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MOOD

C. S. CROSS.

A silver sword quite thin and blue
Has pierced my spirit thru and thru;
And I am torn with sharp delight
Of minor chords in the night.

A YOUNG MAN'S SPRING.

P. J. R.

THE other day, on the train which runs daily between Chicago and the South, a train on which there are more cinders in a cubic inch of atmosphere than even the street-cars of Pittsburg can show, I noticed a rather decent fellow, in a grey suit. The suit is important because it emphasized startlingly and yet harmoniously the weird tint of his face. I have never seen another face even faintly similar; nor very likely has anyone else. The color of my friend's countenance—and you must trust me to have told the truth—was blue, a light, fragile blue such as you may find in the deep sky. Underneath the blood pulsed, charging the delicate ultramarine with a healthy and promising glow. And the eyes were clear, beguiling, and yet tremulous as if somehow they knew an allegiance to one who might find no journey very long.

During more than an hour I sat studying the face and wondering at the bizarre and pleasing revolution that it presented against the normal human type. The stranger's eyes floated transiently over the stagnant towns and muddily growing factory-cities through which the train sped. Nothing in the multi-form vistas which the car-windows opened to our eyes seemed indifferent to him. And queerly, too, everything granted him some

kind of response. It was not always a quickening of energy, this response; rather, occasionally it was languorous, out-of-place smile on the features of a flinty-eyed huckster or a hag with her face crenelated like an oyster-shell. And you should have seen the sunlight refract from his iris when the locomotive roared through peaceful farming-country! Quite as if an angel had projected the light of his being from a gigantic film poised in the air. . . . I tell you, I've seen nothing at all like it. It was mysterious, miraculous. His joy was a Christian victory march in the streets of Antioch; the meeting of lover's eyes in the first glance of love; the peal of golden bells on a misty hill in golden Arabia. This and more.

Somehow the very fact that I was dying with curiosity to discover the gentleman's business and antecedents made it altogether impossible for me to venture introducing myself. I felt like the high-school debater in the throes of a Cicero complex and a Demosthenes mirage. I felt even worse; like Mike the Moor suddenly confronted with Saint Michael. There we sat in our respective chairs. As for myself, I commenced suddenly to feel that the bliss of life lay in dreaming—in fancying that the most beautiful maiden in California was madly in love with me and that we were going to be impossibly happy; in imagining a house built and owned by myself in the most flower-heaped lane in all Kent; in picturing to the most prosaic part of me an enormous volume entitled, "Songs of Joy," by P. J. R. It was a business of ridiculous superlatives. But I couldn't help that. Nobody could have.

In the end the gentleman stepped off the train and tossed me a card. When I read that I understood and laughed. After all, the stranger travels regularly.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS.*

Today is the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is celebrated by the Church and by Catholic seats of learning in order to commemorate his name and to profit by the lessons of his life and his work. Great men and holy men in a sense never die. They live on by the sweet odor of their virtues and the vital influence of their good works. They are remembered chiefly for two reasons,—for their scholarship and for their sanctity. Saint Thomas is remembered for both. He was both a saint and a scholar, and a scholar largely because he was a saint. And today it is eminently fitting that we recall both the Saint and the Scholar. For in so doing we shall praise God in one of His noblest sons, and honor that son as God would have him honored, and through loving contact with the son draw nearer ourselves to the Father.

There are two things which men at all times need above all else. They need true knowledge and they need well-ordered love. If we are lacking in a knowledge of the truth, we shall also fail in rightly choosing what is good. We shall be pursuers of phantoms, chasers of bubbles; children led hither and thither by the glitter and glare of the tinsel things of time, ever grasping for that happiness which our hearts crave, but always missing it, until the sun of our life's little day goes down and we are left disillusioned and disappointed. True knowledge, Truth, is the only lamp that can guide our pilgrim feet securely over the devious way of life to that land where flows the milk of peace and the honey of lasting happiness.

To know and to love, that is man. To possess and to enjoy, that is life. But alas, we, among all of God's earthly creatures, possess the perilous perfection of having to choose the things in whose possession enjoyment is to be found. A wrong choice may shunt us off on a byway of life, as fair to the eye as an Angel's face and as pleasing to the ear as the song of a siren, but which soon terminates in a wilderness where there is darkness and confusion. The touch of the

world is soft; but its beauty is shallow. Its goods are corruptible; its rewards are counterfeit. And yet in choosing our destiny—and we are masters of it simply because we are able to choose—the influence, the attractions of the world, must be reckoned with. Its goods must be objects of our choice, for we cannot do without them; they are means to higher things. But men fail because they choose unwisely; their choice is not directed by a knowledge of the true nature of created things. Failure is the result of faulty judgment as to the things which are conceived to be fit means to happiness and to success.

Ignorance is a fact, and error is a fact, and the world is full of both. How pitiful it is to see men groping for happiness and, like the blind, groping as if they had no eyes. They stumble at noon-day as in the darkness. And out of their fruitless groping there comes sorrow and disappointment, bitterness and discontent, trouble and vexation of mind. Out of it grows hectic, reckless pursuit of pleasure, intemperate cravings for yet greater indulgence in the time-serving joys of sense, for yet greater possessions and power and fame, and all the things that in small measure they have already found to be unsatisfying.

The vision of the world is defective; it is essentially narrow and short-sighted. It does not look beyond temporal advantage; it does not reach either to the height or depth of things; it does not perceive the ultimate end of action or of life, nor apprehend the totality of life. Its philosophy is attractive, but it is shallow. It is honey-combed with half-truths, and therefore it is replete with error. There is nothing men need more than a complete, harmonious, well-balanced view of the universe and of life. And it is the singular glory of him whose feast we are celebrating this day to have worked out just such a view of the universe and of life.

Saint Thomas Aquinas lived in an age which delighted in ideas. He lived in an age whose very atmosphere breathed a passionate love for truth. It was an age when the learned were specialists in universal knowledge. Specialization in our sense of the word, they did not know. They concerned themselves not so much with par-

* A sermon delivered to the St. Thomas Aquinas Philosophical Society on March 7, by Rev. Charles C. Miltner, C. S. C., Ph. D.

ticular aspects of things, as with the nature of reality itself. Their minds delved into the depths and sounded out as far as it is humanly possible to do so, the intrinsic constitution of all things and the essential relations of each to all the rest. To this work they brought an industry and an enthusiasm as unparalleled in the history of human thought, as they are astounding in their concrete results. On these problems they turned the light of all the garnered wisdom of bygone ages, and to it they added the prodigious powers of their own keen intellects and the transcendent illumination of a lively Faith. It was an age when great men were common, an age therefore when to excel meant nothing short of genius. And yet among all that galaxy of great men,—Alexander of Hales and Roger Bacon, and Albert the Great, and Saint Bonaventure and Duns Scotus, and a host of others, there is one who did excel, one who excelled to such a degree that an admiring posterity has given him the title of Angelic Doctor, and the infallible Chair of Peter has made him a Doctor of the Church, the Patron of her seats of learning, and his works and his methods the standards to be followed by all her sons in their pursuit of higher studies.

It must not be thought, as we are sometimes inclined to think, that the knowledge of the Saints is due to a sort of personal revelation on the part of God. Private revelation is of course a possibility and a fact. But those whom the Church has made her Doctors have not acquired knowledge in this way. They have acquired it rather by constant and serious application of their natural gifts, supported by an habitual spirit of prayer. It must not be thought either that Saint Thomas won his extraordinary fame without meeting and overcoming obstacles. It is a law of the intellectual, as well as of the spiritual and the practical life, that skill and excellence and power and perfection must be acquired by constant struggle against opposing forces. All virtue is schooled in adversity. Life in all its departments is a warfare, and he only wins laurels who fights lustily. Human reason is not infallible; it has definite limitations; it is subject to sharp differences of opinion;

it is liable to error. And in the clash of arguments and the rivalry of controversy there had grown up in the centers of European learning in the thirteenth century a current of thought which, whatever its excellencies—and it had some—bade fair to destroy all sound speculation because it tended to despise the principle of Faith which is at once the guarantee of its stability and its bond of unity. In other words, intellectual pride, then as now, and in all ages of the world, had begun to infest the very highest centers of learning, so that the grand structure of thought was endangered most by the very men who were attempting to build it up. Overmuch cultivation of the mind tends to dry up the fountains of the heart. "Logic without love leads straight into error and confusion; the pillar without its pedestal falls prone upon the ground."

