The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Vol. LVI. **May 12, 1923** **No. 26**

THE STUDENTS MISSION CRUSADE.

JAMES F. HAYES.

NOTRE DAME, long the home of missionaries whose voices have been heard in many parts of the world, is to be the hub of a great missionary movement this summer. The second week of August, just after the close of Summer School, will witness the opening of the Fourth Annual Convention of the Students Mission Crusade here at the University, and Walsh, Sorin, Corby and Badin will shelter for four days representatives of the Crusade from all corners of the world. To thus bring the Mission directly under the protection of Our Lady will, undoubtedly, bring down upon the work blessings which are incalcuable.

Despite the publicity given the Students Crusade lately, there are still some who are unaware of its purpose. The organization, which is promoting the missionary spirit among Catholic students in high schools and colleges, thus awakening them to the great need of missions in certain portions of our own country. The organization interest itself in all the missionary movements which it considers worthy of aid, and the solicitations it makes are for the support of these movements. There are, at present, over one thousand units of the Crusade in existence.

In our own country the Crusade has a great field. The task which has been undertaken is a gigantic one. It is common knowledge that less than one-third of the population of the United States attend church regularly. Out of the remaining two-thirds, it can safely be estimated that a half have little or no knowledge of religion. To educate these people to the beauties of religion is the aim of all missionary movements, and none more so than the Students Crusade.

The work of preparing for the Convention here at Notre Dame has been turned over to Father Hugh O'Donnell, rector of Badin Hall whose activities at Homecoming and many other occasions point to him as the logical one to undertake the work. Already he has made great steps towards perfecting an organization to receive the delegates in true Notre Dame manner. Over forty men who are staying for the Summer Session have volunteered for service on various committees, and all the efficiency of the Homecoming reception of last Fall will be applied to the coming Convention. There will be over twelve hundred delegates to care for, and the time is so short between the close of Summer School and the opening of the Convention that even a force of forty men will be pressed to accomplish all that is to be done. Men who live in nearby towns, and even those who live in Chicago and can spare the time are urged to return to the University for the few days of the Convention and aid in the work. No one individual can arrange for the success of a vast cooperative moment like this Crusade. It needs the effort of every one to make the work of the whole outstanding.

While it is true that Father O'Donnell needs the cooperation of every man at Notre Dame during Convention week,, it is just as true that the Students Mission Crusade needs the cooperation of *every* student at *all* times whether he is at Notre Dame or elsewhere. You can give this cooperation by being a "booster," by keeping the Mission in your mind and in your heart, by praying for its success, and by responding to the appeals made—remembering always the slogan of the Crusade, the slogan which will be whispered so many times in our Own Sacred Heart Church this summer, "The Sacred Heart for the World, and the World for the Sacred Heart!"

THE GENTLE IZAAK WALTON.

VINCENT ENGELS.

"My Maudlin and I both love anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men."

The best fisherman I know believes that nothing can be fundamentally wrong with one whose heart is large enough to hold some sort of affection for everything that is slighted by the professional shaved and washed. The latter search for beauty among jewelry stores, mountain ranges, by the shore of the sea, or down great, heavily-wooded valleys, but the former traces his clue everywhere—through dirty little crooked streets, scrubby patches of woodland, brown prairies with mudholes oozing about, and low green swamps where no flower blooms save the red wild iris and the purple flag, and no bird save the blackbird whose wing is tipped with flame.

Such a hearty fellow does not always indulge his literary moods on tall, commanding heights. Dusty and forbidding the masters stand, neglected on his shelves; but many and many a cozy evening is spent with Prior, and many a day with Burns; there are times when he would toss them all aside for a cozy of Izaak Walton, who cared more for a meadow than a park, and more for a little river than the vast and stormy sea. The choicest literature for him is the product not of a intense concentration, but of odd hours of rambling reflection; and while this may not possess the drive and power of the other, and is not so compelling, its simplicity can bring one to a fine and peaceful attitude —a sunlit level of serenity.

And now to speak of Izaak Walton's book, with deference to all those honest folk who have been fascinated with its quiet flavor, and with the hope that I shall not sway one line from Thomas Westbrook's charge that "The Compleat Angler is essentially a book to be loved, and to be discoursed of lovingly." Of course, one does not approach Walton waving a fly rod, with the determination to loot his rippling sentences of every ounce of angling lore, but for a relief from the syncopation with which we are surfeited, and a bit of blessed philosophy. He was a man with enough of the good faith in him to set a true value upon the relation of things. In the union of body and soul in man he found an eminently practical arrangement. For him the things of earth were pleasant to see, and the songs of earth pleasant to hear, but always, in flower and star and singer and flowing brook, his spirit saw a mighty symbolism: that heaven and earth and all things therein reflect a divine order, a supreme vision. Upon the stress of commerce and of politics he turned a mild and questioning look—wondering what sound necessity in the hearts of these could justify their clamorous insistence upon recognition.

"No life so happy and so pleasant," Piscator tells his scholar, "as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better, berry, but doubtless God never did.'"

Surely ours must be a plenteous gratitude to Walton and all men who teach in his fashion; for they have made us understand the joy of simple things. Of course, simplicity can be harsh as well as consoling, because it is so fundamental a quality, and yet the men who have helped to make the world a nicer place to live in have always been simple men—statesmen unsophisticated enough to believe that they could remain in power without chicanery, business enterprisers, straightforward enough to know that they could succeed without unfairness to workman or consumer, anglers clear thinkink enough to find, like Walton, a good deal of merit in all fish, big or little, chub or salmon. I mention anglers here, instead of poets or painters, first because the essay concerns an angler, who unlike poet or painter, was as modest as to declare: "And he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the trout," second because anglers teach, as well as their more frenzied brethren, the extraordinary beauty of most ordithings—the delight of the morning sunshine

in forest and swamp and huddled town, the exhilaration that follows the sudden rush of rain, the fragrance of the comely meadow, the pleasant hum-drum chirp of the cricket, and the blessed grey twilight coming down the hills.

But before a man can be taught to appreciate these things, he must have a strain of the old-fashioned morality in him, a nature antipathetic to the scurrilous and mean, the coarse and the unjust. Piscator reproaches his scholar, "your host is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests or lascivious jests, for which I count no man witty, for the Devil will help a man inclined that way to the first; and his own corrupt nature to the latter." And after the scholar assimilates some of the contemplativeness that is the reward of angling, he agrees with the master of the gentle art that "he and he only possesses the earth as he goes toward the Kingdom of Heaven by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him." One would expect a bit of drollity in a master with such a temperament, and is not disappointed when Venator is given the secret of that recipe "which is too good to be told but in a learned language, lest it should be made common," or when he is advised to "tie the frog's leg to the arming-wire," of a hook "and in so doing, use him as though you loved him."

Scattered through all that Walton wrote are pure touches of humanness that will rid the reader entirely of any preconception he may have formed that here was the work of an impossibly placid old man, who cared for nothing at all but to hunt for insects that would best tempt the perch or trout. Instead he finds that The Compleat Angler as well as the various "Lives" are the handiwork of a lusty fellow who loved a good song in the morning and a smashing one at night; delighted in "fresh sheets that smell of lavender"; and freely indulged his taste for strong liquors and hearty meals.

"Come hostess," he shouts, displaying a large trout, "dress it presently, and get us what other meat the house will afford, and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and do so many good deeds."

Now sitting beside the shady sycamore, he repeats for the entertainment of field and stream the song of the gypsies:

> "Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play,
> Here's scraps enough to serve today."

And again, gathering his comrades about the alehouse table, how he roars out the jovial tune that goes:

> "Oh the gallant fisher's life,
> It is the best of any!
> 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
> And 'tis beloved of many!"

Then, perhaps, each man to drink "the other cup, and to bed, and thank God we have a dry house over our heads."

