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*Down these distances our spirits go,  
We who are old, you transiently young.  
Laughter and memory—these are flung  
Like sunlight on fair streams that always flow.*

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# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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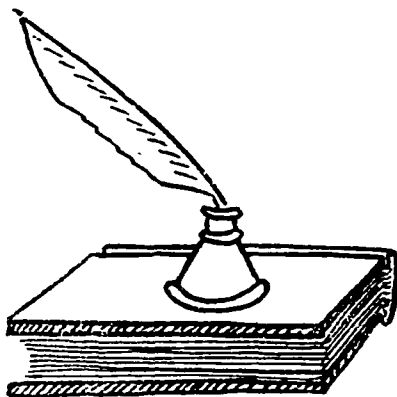
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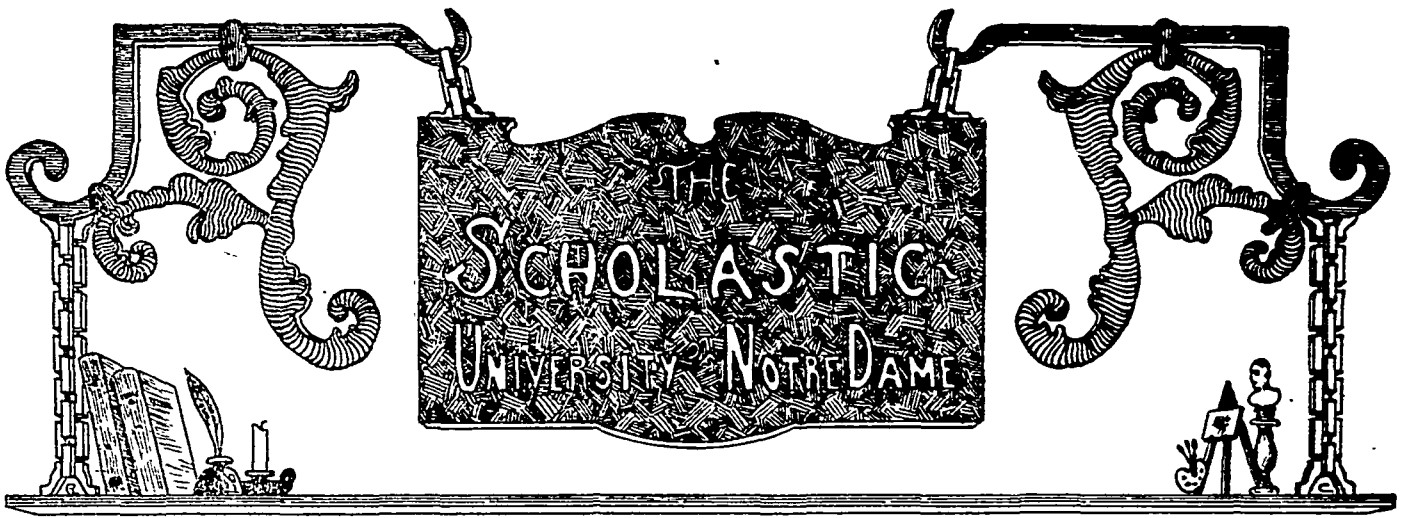
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### DOWN A NEW ROAD.

".... At the ivory gate of Mary's town,  
with a crown on her head like stars.

Her eyes smiled into my soul and smote  
through the dull world's aching bars."

—*Wilfred Childe.*

**T**HIS, as we must suppose everybody can see, is the first issue of Notre Dame's literary magazine. All that sounds a trifle serious, as if what we meant to do were to provide the philosopher with a sign-board for his syllogisms, and the sad-eyed poet with his only remedy—print. But as a matter of fact, things are not just so. During a good half-century the weekly SCHOLASTIC set forth, with malice towards none, whatever could be scraped together in the way of student masterpieces. On the whole we think that many others besides the authors got solace and some cheer from the magazine that showed up, like a friend not too punctual, every week. But with the growth of the school, it has become time to separate the high literary offices of the olden days and to distribute the practise.

Our shingle is new and bright. It represents not a closed corporation, but a constantly growing guild of ambitious writers some of whose names appear on our staff of editors, but the majority of whom will, we

hope, be occasional contributors, at least to our waste-basket. This same basket has been much defamed. The quality of a magazine is dependent to a very great extent upon the weight of the papers which are removed by the janitor at the close of an editorial day. If we can throw into the discard a thousand short-stories, essays and poems a week, we can set forth the literary adventures of the University as they ought to be set forth.

After all this is rather an intelligent school. There are many light-hearted enough to do a skit even if they can't quite manage a sketch. We want to shake hands with all of these. We want them to take an interest in what is being done and help along. If there be any consolation in knowing that the future looks bright, that consolation is hereby extended.

During the past month, Notre Dame has re-opened, with a student crowd larger and more varied than any previous year had seen. We have men who hail, if not from Borneo, at least from near there. We have the bright boys of many a tiny town. Almost every large city is represented. Surely there ought to be a great number of possibilities in the clash of opinion such neighbors ought to bring about here. We hope simply to get the reflection of it into these humble but resolute columns.

—THE EDITOR.

## HUNGER.

L. R. WARD.



WITH something very like a snort of disdain, the Occidental Limited on its way to the coast, halted at the little dust-colored station with the sign "Barrettsville" slouched lazily over its eastern side. Henry Worthery stepped off, caught sight of his trunk as it dove heavily into the grass, and then looked round to see if anything had changed. Not a thing had, for the Barrettsville universe was patiently static. The half-wit whom everybody called "Lawnmower Jim" on account of his profession squatted on the sunny walk paring his fingernails and gargling some worn-out rag-time. Across the street was the lumberyard, its long piles of white wood shining in the afternoon heat. The place seemed languidly proud of its immobility, and Henry knew down to the slightest detail what the rest of his journey would be like. It was his third summer home from law-school, and he didn't return for the Christmas holidays because he couldn't afford to. Even the June trip was re-scheduled into July so that he could earn enough for the fare. But once arrived, the setting swallowed him as completely as if he had never been away.

First, it was always a surprise. Nobody would know that he was coming, not even his mother or the old Judge who made Fourth of July addresses and had promised to take him into the firm. They liked it that way. He would go down the yard-wide concrete walks under old maples and elms, and past twenty or thirty

houses of the seven gable type. Most of the dwellings were falling apart now and the people in them were almost as rickety. At the third crossing he would pass Ullery's. Colonel Silas who had led some of the Iron Brigade in Civil War days, would be sitting on the porch in his brass-buttoned coat, looking vacantly out through great silver-rimmed spectacles at everything or perhaps nothing. Henry could never make out which.

The Colonel watched the stranger with the suit-case all the way down the street from the sunken brick crossing. Then he got up and hobbled to the walk over the grass.

"You're Jim Worthery's boy, ain't ye?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Why sure," this as if he had lived in doubt. "I remember ye. Study-in' law, eh? I hope you are well and takin' keer o' yourself!"

"O yes. And how are you, Colonel?"

"Tollable, suh, tollable. My eyes ain't what they used to be and I'm a bit stiff in the jints. But I kin hoe in the garden yet."

Then he laughed and shook Henry's hand vigorously. Farther down, behind an evergreen hedge and six tall, untrimmed maples was the Worthery home. It had a rambling front porch on which nobody ever sat except his sister with an occasional gentleman who wouldn't come in because it was too late. There was also a square red barn in back which had never stabled a horse since grandfather drove to town from the country. Where was mother? She would be in the kitchen or in the garden hoeing among her cabbages.

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Mrs. Worthery happened to be in the kitchen picking over gooseberries. When she heard the step on the porch she put down her pan, wiped her hands on a pink apron and came to the screen-door. Her hand went to her heart for a moment. Then the tears in her eyes melted into the smile on her lips and she kissed him quickly on the cheek.

"Why here you are again, Henry, all of a sudden," she said. "And there's not a thing for supper!"

"Never mind that, mother," he smiled. "It's plenty to be here again."

For a moment he had to accustom himself to the kitchen. Not that he didn't know it perfectly. Every chair, the table with the worn oilcloth, the stove, and the cracked shades over the windows had been there since his babyhood. But somehow they seemed smaller and more worn.

His sister came out from the front room to meet him. "Henry!" she cried, "Oh, I'm so glad!" and kissed him twice. She was a tall, healthy girl, very plain looking and talkative. During most of the year she taught a school in the country.

The impetuosity of her greeting nearly robbed his breath. "Gracious what a fat one you are!" he jested.

"I'm not a pound heavier than I was last year," she insisted.

"Pounds are getting to be awfully light in Barrettsville," he parried.

She laughed. "I'm so glad you've come, Harry. So glad!" To prove it she commenced setting the table in earnest and went out to get a rose from the garden. His father came home from the blacksmith-shop. Delos Worthery was a tall, stoop-shouldered man with glasses and a look of hardworking seriousness. He

wore a sprawling mustache that drooped over his yellow teeth when he smiled.

"Wal Henry!" he said. "Hope you're well?"

"You bet." They clasped hands firmly. "How's business?"

"Oh, so so. Enough work for an old codger like me." Indeed there was something tired and slow in the smith's movements as he hung his slouch hat on a nail by the door and went to cleanse his hands in the sink.

"Supper's ready," said Mary.

They sat down and said grace quietly. There were cuts of thin shrivelled beefsteak, potatoes which Mary had "riced" for the occasion, lettuce, and large slices of home-baked bread. Milk stood in a pitcher with its handle off, and honey on a flat plate with "Centennial Exposition" painted on it. But they were together again and thanked God.

Mother wanted him to talk about his work, Mary about the school, and father about the country and politics. Instead he got them to tell everything about themselves—such matters as the cat that died and the white peonies which had never been so full in bloom. "Take some more meat," said father. "Yes, and some lettuce. You don't eat like you ought to." His mother held the dish before him and to please her he took a forkful. "Gracious, how thin you are, Henry," said his sister.

"I know I'm thin," he replied frankly. "I've been working pretty hard lately."

He noted how anxiously they followed him with their eyes as if he were a treasure to be guarded. They talked a great while, but when it was nine o'clock they insisted that he

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should go to bed as the trip had been so long and tiresome. When he had undressed and sunken deep into the old-fashioned feathers, his mother called up the stairs. "Henry, is the bed all right?" she asked.

"Splendid," he replied. "Best I've had in a long time." He fancied her smiling below in the darkness and then going in to kneel by the bed in a prayer of thankfulness and love.

The next day he had to make a careful inspection of the garden and praise the tomato vines and the onion bed. Then, too, it was required that he go to the shop and watch his father with the horses. As the farmers came in they asked him about his health, and old Hank Miller who had horses to shoe but was very careless about the bill, made his classic remark, "Mebbe you'll be a great lawyer one o'these days Henry, but you'll never spike a hoss like your dad does." But Mr. Worthery merely looked up with a sly twinkle in his left eye. "Well, maybe I can use him to do a little collectin' for me," he said. The rest of the men laughed.

When it was evening a great barbaric sunset transmuted the sky with splendid alchemy first to a ruby, then to an amethyst and finally to a crown of sapphire set with furtive beads of gold. His mother stood with him behind the screen door in the kitchen and he fancied that he had never seen her face so eager and blissful.

He turned. "I'm going to see Annabel to-night," he said.

A shadow crept into her eyes. "Already?" she asked.

"Yes. Why not?" He knew that she had always been fond of the girl.

"Well, go!" she replied roughly.

Henry wondered a little but went.

Annabel was a young thing, merely nineteen, and fashioned like a cherub with smooth arms and a soft throat like the stem of a rose. When Henry thought of Annabel, it was always as of a rose, tender, red and white, fragrant and thoughtful. Her eyes were green, not placid but eager. That was what he loved her for, the eagerness. Intense and yet calm, he fancied, something like a southern sea come north.

She lived in a house with a great front verandah near the outskirts of the town, and her father was a dairy farmer. Annabel taught school too in the country. He found her sitting on the lawn with her legs crossed under her white skirts, reading. "Harry!" she laughed, dazed a little with delight, rising and holding out both her hands.

He took them. "Are you glad to see me, Bell?" he asked.

"Ever so much. Won't you come in—"

"No, it's too beautiful. We might walk down the road, eh?"

So they walked out past the edge of the town, along a field of barley already in shocks, and on into a wide moonlit meadow where three cows were lying on their sides, undisturbed and reminiscent.

A brook crossed the grass at a pleasing silver angle and when they came to it they stopped. He put his arm around her body half reluctantly half naturally, and saw her face flush even in the dim light.

"Bell, I love you," he said firmly.

"Do you really?" she asked.

"Yes. . . . why?"

She thought a while. "It doesn't seem . . . oh, it's too good to be true, Harry," she whispered softly.

"But it's the truest thing in the world, Bell."

"Then kiss me," she said.

He kissed her many times with her white arms about his throat. But something that was stronger than they were, something that was tender, wise and very old, made them afraid and they stopped abruptly and walked back to the town. Above them stood a cluster of drowsy stars, and ahead beckoned the grey road, endless, prophetic and mysterious: a path that led on and on and might even course back again to the stars.

"I'm through school, Bell, and we'll be married as soon—as it can be done," he promised.

"As soon as it can be done," she repeated happily. It was the most natural thing in the world, happening as if they had expected it, and yet neither of them had loved anyone before. He kissed her again on her father's porch.

"Goodbye, darling," he said, but without replying she turned and ran into the house. When he got home it was half after ten by the old clock ticking in the kitchen. His mother sat in the rocking-chair knitting and did not look up.

"Still awake, mumsy?" he asked happily.

She looked up and he saw that her eyes were full of resentment and something else which he didn't quite understand. "It's a pretty time to be getting home," she said.

Why, it isn't so late," he rejoined.

"What do you call late? I'd like to know. You've no right to be out with a girl at a time like this—"

Her petulance fired him a little. "You might as well get used to it,"

he replied firmly. "I'm going to marry Annabel Southwick as soon as I'm able."

She rose and he observed that her fingers trembled as she drew a glass of water from the sink and swallowed it slowly. "You might have asked us whether you ought to," she replied icily, "and Annabel isn't much."

"Why, what on earth could you have against Annabel?" he asked.

She turned and there were hot tears in her clean blue eyes. "Mother" he cried in desperation.

"I don't want you married," she sobbed, "I want—"

"O mother," he expostulated, "I love her." He tried to put his hand on her shoulder but she pushed him away roughly and walked to the dark window. Her fingers lay on her cheek, and Henry knew that she was hiding the tears. When he was upstairs, he said to himself pityingly, "She's jealous." As he listened, her shoes fell, one by one, on the hard kitchen floor.

After that she was primly reserved towards him. When his visits with Annabel were over, he came home to find the house dark and no one waiting for him. In the day time, too, she scarcely looked at him or spoke. His sister Mary came in one evening as he was trying some awkward chords on the piano. She seemed angry, and fingering a phrase he waited for her to speak. "Mother is terribly cranky, Harry," she confided, "and not a single thing I do satisfies her."

He smiled. "That's because I'm going to marry Annabel Southwick," he confessed.

She looked at him in momentary surprise and then threw her arms



about him. "How lucky Annabel is," she whispered delighted, but when she drew back he saw there were tears in her eyes too.

In his anxiety to get employment Henry called on his friend the Judge. The saggy old wooden stairs creaked in the dry heat, and inside the office long shelves of wrinkled sheepskin dozed languidly. In fact, had it not been for the placid venerable face of the old man, who sat conning a volume of Vergil, the room would have seemed alarmingly insignificant. Yet when Henry had shaken the Judge's hand and smiled back into his kindly eyes, he knew that life would be beautiful, like that. "I've been wondering if you would care to take me in," he said.

Judge Ainsley shook his head. "You are welcome any time, Henry, if you care to come, but I don't think you will care to." He smiled. "Barrettsville is too dead for a live barrister like you my boy."

They talked a great deal, but never got farther than that. Yet when Henry Worthery finally decided to try his luck in a city, he thought rather of his mother than of his prospects. It was impossible, he fancied, to live with her. Accordingly he journeyed about with what money he owned and finally settled down in the legal department of a great harvester company. It was a small enough opportunity and not so leisurely a place as the Judge's office. But when he had time to think, he recalled two things of importance: the happy look in Annabel's eyes and the sadness on his mother's face as she held out a limp hand in farewell. For the first time in his life she had not kissed him goodbye.

"Women are queer," he reflected bitterly. "Not only queer but foolish; not only foolish, but insane." The next moment he concluded that this was a surprisingly accurate definition of sentimentality, and brought down a volume of the Common Law which is at least sane. Finally however the truth came to him: she would get over it as soon as she was hungry enough. Like a wise man he sat him down to wait.

Despite this nugget of wisdom, however, Mrs. Worthery and her son seemed estranged forever. As for Mr. Worthery, he took the news of the engagement with an excited chuckle. "As soon as you can support her, Henry, go ahead. It's all right. Your mother is a little put out about it but she's a strange woman in parts. She's jealous." It amused him to analyze his wife's character and find that tantalizing residuum of awe. He had been analyzing for thirty years and the awe hung fire.

Henry and Annabel were married on the day that Columbus discovered America in the red brick gothic church with its shingles touched with moss. Everyone that liked them came to the ceremony and there was a brief reception at Annabel's home afterward. Mrs. Worthery, however, kept resolutely away. How she passed the time, how fiercely her heart ached, no one knew. But when Henry and his wife came in to say "Goodbye" there were marks of hungry tears under her eyes. "Goodbye," she replied curtly and walked off upstairs into some empty room, perhaps to the one which had always been her boy's with a picture of him, age ten, in a baseball suit.

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"What is the matter with her?" whispered Annabel.

He smiled sadly. "She's not hungry enough yet, darling."

During the months that went by for them in the city, months spent in buying furniture, getting acquainted, and settling down, they received many letters from the village, some out of friendship, some gossipy, and others tinged with experience. But only one came from Mrs. Worthery. It arrived at Christmas time, simultaneously with a large fruit-cake which she had baked and sent directly to her son. The letter told of the death of Colonel Silas, narrated how "Lawnmower Jim" had broken his leg, and explained that the winter had been chillier than usual. But there was no word for Annabel, and it saddened them. "At least, Bell, you may have some of the cake," he jested, "and I know it's good." Occasionally a visitor dropped in on them. Once it was Mr. Worthery and once Annabel's mother. But all they learned of Mrs. Worthery was that she was getting quiet and sad.

When several more months had passed, an omen of great joy appeared in the apartment that had been rented to Henry Worthery for the consideration of twenty-six dollars a month. This omen is peculiar to married people and consisted simply in the fact that some day, not far off, and if everything went well, there would be a Worthery Junior on Monroe Street. It filled Annabel with grave and sweet delight: Henry with absorbed contemplation of a father's possibilities.

"It will be almost as wonderful as a miracle, Henry," she said simply.

"And that's—"

"All that I hope," he replied selfishly, "is that it will be a he."

