go with the job of banquet reporter.

Another time I got into an altercation with a former Sing Sing man. In the newspaper game, as we journalists affectionately call it, you frequently meet such people. You run

into all sorts. I once saw Margot Asquith bite the nose almost off a woman in Kalamazoo for saying that she—of whom Kipling, himself no herring, is believed to have written the legend of the "rag, bone, and hank of hair"—that she had *not* been denounced in the pulpits of Kalamazoo for opposing Prohibition. Margot insisted that she had been denounced, but that she was prohibitionist, and all this with sibilant vociferation. Anyway, I was accused by the Sing Sing person of garbling a speech of his. I replied by accusing him of gargling it, my defense being that I should not be held responsible for my garbling, if he were not held to account for his gargling. It ended in a draw—I drew my pay.

Newspaper men as a rule are antinomian. I myself am by nature nugatory. This complex was what probably terminated for me a press-agent job of great promise. My assignment was an important synod. The thing offered possibilities, I thought, of real publicity, if done in the grand manner. So I got up a story that exuded that raciness and vivid portrayal which is, in the last analysis, the quintessence of the journalistic art. It was not appreciated. Quite the contrary, it was vehemently deprecated. Peremptorily I found myself thrown out of my place. I know now that to write up a Presbyterian assembly as you would a Democratic national convention is not done. That was experience.

Another crisis in my rapid-fire career came, and it is a coincidence of much marvel, at the time when Big Tim Murphy was at the apogee of his activities in the Gas Workers' Union. I was gathering news and abuse for a labor paper. The same week that the Brobdinnagian Celt got so inextricably into the labyrinth of the law, I was relieved of my command of the King's English—so far as labor news went—because, the editor said, retrenchment necessitated my removal. In view of my remuneration this was, so to speak, the bunk. I have often wondered if our fortunes—Tim's and mine—are not linked up, and I certainly hope our misfortunes are not.

I interviewed the labor magnate once. He just had time to remark looking over his shoulder, as they took him off, that it was a

frame-up. I did have a long talk with his business agent—Deegan or Dugan, or thereabout—at the headquarters of the Gas Workers' Union. He was, he said, a member in good standing of the Holy Name Society, and showed me his pin. He spoke feelingly for Big Tim, and dismissed the whole affair as a frame-up.

City editors have a hobby for cynicism. It is amusing to watch one of them straining every muscle of his face into a mask of steel. The city editor at the last place I was fired from was a successful cynic—so few of them are. He never stopped gloating over the utter stupidity of the human race. And I hate being gloated over. He gloated in no uncertain terms. One day I ventured to reply in kind—over the phone. It did not take us long to come to an understanding. I was given to understand I was through. It came like lightning—over the phone.

Getting fired on a newspaper is comparatively easy. In other industries, I believe, they bring your case before a tribunal, and you are given a fair trial, and all that, stringing the affair out until it retails not an iota of dramatic interest. But even reporters learn that it is not as easy to be fired as it seems. That is why so many of them quit. I quit once without being fired. It is a matter I seldom mention, and I bring it in here only by way of candor. It was a miserable experience. There was as much thrill as swimming with water-wings, or playing stud poker for matches. But, I have only myself to blame. The city editor wanted to fire me, and (looking back on it now, it is absurd) I quit.

The best fun in getting fired comes when you go back for references. Of course some editors spoil it all by giving your character a bill of health and "vouch for your integrity as well as ability." Most of them play the game. When the party who looks up your references gets in the returns, you can see yourself as others would like you to look. You will be delighted at the possibilities, heretofore latent, for consummate villainy that are in you. If you never realized what powers for evil you conceal, go back, after you have been fired, and get the management to tell you what they think of you.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL—"

LOUIS V. BRUGGNER.

NICK was of the First Generation. He worked when he chose and laid off when he chose, earned good wages, for his Generation, at any rate, and yet never had any money to speak of. His were the typical pleasures and the typical trials of his class. He differed from others in little else but his name and his personal appearance. In short, his was the life of the First Generation—but say not "life"; say rather "existence." The First Generation is not so flattered.

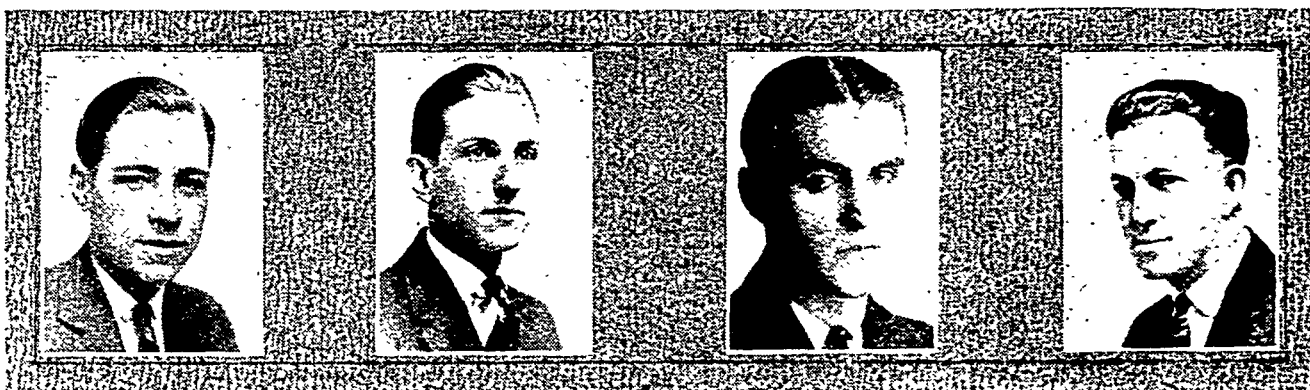
With his people the First succeeds the Last. The last Generation is composed of the heterogeneous groups of humanity that flock from all parts of intriguing Europe, across the overflowing, never-emptied gangplank of the steerage, through the portals of Ellis Island, and into the Promised Land of America. It is cast hodge-podge into the great Melting Pot out of which comes at length the First Generation of America. The Last "no spik English" but the First speaks fluent though garbled American and equally fluent and garbled European.

Nick came from the mould of the Last Generation of oppressed Poles and, tinged by American and European influences, evolved and devolved into the type of the First. At twelve he left school and was swallowed up into the maws of the factory. At that age he began slaving away at the glue-pot in Campbell's Toy Works, sticking together pre-war forty-nine-cent chairs by the thousands, one thousand as red and as cheap as another; at fourteen he had been transferred to the core-room of Mason's Foundry; at sixteen he was a trucker in the trim-shop of Concord Motors; at eighteen he was trucking bodies to the sand-blast; and at twenty-two he had risen to the coveted heights of the lead sprayer. Before long he might be inspector.

"Ho' many jobs you got in d' keel yet, Shorty?" asked Nick of me.

"Forty-one."

"Forty-one, uh? Well, dat's twelve more jobs to do, ain't it?"



MURPHY

MOLZ

KOLARS

WALLACE

I corroborated Nick's rudimentary arithmetic and shoved the forty-second "job" into the suffocating, paint-smelly dry-kiln as Nick returned to his post at the sprayer.

I knew why Nick asked that question. He was looking forward to the nine o'clock respite from work when the filled kilns would give him his opportunity to rest. And I looked forward as much as he to that moment. Though to him it meant only a momentary relief from the dull grind of the day or at most a brief rye-bread-and-ham mealtime, this short intermission always meant to me a little chat with Nick, for Nick liked to chat and he was, if nothing more, interesting.

Some mornings Nick and I would amble about in that fifteen-minute respite we had, sometimes to watch disinterestedly the "flo-coat" men or the putty glazzers, but oftener we just slumped down on the crated varnish cans and, between mouthfuls of sandwich, engaged in disjointed though engrossing conversation, watching the while the bustling saddleback switch engine bumping its smoky way about the yard below. Nick usually did most of the talking for I liked to hear him talk and interrupted him only in assenting monosyllables. His topics were varied, including himself, his amusements, the war, or anything which chanced to come to mind. He even waxed philosophical some mornings when the spirit moved. For Nick was a philosopher in his own simple way. And as an egoist, Nick was quite a pessimist—a natural fact, no doubt, for the First Generation has not much to make it otherwise. Hence what he had to say for himself usually developed the one train of thought which he said he could never lose.

"Aw, hell!" he used to say in his peculiar, mimic-defying brogue of rolled r's and transposed vowels and untranslated idioms, "dis is a half of a life! Y' know, sometime I wonder w'y I'm livin'. I hate dis work. What do I do? I jis' work and dat's all. Every Monday I say to mineself, 'Well, next Saturday I'll tear around.' Tuesday I say, 'Four more days till Saturday. And den Wednesday I say, 'T'ree more days.' And T'ursday, 'Two more.' And when Saturday comes I tear around and spend most of my pay and den Monday I start all over again, 'Five more days till Saturday.' Well, what's dat? Dat horse out in d' yards gets dat much! He's got sumpin' t' eat and a place t' sleep and his Saturday afternoons and Sundays to loaf, too! But even he don't blow his lungs full o' lead like me! I'll betcha my lungs look jis' like dat machine dere, all covered with l'ad paint like a dirty sponge. An' what do I git out of it? Two pay-days, four Saturdays and four Sundays a mont'. An' what's my pay, huh?—it's gone long before I git it."

Nick's philosophy was not always quite so soured. But when it was, it was soured for fair. Nick cursed and swore vilely, profusely, masterfully, both in American and European, and he put his soul into his profanity. For the First Generation masters profanity as the alphabet of the American language and Nick was, as I have said, of the First Generation.

Occasionally when Nick did not swear about his own lot he talked about his family. Even that topic was not without his skilful admixture of gloom. He slept and ate two meals a day at home, so he said, the rest of the time he was rarely near it.

"Well, what's at home?" he used to say.

"My ol' man is always sleepin' when I'm workin' and workin' when I'm sleepin'. An' when he don't talk about d' woolen mill where he watches nights, he is talkin' 'bout d' war and d' Ol' Country, or readin' his paper. But I'm born right here in d' 'Nited States and I don't give a dam 'bout d' war if we ain't in it. All I know or all I ever knew since I left school is shop, shop! From d' day when I started in on d' gluepot all I knew anythin' 'bout was shop. An' I betcha t'ree buck I'll be in d' shop when I die. I can't do not'in' else except maybe loaf—and d' trouble wit' dat is dat it's on piecework. D' shop is jis' like cigarettes—y' can't cut 'em out when y' git 'em started. I guess I'll be jis like Steve over dere and d' oder fellas. When I git tired o' tearin' around nights an' spendin' my jack, I'll git married an' den stick to some job 'cause now I got kids t' feed. An' when my kids git big enough to work and go into d' shop, too, I guess I'll kick off jis' like my ol' man will pretty soon. Well, Cholly's got d' keel empty; let's go. . . . And say, kid" (this over his shoulder), "stay in school so long as y' can—and stay outta d' shop!"

With a concluding remark like this, Nick would return to the machine and drag out another three hours in the blue glare of the mercury lamps and the blue-gray mist of paint.

I have indicated that Nick was philosophical, but the fact bears repetition. Nick knew that the only egress from the fetters which held him to his fellow-machine, the sprayer, was the one escape afforded to the unskilled factory hand throughout the world. And looking forward to it, dreading it, he and his Generation expected nothing else.

When the war swallowed us up in the troubled days of '17 Nick enlisted—the First Generation did. As long as the war involved only Europe the First Generation fretted little over it and left its parent Last Generation to read its *Kuryer Polski*, its *Freipresse* and its *Magyar Tudosito*; but the minute that the war became our concern, the First Generation proved that in national allegiance it was all First and no Last Generation, and

scorned all pending draft laws in its eagerness to be of service.

Nick got to Europe and into "d' scrap." He tasted life, I suppose, for war-ridden Europe held all the thrills of life for those who sought them. Nick saw much of the world and the world's ways, something he had seen little of in his treadmill life, and learned what suffering, sorrow, privation, and the primal emotions are and came actually to like the fight. It was Adventure; it was Duty it was Fraternity; it was Idealism; it was not Monotony;—it was a fighting, bitter, glorious life that enters not into the factory. That was the reason he liked it. I remember his telling me the day he went to the timekeeper's office to get his "time":

"Well, Shorty, I'm gonna see what makes dis world go round. I'm gittin' outta d' shop, maybe for good. Anyway, it's my only chance. As long as I can git eats and sleep and clo'es in d' army and git a chance to raise hell wit' d' Dutchmens, I'll dig all d' trenches dey want over dere. And den I'll tell d' world t' go t' hell!"

The war needs no recapitulation here—we would rather forget it—the fact that Nick did his bit is all I need say. He survived the struggle without even a scar or maimed limb to insure his being hero-worshipped later. So he came home again, having lived the life of men whose lives are spent for a purpose; and he came back with the memory of that life still lingering in his mind, and with an intense desire never to lose it and to make it the realization of a new era for him and not just a hallowed memory of what had been and of what for him could not endure.

"Gang way!" yelled a familiar voice behind me. I jumped precipitately aside, barely missing the truck that whizzed past me and looked full into Nick's perspiring, begrimed face.

"Hullo, Shorty!"

"Hello, Nick; why all your hurry?"

"D' ghost walks dis afternoon. . . . Gotta git done. . . . Gonna lay off tomorrow and tear around."

THE SO-CALLED VILE WEED.