Of course the charm of Walton's work is connected with the fact that he attempted no pretence, and tried for no striking effects, but wove his personality quite unconsciously (we could never think of him as conscious literary artist) into every line. None but a very hard-shelled and incorrigible pedant would be brazen enough to criticize the *technique* of his prose, or censor the old-fashioned makeup of his verse. His muse is archaic and rambles quaintly, but it is natural, and robustly human. And what honest man will quarrel with those qualities? It is worthwhile remembering that when Edmund Gosse planned a new life of Donne to supplant Walton's, he was warned by Austin Dobson:

> "You write your Life of Donne. 'Twill be
> A masterpice of sympathy!
> Exact, I know, in fact and date,
> And skilled to lead, to stimulate,
> To show, as you would have him seen,
> That morbid, mystic, mighty Dean.
>
> "But will you catch old Izaak's phrase
> That glows with energy of praise?
> Old Izaak's ambling unpretence
> That flames with untaught eloquence?
> Will you? I pause for a reply,
> And you must answer, Friend, not I."

The attractiveness of Walton lies partly in the charm of an Elizabethan manner: this cannot be denied. But always we remember him more and love him most for the happy composure with which he views the business

of living. In the disordered middle of the seventeenth century this gift was his in gracious measure. Parties fought parties, and fought themselves; constitutions were overthrown, set up, and thrown down again; ministers fled the country, and a king was beheaded; but while the furious merging of political and religious fever boiled and tossed, Walton found in the permanence of quiet Nature a promise that the future would be bright. And for this we turn to him again and again, amid the tumult and pitching of a shaky social order, that we may not lose sight of the majestic faith that is past all disaster, and the eternity that is beyond all thought.

Venator is speaking: "So when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in Him. This is my purpose; and so let everything that hath breath praise the Lord; and let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine."

Piscator: "And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling."

THE VERSE OF ALFRED DOUGLAS.

J. F. L.

Just now, when the world is flooded with vers libre poets, and the novelists of the day limit their observation to exclude all moral people, and the critics are concerned not at all with the beautfiul in life, it is indeed a blessing to find a genuine poet. For the real poet—as all men will admit—is an aesthete but it must also be realized that he is essentially a moralist. Lord Alfred Douglas has a sense of the beautiful and understanding that immorality in any form is not beautiful. Wherefore his poems are both readable and inspiring.

Fluent melody is the best quality of his poetry, and he is at his best in the less formal verse forms. In saying this I directly contradict the poet's own valuation of his work for in the essay which takes up the last ten pages of his little volume he takes pains to indicate his preference for the Sonnet. His sonnets are perfect in form and are like jewels in their perfection but they lack the melody, the impetuous song, of such a poem as "Night Coming Into a Garden."

> Roses red and white,
> Every rose is hanging her head,
> Silently comes the lady Night,
> Only the flowers can hear her tread.

Could anyone demand a better picture of a garden at twilight?

> All day long the birds have been calling,
> Calling shrill and sweet,
> They are still when she comes with her long robe falling,
> Falling down to her feet.
>
> The thrush has sung to his mate,
> "She is coming, hush, she is coming."
> She is lifting the latch at the gate,
> And the bees have ceased from their humming.
>
> I cannot see her face as she passes
> Through my garden of white and red;
> But I know she has walked where the daisies and grasses
> Are curtseying after her tread.

It is certainly a true poet who can imagine such a delicate dream and its equal the last stanza.

> She passed me with a rustle and sweep
> Of her robe (as she passed I heard it sweeping)
> And all my red roses have fallen asleep,
> And all my white roses are sleeping.

It is interesting to compare the characters in "Perkin Warbeck" and "Jonquil and Fleur-de-lays." In describing Peter Warbeckke and Jonquil the poet uses almost the same words and likens the whiteness of their bodies to soft new milk. Both were of humble parentage and both were presumably of about the same age. It is evident that in the mind of the poet there was some connection between the two youths.

Peter Warbeckke was a weaver's son. An English knight passed him one day in the market place and mistook him for the White Rose of England. But Warbeckke said that the "White Rose of England turned red on

Bosworth field." The knight was not to be put off and said:

"What matter for anything
For God hath given to thee
The voice of the king and the face of the king
And the king thou shalt surely be."

Warbeckke was weak and went away that night with the nobleman without saying good bye to his mother. And they gave him a hundred fighting men and silks and satins to wear and promised him the hand of Katherine Gordon and everything went well until he came to England. There he met with opposition. They attacked Exeter town but the king coming up with a mighty host frightened Warbecckke who fled from the field. He was captured and taken to London and placed in pillory. There he lamented his misfortune and heaped the blame upon those who promised him a kingdom but in a last moment of pride decided to dress in silk and scarlet and to show them that he was once a king although they would hang him like a low-born person.

Jonquil was a shepherd boy tending his flocks on the hillside when a prince came upon him. When they stood side by side they were alike in every respect and to satisfy a whim of the prince they changed clothes. While they were playing about the retainers of the prince came up and mistaking Jonquil for the true prince they told him that his father the king was wroth that he had gone from the party. But Jonquil said he was not the prince and proved that the other boy was. He showed his feet stained by the green grass in tending the flocks and compared them with the snowy feet of the true prince. They changed clothes and the prince went away vowing to come again some other day.

Peter Warbeckke desired a crown that did not belong to him and when it came time to fight for it he was a coward and fled. In the end he shows his cowardice by lamenting his misfortune and his pride by wishing to die as a prince and not as the weaver's son. Jonquil had a crown within his grasp but knowing it was not his he gave it back and was true to himself.

In the poetry of Douglas one meets many queer twists and turns of the mind. Perhaps in no other poem is this eccentricity more marked than in the "Legend of Spinello of Arezzo." To very few men, I daresay, has the thought accurred that Lucifer is rather to be pitied than to be hated and certainly if any other had conceived the idea he could not have stated the case better than has Douglas. It is certainly a radical departure from the usual thought processes to have Lucifer speak as follows:

"Spinello, Why dost thou wrong me? I am Lucifer."

THE SCUM THAT IS THE CREAM.

EDWIN MURPHY.

In any assessment of American culture, the chief postulate is that first and last our nation is the child of Europe. We are of the flesh and soul of the Old World, not only by reason of our ancestry, but by the fact of that multiplying migration from abroad which has crowded our shores for 150 years. The very sap of Western Civilization has been taken into our soil: Irish, Scandanavian, Teuton, Latin, and Slav, we are the protoplasm of Europe. It is evident, therefore, that the greatness of our nation has been its immigration.

But nothing could be more naive than to think America a colony of Europe. A nation, divergent at root from the life of the Old World, of another political complexion, and imbued with an elan vital wholly indigenous in our race, we of America have inhabited our nationality since the Revolution. We became a nation the exact moment we declared ourselves a nation. At that same moment millions abroad swore allegiance to America, and by that oath became true citizens of this new land. For America is in the last analysis an act of faith.

The sparrow, not the eagle, should have been made our emblem. The eagle is nearly extinct; so is the red man. You cannot annihilate the American race by logic much less the sparrow by any process. We have become a race of sparrows, sturdy, obstreperous, and quite sufficient to ourselves. The so-called English sparrow is American for the same reason that America is not European.

Perhaps it is difficult to prove syllogistically that we exist as an ethnic entity. It is also difficult to prove syllogistically that we exist at all. You can only admit it is an elemental fact.

We do not Americanize, as the phrase goes, these foreigners who add themselves to us. If anything, they Americanize us. It is their current that moves the great flood of American life. In all candor, we of a few generations are stagnant, small, impotent. Supinely, we accept our environment as it happens to be, thinking solely to improve the mere appurtenances of our civilization, while we have allowed its institutions to decay. Third-generation families as a whole are contemptuous of the immigrant. Yet behold him the proprietor of our industries, the power in our politics, the creator of our art—in a word the American qua American. Probably he is, as he has been branded, ignorant, unassimilated, that is real America. The abominable vice of our nation exists in trying to seem polished and European, when we must ever be uncouth and adolescent.