There were tiny stockings to knit, a doctor to consult, and a layette to be placed carefully in the bottom drawer of the dresser. "Will six rooms be enough?" he questioned, surveying the limits of his establishment with something of disparagement.

"Six rooms? Why, they've been twice too many for us—"

"Oh, I just thought that when the lad gets to playing marbles and raising rough-house—"

"Why he won't be doing that right away, and maybe...he'll be a girl."

He smiled back at her teasing eyes. "Don't you dare Bell," he said.

When the eventful time drew near, she wrote to her mother confiding everything of the happiness she hoped for and the possibility that was just a little to be feared. What Mrs. Southwick posted in reply was a dissertation drawn from experience and no doubt valuable. But two weeks later she was abed with rheumatism and quite unable to leave Barrettsville. With the distressing news before him in the rather uneven hand of Mrs. Southwick and Annabel asleep in her chamber, Henry wrote to his own mother and begged her to come and stay at least until it was over. It was an earnest letter. Yet, when he had mailed it, he found that it was quite impossible to hope in her mercy. So many shadows had crossed their love, it had been old so long ago, that he could recall it but faintly, like the glory of a dream that had been.

On the next day, through the hours of waiting for his first born, it occurred to him sharply that he had also

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been the first born. The thought was strange and vivid, as if he were being born again. He recalled clearly the bedroom door in the old house, the heavy four-paneled oblong whose dark mahogany tint had occasionally been renewed but never changed. As a boy he had sometimes fancied it the lid of a coffin. . . .

Often enough, like the rest of men, he had thought of the beauty of motherhood and the Madonna-eyed magnificence, but now he caught sight also of the great and terrible attribute that crowns it queen: the desolation of the woman who lies low as the earth from which the fruit is taken and rises to be forever and immutably alone. He rose uneasily to look out the window. For the first time in his life he understood a little his old mother's jealousy and the roots from which it sprang.

It was all over finally and a nurse who wore that air of calm detachment which is the property of professional strangers, came out of the chamber smiling buxomly with a bundle.

"Coming through splendidly, Mr. Worthery," she said fluently, "and I've brought you the gift."

Henry gazed on the motionless pink face in amazement. It made him feel deliciously happy or rather prosperous, but not exuberant. He didn't really want to take it into his arms or even to touch it, but still he could have shouted for joy to think it was there.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" he questioned, putting out his finger.

"Girl," hummed the nurse.

"Oh. May I go in?"

After a moment he did, and though Annabel was 'another creature and

scarcely to be recognized, he kissed her. "It's a girl!" he whispered ruefully.

"Oh the darling!" she replied. What would they not have given at that moment for someone near and dear to them, someone who would have gone quite frantic with delight and vowed there never was such a child. But there was no one except the doctor, whose florid face was all professional smile as he twiddled his eye-glasses round and round in a meditative circle.

The doorbell rang and Henry Worthery going down fancied with a thrill that it was a boy with a message from his mother. He turned the knob expectantly, but instead of a message it was a woman who looked up into his face with a sort of wild eagerness. It took him a moment to realize that she was his mother. But there, beyond the shadow of a doubt stood Mrs. Worthery, her slim figure in a dark dress, her grey hair under a new turban, and her worn hand on a bright new traveling bag. A taxi was turning away in the street.

"Mother!" he gasped. "Why didn't you let me know—why, you haven't been in the city for years!"

"Oh, I guess I can get along even in a city, Henry." She was before him on the stairs and he marveled at the youth in her voice.

"How is everything?" she asked.

"It's a girl!" he beamed.

"Bless its little heart."

He followed her up the stairs into the little parlor and through to the dining-room where she put down her bag and placed her hat carefully on the table. Then he introduced her to the doctor and the nurse. They

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smiled to see how tenderly she took the child and fondled it.

"Isn't she big for her age?" she sang, her old hands quivering with excitement.

"A whopper," replied the doctor genially, thrust his hands into his pockets, swayed backward and forward momentarily, and then said: "Miss Brance, our business is in the hands of a receiver. Get your duds."

When the two had gone, Mrs. Worthery tiptoed into the chamber and sat on a chair beside the bed. Anna-

bel lay quiet with her eyes closed, a long time they thought. When she looked up, it seemed for a moment that she was bewildered; in another moment it was surprise and then joy.

"Oh Mother Worthery! I'm so happy!"

The old woman hid the tears in her eyes. "So'm I, child," she whispered smoothing her daughter's hair. After a while she said huskily, "You'd better close one of the windows, Henry, I feel a draft. . . . Isn't it a darling?"

### NOW THESE THREE.

C. R. L.

**T**HERE was Charles Alexander. There was Providena. There was Mary Martha. Charles Alexander was six and of a twilight complexion. Providena was one year and three months. Her small left foot was set in a brace and was straightening rapidly. Mary Martha was twelve, stoutish and spoke with an Alabama accent.

Now these three had a room in the hospital all to themselves where they convalesced and made covenants. Providena sat or lay in a small bed, fenced about by a railing. Charles Alexander was kept behind a railing too; and Mary was mostly Martha being busy about many things.

Now Charles Alexander studied catechism through the heat and travail of the day. Mary Martha heard his lessons, upbraided him, and explained the mysteries. Providena watched, took in detached learning, goo-ood and gurgled.

"Now Charles Alexandah do you know youah lesson?"

"Huh, huh; I studied it two hours, an' I said it all to myself."

Charles Alexander had made such affirmations previously and Mary Martha was not convinced. Certainly not. She shall see.

"What is the grace o' God?"

"The grace o' God?" queried Charles Alexander meditatively. The grace o' God? Whoever heard of such a thing? Certainly not Charles Alexander.

"Well come on, chile," urged Mary Martha terribly.

"The grace o' God?" Surely no person of right mind could ask such a question in broad day.

"That ain't the lesson," protested Charles Alexander.

"Come on, chile, come on. What's the grace o' God?"

"Lay me see the book."

Mary Martha demurred. Might not Charles Alexander take a surreptitious glance under the pretence of finding out if she were asking the right lesson? No, no, Charles Alexander must not see the book.

"Lay me see the book. That ain't what I studied. I know what I studied. I know every bit of it. *She* could

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tell you if she could *talk*." He turned the thumb of his left hand toward Providena.

"What's youah lesson, then? Reckon you showed me this page."

"Well, wasn't I lookin' ahead when States if he could not look ahead? nohow!"

Of course a boy can look ahead. There is no harm at all if a boy looks ahead. Only boys who look ahead become president of the United States. How was Charles Alexander to become president of the United States if he could not look ahead. Plainly Mary Martha was repressing lawful ambition.

"Well, youse certainly showed me this page heah. Page 23, Lesson X."

"But I ken look ahead kent I? Wasn't I just seein what the rest of it looks like?"

Mary Martha capitulated. And so she was reasonable. One could see that. "Sweet reasonableness," Matthew Arnold says somewhere "is the saving of the earth." Mary Martha surrendered then. Keep this in mind when forming your judgment.

"A timely surrender," writes a great war strategist, "is better than a costly victory." All which should serve to satisfy.

"Well then, heah is youah book."

It was not an impressive book. One should say that. The covers were gone. The title page, the copyright announcement, the imprimatur page and that containing the author's announcement had disappeared. Relic hunters had left the ends dog-eared. There were pages missing. The leaves were torn here and there. There were finger prints, and little black splotches, and tear stains. But for all, it was a readable book. A

book, too, that showed usage.

"That's not the lesson. Didn't I tell you?"

Charles Alexander's vindication was complete.

"Well, then, you just show me the lesson."

After turning some pages backward and forward with thumb and saliva, the book was returned at the right reading.

"Well, then, what's the lesson about, chile?"

"The devils."

"This page?"

Charles Alexander bent over to assure himself.

"Huh, huh."

"Do they like you?"

"Nuh."

Mary Martha shook her head slowly. She felt some exposition was required here.

"They like you, if youse in sin."

Charles Alexander enlarged his eyes and compressed his teeth.

"An' they hate you if youse in the grace o' God."

Charles Alexander saw his opening.

"We don't have the grace o' God yet."

"Well, then, chile, if you don't have the grace o' God the devil is in you, an' he likes you—that's all."

That was a very different matter. Not having studied the grace of God, how could Charles Alexander know. And if Charles Alexander did not know, how could he tell whether the devils liked him or not.

"But I didn't study the grace o' God."

"Makes no difference; if youse in sin, the devil likes you, an' lives in you—I expect."

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Then Charles Alexander struck two amber fists against two shining eyes. Tears followed *per se*. Providena looked on wonderingly from where she leaned over the fence of her front yard. To her Charles Alexander in tears was unusual. She cooed, she crowed, then laughed outright. People in misery do not like to be laughed at. So Alexander shut off his grief and turned on a new switch. He was angry. He was very angry. He was furious. What right had any mere child to laugh at an unfortunate boy who might have a devil within him this very moment? It was no laughing matter; so he turned on Providena, shook a clinched fist at her and shouted, "You shut up!"

It wasn't nice, it wasn't the act of a gentleman. But then there is another side to the picture. Is it so pleasant to be laughed at if you has a devil raging within you? Very well.

The big shout of Charles Alexander brought the sister in charge of the floor upon the scene. She was not amazed or affrighted. Such scenes were not new to her. It was not the first time she had been called upon to lull the storm. Indeed not.

"What's the matter here?"

There was matter enough. Charles Alexander shaking clinched fists at a lady, that lady crying aloud and plentifully; another looking on powerless as a straw on the crest of an angry sea. Why ask? Was not this matter? As usual, ladies first. Providena was taken up in arms and sweet nothings about "bad treatment," and "bad boy" and "good good baby girl," were crooned over and over like a sweet phrase in a song. Peace descended. The arbitra-

tor set Providena back on her small bed, smiled at Charles Alexander and was gone.

Mary Martha shifted her point of attack. In the matter of grace Charles Alexander was plainly vulnerable. She knew that. She would try him elsewhere.

"Where is the devil?" she asked.

"In hell."

Not he. The devil is everywhere. The devil goes about like a lion. He devours you if you are in sin because he likes you. He likes everybody who is in sin. So Mary Martha told Charles Alexander. It was all very new and very strange. Decidedly.

"Is he everywhere suah?" asked the bewildered Charles Alexander.

"'Deed he is. In this room. In this very room."

"Don't see him." He looked around, his eyes grown suddenly large.

"You can't see him. Why? 'Cause he don't want you to."

It was all convincing and terrible. And Mary Martha pursued.

"He's everywhere. In youah eye."

Charles Alexander winced.

"In youah mouth."

Charles Alexander closed his teeth very tight.

If Satan was in his mouth he would hold him.

"In youah eah."

A finger went into the ear quickly.

"I don't feel him."

It was mystifying. What right had the devil to be in one's eye or one's ear and not make himself felt? Charles Alexander could not understand.

"Who told you the devil is in my eah?"

"I said he was in your eah, if you was in sin."

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"Oh!"

That was different. Mary Martha modified her position. The devil *may* be in your ear, left the possibility open that he *may not* be in your ear. Charles Alexander was relieved.

At this point in the inquisition Mary Martha was called away. When she was gone Charles Alexander turned his attention to Providena who was lying on her back and wondering why that fly on the ceiling did not fall down.

"You laugh, huh! Yes, you laugh! Bet shu don't know a word of it. Bet shu can't answer one question. Bet shu can't answer one small, tiny question. Bet shu can't read it even." He tossed the book into the enclosure much as the Romans may have cast a Christian to the lions. The book landed on Providena's breast. She ceased to watch the fly and watched the catechism. It was nearer for one thing. Besides it was much bigger. She wondered why Charles Alexander threw it there. He must have had some motive in doing so, since Charles Alexander was a rational being. Certainly Charles Alexander could not be considered as functioning without an end. Certainly not. She put two very small pink hands on the book. She fondled two leaves that faced each other and tore them out. Evidently Charles Alexander had not thrown the book guided by blind fate. Not he.

"You!" shouted Charles Alexander.

He could not decide what else to add. So he re-shouted.

"You!"

Providena decided to fling the book out on the floor and to scream. She did so. It was a moment fraught with possibilities. Charles Alexander very, very angry and his fists clinched. Providena angry and screaming. Mary Martha rushed in. She saw all.

"If you give that chile youah book, of course she'll tear it. Of course she will."

"I jest gave it to her to show her she couldn't read it."

"How can you expect a chile of one yeah to read? I reckon you couldn't read when you was a yeah." Charles couldn't remember that far. Even if he could, he wouldn't have had time to reply, for a nurse came in with dinners for three. Providena stopped screaming and gave herself to a white bottle. Charles Alexander occupied himself at one tray and Mary Martha at another.

Calm fell. A mellow noon sun shone, and all the place was still.

And so there were these three. Providena who lay or sat within her cot while a very small deformed foot was straightening in its brace. Charles Alexander who took on weight and wrestled with learning. Mary Martha who superintended Charles Alexander's Christian education, in addition to being busy with many things.



## A SHORT OFFENSIVE ON FENCE.

L. A. ROACH.

**A** CAREFUL tabulation of everything which successful British authors have said is impressive about a trip across the United States would reveal a remarkable fondness for grain-elevators, department-stores, limited trains and women's gowns. It would uncover a generous appreciation of industrial landscapes club dinners and football games. But it would, I think, fail to include a single reference to the important matter of fence. For fence is important. What characteristic of American landscape is, to say the least, more distinct? Anybody who has traveled at all between cities has seen a larger quantity of fence than of any other thing. It spans the continent more consistently than telephone poles, railroad tracks or macadam highways. Fence is everywhere, keeping cows off corn-fields and industrious hens off lawns, emphasizing patiently the right of private property. A little experience will give one an acquaintance with various species—woven wire fence, barbed wire fence, open mesh fence, fence with wooden posts, concrete posts, iron posts and fibre posts. Hundreds of hired men are kept busy digging holes for its secure establishment; enormous industries manufacture and distribute it; and the number of staples driven to fasten it is staggering. Fence has helped to make the United States. It is a national institution worthy of a place just above lawn-mowers and circus lemonade.

And yet this is to be an offensive on fence. It must be so. This inter-

minable wire webbing is a Caliban advertising, with a leer, the materialism of American landscape. I catch a glimpse of serene woodland, I lose my gaze in the shadows of a lake over which the sun has set a moment ago: and like some poorly bred country yokel, three feet of taut galvanized weave rise to ogle the poetry. Yes, ogle. Iron thread and concrete posts in battalion formation effectively keep any nymph from venturing into our meadows, and trail their prosaic cordons across the radiant enchantment of our country as dismally as a line of officials created by the prowess of Mr. Volstead would file reprovingly past the Mermaid Inn. As a matter of fact, there isn't a single respectable nature-poet in any district where fences are kept up. I am ready to admit, of course, that fences are very serviceable. The venturesome pedestrian is sometimes enabled to recover a tranquil view of life by putting a few feet of substantial wire between himself and some warlike domestic animal. Farmers naturally prefer to keep the cows out of the clover, and pigs must be constrained to accept a modest area. Picnickers even may need the salutary admonition of barbed wire. But...

Utility has a margin. The very idea of fence brings with it a vision of smug confinement and poorly suppressed greediness. It is the symbol of minds limited to the dull philosophy of three meals a day. What a difference there is between being 'hedged in' and 'fenced in'! Citizens born and reared in a country of fences have no itch for what lies beyond. They are scarcely ever vagabonds, philosophers or lovers. The absolute summit of their aspirations is a seat



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in Congress. The occasional exception is so galled by the fenced-in character of his environment that he spends his life being radically rebellious or 'cosmically philosophic.' An instance in point is the well-known literature of the Middle West, province of unexcelled woven wire. It is a grubby, gluttonous, insurgent literature which neither the Brahmins of Boston nor the Argonauts of San Francisco nor the poets of Louisville would have understood. It is the Declaration of a district that is digging post-holes.

These observations are not to be smiled upon, if you please. They concern a cultural problem of such importance that a society ought to be formed at once for the Abolition of the Abominable Blight of Fence. Its officers might achieve popularity

by having interesting titles: the Uncanny Untangler, for instance, and the Destructive Demolisher. We must find a substitute—hedgerows, perhaps, such as are grown in Aquitaine. The old rail fence was charming but, I grant, has become impracticable. If then, it is to be hedgerows we may gain encouragement and disciples by visions of what the countryside of the United States are going to be like when spanned by mile after mile of green shrubbery trimmed in season, where the better sort of birds will settle down, behind which Calypso, fleeing, will hide, and in whose shelter Venus, become more modest, will don her bathing suit before plunging into the silver stream. That is, if there be a silver stream. The wire will look ever so much nicer rolled up.

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### NIGHT.

C. C.

Night in silk sandals, passes quietly,  
Her breath sweet with the odors of November.  
An ancient oak bows to her wistfully:  
He too was young, and loved, and must remember.

For trees, like men, will sadden and grow old,  
And bow their heads and gaze with great, still eyes.  
Night never ages, be she crowned with gold,  
Or her black hair low massed against the skies.

Five thousand years ago, above the grass,  
She scattered dew, a mist veil round her flung;  
Five thousand other trailing years will pass:  
Yet will she step across the wide world young.

Night ages not nor lessens. Lovely was she  
When Deirdre grieved for her Naise cold.  
Women grow thin from age or misery;  
Night's ever fair in drab or cloth of gold.

## COLLEGE DEBATING.

RAYMOND M. GALLAGHER.



WE hear much nowadays about training for effective citizenship. Especially is this true in education, where we find such training being more and more emphasized. In the colleges the decline of mathematics and languages in the curricula and the rise to dominance of the social sciences is evidence of this fact. On the plea that the school must prepare the student to cope with the social and political problems before the country, our universities are offering hundreds of courses in economics, political science, history and sociology. Yet, with all this attention and elaboration, the practical results obtained have been far from inspiring. The college graduate, with his many advantages, lacks a proper appreciation of his civic duties and responsibilities. He is not always a good citizen. By a good citizen, I mean one who keeps tab on public affairs and who is anxious to improve the social and political conditions of his community and state. The good citizen not only votes regularly and conscientiously but also welcomes any opportunity for political office or other public service.

Educators are certainly right in asking the colleges, living on society, to produce social leaders and uplifters; but, speaking generally, the colleges have not done so. We meet many students ambitious to become learned jurists, skilled engineers, clever writers, successful business men or saintly divines, but pitifully few are those who feel keenly the

necessity for social and civil improvement, and who long to play a leading rôle in this task. Men take from the classroom some knowledge of social theories and problems, but little inspiration towards social action and the practical realization of their theories. Indeed, it would seem that an academic study of politics and economics often makes men supercilious cavillers, with a contempt for civic affairs. If the student does receive any stimulus to civic leadership, it comes usually from outside contacts and influences, from other than classroom activities. Of these extra-curricular agencies, that which has probably done more than any other in equipping college students for the tasks of effective citizenship is college debating.