And it was into this environment that Saint Thomas came. This was his arena, his battle-ground, the opportunity for the exercise of his great powers, and the occasion of his greatest victories. "He stood forth," says his biographer, "as some giant warrior, not unwieldy from his weight, or unskillful from his power of form, but exquisitely perfected in the management of his weapon, and as marvelously gifted in grace, as he was in vigor. He confronted and wrestled with and overcame the adversaries of sound philosophy and religion; he stood superior to and he mastered the age in which his lot was cast; and his pre-eminence in the Christian Schools, from then to now, has never been dimmed by a brighter light, or been rivalled by a more victorious champion."

Science and Faith, reason and revelation, these have been the forces contending for intellectual supremacy since the dawn of Christian thought. And it was Saint Thomas who determined for all time their true relation and who worked out the most complete and harmonious system of thought that the world has ever seen. His philosophy is rational indeed, but its rationalism bows to the supremacy of faith; it is profound, but its profundity is characterized by the simplicity of truth. But most of all it is complete, and in its completeness lies at once its unity

and its strength, its beauty and its power, its vigor of perennial youth and its promise of immortality. And therein also, though it is centuries old, lies its usefulness today. In its grand synthesis are caught up, elucidated and applied those fundamental principles, those bed-rock truths, which remain unchangeable amidst a world of unceasing change, those principles welded at one end to the inmost heart of nature and of man, and at the other to the very throne of God. Other systems have come and gone. They have had their day, and are forgotten except as curiosities of history, but the wisdom of Aquinas, though neglected for a time, owing chiefly to the inconstancy of the human will and the unceasing thirst for novelty of doctrine, is again coming into its own. Thomism is not a dead system; it is a power that under the Providence of God, which seems to be favoring it now at a time when it is especially needed to stabilize the giddy and extravagant thoughts of men, will in the not distant future, work such a transformation in the minds and hearts of all that the unity and the peace which men so earnestly desire will again become a glorious reality.

It is our privilege today, in the fresh strength of minds eager for the bread of knowledge, to take part in the restoration of that philosophy. To champion it is to champion the cause not only of the profoundest human truth, but, since that truth is firmly allied, and without sacrifice of its own legitimate independence, to divine truth, it is to champion the cause of Christ Himself. It is to be true to our calling as intelligent Catholic Christians.

DESCENT

For there are winds that batter at the pane,
And all the night weigh like a hundred score
Of sinful years upon a sinner's bed.
And massive ice is marshalled o'er the way;
And there is dread to try that path again,
And weariness of watching for the day.

Yet there's no solace calms within this door;
But a grim wonder winding through my head.
Amid the darkness, Lord, what shaky hopes
That an unborn to-morrow may be bright—
Only a prayer to prop a Faith that gropes
Unsteady to thy sanctuary light!

V. E.

THE STRIKER.

VINCENT ENGELS.

This Joe Duquesne, first hand on number three machine at the Eagle paper mills, might have been a great man under more favorable circumstances. He was convinced of that himself, and day by day, as he thought about it, grew morose and bitter. Always when the big machine became balky, Joe, working furiously to straighten things, cursed himself and the factory and Boss Dowling, but most of all, Boss Dowling.

"Give me the education Dowling's got," he would say, "Give it to me, and you'll see who's the better man."

And sometimes, before making the final adjustment, he stood there for minutes, watching the iron giant tear ream after ream, gloating over the waste, finding some consolation in the broken white tissue being piled higher and higher every second.

When the man on the next shift came to relieve him, Joe usually took his shower bath, and for a moment enjoyed the clean rush of the water over his limbs. But then with the thought of the next morning when the grim routine had to start all over, he felt depressed again, and grumbled, and swore aloud to himself. Often, standing before an open window, he gazed across the low, brown prairie that stretched away from the factory, as if beckoning him to the hills beyond. He wanted to follow, across the fields, but he knew that in other towns he could only find the same drudgery, day after day, year after year. Sometimes it seemed to him that his mind was held fast within a thick black wall which could not be battered down. He felt that within that mind was power—power greater than his machine—greater than the whole factory—greater than Boss Dowling. And so the thing would gnaw at his heart, and creep upon his tongue, and shape his words.

"Give me his chance—that's all. It aint fair. Why should he be bossing me, and me working for him? Why—because his old man left him rich, and my old man was only a poor damn farmer, with his back all twisted up from following a plow, and him having hardly any rest between times.

What's he got to make him a better man than me?"

Then the strike came, and Joe's bitterness was able to flourish and find expression in things more real than words. Quite suddenly he found his own feelings reflected in three thousand other hearts, and his own phrases popping out of other mouths.

After the big union meeting which was held on the night before the strike opened, Joe walked homeward with Bill Mann, machine tender on number 2. They passed a saloon.

"Let's have a drink," said Joe and Bill together, and they entered. A young girl was tending bar.

"Moon," said Bill, and Joe nodded for the same.

Bill became confidential over the drink.

"Tell you something Joe," he said, pushing back his cap and leaning against the bar, "But keep it quiet, hear? When this strike begins, I'm going to bootleg. Maybe I'll never go back to work even if we win."

He ordered another drink and went on, with Joe listening skeptically.

"There's lots of these young swells like their booze that don't want to be seen around these places getting it. And that's where I come in."

They talked for half an hour longer, and then Joe departed, leaving Billy within. On his way through the dark streets, he thought of the strike—of his chance to get even with Dowling. He was not concerned with the thought of a union victory—the big thing was that, win or lose, they were going to strike, and the Boss' power would be threatened. That was enough to interest Joe. The papermaker was to defy his Boss, and what that Boss stood for—money—a solid fraternity of millionaire factory owners—public opinion—almighty power, to Joe's mind.

So it came about that Joe took up the business of striking with all the energy that bitterness can breed. In the following weeks, he was an untiring warrior, fighting day and night the cause he hated. He lived for the strike—believed in it—made it a part of his existence. He was conspicuous at the picket gate during a violent attack

upon the "scabs," he led a determined force of men and women to the lawn of Dowling's home, dared the Boss to appear on the porch, and dispersed only at the arrival of the police.

The strike was broken, of course, broken so thoroughly that Dowling dictated his own terms to the union. The strikers were to return with lower wages at the call of the mills. Within a month all the workers had been called back except the handful who had been most prominently identified with the revolt. And Joe was one of these.

They took their grievance to the union, and a committee was sent to interview Dowling, bringing back a short reply:

"We will call these men back only as we need them. We do not need them now."

Joe knew what that meant—he could never work in the paper mill again. But a job he must have, and that soon, or he would starve and his family with him. So he walked the streets for days in search of work; hung around employment offices for hours, and failed.

One cold day as he tramped shiveringly through the business section, he saw Dowling emerge from a ban across the street looking satisfied and triumphant in a handsome ulster and velour hat.

Joe thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, and glowered.

"Look at him," he thought, "D—n him. The fat fool. I'd like to see him in my place, worrying over a job that can't be got, day and night. How'd that soft wife of his look trading places with my old woman? Him and his car! By cripes, I'll beat him yet—I'll show him up—I'm as good a man as he is, and the Lord Almighty knows it!"

All that evening Joe worried himself with his grievance, until, irritated and restless, he went to bed.

Two mornings later, he watched Anse Johnson making moonshine.

"Does it pay, Anse?" Joe asked.

"Not so good, Joe. But good enough for meals and grub. And I'm not one that cares how I get my money when I need it."

And the result of the morning's conversation was that Anse went to Joe's house the next day, showed him how to make a still,

and later helped him put through the first batch of whiskey.

Disposing of it was a different matter, however. Joe hunted up Billy Mann, who had carried out his plan of becoming a bootlegger, and through him managed to make a scrubby living.

This went on for weeks.