If it is true, as claimed, that today America has been turned away from the fundamental purpose of its establishment, perhaps it is that we of the generations who glory in the name, American, while doubting its validity, seem to be waiting for the immigrant to begin our emancipation. It is that we are waiting for him to save us from this economic oligarchy which is throttling us, to restore our suffrage, and renew our poetry and thought! Third-generation America exults in its 'education,' admires its adulterated wool apparel, and becomes conscious of a kind of hereditary right to this broad country. We who are to be the petty mechanics, the bookkeepers, salesmen, and clerks of our nation, we the white-collar class, can afford to be condescending to the huckster, the section hand, the mill worker, and ditch-digger. It is that certain condescension in foreigners.

For we by our smug insignificance have forfeited our birthright. Our vaunted generation has dishonored the beautiful land of our birth. It were better if we never had a school, a newspaper, or a factory than to have come to the shallow trough of mediocrity which envelops us. Beside the primitive intelligence of the immigrant our pretense withers like fog in the noon light. We whose composite intellect extends no further than the reading of an imbecile press, we have betrayed America, and are become a nation of slaves, slaves of the automatic machine. Today our ports are closed to thousands of real Americans—who were never permitted to land. By this one act of selfishness, we are unwittingly willing the eclipse of our prestige.

Third-generation loyalty is incomprehensible. For it has been perfidious to the very tradition of the land. My heart is with the shiploads of Americans now in exile. I join hands with the bohunk, the dago, the moujik, and heartily do I curse this sickening spectacle of dead patriotism all around me. It is for us the third generation to be naturalized by the ignorant, crude, unassimilated, the only true America. Until we of the generations are Americanized, our country will continue to be the sordid place it is.

In the problem of immigration, one thing is certain. It is impossible to keep out the scum; if you do you exclude the cream. To deny the right of entry to these people is not rightly in our power. We owe it to the tradition of our country, to its future, and to the memory of Lafayette, Pulaski, and John Paul Jones, to open New York Bay again to the patriots who have been turned away. Perhaps it is mere greed that urges them across the Atlantic: it is certainly greed that shuts them out. They are destitute, illiterate, and have a low standard of living, perhaps: but they are not unworthy, they have ambition, and theirs is not a low standard of life. They have an inalienable right to this land, and are being defrauded of a legitimate heritage. For in the deepest meaning of the word, they are Americans. Because America is an act of faith—that is everything.

QUESTION.

F. B. S.

There is dark before the day
  And after;
Everywhere my sorrow rounds
  My laughter.
What is it that makes me say
I love the dark as well as day?

WHEN NATURE TEEMS.

EDW. F. DANKOWSKI.

Not a sound, nor even a breath of wind disturbs the hush that, in reverent expectation, awaits the unfoldment of the alchemy of daybreak. And then:

A streak of light
Breaks through the night;
The fight is on.
Soon sunshine rays
Fill darkness' ways;
The fight is won.

The Artist has begun His work. The clouds stand out like mountains of white rock, and on their face He lays the soft tints of purple, vermilion, and dainty amethyst, and fringes each picture with a halo of brightness like that of the noon sun. Even as the Artist is retouching the masterpiece, the sun in a retinue of gold, rises to rule the day.

The mourning dove coos its reveille, and immediately all nature awakes. The robin volplanes into the grass; the goldfish faces the sun, and with bossom swelled, sings his song ol love; in the cathedral of evergreens the wind is humming a hymn to the Omnipotent.

On the island, in the middle of the lake, sits a fisherman. About him, in the cool, green shade, are strewn the still fresh pink and white blossoms, while from the opposite shore come charges of perfume that carry but one impression and meaning: Lilac Time. In the mirror of the lake the fisherman sees the trees, stretched into shapes long, strange, and dreamy, like a lover's castle. Two little dandelions, touched by a sun ray, straighten up, and like happy rivals, race, which can faster grow.

Two students approach along the water's edge. They are keen and interested observers of everything they pass. Flower, moth, May-fly, bird; they speak of each with confidence. Hence, why not say that they are poets at heart? They stroll to an out-of-the-way place and find clusters of red, luscious strawberries, whose presence in some sequestered spot is always a treasured reward of those who like to ramble.

It is noon, and all is quiet: the drowsy buzzing of insects can alone be heard. In the drizzling sunshine the monarch butterfly wanders on in his labyrinthian flight to the north. In the wee hours after noon all other life is asleep, resting after the morning's work.

The blue bird's call in the clover is the first to break up the quietude. Along the St. Joseph's lake groups of students are coming up for a swim: others are already in the water. One of them climbs the diving bridge. He extends his arms as if he wanted to embrace the warm wind that plays upon his fine limbs with gentle, velvety touches. And below are the glad faces of care-free big boys. But play is short and soon the white sun begins to grow larger and larger, changing slowly into a liquid gold and then damask red. The young artist forgets his purpose until the deepening broad, scarlet band in the sky reminds him that the sunset he came to paint is gone. From every tree come the calls of birds, the flute notes of twilight.

Scores of chimney swifts begin to hover over the roof of good old Sorin. Lower and lower, in smaller and smaller circles they glide, till with a "puk," one by one, they drop into the chimney. Now the twilight has dimmed the earth; and now the minds of dreamers grow full of the past and their tongues become glib. The grasses, gemmed with dew, fill the night with a fragrance that intoxicates young hearts, and makes them talk of love.

The day has ended, and only the stars continue round and round in their eternal march, as if they were spinning the chronicle of the universe.

GRATITUDE.

O God I thank Thee every day,
That Thou hast bade me stay
A while—and linger here
If only for this fleeting year.
I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast given
To me this glimpse of earthly heaven:
I thank thee, Lady of the Dome,
Queen of angels and Queen of this, my home.

EDWARD COLLINS.

COWBOY POETRY.

LAWRENCE W. O'LEARY.

"Cowboy Poetry! Whoever heard of a cowboy poet?" Most people never have heard of one mainly because no Western thrillers have been produced in which the bedecked and handsome stars went thru five feverish reels acting the parts of struggling, starvation-hounded poets. But, at any rate, once the cowboy really *did* write poetry.

Back in the eighties, before the old line that had marked "Out Where the West Begins" began to grow progress-dimmed, the old time cowboy rode the "open range," took life very much as it came—and sang. At times his audience was only the solitude of the silent, grey range. Sometimes he sang to a crowd of his companions who listened and afterwards joined with him in the choruses.

But the "open range" was on time's docket of swift changes and in turn disappeared. The real cowboy made his bow on a magnificent stage and "rolled on," as one writer has said, "not over the river Jordan but beyond the Rio Grande."

The true cowboy had passed forever. Surely, men remained who continued to operate the cattle industry, but the new men seemed to have barely evolved from the cowboy that had moved on.

So, when we think of cowboy poetry we think of it not so much in the light of its literary value, for surely the crude verse has little of that; but we think of it as a shred torn from a passing epoch of our country's history. We think of it as the heritage of a type of American manhood that remains only as a dimly printed page in her book of romance.

Surely, the cowboy poet knew little of staid forms. Yet he usually wrote with a definite sense of rhythm and metre, and characteristically he was an apt rhymer. It was upon wholly natural tendencies that he built his verse; and it may be that the indigenous characteristics of his attempts do afford the stanzas some bit of literary interest.

Invariably the cowboy penned his stanzas on subjects dealing with one or the other of two extremes—either he wrote in a rollicking, jovial strain or his words were plaintive and sad. There seems to be no middle ground. In nearly every case his theme was of home, of his mother, of his sweetheart or of his own isolation. It is because of his latent love for things other people hold dear that the "Lone Prairie" has come to be one of the best known of the prairie lyrics.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me;
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the wind goes free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

There are several versions of this dreary lament and they vary greatly in length; however, each one carries exactly the same thread of thought.