Debating, either through the literary society or intercollegiate contests, is one of the oldest features of American campus life. It arose spontaneously in the colleges during their nascent years, at a period in our national history when political thought and discussion preoccupied the people. For a century the country seethed with debate—first on the Revolution, then on the Constitution, and finally on slavery—and this fierce agitation was reflected in college thought and activity. Debating in the schools naturally flourished most during these years. The debating society often assumed a greater importance to the students than did the curriculum itself, and scholastic and social honors were thrown aside in the race for forensic supremacy. It was in such a training school that many of the giants of American statesmanship learned their A. B. C.'s. This condition lasted until recent

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times, when the rise of social fraternities and intercollegiate athletics forced all student activities of a mental nature into the background. Yet for an active minority forensics have remained an important factor in college life. This is especially true of the smaller colleges of the middle West. Though the state of affairs in America is far less healthful than in England, where at Oxford, for instance, the highest honor which can come to any student is the presidency of the Union—a debating society—there is hardly one American college which does not have its debating societies and intercollegiate debating teams.

Debating has many valuable attractions which explain its place and longevity in college life; not the least of these is the equipment it furnishes for effective citizenship. Although there can never be—fortunately—any stereotyped process for molding American citizens, there are certain qualities which help a man in the performance of his civic duties. The good citizen is free from prejudice and able to see both sides of a question, through still having strong convictions on the right side; he has a taste for public affairs; and if he aspires to leadership he is usually able to express his ideas well in public. These are the qualities which debating may nurture among college students.

There is no quality more urgently needed among citizens of today than the ability to realize the two-sidedness of nearly every public question. Many of the present social menaces, such as the Ku Klux Klan, arise only because men possess one-chambered minds, choked with prejudice and

closed to the admission of anything except their own preconceived ideas. Prejudice, blind partisanship and bigotry are the property of no particular class or creed; neither are they incompatible with a higher education. Yet the ideal citizen and true civic leader must rise above this petty spirit and view the issue under consideration broadly, from every point of view. It was this quality which raised Washington, Clay and Lincoln to the heights of supreme statesmanship, while the absence of it made Roosevelt and Wilson less than of the first rank.

College debating is admirably fitted to foster this broadminded outlook in the embryo citizen. The first thing the young debater learns is that practically every public question is debatable, that perfectly reasonable and intelligent men may believe in either side, and that to find the truth he must know the best to be known about both sides. He is taught to expurgate prejudice and passion, and view his question objectively. As a result of such training, he becomes dubious about passing immediate judgment on questions presented to him and, unlike the ordinary man, does not allow his prejudices or predilections to carry the day. This quality of broadmindedness and sanity of view is much needed in the affairs of citizenship.

Yet this quality alone is not sufficient; it may soon lead to chronic compromising or pussyfooting. It is important to see both sides of a question; it is much more important to find the right side eventually—to come to some definite conviction. Here again training in forensics is valuable. On ordinary public ques-

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tions most college students have no convictions worthy of the name. Opinions which they do hold are ordinarily the result of prejudice and lack a solid foundation. In a class in politics, for instance, it is found that when opinion is called for on some current public issue, ninety per cent of the students have no opinions which they care to defend in argument. As students, of course, they should not be expected to have made up their minds on all questions; yet they should be beginning to reach convictions on certain public issues, and only by studying and debating various problems, thrashing out the arguments on either side, can this be accomplished. In debating, the process works something like this: A certain subject of current interest is chosen for debate. The student knows very little about it and having no strong convictions on either side is willing to debate pro or con. As he reads through the literature of the subject, considering the various arguments, and hearing them tested in the crucible of active debate, the issues clarify, the chaff is thrown out, and the truth appears. After the debate, the debater knows on which side lie his convictions, and why. Often as not this is the side he opposed in debate as it is the side he defended. Thus he learns early in life not to decide a question hastily, on surface indications, but to go to the bottom and find the real issues, until he reaches an opinion based on reasons which he can intelligently support. In civic affairs, a man so trained is not likely to be a blind follower of the crowd, swayed by the passions of the hour, but a sober citizen who believes in certain principles,

and has reasons for his beliefs. The training in logical, clearheaded thinking which debating gives—a training which all the logic books in creation can not impart—helps him to see the light.

Yet this training and equipment is without value unless used. The ideal citizen must add to it a permanent taste for and interest in public problems and affairs. The greatest problem of our democracy is to arouse such interest—to bring to the citizens the realization that the tariff may be as important as the movies, or the League of Nations of more vital concern than the home-run record. Were one to judge our form of government by the display of knowledge on current public affairs shown by the average citizen, he would conclude that it was not a democracy at all but a benevolent despotism, in which a few men did all the thinking. If the average man ponders over public questions, it is only during the hectic weeks of carnival preceding election day. But if his education has included the public debating of many questions of current interest, his taste is inclined towards such discussion. Unionism, the World Court, government ownership, prohibition, primary elections, constitutional changes, financial problems—through studying and discussing questions like these the college debater acquires both a solid background of knowledge of perennial value and a fondness for public discussion in general, which should make him a more efficient and aggressive citizen.

The primary tasks of popular government have been set down as two: To train up leaders, and to induce the masses to follow the wisest

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leadership. College debating helps in both tasks, especially in the latter. In a direct and practical way this is shown most conspicuously in the training for public expression which it imparts. There has always been a great deal of nonsense going the rounds about the lost art of public speech and the decline of the orator's power; but to any competent observer it becomes increasingly apparent that in nearly every field of human endeavor the man with the gift of ready and forceful speech wields a weighty influence over his fellows. Especially is this true in civic affairs. In leading public opinion and influencing public affairs speaking ability is certainly valuable, if not essential. Unless his other qualities are defective, the man with the power of speech can today, as always, get a hearing and command a following.

Although the opportunities for the orator and the necessity of his art are no less now than in Webster's time, there has been a decided change in the methods of public speech. On the whole, it is a change for the better. With the marked rise in the level of public intelligence and the spread of public information through the press, the people have become more and more exacting and critical of their orators. Bellowing and declamation will no longer do. The people will not flock round an orator today and listen in open-mouthed adulation to his hours of platitudes and generalities. He must have something worth saying and must say it in the shortest time possible with the least commotion. Once an audience was interested primarily in a speaker's manner; now it is his matter that counts. Hence the stilted ora-

tory of "the golden age" has been replaced by vigorous, straight-from-the-shoulder talking. The influential speaker of our times must be simple, clear, brief, forceful and always to the point.

It is precisely this style of public speaking which is engendered by college debating. The time limit placed on debating speeches forces the student to throw out all unessential matter and to reduce his speech to concise statements of facts, supported by clear-cut argument. He is taught not to become grandiloquent and dramatic, but simply to make his hearers think and feel with him, which is the substance of all true oratory. The value of college debating in training for effective public speech and in setting a new and higher standard for the art in this country is well stated by Dr. Sheldon in "Student Life and Customs:" "Our national style in oratory has been referred to in the past as turgid and inflated, as aiming to conceal poverty or triteness in the thought by profusion of ornament, and appeals to sentiments too lofty for the subject or occasion. It is when contrasted with such a style that we are able to appreciate fully the training which the college debate is offering the youth of today. The careful preparation, the absence of display, the analysis of argument, lay the foundation for a new style of public speaking. It is when contrasted with the speeches delivered in legislative bodies that the merits of the new mode of training become apparent. A competent observer has said that the average intercollegiate debater speaks with more clearness and accuracy than the ordinary member

of the national Congress."

In this paper we have tried to show the necessity for doing something in our colleges towards training civic leaders and making for more efficient citizenship among their students. We have adduced several reasons to support our belief that college debating is especially well-fitted to accomplish this purpose, and is therefore a valuable adjunct to the college curriculum. Debating imparts a liberal

broadminded point of view which, when applied to civic affairs, wipes out prejudice, partisanship and bigotry; at the same time it gives a facility in finding the truth and reaching solid, definite, defensible convictions; it makes for a knowledge of public affairs and for a taste for civic discussion; and by training in effective public speaking it affords a weapon of power and influence in civic life.

### PUBLICITY AND PROBITY.

HENRY W. FLANNERY.

ST. PAUL is no longer the preacher in the market place. His position has been taken by quacks who talk on subjects that pay, while the evangelist is in a forsaken corner. In the people's bustle about business there, in their haste to find bargains and to make money, they have little time to listen, little time to investigate truths, and they spend the time not in harking to truthful bits by dethroned St. Pauls, but in gaping at the bits of scandal, crime and vice told by the enthroned publishers of perversion. The press, invented by a believing Catholic and first used to print Bibles and religious matter, is now busy printing *Hot Dogs, Snappy Stories*, and daily bulletins of a world's progress in filth.

News, according to the decadent standards of a new journalism, is not truth, but filth. "A sensational press," cleverly remarks Chesterton, "is one that tells the truth," for this filth, though the world may be, and may not be, worse morally, is not truth but a distorted image. "American

newspapers are getting worse and worse every year, most of them," the late Lord Northcliff remarked just before his death. "No civilized country in the world," reflects Charles Whibley in *Blackwood's*, "has been content with newspapers so grossly contemptible as those which are read from New York to the Pacific coast." The man on the street frequently asks a significant question. "Is that the truth," he says, "or is it just newspaper talk?" Application to the situation are the words of Pope Pius XI. "Our time needs," he said, "more defenders of the truth with the pen than defenders of the truth on the pulpit." The words are strong but indisputable. The newspapers, though their direct influence because of their waning reliability is decreasing, are yet influential—but not in a good way. They are still moulding minds and are to a large extent responsible for the present excessive freedom and license. They distort actuality and present immorality in a lurid, luring light, make its prevalence seem more common than it is, and thereby serve to increase immorality.

This evil power is alarming. It is

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a Frankenstein monster that only time and sensible action by the people can conquer. It is the more terrifying because the press is so great. The press is a part of the lives of millions, which reaches the millions seven times a week, going into every home and being for many people almost the only thing read. Children swallow the divorce stories of men and women who whirl in abandoned delirium beneath the colorful calcium of an exaggerative press. Impressionable youngsters read the details of a butterfly's fall from the singing of a flaming candle.

What the world's vicious part eats, wears, does and thinks, is not news, though it is presented as such. The newspapers should print real news. Men should be able to turn to them to read about what the world really does. "There are many problems in which the people are vitally interested," says Bishop Joseph Chartrand, of Indianapolis, "and they naturally turn to the newspapers for a plain statement of facts and incidental interpretations given by men, specially trained, placed in a position to acquire authentic information, and presumably honest in dispensing it. The need of such men, of honest character and highest technical skill, to do this important work, is manifest."

Counting-room syndicalism, as Maurice Francis Egan calls it, is ruining the press. The press is not essentially evil—not at all—it has merely become too much a business, too much a competitive machine, and since no ethics has governed the fight among competing newspapers, any means has been made use of to gain circulation. "The press of our great cities," says Hilaire Belloc in his book

on the Jews, "is controlled by a very few men, whose object is not the discussion of public affairs, still less the giving of full information to their fellow-citizens, but the piling up of private fortunes. As these men are not, as a rule, educated men, nor particularly concerned with the fortunes of the state, nor capable of understanding from the past what the future may be, they will never take up a great movement unless it is forced upon them. On the contrary, they will waste energy in getting up false excitement upon insignificant matters where they feel safe, and even in using their instruments for the advertisement of their own insignificant lives. In all this, the modern press of our great cities differs very greatly from the press of a lifetime ago. It was not always owned by educated men, but it was conducted by highly educated men, who were given a free hand. It debated, upon either side, real contrasts of opinion upon these matters. This modern press of ours does none of these things, but precisely because it is reluctant to express real emotion it does, when the emotion is forced upon it, let it out in a flood. Just as it would not tell the truth when a thing is growing, so when it reaches an extreme, it will not exercise restraint. On the contrary, if the 'stunt' be an exciting one, it will push it [once it has made up its mind to talk about it at all] in the most extreme form and to the last pitch of violence."

Crime news is a particular means of gaining circulation. Those newspapers which give it the most space and best position have most readers. Crime news costs but is a good investment and attracts the many, who

though of the more primitive and less desirable class, still count in total circulation figures and make the money by their patronage and by the advertisements. *The Quill* stated in a recent issue that newspapers are estimated to have spent \$100,000 in maintaining 80 reporters and feature-writers at New Brunswick, New Jersey, during the Hall-Mills murder case, aside from the telegraph and other costs in handling the story out of that city. The stories cost more than money. Outside of their evil influence on those spoken to ["His newspapers [Hearst's], or clippings therefrom have been found on the men who assassinated McKinley, and have shot at Mayors Gaynor and Mitchell," says Oswald Garrison Villard] they do even greater evil to those spoken about. No man's life is secure from prying reporters. The personal details of even an innocent person's life are sought out and told to a gaping public. Mrs. Hall was a "martyr to newspaper sensationalism," even reporters say. *The Editor and Publisher*, in a recent editorial, cited another of the daily recurring cases:

"Within the last few weeks a lady of the easy way was found murdered in her bed in New York. In life the white lights had blazed for her, so that made her murder news. . . .

"Then, the newspapers, comparable only to a mob with the cry for blood on its lips, turned on an innocent wife, a girl of fourteen and a boy of twelve [the family of the man in the case], wrenched their hearts and brought them to their knees—innocents pinioned on the altar of sensationalism, offerings of the most despicable form of newspaper making.

"The carefully carried out campaign of character-assassination directed against the innocent wife and children of J. Kearsley Mitchell is one of the most disgusting exhibits of recent years. Its counterpart in America can be found only in the massacre at Herrin and the torture wheels of Bastrop.

"The reporters who sneaked in the shadows and looked under drawn blinds to write only of a sorrow-torn woman's red swollen eyes, or a child's cry for its daddy are equally guilty with the newspapers that stopped to fill their columns with gloating accounts of the unjournalistic practices of themselves and their representatives. There are no excuses for anyone concerned in this story.

"Is there nothing more to journalism than this? Are its ideals of real service nothing but an idle boast? We don't believe that.

"It's not too late to make amends; the fangs of sensationalism have this time sunk too deep for that, but another time is coming.

"Then, when a mother is trying to lead her children through fires of hell, let's stand by her, LIKE MEN."

Newspapers seem to have lost all regard for decency and truth. The infinitive story is one of the most frequent hoaxes. France About to Make Peace, and Chinese Bandits to Raid the City, according to the headlines of one day. The next day the poor reader intends to read more about France making peace or Chinese bandits taking Peking or whatever city it is, and they can find nothing about it, merely more things are headlined about to happen. Yesterday Turkey to Make New War said the headlined streamer: today one



can't tell whether Turkey's plans fell down or whether she really had such plans. And one will never find out, for the plans of Turkey has just been a means to sell a day's paper.

Deliberate falsification of news and facts has also been shown. During the war one newspaper in New York was proved to have written its war stories in its New York offices with no other data than a map of the field, and knowledge of yesterday's position according to another paper. With this before him, the reporter wrote a story of battles on European fronts, a story that the poor public believed to have been written on the battle front, for it was so marked every day. Mr. Villard, previously quoted here, makes many serious charges against the newspapers. One of his statements made in an address entitled, "Some Weaknesses of Modern Journalism," follows:

"This newspaper (one in New York which prints a Sunday edition, and has the task to produce big headlines in order to sell the newspaper) and one in Washington, D. C., printed positively diabolical issues, deliberately calculated to infuriate the public against the people of Mexico, for they contained terrible stories of Americans in the city of Mexico, which were, of course, wholly without foundation."

Instances of untruth that have to do with Catholicity are common but that forms a subject worthy of separate treatment. The editor of *The Record*, a Catholic paper of Louisville, Kentucky, compiled a book of his letters to the editors of Louisville papers regarding errors in articles about Catholics and Catholicity. The book shows how many errors on such

subjects may enter the columns of even careful newspapers. The cause is not only prejudice and ignorance, but even, oftentimes, the attitude of many Catholics, who, remembering errors regarding Catholic matter appearing in the papers before, mistrust the reporter and refuse to give him any information—thus making further error likely. But the attitude of readers in general is also to blame. When Peter B. Kyne made his "Cappy Ricks" a Knight of Columbus secretary in his war stories in *The Cosmopolitan*, readers complained. "Why not print the Pope's picture on the cover of the next issue?" one bigoted reader asked. For such reasons, newspapers sometimes do not print the Catholic side of subjects, oftentimes when they should do so to be fair. A Ku Klux Klan speaker recently made some untrue charges against the Catholic church, and his address was printed. A short and temperate letter proving the falsity of the charges was sent to the editor of a paper that printed the address, but the letter was not published. But good space has been given Catholic matter—the death of Pope Benedict XV, the election of Pius XI, and the death of Cardinal Gibbons, for instance.

But in these latter cases, however, the newspapers might justly be accused of printing the stories merely because they were events that would be means of gain. If the story sells the papers, tell the story, is the guide. But newspapers are realizing the need of an ethical standard to guide them. They are realizing that their intemperate banquets of immorality are dangerous and must end. Many codes of ethics have recently been

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drawn up as suggestions. A national gathering of newspapermen drew up one, and began it by saying:

"The primary function of newspapers is to communicate to the human race what its members do, feel, think. Journalism, therefore, demands of its practitioners the widest range of intelligence, of knowledge, and of experience, as well as natural and trained powers of observation and reasoning. To its opportunities as a chronicle are indissolubly linked its obligations as teacher and interpreter....

"Responsibility. The right of a newspaper to attract and to hold readers is restricted by nothing but consideration of public welfare. The use a newspaper makes of the share of public attention it gains serves to determine its sense of responsibility, which it shares with every member of its staff. A journalist who uses his power for any selfish or otherwise unworthy purpose is faithless to a high trust....

"Sincerity. Truthfulness. Accuracy. Good faith with the reader is the foundation of all journalism worthy of the name.

"(a) By every consideration of good faith a newspaper is constrained to be truthful. It is not to be excused for lack of thoroughness or accuracy within its control or failure to obtain command of these essential qualities.

"(b) Headlines should be fully warranted by the contents of the articles which they surmount."

Journalists, themselves, are realizing the need of standards to keep the conscienceless publishers within some limits. Newspapers and their organs in many sections of the coun-

try have suggested codes of laws. The national code is indicative of the sentiment but means little as long as newspapers do not sincerely adopt it, and this will not be done until the people realize the danger of being continually buncoed about news. Morality, not money, must be the guide of true journalism. In the introduction to "A Code of Newspaper Ethics," prepared by the journalism department of the University of Notre Dame, the case is well stated: "The newspaper is the most powerful modern instrument in the shaping and guiding of the thoughts of individuals, communities and nations. It is as necessary a means to public welfare as art, science, engineering, or law, and since it is a definite institution of society existing for society's good, it must act in conformity with certain definite ethical principles."

Satisfactory principles must be simple. Common sense is their best basis, with generally accepted principles as guides. Truth, accurate, thorough, impartial, and charitable; human welfare, respecting the rights of individuals, and groups, and working for their betterment in health, education, charity, recreation, politics, intellection, and generally, are fundamental guides, that embrace every duty of the press. The newspaper's relation to truth is well stated in the Notre Dame code.