Once Joe received a hurried telephone call from Mann. He slammed the receiver, pretended not to hear his wife's anxious question, and ran down to the basement. He tore the still apart, carried the apparatus to the attic and packed it in an old trunk. Several bottles of moonshine he poured into the drain, and the mash he buried in the garden. All this was done quickly. Five minutes after he had answered the telephone, he was sitting in the kitchen, smoking his pipe.

There came a knock at the door. Joe opened it and four prohibition officers walked in. He laughed at their questions and returned to his seat in the kitchen while they searched the house.

Finally they confronted Joe.

"Come on, where have you hid it?"

Joe puffed on his pipe. "Help yourself," he said, "Finders' keepers."

The leader looked at him suspiciously. "Now ust let me warn you," he said sharply. "That cellar smells queer! Might be whiskey, seems to me."

"Might be sauerkraut," snapped Joe, rising, "But if you birds can't do anything but talk, get the hell out of here! I'm going to take my nap."

A week passed before he dared to set up the still again. The second morning after he had reopened operations, he went down to the basement and stayed for hours. When he emerged at noon he was thoroughly discouraged.

"Seems as if I didn't put the still together right the other day," he told his wife. "This batch is awful stuff. I've just been testing it and it's pretty near pure fusil oil. I'm going over to get Anse Johnson to see what's wrong with the still. Make the kids clear away from the cellar."

After dinner, on his way to see Anse, he met Billy Mann, who stopped him.

"Joe," he said, "How much booze you got?"

"None that I want to sell, Bill, none at all."

Billy appeared excited.

"Man, you don't know what you're passing up. There'll be big money in this deal. Now here, Joe,—" his voice dropped to a whisper, "It's for young Perce Dowling. He wants to throw a real rough party, see? Ormsby and Tennes and all them factory owners' sons will be in on it. Money—plenty of it, no limit. What do you say?"

Joe looked at the ground. An idea was jiggling in his brain. He asked: "You sure it's for that bunch?"

"Why shouldn't I be? Hell's fire, say yes or no! I'm not beggin' you!"

"For young Dowling, you say—Sure I got some for Perce Dowling—enough for the whole damn family. It's in the cellar now."

His face took on an excited flush—his eyes brightened.

"Come on, Bill," he said, and struck up such a rapid walk that the bootlegger could not keep pace with him. Bill talked continually, but Joe said not a word. He strode on, almost triumphantly, Bill lagging a few steps behind.

They reached the house, and, leaving Bill in the kitchen to chat with Mrs. Duquesne, Joe dashed for the cellar. He poured the poisonous fluid into neat bottles, which he stood up in a row and surveyed quietly. A few moments later he delivered them to Bill.

"I hope they like it," he said.

"They ought to. It's a big price they're paying, Joe."

And Joe smiled as he replied, "I surely is."

Then he went to Anse's.

EVENING

K. D. E.

Carnation clouds, a lilac haze,
Gold censer swinging low;
Far forests try to touch the sky
By standing on tiptoe.

From reedy brake beside the lake
The full call of a loon;
From seedling day blooms star-bouquet
And water-lily moon.

JOYCE KILMER'S IMPRESSIONS OF
THE WAR.

VINCENT CAVANAUGH.

It is not at all difficult, nowadays, to communicate with departed spirits. Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle have so far allayed the timidity of reluctant spirits that they no longer fear their living brethren as they were accustomed to. One need not be a Dante to make the long journey to the next world. Nor need one have Beatrice to plead his cause. The age of physical science and material achievement has also become an age of immaterial achievement—of ghostly endeavor.

This explains my relations with Joyce Kilmer sufficiently for all practical purposes. It was an ordinary, everyday affair. I spoke with him as readily as I would call up the grocer—if I had occasion to call him up.

The poet did not seem greatly surprised when called upon. In fact he acted a trifle bored as though the practice had become a matter of routine with him and only his un-failing courtesy prevented him from breaking off the interview without further ado.

He was a little surprised at first when I questioned him about the War and expressed some wonder that people were still interested in it from any viewpoint.

"I understand," he said. "From some ex-service men who lately came amongst us, that the people had all but forgotten that there was a war." And a pensive look stole over his pale features while he added wistfully. "But I suppose one must expect that nowadays." I hastened to assure him that his fears were not altogether true and told him some states had even passed a bonus bill. He expressed great astonishment at this, but seemed a little more appeased; and so I ventured to press him still further for his views on the struggle.

Soldier like he was reluctant to talk, but at last, upon mentioning some well known Cafè in Paris, he became quite communicative and chummy. The remark seemed to bring up some of the old time *comarâdie*, as it always does, which proves that wine is thicker than blood. "To begin with," he said,

"I would like to impress upon you how utterly stupid and ineffectual war really is. At first I was as enthusiastic as the next one about the 'glory of arms and the man.' The flying flags, the marching of troops, the martial airs of military bands gave me a thrill of patriotism not easily to forget. But as I learned more and more of military methods I began to feel disgust and loathing for all things military. The guard climax came in actual warfare when I saw so many young fellows cut down mercilessly by men who were utter strangers to them. It is not very romantic to burrow like a rabbit in the earth and dodge high explosives sent from a gun fifteen or twenty miles away by men whom you cannot even see. I used to think how strange it was that we should be slaughtering one another when neither bore any ill-will—at least any fundamental ill-will—towards the other.

"We were pawns upon a huge red chess board and our masters played the game in comparative safety—and be it added, with huge profit. That is the thought that struck me most forcibly and the impression which has lasted the longest of any.—The utter senselessness, and the insanity of it all. So many mules killed to-day, so many men killed to-morrow. A mule and a man! Both meant the same to a cold blooded dehumanized, military lunatic, seated in some luxurious apartment in Paris sipping his wine and endeavoring to appear 'European'—with scant success. I felt no particular grudge against the German soldiery—I knew that most of the stories about atrocities were manufactured for purposes of propaganda. Personally I felt that it would be much more comfortable to be an allied prisoner in German hands than a German prisoner in French or British hands and I was familiar enough with American enthusiasm to regard my compatriots as angels in khaki. So the entire affair seemed senseless and childish in the extreme. I afterwards thought that if the people a whole world be made to visualize even for a moment a modern battle field there would never be another War. They would break down all cannon, all guns, burn up the explosives and sink every battle-ship in the World.

Woodrow Wilson's phrase—'too proud to fight' would have another meaning—a truer meaning and the person who would dare to make light of it would be psycho-analysed forthwith and sent to an asylum as a dangerous lunatic. For any one who has seen a modern battle-field must certainly become 'too proud to fight'—it is so senseless that a man with even a glimmering of intelligence will become ashamed of the human race. And the smug fools who ridiculed Wilson's phrase immediately proceeded to show that while they were not too proud to fight they were not 'too proud to write' either while others were fighting." "But"—and he smiled reminisciently—"there were some pleasant features about the business. The companionship of brave men, the gay, careless life, the bright glimpses of French life which one got occasionally—all these things helped a fellow to bear up somewhat. And one had the consciousness that he was playing the game as best he could. Facing death even in an inadequate cause is not without its compensation. One feels that he has demonstrated, to himself at least, a triumph over things physical when he spurns the physical even to the point of death. And that perhaps is my consolation. Even though the War did not accomplish the end we thought it would—even though the world is far less 'safe for democracy' to-day than it was in 1914—it is a source of satisfaction that one has died for his country—'right or wrong.'"—And here his voice faded upon the night air and I knew that my interview with the soldier-poet was at an end.

LINES

R. O. U.

If I could make my words and rimes
 To all my thoughts be true,
 And then could think the tall, white things
 That still archangels do,
 My every bit of song would be
 A heaven fallen thru.
 But now my words are clumsy things;
 My thoughts are birds with sudden wings.

THE DOG OF MY DAYS.

EDWIN MURPHY.

The morning was dim and snow-spangled—one of those days when all the earth is intimate. The ashen complexion of the sky, broad fields robed in fat, squat flakes, that soon formed a collar of ermine over my coat, bred a feeling of serenity. Everything was dim, the horizon gradually obscured by the curtain of snow. As I walked this contentment ripened into exhilaration, not different from the luxurious action of wine.