JOHN S. BRENNAN.

ROGER MIFFLIN, the genial proprietor of "The Haunted Bookshop," once went to the trouble of computing the number of hogsheads of liquor consumed in Charles Dickens' novels, and, if I remember correctly, the number was seven thousand. A most engaging study, surely, especially in these days and times, but an even more engaging pastime would be to estimate the number of pounds of tobacco which would have been consumed in the production of some of the world's best books. There can be no doubt that the quality of the literary output during the time of Elizabeth was due largely to the introduction of tobacco into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, and, on the other hand, the paucity of genius in our own day may be attributed, to some extent at least, to anti-tobacco campaigns.

True it is that one well known poet of the Elizabethan era makes no mention of tobacco, but perhaps Mrs. Shakespeare objected to smoking on the grounds that it made the curtains smell so. Then, again, it may have been that Shakespeare's churchwarden was too dear to his heart, that, master of words that he was, he could not find adequate expression for his esteem and refused to make a bungling job of it by trying.

The owner of the best known and most loved initials in recent times, Robert Louis Stevenson, remarked that no woman should marry a man who does not smoke, and thereby established a reputation for sagacity which he well deserves. He might also have said, "No man who does not smoke should write," for smoking is a counterpart of the balm of Gilead, an aid to meditation, and a solace for woe; all troubles vanish in a cloud of nutria-colored smoke. Stevenson's friends draw a pleasing picture of him as an inveterate smoker who wandered restlessly about on the verandah of his Samoan home, continually rolling cigarettes which he held between his slender fingers as he gesticulated to illustrate his conversation. Great was the anguish in the Stevenson household when the supply of tobacco gave out, an anguish equalled only by the Arcadians when they

discovered that the last bit of their delectable mixture had been smoked and that there was none to be had for miles around.

One travels naturally from Stevenson and the Arcadians to the countryman of the first and the chronicler of the second, Sir James M. Barrie, who wrote a very charming series of essays called, "My Lady Nicotine." With his usual whimsicality Barrie began the book a stranger to the delights of tobacco, at a time when, as he says in his preface, "I was smoking my first pipe gingerly, not because I liked it, but because all my friends smoked and it seemed unsociable not to smoke with them." When the book was finished and the folly of smoking was clearly demonstrated to the reader and to J. M. Barrie the author, J. M. Barrie the man was a convert to the practice. Logically enough the essays become more and more entertaining as they progress and as Barrie becomes more proficient in blowing smoke rings. Perhaps this last is the prejudice of a tobacco-stained pen.

When Mark Twain put in his appearance at a newspaper office to take up the duties for which he had arranged by mail, he told his prospective employer that he did not drink, that he swore under pressure and that he had to smoke. He did smoke and smoked gloriously all through his career. When he visited his Bostonian friend, William Dean Howells, that gentleman often took a cigar from Mark Twain's lips after he had fallen asleep at night. America's foremost humorist lived in an atmosphere of cigar smoke, and the fact that Howell's house had to be given a thorough airing after his departure seemed to bother him not at all, and Howells himself admitted that it was worth it to have Mark for a guest, although he may have wished that his irrepressible friend did not puff so industriously.

Joseph Conrad smokes; of that we can be sure. No one, not even an artist of his attainments, could write of smokers as he does without first-hand information. The raconteur in "Lord Jim," of whom it was said, "Hang exertion. Let that Marlow talk," smokes as he spins his yarn. "Perhaps it would be after dinner on a verandah draped in motionless foliage and crowned with flowers in the deep dusk speckled by fiery



McGUIRE

BRENNAN

MULLEN

SULLIVAN

CUNNINGHAM

cigar ends. The elongated bulk of each cane-chair harbored a silent listener. Now and then a small red glow would move abruptly, and expanding, light up the fingers of a languid hand, part of a face in profound repose, or flash a crimson gleam into a pair of pensive eyes overshadowed by a fragment of an unruffled forehead." The reader is constrained to spread his length over three arm-chairs before he continues: Conrad is a comfortable writer and should be read only when one is at his ease.

Another man who recently wrote a story with a background of the sea, tinged with pirates and treasure and the glamour of the tropics, who knows good tobacco, is Rafael Sabatini. Just listen to the very first sentence. "Peter Blood, bachelor of medicine and several other things besides, smoked a pipe and tended the geraniums boxed on the sill of his window above Water Lane in the town of Bridgewater." Such a book could not have a more auspicious beginning; it gives promise and holds out a vision of a most estimable gentleman who is willing and ready to tuck his claymore under his arm and have the most hair-raising adventures for the benefit of those who will follow him.

One would go a long way before finding any one who smokes with more zest than Booth Tarkington who uses large cigarettes labelled "B. T." In a great many of his photographs he is shown smoking, and in a drawing which he made of himself, "looking a good deal like a huge and curious bird out of the bronx zoo," the inevitable cigarette is between his lips.

And now there must be a conclusion which I find exceedingly hard to write for the reason that the last line does not seem to be

forthcoming. The remark which Ethel Barrymore has used ever since she appeared in "Sunday" has lost its savor by constant repetition and Rudyard Kipling's, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke," is somewhat sophisticated and cynical for a pipe dream. There are other last lines which would serve the purpose, but with my pipe cold on my desk and with no tobacco within reach, the most convenient is

The End.

CONFESSIONS OF A GOLFER.

JAMES F. HAYES.

CONFESSIONS have been written upon almost every conceivable subject under the sun—except golf. Painters and prize-fighters, actors, acrobats, old maids, insects, bachelors, book buyers and sellers, hermits and opium eaters—are only a few of the multitude of subjects that have been eulogized more or less enthusiastically by writers of various times. Why golf has not received its share of praise I cannot say. It is well known, however, that golf owes its origin to the Scotch, and the Scotch are notoriously a tight-mouthed race. They will tell you boastfully that the use of profanity, even by beginners, is rare in their games, and, knowing this, it is easy to understand why so little has been said in exposition of this most fickle of sports.

I first met golf when I was in short trousers. Sometimes, when I am in a particularly optimistic mood, I like to make myself believe that my advent into the game attired as I was, caused the present popularity of the knee breeches—but that is in-

different. My acquaintance with golf in the beginning was rather vague; in fact, if I had been asked to choose between, say, checkers and golf, I know I would unhesitatingly, have picked checkers. The mental application necessary would have appealed to me more strongly than the joy of "hitting a little white ball around the pasture." But now!

"Sleep on and smile
Thou young inheritor. . . .
Thine are the hours and days
When both are cheering and innocent!"

It was several years before I met the members of the golf family. My first acquaintance was with Colonel Bogey. He is a gruff, good natured old chap, and rather anxious to make acquaintances. Some of his friends snub him for a time in favor of his brother, General Par, but most of them return to renew acquaintance regularly. The General is rather a "standoffish" sort of chap. Numerically he is under Bogey, but his position is really far superior. He has some good friends, but not as many as the Colonel. Miss Birdie and Miss Eagle are the ladies in the family. I met Miss Birdie once, by accident, but as yet, have never even seen Miss Eagle. It is said that she is a veritable Aglaia for splendor, but like the Lady of the Lake, appears only to a few. Two younger brothers in the family, Stymie and Bunker, like all young brothers, have a propensity for getting in the way.

Seriously though (for golf becomes serious after the first nine holes in a golfer's career are played), the present method of "taking up" golf is becoming afflicted with the modern craze for speed. Nowadays people suddenly decide to become golfers, buy a sackful of clubs and proceed to tear great chunks out of the landscape. A golf collection, like a book collection, is not made; it grows. Club by club, picked with the same care devoted to the selection of a book, the golf bag should mature. A mashie is always a good club to begin with. The beginner usually tires quickly of chasing long drives and contents himself with making short approaches. Then should come the putter, and then, grade by grade, the mid-iron, the driver and the brassie. Later, when acquaintanceship has been formed with the links, the luxuries of

the outfit may be added—the niblick, the cleek and the spoon. In the matter of balls, the beginner should be discreet. Cheap balls are advisable. For reasons, ask any beginner! After a collection of clubs is made, treasure it! Part with it only as you would with a treasured edition of Gray's "Elegy" or Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." When a new club is introduced, practice more with the old one! The best golfers are not those who cram a large bag full of new-fangled clubs with an aluminum this, and an ivory that; but are those who know their clubs. The beginner who this day has learned some new eccentricity in his driver can rest well, for from this day on, if he is wise, he will pamper and coddle that eccentricity and he will be repaid—with distance.

For my own part, my best game is played, not on the links, but during those few glorious minutes before going to sleep at night. I review my day's game; I drive this one just a little bit farther, I mashie this one with just a slight change in stance; my putt rolls a little truer, and just before I drift away into slumber I complete the course in a score which breaks all my previous records. Dreams, "that neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be!"

Strange as it may seem, I never want to be a good golfer. I am satisfied to be classed as "fair," with "good" always to be attained. Once remove the goal—the "will o' the wisp" lower score, and the game would become labor. At present there is enough to occupy my attention. The proper stance, the swing, the "follow through"—these are, as yet, not fully solved mysteries. There may come a time in the remote future, when I shall become master of these, and step out with fearless stride, tee the ball with steady hand, time my swing with the skill of an Evans or a Sarazan, and—

" But now no more—
My wandering spirit must no farther soar."

SUNRISE.

"There is no God,"

The cynic said—

The blushing child-face of the sun

Raised up its head.

H. A. M.

OIL AND WINE.

FRANK B. SUMMERVILLE, C. S. C.

ORGAN.

This is a cloister, a community
Of key and cord;
The nuns of sound glide gently
On ivoried board.
Hope,—the deep-toned diapason rings;
Love,—the tremolo awakes and sings!

EPIGRAM.

Show but the sunshine in your life,
Never the clouds and the rain;
Leave folded and furled
Grief's half of the world,
Your hemisphere of pain.

DANDELION.

I.

Dandelions,—
Proud, independent
Maidens,
Who simply will not
Keep off
The grass!

II.

Yesterday, little maiden,
You had rich, golden tresses.
But to-day
You are like an old woman
With your white, fuzzy hair.
Is that the way with all
Gold?

BEGGAR.

You give alms for my starved flesh
But my soul the while
Craves the bread of kind words
And chalice of a smile.

AFTERWARDS.

Now that I am dead,
Candles at my feet,
At my head.
Blow them out for stars instead!

ROSES.

I.

When Christ was young
He wore rose wreaths in play;
Now He is grown
The petals fall away.

II.

"How like to roses," Mary thought,
As she kissed her Baby's feet.
"Dear fingertips and twinkling lips,—
Were ever flowers so sweet!"
On Calvary she bowed her head
O'er roses dyed a deeper red!

CHINESE EVENING.

The pennies of spring dusk
Are all of gold.
Fresh is the scent of musk
While the moon grows old.

Comes from the balcony's recess,
Song of soft lips.
The garden swing is motionless,
The evening drips, drips.

OIL AND WINE.

Tho' your passing smile was light and free,
I wish you knew what it meant
To me.

It was Samaritan oil and wine
Poured into this wounded heart
Of mine.

Now, every night (if you only knew!)
I kneel by my bed and pray
For you.

BEAUTY.

She will ever wear a
Maharmah.

THE GRANDEUR OF THE
COMMONPLACE.

RAYMOND M. MURCH, C. S. C.

LIFE is full of the commonplace. Our few years on earth are spent in accomplishing commonplace tasks. In them we find a grandeur that fascinates us once we have discovered its source. We have frequently stood by a waterfall watching millions of drops of water rush on to the sea. But how often have we thought of the forces of nature which supply such falls with water—of the phenomena of evaporation and precipitation? That was only one of the streams and one of the waterfalls in our universe. And again, we who have lived on the plains of Indiana, long for a few days near the sea or among the mountains. The rolling prairies seem to have lost their majesty and no longer to hold sway over our hearts. Little do we think about the air of the open fields, of its delicate composition, and of the definite proportions of its ingredients. The very water we drink has no other value than that of allaying our thirst. Its minute composition, its peculiar structure, the abundance of it, have no meaning to our unobservant minds. Nevertheless, in everything there is an inherent grandeur. The very clothing we wear should remind us of other things: cotton goods, of our Southern plantations; the texture, of great spinning mills where shuttles fly to and fro with lightning-like rapidity; the form, of complicated machinery used in shaping it. But we are blind and see not. For us true grandeur seems to abide only in things extraordinary.

We need not look about us, however, to see the grandeur of the commonplace. If we look within ourselves—and we to ourselves are the most commonplace—we shall find a mechanism far more delicate than that of the external world. Respiration is so commonplace that we seldom think of it, and yet, what is more complex? Our blood courses through our arteries and veins with steady flow, and still, even when a wounded member is covered with it, we never fully understand its composition. What an impossible task it is for us to change with our hands an inanimate ear of corn into living flesh and blood!

Nevertheless, the human organism can effect such a change in a short time. How overwhelming it is for us to consider the sources of thought! Every one thinks, but who can explain thought? Human understanding! Who can solve its mysteries? Why is it that a gesture, a word, or even silence can have any meaning for us? These are commonplace experiences and in them there is something transcending the merely natural order.