"It is the first duty of every journalist to be sure that all the news he prints is true. News should contain no more than actual happenings, and each story should contain all the details essential to a complete understanding of the story.

"Deliberate falsification, exaggeration of news, distortion of news by

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partial suppression, by playing up unimportant news, by coloring news, or by implications of any kind, the result of which is to create a false impression, are all forms of untruth and should be avoided. . . .”

An understanding of what is legitimate news is necessary. A definition of it should make a careful distinction between crime and vice, should make it plain that an individual's privacy is sacred until his acts are of public concern and importance. Private vice is not news, but vice may become so common that it becomes news. Crime is directed against society and should be given publicity insofar as it is of concern and importance to society. In publishing crime news the private affairs of individuals should not be made generally known, as is flagrantly done now.

Such standards as these suggested, are ideal and will never be more than ideals, but they can be approached much nearer than now. They have

been nearer realization—much nearer. Newspapers will attempt to make them their guides if the public demands it. There are papers that try to print the truth. When men buy others than these, they buy what is false and cheat themselves. It is unreasonable to suppose men would willingly seek to be duped, but it is a fact, for men support unfair games of chance at parks and fairs, they consult fortune tellers, and they succumb to the trickery of clever spiritualist mediums. Some men pay but realize they are being duped, while others believe they receive much for their money. St. Paul and his few truth tellers over in the neglected part of the busy market place world are talking to a few. Will the many who throw their coins to the lying and twisting quacks continue to urge the fakers on? Or will the people demand truth and sincerity of those who should tell them real news?

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### COMING HOME.

JOSEPH C. RYAN.

Each slope and bend along the shady road  
Reflects a part of those dear boyhood days,  
Now almost lost in memory's faithless haze.

And every farm with homelike old abode  
Brings back a thought of those good folk I knew.  
Each path and field recalls its story, too.

In those glad days, carefree I used to roam  
About these woods, along these curving streams,  
While high hopes came with childhood's happy dreams.

And now again I tread the path to home  
And lose myself in new-found ecstasy,  
As youth's old spell completes my reverie.

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### IT HAD TO BE DONE....

LAWRENCE W. O'LEARY.

**O**LD man Bissell sat before the open fire. The deadened light from the curling flames shadowed the time-deepened lines of his forehead and face. The glow of the embers seemed once more to dimly color his hair, long since turned grey. All the while he chatted with me he smiled a little.

As he talked along, I caught glimpses of these seventy-five years, fruitful and peaceful, that had left the kindly light in his eyes. He told me of his childhood days along the Mississippi; then how, as youth came, he had married, wandered westward, and had spent ten years on a lonely little farm on the Kansas plains; then how he had moved farther west in search of the gold that men were telling about; and how finally he had given up mining and had taken up several hundred acres of rich ranch land in a virgin valley; where he had spent the best years of his life.

Many changes had taken place but the old man had never grown tired of telling his tales of the Great Plains, and he never seemed to tell the same story twice.

The fire on the grate had burned low and as I replenished it with fuel the old man arose, stepped to the mantel, reached for his aged pipe and began to fill it with tobacco. Pipe filling was a process that to be done properly, he thought; and by the time he was seated again, the newly-kindled fire was blazing brightly and the great puffs of smoke that arose from his old brier were flushed a second by the fire's reddish glow

before they disappeared mistily.

The stage was set. The old man had been silent for several minutes, and I knew a story was brewing. The little smile deepened. His eyes were a little brighter and sure enough he asked me if I cared to hear a story. He was really very sure of himself, but he always asked. He thought a moment, took several huge puffs; then began:

"There's something about that fire that put me in mind of one I'd swear I'd almost forgotten. 'Twas 'long ten years before I traveled out to Kansas that the U. P. laid the first rails that had been put down in that state. The service wasn't much in them days but a feller could get across better'n in an old wagon, anyhow.

"One day I got a letter from a fellow whose folks had lived neighbors to us back in Missouri and who was comin' out to look for somethin' to do. He said in his letter that he knew I'd be able to help him. He'd been out to see us once before and I was right glad to hear of his comin' ag'in. He said if 'twere possible he'd like to have me meet him when he got in, but that if I couldn't come he'd make it out allright by foot as he knew the way tol'able well.

"As I said, I was glad to hear of his comin' 'cause it had been a mighty lonely stretch; so after supper of the day he was due to arrive I starts to hook up and drive to town to meet him. 'Twas only five miles and I figured I'd make it by eight, when the train was due. I had the old mare about half harnessed when I heered the baby cryin'. And there Mother was, nearly frantic tryin' to stop the blood that was gushin' from the little fellow's hand. You see, he'd been

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playing with a tumbler on the floor and had broken it cuttin' a right deep gash in the palm of his hand. There was no chance of me goin' to meet the train then, and anyhow I calculated he could walk it in two hours. 'Twas about nine that we got the baby quieted and that he and the wife went to bed.

"I was noticin' all evenin' that there was a mighty strong wind blowin' to the east and 'twas long about nine thirty that I noticed it gettin' worse.

"I'd been goin' to the door about every ten minutes to see if the fellow was comin' and when it seemed to me that I heered the wind roarin' louder I went to the door again. I stepped back in horror. A mile and a half south and east the sky was red with flame. I'd been fearin' a fire for some time for the grass was drier than ordinary. I ran out the door to test the wind and thanked God it was blowin' due east and toward the river bed. I knew it could never cross there. But my heart nearly stopped when I thought of the fellow that was comin' and as I saw that the fire could not turn back towards our place I lit a lantern thinking I'd walk out a piece in the direction of town and see if the fellow was in sight. I hadn't gone far when I saw a figure runnin' toward me. In a second I knew it was the fellow, and I wasn't right quick at

blamin' him for runnin' for fear of the fire. But something else was wrong. He couldn't speak and his body quivered from head to toe. In the lantern light his face was whiter than a ghost's. I couldn't get him to say a word; and so I took him back to the house and let him go to bed. I sat up a couple of hours but all I could figure was that he was jest plum skeered.

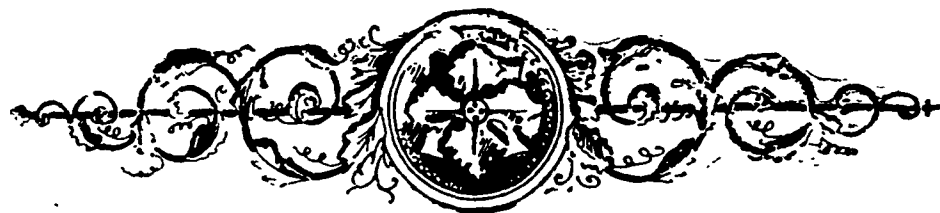
"Early in the morning a rider woke me and told me the damage the fire had done. Three places west of the river and every soul on them had been wiped out.

"Then I went to wake the fellow. I rapped on his door; no sound. I opened it; he was gone! The window stood open. In a moment I found a note he'd scribbled by the lamp light. What it said I've never told a soul before."

The old man's voice grew husky as he quoted what had been written in the note.

"'My God! I had to do it. Their hot breaths stung my face. One of them snapped flesh from my leg. I didn't have a gun; only matches. I'm lower than a coward! A murderer! But, God,—those watery mouths and shifting jaws!'"

The old man stopped. Something hurt him. Then he cleared his throat and smiled a little. One more story was finished.



## JAMES STEPHENS: A MAGICIAN.

G. N. S.

OF all the roads that lead to fairydom in Ireland there are two of especial interest for our generation. The one is that which Pearse and MacSwiney and Tom Kettle followed into the thin air where spirits no longer have names but are become ideals tingling with energy to their very fingertips. Now these have all gone and we can follow them only in memory or desire. The other road, just as strange and compelling, wanders off into a mist that is like a cloak under which a child sits laughing and imagining. Superlative magic shows the way and the magician is Mr. James Stephens. He is very well known but not often discussed: which is the rarest honor an artist can receive. From this I haven't the faintest desire to subtract, and what follows will be merely—gossip.

When a man does as much of his work in poetry as in prose, you are naturally inclined to look at the verse portion first, out of respect for royalty among the muses. But no amount of approval, indulgence or benignity can alter the impression—now quite general—that Stephens is pinched by the boots of poesy. Nor is it altogether a matter of breaking them in: *Insurrections*, his first little volume, looks very much like the best, although others do not lack agreeable oddity or revealing fire. And so one may be pardoned for entertaining this Irishman's verse at tea and bidding his prose come to dinner.

Thirty pages of *Mary, Mary*, *The Demi-Gods*, or *The Crock of Gold* are enough to whet anybody's appetite

with their fine whimsicality, shrewd tugs at the heart, and grace of diction. Sober critics have frisked amiably after such a meeting: "This note of joyfulness, so unmistakably from the heart that it thrills me even when merely thinking of it..." begins Mr. Robert Shafer, reminding one of an eloquent response to a toast, in days when toasts were matters of importance. And, indeed, Stephens' prose has many of the qualities of mellow Irish whiskey: it is the product of conscientious, wholesome artistry, vitalizes a pensive mood with bright and agreeable laughter, and is not meant for a portion of everyday diet. Energy of conception never loses sight of amiableness in these books, which combine the human with the non-human, the wit with the half-wit, in a spirited embrace. There are many things in them not quite sensible, in more ways than one, but everything seems established and content.

In reply to the possible query, "What is Stephens driving at?" it may be pointed out that he displays, fundamentally, a fondness for donkeys and an abhorrence for policemen. There is a very pleasant donkey in the *The Crock of Gold* who debates a grave problem with a spider, and another in *The Demi-Gods* whose intelligence is a challenge. Patsy Mac Cann, owner of the second donkey, whose vagabondage entertains the angels unawares, is the scorner of policemen and social mandates generally; and the officer of the law is belabored first in *The Crock of Gold* and then in *Mary, Mary*. This attitude is, of course, significant. Donkeys are symbols of complacent contemplation, as Stephens understands that.

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Having been dragged into the business of providing for the human race, the donkey becomes much more intimately related to it than you or I imagine, and could tell us certain quite fascinating things about the Nature that hems us round. The policeman, however, stands for order, custom, the letter—everything which is stupidly proud of itself while shutting up the soul in a box. Stephens always manages to give him the worst of it, all the more readily, perhaps, because it is so simple for an Irishman to become a policeman.

Now for a peep into the books. *The Demi-Gods*, I shall permit myself to believe frankly, is the weakest of Stephens' books in spite of Patsy MacCann, his daughter, his beast of burden, and the angels they entertain. The symbolism of the story is at once too obvious and too far-fetched, nor is the witchery of phrasing agile enough to speed us over certain tedious passages. Instead, *Mary, Mary*, is the freshest, brightest, most delicate investigation of a girl's simple moods that anyone could hope to find. Mary Makebelieve and her mother, a char-woman with the gift of washing spots out of life with the application of fancy, turn Dublin into a city of sunshine and feminine vagaries. The ogre (i. e. Policeman) is turned out in the end to make room for a lean, hungry, enthusiastic young man and the fat, bewildering bequest of Mr. Brady, who dies becoming rich in America.

It is to *The Crock of Gold* that one turns most eagerly and readily, for it is a fairy tale in which even the Philosopher twinkles. This philosopher is a very learned man, indeed, with an obstinate affection for his

deductions that melts only during the process of his redemption, and a wife who dramatizes all the paradoxes of womanhood with gusto and incision. The countryside roundabout is peopled with uncanny folk that hide in the mystery of nature and live according to their own merry code of honor. Really, however, the issue of the story rests on the lap of the gods, Pan and Angus Og, so that the victory of the second means happiness for all.

The atmosphere which endows *The Crock of Gold* with lusty interest is derived from Stephens' remarkable sympathy with natural things. This is peculiarly Celtic, which means elusive, mystic, gayly bizarre. We move here in the spirit of the Gaelic saga, or better of the mediaeval nature poetry, the rediscovery of which has been of such importance to literature. Something of the mood has crept slyly into English letters. When Stephens writes, for instance: "You have wasted all my time, said the Philosopher, smiling. — What else is time for?" said the girl, and she kissed the Philosopher and ran swiftly down the road," he is noticeably Stevensonian while arriving at a position which the Scotchman, despite all his hunger for adventure and romance, only glimpsed from the distance.

There is also something of Chesterton in this cult of wonder and search for Divinity with the light of allegory, just as there is more than one point of contact between *Insurrections* and *The Wild Knight* — both first books. And since we have drifted into comparisons, it may be of interest to recall the fact that some have seen in Stephens' work the

influence of Anatole France. Personally I am inclined to think that only the book of sketches entitled, *Here Are Ladies* shows such discipleship to any noteworthy extent. It would be better, perhaps, to discern a relationship with Francis Jammes, the Gascon poet, especially in work like *The Romance of the Rabbit*, which comes so joyfully close to nature.

Stephens is not free of extravagant opinions and discords which, however, are not likely to repel the reader so much as his basic philosophy. This is a kind of pantheistic paganism,

which creeps out once in a while in phrases that smack strongly of theosophy. I shall not, however, insist upon this for the reason that it can be ignored quite successfully while one enjoys the purity, radiance and mellowness of a man for whom the world has a Soul. And I shall stress rather, as a final homage to James Stephens, a deed for which he should be honored on a pedestal high as a pyramid. In a day of pessimism, he has managed to own the shining courage to give his stories a happy ending.

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### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

JAMES F. HAYES.

**A**T early dawn the mist lies heavily on the little village of Menville, near the great Tanaduca Lake. The sound of the waves on the beach comes muffled to the village, and can scarcely be heard at all at the home of old Farringer, who lives at the end of the single street. About a quarter of a mile behind Farringer's ramshackle place there is a green hill about a hundred feet high, flattened off at the top and looking not unlike a great ant hill that has been disturbed. On the top of this hill stands a house. Long after the sun has dispelled the mist in the village and even from the shores of Tanaduca Lake, the hill is still obscured in a gray mantle, which eddys here and there, reluctant to give away before the sun. It is not until the housewives in the village hang their washings out to dry that the house on "Misty Hill" becomes

visible.

On a morning in late August of last year, the sound of the waves came dully through the heavy fog, deceptive and irregular. I was up early. Old Farringer, whose knowledge of the lake and the woods about gave him an enviable reputation as a guide, and with whom I was staying, greeted me sadly. "Lordy me, son, I couldn't sleep a wink, with thinking of that wee girl suffering up there on the hill. It kept popping into my head to remember the first time she came down to the vilage alone, like some little fairy out of a book, with her golden curls and her big blue eyes. I can't think of her as sick, and now the doctor says she may die. Last night marked the turn. To-day we shal know. . . ."

Last night was indeed, the crisis in the life of our little friend. I had been in the village only a short time, and yet I was as concerned over the fate of this little girl as were any of the villagers who had known her for years. A friendship, made in



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the first days of my visit, had strengthened as time went on, until now I looked forward eagerly to her daily visit, and would have been disappointed if the little tot failed me—which she rarely did. One evening we saw the doctor's buggy hurrying towards the hill, and when he returned we learned that our little friend was very ill. From that day on the reports from the hill grew more and more discouraging.

When evening had closed in on the house on Misty Hill the night before, the shades were tightly drawn and only a tiny gleam of light showed the house to be inhabited. The garden gate, left open by the doctor, swung slowly to and fro, and even the proud sunflowers hung their heads, sharing the sorrow surrounding them.

Old Farringer handed me my binoculars and motioned towards the house. "Maybe you can see some sign."

I adjusted the glasses and pointed them at the hill. The lenses were very powerful, but so thick was the mist that I could barely distinguish the outlines of the house. Gradually the fog lifted; now a heavy cloak, now a shawl, and finally a thin wavering veil. The house had not changed its appearance from the evening before. The shades were still drawn and the same hopeless atmosphere seemed to hover about the place. Everything was still. The gate was poised midway in a swing. Small, pear-shaped globules of water hung suspended from the eaves of the porch, fearful to fall lest the stillness be disturbed. Thin wisps of mist chased lazily across the lenses before my eyes.

There is always weirdness in the mist. Human and yet damply non-human, it distorts the imagination as the kerchief of a magician might startle his mesmerized accomplice. And yet I love the mist, both for what it is and for what, somehow, it may suddenly become.

Then came the sun. The house appeared to step forward from behind the veil, wet, colorful, and shining, with every drooping flower in the little garden a mass of tremulous crystals—"Caught in the early sobbing of the morn." These things I observed unconsciously even as I saw that the fog had not entirely lifted, but still clung tenaciously about the upper story of the house.

As I watched a shade in the front window was raised. The sunlight grew stronger. A few moments later the front door opened and a man and woman walked slowly down into the garden, arm in arm. I recognized them as the parents of the sick child. The sun was master now, and the clouds of mist fled sullenly to the shelter of the dark hills in the distance. The whole place radiated life; the flowers were slowly raising their heads, and I could almost fancy the drip, drip, of the moisture to the eager ground. As the couple stood there by the garden gate, looking out over the calm lake, I saw their faces were streaked and wet, as though a heavy mist had crept into the house and lain there for a long time, to be banished now by a kindly sun. I lowered my glasses, and, turning to old Farringer, who was waiting patiently by my side, I exclaimed softly, "The little girl on the hill is going to be with us soon again!"

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY A  
LOVER OF TRADITION.

SISTER BORGAS.



AMERICAN though Miss Guiney was, she took up consciously and gladly her residence in England, so that her heart was of Vaughan's century, and the British Isles were the Fatherland of her spirit. Perhaps no incident is so significant of this ancestry as that of Miss Guiney's rescuing from oblivion the neglected grave of Vaughan. Together with her friend she made a pilgrimage to the Vaughan country, found the author's grave, hastily removed the rubbish that disfigured it, and then preached her beloved poet to two men working near by. Such was Miss Guiney's passion for a spirit akin to her own, for one whose thoughts like hers soared aloft into eternity; and it was this spiritual and intellectual kinship which attracted her to England.

Boston, then, seems a most fitting birth-place for this lover of the Seventeenth Century. It had its origin in that hallowed age, and enjoyed at the time of Miss Guiney's birth a literary tradition of its own. Accordingly, she was born there on January 7, 1861. She was well-fathered, inheriting from General Patrick Guiney, her father ideal, some of the most beautiful traits of her character. From 1894 to 1897 she served as postmistress of Auburn-dale, Massachusetts, and later as librarian in the Boston Library. As essayist, poet, critic, scholar,—she quietly pursued her literary course delighting the cultured few who could appreciate her literary charm. In

1904 she visited England, preparing there her monograph on Hurrell Froude. After various brief residences in England, she fixed her final dwelling there in 1908. She died on November 2, 1920 at Chipping Campden, England.

Many an American is inclined to ask why Miss Guiney chose to live in England. They criticise her action as unpatriotic. The tradition-loving American, however, cannot but concede that England, steeped in Christian and literary tradition, was the one natural setting for the life and work of Louise Imogen Guiney. Both her character and the nature of her literary activity must have inevitably drawn her beyond waters to storied lands—above all to Oxford, that home of learning and tradition, and to the Bodleian, that storehouse of ancient tomes.

Apart from her essential reasons for dwelling in England—the tendency of her character and the nature of her work—a purely material one probably played some part in her decision. Her writing was “not magazineable.” Her income was the proverbially small pocketbook of the author who writes for art's sake. She refers to her obtaining the position as Postmaster of Auburn-dale as being due to the proposal of an old friend of General Guiney “who knew something of the way our small finances were disappearing.” It is no wonder then that she chose to live in England, for, as Miss O'Connor suggests, there she could live a more comfortable and dignified life on a smaller income. But mere material prospects would alone not have induced Miss Guiney to forego American citizenship for English residence.

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Love for tradition was a strong element in her character. Her ear was ever attuned to echoes from the past. In the words of Miss Brown "she lived within arm's length of all the centuries." The past, the present and the future were but one to her for like the saint indifferent whom she extols in "The Precept of Peace," her finger was "really upon the pulse of eternity" and humanity was her star, "Knowing humanity my star." She was the tourist, described in "Animum non Coelum," who falls in love with the world, and with the Will that sustains it." Could the American earth upon which she trod speak, it would indeed speak. It would tell of the red man, of his happy hunting, of his petty warfare, of his roaming through virgin wood and forest. But it would not and could not tell of literary tradition and Christian achievement. English soil, on the other hand, spoke straight to her spirit. It told of quiet ages of wonderful achievement in contrast with the bustling material progress of her own times. She herself has admirably worded this supreme excellence of Europe. Speaking of the American tourist, she writes: "But one thing he sees far away which he can never live to call his, in the west; he cannot transfer hither the yesterday of his own race, the dark charm of London, the glamour of Paris, the majesty and melancholy of Rome. If he has a nature which looks deep and walks slowly, he shall not pass the image of any old kingdom unbeguiled; either to his living senses or to his distant and hopeless meditations, that world beyond wide waters will seem to him the fairest of created things like the unbought lamp

worth all that Alladin ever cherished in his narrow youth." Yes, Europe with its atmosphere heavily charged with the lore of ancient and medieval Christianity, did seem incomparably superior to the narrow youth of our own land. And being of a generous heart, she wished that kindred spirits share her joy in Europe. Writing to Father Daly, S. J., she exclaims: "I wish you were in this old land instead of our own untraditioned West."

The remote, — old houses, old churches, and old places, fascinated her. A letter inviting her to old mansions filled her with delight. "When you say 'old manors' and 'Claverhouse' you call me to the portcullis to salute." Old books and authors were spiritually akin to her. Her library abounded with medieval books, archaic books, Latin poetry, early Italian, early French and early English poetry. Her own works draw their inspiration from past beauty. The Seventeenth Century especially delighted her. "Oh, those Seventeenth Century Friends!" She was madly in love with the old and her native city, though it boasted the most venerable of American literary tradition, could offer but little to allay her passion. But Oxford the dust of which breathed ages,—but the Bodleian whose musty documents and books exhaled the sweetest aroma for the heart in love with the old—these had an irresistible appeal to Miss Guiney's passion.

Like her beloved Hazlitt, she delighted in walking. Both the indomitable energy of her nature and her care-free non-material attitude toward life found scope in this exercise. Naturally the most pleasant walks would be in an aged London or Oxford

or on the paths trod by her Seventeenth Century friends. The noise and the newness of the American City sounded no responsive chord in Miss Guiney's spirit. But a ramble through England kindled her soul. "It's almost a year since A. B. and I sailed away, used up and wearied out, and had so royal a gypsying in the climate I love best on earth," and I walked many miles to Great Tew, where Falkland's lovely walled gardens are a-bloom near his unlocated grave."

Having so fond an attachment for the past, it was but natural that her literary instinct should urge her on to research, to recover to posterity, half-forgotten authors of merit. Her archaeological tendency is evinced in her own work which is daintily colored with beauty borrowed from preceding ages. She loved old poetic words and grieved that they should become obsolete. Possessed of true historic instinct, she went straight to the source. Could she have done her work nearly so well, had she stayed at home? And should one so eminently fitted for such work have been denied it? That were a pity. Pilgrimages to the homes and graves of earlier English writers were a source of the purest enjoyment and resulted in excellent data pertaining to her critical and scholarly studies. The Lavington of Manning, the grave of Vaughan, the places frequented by her beloved Hazlitt—these were more precious than gold.

The soldier ideal that she entertained admirably complemented her other qualities. It made her ideal, reality. It made her a literary knight-errant. She could not be a soldier in the sense that her father was but what she could accomplish

was to rescue "delicate Catholic flowers of literature from under the hoofs of a pagan world" as Father Daly expresses it. Such literary service was soldier service that cost and she paid the price gallantly. She had her father's "tenacity of devotion to the fight." "I shall just 'lay myself out' on that book," she writes to Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement K. Shorter) when editing Mangan. There is the same laborious fight in her other work—the monograph of Froude, her edition of Vaughan, her Seventeenth Century Studies, her researches in the entrancing Bodleian.

But her ardent whole-souled devotion to tradition which found its exponent in her literary criticism and research did not exclude patriotism and Americanism. Of America, she wrote inspiringly in one of her London sonnets, "In the Docks,"

"Flag of my birth, my liberty, my hope,  
I see thee at the masthead, joyous one!

. . . . .  
Thee only from the desert, from the storm  
A sick mind follows into Eden air."

What a juvenile burst of patriotism she must have cherished when she hoisted her fourteen by ten flag "on one tiny tower here at home on national holidays." And how personal and loyal is the note struck in "Old Haunts," in which speaking of her native city she writes: "Dearer than coffers of gold are the old cherished places from which my rooted affections cannot stray. Their inviolate memories and their hopes are mine, and the city of my content is the loophole through which I gaze and wonder at the universe."

As if defending her own stay in

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England, she writes too in "Animum non Coelum." Who is to be blamed if he do indeed go 'Abroad' or rather stay abroad, so strangely finding there, rather than here, the soul's peace? The young Republic has children who come into the field of historic Christendom, to bathe themselves in the dignity and restlessness of life, and who walk gladly among the evergreen traditions, which surge like tall grass about their knees."

Louise Imogen Guiney was indeed her own "Knight Errant" who recognized "humanity her star." It was this which made her a cosmopolite. It was this great devotion and service to mankind which permitted her to make England her home and yet cherish America as her loved father-

land. "And that which makes the worthy pilgrim an exile, a cosmopolite, is no vanity, no mere restless energy; it is truly the love of man which calleth overseas, and from towers a great way off."

In the words of a beloved poem, she wrote high-heartedly her creed of life:

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall."

And so she died, beaten not by life or death, but by her own inner insurgency against the trammels of the world. She had a spirit like flame; and surely it was bright enough to last for many days and to make men remember that it burned.

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### NEBRASKA

J. J. C.

Fields and rain—  
Mile and mile  
No gleam.  
And in my heart  
The sudden darkness of you, gone.

### NEVADA

Twilight over all  
Like silver on naked marble.  
Stars  
And you  
Near and yet wearily distant.

### ARIZONA

Sunrise,  
Telephone poles with arms akimbo,  
A dusty trail winding, winding—  
And you  
Brown as the hills.

## THE SCHOLASTIC

### LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

CHARLES O. MOLZ.

(What a President Thought About When He Delivered a Memorial Address.)

**N**OT so many people here.... Too late in the year for most folks.... We're going to have an early winter at this rate, it's pretty chilly.... There's a fellow over there who looks like Ben Talcott in Springfield.... Funny hat the woman with him is wearing.... Mary would enjoy that.... This crowd would like the story of the two mules.... I've never told that one to Hay.... I'll have to do it some day.... He'll get a laugh out of it.... I must remember the speech.... "Four score and seven years" isn't a very good way to begin.... I'll let it go, though. It has a note of formalness about it....

Chilly wind.... Wish I had my heavies on.... Robert will scream and kick when he has to put his on.... Everett hasn't put his on yet, I'll assert.... He'd look funny out there without any other clothes on, just a pair of heavy underwear.... That'd make a good story.... He'd look like one of those bust-forms in Herndon's store in Springfield.... Good talker, though.... What's that phrase he's using?.... Even the old lady over

there applauded.... They all like that kind of stuff.... Just wait until they hear me.... I wish I could put my hat on when I talk.... Mary'll have to get me a new one.... Beginning to crack around the rim.... Hats are funny things.... Everett's got a good looking pipe hat there.... Wonder who that fellow over next to the end is.... Keeps watching me.... Nothing to it, Everett's making a good speech....

Wish I could sandwich that story about the Methodist minister into my speech.... The boys at Salem always liked it.... I ought to have taken more time to compose my speech.... The writing on this envelope isn't too clear, either.... Well, I can read it.... Lots of graves around here.... War makes too many graves.... Wonder how the armies are doing today....

Everett is getting through.... Made a good speech.... Some hokum in mine.... But it won't make them sob.... Lots of other things make people sob.... My speech ought to be longer.... But a small glass of whiskey always taste's best.... The crowd's tired already.... Everett made a fine close.... The old lady over there is applauding.... Well, I'll have to start....



## THE AVENGING HANDS.

LESTER MOYNIHAN.

ANDREAS WOLFF was a marked man in that part of Trèves where we had billets. There were Germans who said he was mad; there were others who spoke of him more as a "War's Fool." Nobody professed to know exactly what ailed him, and he granted them all precious little attention sitting there in his dingy shop, mumbling and carving small Satanic images in wood. Only a few souvenir-hungry Americans bought them, and the shelves were laden with queer things—tiny, leering demons in white maple. His shop was always cold for he used the wood ration to carve with you see. Perhaps the ragged beard kept him warm.

Andreas was shy and his conversation much broken up by incoherent muttering, but finally I did get his story—or perhaps as much of it as he could tell. The night was stormy, full of peculiar, gloomy German thunder so passionately sullen. Lightning, flaming up over the edges of the rocky hills, resembled nothing so much as a flare along the front trenches. I don't know why I went to Andreas' shop that night unless it was to see what sort of grin that array of maple devils would wear on a fiendish night. The old fellow sat huddled together near a small oil-lamp, reading. He nodded over his spectacles as I came in.

"What is the book, Andreas?" I asked.

"The 'Tales of Hoffman,'" he responded gloomily, "silly stories. They are not worth dirt in comparison with

what really happened during the war."

Never had the old fellow spoken so freely and I saw my opportunity at once. "Did anything strange ever happen to you?" I asked quietly. He looked up in surprise. "Do you think I would be what I am if something hadn't occurred? Lord, how can you sit there and ask such a question?" Andreas looked around wildly at his imps. Their appearance was weird and devilish enough. The lightning scared him into quick, impulsive movements, and he got out an old pipe with some coarse, reeking tobacco. He succeeded, however, in calming himself sufficiently to relate his adventure in installments, between which I helped him over periods of gibberish when he communed with himself.

Andreas' birthplace was a town in Alsace. From boyhood he had been interested only in one thing, wood-carving. Somehow he had got wind of possibilities in Trèves, and therefore said goodbye to his home. Here he had lived ever since, never marrying, never having time for anything except his work and the money he gained by it. Evidently he had been successful enough for he owned the shop and had money after four years of war. Naturally he had served with the Prussians, spending two years in their infantry.

"Did you ever hear from home?" I asked, for at this point he grew confusing.

"Yes," he replied, "often enough for a time, but I was not interested. My brother—Pierre—went to France and I heard from him no more. He had always demanded that I go too."

The war broke out and with the

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first rumble of drums, off went Andreas, at the goose-step I suppose, towards Paris and victory as pre-arranged by the General Staff. He marched through Belgium, had his share of misery and terror in the trenches, and was once decorated for valor. He had been in stiff battles beyond a doubt, for his description was the kind one gets only from men who have been in hell, not merely within speaking distance of it. There was a gruesome thing he told about Arras, but I'll not repeat it.

"And then?" I asked, offering him a cigarette.

"Then?" he laughed.

The Colonel sent for Andreas and informed him that, whereas Private Andreas Wolff had been catalogued as a skillful wood-worker, said Private would report for a new sort of duty. Everything was done in the third person, you see. The German army thrived on that sort of thing and came to a timely end because of it. The new duties? Simply these: to provide, at Corps Headquarters, suitable caskets for the bodies of dead officers which were to be transported to the Fatherland for Christian burial.

Andreas' studio was a deep and comfortable dugout impervious to bombs and above all, dry. Here he fitted the boards together and smoked to his heart's content. In an adjoining vault, cold and dark, the bodies lay stretched side by side on two rough tables. Some of them were, of course, horribly mangled and frightful to behold, but the darkness made that easier and besides Andreas had grown more or less accustomed to shredded flesh. He would set a candle down on the table and take a dead

man's measure as calmly as a clerk marks off lengths of cheesecloth.

The gigantic battles on the Somme commenced. Day and night the cannonade was incessant; an even the sturdy dug-out of the Haupt quartier began to tremble. Andreas' tasks were multiplied and the caskets he fashioned considerably rougher than usual. Indeed, he was busy, for the corpses awaiting transportation to the rear were many. However, as he put the lumber together, he thought of the poor devils outside who were braving death in its myriad ghastly shapes, and the security of his position made him feel exquisitely comfortable.

"Bah!" he grumbled. "it was worth while being a carpenter, eh? The fine gentlemen with all their names and ribbons came in dead as the nails I stuck in their coffins, and I—I was safe. But, by heaven, I wish I had been in the trenches!"

I waited for him to continue, but a strange stifling horror looked out from his soul through his eyes, and for a while he could say nothing. Then, he brought himself by spasmodic efforts to finish the story.

On a certain bad night after having worked all day, he went in to measure another body. Candles were becoming scarce and he had only a flickering stub which he placed close to the body at the far end of the clammy table. Evidently the man had been struck in the side by a large fragment of shrapnel. As Andreas leaned over to read the tape, his heart suddenly stopped beating; for the first time he realized that the vault was dark and chill, and that it was pervaded with the subtle odour of death. He turned his head to re-



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lieve his mind with a survey of the chamber, when two icy hands encircled his throat with a steely grasp—the corpse had suddenly sprung up from the table, though the head hung downward into the shadows. Nearly unconscious from horror, Andreas tugged for life at the bony wrists. As he did so he pushed back the sleeves of the military coat, and there, barely visible on the left forearm, were tattooed in dim letters the words “La France.”

“My God!” Andreas cried, abandoning in his agony all attempt to free himself from the terrible grasp. Death, he felt, would merely be a relief from the unutterable horror of his situation. At that moment, however, energy seemed to depart from the corpse. The fingers relaxed and the arms dropped without a quiver to the table. Gasping, the carpenter fell in a heap on the ground. These two words, “La France” ran like phrases of death through his brain. He could think of nothing else. For they had been burned into a boy’s arm years ago, and that boy had been his brother who went to France with his dreams.

Andreas knew that sooner or later he *must* bring himself to look at the face. It was a fearful struggle against natural revulsion, but finally his breathless curiosity overcame the fears and he summoned up enough courage to hold the candle near the dead man’s eyes. There was no mistaking the features. Despite the disfigurements of death, the lines of mouth and chin as well as the shape of the forehead belonged to one man only—Pierre Wolff, his brother. But how had he come to be here? As a spy who had been accidentally killed

by a French shell?

With a groan Andreas sank to his knees. He did not search for an explanation: he did not ask himself whether the body had really been dead or if some strange and fearful return of the spirit had given it power. Of course it had been dead—he knew that as well as one understands that the earth goes round the sun. The indomitable soul of his brother had remembered and tried for vengeance. Had not he, Andreas, whose father had died fighting for France at Gravelotte neglected the vows that were so sacred to Alsace? He had been a traitor and the Avenger had come.

And he did not go again. The wood-carver knelt to pray, but the grace of forgiveness was as impotent to reach him as the shells of the battle raging outside. A terrible enemy had set upon him and there would be no mercy.—In that cellar Andreas went quite mad and there they found him weak and gibbering like some damned thing.

His eyes roamed furtively through the shadows that hung like ghostly tapestry about the room. “I can make nothing but devils,” he said, “for the devil is in my heart.—Though the body has been buried, the hands are still at my throat—I shall go mad one of these days.” And he mumbled on wildly to himself.

I went out into the rain. Of course there are any number of possible explanations. Andreas might have been shell-shocked or merely an idiot who had read too many tales. However, when I consider the face of the little wooden demon on my table, I am inclined to believe him.

clined to believe him. The demon was smudged with the realism of hell.

MYSELF AND SOMEBODY ELSE.

FRANCIS KOLARS

ONE night I was in a town in which I did not live and with which I was not familiar. I had come there to call on an old friend of mine who was ill. Because he was ill he could not meet me, and therefore I must find my way to his home as best I could with the instructions he had given.

It was a little town, clean and beautiful, and I found myself enjoying it as I walked along. I had arrived rather late and therefore twelve o'clock found me still walking towards the direction of my friend's house. I was not quite sure of its exact location and because of this I met with adventure.

I stopped in the center of a delightful little stone bridge. I was moved by the beauty of the night. The clear high moon bathing everything in a cold silvery mist quite carried me away in a mood of reverie. I came to and saw a man walking toward me. I then remembered my mission. I walked right up to him and said,

"Pardon, but—

"Certainly," said this man, "I could do not less." And a look of pity came into his eyes.

I was unhitched and showed it.

"You have the wrong impression. I—"

"I was just going to say that," he said, while the appearance of vast relief spread over his face. "I am so susceptible to them. I always get them. Sometimes I fear that I could do nicely with many less than I get. Oh, many, many—"

"Yes, yes," I wedged in. "I understand. Now what I should like to know—"

"You should, you should, indeed you should. Strange word, that. Should: One never knows just what it—"

Right here I squelched him by raising my hand in a manner so imperious as to halt him in his tracks. I had become determined. From childhood I have always had the feeling that I would one day meet an idiot. I hate idiots. I hate them even worse than the waiter who spills coffee in your saucer. Or the parlor singer who sings through his throat. Or the "dumbell" (you will pardon the term, but slang I find sometimes salves the soul.) Or the dumbell, I repeat, who trods on your feet with a, "Oh, pardon me, is that your foot?" One should like to say, "No, imbecile. It is my brother's. I merely borrow it from him on Saturday's," and then decapitate the wretch. All these I hate and many more who are likely enough well known to you.

But worse than these do I hate and dread the idiot. I looked at him who stood before me. This, then, was my idiot. My very own. All cut out and placed before me by some malicious and grinning providence.

I decided to make the least of it.

"Foolish man," I said with force, "Let me pass." For indeed he blocked my way.

"Surely, yes surely," he hastened. "Funny I did not think of that." But there is a speck on your coat. Let me brush it." And ere I could prevent him he had started the accepted manner of brushing, I standing stark still in a mixture of fear and a desire to humor the wretch, though more of

the former, I believe. I did not stand this way long. For I perceived that with each motion of his hand over my coat and vest a tiny slip of paper fluttered to the walk. I reasoned rapidly. He is quite mad. He wants to brush. It is a mania with him. He brushes even though he must supply the sediment, and—and I shall be going.

And I went. Very rapidly, for a man of my age. I think. My first leap took me quite beyond, or through him, I forget just which, and from then on until three squares I ran in good manner.

I told no one of the affair, and a later hour in the evening found me at the house for which I was searching.

So that was my adventure with my lunatic. I modestly compliment myself for my ready perception in telling him out ere he grew violent. It was, I now believe, a night of ill fate for me in more than one way. For in some manner, which I pretend to know nothing of, I lost that same night my watch, my money, and—now what *was* it?—oh yes, my—stickpin.

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#### A WORD TO THE COLLEGE MAN.

“There are successful newspapers and periodicals whose editors and contributors walk a chalked path, shunning facts, ignoring issues, avoiding the two things which spell life for all of us—men and customs—and triumphantly presenting a non-existent world to unobservant readers. Henry Adams said that the magazine-made female was not a feature that would have been recognized by Adam; but our first father’s experience, while intimate and conclusive, was necessarily narrow. We have evolved a magazine-made universe, unfamiliar to the eyes of the earthdweller, and unrelated to his soul.

“When this country was pronounced to be too democratic for liberty, the epigram came as close to the truth as epigrams are ever permitted to come. Democracies have been systematically praised because we stand commit-

ter to democratic tenents, and have no desire to foul our own roost. It is granted that equality, rather than freedom, is their animating principle. It is granted also that they are sometimes unfortunate in their representatives; that their legislative bodies are neither intelligent nor disinterested and that their public service is apt to be distinguished for its incapacity. But with so much vigor and proficiency manifested every day in private ventures we feel they can afford a fair share of departmental incompetence. The tremendous reserves of will and manhood, the incredible insufficiency of direction, which Mr. Wells remarked in democratic England when confronted by an overwhelming crisis, were equally apparent in the United States. It would seem as though a high average of individual force and intelligence failed to offer material for leadership.”

—*Agnes Repplier, in the Yale Review.*

# THE SCHOLASTIC

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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS-VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

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## OUR OPPORTUNITY.

From the time Lord Baltimore established a Catholic colony in Maryland, the lot of the Catholic in America has been a turbulent one, one not admitting of rapid nor thorough development in education or culture. The Catholic has had to fight, fight, and continue fighting; he has had to bear the fire-tipped lashes of bigotry, and at times, when reason has deserted the field to ignorance and suspicion, only the tiniest flicker remained of his vigil light of hope. But he is winning the battle for his ideals and his existence, the mind is conquering prejudice, loudly as the last fanatic cohorts of a diminishing enemy cry that the field is theirs.

So, as the Catholic's hand loosens on the sword, it itches for the pen. And his eyes see through the shifting fog, not alone the line of an eager horizon, but in fancy also the sun that will soon rise. He sees the poet, the novelist, the artist, the musician—those men of mind and imagination who will be born with the new day. It is the dawn of that day which this magazine, and the club of which it is the mouthpiece, hope to do their modest bit in heralding.

To aid the infant Catholic literature in the United States in its struggle for development, many agencies are being called, but none so important as the universities. It is they which mould the men who will lead, in business, politics, literature, in every field of action or of thought. Readily it may be seen that if the art of Catholic letters is to fulfill its promise of climbing the Jacob's ladder from the earth of possibility to the heaven of established eminence, the under-graduates in our Catholic colleges must be stimulated into an enlivened interest in literature. For this high purpose Notre Dame is particularly fitted, with its line of traditional literary figures which expands from Orestes Brownson and Charles Warren Stoddard into the budding field of several living literateurs, and with its conspicuous position in the eyes of the whole nation, representing, as it does to many, the most powerful force in Catholic higher education in America.

Perhaps our publication not achieve the vogue of "The Dial;" perhaps

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we would not have it do so. But if it express the undergraduate mind in a worthy and characteristic manner, and if it help create an intelligentsia with sufficient intellect to giggle graciously in the mirror, it will have been more than worth the effort.

### THE BUSINESS OF BEING A SCRIBE.

This magazine is not devoted to literature. Being under—partly at least—the auspices of the SCRIBBLERS it could hardly dare pretend having anything to do with literature. Now to make such a statement in public requires a bit of courage. These being the days of our youth we do not lack courage. We are merely in want of almost everything else. For instance there is that sign on our door: “Wanted: a Thousand Manuscripts.” Wanted and Why? To hunt out the sixty odd pages of copy that must each month convince us and the rest of the world (you can see the world out on its front porch expectantly waiting for us to come down the street) of our activities as scribes. We have such activities here. We are a student body. And ever since we were Sophomores and carried a Psychology across the campus, we have been convinced that every body has a soul. To set forth the multitude of whims, fancies, sober thoughts, and delirious visions of all of us, scribes have been born. We are sitting here patiently waiting for them to live up to their birth-marks. Still, there is a limit to our patience. If you have not yet presented your manuscript, expect wrath. If you have, wrath may be forthcoming too—it’s all in the game—but it will not be public. The Editor promises never to curse a contributor excepting under his breath. Mr. Contributor: Make haste, and never mind about the slowly. Leave that to Horace and send us the ode.

### THE YEAR IN ENTERTAINMENT.

One of the unrepresentative characteristics of the school year during the past has been the quality of entertainment which has been presented in Washington Hall. Good attractions have been rare; mediocre talent has often been billed, and productions a bit worse than mediocre have not been altogether unknown. Things came to such a pass that students avoided Washington Hall on Saturday nights and betook themselves to town where the theatres gave more promise.

To say that this year’s program will be the best that has been produced at Notre Dame does not seem to be giving an idea of its excellence in view of what has been seen in the past. The fact is, however, that the numbers which have been arranged for are recognized everywhere as being of the highest standard.

Alberto Salvi, a harp soloist whose ability has brought him favourable reports wherever he has appeared, will open the season on October 8, and on November 6, comes the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra which

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is ranked among the best symphonies in the country. Jesse Isabel Christian, an operatic soprano who has toured Europe and America with huge success is billed for February 4. One of the most interesting of the coming soloists is Fenwick Newell whose performance with the Paulist Choir is still spoken of at Notre Dame.

Such a season as this gives every indication of being a success. It remains only for the students to attend, and thereby display their appreciation of the efforts of the faculty committee to provide entertainment for them.

### SOUTH BEND'S FIRST HUNDRED.

The recent festivities commemorating the founding of South Bend held a deep significance for Notre Dame as well as for the city itself. The university was established when South Bend was a mere village. Each has expanded with startling rapidity. Progress in the industries of the one has been attended by celerity in the growth of the other. And so when the city celebrated her one hundredth birthday the university rejoiced with her.

Tableaux, parades and exhibitions conducted during the centennial traced the history of South Bend from its original status as an Indian village to its present position as the progressive metropolis of the rich St. Joseph valley. Display and pantomime related with convincing effect the tale of the city—as an Indian settlement, as a trading post, as an agricultural community and finally as a thriving commercial center. South Bend is now the home of several world-famous manufacturing concerns and many vital industries. The initiative and perseverance of her pioneers have been rewarded by the prosperity evident today.

The beauty of the city has been augmented by her growth. Boulevards and streets have been developed that vie in attractiveness with the surrounding countryside.

The magnificent spirit of the people of South Bend was singularly demonstrated during the centennial. They aided the officials zealously and unstintingly. Large audiences attended every event of the celebration.

With the desire to manifest her ever present interest in South Bend activities, Notre Dame assumed an active role in the centennial. The affairs of the one must of necessity affect the other. And Notre Dame's part was only a further indication of her readiness to aid South Bend in whatever manner she can, just as the city has always offered the university her coöperation and assistance.

South Bend has attained a noteworthy place among the prominent cities of the country. And Notre Dame is happy to congratulate her upon the realization of her efforts.

## REVIEWS.

## A LETTER TO MR. SHERMAN.

I have just re-read *Americans*, notebook in hand, and I am astonished to discover how many points it has given me to reflect upon, how many paths it has suggested for literary excursions. I am grateful to you for emphasizing the strength of the Puritan influence upon American literature, grateful, even though on this point, I read you questioningly, recognizing as I do, a greater influence in the more remote source of Christianity unadulterated. I am tormented with a desire to read not merely Emerson's *Journals* and Hawthorne's *English and American Notebooks*, but a dozen other volumes to which you refer admiringly. I should like to go thoroughly into that interesting matter of Mr. Mencken's vogue and its influence upon the soulless *jeunes filles*. I should have a lively desire—if I did not loathe the subject—of tracing the development of the poet who "considered long and seriously of us before we were born." But to make a conclusion rather than an end to the desires awakened by your group of *Americans*, let me add that I can not read the initial essay without saying to myself: "This is a mistake, a most un-Shermanlike mistake: no book should begin with a sneer."

Isn't it, as Mr. Van Doren says, rather unreasonable of you to approve the rebellions of the dead and to disapprove the rebellions of the living? You castigate the young people "who laugh at the oddities of their forbears, discard the Mosaic Law, the provincial dialect, the Lutheran pastor," and then quote exuberantly the colorful revolt of Emerson: "Let us be crowned with roses, let us drink wine, and break up the tiresome old roof of heaven into new forms." You bid us read again his ode to Bacchus, and his Mithridates, wherein he intimates that a poet may well pay for power with his soul. (Not so thought Newman whom you quote so happily and effectively on page seventy-seven.) Shocking, at least to a sensitive soul, is your Menckinism, that at the first bewildering contact one questions whether Whitman's urgent

touch is of lewdness or divinity. And you would have us believe that this "placid animal wallowing unreflectively in the stream of his own sensations" wrote poetry worthy of classification with Homer, the *Psalms*, and *Richard Third*. After reading that he is also a kindred spirit of Christ, as of Lincoln, one is not surprised to find these self-complacent words of his quoted approvingly: *To Him That Was Crucified*.

*"My spirit to yours, dear brother,  
Do not mind because many sounding your  
name do not understand you,  
I do not sound your name but I understand  
you."*

"The vital part of education begins," you say, "in the hour when consciousness of self-dependence breaks upon the mind. This is the hour for Emerson." I wonder if it is. I suppose in such an hour the youth reads and adopts these theories: Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. It is a man's essential virtue to carry into action his own dearest ends, to dare to do what he believes and loves.

Isn't it largely because our young have followed these urgings without believing and loving *aright*, that we have H. L. Mencken, the *jeune fille*, and the new spirit?

Six years ago you echoed Arnold's "respectful yet vigorous exposure of the Puritan ideal." Now you say that Puritanism is "one of the most vital, progressive, and enriching human traditions, a tradition peculiarly necessary to the health and stability of a democratic society." Once your puritans were conservatives, now they are radicals. Once you distrusted democracy and patriotism, now you uphold both. Perhaps there is still the possibility of your praising our living radicals, or of learning that they are not radicals at all but conservatives.

Happily we do not find you always in a welter of contradictory ideas. Mostly we steal away to you as to a refuge for invigorating companionship when, disappointed with the stale cleverness of the sophisticates, we wonder if there is anywhere in the world of letters, such a sanctum. Capable, witty, resourceful, passionate, poetic, were you less afraid of the present and less in awe of the past, you could, we feel sure, more effectively mold the future. Let

\* "Americans," by Stuart P. Sherman.

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H. L. M. lead the *jeunes filles*, do you lead the men and women clamoring for a worthy leader in the critical world. Not the latest "blurb," but the fearless truth satisfies them; not Mencken, but Sherman; not the present Sherman, but the possible Sherman. The future Sherman will be careful not to force critics to say he refuses at times to see the truth, as he did, the present Sherman, when he wrote of Roosevelt: "How much more glorious his memory might have been if in his great person there had been a spark of magnanimity." He will bring to contemporary letters the shrewd penetrating analysis and superfluous kindness he once brought to the traditional past. Then shall the *jeune fille*, as well as the conservative, hail him, for what he is in truth, our second "American Sainte-Beuve."

—SISTER MIRIAM.

Knights Errant, By Sister M. Madeleva, C. S. C., D. Appleton and Company.

—If a very gifted woman were disposed to versify the emotional moods of a life lived in the spirit of the "Imitation of Christ," she might reach no large audience, but she would attain, almost of the necessities of her theme, the level of high art. This, perhaps, is quite what Sister Madeleva, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, has done in "Knights Errant." It is an exquisite book, aspiring yet humble, lyrical even when the Cloister's finger is on the poet's lips. Echoes of the Catholic mystics and singers linger everywhere in these pages, as one might take the odor of incense home with one from a cathedral.

"But through the dawn I see two candles  
burning  
At a white board where you with Christ  
are fed;  
Lo, how your heart is filled, and all its  
yearning  
Is comforted!"

One would like to print these lines in letters of gold and send them to the poet after having read her book. Some of its readers may miss a certain resonance, the impact of a man's hand on the anvil. That is, perhaps, in this case, just as it should be. We are content with having another real Catholic poet.

The Literary Essay in English. By Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C. Ginn and Company.

Reading essays is one thing, writing about them another, and writing essay-istically—which though a new is a highly laudatory word—still another. Sister Eleanore has done all three in her own way. Would you like to find out what the essay really is and what its personal history has been? You have only to turn to this book for answers as pleasant as they are practical. The author has the noble purpose so often ignored by the pedant, to make you fancy her and entertain her subject for an evening. Woman-like she puts the essays away in neat boxes and then labels each. You may take your choice but you will probably dip into them all. There is a vast amount of information here. In fact it is quite surprising to come across so much that can be learned about an apparently every-day thing like the essay. But best of all there is enthusiastic interest in the subject-matter, style—that rarest of wines—and an experienced personality. We are glad to know that the book comes out of Saint Mary's and won for its author the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for Notre Dame.

—Mr. Chesterton's latest—if not in many ways his newest, freshest—book is entitled "Fancies Versus Fads." A series of rather fugitive magazine articles is here gathered together for the purpose of regaling those who are content to let Mr. Chesterton be his own Boswell. Of sanity and fun and courageous pummeling of new sensational gimcracks, there is plenty, together with the familiar verbal incandescence that lights up so arrestingly his metaphors and caricature. We are glad to see free verse soundly trounced—for the sake of freedom; it is delightful to speculate upon the "Boredom of Butterflies" and the "The Terror of a Toy"—in order to reach pleasant conclusions upon the value of fairy tales. But like freedom and fairy tales, this book is more or less raggedly dressed, as if it had forgotten to brush its hat and adjust its cravat. Of the final essay, however—"Milton and Merry England,"—one can merely say that it must be included among the ultimate selection from Mr. Chesterton's innumerable literary papers.



# THE SCHOLASTIC

## LUNAR LOG.

### THE SUMMER SIX

*(This section is devoted to the leading events of the past month.)*

TOWARDS the end of the merry month of June, our summer-school got together for its annual festival. Halls crowd themselves then with reverend and diligent figures; the library takes on an air of being a popular institution; and as for the Church—it resounds with innumerable footfalls by day and in the evening. And besides we attempt to be sociable, to cluster into the cafeteria and under a chance moon. The wonders and beauties of Notre Dame during the six-weeks session have been portrayed so frequently that nothing remains to be said excepting that the summer of nineteen-twenty-three was typical. There were movies and picnics; examinations and assigned readings; tennis matches and golf tournaments; surreptitious bridge-parties and ferocious thunder-storms; music and Mr. Paulding:—not to mention the perfect order which reigned in Sorin Hall or the series of bulletins issued there in triumphant complacency.

The enrollment was larger. We missed, of course, a number of faces to which we had become agreeably accustomed. Most of them belonged to those who now are numbered among our alumni and—æ. There were new persons and personages. The excitement of having a fledgling author in our midst was provided by Sister Eleanore, whose book, "The Literary Essay" was published during the first days of August. Fascination of another sort was provided by Messrs. Barnhart, Higgins and Lightfoot. The Benedictine Fathers proved that excellence in the game of tennis is now a part of their monastic rule.

The appended list of graduates and theses will show better than any words of ours could that the summer was diligently employed. Nor will those present permit themselves to forget the grace and austerity of womanly lives consecrated to the Saviour so readily and patiently.

*The Degree of Doctor of Philosophy is Conferred on:*

Sister Mary Lucretia, of the Sisters of

Holy Cross, St. Mary's Notre Dame, Ind.—Major Subject: Organic Chemistry. Dissertation: "The Preparation of Oxalic Acid from Acetylene."

*The Degree of Master of Arts is Conferred on:*

Sister M. Anastasia, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind.—Major Subject: English. Dissertation: "The Catholic Essay."

Sister Mary Angela, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cleveland, Ohio.—Major Subject: Education. Dissertation: "Pioneers in Christian Education."

Sister Mary Loretella, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind.—Major Subject: Education. Dissertation: "The Motor Aspect of the Mental Image in Educational Psychology."

Sister Mary Louis, of the Sisters of Mercy, Chicago, Illinois.—Major Subject: French. Dissertation: "La Religieuse dans le Roman Realiste Francais."

Sister Mary Teresa, of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Michigan.—Major Subject: Medieval History. Dissertation: "The Work of the Religious Women of the Middle Ages."

Sister Mary Redempta, of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Michigan.—Major Subject: Philosophy. Dissertation: "Some Ethical Implications of 'Psychology Without a Soul.'"

Sister Mary Reynalde, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana.—Major Subject: English. Dissertation: "The Philosophical Style."

Sister Mary Sixtus, of the Sisters of Saint Francis, Dubuque, Iowa.—Major Subject: English. Dissertation: "The Development of the English Language."

Sister Francis Stace, of the Sisters of Charity, Mount Saint Joseph, Ohio.—Major Subject: English. Dissertation: "Michigan's Contribution to Literature."

Rev. Vincent R. Catapang, Taal, Batangas, Philippine Islands.—Major Subject: History of Education. Dissertation: "The Development and the Present State of Education in the Philippine Islands."

Rev. Dominic M. Downs, of the Order of St. Benedict, St. Bernard, Alabama.—Major Subject: Education. Dissertation: "The

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Disciplinary Values of High School Mathematics."

Rev. Edmund Ferstl, of the Order of St. Benedict, St. Bernard, Alabama.—Major Subject: Education. Dissertation: "The Problem of School Discipline."

Rev. Joseph Fuhrmann, of the Order of St. Benedict, Subiaco, Arkansas.—Major Subject: Education. Dissertation: "Dom Cambier's Treatise on Benedictine Schools."

*The Degree of Master of Science is Conferred on:*

Sister Mary Mercedes, of the Sisters of St. Ursula, Toledo, Ohio.—Major Subject: Mathematics. Dissertation: "The Historical Development of the Calculus."