A mode of reality, it receded rhythmically after a time, but did not pass entirely out of mind. At once, when it had reached its apogee, the amateur poet in me began speculating as to an adequate way of recreating the experience. My muse, which follows me about with the persistence of a mongrel dog, frisked before me in violent delight. I am ashamed of the cur; mangy and disgusting as it is, however, I sometimes caress the thing. My muse's enthusiasm caught fire in me, and I kindled with the prospect. Yet, the moment I considered the idea earnestly, a weight of despair dropped over me, quite disheartening.

I reflected. By this time I had entered the city. Why, I asked myself, did I allow the real poetry in me to be dissipated by an ignominious thirst for expression? I was so disgracefully eager to exploit my emotions. It had become a vice. Can it be that the exuberant charm of Wordsworth is the effect of ecstasy thus tortured? Is it that the lyric impulse is an asp that poisons the pleasure of the poet; that pure realization is utterly inarticulate with no desire to be otherwise? The motive for expression then is a taint. It corrodes. A vulgar, invidious lust to exhibit oneself, it is. What wit can add to a shepherd's ineffable experience of the sunrise?

Now I was passing a school. The noon recess, and that same *joie de vivre* which has previously afforded me a moment of glory was vigorously venting itself among the juveniles in the gladness of the snow. They romped over the coverlet with the abandon of Bacchus and a band of satyrs. The day was yet to come for some of them

when they would feel the agonizing impulse to embalm their emotions. The stark, sooty walls of a factory not far off, and a veil of smoke issuing from it, interrupted the pleasant presence of the snow.

Crossing the street, my gaze vaguely happened on the arresting face of a schoolgirl. Her eyes touched mine in a querulous glance. Cheeks ruddy as apples, the exquisite conformation of her features inspired fine frenzy. The image was lost. In fact, the splendor of it did not strike me except as an after-glow. Then my mangy muse pushed his wet nose into mind. What irresistible art would be mine, if could project this emotion onto canvass. Could I but conceive a melody in memory of it, or piece it out in verbal mosaic.

It is the river. The rich scent is a theme for Gauguin. More pedantry. There is magic in its silky motion. Into the pallid current, patched with eddies of ice, the undulating myriads of manna disappear. A brooding beauty hangs over the river. The fringe of trees along the gaunt bank is motionless: a druid melancholy possesses the moment.

Up-town now, the snow is turning into hail. In the brisk air of commerce you put aside emotion. There is, nevertheless, a tenor of friendliness pervading the marketplace, and you know men are secretly reveling with the exultation of the snow.

NIGHT.

J. P. M.

The night was surfeited with slumberous heat, and the carmine-lipped moon, rising in the clear blue of the sky, made shorter and shorter the shadows of the tall buildings in that sweltering city. Laughter pierced the narrow streets lighted with a myriad of coloured temptations—laughter in derision of Death—laughter of that mighty tide that swept through the city's veins with the sound of a thunder-chanting sea.

Down the streets of that grotesque city Youth and Life walked hand-in-hand:—Youth, in the dress of a harlequin, panting until his breath made heavier the exhalations of the burning asphalt;—Life, in the painted

face of a nervous woman clad in soft, shimmering garments, in the ghastly lustre of her eyes, in her glitter of diamonds, in her thin, hysterical laugh.

And Life's exhilaration quickened the blood of Youth.

Pleasure that has the sickening intensity of the tuberose rekindled Desire; the pallid face of Youth flushed with a new vigour that only the hand of Life can give.

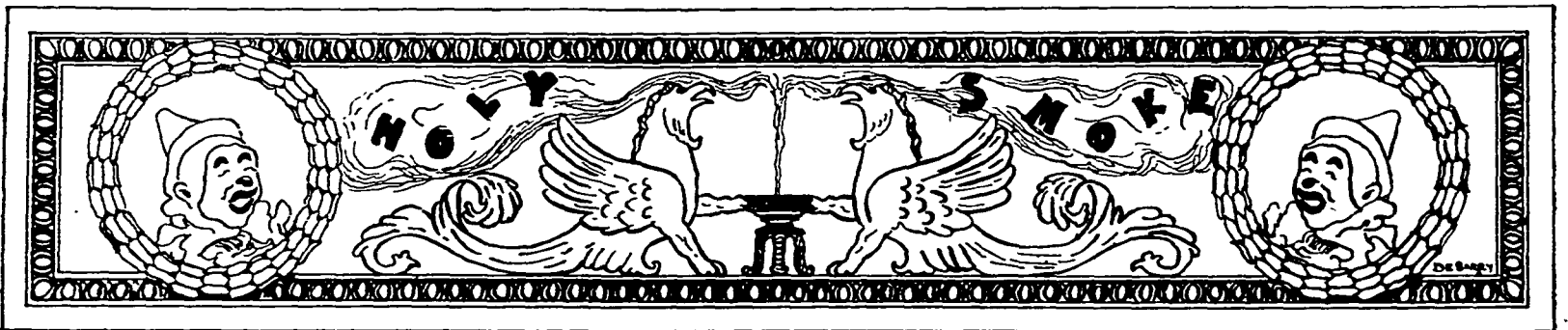
The stagnant air held wild strains which broke from a stuffy dance hall, not thin, cool music that echoed in the soul, but weird strains of passion, which deepened the flush in the cheek, and made ghastlier the brightness of the eye. Life pointed to the richly ornamented doors, and whispered. They went in together—Life and Youth—and danced with carefree joy until the sinking moon lengthened the shadows of the tall buildings in that sultry city.

Far from the carnival lights, and the narrow, searing streets, in the ruins of what was once a monument edifice, Age, fever-flushed, lay on a miserable pallet. The shadow-filled room was humid with the breath of rotting luxury; the walls dripped with a cold sweat; bats flew through the shattered windows, circled the motionless flame of the low-burning candle, and out again into the night, leaving behind only the sound of their wings to deepen the horror. The cry of the wind was like an icy word to the heart. In a gnarled and withered tree outside the window an owl hooted and blinked at the golden-yellow moon.

Beside the feverish bed of Age sat Death, cold and patient, awaiting that last, gasping, throaty breath with which Age calls for Youth and Life.

Writing in pain, the figure upon the bed partly raised itself, fixed its sunken, glassy eyes upon the ruin amid which it lay, opened parched and cracked lips as if to speak, then fell back upon the hot pillow, exhausted. Death smiled at this last, puny show of vigour, and, touching the gaunt and wearied form with cold hands, stilled it forever.

The East brightened with the dawn, and the rising sun sent its burning shafts to the highest parts of the heavens.



Flirt: Whose little girl are you?
 Frail: I don't know, but you're my man; officer
 here's another one.

"THE HUMAN RACE"

*"Ponies come and ponies go but men will flunk
 forever!"*

Now listen folks, we'll dish up slander;
 Bucephalus and Alexander
 Were one wild horse and one wild man,
 Who started out this pony plan.
 To mount his steed Old Alex had
 To be a mighty wary lad.
 And even Old King Tut was phony
 For in his tomb was found a pony.
 And by this token you will see
 That even in antiquity
 The king lad had ponies right on tap.
 And on the strength of these he'd nap.
 When Lochinvar came from the West
 His armor "curried" for the "test";
 (Twas not an economics one—
 Our memory fails—but it was done),
 He traveled fast but facts record
 He did not do it in a Ford.
 Oh, History has its dips and quips
 For instance the Apocalypse
 Did use by way of stratagem
 Fleet ponies—there were four of them.
 Ten years ago, when Old Dan Patch
 Was nosing in ahead from scratch,
 His jockies rode him hard and fast—
 That's why old Dannie failed to last.
 Oh, many a good old horse has slipped
 To shoes and glues from being whipped!
 But every one from king to serf
 Has "come a cropper" on the turf;
 For those we've told you of thus far
 From "mortal coils" have had their jar
 And those still in the race to-day,
 Like Spark Plug, Morvich, Whiskaway,
 And He-Comes-First and Man-of-War—
 And Opalan-Oso-Manymor—
 Will bump (as other ponies bump)
 When they become too large and plump;
 Or when they think the judge a chump—
 A "prof" most gullible to pump.
 And from all this, dear students, see
 That we have proved conclusively
 That in all ages, all life's courses
 Ponies are just simply HORSES!!