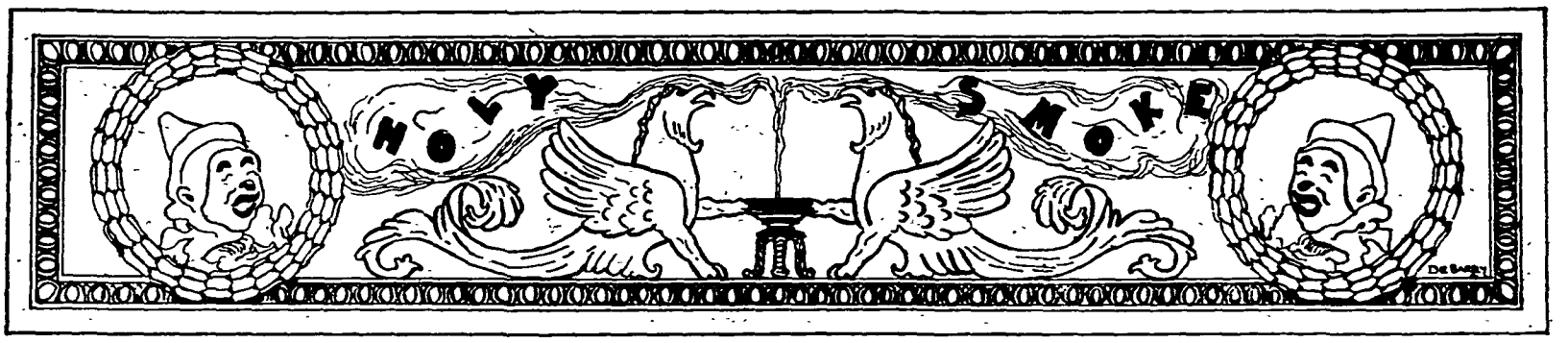
The "Cowboy's Prayer" is perhaps one of the most meritorious of all plains ballads and it seems to indicate that the cowboy had some sort of religious fervor. Part of the poem may be interesting for it really holds some inherent beauty of thought.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow;
I love creation better as it stood
That day you finished it so long ago
And looked upon your work and called it good.
I know that others find you in the light
That's sifted down thru tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank you Lord, that I am placed so well;
That you have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Or weak eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun,
And give me work that opens to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the winds and sun,
And I wont ask a life that's soft or high.

During the period which saw the real cowboy in his passing many short "laments"" were written. Once more in these last stanzas we have evidence of the cowboy's desire to make people think that he was indifferent to whatever happened. His last attempts, therefore are written in a light airy strain. Yet deep in them there is still a touch of pathos.

Things don't seem like they uster in the good old woolly West;
I've got a bitter feelin' knawin' here beneath my vest;
There ain't no kick on wages; but, stranger, darn the pay!—
When the spring round-up is over I've got to help pitch hay.



THE SHORT STORY.

Some one has said that no one should attempt to write a short-story without first having read at least a thousand of them.

***

Now we know what's the matter with our work. We've read only 999.

***

Imagine what you could do after reading about four thousand.

***

You could buy glasses. The kind you look through. The other kind aren't any good anymore.

***

Why not *write* a thousand and then *read* one.

***

"For sale. A typewriter."

***

All Short stories have a plot.

***

For a ghost story you scare up the plot.

***

Sherwood Anderson digs up his plots.

***

Sometimes when you scare them up they run into the ground and you have to dig them out.

***

Town and Gown.

***

Authors have been known to hunt plots.—This necessitates a good constitution.

***

So you wont forget "what happened."

***

Short stories should have a beginning, a middle, and an end.

***

Thus we see that the beginning of the middle should be the end of the beginning, and the end of the middle is the beginning of the end. It's hard to believe.

***

But so are some short stories.

***

In the case of any of us, our lives would make a novel.

***

And our business careers would make an excellent *short* story.

We are told that some plots are "worn out."

***

If that has anything to do with doors, it would better read, "Worn in."

***

Now all together—Let's think.

***

Well, see for yourself. Pull some, "This Side Of Paradise," stuff on the street and see what happens.

***

Stock Plots have, I presume, to do with the markets.

***

At that rate they're all Stock Plots.

***

But let's not forget that one thousand.

***

Take five hundred worn out plots, two hundred stock plots, one hundred and fifty trite plots, and seventy five hackneyed plots. That's one thousand, and what's the result?

***

Well's Outline Of History.

***

The adding is wrong?

***

So's the History.

***

Shakespeare never wrote a short story.

***

Too busy writing plays, et cetera, to get in shape by reading one thousand.

***

There is an art to telling a story well.

***

Married men will and all swear to this.

***

Or at it.

***

The most popular piece of present day fiction starts something like; "Judge, I was only going fifteen miles an hour."

***

This is high class stuff.

***

It must be. It usually costs about a dollar a word.

***

But don't forget to read that One Thousand.
Or "A Thousand and One—." KOLARS.

The
Notre Dame Scholastic

Board of Editors

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.
VINCENT ENGELS
FRANK WALLACE
HARRY A. McGUIRE
LOUIS V. BRUGGNER
M. F. SULLIVAN
JOHN MULLEN
R. M. MURCH, C. S. C.
GERALD HAGAN
CHARLES MOLZ
FRANCIS T. KOLARS
J. S. BRENNAN
RAY CUNNINGHAM
CLIFFORD B. WARD

Business
A. L. FIPP
J. A. BENNING

Art
H. W. FLANNERY
C. O. DEBARRY

Advertising
JAMES V. EGAN
JAMES HAYES

VOL. LVI.
Vive Quasi Semper Victurus
Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus
No. 26

THE MENACE OF MERCY.

The world is in need of charity to an extent probably never witnessed before. Every country on the globe has valid reasons for summoning those who can to give alms and alleviate a portion of the bottomless distress that seems to have superseded governments, industries, philosophies. Those lands which were proudest in sponsoring the doctrine of the Superman now bow most deeply in recognition of some kindness helping the momentarily to preserve the right to live. The United States itself is none too well off, if the great mass of its population is taken into account; the cost of living has been augmented in some instances beyond even what obtained during the season of war, while wages and earnings have fallen off seriously from what they were during the period of vastly intensified production. And yet it is to the United States that the plea for charity is inevitably directed. The nations of the earth no longer look upon us, perhaps, as a harbor of safety, but at least they consider us a savings bank. For many citizens this situation begins to look like a menace, a menace of mercy. Why, they ask, should we contribute to the support of so many other peoples when our own countrymen stand in actual want of the necessaries of life? Why should we export charity when we can not produce enough to satisfy domestic consumption? These citizens are not miserly nor hardhearted: often it is the sight of misery in the next street that renders them incapable of sympathizing with pauperism in the next hemisphere. They look upon their warnings not so much as a protest as a protection.

Well, these people ought to be reminded of just a few things which can easily be understood and not so easily forgotten. The care of the next street is not, very frequently, so much a matter of charity as of justice. The rent-hog could be sent to the slaughter-house; the profiteer could be put in the stocks. Whether we do so or not is less a matter of human kindness than it is of humanitarism. Less sleepy ages would long since have cooked the greedy in appropriate kettles. But the starving victims of adverse political and economic conditions, the children of Armenia, Austria, Germany, have no other way of succor than our charitable resolve. Besides it is all so very simple a matter. You can give a banquet for a German village for less than it takes to buy a supper for an American girl. You can feed the orphans of a devastated Austrian district for just about what it costs to support a bowl of healthy goldfish. In other words, charity which supplies the necessities of Europe can be furnished from the luxuries of America. The cast-off clothing of the clerk in a U. S. bank will clothe the former nobility of Austria. Will and should! For certainly it

is more than a privilege to be charitable; it is a duty. E. M. W.

FAMILIAR FOLKS.

Henry William Fritz, formerly associated with Gardner and Carton, general practisioners, announces the opening of an office for the general practice of law at 139 North Clark Street, Chicago.

***

The annual informal invitation Spring Dance of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago will be held Wednesday, May 16, at the Opera Club, 18 West Walton Place. Daniel E. Hilgartner, Jr. '17, is general chairman of the committees. Members may obtain tickets and guest cards from any officer or member of the Board of Governors.