And speech, what a noble faculty is speech, and yet, how commonplace! There is nothing startling about the words of our daily conversations. Nevertheless, every word that passes our lips has a history. Perhaps the word which I have just employed first sprang from the lips of a bearded translator of Homer during the age of Elizabeth or of Chaucer. Perhaps immortal Shakespeare used its strong form a hundred times or so to bear him across difficult streams of thought. How often have the words of our daily conversations reminded us of their genealogies? Words have genealogies as well as histories. Shakespeare used the English word "history" three centuries ago; five hundred years before him, Gaimar had employed its Norman father, "histoire"; its grandsire, "historia," served Cicero during the golden age of Latin literature; and long before Cicero, Demosthenes had been the master of its Grecian progenitor. Men of all ages have used the expressions which we use, and despite the fact that age usually begets dignity and reserve, we find that such words are commonplace.

If we would make the most of life, we must try to find the commonplace things within us and about us the qualities which make them worth-while. The very path which we tread may be of cinders from coal which ages ago was a living pine tree or a sheltering palm. The birds darting to and fro in the tree-tops, small though they be, follow the laws of their nature. Even the smallest insects have a perfection of design that mirrors the perfection of their Creator.

The perfection of their Creator, in this lies the grandeur of the commonplace. The things about us are what they are because God wills it. The coöperation and perfect interaction of the various organs of our bodies, the

exactness of detail in the bodies of other animals, the peculiar action of the forces of nature, the origin of language, and the countless other minutiae which compose the commonplace things of our universe all exist to give us some small notion of the immensity of God. They are ennobling because God is most noble; they are impressive because God is omnipresent in the universe; they are unfathomable because we do not know perfectly their Creator and the Source of all their grandeur.

QUOTATION MARKS

or

HOW TO WRITE A BOOK.

GERALD J. HAGAN.

"Of all the arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

—Duke of Buckinghamshire.

THE above quotation is not introduced because it is appropriate; as a matter of fact the discerning reader may find it apropos of nothing. But the idea is good—it comes almost directly from Sir Walter Scott, who was no mean author and no meaner as a judge of right good ale and old. It is said of Walter that when he could find no poem with which to head his chapters he would write a few lines of his own and label them "Old Song" or "Old Play."

I have begun with a discussion on the value of quotations, but my intention was to enumerate some points on how to write a book. In writing a book there are four elements to be considered: first, material; second, atmosphere; third, a theme; and fourth, the dedication and acknowledgments. I have already considered point one in regard to material—that one should be amply fortified with books of "Familiar Stanzas," "Poetical Quotations" and the works of Ibid. This latter is especially important, for it is probable that no writer is quoted more often than is Ibid.

II.

ATMOSPHERE.

"Atmosphere is a great thing."

—Saloonio.

Having armed himself with a stock of quotations the author may set forth in search of

a theme. In the present day romance is to be scrupulously avoided. The writer should, within the first few pages, declare his intention to call a spade a spade and to portray America through the medium of a town of a few thousand; for during several years past anyone has been hopelessly behind the intellectual march who has written and failed to make mention of George F. Babbitt, or Carol K. It is recommended that in order to secure the proper atmosphere the writer fill himself to the brim with concentrated vinegar so that his outlook on things in general may partake of a properly sour nature. The importance of sourness is not to be overlooked—in any story the world is going to ruin, and the odor of stale beer pervades throughout. As yet we have failed to select a theme, but we are getting there—we are gathering atmosphere. Mr. Fitzgerald is a believer in atmosphere, and surely he is an honorable author.

"Wine and beer

Make atmosphere."

—Old Song.

III

THE THEME.

"How can my Muse want subject to invent—?"

—Shake.

In lesson two we arrived at a method of securing atmosphere. Of course it may be said of atmosphere, as of a number of things, that it may change with changing circumstances. In general, it should be made to conform in some degree to the general trend of the composition. Now we must discuss the theme—what will I write about? "That is the question"—Shake.—Ham.?

We will suppose that our book is supposed to be a volume of verse, in which case the writer will be a poet, it is hoped. Here we must again have recourse to atmosphere, for the poet of to-day must be ironic above all else, and the verse itself must be ragged and irregular. For this reason I would prescribe a diet of old nails mixed with brightly colored bits of cotton and silk cloth. Having thus filled himself with irony and a proper conception of ragged metre the poet may

feel himself qualified to begin. Which brings us back once again to the theme—so we may direct the poet to seek out his subject matter. If he be red-blooded and virile, let him follow Carl Sandburg to the Blue Island Intersection, or go by night beneath the sumach tree and listen to the birds. Let him follow the singing Carl to Omaha and there watch the farmers haul tanks of cream and wagonloads of cheese. Here indeed is subject matter for a verse—poetry, life—Carl has said so.

Perhaps we would have a poem of the home. Then back to Edgar Guest, where the front gate squeaks and the children leap, and a good wife sings the child to sleep, and man is happy with a pipe-full of Velvet Joe, and where God's clean air blows through cracks in honest walls.

"But we're not all poets."

—Old Play.

We are not all poets, therefore some must have recourse to the less melodious but more attainable prose. Prose may deal with a number of things. One may write something foolish and be well repaid, or he may write something profound and starve. Perhaps one of the best things to write is a parody—write a parody on D'Ooge's "Latin Grammar" or Coffey's "Productive Swine Husbandry." There is no limit to the thing to be parodied. Here, indeed, is a fruitful source of inspiration:

"Where the wine witch glitters in the glass."

—Old Joke.

It might be helpful to the aspiring writer if I should suggest a number of subjects. It would be convenient if he were able to have his subjects bound and indexed, or given to him in capsule form, as it were. To my knowledge nothing like this has ever been attempted heretofore. A brief list of titles might stir the jaded imagination, and for convenience they would be divided according to their various fields, with suggestions for supplementary reading.

Thus we might suggest for a title for the fiction writer some of the following: "Holding the Sack"—information on this can be

gained from Clarence Saunders of Tennessee; "Black as Ink," concerning which we might interview one Siki; and so on. Perhaps a book on travel should be written; we might call a volume "Bumming Through Bulgaria," or "Taxiing in Turkey," or "Lounging in Leavenworth." There is always a good sale for books for the housewife, so in this connection I will mention "Modern Canning." Mr. Hiram Walker of Ontario is considered an authority on this subject. It always adds glamour and glory to the name of an author if he has compiled a scientific work. Let us close our eyes and imagine bright letters spelling across the front of the volume, "Home Life of the Grasshopper," or "A Comparison of the Land Horse and the Sea Horse," "How to Make Friends with the Birds," or "How to Develop the Hyo-Glossus Muscle." These are but suggestions, and the list is brief enough.

IV.

DEDICATION AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"And That Ain't All."

—Old Story.

The writing of a book is but a small part of the task. Many men have written books, and where are they now? Gone forever. Let not the young man who has completed the writing of his book consider that he sits astride the world, for the battle is but half won, the surface is barely scratched, and the book is still in its infancy. We have yet to deal with the two most important steps in authorship—the dedication and the acknowledgments. As a general rule a book should be dedicated to some disinterested third party who may never hear that he has been taken advantage of; or some distant relative may be selected, such as the wife of a third cousin. There is yet another practice enjoying some vogue at present—that of devising some mystic combination of initials which will be useful in confusing the reader. Thus a book may be dedicated "To B. I. M."; "To R. F. D."; "To M. R. T. for the inspiration he has given me"; "To NH3"; and so on. In

connection with the dedication I should remark that it adds much to have about it a verbal wreath of Latin phrasing, such as "Finis coronat opus," or "Habeas Corpus," or "Erin go bragh." This shows erudition on the part of the dedicator and fills with a just awe anyone who peruses the lines. But all this is less important than the page of acknowledgment.

Every good book should contain a foreword in which the author offers all the alibis he can muster in an attempt to excuse his literary product. In preparing this page he should bow his head in humility and offer thanks to all those directly or indirectly responsible for the perpetration of his production. Oftentimes the strain of composition has so fatigued the untrained writer that he has been unable to conjure up a properly formidable list of names, and thus the audience is left unimpressed. It is to help the tired writer that I suggest the following objects of acknowledgment which may come in handy in case no others can be thought of: The President of the National League; the Northwest Mounted Police; Prof. Oguro for the invaluable material in his "Zeitschrift fur klinische Medizin"; the Boy Scouts; Jess Willard; The Elks; Prof. Hawk for his hints on the formation of Methylphenylfructosazone; the A. O. H.; the American Bowling Congress; the Youth's Companion; and the G. A. R. Such a glittering galaxy cannot fail to impress the reader. In fact he may be sufficiently impressed to read the book.

I have never written a book; I have hearty assurances from many sides that I never shall write one, but it is a work of mercy to help those who would write if properly guided. It is to help such ones, if there be any who can profit by the instruction, that I have compiled the above directions.

GERALD J. HAGAN.

MEMORY.

There is no dust
In the high stars' eyes,
Nor any rust
On the sunset skies:
My thought of you shall ever be
Late sky and a star's serenity.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

M. F. SULLIVAN.

POETRY, like politics, is many-sided. It has caused much discussion and more controversy. Carl Sandburg, in the March number of the *Atlantic*, gave thirty-eight definitions of this highly important art. Nevertheless, a great many people are bored by poetry; if they come across a passage in a book or magazine, they skip it, just because it is poetry. Most things don't happen without reason, and this tendency is probably due to some deep-seated cause. But while numberless people calmly ignore the art of verse, others go into ecstasies over it. They roll phrases on their tongues; memorize; and if called upon, can quote yards (or is it feet?) We are tempted to say that the latter are more human, for human beings, not emotionally dead or dying, enjoy poetry. Whether a columnist's rime or Browning's weightiest poem, it is read because of the enjoyment derived. So there stands the world divided on a unified subject; some bored by it, others enjoying it intensely and immensely; and the former can no more easily explain their dislike, than the latter can their delight. The reason is all in the point of view.

The more we observe men, the more we see their lives governed by their attitude of mind. The pleasures of the open road and the illusive joy of thinking there's nothing to do for to-day, combined with the sweet taste of stolen food, all go to make up the tramp's view of life. It is interesting to meet and talk with some of these men in their eternal search for El Dorado. The typical tramp generally has had some education: not a great deal of erudition, but wisdom, and a keen brain. This philosophy of life is simple: he puts into practice those platitudes which we moan to each other: that nothing material in life is worth while; that no amount of money is worth the chasing. To him, unbounded freedom is the be-all and end-all.

The millionaire, according to the modern idea, has a very much higher ideal. His purpose is to devote the best part of his life to accumulating an impossible sum of money,

to spend in his dotage, or to leave to his children to throw away. A palatial residence and an orderly mode of dignified life, a good wife, the pleasure of seeing the bank balance mount higher and higher, all go to make up his existence. To him, money is the crest of the mountain of a career.

But if we defended all our actions by saying that our side was right because we saw it to be so, we should soon find ourselves hauled up by the facts of life. There are many ways of looking at a subject, but generally just one right way. The truth is, the more ways there are of looking at a subject, the narrower the subject must necessarily be. The point of view leads to many things, such as pride, prejudice, and bigotry; all good if taken in a narrow way, but dangerous in a broad view. And these might lead to money. To wit: Mr. H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices." Mr. Mencken is as good an example as any of the results of swinging an ax promiscuously. He cares little who gets in the way; the broad sweep of his scimitar must cut all before it. Mr. Mencken is to be pitied; he fell a victim to being patted on the back. It is well enough to start out with a pruning knife, but witness the danger of exchanging it for a hatchet. It is a peculiar fact that Mr. Mencken's prejudices have grown with his reputation; and not his reputation grown with his prejudices.

But what is behind this point of view? Why, just our philosophy of life. In the modern world, the matter of living is relegated to a back place, while the matter of achievement is lauded to the skies. We have all heard of the poor horse upon whom green glasses were put and who was then given some wood shavings. He found, of course, what his fodder was when he tried to eat it. But that is a mere example of what not being able to see clearly did for him. We all wear green glasses at some season of our lives, some shaded darker than others. But the thing to do is to get rid of the impedimenta. Then we shall see clearly; and a clear point of view will form a clear philosophy of life.

We have been told so often that college is a period of preparation for life that when some one repeats it, it goes in one ear and out the other; and not because there's nothing in-between to stop it. Life, strange to

say, is mainly a matter of living, and the manner in which we live is mainly a matter of our point of view. College might be taken as the place to form a point of view, for here we meet "many men of many minds," some seeing clearly, others looking through a cloud of prejudice. It is the place to form our philosophy of life.

Notice the next man you pass. His attitude of mind, his point of view, is clearly mirrored in his face, and his manner of living and his philosophy of life are both a matter of his point of view.

AN ARMFUL OF ARBUTUS.

V. DAVID ENGELS.

THIS land may claim loveliness in the midst of winter, for then its snow-weighted trees are like large, arrow-shaped white flowers, and also in the deliciously soft air of late spring and the heavy fragrance of summer, and amid the splashy colorings of fall; but I hold that it is dismal, indeed, barren and haggard and almost hopeless, just after the snows have disappeared, in that long waiting-time before the South spreads over it an undeserved mantle of beauty.