SNUFF, PUPPY, SNUFF

BY COPE AND HAGEN.

(Extracted from Sanscrit with a pump)

Snuff: Copenhagen snuff: Jim Haze, the great
 American author from whose pen there has, as you
 know, dripped many a drip, once went to the trouble
 of computing the exact status of snuff. He locked
 himself, we are told, in a sound proof room, and
 after much work and sneezing he has liberated the
 following on the public:

Shakespeare used snuff. He used it to rime with
 gruff. Shakespeare was a great man.

Shaw uses snuff. He must. Shaw is a great
 man.

John Jones never uses snuff. John Jones is not
 a great man. That ought to prove it.

After such a lengthy and strenghty discussion
 it is difficult to exhume a last line. Ethel Barry-
 more once said, "That's all there is but its 'snuff.'"
 Michael O'Flannigann (an Irishman) once said, "A
 bowlegged thing may be told by its knees." These
 last lines are great? They are fine? But we think
 that the best last and first line is, "Here's lookin'
 achew!"

Freddie: Do you believe in kissing?

Ruth: No, and I just hate to argue about it.

Russle: Why wont you give me a standing date
 for Tuesday night?

Hazel: I hate standing dates.

First Stude: Holy Smoke has a lot of team work
 hasn't it?

Second Stude: Ya, Horses!

TO JAMES.

I don't know, my dearest James,
 The ladies never call you Jim;
 This world is full of daintier names,—
 There's Reginald, Percy and Kim,
 But always you are, simply James.
 The cab goes out, its driver's James,
 And James must keep the hedges trim,
 He puts the coal on furnace flames,
 And whether fat, or whether slim,
 The butler and the butcher—James!
 James, I should rise and question, James,
 These haughty and imperious dames.

The
Notre Dame Scholastic

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VOL.
LVI.

*Bisce Quasi Semper Victurus
Dine Quasi Cras Meriturus*

No.
23

There are, at present more than seventy-five Notre Dame students earning a part of their college expenses by working in South Bend. Most of these men

“WHY MEN LEAVE SCHOOL.” have secured positions through the successful efforts of the students’ employment department which operates in the city. Though little is known of the work of this department, its investigations have exposed a condition, or rather, an attitude of mind, which should be of importance to Notre Dame men. The number of South Bend merchants, who, though enjoying Notre Dame patronage and trade, have refused to assist her students by granting them employment, is incredibly large.

The earnest student, seeking an education through his own energy and self-sacrifice, is not a person difficult to please. He expects hardship, much work and small pay, but he also expects an opportunity. Probably because he is so easily satisfied, he does not receive a greater return for his work. The laborer in the street receives forty cents an hour because he is a laborer and wields a pick; the student in the restaurant or store is offered twenty cents because he is a student and needs the money. And this condition is generally true.

South Bend business men value Notre Dame patronage; it is important to many, and to some it is the foundation upon which

their business rests. But too often, it is found that the men who benefit most through Notre Dame, are the least willing to grant employment to the student. Too often, the altruistic philanthropist, unable to refuse frankly, makes a proposition which generously involves the paying of twenty-five cents an hour for the services of an experienced men, willing to do any kind of work. But of course, the man must be experienced. The same merchant prides himself upon his helpful spirit and is pained at the lack of coöperation, accorded by the student. This is not true of all South Bend merchants; it is true of none of those now employing college men. Moreover, many businesses are peculiarly unfitted for the employment of students. Of these we do not speak. But those business men are deserving of investigation who, seeking and accepting Notre Dame trade, steadily refuse to grant work to Notre Dame men.

JACK SCALLAN.

The disappearance of the duel,—that last remnant of a true gentleman’s etiquette, has become a favorite topic with the foreign correspondents of our large city dailies. Here is something BLOOD! to be regretted if the reports BLOOD, SIR: are true. Even deeply regretted.

We hope the reports are false. For we have a gay suspicion that all this is merely newspaper propaganda—that certain foreign

editors trying to protect themselves, are deliberately creating the impression that the duel has become obsolete as a chivalrous pastime. In this manner they seek to discountenance an art which associated as it is with so many traditions of honor and good taste should be encouraged. Well may all editors, both foreign and domestic, scheme for its abolition. And well may all the readers of newspapers, who eventually become their victims, work toward the frustration of such a plan. Just so long as the press exists, the duel will be justifiable and necessary.

If Mr. Jones calls Mr. Smith a name, Mr. Smith may appeal to the law. But he does not defend his honor by acting in that manner; on the contrary, he is paying some hireling to defend his weakness. Should Mr. Smith proceed to demolish the hostile face of Mr. Jones, however, he is doing the right and honorable thing, and his protest is a glorious one.

And so it is when a man has been offended by a newspaper. He also, may call in the law, and start a libel suit. But a verdict of six cents can never vindicate his honor or replenish his cheque-book with optimism. A fist fight would not suffice in this case, because a public insult demands blood. Take away from men the right to demand blood in return for verbal wrongs, and you take away one of the few splendid and heroic rights that men have left. There is only one government under which editors will behave themselves, and that is a government which approves the duel. If it is vanishing, and the foreign correspondents insist that it is, ah, then look for the worst. The triumph of stupidity is at hand!—V. ENGELS.

The first National Gallery of England, collected by Charles I., contained nine Raphaels, eleven Correggios, and twenty-eight Titians. All the pictures
FOR MAY. representing the Blessed Virgin were afterward burned by order of Parliament. (Our authority for this statement is Matthew Arnold.) What a change has come over the Puritan world since then! Madonna calendars have been the favorites among non-Catholics of all denominations

for several years past; the face of the Mother of fair love and of holy hope now adorns the walls of countless art galleries and parlors and reception rooms; it graces innumerable private apartments, and looks down on the members of thousands of households. And few are found to object to this. There is realization of the fact that the honor of God is allied with veneration of Christ's Mother. It was the late Dr. Mamie, in a book, entitled "The Life of the Spirit," who wrote:

Man must needs have the love of man and the sympathy of man; and so it came to pass that, as Christ slowly climbed the steps of the White Throne and took on the ineffable majesty of the Godhead, the tender, sorrowful face of the Virgin Mother grew more and more distinct and beautiful in the thoughts of men. There must be some one nearer God than themselves, and yet like themselves in need and memory and hope, to whom they could speak,—some one who understood their experiences and spoke their language. And so it came to pass, out of the deep necessities of the human soul and the human life, that Mary became the intercessor between her own Son and His human brothers.

—*Ave Maria.*

IN MEMORIAM.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Edward Mears, who passed away last week in Youngstown, Ohio, full of years and honors, entered the University of Notre Dame in 1859. He was familiar with the founders and the pioneers and delighted to speak of them among his friends. The story of his priestly zeal is written in letters of light over the Mahoning Valley, and no ecclesiastic in America ever exercised more profound influence within the limits of his pastoral field. His power among those outside his flock was a rare tribute to his quality. When he died Youngstown seemed for the moment paralyzed and on the day of his funeral Youngstown, great and little, of all creeds, wept about his coffin.—R. I. P.

The death of Rev. Michael V. Halter of West Park, Ohio, was a shock as well as a grief to the University. "Doc" Halter had come to the University in 1910 to begin his studies for the priesthood after twelve years

of very successful work as a physician in Akron, Ohio. He immediately won all hearts and among students of recent years none was more popular than he. His funeral at Akron, Ohio, attested the affection and esteem of the whole city for him.—R. I. P.

THE DIVISIONAL ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Ray Gallagher represented Notre Dame and the state of Indiana in the Eastern Divisional Oratorical Contest at Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio, Friday April 13. Otterbein outdid itself in measuring out noteworthy hospitality to all her guests. The purpose of this contest was to select three men to represent the eastern division in the final Interstate Contest on April 27 at Northwestern University. Gallagher, together with the representatives from the states of Ohio and Michigan, were successful in qualifying. The rank of the three best speakers was not made public. The judge of the contest were Professors V. A. Ketcham and H. F. Walradt of Ohio State University, W. H. Cooper of Ohio University, H. S. Woodward of Western Reserve University and J. T. Marshman of Ohio Wesleyan University. The program follows:

G. Elson Ruff, Thiel College, Pennsylvania.—The Evolution of The Dreamer.

J. Harold Bumby, Ripon College, Wisconsin.—The Sacrifice That Failed.

H. W. Troop, Otterbein University, Ohio.—The Man or the Party.

E. C. Beach, Eureka College, Illinois.—International Friendship as a Basis for the League of Nations.

Randolph Van Scoyk, Berea College, Kentucky.—Save Armenia.