***

Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Pedretti announce the marriage of their daughter, Margherita Elena, to Mr. Jerrold Bennett Richard, on Friday, April 20, at Los Angeles.

***

John C. Powers is returning to the United States via Buenos Aires on the first of August for a vacation. He has been in Chile with the United States Steel Corporation for the past three years.

***

John T. Balfe has returned to this country from Buenos Aires after a three years' sojourn in South America. He promises to remain north of the equator for a time at least.

***

The prophets declare that, on May 29, 1923, the marriage of Mr. Leo Tschudi, LL. B., '15, to Miss Mary Horan will be solemnized. Both live in Dubuque, Iowa.

***

Mr. and Mrs. 'Red' Miller were at Notre Dame Sunday to spend their third wedding anniversary on the campus. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were married in the Church of the Sacred Heart in 1920.

***

Professor David Weir represented the Notre Dame College of Commerce at the dedication of the new commerce building at Indiana University, Wednesday and Thursday, April 25 and 26.

***

Harold Foley, Ph. B. in Commerce, '21, writes from Eastport, Florida, where he is connected with the Brooks-Scanlan Corporation, that unless the unforeseen happens he will attend the graduation exercises in June.

***

Vincent Mooney, Ph. B., '16, will be ordained at Notre Dame on June 16. Mr. Mooney is a former Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, and was business manager of the 1916 Dome.

***

The Cleveland Notre Dame Club gave a dinner for prospective Notre Dame men at which thirty high school students who intend to enroll in the fall were present. Reverend James A. Burns, C. S. C., who was in Cleveland during the Notre Dame drive, addressed the gathering; several of the graduates related their experiences while under the Dome. Father Burns announced that Cleveland had over-subscribed its quota and that the drive would move on to Pittsburgh.

AMONG US IMMORTALS

"We live loathing our lives, yet dreading still to die."
Byron.

We scanned the Oliver lobby with a coup d' oeil the other day, learning that Mr. Denny was not there. We then read the obituaries in the *Tribune* and the *News-Times* expecting to find his name therein 'Twas not there. 'Tis baffling.

Our mercurial reporter was trying to scent some news with his journalistic nose the other evening and was sure he had found some while passing L. Bruggner's home. The odor of something burning assailed his nostrils, which almost impelled him to turn in the fire alarm. But after a hurried examination, he found that the odor was only that of burning oil, and that it was issuing from Louis' room. It was soon learned that there was no danger. Mr. Bruggner was simply engaged in writing an essay for THE SCHOLASTIC.

The other day little Mr. Gleason was walking brusquely down the street (if it had been any one else we would have said that he was flapping down the street and his garments, strictly a la mode in the collegiate sense, were flapping in the breeze. And his little college hat was perched in a rakish and characteristic manner on his head. And as he swept, two female flappers they turned to feast their eyes on his fading figure. And one said, with typical flapper flippance, "Oh, ain't he cute!" But Mr. Gleason did not hear, and continued to thread his way down the street.

Mr. Raymond Gallagher has brought the shield back to Notre Dame and as a compensation is entitled to wear the laurel wreath which, every one knows, he will wear very gracefully. Yet surely he would have been the recipient of a suit of clothes or an overcoat of laurel leaves if he had kicked a football seventy-five yards.

While the blizzard was blizzing its worst the other day, we were walking across the campus, and our attention was caught by an owl and the ubiquitous weather bird sitting on a limb. They were flapping their wings and laughing in the most hilarious manner. On looking about we discovered that they were laughing at a robin who was huddling folornly under a nearby bush. And the robin's teeth were chattering, and he was nearly sneezing his head off. And every time he sneezed he squawked. And then the owl and the weather bird would throw back their heads and laugh like mad. We knew from what Brother Alphonsus once told us that such squawks were the equivalent of profanity in birddom. Finally the laughter above subsided and the owl turned to the weather bird and said profoundly "The bird that expects to find Spring in Indiana before August ain't got no sense no how."

"But still," quavered the weather bird, "the early bird catches the worm."

Quoth the owl "Just the same, the bird that freezes to death waitin' for 'em is an ass."

Moral: Don't be an early bird when there ain't no worms to catch.

THE DEBATING TEAMS.

N. D. 3; OPPONENTS 1.

The 1923 debating season has passed and Notre Dame has again been a victor. Last fall when the debating schedule was announced, six contests with five representative Colleges and Universities of the Middle-West completed the list. Two of these debates with Marquette University, however, were cancelled by the authorities of the Milwaukee school before the season opened. Of the remaining four debates, Notre Dame won three, defeating Purdue University, Earlham College, and the old rival, Wabash College. Indiana University administered the only defeat of the season.

The question for debate, "Resolved: That the war debt due to the United States from the Allies during the World War be cancelled," by its timely interest induced more than seventy candidates to answer the call for the team. Four elimination preliminaries and a semi-final passed by, and ten men formed the Notre Dame teams of 1923. Of them five were veterans of other years, and all but three were seniors.

The success of the 1923 season must be attributed chiefly to the coach, Father William A. Bolger, C. S. C. Notre Dame is proud of her debating coach. When Father Bolger was a student at the University, he was captain of the debating team for three years, and during that time Notre Dame won every one of its intercollegiate contests. For more than a decade he has been coaching teams with the success that follows naturally upon hard and assiduous work. Each year his ability to win on both sides of a question is becoming more apparent. Three weeks ago he received a singular public recognition when he was selected to act as sole judge of the debate between Northwestern University and the University of Minnesota.

The prospects for next year's teams are not so promising as they were for those of this year. Seven members of the 1923 teams will be lost by graduation in June and their place must be filled. The whole-hearted cooperation of the student-body will be necessary if the debating traditions of the past are to be preserved. Since the first inter-

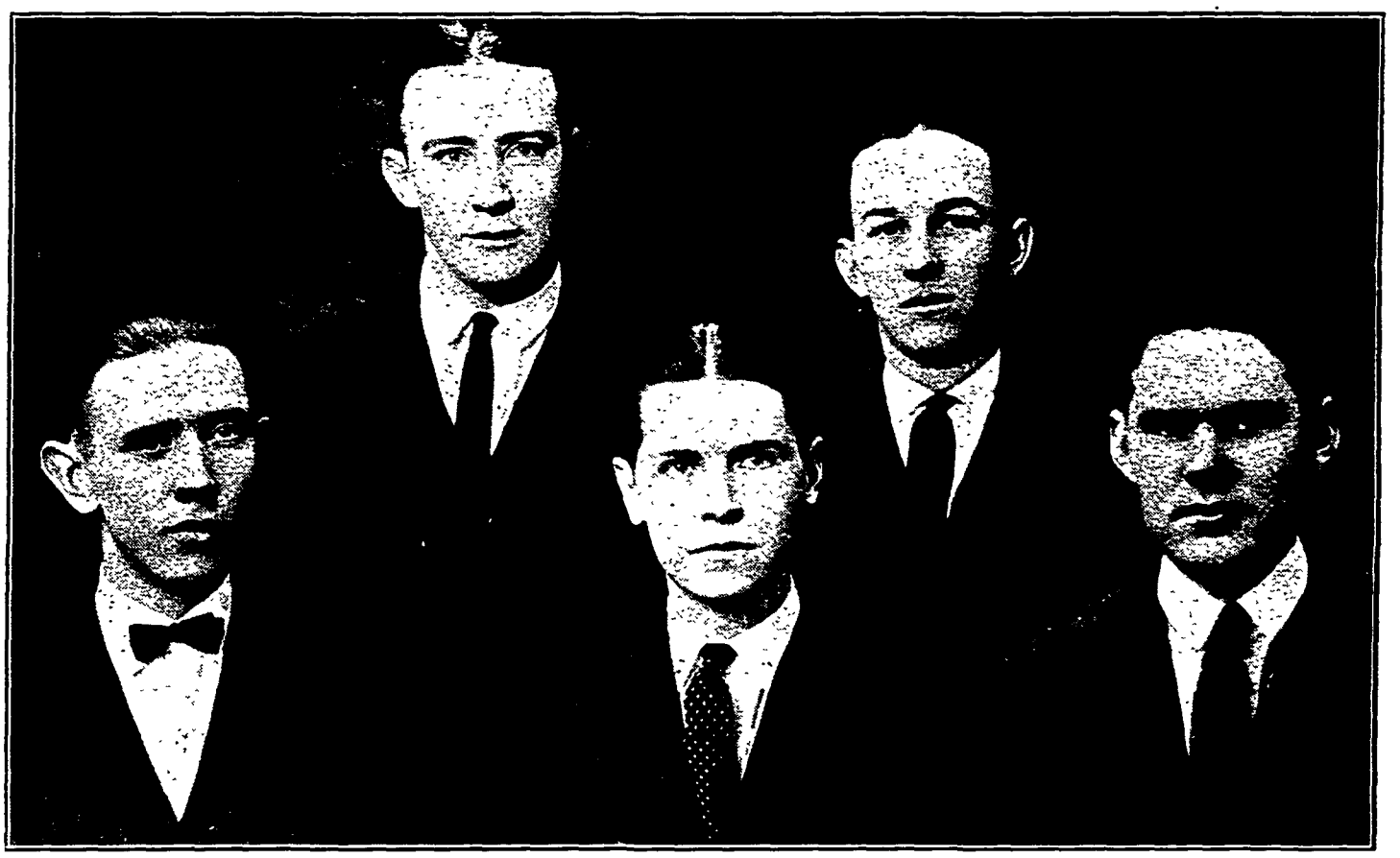
collegiate debate in 1899, Notre Dame has won 44 of the 51 debates in which her teams have participated. The traditions must be preserved. The call for debaters will come early next fall and Father Bolger has every right to expect a record breaking response.