But there is a land, and I have known it, that does not sleep naked and ugly between the last snowflake and the first budded leaf, but where winter blends harmoniously into spring through a profuse and decorous growth that is a finer thing than the creation of any other season,—perhaps because there is in it the perfection of each. For it is there and then that the arbutus grows: the delicate, shapely, innocent, arbutus; virginal, yet languorously beautiful as the old misty hills; spreading over mound and hollow and about the feet of the architectural pines; hint of the snow and the rose; blossom of the cherry and the apple, touch of the purple autumn aster,—four colors, and the fragrance of a thousand flowers in a few exquisite little cups. And that haunting, many-scented redolence floods the woods and the valleys and the very sunshine itself; the winds bear it to the towns where people live. Then men who are worth while knowing and men who are not turn away from the streets that lead

past factories, banks and libraries, to strike the brown roads that wind along through the homes of the arbutus.

If you are native to the land you can remember many such days,—the crisp sunshiny mornings so daintily fresh, so irresistibly inviting. A mile or more beyond the town, and suddenly through the trees that line the road you glimpse an inspired burst of color. It is a sight you have been expecting all along, with a delightful anticipation that livened every step—a familiar sight, and yet you pause, amazed as if it were a strange and foreign bloom you were seeing for the first time, some rare orchid of the tropics. The road has served its purpose; you leave it and enter the forest as if deliberately entering a dream. To right, to left, and ahead, the flower of the season and all seasons is trailing in beautiful patches like an abundance of detached snowflakes, to which life and color have been given. It is the Garden of Eden you are treading—a Paradisal sward! Your walk assumes a meditative character as becomes one who dares the presence of divine beauty. And so to the furthestmost edge of this blossom covered shrine, and across a small clearing, until you stand on the brink of the lofty cliff that guards the bay. What a tremendous thing that sea is—eternally urging, retreating and making a dash of it again, immobile almost, for all of its moving; unknowing and unknowable. What an eternally impetuous thing is that wind; what an eternally triumphant thing that glaring sun; what an eternally perplexing, terrifying, momentous thing that space,—illimitable, unescapable. But these are serious things, and you turn with relief from the Eternities to that blessed arbutus, in whose beauty there is yet something of mirth.

Deep in the woods, an hour later, you stop to rest beside a half-subterranean brook, narrow, clear as amber, twisting between and underneath banks that are thickly mossed. There is the slightest rustle in the bushes at your side and you stare with astonishment at a little slip of a rabbit not more than six inches long, who eyes you in fright, and trembles nervously, and is so terrified by your rough appearance that he

cannot run away from where he is lying.

You offer words of encouragement: "Brace up, Spike, Steady, steady. Here, have a cigarette,—" but as if the moving of your arm had broken a grim and fearful trance, he is up and away, and making remarkably good time for such a youngster. Across the brook a partridge drums quickly, once, twice, and then scoots off through the trees with a startling whirl of wings.

Now here you find the arbutus in an especially riotous spread of white and pink and lavender. Then, remembering those in town who never have days off when they may ramble enjoyably here and there, you gather the finest sprays for them. It is not right that only the idler should enter heaven. God has ordained a more poetic reward for the worker—that heaven should be brought to him, even as he toils.

And when the starlit night has come, and you have crossed the darkened woods and fields to where your kinsmen wait, this is revealed to you: for a dear, grey-haired lady is being given an armful of heavenly arbutus, and her blue eyes are bright and tender, as though she had been granted to see the flowers of the Lord.

ONE DAY AND ANOTHER.

All day long it has been dark and rainy. All day long the rain has fallen, drizzling drearily, pattering on the pavement, tapping an unending tattoo on the roofs, dripping from the eaves and trees, and flowing muddily off into the echoing sewers.

At the window, propped in pillows, staring out on the chilly street, sits a child, wan but bright-eyed, looking always for every bit of action out-of-doors. Since the first days of his convalescence, he has looked forward to this day when once again he might look out on the world, a world unbounded by forbidding walls, and, to him, a world full of the rosy-cheeked, ecstatic chuckling of the infant, the wind-blown laughter of youth and the peaceful smile of old age.

But to-day it is raining. . . . All day long.
 . . . Dark and drizzly. . . . An unceasing
 patter on the pavement. . . . An unbearable
 beating on the roof. . . . All day long. . . .
 dripping. . . . dripping.

All day long. . . . drip. . . . drip. . . .
 drip.

NAME IT YOURSELF.

FRANCIS KOLARS.

FOR no reason at all we are writing this. It shall be our endeavor to set down in what follows—nothing. And we are sure that after you have looked over this little example of what we attempt to do it will dispel all your doubts, and more, prove conclusively—nothing.

If you have read the SCHOLASTIC (of course you haven't. This statement is merely a nice way of introducing a new paragraph)—if you have read the SCHOLASTIC you will have, from time to time, noticed things (a bad word but a good one) that read thus:

CORRESPONDENCE.

Date—(January: Not very airy).

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Editor:

Please, I do not wish to appear at all critical, and I wouldn't hurt any one's feeling for the world, you know, but a very delicate matter has crept into my mind, and I really feel that I should mention it.

Now please believe me when I say that I do not want to seem at all harsh, for I wouldn't hurt any one's feelings for the world, you know, but last Saturday night as I was journeying back to the school on the tram, I could not help but notice that one of the students had so placed five of the digits of his lower extremity (to be more vulgar, his foot) in the aisle in such a manner as to give the impression of actual "vulgar ease." Now I am sure that the student meant no harm by it and I wouldn't want to hurt any one's feelings for the world, you know, but please, do you not think that it should be brought to the attention of the young man—in a very nice way, of course? . . . I think the young chap was a westerner. YORK STATE.

Date—(January: Quite airy).

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My Dear Editor:

It really pains me to do this, for I do not wish to look antagonistic, but I could not help noticing the article that appeared in our very nice publication (THE SCHOLASTIC) concerning the "Foot"—to be plebian.

I am sure that if the young fellow mentioned was tired on the street car that evening he is not to be blamed for reclining; now, don't you think so? . . . By the way, I *may* be mistaken, but did not Bernard McFadden say Easterners have *larger* feet than Westerners? Of course I *may* be mistaken, and I wouldn't want to harm any one's peace of mind for a mint, you know. OREGON.

Date—(January: Very airy).

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Editor:

I do not think it at all smart of the writer letter mentioning the size of feet. It isn't true, anyway.

But I *have* noticed that mostly all Westerners are pigeon-toed. I often wonder what makes them that way, don't you? I suppose it hurts them to be reminded of it, but we can't be too particular, can we?

AN EASTERNER.

Date—(January: Hot airy).

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

I think the writer of that letter must be foolish—or stupid; probably both. The pigeon-toe stuff is bogus, but I *do* notice that most Easterner's feet are flatter than the world was before Columbus. Speaking of pigeons, and things, have you ever noticed a duck?

A WESTERNER.

Date—(February: Vag-ary).

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

If that guy thinks the stuff he's passing out in his letters is hot, he'll find that they use it for ice where he goes after kicking in. And that wise crack about the duck won't make Witwer throw away his pencil.

I don't want to spill dirt, but did you know that there's a fellow on the campus that scrubs his teeth (when he does) with a shoe brush? EASTERN.

Date—(February: Cemet-ery).

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Listen: That shoe brush gag falls short. I ain't got any teeth. And if that double-tongued parrot wants to meet me some time I'll be tickled delirious to put him in the same fix. He'll have *his* dogs in an aisle, all right; but there'll be a candle on each side of them, with slow music floatin' around.

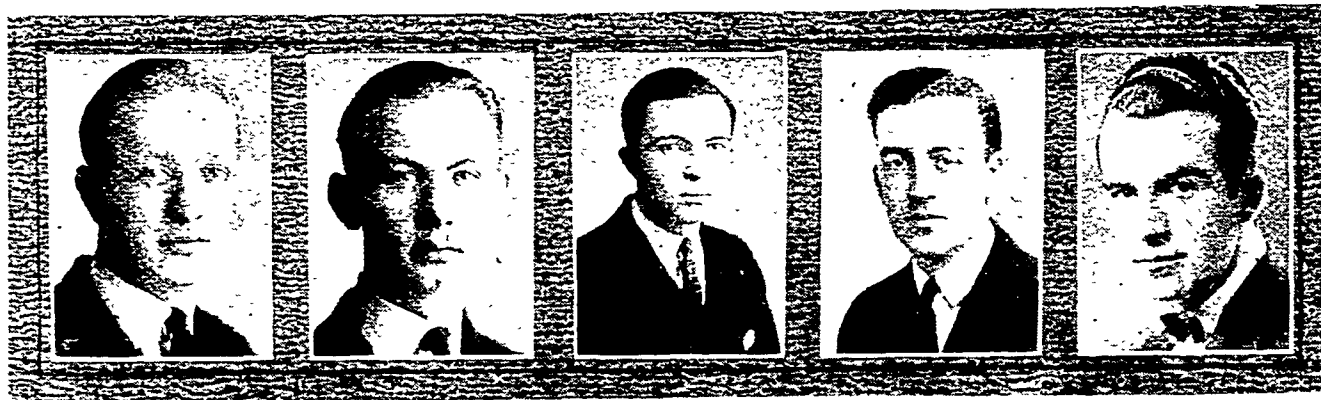
THE WEST.

Date—(February: The Last).

Editor THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

All I wanna say is this: If this half smart Bozo has any cherished desires to mangle *my* pan, and turn my birthday into an anniversary, he better go into training by shoveling coal; the practice may come in handy later. Say! just let me—.

But why go farther? Have we not proved our point? It is true we did not make it as clear as we could, but then we didn't think we could.



FIPP

BENNINGS

DE BARRY

HAYES

EGAN

TABLEAUX.

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

THE sands are yellow. They are smooth from the tread of unseen feet. Twice a day they are washed by the tide, which laves them with a million kisses. The tide washes with a thousand caresses but still the sands are unclean. They are yellow and will not be cleansed. They are soiled and will not be whitened.

He was only a man, barefoot from long travel. As he stood at the end of the path at the summit of the mountain, he seemed small, though the very world stretched out beneath his feet. Below even clouds lay upon the brown promontories. Looking down the path which he had come, the man became dizzy. But he remembered his travel. He had passed the river, impetuous and powerful, as it was rushing seaward. He had swum its foamy waters. The path had become rough, but his walking stick was strong. Through the forest he had cut his way, bruised by its thorns and its broken meshes. He had killed the beasts that had disturbed his rest at night. Now he could see the river hundreds of feet beneath him. It glistened white and sharp in the sun. He had swum the river. But as he watched, a great stone was torn from the side of the mountain and it plunged downward into the valley along the river.

A tall youth in yellow overalls was strewing cracked corn in the bare yard behind a shy little farm house. His arm made a sweeping motion, rhythmical and slow, as he scattered the corn on the ground for the ex-

cited fowl fluttering about his feet. The gesture was awkward but graceful, unstudied but poised. In the yard grapevines which climbed a heavy trellis were losing their pinkness. Between the tinted leaves the first signs of clustered grapes were appearing, tiny blunches like early lilac buds.

Choked between a narrow criss-cross of streets, Bruce Place begins nowhere, ends nowhere. The days along its seamy pavement are dark. Even in summer, twilight settles over it like a sooty blanket. Children roll their marbles across the broken stones of the street. Squatting beside the curbs, the houses on either side frown as the marbles roll and bounce. The houses are huddled together like old women at gossip. The old women are tired and anemic. Drawn blinds, like heavy closed lids, give them the cold stare of death. As they roll their marbles, the children kneel on the pavement. They are hatless, their clothes are worn and ruffled. Across the stones they shoot their glass taws of red and blue and crystal. Around them pigeons pick at the cracks, cooing and fluttering between curb and curb. One of the pigeons is white like an August moon-flower. As the children roll their red and blue and crystal marbles, a taw bounces among the pigeons. Wings flap and a flash of white cuts the gray canvas. While the children are hunting for the taw which has slipped between the broken stones, the houses still squat beside the curbs, huddled together like gossiping old women. On the pavement there is a white feather.

Beside the ocean the poet sits listening to

the rhythm of the waves. Along the shore there are only shadows. But the poet is not thinking of the shadows, because the moon has tipped the waves with gold. And for the poet the moonlight and the waves become a poem.

The musician lays aside his violin. Through his window comes silvered dust and the room becomes a dimmed temple, its outlines misted and vague. The musician bows his head. Gathering together all the chords his violin has ever uttered in the room, he makes a sonata of the moonlight.

The lover stands beside a gate that leads into a garden. In front of him a fountain trickles softly, then sprays winged spirals over the flowers at its foot. Under the moonbeams, the spirals become the yellow curls of his sweetheart.

Now the bird is blue, but long ago it was white. It lived among the flowers. The perfume of blossoms furnished it with life and the warm winds from the south sweeping over meadow lands gave it strength. Above the lands where it sang, the sky was always blue. But to the bird the flowers were more beautiful than the sky. Pale lavender and carmine and orange glowed in their petals. The bird thought of living in their midst forever. But in the neighborhood were lakes which were mirrors. They caught the blue of the sky so that one day the bird saw beneath him only blue, and two white wings. That day he forgot the flowers. Soaring upward, he sought the sky fields where all was blue. But after two days he was far away from the earth and the cerulean fields were no nearer. Another day he soared, until his tired wings crumpled. When he returned to the meadows and the flowers he had been away three days. But they did not know him because his wings were blue.

In the village there are fewer than twenty houses. They are small and sit meekly along the two winding streets. In their midst, rising on a knoll, is St. Anthony's. In the morning its spire catches the first sunlight of the day. In the evening its windows reflect the light of the reddened sun. Over the village

it triumphantly holds aloft the cross. And the houses, clustered along the streets, seem to be reverent penitents kneeling with bowed heads.

WORDS AND THE COUNTRY.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

THE American people generally seem to possess a particular faculty for abusing, ill-using or misemploying certain words in the English vocabulary. Probably they do it unintentionally; but they do it, nevertheless. They can seize a word of the hour and adapt it cleverly to fit any occasion. A class of one hundred students could be assigned an essay of several thousand words on the subject of the most ridiculous word (which really would be very limited in its scope), and there would be one hundred distinctly different essays on that word submitted to the professor the next day. With the noticeable degree of difference that would exist in style and profundity between the first and hundredth manuscript there also would be divers methods of treatment. Some of the students would stretch the subject word to meet their unique ideas, while others would stretch their peculiar ideas to coincide with the given subject. In either case it would seem to prove that this habit of improper word usage is being adroitly shielded by the versatile characteristic of adaptability which is innate in the average American. Take for example the word "Americanism," which especially is used very widely to-day. It is applied casually to almost everything that is synonymous with the regulation of a government. We hear the energetic school boy give a three minute exhortation about it before his English class; we encounter the aspiring college youth, who when contesting for the oration medal, moulds his speech around it; we listen to the blustering politician bellow out a potent array of epithets describing it, while he goes through the usual soap-box pantomime; we observe the secret clans who lay it down as their guiding principle, hoping it will enable them to muster a group of unsuspecting ignoramuses to their cause. There are some, too, who interpret it to mean that Independence Day should be celebrated by

igniting ten pounds of gunpowder and sending up a dozen hot air balloons, or by giving the children money with which to buy fire-crackers, torpedoes, Roman candles and sky-rockets. And there are others who think that it represents the individual who has only to hoist up a flag on the legal holidays and shout "America forever," to be doing all that is required of him by his country.

This latter type of person believes that such a manifestation of patriotism will unquestionably bring him a staunch American and make him immune from any hostile attack should he encroach upon some article of the Constitution. He is often the same person who wears a miniature American flag on the lapel while he promenades down the avenues in daylight, and who, at night, secretly peddles flagons of "hootch" which he distilled in violation of the eighteenth amendment.

When the term "Americanism" is properly used, however, it refers to a loyalty to the system of government under which we live. It consists of fidelity to the state, obedience to its laws, and support of its causes in times of war, so as to perpetuate the government. Plainly, if this defines the word, then these people who call themselves one hundred per cent Americans simply because they outwardly revere the flag of the nation, and who on the other hand, clandestinely commit atrocities which directly infringe upon the sacred doctrines of the Constitution, are really minus quantity or no-percent Americans. Instead of trying to promote harmony, coöperation and friendship by their obedience to the laws, they are trying to break down the standards of the government by usurping the power authorized only for the government.

The word "sheik," too, has had its misapplications. When Webster compiled his dictionary he did so because he foresaw that Americans had a natural ability to adapt themselves, and he did not intend that a "sheik" should be any other than a "venerable man; the head of a tribe." But even the ingenious plans of the most assiduous masters who take every possible precaution against such things will invariably be disregarded by the mob, and a "sheik" may turn

out to be a youthful novel hero who abducts a beautiful caravan maiden and rides with her upon his arabian steed to his desert tent where he charms her with his beauty; or a "sheik" may be a college lad who fascinates all the girls simply because he uses "Stacombs" on his hair and wears fuzzy sweater coats and Norfolk suits. Sometimes he who receives letters from more than one girl oftener than once a week, and he who has made a few young lady acquaintances in the towns he has visited, are both recognized as "sheiks." The extension of this word when denoting the swaying and subduing male is limitless, at least so far as Americans are concerned.

Our language is copiously laden with scores of such words which from popular usage have come to mean almost anything except that which it was originally intended they should mean. Using a word which conveys the wrong meaning is misrepresenting, and that is a fault; but then again, using a word to convey many meanings is aptness, and that is a gift.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF SIGISMUND.

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

THE years have passed, and Notre Dame is still
The charming memory that time cannot kill;
We sit, just Sig and I, beneath a tree,
And tell the tales of days that used to be.
Sig says, "Say, Mac, those four short years were
sweet,
They sped too fast beneath our hurrying feet;
I'd give my pile if I could live again
The hectic, eager life that we lived then.
Do you remember, back in '23,
The 'Please' signs sticking up out of the sea,
Frank Wallace and his clever campus line,
Paul Rahe, his smile benignant and benign,
The joy we felt when we heard Castner's name,
Or grief when Lieb was carried from the game?"

Sig sighed—

Forty years ago he would have
Cried.

"Hank Barnhart was the Lincoln of the school,
(If he heard that he'd crack me with a stool);
Mike Sullivan and Link were blase twins,
Ed Lyons had a brain and nineteen grins;
New Yorkers looked to Willson as their pride,
Bob Riordan gave the Sophomores a ride;
The Forum and Joe Burke rose hand in hand,
Jim Egan in spare moments ran the Band;
It was Pete Cray who wore the cosmo rags,

Bob Worth who pulled so many cagey gags;
Dan Hickey and El Holmberg chased the cash
For Dever's snappy sheet—then added to a dash
Of Holland, Martin and Joe Ryan there
Was Engels' magic pen and savoir faire."

Sig sighed—
Years were so
Wide.

"Gosh, man, I loved to hear our battle song,
And Gleason's cries enkindling N. D.'s throng,
To see our Laydens, Crowleys and Degrees,
Our Millers, Stuhlies, Stanges and Carberrys,
Crash through the line, while the Napoleon
Of football stood with keen eyes looking on.
Our basket team had Kizer and Gene Mayl;
Boy, how Bud Barr and Kenedy could sail!
Desch, Brady, Hogan, Moes—each one an ace,
Possessed the spirit that gave Cox first place.
McNulty as a golfer was the ice,
Mouch, Foglia and Guether—also nice.
Centlivre knew his racquet, said reports;
He worked with others till they got their courts."

Sig sighed—
For courts he'd also
Tried.

"Jack Scallan, if my memory holds aright,
Had his quick hands in all the jobs in sight,
And Cunningham was also there with pep,
He dragged a smile, a pen, a sprightly step;
Frank Galvin took in coppers for the news,
And Hagan spent them buying running shoes;
Swift led the Juniors and the female clan,
Fred Allnoch was a famous Bad (in) man;
The 'News-Times' dope was handled by Paul Funk,
Frosh Farrel had glib speech and lots of spunk;
John Brennan wrote on Conrad and the sea,
Ed Raub gave to the Glee Club gobs of glee,
McSorley and Daschbach were Pittsburgh Plus,
And Charley Molz came first from many a fuss."

Sig sighed—
Nor his thirst another swig
Denied.

"How well do I remember Bruggner's verse,
Jim Armstrong's satire, stout but not too terse,
Ed Gould, his skilful pen and clever words,
Bob Dixon dressed as though for tending herds;
Don Gallagher's sound thoughts, John Lynch's, too,
Tom Hodgson's intellectual rendezvous,
Mike Duffecy, his pounding on the keys,
Mike Neitzel and his scorn for all decrees;
The Easter recess spent at work (?) by Byrnes,
Pink Schneider, his innumerable good turns;
The need our track team felt for Montague,
Pres. Dacy and his day-dog retinue,
George Bischoff's penchant for litigious chats."
(I'm tempted to rhyme that with "Waters' spats.")

Sig sighed—

And his throat
Pacified.

"The Monogram Club pulled a spiffy show,
Mick Kane and Seifrit were the calico,
O'Connell was the purple peacock's paws,
And Chick Doran got oodles of applause;
Frank Howland zylophoned a snappy tune,
Rodge Kiley's songs were not a bit jejune;
In fact the whole dang show was a reflector
Of Flynn's ability as a director.
Those were the days when Doriot ruled the gym,
When Milbauer was a pleasing cherubim,
When Gorman swang a wicked hockey stick,
And Neil Flinn's eye was quicker than the quick,
When Lennon's shoulders bore the athletes' cares,
And Ed Ashe managed various affairs."

Sig sighed—
The empty bottle
Eyed.

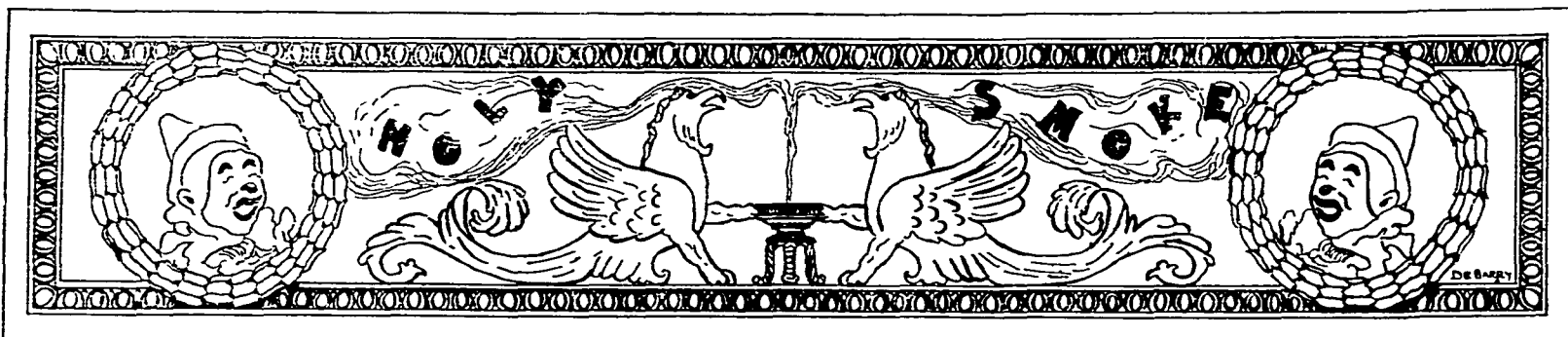
"Ray Gallagher was a speaking meteor,
Debater, advocate and orator,
Jack Higgins and Paul Breen could sell gold bricks,
Tom Coman had a bunch of facial tricks;
Butch Haecker was good-natured to the core,
So Sommer mauled him all around the floor;
A Journalist of note was Clifford Ward,
Jack Sheehan bore the Sophomoric sword;
Ed Kreimer and Ev Kohl were engineers,
But didn't let that ruin their careers;
Macnab for Badin prefect was selected,
Harv Brown for football captain was elected;
John Hurley was a shark at fixing dates,
Hank Wurzer was the Sheik of South Bend fetes."

Sig sighed—
He'd seen South Bend when either
It or he was pie-eyed.

"The Dome' was in the hands of gifted Flan,
Pedrotty and Tom Walsh and all that clan;
John Mullen had ideas, neat language, too,
Jim Hayes was literary through and through;
Tub Harrington and Collins looked to be
Fod Cottons in a year or two or three,
And Harold Haynes wrote plays and acted them,
While Martin gave his class an apothegm.
John Stephan worked on plans for the big Ball,
And Butterworth amused us with his drawl;
The S. A. C. and Cavanaugh went great,
The students gave to 'Reveille' the gate—
It's all gone now, except the memory
Of blissful days at merry old N. D."

Sig sighed—
And three hours later
Died.

New York writes that good whisky can
be purchased for three dollars a quart. No
wonder the west is wild.



We have been threatening the Editor with this sort of thing for a long time. It has always been our ambition to run a magazine of our own and at last we have succeeded. When we handed it in, the conversation that ensued was something like this:

Us: "Here it is. Not half bad, eh?"

Editor: "No. To the contrary, it's all bad."

THE SCHOLASTIC: ISSUE: FIRST AND LAST.
WE CAN PROVE IT (An Article).

The remarkable history of Ireland shows us that Ireland is the only country that could ever do for Ireland what Ireland and the Irish in Ireland have in every instance of Irish history in Ireland done for Ireland. Ireland is—well, Ireland.

It remains now but to prove that Shakespeare was Irish. He was, and if you don't believe it, well, you had better, that's all.

SHORT STORIES.

THE BEHEADED INDIAN: (In Two Parts).

Once there was an Old Timer and when he spoke he said, "W-a-a-l-l, I tell 'e. Thar hain't right many ez 'ud believe that they is still some Injuns. But they is, sure 'nuff, by sassafrass, by darn, fer tootin'."

Then he spit. (This is the first part).

And the Old Timer knew a Tenderfoot, and he took the Tenderfoot out to shoot Indians, to prove it. So after they had shot a dozen or so nice big Indians (with a Chinese waiter or two thrown in) they took a chew of tobacco apiece and spit, and then hopped onto the caboose of a train. (This was the End).

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor:

I think I know I error not when I say I see I have a right to write and see this printed, even if it were done by someone besides I. I know I owe it to myself. I am modest with myself. I do not say what I know I could about myself. At least I think so myself.

I think I see much (That is to me, anyway). Too much all about me that doesn't please me—if you get me. Me—I don't care. But it hurts me when they show me things that hurt me—in the SCHOLASTIC they send me Please advise me.

P. S. Tell me—what is the Perpendicular Pronoun?

SPORTS.

Norbert Engels
Frank Wallace
Butch Haecker
Jim Swift
Chubb Breen
Maurice Dacey

—And a lot of others: And please, may we add our own name to the list?

EDITORIALS.

THE AGE OF FOLLY:

The younger generation of to-day is so extremely bad and wicked that to go into all their vagaries would be a task the room for which is not in this magazine. It would be better, then, to sum it up briefly:

1—They have "Dates" three or four times a week. Our parents never did this—there were no telephones. They simply met, I presume, at church a couple of times (by sheer accident, of course) and were married.

2—They spend evenings "cheek to cheek" dancing, and actually laugh and enjoy themselves. Our parents never laughed. They didn't dance "cheek to cheek"—They couldn't because of hoop skirts. They used to sit at home, and read Pilgrim's Progress and Plutarch's Lives put them on the shelf, curse them, and go to bed.

3—They give too much attention to clothes; this is very bad. As near as we have been able to tell by hearing old folks talk, they paid positively no attention at all to clothes. Give them a gunny-sack bound up with a barrel hoop (I understand that the supply of barrel hoop was actually astounding) and they were happy. Who could wish for more? Wasn't it Boswell who said, "A barrel oft proclaims the man?"

Well, there you have it.

BOOK LEAVES.

The Base; By Mhudullah OBloanngato—Too Vain; By Artikulo Skleeroso—Knocked in the First Round; A striking story by Fist—Such Nerve; by M. Vagus.—Thanksgiving; A story of Turkey; By Hegetsä Axo.—And also a very fine tale about a Peacock; By M. Plumazsh.

HOLY-SMOKE.

You can see that its' all up above.

KOLARS.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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VOL.
LVI.

*Discit Quasi Semper Dicturus
Vincit Quasi Cras Moriturus*

No.
22

There is a lot being said nowadays about discontent. We hear it from the platform and the stage, as "the unrest of the masses"; we read it in books and magazines, as "the rights of the individual." We see it between nations, between continents, between friends. Men are dissatisfied with themselves and with each other. Perhaps this discontent is a good thing. Indifference to conditions has never caused progress, neither will indifference ever bring about settlement of the so-called "after-war" problems.

The world is like a little baby now. During the war it was lying on its back, powerless to think or move. Now it is crawling, crawling in the dirt and filth. But it is not contented! Presently it will stand up and raise its head to the skies. At first it will take feeble steps, but as time goes on it will grow stronger. It will stride out courageously. Discontent will cause this—discontent with the filth and the dirt, and discontent with feeble totterings. This is a good condition. Let the world and the people in it remain discontented until they find Faith and Hope and Charity. With these will come contentment.

J. F. H.

was hidden away the mummified body of King Tutankhamen. Until recently, there in that sepulcher he had lain for thousands of years, haunted only by the sphinx-like solitude of the tomb. But to-day a group of adventure-some archeologists have penetrated to the hidden crypt, sealed for ages, and they have rudely disturbed him in his lethargy.

Similarly Mother Nature has been brutally long sleep that had lasted throughout the interrupted—suddenly awakened from her dismal Winter days. The sun has turned archeologist and with his busy rays has descended into the deep vaults of the earth and brought her forth, dispelling with the spring-like atmosphere the Winter's deadly stupor.

The results of this transformation are already becoming plainly evident here at Notre Dame. Even in the early mornings before the hour scheduled for classes one may find students on the trampled cinder paths that follow the lakes. These students cannot resist an unsatiable longing to inhale the invigorating sweetness that ushers in the day and to commingle with the growing life of Spring. They regard it as an essential, wholesome tonic.

Later in the day, when classes are over, others may be seen strolling off down the branching lanes that radiate from the Dome. Some may be seen ambulating directly for

In the hills behind Luxor, in a subterranean, superbly appointed funeral chamber

the macadam road, alongside of which they sit and wait for some kind-hearted person and his automobile; others become ecstatically fascinated by the blossoming glories that surround them everywhere, and they trudge leisurely on for hours through the woods, feeling completely subdued by Nature; while others choose to wander over the crooked course of the old river bed to the steep and rugged river bank where they may relax and cast off their erudite troubles to the soothing breeze.

Then, in the evening, some may be seen lying outstretched on the fresh green grass beneath the pines, gazing wildly at the moon above; others roam aimlessly about the campus under the shadowy archways of the trees,—but they, too, feel the spell of that overpowering luster in the heavens. No one is immune from its irresistible influence. For the college youth especially it quickly opens a book of Romance—one that has had inscribed on its pages the past accounts of a lover's innocent infatuations—one in which dreamy romances of the future are imaginatively written. It is springtime at Notre Dame.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

IN MEMORIAM.

Right Reverend Maurice F. Burke, D. D., Bishop of St. Joseph, Missouri, the oldest Catholic Bishop in the United States in point of view of service, died at his home on March 17. Bishop Burke was educated at St. Mary's of the Lake, Chicago; at Notre Dame, and at the American College at Rome. He was one of the best known Dante students in America, and at the time of his death was honorary president of the American Dante Society.

Reverend Joseph Burke, C. S. C., Director of Studies at the University, attended the funeral which was held from St. Joseph's Cathedral, Thursday, March 22.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. J. J. O'Connell, A. B., 1901, who was stricken with apoplexy, in New York, while waiting for a subway train. Mr. O'Connell lived at 552 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, and was head of the Brooklyn staff of the New

York Times. Twenty years of service with this paper had followed a period of reporting on the *Tribune*. He was also President of the Newspaper Men's Benevolent League. R. I. P.

After fifty years as a religious, forty-eight of which were spent at Notre Dame, Sister Martha died, April 4, following an attack of pneumonia. Her entire life was devoted to others: for twenty-three years she was in charge of the kitchen, where she was well beloved. An interesting fact in Sister Martha's life is that she came to this country on the same boat with Father Morrissey, a former president of the University.

Sister Martha was one of the last of the pioneers who watched Notre Dame grow to its present state. Her death is mourned, not only by the community to which she belonged, but by the student body for which she did so much. Our prayers are most eagerly promised.

Charlemagne Koehler, a former professor of dramatics at Notre Dame, died in St. Louis last week at an advanced age. Mr. Koehler was a successful actor who played with Edwin Booth, with Joseph Jefferson, and with other prominent artists of the last generation. He is remembered by old students as a genial and popular professor whose skill in presenting theatrical productions served the stage at Notre Dame in good stead. After leaving here, he taught dramatics at St. Louis University until the time of his death.

ROOMS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Special Notice.

With the help of the S. A. C., a plan for room-registration has been completed by the Registrar. Numbers will be drawn at class-meetings to be held next week, and the following order will be observed:

Reservations will be open for Juniors April 19, 1923, from 9:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. on the numbers from one to one hundred fifty, and from 2:30 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. from one hundred fifty on. Sophomores, April 20, 1923, from 9:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. on the

numbers from one to one hundred fifty, and from 2:30 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. from one hundred fifty on. Freshman, April 21, 1923, from 7:30 a. m. to 9:30 a. m. from one to one hundred fifty, and from 9:30 a. m. to 12:00 a. m. from one hundred fifty on.

The reservations for the students occupying rooms on the campus will be closed Monday, April 9, at 5:00 p. m. After this date, all who are occupying rooms and have not re-reserved the same for the next scholastic year, will have relinquished all rights and claims to their present accommodations for the year of 1923-24.

GETTING COMFORTABLY CLOSE TO NATURE.

Recognizing the fact that the Boy Scouts have become as definite a part of America as ice-cream bars, the faculty has announced its plans for the third annual Scout Leaders course, from July 5 to 15. Catholic leadership presupposes Catholic training, in scouting as elsewhere, and it is to the demand for more Catholic activity among the Boy Scouts that the University is responding.

It is evident that the Scout Leaders' training will not consist of 26 jelly rolls and two tart novels a day. "Learn by doing" will be the watchword; the men will actually tie the knots, apply the bandages, identify the trees, plants and birds, pitch tents, cook food, practice signalling, play the games, and do many other things that men should be able to do if they are to be successful leaders in Scouting.

Mr. J. P. Freeman, assistant field director of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, will again serve as director of the school, and the Rev. John F. White of the archdiocese of New York, national authority on boy problems, will act as associate director. There will be a large faculty for the school, consisting of such men as Father Cavanaugh, K. K. Rockne, and Father O'Hara. Father Hugh O'Donnell will be camp chaplain and University representative.

It would be difficult to measure what Scouting does for the nation. But we do know that it builds self-reliant, manly, clean boys, not only giving them the keenest pleas-

ure and thrills of boyhood, but at the same time moulding their characters into the finest, most American type. To lead these boys men are recruited from the ranks of the business and professional worlds—men with the blood of youth raging for expression. If a man can't bear the incivilities of eating a piece of tough steak, without knife or fork or plate, he is not apt to make a good Scout leader.

Vachel Lindsay, the poet, says, "What's the matter with young men to-day is a disinclination to get their feet dirty." It is not always necessary that the Scout get his feet dirty, but it is often necessary that he get them sore or wet, which are almost as delightful things. "Tired business men" who haven't had their feet wet outside a tub in twenty years, are requested to write to The Registrar, Scout Leaders' Training Camp, Notre Dame, Indiana, for further particulars.

H. McGUIRE.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

Extra! The well known city of Mishawaka was completely taken by storm on the night of March 23rd, last, when Pio Montenegro, senior journalist and future president of the Philippine Republic, threw a verbal barrage into the audience assembled in the High School auditorium. Pio spoke on his favorite subject: "The Philippine Question," under the auspices of the High School seniors. He was accompanied by Merlin Rolwing, senior philosopher and business manager, who also spoke, and by Charles Dubiel, his faithful operator.

All lovers of poetry and Tom Daly will be glad to learn that both are to appear on the stage in Washington Hall Thursday, April 19, at 8:00 p. m. Mr. Daly promises, if not to mellow with age, at least to grow more sparkling and stimulating than ever.

Dr. Henry T. Schmittkind, who prepares a yearly anthology of college verse called "The Poets of the Future," requests that hopeful contributors submit their copy, not later than May fifteenth, to himself, at the

Stratford Company, publishers, 234-240 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

At the annual indoor meet of the Louisville Associated Athletic Federation, held in Louisville March 31, Captain Gus Desch in his first race over the sticks this season finished inches behind Anderson of the I. A. C., present holder of the Central A. A. U. indoor low hurdles title. In the handicap mile Paul Kennedy ran an exceptionally good race in placing second, after working his way-through a large field which had handicaps ranging up to a hundred yards. The mile relay team (Barker-Disney-Barr-Montague) finished third, being led to the tape by the Illinois quartet and the Univ. of Virginia's representatives.

While in Louisville the members of the team were entertained most hospitably by Phil S. Dant, Eddie Pfeiffer, Frank Bloemer and other N. D. alumni.

Speaking of dances reminds us that the old faithful Scholarship Club is planning to throw its post-Lenten hop this Saturday, the fourteenth. So far the club has furnished a desirable menu of good times and this dance should come up to the regular speed.

The Shakespeare Club has been holding regular meetings on every Friday evening. At the present they are following Professor Hines in an interesting journey through "Richard III."

We don't know whether it was the method or the madness that made Father Walter O'Donnell's talk to the Caseys last Monday night such a huge success, but he gave enough of each to make it interesting and clear. The Catholic Church has always played such a prominent part in Mexican history, that the history of Church and State are intimately connected. For instance, the independence of Mexico was brought about entirely by Catholic priests, and at about the same time, the Blessed Virgin appeared to a poor peon and told him that she would protect Mexico. Ever since this visitation, devotion to the Virgin Mary has been unbounded, for she has kept her word. Father

O'Donnell also brought out many other interesting sides of Mexican history, including something on the Pershing expedition. It seems that this expedition was within a half-hour of Villa and might have captured him had it not been for a strange manipulation of the wires from President Wilson.

The delegates to the State Convention follow: Grand Knight Barnhart and Financial Secretary Flynn go by virtue of their office, and Deputy Grand Knight Wilson was elected delegate while Harry A. McGuire was chosen first alternate, and Tom Hodgson and Vince Brown tied for second alternate.

A long-felt want will be relieved when one hundred new chairs for the council chambers arrive this week.

Materialized "spirits" were made to appear as funny as prohibition, and just about as real, by Dr. James J. Walsh in his lecture in Washington Hall on the evening of April 8. We had been led to expect a renowned historian, political economist, psychologist, but we found that in addition to being these things he was a superbly subtle humorist. Most of his jibes were aimed at spiritism and its innumerable fakings, but there were many other foibles that felt the soft bite of his humor. Concerning Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle and the Fox sisters Dr. Walsh revealed some very interesting things. On the whole his attack on spiritism was sympathetically satirical.

The Freshmen are planning a mean Frolic according to semi-official dope. The whole class is united in its efforts to set a remarkable precedent for the first Freshmen dance ever given at Notre Dame. Hard-working committees have been appointed, and will start work immediately.

The Notre Dame Tennis Association has announced plans which are easily as ambitious as any for re-making Europe. On Monday, April 16, the great tournament will start, and continue for ten days. There will be a prize for about every other contestant. The players will be divided into the Championship and Medal classes, according to their ability, in both singles and doubles. The winner of the Championship class will receive a handsome silver loving cup, the

gift of Dr. Stoeckley of South Bend. Each winner in the doubles will also receive a loving cup, both of which will be given by the Hotel La Salle. In the Medal class the winners in both singles and doubles will receive valuable trophies, probably rackets. Then there will be a consolation flight in singles in both classes, for all those eliminated in the first round; the victors in these two flights will also receive prizes.

After the tournament the varsity team will be picked; then, too, will inter-hall tennis be started. By that time the new outside courts will be in tip-top condition, and no man on the campus may want for a place to display his graceful instincts.

At a recent meeting of the Student Activities Committee, the following resolution was passed, and later presented to Mr. Mark M. Foote, '73:

vv HEREAS, We believe that the remarkable spirit, which characterizes Notre Dame very specially, is inspired by the loyalty and devotion of the students of the past, and

WHEREAS, Mr. Mark M. Foote of the Class of '73 has for half a century been a foremost exemplar of the genuine Notre Dame spirit; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the Student Activities Committee, representing the present student body, in regular meeting assembled, March 25, 1923, acknowledges to Mr. Foote on the Fiftieth Anniversary of his reception into Holy Mother Church, the hearty appreciation of the student body for his unfailing loyalty, and be it also

RESOLVED, That a Committee of three men, representing the Student Activities Committee, present these resolutions to Mr. Foote in Sacred Heart Chapel on the morning of Saturday, March 31st, when this Anniversary will be celebrated; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the April Fourteenth issue of the Notre Dame "SCHOLASTIC" and in the Notre Dame "ALUMNUS," as a public testimony to the Alumni and Old Students of our debt to the faithful Notre Dame men of the past, and in particular to Mr. Mark M. Foote of the Class of '73.

YE EDITORS.

M. Coué's Analysis.

(Special by the Dissociated Distress.)

HARRY W. FLANNERY. King Tut at a typewriter—A sky-lark with paper wings—Elder Siwash in a plaid apron—Pollyanna wearing smoked glasses—A pink insert in an eight-page newspaper.

FRANK WALLACE. Hamlet at a sporting desk—Ben Turpin trying to look like Alonzo Stagg—A nine-year-old making pies out of sand and water—A strawberry bush growing goose-berries.

RAY CUNNINGHAM. Pierrot in a pinafore—The original nine-ring performance—Paul Revere riding a Ford—An aurora borealis—A tambourine in a saxophone band—Three lighted firecrackers under a tin can.

CHARLES MOLZ. A gyroscope on a wire of words—A volcano sputtering on the edge of a desert—A two-foot shelf on a merry-go-round.

GERALD HAGAN. A lion changed into a mouse—A mountain stream hidden between the rocks—An acorn waiting for the squirrels—The circle squared—A Roman candle shooting white stars.

VINCENT ENGELS. A subdued angel wearing purple wings—Milton dying from the sleeping sickness—A rain-drop in a lake mist—A soul sigh heard as far as Albuquerque, New Mexico—Star dust caged in a butterfly net.

FRANK KOLARS. A bluejay trying to sing like a lark—A chirping robin mocking the energy of a parrot—A humorist who writes with green ink—A poet who wears a crown of goose feathers instead of a wreath of laurel.

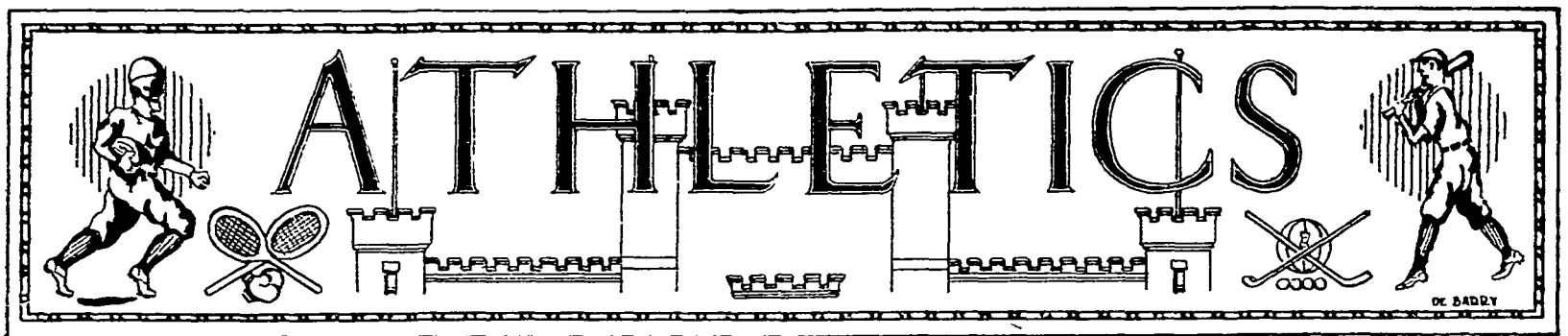
CLIFFORD WARD. Water in an asbestos milk bottle—An icicle on a rootabaga plant—A pee wee living in an oriole's nest—A three-months-old fifty-four minutes after feeding—A strain from a Russian opera sung by a Chinese waiter.

HARRY MCGUIRE. Mexican Pete with a dictionary complex—Bugle notes blown on a fog-horn—The smoke from a gasoline engine—The cow-catcher on a fast freight—A century book of facts with the index gone—An Arabian knight in search of a Greek verb.

JOHN BRENNAN. An arbutus flower on a stone wall—The glitter of pearl on an oyster shell—A sweet-pea blossom quivering on the highest ledge of a nineteen-story building—Mimosa San twirling a fountain pen.

LOUIS BRUGGNER. A phonograph playing Boston symphony music—A south breeze blowing against a rock pile—Orpheus beating a Jew's harp with his foot—April the first in August.

JOHN MULLEN. Calypso with a headache—A shotgun painted red—Chili con carne with a dash of opium—A cane bottom chair with a thumb-tack pointing upward.



SWINGING SOUTH AND HOME.

FRANK WALLACE.

With a record of five wins and three defeats on its annual southern training trip, the baseball team returned to school Tuesday and immediately plunged into the tough series with the spring exams. The first home game will be played to-day with Kalamazoo furnishing opposition.

The Scores:

Notre Dame, 4; St. Mary's, 1.
 Notre Dame, 8; St. Mary's, 6.
 Notre Dame, 3; Vanderbilt, 1.
 Notre Dame, 1; Vanderbilt, 10.
 Notre Dame, 1; Carson-Newman, 4.
 Notre Dame, 2; Kentucky State, 4.
 Notre Dame, 6; St. Xavier, 4.
 Notre Dame, 3; Purdue, 0.

Although the record of the team in the south does not equal the slate of last spring when the nine won six consecutive games without a defeat, fans are satisfied with the general results. The class of teams met this season is much superior to the clubs on last season's training trip. In addition, the nine was handicapped in preparation by the cold weather here and went south with a few outdoor workouts and without the advantage of a single practice game against any outside team.

Despite this handicap the club made a good showing. The work of the pitchers, particularly Dick Falvey and Red Magevney, kept the squad in the running. The hitting was uniformly good although the fielding of the club was far below par and this defect was responsible for the defeats suffered. Particular gratification is felt in the showing of Curtin behind the bat. This position, expected to be a weak spot throughout the season, seems to be well taken care of.

Capt. Castner, Curtin and Kane carried

off the hitting honors of the trip. McGrath, a new pitcher, also showed considerable class and promises to be valuable.

Dick Falvey won individual honors. In addition to winning the first St. Mary's game he relieved Magevney against Vanderbilt, finished the contest and then won it by hitting a home run in the ninth. Falvey, to reach a climax, held Purdue to three hits in the final game of the training trip.

Roger Nolan, a touted first sacker whose fielding and hitting is expected to bolster up the nine, will be eligible for all remaining games. Fred Allnock, another strong hitter who was unable to accompany the team on its southern trip because of a death in his family, is expected to rejoin the team on the home grounds.

| NOTRE DAME— | R | T | PO | A | E |
|-------------|---|---|----|---|---|
| Sheehan, ss | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Foley, 2b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Kane, 3b | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Thomas, rf | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Castner, cf | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Falvey, p | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Vergara, 1b | 0 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Collins, lf | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Curtin, c | 0 | 1 | 13 | 2 | 0 |
| Totals | 4 | 8 | 27 | 7 | 1 |

| ST. MARY'S— | R | T | PO | A | E |
|---------------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Klafta, 2b | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 0 |
| Culey, ss | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Semmes, c | 0 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Kost, 3b | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Rydsewski, 1b | 0 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 1 |
| Baylin, p | 0 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 0 |
| Zaleski, lf | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Monarch, rf | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Sweeney, cf | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Minogue, p | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 1 | 2 | 27 | 17 | 1 |

Score by innings:

| | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-------|
| Notre Dame | 000 | 004 | 000—4 |
| St. Mary's | 100 | 000 | 000—1 |

Two-base hits—Castner. Struck out—By Baylin, 6; by Minoque, 1; by Falvey, 15. Bases on balls—Off Baylin, 5; off Falvey, 1.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kuhn, ss | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| Woodruff, 3b | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Hightower, c | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Embry, p | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 4 |

Totals 30 1 4 27 13

Score by innings:

| | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|----|
| Notre Dame | 001 | 000 | 00— | 1 |
| Vanderbilt | 021 | 610 | 0*— | 10 |

Two-base hits—Reese, Woodruff, Hightower. Home runs—Reese. Struck out—By Embry, 1; by Castner, 3. Bases on balls—Off Stange, 3; off Embry, 6; off Castner, 5. Umpires—Dewitt and Pigue.

| NOTRE DAME— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|-------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Sheehan, ss | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| Foley, 2b | 4 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Kane 3b | 2 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Thomas, rf | 4 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Castner, cf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Vergara, 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 14 | 1 |
| Collins, lf | 3 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Curtin, c | 4 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 |
| Magevney, p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Falvey, p | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |

Totals 30 3 4 27 14

| VANDERBILT— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|-------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Reese | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hickaba | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McCulloch | 4 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| Brown | 2 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Taylor | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 |
| Kuhn | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Woodruff | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Hightower | 4 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 1 |
| Greek | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 |
| Thomas | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |

Totals 30 1 4 27 13

Score by innings:

| | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|------|---|
| Notre Dame | 100 | 000 | 002— | 3 |
| Vanderbilt | 100 | 000 | 000— | 1 |

Errors—Sheehan, Thomas, Taylor, Hightower, Greek. Two-base hits—Thomas. Three-base hits—McCulloch. Home runs—Falvey. Struck out—By Greek, 6; by Magevney, 1; by Falvey, 1. Bases on balls—Off Greek, 6; off Magevney, 4; off Falvey, 1.

| NOTRE DAME— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|-------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Sheehan, ss | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Foley, 3b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Kane, 3b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 3 |
| Thomas, lf | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Castner, p | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Vergara, 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Bergman, cf | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Curtin, c | 3 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 0 |
| Falvey, rf | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Stange, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

Totals 24 1 6 18 9

| VANDERBILT— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|---------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Reese, cf | 4 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Luten, rf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McCulloch, 1b | 5 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 0 |
| Brown, lf | 3 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Taylor, 2b | 4 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 2 |

| NOTRE DAME— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|-------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Sheehan, ss | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| Foley, 2b | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Kane, 3b | 5 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Thomas, rf | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Castner, cf | 4 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Falvey, p | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Collins, lf | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Egan, 1b | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Cerney, c | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Bergman, lf | 2 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Vergara, 1b | 2 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 1 |
| Curtin, c | 3 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 |

Totals 37 1 10 24 11

| CARSON-NEWMAN— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|----------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Southern, rf | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Tucker, ss | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Harrington, 3b | 4 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| McClain, lf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Hutchings, cf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Holt, 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| Blackstock, c | 2 | 1 | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| Acuff, 2b | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Carroll, p | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 |

Totals 32 4 4 27 11

Score by innings:

| | | | | |
|---------------|-----|-----|------|---|
| Notre Dame | 000 | 000 | 100— | 1 |
| Carson-Newman | 021 | 000 | 10*— | 4 |

Errors—Sheen, Foley, Egan, 2; Curtin, 2; Tucker, Blackstock, Carroll. Two-base hits—Kane, 2; Castner. Struck out—By Falvey, 4; by Carroll, 6. Bases on balls—Off Falvey, 4; off Carroll, 3.

| NOTRE DAME— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|-------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Sheehan, ss | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Foley, 2b | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Kane, 3b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Castner, cf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Curtin, c | 4 | 0 | 2 | 10 | 1 |
| Thomas, rf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Vergara, 1b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| DeGree, lf | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Magevney, p | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 |

| | | | | | |
|------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Falvey, lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bergman, p | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 33 | 2 | 4 | 24 | 9 |

| KENTUCKY— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|----------------|----|---|---|----|----|
| Miller, cf | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Sauer, lf | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Burnham, 2b | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Powell, 1b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 11 | 0 |
| Pribble, c | 4 | 0 | 0 | 14 | 0 |
| Boren, rf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Rouse, ss | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Arnold, 3b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Van Arsdale, p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| Totals | 28 | 4 | 4 | 27 | 11 |

Score by innings:

| | | | | |
|----------------|-----|-----|-----|----|
| Notre Dame | 000 | 000 | 200 | —2 |
| Kentucky State | 002 | 110 | 00* | —4 |

Errors—Sheehan, 2; Kane, Rouse, 2; Powell. Two-base hits—Curtin, Burnham. Three-base hits—Foley, Powell, Arnold. Struck out—By Magevney, 9; by Van Arsdale, 13. Bases on balls—By Magevney 5; by Van Arsdale, 3

| NOTRE DAME— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|---------------|----|---|----|----|----|
| Sheehan, ss | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Foley, 2b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Kane, 3b | 5 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 3 |
| Castner, cf-p | 4 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Curtin, c | 5 | 0 | 1 | 10 | 2 |
| Thomas, rf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Vergara, 1b | 5 | 2 | 2 | 13 | 0 |
| Bergman, lf | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| McGrath, p | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 |
| Collins, cf | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 38 | 6 | 13 | 30 | 16 |

| ST. XAVIER— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|---------------|----|---|----|----|----|
| Ball, cf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Nihart, 2b | 5 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 |
| Cushion, ss | 4 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| Davis, 3b | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 4 |
| Tom Hart, c | 5 | 0 | 11 | — | 2 |
| Bechtold, 1b | 5 | 0 | 1 | 14 | 2 |
| Mueller, lf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Marnall, rf | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Weiskittle, p | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 5 |
| Totals | 41 | 4 | 9 | 30 | 20 |

| | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Notre Dame | 102 | 001 | 000 | 2—6 |
| St. Xavier | 000 | 011 | 200 | 0—4 |

Errors—Sheehan, Kane, Bergman, Vergara, T. Hart, Bechtold. Two-base hits—Castner, 2; Vergara, 2; Bergman, Cushing, Davis, Bechtold, Marnell. Struck out—Weiskittle, 3; McGrath, 6; Castner, 3. Bases on balls—Off Weiskittle, 6; McGrath, 2.

| NOTRE DAME— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|-------------|----|---|---|----|---|
| Sheehan, ss | 4 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Foley, 2b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Kane, 3b | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Castner, cf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Curtin, c | 4 | 0 | 1 | 12 | 1 |
| Falvey, p | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Thomas, rf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Vergara, 1b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 0 |
| Bergman, lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 34 | 3 | 9 | 27 | 8 |

| PURDUE— | AB | R | H | PO | A |
|---------------|----|---|---|----|----|
| Kime, 2b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 |
| Eversman, cf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Allsop, 3b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| De Armand, c | 4 | 0 | 2 | 7 | 1 |
| Fawcett, rf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Michelson, ss | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Zingheim, lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Kallmeyer, 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| Campbell, p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Totals | 30 | 0 | 3 | 27 | 10 |

| | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|----|
| Notre Dame | 000 | 002 | 010 | —3 |
| Purdue | 000 | 000 | 000 | —0 |

Errors—De Armand, Zingheim, Campbell. Two-base hits—Castner, Sheehan. Struck out—By Falvey, 11; by Campbell, 7. Bases on balls—Off Falvey, 1.

Spring football has again reached an intensive stage after the Easter interruption and Coach Rockne will push his men hard for the remaining two weeks of the spring season which will end April 20 when the squad which returns for next year will be pitted against a team of veterans who have concluded their eligibility.

Track men remained at school during the vacation period and are rapidly rounding into shape for the outdoor schedule which begins April 27 at the Drake relays. Dual meets with Illinois and Yale, representative squads of the west and east are high spots on the card which also included the big carnival meets of the Indiana State Athletic association, the western intercollegiates and the national college meet. A dual meet with the Michigan Aggies at Cartier field on May 19 will be the only home engagement of the squad which promises to be one of the best in history.

BOOK-LEAVES.

EMERSON TO-DAY.

In an age of soulless industrialism and decaying plutocracy Emerson is an elixir. His voice intoxicates. Epigrams that stir the blood like absinthe; passages that carry you away with a rush and sweep; arguments that drive at you like blasts of the east wind off Cape Cod—that is the galvanic vigor of Emerson's style. It is wine, water, wind—whatever is elemental and irresistible.

You have but to traverse high places and see deflowered talent long since grown sterile. We have in our colleges men whose minds have become machines, in our newspapers men who have sealed their souls to love and beauty, in our marts men with natures distorted by lives traded for wealth, in our churches men whose idea of God is as rigid as a totem pole. Emerson infuses a horror for this abjection and petrification.

Like these his thought is inconstant, capable of the suddenest shifts, often becoming a confusing network of cross-currents and eddies. He scorned consistency for the sake of being consistent. At times incoherent, though never halting, there is nevertheless a forward movement in him. While he never points the way, he is continually admonishing his hearers to consult each his own lodestone. His is the doctrine of the over-soul. After all adventitious disturbance—after the business of being a citizen, a wage-earner, a member of society—the soul will always come to rest with its point to the north.

His whole purpose is to get men to credit their own infallibility, and to know their own glory. He goes into a frenzy at the idea of having to surrender to the degrading contacts of everyday life, to associations and puny conventions that attenuate the man's divinity. For Emerson the grandeur of achievement is as nothing before the grandeur of him who achieves, that for no man is there anything more amazing than the man himself. The possibilities of human nature are incalculable, and the depths of our being stupendous.

The confidence that such inspiring discourse breathes into the adolescent temperament is overpowering. Emerson busies himself chiefly with trying to make the young man see causes behind external reality, and behind this the over-soul over and over again mutating and evanescent—the over-soul of which all partake. The thing that Emerson is endeavoring to intimate comes, he says, in startling flashes of inspiration which reveal for a moment the complete cosmos. To be true to these transcendent revelations is the important affair of life.

Everyone recalls these immortal moments. None of us can but feel we have been disloyal to them. The evidence of it is all the squalor and barrenness there is in the world. It seems to me, as a man views the civilization that has been prepared for him, he becomes conscious that an inexorable gravity is pulling him down to the level. Emerson would have us see that to struggle against this centripetal force is the only way of raising the level. The world, it seems, but waits to mold and, if necessary, to crush the man.

But Emerson can easily become a vice. One can push self-reliance to the ridiculous extreme. To assert oneself unrestrainedly is to be a repulsive and bellicose boor. Neither can you cry down convention or scoff at objective knowledge without going amuck. Emerson himself confesses in some one of his essays that giving to charity was not always with him sanctioned by the over-soul. His structure is magnificent, but it would be profane to think of it anything more practical than a temple of metaphysics.

EDWIN MURPHY.

VARIA.

The Macmillans have issued a fine little book entitled, "The Secrets of the Religious Life," being the counsels given a novice in the Sisterhood by a French Jesuit spiritual director of the seventeenth century. No volume more compact with unction and straightforward sanity could well be imagined. All those who wish to inform themselves about the standards and purposes of life in religion need go no farther than "The Secrets of the Religious Life." The translation is by Rev. Oliver Dolphin, and the archbishop of Saint Paul contributes an admirable preface. Price, one dollar.

Interest in the work of Father Tabb increases with every day. Johns Hopkins University will issue very soon a new life of Father Tabb, with many hitherto unpublished poems.

Readers in search of readable and easily digested essays on American writers of the classic period may be interested in a series of articles by William Lyon Phelps, now appearing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It must be admitted, of course, that Mr. Phelps is nothing if not easily digested.

A copy of the first edition of Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston" was purchased recently at a Chicago bookstore for thirty-five cents. There are still bargains abroad for the wary.

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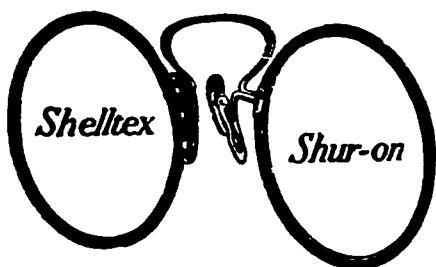


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CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

(Because this is the "Editors' number," and because editors and professors usually share about the same proportionate amount of praise and ridicule at the hands of the student body, we dedicate this column to the professors.)

SELF-DEFENSE.

When eight professors of Princeton University were asked what ten books they would choose if they had to spend the rest of their lives on a desert island, Shakespeare was mentioned by all of them. This may easily be accounted for by the fact that the professors probably had in mind some island in the South Seas that would be thickly populated with hostile tribes of cannibals. And quite naturally they would be at a disadvantage if they had no knowledge of shakin' a spear.

ALGER COULD USE THIS PLOT.

Among the numerous things for which George Washington always shall be remembered is his perilous voyage across the floe-clogged Delaware. We know from our histories that it was because he fearlessly led his poorly equipped regiment across the ice-jammed river that the battles of Trenton and Princeton were won and the later victories at Valley Forge and Yorktown were made possible. Insurmountable obstacles became trifling insignificants merely because he had an iron character and the courage of perseverance. And to-day, in this twentieth century, there appears a professor whose name should be inscribed alongside that of Washington. He is Floyd W. Rowland, dean of the department of chemical engineering at the Oregon Agricultural College. As a result of a recent flood in Corvallis he swam and rowed fourteen miles from his home to meet a class. He had driven to his farm through a heavy rain. Upon arising the next morning, he discovered his entire farm, with the exception of a few acres, to be flooded. Hastily constructing a raft, he poled it until he became hopelessly entangled in tree tops. Then he swam to get his boat, which he finally rowed fourteen miles to the college, just on time to take charge of his class.

We have always been taught, and we have always believed that Adam and Eve were our first parents, regardless of what some of the evolutionists have endeavored to prove. We firmly believe it yet, as a matter of fact, but just recently, while exploring in Patagonia, Doctor Wolf, associated with the geology department of Kansas University, found a skull which he maintains he can prove dates back to the tertiary period. If he can it will show that man existed several hundred thousand years earlier

than we have any real evidence of,—at a time when the earth assumed its present general geographic form. The skull is a full-sized human one, he claims, because the eye sockets and the grooves of the teeth in the upper jaw are clearly defined.

SUCH IS LIFE.

From Columbia University comes more interesting scientific news. We need have no fear of dying young. Most of us will live to be one hundred years old or more. Haven Emerson, an instructor there, believes that the normal span of life, formerly put at about seventy years, will be extended, through the methods of science, to four-score or even more, with life only well begun at the age of fifty. He says that the child born this year has every chance to live twenty years longer than the young man or woman born in the last century. Of course, his theories carry out the trend of the times—making the will the dominant factor in curing ailments. Probably this was Methuselah's theory, too?

PROFESSORS PREFER PETTY PROFESSIONS.

College students often become provoked with their professors and refuse to do the assigned duties or give the proper attention in classes. If the facts gathered by the inquiring reporters at Nebraska and Wisconsin Universities are correct, the professors themselves are to blame for the student's attitude of indifference. The reporters found that many of the instructors are dissatisfied with their present occupation and learned what the professors would do if they had another choice. The question asked was this: "Were you not a university teacher, where would you probably be?" "In jail, maybe," responded one at Wisconsin. Another said that he would be a Y. M. C. A. man in China. "Oh, I would be a sea-captain," asserted another. Of the next three asked, the first would be a farmer specializing in pure bred live stock; the second would be an investment banker; while the last would be down on the coast of Florida fishing. Those at Nebraska preferred to be sailors, wearing blue suits with belled trousers, or actors eclipsing Barrymore's sensational run of 101 successive performances as Hamlet. The ancient language professor there said that if he had to work, he would like to be a literary man. (This statement tends to betray his present profession). Another would like to be subsidised—receive an income of about \$10,000 a year and have nothing to do. Several stated that they would be journalists or chautauqua orators or diplomats. One professor wanted to be a practicing physician and another wanted to be a "bell-ringer." Not a ringer of the kind of bells they have in this university, but a "bell-ringer" in an old English cathedral. Along with this job he would be willing to accept that of caretaker and dust off the splendid old pews and cushions. He said he loved the "atmosphere of such a place." Of all the inquiries made, only one professor stated that he was satisfied with being a professor. Now, fellows, who is to blame?

After Every Meal

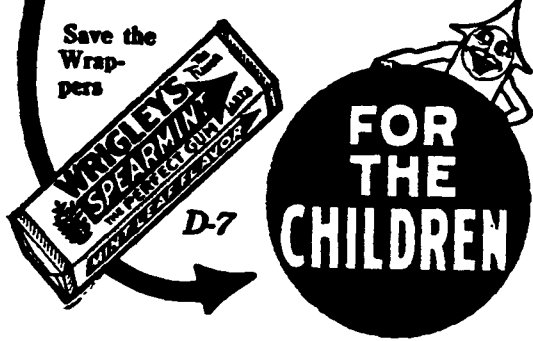
WRIGLEYS

Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEY'S.

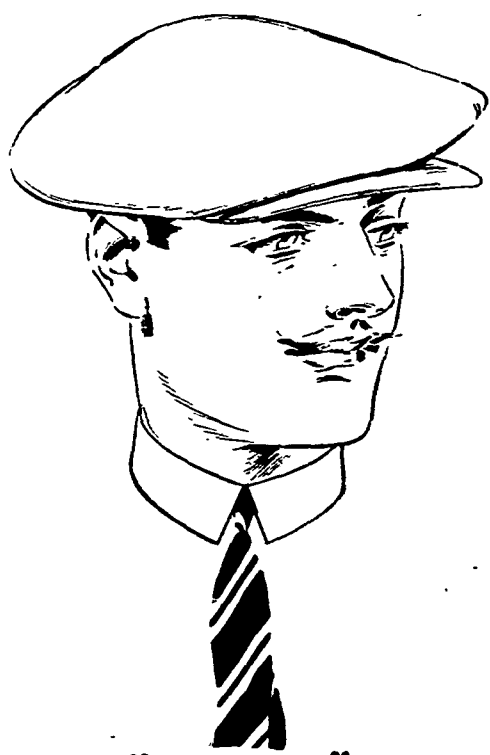
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