Simon Heemstra, Hope College, Michigan.—The Challenge of the Ideal.

Raymond M. Gallagher, University of Notre Dame, Indiana.—A Century of Isolation.

In the contest at Northwestern there will be six speakers, the three mentioned above and the three successful ones in the Western Divisional Contest which was held at Simpson College, Iowa, last Friday. The final contest will be staged under the au-

spices of the Northwestern School of Speech. The contest will be preceded by the annual convention of the Interstate Oratorical Association. Professor William Farrell, who accompanied Gallagher on his Ohio trip and who has coached him for three years, will be the delegate from Indiana in the convention.

Only once has Notre Dame won first place in this oratorical classic. In 1907 Mr. Edward O'Flynn won the honor. Mr. Gallagher's success this year makes us hopeful that he may imitate the victory of 1907, and crown his career as a Notre Dame orator with the highest honor a collegiate speaker can gain in this part of the country. His energy, diligence and native ability have been exceptional always.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' CRUSADE AGAINST BIGOTRY.

Opposition to the wave of bigotry now sweeping the country will be one of the topics discussed by delegates to the Fourth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, to be held at the University of Notre Dame this summer.

The official slogan of the Convention, "Notre Dame—To Defend the Cross," is explained by Crusade officials as meaning warfare on bigotry as well as a campaign to remove ignorance about missionary matters. Stress is laid particularly on the necessity of counteracting the efforts of proselyting agencies in the Southwest.

Modern paganism being introduced into the Orient by English-speaking promoters of commercial enterprises is another development which is receiving special consideration. These particular phases of the mission problem are being made the subjects of a poster campaign and have been designated as constituting "the mission peril."

The slogan for the Convention at Notre Dame was adopted from a large number submitted by student members of the Crusade. The organization is made up principally of students in Catholic colleges, universities and other institutions of learning in the United States and Canada, and has a membership of 250,000.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Hoban, Elgin, Illinois, announce the arrival of Thomas Jefferson Hoban, Jr., on March 2. Thomas Jefferson Hoban, Sr., received his law degree in 1918.

Casimir Krajewski, Architecture, '16, is a member of the new firm of O'Meara, Hills and Krajewski, which recently opened offices in St. Louis. They are making a specialty of institutional work.

Oscar Ruzek, E. E., '20, Flat Rock, Michigan, was married on Monday, April 2, to Miss Isabel Albright. Since relinquishing his position as assistant to Professor Caparo, Oscar has been pursuing his duties with the Escanaba Traction Company. Needless to say, Mr. and Mrs. Ruzek have our best wishes.

Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Pictures Corporation, has offered a prize, in the form of a scholarship, for collegians who will enter a photoplay writing contest. The scenario editor of the corporation, Leon d'Usseau, has prepared a few preliminary hints for those who intend to compete. Copies of this valuable information may be had by applying at the offices of the Universal Pictures Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Bill Neary, Mike Schwarz, and Vincent Hanrahan sailed from Baltimore on the Steamship *Atlantic City* on March 15, for the Far East. They will return during the fall. Two other members of the Notre Dame colony in New York, Morgan Sheedy and Cletus Lynch, have changed their addresses, having moved their N. D. blankets and pennants to 47 Claremont Avenue.

Mr. C. N. Girsch, who has been credit manager of The Fair for the past two years, has recently been promoted to the position of superintendent. His excellent record in his previous capacity and his past experience as assistant secretary and treasurer of the South Shore Country Club for a period of over seven years, ably fits him for the newer

and greater tasks he has assumed. His popularity is established and acknowledged, for it was just a short time ago Mr. Girsch was elected president of the T. F. E. B. A. His knowledge of people, his ability to handle them, his fairness and justice to all, will undoubtedly crown his efforts with success in the position he has so well merited.

Oliver F. Schell, '22, is working for the Lamp Publishing Company, the publishers of "The Lamp," a Catholic monthly missionary magazine. He expects to spend the summer at Garrison, New York, his present scene of operations.

Reverend William A. Bolger, C. S. C., acted as sole critic judge at a debate held Thursday, April 19, between Northwestern and Minnesota Universities. To be selected to act in such a capacity is an unusual honor which implies an enviable reputation, and it comes to Father Bolger deservedly.

Dr. John M. Cooney, of the School of Journalism, has been chosen by the Kentucky Press Association to select the four best newspapers in the state, to which prizes will be awarded. Dr. Cooney is to act as sole judge in the matter at the meeting of the Association which will be held at Bowling Green.

"The Literary Essay in English," is the title of an interesting and important volume being published by Ginn and Company; it is the work of Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C., of St. Mary's College. The material in the book forms the basis for the Doctor of Philosophy degree which Sister Eleanore will receive from Notre Dame next June.

An aftermath of the recent oratorical contest held at Westerville, Ohio, is contained in the following passage from a letter written by Mr. D. S. Howard, of Otterbein. "Last week we had the very enjoyable privilege of entertaining your representative, Mr. Gallagher, to the oratorical contest. We are glad, too, that he was placed among the winners, as we feel that he was highly deserving of the place."

—BRENNAN.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

The members of the Toledo Club assembled Sunday morning to congratulate themselves on the success of their Easter dance, given at the Toledo Yacht Club in honor of the University Glee Club. After the cheering had subsided, John Cochrane made his parliamentary farewell address, which called for more exultant outbursts and more congratulations. Without stuffing the ballot-box Francis O'Boyle secured the office of President, John Hurley elected himself vice-President, Cunningham talked himself into the Secretariate, and Ray Tillman called for a recount which made him Treasurer. Then the congratulations began anew.

The Players Club, an organization which all of us look back upon with happy interest, has been reorganized recently through the efforts of Henry Barnhart and Steve Wilson under the auspicious title of "The Dramatic Circle of Notre Dame," with a membership in the DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA, which proposed and successfully conducted the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration. The thirty members, who form the Circle, possess ability, and, what is more necessary, a deep interest in their work. Under the direction of Mr. Sullivan, the Circle will offer its first effort, "The Taming of the Shrew," together with the second scene of the first act of "Richelieu" on Thursday evening, April 26, at Washington Hall. Several three act plays, yet to be chosen, will be in shape for presentation next fall when the aspiring Shakespearians hope to show their ability on the "road." The following officers were elected to grace the centre: Ray Cunningham, President; Ted Huether, vice-President; Gerald Arnold, Secretary; and John Dorr, Treasurer.

Judging from the high and festival spirits which reigned at the Engineers' "Smoker" held in the Knights of Columbus room Wednesday evening, we infer that all the Engineers passed the third quarter successfully. We hope they did anyway.

In the course of the evening the poor, bewildered Freshmen were initiated into the

secrets of good fellowship. All that can be said is that the man whose fertile imagination provided all the laughs is wasting his time fooling with wrenches and blue-prints. When all the rites had been solemnly concluded, Father Irving gave a very interesting analysis of the qualities that go to make up a successful engineer, Professor Benitz expressed his approval of the Club's purposes, and Professor Caparo spoke briefly. Mr. Griffin rendered several popular numbers, the Orchestra played with vengeance, and the engineers ate, and smoked, and ate.

The ability of the various men forming the committees in charge of the Junior Prom can well be judged from the elaborate program which they have arranged. On the afternoon of Friday, April 27, there will be a reception at the LaSalle Hotel from three to five, with music by Harry Denny's Orchestra. The Prom Dance will be held in the evening at the Oliver Hotel from nine to two. The famous Al. Thompson's Orchestra from Madison, Wisconsin has been secured to furnish the best of syncopation. On Saturday afternoon Notre Dame meets Indiana University on the diamond at Cartier Field, and in the evening an informal dance at the Oliver will climax the festivities.