"To you from falling hands we throw
The torch——be yours to hold it high."

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE NEGATIVE.

This year Father Bolger departed from tradition not only by twice failing to retrive his absence from class with a quiz for the first speaker was Paul Breen. This young man distinguished himself during the War as a four-minute speaker in New York. Ever since he got wise enough to come West, he has been a "boss" in the Forum. Paul has charm, ease, and oratorical power that few college debaters can equal. We feel that his success on the team is only a prelude to a glorious and useful career in public life.

John Duffy and John Stanton were the two men selected to carry the pivotal second-speech position. Two things Duffy set his heart on last fall: to make the debate team



THE NEGATIVE TEAM.

day, but by choosing ten instead of eight men for the debating squad. This meant five men for each team: a captain as third speaker and closer and two men for each of the other two positions. The two men who carried the position of first speaker for the negative were Frank Cavanaugh and Paul Breen. Cavanaugh was a veteran, for this marked his third consecutive year as a varsity debater. The urbanity and grace which are so natural to him and make him such good man to open the debate, he has acquired by many a clash and victory. In rebuttal he was always devastingly dangerous for the opposition. The other man for and to win the Breen Medal for Oratory. In both of these ambitions he succeeded perfectly. He has displayed a bull-dog determination to attack a subject until he has mastered it. This same indomitable grit he brought to the team. By his careful and vigilant study of the whole question, by his application, and by his effective delivery Duffy did much to make the negative team feared and respected. Duffy's sparring partner was John Stanton, a newcomer in debating. From his first appearance in the initial preliminary the power of Stanton's clear, logical mind and the cogency of his arguments were cheerfully conspicuous. He made

rapid and extraordinary improvement in delivery as the season developed. Next year we look for Stanton to be one of the closers for the team. If he develops half as much next year as he has this there simply will be no better debater in Indiana.

No one doubted that for the captaincy of the negative team Father Bolger would choose Raymond Gallagher. With the experience of two years of splendid, hard-fought, undefeated debating, and with a long list of victories in oratory culminating this year in his winning the Northwestern Oratorical League Contest, Gallagher came to this, his third and final year of debating, with all the qualifications of a closer. One has to marvel at Gallagher's sheer power as a speaker. He handled the difficult and strategic position of closer with the agility and resourcefulness of the practiced speaker that he is. It is not flattery but merely plain speaking to admit that Gallagher must be rated as one of the greatest of Notre Dame debaters. In all his three years of splendid service many an excellent team he has lost only one debate. Long after he has left the campus his name will live as symbol of debating excellence, of earnest hard work, and of unselfish labor for the honor of the school.

The negative team, like the affirmative, is shattered this year by graduation; for of the five men Stanton alone remains for another year of work.

THE AFFIRMATIVE TEAM.

THE AFFIRMATIVE TEAM.

This year Father Bolger increased the personel of each team to five men and gave everyone an opportunity to debate. The members of the Affirmative team may be ranked with the best Notre Dame debaters. Their record this year has been exceptionally good. Their one defeat was suffered at the decision of the Saint Mary's girls when our Negative team won twenty-three to four. But these young men received an unanimous decision over both Wabash College and Purdue University.

Leo Ward captained the Affirmative. His

experience in public speaking made him a very valuable man. His constructive argument was always well done but he was at his best in rebuttals. Leo's specialty is using his opponents' phraseology and authorities to tear their argument to pieces.

Probably no debater knew the question better than Mark Nolan. He is said to have read everything that was ever written on the subject. Mark is a clear and forceful speaker and should some day be known as one of Minnesota's beacon lights.

Raymond Murch was a very valuable alternate. He withdrew from active competition in order to represent the University at the Peace contest. Ray gives promise of becoming one of our foremost orators.

Frank Drummey was probably the clearest thinker on the team. Frank is a forceful and convincing speaker. He is clever in rebuttaland on more than one occasion has turned the argument upon his opponents.

James Higgins was the hardest worker on the team. At Purdue he outdid himself. His sincerity, his clearness and earnestness gave him the right to be ranked with Byron Kanaley or Tim Galvin. Jim will be with us for two more years and he should be the mainstay of next years team.

THE AFFIRMATIVE ARGUMENT.

The work of the first affirmative speaker was to prove that America cannot afford to collect. It is good business, from America's point of view, to wipe those debts off the international balance sheet. In so far as the debts are ever paid, our best customers must be seriously crippled in their purchasing power. France, for instance, cannot use goods to pay America some two billion dollars, and at the same time exchange those goods for American products. And experience proves that a slight diminution in our Allied markets for cotton, meat, and all basic agricultural products must be reflected in a considerable falling off in the value of the entire crop of those commodities. For the Allies, as all economists agree, pick up the surplus of our farm products, and thereby determine, to a significant extent, the money returns for our crops. Accordingly it is plain that we cannot be paid, except at the cost of the vigor and prosperity of our agriculture and so, of all American industries.

An important question is, Can these nations pay? They have been war-ridden for five years, and their industries are today practically at a standstill. Certainly, as the second speaker proved, they cannot reasonably be expected to pay in full before half a century. And meantime, with huge internal as well ax external debts hanging over them, there is little enough hope for prosperity and lasting peace. England, if we press our claim against her, will turn upon France; and France, as we see, goes armed into the Ruhr, to demand impossible reparations of Germany.

A bigger question, then, is, Will those nations pay? France and Italy certainly have evinced no disposition to begin to pay, and authorities declare that 'no sane Italian has the slightest intention of paying interest or principal on the American debt.'

The third affirmative argument was that in equity a return should not be made on our war-time advances. The Allies, at the cost of 500,000 killed and 500,000 maimed, fought on alone, for a whole year after we had as a nation declared that the defeat of Germany had become our cause. 'For such a service,' says Mr. Clarke, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, 'no amount of money can ever pay.' Our dollars were advanced, not as a business loan, but in the shape of food and supplies to shattered troops who in 1917 fought for us and in 1918 with us against our enemy and theirs. The debts then, though they have a legal status, should in equity be cancelled outright.