Brother Berchmans, of the Christian Brothers of Ireland, St. John's, Newfoundland.—Major Subject: Physics. Dissertation: "Some Properties of the Magnetic Field Surrounding Circular and Rectangular Conductors."

Daniel Joseph Carr, Hazelton, Pennsylvania.—Major Subject: Chemistry. Dissertation: "Bibliography of Acetaldehyde."

*The Degree of Bachelor of Letters is Conferred on:*

Sister M. Celestine, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth, Michigan.

Sister Mary Bertrand, of the Sisters of St. Dominic, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Brother William, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Joseph Francis Donaldson, Hammond, Indiana.

Emery S. Toth, Toledo, Ohio.

Rubin Chaim Zetland, South Bend, Indiana.

*The Degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science is Conferred on:*

Max Jacob Brown, Bremen, Indiana.

*The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Education is Conferred on:*

Sister Mary Monica, of the Sisters of St. Dominic, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Nina S. Doolittle, South Bend, Indiana.

Sarah M. O'Neill, South Bend, Indiana.

*The Degree of Bachelor of Music is Conferred on:*

Sister M. Cyrilla, of the Sisters of St. Benedict, Ferdinand, Indiana.

Sister Florian, of the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio.

*The Degree of Bachelor of Science is Conferred on:*

Fred Duane Ullrich, Lewiston, Pennsylvania.

*The Degree of Mechanical Engineer is Conferred on:*

Ezequiel Rey de Castro, Peru, South America.

*The Degree of Bachelor of Laws is Conferred on:*

L. Thomas Plouff, Jr., Marinette, Wisconsin.

*The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Commerce is Conferred on:*

Geoffrey Cullen Burke, Clyde, New York.

Richard J. Falvey, Winamac, Indiana.

William Navarre McLoughlin, Sturgis, Michigan.

Richard Joseph Nash, Chicago, Illinois.

Thomas Gerald Randall, Bay City, Michigan.

Paulino C. Tan, Manila, Philippine Islands.

*The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in Foreign Commerce is Conferred on:*

Fred G. Neu, Templeton, Iowa.

Dominic Ching Kay Ong, Amoy, China.

Joseph Michael Troman, Jackson, Michigan.

George J. Wack, Piqua, Ohio.

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### FACULTY CHANGES

The faculty of the University has been added to for the scholastic year of 1923-1924.

About half of the professors who began their work during the past month are themselves alumni of Notre Dame. Five members of the class of '23 are now included in the faculty. Henry F. Barnhart, Henry Flannery, and Vincent Cavanaugh have returned to the University to follow Post-graduate courses and to instruct in English. George Wack will devote his time to the teaching of German. In the College of Commerce, Commercial Geography and

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Railroad Traffic have been assigned to William Conley.

Rev. George L. Holderith, C. S. C., who received his degree from Notre Dame in 1918, has been appointed Director of Off-campus students and instructor in Holy Cross Seminary. Rev. Michael Mulcaire, C. S. C., has not yet returned to the University from Ireland, where he has been visiting since receiving his Doctor's degree last June. Upon his arrival at Notre Dame, he will have classes in Economics and Sociology. Metaphysics and the History of Philosophy are being taught by Rev. Omer J. Chevrette who received his seminary training in Rome. Father Chevrette has already been active, particularly in the formation of the new French club, Le Cercle Francais.

Two additional professors have been secured for the College of Commerce, probably the most rapidly growing department of the University. They are Elton E. Richter, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and J. Edward Rourke, formerly at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. William F. Roemer, who had a few classes here last year, will teach Logic and Ethics during 1923-24.

The department of Music is still under the direction of Professor John J. Becker, but some changes have been made in its personnel. Dr. J. Lewis Browne has been engaged to take charge of the Glee Club and the Orchestra.

Both these organizations are looking forward to one of the best years in their history. Dr. Browne will also be organist and choir director at St. Patrick's church in South Bend. Elton Crepeau is the new instructor in voice, replacing George O'Connell.

One of the most interesting of all this long list of appointments is that of William Bucknell to be professor of Senior English. Mr. Bucknell received his college training and his Master's degree at Cambridge University. He has been teaching for several years, both in England and in Canada, and he is, in addition, a successful lecturer and writer.

### THE REGULATION OF CLASS ABSENCES.

The following regulations have been put into effect at the University:

- 1.—Absence from any class exercise, whether that be recitation, written test or required examination, shall constitute a "cut."
- 2.—Three tardinesses, or one tardiness after fifteen (15) minutes of the class period have elapsed, shall constitute a "cut."
- 3.—The unit of credit shall be the semester hour. The credits made possible by perfect attendance in any course shall be one and one-tenths times the number of hours set aside for the course—for example, a five (5) hour course, if perfectly attended, will earn five and five-tenths (5.5) credit hours.
- 4.—For each cut one tenth on a credit hour shall be deducted from the credit possible in the course affected by the absence.
- 5.—The maximum number of cuts in any course shall be three times the number of hours set aside for the course. If a student "cuts" beyond that limit, his credit for the entire course shall be canceled.
- 6.—When all the requirements for a course shall have been met, the penalties in tenth-credit-hours for absence shall be deducted by the instructor from the total possible. The remainder shall be reported to the Office of the Director of Studies as the student's credit in the course.
- 7.—Whenever a student shall have accumulated "cuts" to a point where his credit standing in the course is imperilled, the instructor in charge shall notify the Director of Studies.
- 8.—A class shall be considered dismissed if the instructor does not report for duty within fifteen (15) minutes after the time set for the class to convene.
- 9.—Only those "cuts" which a student accumulates while absent in the common interest of the University shall

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be canceled by the Department of Discipline. In these cases, tests and quizzes omitted by the student shall be made up at the convenience of the instructors concerned. No formal permit from the Dean shall be necessary.

- 10.—Every absence on the last day before a recess, or on the first day after a recess, shall be penalized by a double "cut." The word "recess" shall apply to the Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter holidays.
- 11.—Deficiencies in credit hours resulting from accrued "cuts" during any semester, must be made up by perfect attendance, or by carrying extra hours, during succeeding semesters.
- 12.—Absences shall be counted from the first day of class in any course.

### UNIVERSITY ENTERPRISES.

#### TRAINING COURSE FOR SCOUT MASTERS AT NOTRE DAME.

*This article, by Mr. Alphonse I. Hirsch, is reprinted from the N. C. W. C. Bulletin.*

**T**HE THIRD annual training course under the auspices of the National Council of Catholic Men for the extension of scouting among Catholic boys opened at Notre Dame University on Thursday, July 5, 1923, with thirty-six leaders registered for the course.

This training course has been organized for the purpose of solving the problem of finding young men trained along the lines of scoutcraft to lead Catholic boys and it was decided to provide a school to give our willing and otherwise splendidly equipped young men an opportunity to acquire real scouting knowledge under able and competent instruction. For the purpose of such a school no spot more perfectly equipped and more splendidly situated could be selected than the site chosen at Notre

Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The camp was laid on a bluff overlooking Lake St. Joseph, in a spot where are to be found trees of every description, native to America and many foreign specimens. Here birds, shrubs and plant-life abound and afford splendid opportunity for the study of this very important part of the scout program.

Notre Dame offered all of its facilities to the National Council of Catholic Men for the conduct of the summer course. In the faculty at Notre Dame splendid assistance was received from priests, brothers and laymen. The Council was prompt to avail itself of this splendid coöperation and the course opened on July 5, 1923. This marked the opening of the third training course and the following list shows the many parts of this country and Canada which were represented during the sessions:

Rev. H. P. Chilcote, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. F. L. Tschann, Redwing, Minn.; Rev. R. E. Nolan, Vice-Chancellor, St. Paul, Minn.; Rev. M. Moriarty, Wooster, Ohio.; Rev. A. L. Cameron, Alexandria, Ont.; Rev. D. A. McPhee, Alexandria, Ont.; Rev. Joseph Heslin, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Rev. John Cotter, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Rev. Theodore Fettig, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Deacon Henry Bougie, Alexandria, Ont.; Deacon Robert Rowleau, Alexandria, Ont.; Clement Fournie, Belleville, Ill.; William J. Thebus, Belleville, Ill.; James A. Dougherty, Cairo, Ill.; John Rooney, Pembroke, Ont.; A. W. O'Connor, Renfrew, Ont.; J. A. Jones, Pembroke, Ont.; Wm. Mulvihill, Pembroke, Ont.; George Burns, Pembroke, Ont.; E. A. Larocque, Elkhart, Ind.; F. H. Dickson, Laporte, Ind.; B. A.

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Carey, Indiana Harbor, Ind.; Don Gartska, South Bend, Ind.; W. A. Gallagher, Notre Dame, Ind.; W. V. Heidler, Janesville, Wis.; W. J. Leonard, Akron, Ohio; H. V. Walsh, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. E. Carrico, Kalamazoo, Mich.; R. J. Conley, Sandusky, Ohio; Ralph Smith, Sandusky, Ohio; Carl J. Andres, Sandusky, Ohio; George Ghizoni, St. Paul, Minn.; Frank Elfrink, St. Paul, Minn.; Richard Kenny, Wooster, Ohio; C. H. Strasser, St. Paul, Minn.; A. C. Meisch, Aurora, Ill.; Fred A. Heer, Dubuque, Iowa.

One of the outstanding features in connection with the visit of these students was a trip made by Messrs. Rooney, Jones, Mulvihill and Burns, who traveled one thousand miles by auto to affiliate with this training period.

Judson P. Freeman, Assistant National Field Director, was chosen to act as dean of this course and associated with him was Mr. R. O. Whyland, Assistant Director, Dept. of Education, Boy Scouts of America. Mr. Alphonse I. Hirsch represented the N. C. C. M. and acted as assistant dean of the faculty. Jerome A. Benning of Notre Dame University served as the Secretary.

The Rev. J. H. O'Donnell, C. S. C., represented the university in matters pertaining to the course and it is due entirely to his untiring efforts that the students found so splendid a setting and so wonderful an equipment on their arrival at Notre Dame. Father O'Donnell is deserving of the highest praise for his efforts in making this training course the great success that it was. Mr. J. L. Anguish, Scout Executive at Fort Wayne acted as instructor in practical scout-

ing and was ably assisted by Dr. J. Powers in first aid. Scout Executive Arnold, of Elkhart, also contributed much towards making the training course a success.

On Monday, July 9, and Tuesday, July 10, on invitation of the faculty at Culver Military Academy, two days were spent at this institution where the students were welcomed most cordially and where they received important instructions in woodcraft, scoutcraft, swimming, etc. A feature of this visit was an invitation extended to the entire class to ride the justly famous horses of the Black Horse Cavalry, a trip that was enjoyed by all. The students returned to Notre Dame on Tuesday evening well pleased with their reception on the part of the Culver authorities and were very appreciative on the vast amount of information imparted to them along lines of scoutcraft.

Seldom, if ever, has there been assembled such an array of talent at a single camp. From reveille to taps every hour was busily occupied; so varied and pleasant was the entire program that the hours for recreation were used and devoted to discussions directed by the student body themselves.

In this training course was developed the idea of the "Lay Apostolate," and the early morning thoughts on the inspirational side of the program were given by such well-known men as:

Rev. J. H. O'Donnell, C. S. C., "Scoutmasters' Apostolate" and "The Scoutmaster and Moral Courage"; Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., "Character of Scoutmaster" and "The Scoutmaster and Young America"; Rev. John F. O'Hara, C. S. C. "The

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Scoutmaster and the Boy" and "The Scoutmaster and the Home"; Rev. Michael Shea, "The Scoutmaster and Society"; and Rev. Wm. Cunningham, C. S. C., "Boy Psychology."

The scoutcraft program was given great assistance by: Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., "Birds"; Rev. Dr. Nieuwland, C. S. C., "Nature Study"; Rev. Fr. Albertson, C. S. C., "Trees"; and Rev. Fr. DeWulf, C. S. C., "Astronomy."

A sample daily program was as follows: Mass, 6:30 a. m. to 7:00; inspirational talk, Rev. J. H. O'Donnell; 7:00 to 7:15; mess, 7:15 to 8:00 a. m. 8:00 to 10:00 a. m. Judson P. Freeman and R. O. Wyland, "Scoutcraft"; 10:00 to 11:30, Brother Alphonsus, "Bird Hike"; 12:00 to 1:00 p. m., mess; 1:30 to 2:30 p. m., first aid, Dr. Powers; 2:30 to 3:30 p. m., Alphonse Hirsch, N. C. W. C., "Scouting under Catholic Leadership"; 3:30 to 4:30 p. m., "Scoutcraft," Scout Executive Anguish; 4:30 to 5:45 p. m., swimming and life-saving; 6:00 to 7:00 p. m., mess; 7:30 p. m., benediction; 8:00 p. m., council fire, review of day's work; 10:00 p. m., taps.

Mr. Alphonse I. Hirsch, of the N. C. W. C., discussed the work of the National Catholic Welfare Council in Scouting, Scouting under Catholic Leadership, Parents Coöperation, a summary of Scouting in the Catholic Extension, and the Forward Look in Scouting under Catholic Leaders.

Scouting was touched upon in every angle possible from the tenderfoot to the merit badge stage and the

lectures were so arranged as to equip every leader attending so that they would have sufficient knowledge to enable them to organize their work efficiently upon their return home.

The training course closed with fitting exercises on Friday evening, July 13, at a huge council fire and the members of the class were presented with their diplomas by the Rev. Dr. Matthew J. Walsh, president of the university. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Jos. Burke, C. S. C., Director of Studies at Notre Dame, Rev. Dr. Cavanaugh, Rev. Wm. Cunningham, and Rev. J. H. O'Donnell.

Following the plan advanced in previous training sessions at Notre Dame it is proposed to give this training course next year, and many of the students attending have announced their intention of returning.

The great success of this year's training course is due to the untiring efforts of the faculty of Notre Dame as well as Father J. H. O'Donnell, and the gratitude of the National Council of Catholic Men is extended to them for their coöperation in making this course the greatest ever held at this institution. Notre Dame has blazed the trail, let us look forward to next year with great hope and expectations.

The National Council of Catholic Men also wishes to express its sincere gratitude and thanks to the scout executives of the Boy Scouts of America who gave so generously of their time and encouragement.



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### THE STUDENT'S MISSION

#### CRUSADE.

*(This article, by Mr. Victor Feighery, of the XAVERIAN NEWS, is reprinted here as the best account we have seen of the Crusade.)*

"It is Christ Himself Who presents to you His Cross; it will be the sign raised among the nations. Wear it upon your shoulders and upon your breasts—let it shine upon your arms and upon your standards."

It was the great Pope Urban, who long ago in the Ages of Faith, first spoke these words to the Council of Clermont, which decided upon the first Crusade to expel the infidel from the Holy Land. Rev. James W. Donahue, eloquent orator of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, repeating them with fire and passion, thrilled to the heart the 1,500 young men and young women delegates assembled in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame University the evening of August 9, to open the Fourth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Although the business sessions of the Convention were not opened till Friday, August 10, it was the Crusade Ordinal of Admission, exemplified for the first time the evening before, that typified in a striking manner the call of the New Crusade, and that fired the hearts of the 1,500 delegates to make the Convention one to be remembered in the annals of the Crusade, to make the Cross in truth "the sign raised up among the nations," by making the Sacred Heart known throughout the world and finally to conquer indifference and ignorance at home.

Such gatherings as we have witnessed at Notre Dame are seldom dreamed of, much less seen. It is not too much to say that we have never experienced anything like it before—a gathering composed of 1,500 student Crusaders, delegates sent by 350,000 Catholic students—prelates both home and foreign, missionaries of almost every Order under the sun, often in picturesque garb, brothers, nuns, mission science experts from the great universities of Europe—all keenly in earnest, working and sweating at the business meetings, enjoying recreation with a vim—such recreation as only Notre Dame's spacious campus, athletic fields and beautiful lakes and gardens afford.

All this combined told us a story—we saw in it every word of the title of the organization verified and emphasized—truly the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade—we saw exhibited a zeal such as those valiant warriors showed in the ages of faith, but we saw more; we saw a promise in it—a promise that the day is not far distant when every Catholic student in the United States will be a member of the Crusade.

Greater Cincinnati's delegation to the Convention—140 strong—left the Pennsylvania Station, Thursday morning, August 9, on a special train. At Huntington, Ind., more special cars were attached, and at 4:45 P. M., after a ride made most enjoyable by community singing, games, noise, and what not, 300 delegates poured out at South Bend, past clicking movie cameras, to take waiting machines or street cars, chartered by Notre Dame's efficient student committees who were at every station to welcome

and direct delegates. We took a street car and the first glimpse we had of our destination was the famous golden dome, bright in the setting sun, seen through a long avenue of trees.

At the university many visitors had already arrived, and others were pouring in and again the spirit of hospitality manifested itself in the cordial and efficient manner in which everyone was taken in hand, registered, given a card bearing his name and his unit, and on the reverse his dormitory number and dining hall accommodations. This card was to be worn on coat lapels or on dresses, and served as an instant introduction for anyone.

Delegates from the Milet Unit were directed to Carroll Hall in the Main Building—atop of which is the dome—guided by genial priests and brothers.

Returning to the Campus, they found delegates assembling thereon, and community singing and band concerts in progress. They secured programs, which gave the time and place of every event, and then listened to Very Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., the President of Notre Dame, and Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., Local Director of the Convention, welcome the Crusaders in a few well-chosen words. Dr. Walsh said, in part:

"Notre Dame feels privileged in having as her guests the delegates and friends of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. In past years many notable gatherings have taken place at Notre Dame, but there is none which seems to have so wide an appeal as the present Convention."

Dinner was next on the program,

and in the Senior Dining Hall, Xavier's delegates formed more new acquaintances among the "best fellows on earth," and later, after "getting some of their bearings," it was time for the first big event, the exemplification of the Ordinal of Admission, which began in Sacred Heart Church.

After the stirring sermon by Father Donahue, the delegates were invested with the white tunic and hood, and upon their breasts was pinned the Crimson Cross of the New Crusade.

Then between lines of guides in parti-colored robes, bearing flickering torches, with subdued beating of drums in the distance, the picturesque procession left the church and proceeded down the winding lane to the lakeside and the Grotto of Our Lady, where the rest of the Ritual was carried out. The ceremonies concluded with Solemn Benediction.

Friday morning, delegates were up early for Mass and Communion in the church or the chapels. After breakfast, just as enjoyable a meal as dinner the evening before, despite the fact that it was Friday—we are afraid anyone on a diet was sorely tempted at times if he did not actually succumb to the tempting array.

Most of the delegates made the acquaintance of the Postmaster at Notre Dame, numerous postcards being in evidence, and after a brief tour of the grounds all assembled for the procession round the quadrangle to the church for the Pontifical High Mass, where all took their places as the bands outside and the grand organ within thundered forth the magnificent cadences of the Fourth Convention Hymn.



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At 10:30 the Convention was formally opened in Washington Hall, Rev. Frank A. Thill, Secretary-Treasurer of the Executive Board, being Chairman. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frank J. Beckmann, S. T. D., was Chairman of the Executive Board. His address was well received.

In the afternoon were held the Foreign Mission Conference and the Home Mission Conference. Delegates sacrificed their recreation to hold a Memorial Service at 4 P. M. for the late President Harding.

After dinner, following a concert by the famous Studebaker Band of South Bend, the General Mission Conference opened. These three conferences were not meetings at which many missionaries delivered lectures on the work of their order, but at each, one principal speaker addressed the delegates on the general subject, for consideration of which the meeting was called, and then missionaries and representatives of orders present answered questions regarding its relation to the Crusade.

Saturday morning, sectional conferences, one for college and high school men, one for college and high school women, and one for seminarians met. These were interrupted for a short recreational period during which the delegates assembled for a group picture before the Administration Building, then went back to work.

As, wearied and worn, they emerged at noon, they were directed to the cool lakeside for a picnic luncheon. From tables loaded with sandwiches, coffee, fruit, etc., eatables were dispensed to two long lines of hungry young men and women, priests, brothers, sisters, and semi-

narians. When ample justice was done to the repast, community singing in the Grotto was directed by Prof. John J. Fehring.

Then came a general business session, which was continued in the evening, after a band concert on the quadrangle. At both the Friday and Saturday night meetings delegates cheerfully remained till 11 o'clock and later to finish their work. At the conclusion of the Saturday night session, the prizes in the Junior Unit Contest were awarded. The Mission Unit of Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Cincinnati, which had secured the largest number of Junior Units, were awarded the first prize, and St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio, the second.

Sunday the final business session was convened after early Masses, and with the election of officers, finishing of old business, and adoption of resolutions of gratitude, the Fourth Convention was adjourned *sine die*.

After the last meal served, luncheon, delegates began to take hurried leave of newfound friends, and of the beautiful university, and though conscious of a great achievement, still none the less regretfully, to board trains for all directions.

In the short space at our disposal we have given but a general idea of what transpired at the greatest and most successful Convention the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has ever held. The inspiration, the information, the enjoyment that was derived is beyond words, so we prudently say nothing. It is more productive of results to talk to one who has been at Notre Dame from August 9 to 12. Suffice it to say, that we would bet our last dollar that there

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is not a single individual who regrets for any cause whatever, money, time, etc., attending the Fourth General Convention. To those who did not, we say only: "You don't know what you missed."

### IN MEMORIAM.

The University regrets to announce the death of the following alumni and students. In each case the news reached us during the past summer.

Rev. Francis Kehoe, C. S. C., of the class of '14, died of a malady contracted while on service as a missionary in Bengal, India. Father Kehoe was veritably a martyr and he will be remembered as one at Notre Dame.

Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D., '07, died in Misericordia Hospital, New York, after a long period of illness. Distinguished as a writer of popular Catholic novels, Father Smith proved himself a friend of Notre Dame, lecturing here many times upon English and American literature.

Thomas Furlong, loyal alumnus of the class of '13, was killed in an automobile accident.

Ray Stephan, of the class of '25, died in Fort Wayne by drowning.

Frank Summerville, one of Notre Dame's most promising poets and the literary pride of the class of '25, died as the result of an operation.

Pedro Aduriz, a student from Cuba, who had just registered at the University, died of pneumonia.

"When here below are lifted up  
The Sacred Host and Blessed Cup,  
Soon with Thee, Lord, may each one sup.  
Miserere, Domine."

### CHINESE SAYINGS.

(Translated by George B. Chao, of the University of Notre Dame.)

Men fight for gain, birds fight for food.

Constant courtesy wins constant friends.

The wise man closes his lips with three seals.

There are no real gains without some pains.

Do good with gentleness, shun evil with energy.

A very small spark may burn a very large field.

What the whole world thinks is what God thinks.

Scorpions sting with the tail, men sting with the tongue.

When you are all alone in your house, dedicate yourself to God.

Time is gold, but a ton of gold can not purchase a moment of time.

The people make the nation, but a ruler and a temple are required for it.

Arrange the day's program in the morning; in the Spring, arrange the program for the year.

The best iron need not be used to make nails, nor should the best citizens be used to make soldiers.

Get up early in the morning, and resolve to tell no lie during the day.

Peaceful pursuits make powerful nations.

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## SPREE VERSE

### HOLY SMOKE.

#### NURSERY RHYMES FOR SICK CHILDREN.

High diddle-diddle  
The cat and the fiddle,  
A concert of music and mews.  
The cat thought it nice  
To invite several mice;  
But the mice thought it best  
To refuse.

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Wan One: No, I haven't been eating much lately.

Robust: What the matter; lose your appetite?

Wan One: No: meal ticket.

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#### A TRUE STORY ABOUT A NOTRE DAME MAN.

Be it known that Butch Haecker at one time was a football player of note on a high school team in Toledo. At that time Butch weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds, we are told.

Picture a thrilling part in the game then; the wild cheers of the crowd for a touch-down; the sweating, fighting team; an all enveloping feeling of tenseness.

Butch was the center. He was in place and all set to snap the ball back. The quarter back's voice rang out above the wild cheering. He shouted "hike," and opened his hands for the ball. Then something went wrong. A huge sea of fighting, clawing, hammering beings in headgear and sweaters, immersed our Butch, and he was literally beaten to the ground and was seen no more. Gradually the seething mass quieted and one by one the men untangled themselves and limped away. All but Butch. He lay passive, inert. They rolled him over. And there on the spot where he had just lain, reposed the ball—*flat!*

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Displeased: I'd like to go to some school where they have real hot times.

Friend: Why didn't you go to Berkely?

To-day—Just got a check and I'll bet you by heck

That I'm not going to wreck it— you see.  
To-morrow—A girl and a gown and a night about town

Made a clown of my check and of me

\*\*\*

We should all keep two diaries, one for reading purposes and the other in which we tell the truth.

They would read something like this:

Date—August 12.

Called up Vivian, a great girl. Said she'd go to the dance.

Shaved and took a hot tub. Taxied from the house. Arrived at her home on time.—

Pleasant time at the dance. Saw many friends who seemed pleased to see me.

Left at midnight. Father up when we got home, and offered to drive me home.

Great girl. Must see her again.

Truthfully it would read:

Date—August 12,

Borrowed a nickel and called up Vivian. Argued for half an hour before she'd let me take her to the dance. Borrowed more money. Shaved and cleaned my finger nails. Walked within a block of her house and got into a taxi.

Unpleasant time at the dance. Saw too many guys I owed money who seemed anxious to see me. Left early on that account.

Father up when we got home, and threatened to drive me out.

Horrible lemon. Must remember to put her on the list.

\*\*\*

Sept. 30 (Late at night)

Peculiar incident to-night. Coming home late and was held up. Hit the thug a smart uppercut that laid the wretch low. Sauntered home quite pleased with myself.

The truth:

October 1, (Morning)

Couldn't write last night. Too scared and shaky. Man tried to hold me up last night (I needed it) but no chance.

Passed three and a Ford. Track coach would have been pleased. —KOLARS.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

BY THOMAS COMAN.

THE KAZOO OPENER.

William "Red" Maher emblazoned his name in Notre Dame's football history as one of the most deceptive and shifty half-backs that ever played with the "Fighting" Irish, when Notre Dame easily defeated Kalamazoo College, 74-0, on Cartier field yesterday afternoon.

Kalamazoo, while not providing any great amount of competition for the Rockmen, gave them a chance to display some of the best open field running that has ever been seen on the local gridiron. Beginning with Maher's snake dance from the 10-yard line to the Kazoo goal, for which almost perfect interference was provided, the fleet Irish backs continued to set the stands wild with excitement by long end runs and line smashes that completely broke down the resistance of the opposing eleven.

Not once during the entire game did Kalamazoo team make their first downs and of the three forward passes that they tried, not one of them was completed. The Irish backfield, masters of the passing game, are almost sure destruction to an opposing aerial attack.

One of the big factors in the success of the line smashing and end running game as played yesterday by the Rockmen, was the perfect coöperation of the linesmen in holding out the opposing line, thereby protecting their backfield men on punting, off-tackle smashes and end runs. The backfield's defence of the runner was a brilliant revelation, when time after time, the opposing ends and tackles were brushed aside to clear the path for the balltoters.

Crowley, Bergman, Miller, Connell and Hauser followed the pace set by Willie Maher, in turning the game into a track meet, with long runs of 50 to 60 yards. Enright at full, scored a touchdown in the second quarter, that was the direct result of an effective line charge. Cerney, opening the game at full-back, fairly destroyed the center of the Kalamazoo line by terrific plunging.

A fumble on the one yard line cost Notre Dame another touchdown, but it left Kala-

amazoo in a bad way for a few minutes, because the goal post was so close to the ball that the Kazoo backs did a circle dance around the post in order to buck the line for two yards.

Another Notre Dame touchdown was momentarily impeded, when the Kazoo safety man stopped Livergood, who had made a fast, hard drive through the center of the line and broke away from the secondary defence for 30 yards.

The Lombard scout, who attended the game, had something to think about before the final whistle blew. The plays were reeled off so fast that it was with difficulty that he kept track of the names of the loose-jointed backs that so easily wove their way through the Kalamazoo defence.

The exceptionally fine weather brought a large crowd of spectators, estimated at 3,500. The Kalamazoo eleven were the first on the field and proceeded to run signals. A wild outburst of cheering greeted the appearance of the Notre Dame team, who followed closely upon the field after the Celery City aggregation.

\* \* \*

Kalamazoo defended the south goal. Captain Jacobs kicked off for Kalamazoo. Maher, receiving for Notre Dame, caught the ball on his 10-yard line and following perfect interference, raced 90 yards for the first touchdown. Bergman kicked goal.

Maher went round left end for 53 yards. Bergman hit tackle for 2 yards. Ball on Kalamazoo's 7-yard line. Maher went through tackle for a touchdown. Bergman kicked the goal. Score: Notre Dame, 14; Kalamazoo, 0.

Don Miller tore off 59 yards for a touchdown. Crowley made the goal kick, but Notre Dame was off-side.

Enright went through center 25 yards and crossed the line for a touchdown. Crowley made the kick. Score: 41-0.

Crowley received the kick-off and ran it back 28 yards, and then raced around the right end for 65 yards and a score. Crowley kicked goal. Score: 48-0.

Connell and McGrath crashed the center for a total of nine yards and Livergood tore through the middle of the line for a touchdown. Hauser failed to kick goal. Score: 54-0.

## THE SCHOLASTIC

The same lineup that started the game opened the second half.

Black went in for Wilcox and attempted a place from the 44-yard line. Maher received the ball and ran 80 yards for a touchdown. Layden failed to kick the goal. Score: 60-0.

Voorhees is helped from the field and Otto replaces him. Notre Dame's ball on Kalamazoo's 25-yard line. Maher snake-danced around the end for a touchdown. Layden kicked the goal. Score: 67-0.

Rockne sent in another team.

Crowley reeled off 27 yards through tackle for a touchdown. Crowley kicked goal. Notre Dame, 74; Kalamazoo, 0.

Last quarter.

Kalamazoo's ball on their own 4-yard line, as the final whistle blew. Score: Notre Dame, 74; Kalamazoo, 0.

\* \* \*

Line-up:

Notre Dame.	.....	Kalamazoo.
Collins .....	l. e.	Newland
Stange .....	l. t.	Jacobs, Capt.
Brown, Capt.....	l. g.	Vant Roen
A. Walsh.....	c.	Whitney
Kizer.....	r. g.	Fleming
Oberst.....	r. t.	LaCrone
Mayl.....	r. e.	McCarthy
Stuhldreher.....	q.	Sproul
Bergman.....	l. h.	Skeen
Maher.....	r. h.	Curtis
Cerney.....	f.	Voorhees

Substitutes—Crowe for Collins; Vergara for Crowe; Noppenheimer for Stange.

### LINING UP WITH LOMBARD.

The Fighting Irish met the test and defeated Lombard College, 14-0, on Cartier field Saturday afternoon. The game was a battle of wits, speed; one of hard fighting. Schissler's squad proved to be every thing the dopesters had said about them and gave one of the best demonstrations of heady football seen on the local grid-iron in many seasons.

The whole battle was fought out by steady line plunging and fast driving off the ends, that netted gains of from 5 to 20 yards for both elevens. Very little of the

spectacular work that featured the game last week, was to be seen yesterday. In the last quarter, Lombard threw a scare into the Irish camp by completing several passes. Of the ten passes, only five failed to be completed. Enright and Layden proved capable of defending their goal against Lombard's last-minute attempt to score on the Irish.

Captain Harvey Brown, playing a hard, fast game in the guard position, made himself feared by the opposition by his terrific tackles, one of which put Swanson out of the game. Brown's tackling proved costly to Kalamazoo last week.

Walsh and Kizer were a stone wall at center, but they faced a stone wall equally as hard, as was shown when Layden was stopped at the line three times in order when Notre Dame was within scoring distance. Tim Murphy and Noppenberger played a steady game on the line, Noppenberger making several pretty tackles and recovering a fumble. Hunsinger and Collins gave good account of their positions on the wings and Vergara smeared the Lombard backs and spoiled several runs that started out with perfect interference.

Hauser lost ground in the opening quarter, when he missed Regan's pass, but later came through with some lengthy gains. Hauser's first pass was intercepted and netted Lombard 45 yards. The first period saw Lombard putting all the fight possible into the game, in an attempt to score early. Cerney crashed the center hard and threw Murphy, of Lombard, for a loss, near the close of the period.

The first string replaced the second and let loose all the energy and fight that had been accumulating on the benches during the quarter. In this period, Brown displayed his severe tackling qualities and Stange tried a 50-yard drop kick that fell short by 10 yards. The Rockmen suddenly broke away from the clinging Lombard crew and Miller went through tackle for 31 yards. Crowley carrying the ball on the next play, left his interference in a burst of speed that netted him 15 yards. The stands were going wild and yelling for a touchdown. Crowley made a brilliant run through tackle and was hit by five would-be tacklers before he was downed after a 14-yard gain. The Irish had the ball under

# THE SCHOLASTIC

the Lombard goal posts and Miller came through with the first score when he dove through the line for 12 yards.

The opening of the third quarter saw some brilliant line plunging on the part of both teams. Lombard defied the hard drives of Layden, who tried to cross the line on center plunges. Notre Dame was offside on the next play when Layden went over the line and the ball was recalled. Lombard took the ball on downs. On the next march to the Lombard goal, Layden attempted a kick and was hurt on the play, but he returned to the game.

For the first time in the game Lombard approached the Notre Dame goal line, when it was Lombard's ball on the Irish 35-yard line. Miller and Crowley put a final kick into the game by reeling off two runs that netted 53 yards. Miller made it again for 12 yards and Stuhldreher went over on a beautiful line charge, that made the final score 14-0.

### Lineup and summary:

Notre Dame.	Lombard.
Vergara .....l. e. ....	Swanson
Noppenberger .....l. t. ....	Stetson
Bach.....l. g. ....	Hart

Regan.....c. ....	Stiner
Weibel.....r. g. ....	Roseberry
E. Miller.....r. t. ....	Thompson
Hunsinger.....r. e. ....	Brockmuller
Reese.....q. ....	Lamb
Hauser.....l. h. ....	Cox
Connel.....r. h. ....	Hannum, (Capt.)
Cerney.....f. b. ....	Hummel

### Score by periods:

Notre Dame .....	0	7	0	7
Lombard .....	0	0	0	0

Summary: Touchdowns—Miller-Stuhldreher. Points from try after touchdown—Crowley, 2.

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Collins for Vergara; Stange for Noppenberger; Brown for Bach; Walsh for Regan; Kizer for Weibel; Oberst for E. Miller; Mayl for Hunsinger; Stuhldreher for Reese; Crowley for Hauser; Layden for Cerney; Miller for Crowley; Livergood for Layden, Farrell for Collins; Crowe for Farrell. Lombard: Murphy for Swanson; Minnick for Roseberry; Murphy for Brockmuller; Freeman for Hannum; Rainey for Hummel.

Referee—Gardner, Cornell. Umpire—Griffith, Beloit. Head Linesman—Kiethley, Illinois.



RECENT EVENTS.

Rt. Rev. George J. Caruna, Bishop of Porto Rico, celebrated the Pontifical Mass that opened the year at Notre Dame. Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, delivered the sermon.

\* \* \*

Registration for the college passes the nineteen hundred mark, the Director of Studies announces. The last crevice has been taken.

\* \* \*

The dome is being regilded by Joseph Wolf and Son, South Bend.

\* \* \*

The South Bend Centennial Celebration enlists the support of Notre Dame. A pageant illustrating the early history of the University, is successfully staged, and the monogram men march in parade. To South Bend we say: The first hundred are the hardest.

\* \* \*

Rockne is assisted in the difficult business of getting out another championship team by Keegan, formerly of Valparaiso University; Tom Lieb, "Hunk" Anderson, Roger Kiley, and Frank Coughlin. The first "pep" meeting is a brilliant success, too.

\* \* \*

Bill Sheehan, '25, is elected captain of the year's baseball team. A golf team organizes 'round Jack Adams, Joe Faglia, Dan Harris, Ray Bartzen, George Ward, Fred Link, and James Corbett. Fore!

The Notre Dame Endowment campaign opens in Denver preliminary to tramping along the West Coast. Rev. James Burns, C. S. C., and Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C. are in charge.

\* \* \*

Half of our one hundred thousand clubs have their annual meeting. Barnhart, however, is granted the "hectic" privilege of leading the Knights to victory once again. McGuire heads the SCRIBBLERS. Beware! Pens are pins.

\* \* \*

The lawyers welcome their new Dean. The Seniors also revive the venerable custom of canes.

\* \* \*

The student trip will be taken this year in the general direction of Pittsburg. Occasion: Carnegie Tech. Price, \$12.92.

\* \* \*

The Students' Mission on the Campus is preached by Rev. Wesley Donahue, C. S. C. That to the Day Students is under the direction of Rev. George Finnergan, C. S. C. The crowds break all records.

\* \* \*

Salvi opens the Washington Hall year. Comment unnecessary.

\* \* \*

The Glee Club is organized for the year by Dr. J. Lewis Browne. Ambition: To be the best in the country.

\* \* \*

Classes, classes, classes.  
Dances, dances, dances  
Cut system—blind dates.

\* \* \*

That will do for this time.

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For the Editing of this Magazine are Responsible:

THE SCRIBBLERS

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MR. JOHN BRENNAN

MR. HARRY McGUIRE

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MR. JAMES HAYES

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MR. DENIS O'NEIL

MR. ROBERT RIORDAN

MR. EDWIN MURPHY

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MR. FRANCIS KOLARS

MR. RICHARD LIGHTFOOT

MR. RAY CUNNINGHAM

MR. JOHN WITHEY

MR. CHARLES DE BARRY

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*And the Contributors to this Issue.*

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