With Professor MacGregor at the helm, the Forum Wednesday night embarked on a voyage to New Zealand in true Newmanesque style. Though lacking illustrations and the "Zambezi express," Professor MacGregor impressed the future orators with the wonders of Tahiti and New Zealand. His description of the thermal region of Ornatua were especially interesting as were his comments on the universities of the island. A system of examinations corresponding to the bar examination in the United States is employed in New Zealand, one examining body being used for all the four universities. A pre-voyage debate settled finally the Coué question with the consensus of opinion somewhat unfavorable to the originator of the "Every day" epidemic. Robert Worth undertook the Coué defense with John D. Mahon in the role of prosecutor; both men presented a good argument. After the usual copious

discussion, President Burke announced the next meeting for Tuesday night, and then adjourned the meeting.

May twentieth will see the initial appearance of Notre Dame's latest endeavor—a daily newspaper. Working in conjunction with the S. A. C., Harry Flannery, the Editor-in-Chief, and James Hayes, the Business Manager, whose names stand for hard, consistent effort and predict the success of the enterprise, have completed all the major arrangements. For the first week the paper will be published as a daily, and thereafter until June 6th on every school day with the exception of Monday. The first issue will contain six pages, and the subsequent issues four pages with a special feature insert on Saturday. The staff will include an editor-in-chief, a sport and news editor, four associate editors to be chosen from the present Sophomore Class, a circulation manager, and two advertising managers with their associates. The Sophomore class of the department of Journalism will furnish the "news-hounds."

The advent of the daily paper will mark a new stage in the growth and development of Notre Dame. Its short trial appearance this year will test the traditions upon which its future rests. With its hope for a long glorious life built upon its faith in the student body, the morrow of its life is assured.

MULLEN.

THE KAMPUS KRIER.

(Until we think of a better name.)

A "simple dinner" in Japan, we are told, consists of at least fifteen courses, served in the most appetizing manner and with the most charming appointments. Question: When and how often is dinner served?

Most popular song hit among the Minims: "What's this? What's that?"

When Newman lectures in our Washington Sudatorium next year, we hope the house staff will be increased by several members who are particularly competent in managing fresh air currents.

Obviously, some smiles are more valuable than others, but all of 'em are worth face value.

In our home-town restaurant: "Don't kick about our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day."

Why do some folks insist on eating anemic strawberries at this time o' year when cranberries are just as sour and much cheaper?

Far be it from us to make any suggestions, but maybe the Senior Ball Committee doesn't know Sousa's Band can play dance music.

It is reported that students other than those interested in astronomy went to see "Up in the Clouds."

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

AXING THE AGGIES.

The first home game of the nineteen twenty-three baseball season ended in the complete discomfiture of the Michigan Aggies, and supplied the audience with thrills in the shape of hits, runs, homers and filled bases. The final score was 16 to 9, a fair indication that the season is still young. Fresh from a field of victory, the Aggies played hard fast and wild; Notre Dame imitated the tactics. There was all sorts of baseball and in every quality—the bars were down. The best thing to be said about the affair was the weather, which provided a real Indiana of the kind you read about. Other things include Mr. Kelly's homer and Paul Castner's failure to measure up to last year's performance. The dashing southpaw is not yet in form, having sustained two operations during the winter. Mr. Kelly, who was almost deprived of his berth and sent to the substitute division, proved that his for mis most excellent. For the visitors Captain Brady distinguished himself by excellent fielding which developed two double plays and made second base the point of interest all through the contest. Dick Falvey, who succeeded Castner on the mound for the Halas men, threw blanking ball for

three innings. Dick will probably have a chance at Illinois in the thrilling contest to be staged soon.

The rest is statistics.

The Aggies were first to count, getting a run in the second when Stevens singled, was sacrificed to second by Sepneck, and scampered home on a passed ball. Notre Dame came right back in its half of the inning with five runs. Curtin and Thomas walked. Vergara was out, Brady to Johnson, but Bergman walked, filling the bases. Kelly hit to left, scoring Curtin and Thomas. Sheehan then tripled to center and Bergman and Kelley scored. Foley hit to first and was out, but Sheehan counted. Kane fanned to end the inning.

The visitors again picked up a run in the third when Brady walked, stole second, went to third on Curtin's wide throw and scored when Johnson singled to right. In the fourth Sepaneck was squeezed home by Daly after he had singled and stole second and third.

Notre Dame broke into the scoring column at this point, driving Kuhn from the slab. Vergara doubled, went to third on a passed ball and scored on a wild pitch. Bergman was hit by a pitched ball, Kelly drew a pass and Foley tripled after Sheehan had whiffed. Bergman and Kelly both scored on the hit.

Things became more interesting in the fifth when the Aggies ran the paths for four runs. Winter was safe on Vergara's error. Brady slammed one of Castner's shoots to right for three bases, scoring his teammate, McMillen was out, Foley to Vergara, Brady being held on third. Johnson walked and promptly stole second. Stevens flied to Folye but Sepaneck cleared the bases with a triple to left. Beckley was safe on Bergman's error, but the Notre Dame southpaw whiffed Daly.

Thomas went to first on Daly's error in the fifth, and Vergara's single after he had stole second and scampered to third on Brady's miscue, allowed him to score. Vergara went across the plate ahead of Kelly when he drove one deep into left center for the season's first homer a moment later. Singles by Kane and Castner, followed by Curtin's double, account for the Notre Dame

runs in the sixth, while in the seventh Falvey, Foley, Kane, Castner and Welch hit in succession to register three more tallies.

The Aggies ran their score up a bit in the ninth when Brady hit and counted on Johnson's triple. Stevens scored Johnson immediately thereafter with a single.

The box score is as follows:

NOTRE DAME (16)

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sheehan, ss	4	1	1	2	1	1
Foley, 2b	4	1	2	2	4	1
Kane, 3b	5	2	2	0	0	0
Castner, p cf	5	1	3	0	4	1
Curtin, c	3	1	1	9	0	1
Welch, --	1	0	1	0	0	0
Thomas, rf	2	2	0	0	0	0
DeGree, lf	1	0	0	1	0	0
Vergara, 1b	5	2	2	11	0	1
Bergman, lf	1	2	0	0	0	2
Kelly, cf lf	3	3	2	2	0	0
Falvey, p.	2	1	1	0	2	0
Egan, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	16	15	27	11	7

AGGIES (9)

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Brady, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	1
McMillen, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Johnson, 1b	4	2	2	10	0	0
Stevens, cf	5	1	2	0	0	0
Sepaned, ss	4	2	2	1	3	0
Beckley, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Higgins, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Daly, rf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Gasser, c	3	0	0	7	0	1
Passage, c	1	0	0	7	0	1
Kuhn, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Winter, p	3	1	0	0	2	1
Totals	38	9	9	24	8	5

Score by innings:

Aggies	0	1	1	1	4	0	0	0	2	9
Notre Dame	0	5	0	3	3	2	3	0	x	16

Summary—Two base hits—Curtin, Vergara. Three base hits—Sheehan, Falvey, Johnson, Foley. Brady, Sepanek. Home run—Kelly. Sacrifice hits—Foley, 2; McMillen, Sepanek. Stolen bases—Sheehan, Foley, Welch, Vergara, Bergman, Brady, Johnson, Sepanek. Double plays—Brady, unassisted; Sepanek to Brady. Bases on balls—off Castner, 2; Off Kuhn, 3; Off Winter, 1. Strike out—By Castnes, 8; by Farvey, 2; by Kuhn, 2; by Winter, 5. Hits—Off Castner, 6 in five innings, Off Kuhn, 4 in three innings (none out in fourth.) Wild pitches—Winter. Hit batsman—by Kuhn, (Bergman 2). Passed balls—Curtin, Welch, Gasser, 2. Time—2:20. Umpire—Costello, Chicago.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

"Trodden Gold" by Howard Vincent O'Brien is a novel of conversation. It fairly bristles with talk. It is this talk which pushes the story along at a swift pace, gives it energy and strength. One who reads it is apt to feel after he has finished the book, that he has not so much seen a glimpse of life as witnessed an intimate, talkative drama. The story is woven of rather tenuous threads and even the author must have been conscious that he was imposing a moral upon it. But the characters talk and redeem the book. O'Brien has found his theme in money, presenting a contrast between professional idealism and business greed. Ned Sears, a professor of chemistry, worships his work for its own sake; Lyman Wainwright likes business power and money. Idealism wins after it has suffered the severest test, after the reader is uncertain that it ever does win. Perhaps because the characters seem never able to drop their parlor talkativeness, good talk though it is, "Trodden Gold" lacks the solid quality of important fiction. It may be read with interest, however, because it is a story of today, particularly now, 1923, with people and conversation that have a certain immediacy.