THE NEGATIVE ARGUMENT.

The negative team in discussing the question of debt cancellation began with the very reasonable assumption that every just debt ought to be paid unless there are overwhelming reasons to the contrary. The negative failed to find any such overwhelming reasons existing in this case. The eleven billions of dollars which the Allies owe to the United States constitute just and equitable debts, for they were contracted deliberately and in good faith. Some hold that these debts ought to be cancelled as an act of national altruism or as a tardy admission that we did not do our share in the war. But to cancel these debts, while the nations of Europe continue their gigantic military and armament programs, would be mere prodigality instead of altruism. To cancel these debts would mean that American taxpayers would be required to pay annually 400 million dollars more in increased federal taxation than they would otherwise pay. Thus concellation would entail an intolerable injustice to American citizens. A country's love and service for its own citizens should come before its love and services for the citizens of a foreign land. The negative absolutely refused to admit that we failed to do our share in the war. They hold that it was not our war until we actually entered the fight, and that after April 6, 1917, we did our share. Furthermore, America received no material benefit from the war while the spoils of Europe amounted to vast empires. It was argued from results that our ideals and aims differed from those of Europe. The harm cancellation would work on international good faith and credit, so essential to international commerce, was vividly portrayed, and the assertion

was verified by quotations from statesmen and economists like Babson, Hoover, and Hollander.

It was also pointed out that we must not make the mistake of assuming that there is but one alternative for cancellation—that of immediate collection. The Allies might be granted a delay or even a moratorium. It would be folly, then, to refuse to accept payment when our Allies can and ought to pay. Since England our heaviest debtor has already agreed to liquidate her share and has actually made several payments, we need not consider her. France, besides vast stretches of colonial lands, has acquired Germany's iron and coal deposits, and now bids fair to become the most powerful nation on the continent. Italy was transformed by the war into a most important industrial and commercial nation and her future indeed looks bright. Besides other territory she has acquired a strategic position on the Mediterranean which threatens to make that sea an Italian lake. The debts of these three nations constitute ninety *per cent* of our total debts, and the condition of the other Allies is not less favorable. To say then that England, France, and Italy, who have always been creditor nations on the international balance sheet, and whose future is so promising, to say that these nations can never pay what the United States was able to collect in nineteen months is merely to prophesy.

Finally, the negative opposed cancellation because of the great loss America would suffer thereby. It is a fact too little known that in recent years the tax burdens in the United States have increased with much more rapidity and are now actually heavier than in our debtor countries across the ocean. Our tax burdens threaten to hamper our industrial progress. Nor need America fear the overturn of the balance of trade as this is merely a normal phenomenon in an industrially maturing country. If we collect these billions, it will hasten the day on which we are to become a great creditor nation with foreign investments. Once we begin to invest abroad the pace of our international trade will be quickened, for trade follows capital.

CAMPUS COMMENT.

If the K. of C. neophytes had rather a rough time of it last Sunday afternoon, between the goats and paddles that greeted them in the Mishawaka Council's chambers, when District Deputy McMahon's team from Chicago escorted them into knighthood, their sore spots must have been soothed by the words of Mayor Dever of Chicago at the Initiation Banquet that evening. "We need you young men in politics," he said. "Partisanship is disappearing—the candidate of today must be more than a good Democrat or a good Republican—he must show that he has the spirit of good government. We need you to help get rid of the buncombe in politics, and to you and the institutions which teach you your ideals, the men in positions of public responsibility owe the duty of demonstrating that the processes of good government are not more intricate than the process of distinguishing between right and wrong."

Mayor Dever for the first time since his election made public reference to the religious issue injected into the recent campaign by some of his opponents. "Disregard the question entirely," he said. "It is one of those things in American politics which will disappear of itself."

Hon. Eli F. Seebirt, mayor of South Bend, in welcoming Mayor Dever, called attention to the interest which this city has in Chicago through the identity of economic, industrial and police problems of the two cities.

Hon. Quin O'Brien, attorney and lecturer of Chicago charmed his large audience with an address in which he pointed out the opportunity offered to our youths to re-introduce culture into a community which has forgotten it, a country which needs more of Christianity and culture to make it the masterpiece God intended it to be.

Prof. John M. Cooney was toastmaster at the banquet, which was held at the Oliver Hotel. Harry Denny and his orchestra mixed melody with the clatter of knives and forks, and the Glee Club Quartet nobly outlived Prof. Cooney's introduction.

"Greatest informals of the year" are coming fast and furious; but if advertising means anything Jack Norton and his dance committee must have put over a corker in the K. C. Informal at the Palais Royale last night.

Them journalists is a rough and hefty bunch. On Monday last the whole dang crew bummed up some place on the St. Joe stream, and cavorted among themselves, i. e. had a picnic. Wild Dave Engels and Double Dan

Hickey cautpred the dean of the doggone department, Prof. Cooney by name, and siwashed him down the creek in the trusty old battleship, "Spark Plug." On arrival at the place of picnicking the crew was greeted by many of the bummers who had already arrived, whereupon the newly-elected Admiral Prof. Cooney by name) delivered his "honesty" speech No. 58,094. Shortly thereupon the eats was confiscated, including the celery and tea, which was the dessut. Then they had a game of ball, from which the Highlanders, led by Handsome Haecker, emerged winner over the Lowlanders and Furious Flannery. (Nôte: At this juncture it was discovered that apparently some of the junnalists had not heard "honesty" speech No. 58,094). Later everyone went swiming in the puddle. Among the most famous guests were Prof. Hines, Father Foik, Father Hebert, Prof. Farrell, Frank Wallace, etc. Bluecoat Barnhart and Chonney Cavanaugh, who also received bids, chartered the private car "Dove-tail," and made much merriment amongst the junnalists. Pio Montenegro were the man what made it such a gosh-dang success of an affair. All hale to them writers!

At the mass-meeting last Tuesday, The Daily received an impetus which promises to insure its success. Talks were delivered by Professor Cooney and Professor Shuster, after which The Boosters took up subscriptions and pinned "Boost the Daily" tags on everyone. Since then the Boosters have been cornering all who were without tags; Barnhart has been calling meetings at noon at which the subs collected during the day were turned in. Within 24 hours after the mass-meeting subscriptions had passed the one thousand mark. So far the Monogram Club, the Knights of Columbus, the Senior Class and the Boosters are all 100 per cent "Daily."

St. Mary's will shortly be visited by Messrs. Cavanaugh and Barnhart, who intend to "talk intimately" with the girls regarding the advantages of "having a little newspaper in your home," i. e., The Daily.

HARRY McGUIRE.

THE KAMPUS KRIER.

(Until we think of a better name.)

The tournament's the thing. The battle for the tennis trophies ended last Saturday, and now (when it isn't snowing) the golfers are clubbing the ball for honors. The Minims are to stage a tennis tournament during the coming week.

Mark Twain would have smiled to see the boy who walked leisurely away from St. Joe's Lake one evening last week with a home-made pole and a stringer holding a dozen fish. And we venture to say that even the angels must have smiled when they looked across the lake and saw the fellow with rod and reel landing nothing but a couple of three-inch sharks.

Since tennis has become so popular here, there is a tremendous demand for white trousers. S. B. clothiers and dry cleaners report that business is great.

"The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Does this entitle the girls with bobbed hair or the fellows sans late "pers" to any consideration?

NEWS ITEM.

Isaac Cohen drove his new flivver through a Hibernian parade Thursday.

He would have been thirty-one years old today.

SWANK.

Give us this day our daily newspaper.

BOOST THE DAILY.

JUNIOR ELECTION.

By a majority of 66, Donald Gallagher, Ogdensburg, N. Y., was elected president of the Class of 1924 over Conroy Scoggins, Houston, Tex., at the annual class election Friday. Gallagher, a junior in the college of Arts and Letters, received 178 votes, Scoggins, 112 votes. Other officers elected were: Joe Bergman, vice-president; Michael Gibbons, secretary; James Corbett, treasurer.

BOOK LEAVES.

C. O. M.

"The Spoon River Anthology" brought forth the small-town of Illinois, "Main Street" offered the smug village of Minnesota, "Miss Lulu Bett" the garrulous Wisconsin community. Now the Missouri small town—Junction City— is revealed. But like Gopher Prairie or any of the other creations of recent fiction, it is almost undistinguishable from a thousand and one other villages of the middle west. "West of the Water Tower" is not another meticulous examination of the village, nor does it show the small-town revolt of which we hear so much. The events that happen in it are not specifically the events that happen in the small town. They seem only to happen in the lives of certain characters, and the characters can not be separated from their small-town environment. Guy Plummer is the promising youngster just out of high school, eager for himself, for the college days and the career that he sees ahead. Bee Chew is the flapper daughter of Junction City's leading citizen. Their attachment gives the book its story. Youth penetrates the pages, inexperienced, impetuous youth. Guy and Bee, particularly the former, even in their weakness, are superbly human, and the sympathy which the author reveals strengthens their liveliness.

***

"West of the Water Tower," which has been published anonymously by Harpers, is the first of the novels entered in the recent prize competition to be offered the reading public. Numerous guesses have been made regarding the identity of the author, the most frequent choice being Homer Croy. From time to time other of the Harper manuscripts will be forthcoming, reservation having been made of the right to pubilsh any manuscript submitted, whether a prize winner or not. In offering two thousand dollars for the best novel, Harpers probably had in mind the strenghtening of their fiction lists. It is certainly true that Harper books have enjoyed during the last couple of years little of the popularity that the books of other publishers have enjoyed. This has been due, perhaps, largely to the fact, that little of the new blood that has been coming into American writing has turned toward the Harpers house.

***

Frank J. Wilstach, who hunts similes when he is not busy looking after Morosco theater interests (you may remember Wilstach as the compiler of "A Dictionary of Similes"), collecting the best similes of 1922, found these: "The human mind should be like a good hotel—open the year round."—William Lyon Phelps. "Writing is like pulling the trigger of a gun; if you are not loaded nothing happens." —Henry Seidel Canby.

***

The first three pages of the Literary Digest *International Book Review* for May are devoted to a discussion of the best books of the past twenty-three years. Maurice Francis Egan, William Lyon Phelps, Hilaire Beloc, Christopher Morley, Henry Seidel Canby, Gertrude Atherton, Van Wyck Brooks, John Erskine, Carl Van Vechten and Richard Le Galliene lend the eminence of their opinions to the discussions. The absence of any common agreement about the most important books of the present century is noticeable. And in picking their lists of ten, Hilaire Belloc, Van Wyck Brooks and Maurice Francis Egan overlooked American titles altogether.

***

A posthumous novel, "La Belle que Voila," by Louis Hemon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine," is receiving praise at the hands of continental critics. It is probable an English translation will appear during the fall months. In the meantime, Macmillans have published "Maria Chapdelaine" in a French edition for classroom use. The text has been carefully edited to remove French-Canadian terms unknown to the general vocabulary.

***

"Get back to New England," is the appeal of John Farrar, editor of the *Bookman*, writing in the New York *Herald*. Farrar pleads for a return to the Puritan traditions. "There are many of us who thought falsely that escape was necessary in order to find freedom of soul; but there is something in the soil that has given us Emerson and Hawthorne; that gives us today Frost, Amy Lowell and Robison; that spells honest, artistic achievement. If this philosophy is Puritanism let the young be brave enough to forgeo their freedom and come back into the fold."

***

"The Life and Times of Akhnaton" is a romance of the times of the ancient King Tut. Akhnaton is heralded as the father-in-law of King Tut. . . .More than half a million books will be sold at auction at the Brooklyn army base May 24th. The books, which are to be unloaded to booksellers and libraries in large lots, are the remainder of the army libraries maintained by the government during the war. . . .Howard Vincent O'Brien, according to the news from Chicago, has just finished another novel. "Trodden Gold" is still making many friends. . .. Papini's "Life of Christ" has been published little more than a month and already it has gone into eight editions. . . .The *Ave Maria* presses are busy these days when new printings are being made of popular books of the Ave Maria list. . . .Between flitting moments we are catching time enough to read "The Man from Main," Edward K. Bok's biography of his father-in-law, Cyrus K. Curtis.

CHANGE

BY CUNNINGHAM

DIDN'T WE?

A political newspaper criticizing various aspects of the university appeared on the campus at Wisconsin recently.

***

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT.

We are told that the college with the smallest enrollment in America, is at Highland, Kansas, where there are eight students and four professors. This sounds like a minature "Utopia," does it not?

***

DANDERLIONS HAVE GOLDEN VALUE.

"Will ask revival of Dandelion Day Custom," reads a headline in the Franklin College publication, when referring to an ancient tradition of turning loose upon the "yellow scourge of the campus the entire student body, armed with long-bladed knives and overalls. Is there no way these revenue laws can be enforced?

***

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

We all know that Notre Dame is to make its debut into the daily newspaper field next week. And with the proper student sustenance on its trial run, the *daily* will be made a reality for the future; —without that support it will be a complete failure. Surely it is time the sheet was introduced. Nearly every other leading university has had one for some time. In fact, the *Gazette*, of Dartmouth University, was started in 1800, and is today recognized as the oldest college paper in the United States. They even boast of having Daniel Webster as one of its early contributors. Is it not rather coincident that the university's name should characterize Webster's oratory?

***

FACULTY GOLF CLUB'LL SWING GOLF CLUBS.

Even professors are not immune from jealousy. The "profs" of New York University, Columbia, City College of New York and Rutgers, are becoming envious of the students who are getting too much publicity for athletic achievements, and so the "profs" are going to "step out" in a little golf competition of their own. Already they have instituted the Metropolitan Intercollegiate Faculty Golf

Championship, and the first tournament is set on a date early in June. Inasmuch as it will be their first contest, it will be limited to thirty-six holes, to be played in one day. The individual title will go to the player having the best medal score for thirty-six holes; and the team honors will be awarded to the college having the best aggregate score for eighteen holes. If this first tournament stirs up the enthusiasm that it is expected it will, we too, can look forward to the time when the names of the Notre Dame professors will be splured in a banner head across the top of the sport pages in the local papers.

***

AW RATS!

For centuries, even generations antedating our knowledge of the first Olympic games, the ancient Greek athletes have had to train for the approaching contests. And today the athletes must do the same if they intend to wear the olive branch. It appears, however, that in these modern times it is much harder for an athlete to observe the training rules, and so to show to the oarsmen of the crew at the University of Washington, what would happen to them if they ate meat and sweets instead of carrots, parsnips, beets and greens, the coach exhibited all kinds of sick rats that had been feed on meats and sweets. We suppose the experiment caused quite a row among the oarsmen.

***

DOES THIS SOLVE IT?

The *Indiana Daily Student*, in its recent survey of one hundred students, found that the average number of eds at the university devote thirty minutes a day to organizations, while the average number of co-eds devote forty-five minutes to their organizations. Undoubtedly, the fifteen minutes extra are required because the female organizations just mentioned are cosmetical and not social.

***

LIVE WIRES AND DEAD FLIES.

Spring, with its beautiful moonlight nights, its drowsy, languid atmosphere, its sprouting forth of violets, buttercups and lightly green-tinted shrubbery, and its many manifestations of embryonic life, also ushers in the annoying and pestilent fly. Out in the University of California cafeteria, where the contrast in the change of seasons is seldom enough to exterminate the death-breading insects, fly-paper seems to have gone into the discard. They employ twentieth century methods to rid themselves of the pests. They "electrocute 'em." Many three-foot frames are being constructed there with copper wire stretched close together over them. A mild electric current does the rest when a fly crawls over one of the wires. An investigation of this process by our cafeteria management would not be unappreciated, we feel sure.