The eccentricities of the decadents of the nineteenth century have been rarely analyzed. Oscar Wilde for one must have inherited many of his. From an obscure book we learned the other day some of the habits of his father's household. In the Wilde home a quantity of crumbs remained on the table cloth after the dinner had been eaten. In the normal household, a servant would have brushed them into a tray. But not so here. At a signal from Doctor Wilde, the author's father, two huge storks entered, ate up the crumbs and marched solemnly out.

In January St. Francis de Sales became, by papal declaration, the patron of all Catholic writers. The pronouncement of the Holy Father contains several sentences of importance, not the least of which are these: "We would wish that from this solemn occasion special advantages should be gained by all those Catholics who by publications, either in newspapers or other writings, illustrate, promote and uphold Catholic teaching. All of these should, in their discussions, imitate and maintain that vigor which, combined with moderation and charity, was the special characteristic of St. Francis de Sales. For by his example he has shown clearly the line of conduct to follow: first of all, to study with all diligence so as to gain true possession of Catholic teaching; to be especially careful never to be lacking in absolute truthfulness and never to attenuate or conceal it on pretext of not hurting opponents'

feelings; to take trouble in style of writing, clearness and elegance of expression, so that it may be a pleasure to readers to learn the truth; if it be necessary to combat opponents, errors and wrongdoing must be exposed, but that should be done in a way which shows the straightforward honesty and above all the charity of the writer."

Probably the most important book of the spring, considered from several aspects, is Papini's "Life of Christ." Based upon the four gospels, it has the literalness of the Bible. All of the simplicity of the biblical narratives are retained, supplemented by a wealth of beautiful imagery and analogy. The work has no stiffness, no formality. It is a great story book which breathes the individual fervor and devotion of its author. Papini makes no apology for staying within the limits of the gospels. "He who accepts the four gospels must accept them wholly, entire, syllable by syllable, else reject them from first to last, and say, 'We know nothing.'" He is rigorously dogmatic, even in his picturesque interpretations.

About this time of year reading at Notre Dame begins to diminish. The diamond, the golf links and the tennis court occupy attention given previously to the pages of magazines and books. . . . An American edition of "Toi et Moi," a book of poetry by Paul Gerald, has just been published. In the original French, the book has sold 150,000 copies. . . . Among short stories we have enjoyed is "Night Letter to Louisville" in the *April Century*. . . . A new addition to the books about Henry Ford is "Henry Ford, an Interpretation" by S. S. Marquis, former head of the sociological department of the Ford company. . . . And now a new edition of "Memories of My Life" by Sarah Bernhardt. . . . A collection of short stories containing the work of more than thirty English authors is announced for early publication. . . . Dean Inge's rejoinder to the article concerning the Church and England by Hilaire Belloc in the *March Atlantic* appears in the current issue of the *Monthly*. Its content savors more of cleverness and fallacy than of substantial thought and logic. . . . *Scribners* for April contains among fiction "Fairer Greens" by McCready Huston of the *South Bend Tribune*. Mr. Huston, who is a friend of Notre Dame, in his efforts to get close to reality in his stories, succeeds thoroughly. One may say that he follows the method of William Dean Howells and the more conservative school of realists.

No stories for children surpass in charm those of Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman. The most recent, "Lil'lady," has just been published by the *Ave Maria*. As the title suggests it is a Southern story. If you have a child friend, buy a copy and enjoy the result.

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

LET THE FELLOWS JUDGE.

News Item: "Denver University is running a contest to see which of its fair co-eds is the most popular at driving a car." We do not know any of the regulations pertaining to the contest, but we suppose she will be the most popular at driving who knows where to park.

HIS SENSE MAKES THE DOLLARS.

"Gimme a nickel; will you, mister?" pleaded a small, ragged and untidy urchin with a college youth of the West Virginia University, who appeared well dressed. "You got lots of nickels, mister. I can tell by your pretty clothes. Gimme only one; woncha?" The student moved by the lads entreaty, gave him a coin.

"How much have you now?" inquired a casual observer after the student has passed. "I have eight now," replied the boy. "Forty cents," calculated the observer. "That's enough to get your dinner."

"Aw, not eight nickels—eight dollars, is what I mean—in one week, too. These college fellows are the easiest of them all. They're soft." This boy is fortunate he is not in South Bend encountering Notre Dame men, because after the Prom and the Ball he would be likely to have plenty of competition.

PROFS FLUNK STUDENT'S QUIZZ.

After the regular exams were over, the senior girls at Newcomb College, New Orleans, induced twenty-three of the forty-five instructors to submit to an "intelligence test" which they had prepared especially for them. Such were some of the answers given to a few of the questions: Al Jolson is a wrestling champion; Francis Scott Key, a woman who wrote poems; "Boob McNutt," the heavyweight champion, also the trade name of a widely-known food preparation and the wife of a character in the Bible. Sequins were described as a variety of fish; brilliantine was declared to be a preparation that young laides put in their eyes to make them shine, and also the name of a fashionable cabaret. Beatrice Fairfax was thought by some to be a movie queen. "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" are in the transfer business in New Orleans, while another instructor dubbed them a version of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll was given two identities. One professor said he was a World War hero; another that he was a dramatic statesman. Maraschino, the cherry, was a premier of Russia before the war. And Lot was the cha-

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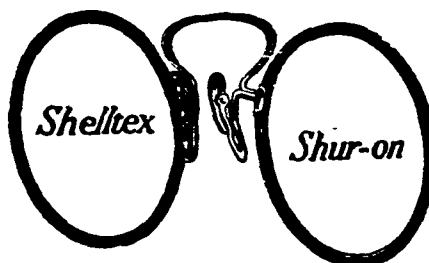


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rector in the Bible associated with a "salty wife." (We trust the students here at Notre Dame will not infer that a similar test to be given to our professors the results would be the same.)

A CORSAGE IN THIS COARSE AGE?

The Junior Prom is only one week off; and at Notre Dame, as well as at other universities, the question of sending posies to the girls naturally looms up. Some of the universities, however, have decided not to send flowers, while others are still debating about it. The main arguments presented against the pre-war practice of sending corsages seem to be these: that it would help the fellows economize, and that the present fashions in evening dresses do not permit flowers to be worn gracefully; those arguments advanced in favor of the old custom seem to be these: that without the flowers the color and delicacy of the formal atmosphere is entirely lost, and, from her point of view, there is nothing that can really take the place of the celestial thrill derived from opening a box of flowers or from sinking one's nose into a corsage and murmuring "how sweet of him!" Which would you prefer fellows, economy or that little ejaculation from her?

PARROTS THAT CAN'T SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

The Northwestern Daily editorially comments that college is the ruination of many. Students have left the academic halls mentally helpless. Entering with ambitions clearly outlined, they have gone out mere products of a machine. The trouble is that the American colleges are producing parrots instead of individuals. Many of the young people in colleges to-day are losing their personalities in the welter of classroom instruction. They absorb everything; they believe everything. They seldom question. Individuality is submerged under the sea called learning. This charge against colleges does not mean that facts handed out are false. They are not. The danger lies in the attitude in which the students accept these facts. Now is the solution to this problem with the college or with the students? It is with the individual student. It is obviously impossible for the professor to regulate the minds of his students. It is not his duty. But if every person in college would make it his ambition to become an individual—not a parrot—American Youth would be placed on the still higher level. It is Emerson who warns us that genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. Colleges, he says, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame.