

Photography—The Dome.

*Here sleeps glad summer by the aged walls,
His brow sweet-wreathéd with insurgent bloom;
And mystical the carven archways loom
Beside the street where echo a dream's footfalls.*

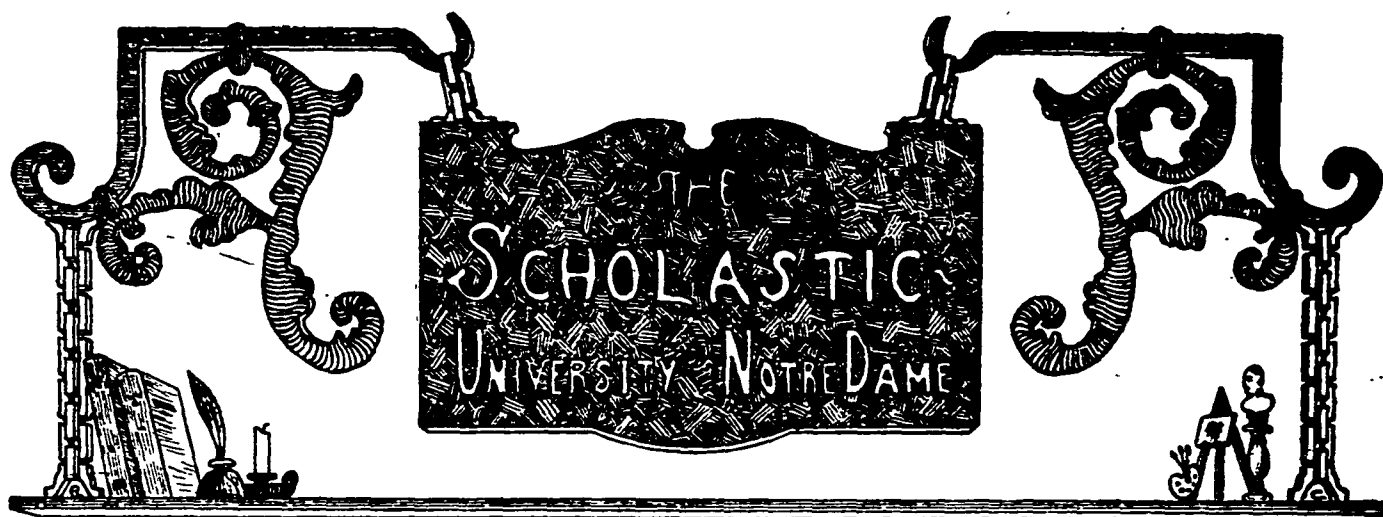
The Notre Dame Scholastic

NOVEMBER, 1923.

CONTENTS.

The Wings of Winter	131
The Laetare Medal Presentation <i>Harry A. McGuire</i>	132
The Spirit of Gipp (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>Joseph C. Ryan</i>	136
Rainy Day Thoughts <i>Edwin W. Murphy</i>	137
Brother Flo	139
St. Thomas and Modern Thought <i>R. R. Macgregor Ph. D.</i>	140
Any Old Timer (<i>A Sketch</i>) <i>Francis Kolars</i>	144
L'Envoi (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>Francis Collins Miller</i>	146
Reflections of a Movie Reviewer <i>John Brennan</i>	147
Historical Fables—I. <i>E. T. Lyons</i>	149
The Elusive Mr. Stunton (<i>A Story</i>) <i>J. R. Davids</i>	150
Tears (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>James F. Hayes</i>	158
Onions Lt'd. (<i>A Story</i>) <i>James Armstrong</i>	159
A Page of Poetry (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>J.</i>	162

Editorials—The Sad Part of a Story; Why Is a Critic?; The Danger of Learning; Art for Your Own Sake	163
Lunar Log—October Summary; The Poetry Contest; Dr. Flick's Address; Homecoming; The Blue Circle; Publications Lt'd.; Brother Columba Dies	167
Reviews	177
Education Elsewhere	181
Holy Smoke	182
What's What in Athletics—Georgia Tech; Purdue; Nebraska	183



THE WINGS OF WINTER.



WITH stoical grace the trees that but a little while ago were proudly rich have watched their holdings decrease, have given over to the stern and inevitable creditor all that made them beautiful and lustrous. It is one of the oldest of stories, though one which we read again with a melancholy flutter, as if the pathos were ours, too. And so it is, of course. Finally we shall be stripped of everything—hopes, passions, and the booty of possible victory, even the halo of our defeats. What will remain? Only the outstretched arms that suffer in the blast, only the hope against hope for spring to bloom again.

The irony of human living is always that the tinsel of the outside should seem more important than the flood that streams within. Everyone knows that the passing show is transitory, sees the human leaf burnished and then gone. How piteously little it amounted to, after all! Laugh at the old lady who wishes to be buried in a platinum coffin, but laugh as well at the man who would live in one. Watch them go by! The strained faces that pursue another million, perhaps another thousand; the minds that spin with figures and calculations; the eyes that glitter with the

prospect of a "deal." And then remember, the earth will roll round the sun thirty times, and the seasons will change, till all these faces and minds and eyes have melted into the terrible grin which earth tries to keep a merciful secret.

For millions of people living today, man is not separate from nature. The "cosmic chill," which must freeze the naked soul more brutally than ice fastens on a pool, drifts in upon the hedonism of comfortable days. To get what you can while the getting's good is one part of the philosophy; and the other part is an iron song that rasps the surface of laughter and tears. Millions of people who face tomorrow as the trees face winter! There is the tragedy—not so much elsewhere, even in the great, dark lands where hunger stalks and peace is a forgotten word. After all, our most important hope is to escape this—to find an answer in which there is at least one strong, sage whisper of unending spring.

And the answer? Oh, just the peace which is above seasons and beyond the winds. It is a peace made half of a poem and half of a prayer, a peace makes rhymes smilingly and prays without rebellion. No one can find it for you. It can enter only through the windows which are unseen, whispering words too strange and distant even for a wordless song.

THE LAETARE MEDAL PRESENTATION.

HARRY A. MCGUIRE.

"At the present time, it is peculiarly significant that the LAETARE MEDAL comes to you as a recognition of excellent citizenship. You have been a noteworthy professional man, and a leader in the law. But beyond all of that, has come your fidelity to American principle in the noblest and most disinterested sense: devotion to the conscience of our country in the conduct of affairs, to the charity of our people towards the unfortunate in other lands, and to the progressive instincts of our political traditions. You have moved onward without faltering; you have defended, with honor and often against odds, the things that must not perish."

IT IS seldom indeed that Notre Dame men have the privilege of listening to such an address as was delivered by Mr. Walter George Smith on the occasion of the Laetare Medal presentation on November 8th. Professors may possess a great knowledge of their subject, and be adept in presenting it; but their classroom is confining in its atmosphere, and even the eve of examinations is not an occasion so tense with feeling as the occasion of the presentation of the Laetare Medal. Lecturers may be sincere, they may be oratorical and effective, but the students cannot forget that they are lecturers. Sermons may be fervid, appealing, but students cannot but remember that there have been sermons for 6,000 years.

Now these comparisons may not have entered Mr. Smith's head. They need not have entered his head, because apparently he labored under no delusions as to the student mind. What he realized, on the other hand,

is important. He realized that his was a rare opportunity for influencing young men, and he further realized that these young souls were avid for such wisdom as his—wisdom refined by half a century of varied experiences, wisdom presented because it was wise and sane, not because it was aesthetic or clever.

What Mr. Smith said was significant—but what he said you may read below. Those who missed this occasion cannot, however, find in the formal addresses the quality which embodies the scene so deeply in one's memory. First there was the short talk of Bishop Edward F. Hoban, who presided. His is a temperate, melodious voice, and his is a graceful manner that pleases; it was his task to say something of the significance of the awarding of the medal, and to put the vast audience at ease. He did these things with skill.

Doctor Lawrence F. Flick, who had been honored several years ago as Mr. Smith was honored that night, followed Bishop Hoban with an address upon the recipient of the medal. Doctor Flick, who is a close personal friend of Mr. Smith's, enumerated so many offices held by that gentleman that we lost count after 173. Suffice it to say that they were almost wholly honorary positions that gave vivid testimony of Mr. Smith's leadership and philanthropy. Typical were such offices as President of the American Bar Association, and member of the committee of 21 called by President Harding to consider the limitation of armaments. Doctor Flick was so glad to have the opportunity of telling the world about his friend, and so altogether amiable in his narration, that the audience

could not but feel that it too shared in the friendship and greatness of this man.

Now, on behalf of the university, Father Matthew Walsh read the formal presentation speech, and the medal was pinned on Mr. Smith by Bishop Hoban.

Until this time Mr. Smith had sat quietly, with that expression of tolerant boredom which almost always marks the expression of modest men when they must witness the singing of their own panegyrics. Now he arose with calm majesty ("He must surely be a member of the Barrymore family," we heard someone say), and in words low with suppressed emotion, gave his thanks for the great honor bestowed upon him. His expression of gratitude was not lengthy, because Mr. Smith is a sincere man, and his mind is a relevant one. Then he proceeded to the unfoldment of his address, which concerned itself with national matters of the highest significance. But we must not mar it with our own clumsy interpretation. Let it stand as the most appealing monument by which many at Notre Dame will remember Mr. Walter George Smith.

The address follows:

No one can travel through the length and breadth of the United States without marvelling at its material wealth. Recently I have read a speech by the President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Mr. Julius H. Barnes, delivered last month in Boston, in which he gives amazing statistics of the production and consumption of manufactured material, as well as of the raw products of nature. I will not dwell upon these figures, indeed they are unnecessary to convince anyone who is at all familiar with the history of mankind that probably at no age in the world has there been so widely extended a prosperity

and a greater diffusion of the means for physical ease and comfort. While the old world is torn with dissension, burdened with debt, and its future under so dark a cloud as to challenge the courage of the most stout-hearted, in America we seem to be progressing by leaps and bounds towards a material prosperity that staggers the imagination. Are we happy under these conditions? Contrast our hurried and anxious lives with those of our ancestors in the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century. Can we say the marvelous adaptation of the hidden forces of nature to the will of man has conduced in the long run to happiness? What happiness means has been the subject of debate, but I take it in speaking to this audience we can all agree on the definition of what constitutes happiness as we pray for it, peace with God and peace with ourselves; and with inward peace the most hurried and restless life, burdened with responsibilities, racked by illness, strained by poverty, still leaves the possessor triumphant over vicissitudes. Without it, there is no imaginable condition where real happiness, or such an approximation to it as is possible for sinful man to attain, can exist.

Why are we as a community dissatisfied? Why is it that every action established by the experience of mankind in our day is challenged, beginning with the existence of the supernatural and following from that general principle to any form of individual or collective conduct of life? To Catholics the reason for all this is not far to seek. We trace our civilization to the Roman Empire. Its pagan customs, so far as natural equity and truth made them just, were adopted by Christianity, and Christianity gave its sanction to everyone of the basic principles upon which modern civilization has been built up. The oath invoking the Deity's vengeance on falsehood is perhaps the most salient and impressive testimony of the fact that civilization, as we know it, is based upon belief in the supernatural. The whole trend of modern thought is realistic. While admitting that "the riddle of the universe" has not been solved, and is perhaps insoluble, it rejects any explanation that transcends experience. Rationalism necessarily yields to skepticism, skepticism to infidelity in relig-

THE SCHOLASTIC

ious matters, and infidelity in religion tends surely to class consciousness, the disruption of society, and the horrors that have afforded the world an object lesson for so many years in Russia.

One is not necessarily a pessimist because he raises a warning voice when danger threatens. It is the insidious appeals to the lower elements of human nature, it is jealousy and selfishness that little by little take away the spirit of loyalty upon which the foundations of the State must ultimately rest. Granted that contentment depends vary largely on economic prosperity, that is not the whole truth. If it be, when hard times come the State must fall amidst the execrations of those who, when they were well-clothed and well-fed, applauded it. The famishing and tattered soldiers at Valley Forge, if they had thought only of material well-being, would have dropped their muskets and hurried to the lines of Howe in Philadelphia. From Thermopylae to Bunker Hill, from Bunker Hill to Warsaw, the spirit of freedom has asserted itself and scorned the sleek prosperity that might have come from surrender of principle.

These considerations are obvious enough, and yet they are too often forgotten. It is time that our minds be brought back to the contemplation of the primordial, basic truths upon which our institutions, social, civic and political, rest. They are primarily religious, as I have said. Train the citizen to faith in a God of justice and of mercy, before whose tribunal he must inevitably stand to render account of the deeds of a lifetime, teach him the Commandments, and make him realize that society exists, the State exists, to protect him in his rights and to prevent his violating the rights of his neighbor, and you have a conservative element that will resist all change that would endanger the State.

Of course there must be change, nothing is static in the universe. But this applies to accidents. Right and wrong in their essential attributes remain the positive and the negative, and cannot be conceived in any other aspect. Conventions of society are not sanctions of right, they are deeply written on the heart of man by the finger of God Himself.

These general observations are provoked

by immediately pending questions now agitating the public mind. Ever since the emergencies of the great world war required the concentration of authority in the Federal Government for its prosecution, there has been an accelerated tendency towards bureaucracy. The principle of individual liberty, which, as has been well said by a great lawyer, "has grown out of the life of the Anglo-Saxon race and has been waxing strong during all the seven hundred years since Magna Charta," has been invaded by amending the Constitution in a manner undreamed of in other and saner days. We fought to maintain the principle of individual liberty as against the dominance of the state in the great war, and it seems an irony that the main question now pending before the people of the United States regards the alcoholic contents of their beverages. To quote again:

"The power of that principle of individual liberty that develops in the life of our race is the greatest formative power in the history of the world. Over against it stands the principle of the State. On the one hand is the declaration. In that great instrument, the value of which we hardly yet appreciate, the Immortal Declaration, penned by Thomas Jefferson, that all men are created with inalienable rights which governments are created to preserve. On the other hand is the principle that States are created with supreme rights which all individuals are bound to observe. The one centres the system of law and order and justice upon the inalienable right of the individual, the other centres the system of law, order and justice upon the rights of the State, which subordinates the rights of the individuals."

That question as we supposed in 1916, when Mr. Root, from whom I quote, delivered his address before the New York State Bar Association, was then being fought out on the battlefields of Europe. The battlefields have now been transferred to the United States, and the contending forces are a combination of fanaticism and commercial greed on the one side, and those who are endeavoring to preserve the doctrine of inalienable rights of the individual on the other.

My plea to an audience of educated men is that they study the basic principles of

THE SCHOLASTIC

American Governmental institutions in the light of the eternal rules of justice as between man and man, which we learn from Revelation. Forgetfulness of these principles or deliberate rebellion against them for selfish reasons, is responsible for a very large proportion of the attempts to remove the ancient landmarks. There is nothing sacred in any form of human government; it is a means to an end, and one form will work well in one nation which would be disastrous to another. Our own has stood the vicissitudes of a century and a half, marked by greater changes in the social life than in any century of which we read. Our National Constitution, which was the evolution of thought and human experience of our British ancestors, during centuries, has proved itself sufficiently elastic to meet the wants of a population of more than a hundred million, though when the Fathers of the Republic drafted it there were but three million. The checks and balances have shown astonishing efficiency, yet there are emotional people ready to follow the lead of men hardy enough to lay hands upon the Supreme Court itself in the effort to make a minority control the majority.

As everyone knows, the Constitution of the United States having received the necessary ratification from the various states which had previously composed the Confederation, went into effect in 1789. It was the fundamental law of a new nation. It consists of a comparatively few provisions conferring jurisdiction upon the Federal Government and all those powers not conferred were of course reserved to the states or the people. There were then, as now, two classes of thought in the interpretations of those provisions, and it required a long and bloody Civil war to determine finally that the claims of the extreme advocates of the doctrine of state rights were wrong. The state had no right to secede. John Marshall, sitting as Chief Justice with his colleagues of the Supreme Court, was called upon in 1803 to decide for the first time upon the power of the Federal Judiciary to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress. In simple, vigorous language, with irresistible logic, he demonstrated that power. He showed the original right of the people

to establish for their future government such principles as in their opinion would most conduce to their own happiness, and when those principles were established they were fundamental and designed to be permanent. He showed that originally a supreme will organizes the governments and assigns to the different departments their respective powers, and then adds this will may stop at that point or establish certain limits not to be transcended by those departments. The Government of the United States is divided into the legislative, the executive, and the judiciary. The powers of the legislative are defined and limited and that those limits may not be mistaken or forgotten the Constitution is written. The Chief Justice asks: "To what purpose are powers limited, and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing if these limits may at any time be passed by those intended to be restricted? The distinction between a government with limited and unlimited powers is abolished if those limits do not confine the persons upon whom they are imposed, and if acts prohibited and acts allowed are of equal obligation. It is a proposition too plain to be contested that the Constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it, or that the legislature may alter the Constitution by an ordinary act. . . . This theory is essentially attached to a written constitution and is consequently to be considered by this court as one of the fundamental principles of our society. . . . If an act of the legislature repugnant to the Constitution is void, does it notwithstanding its invalidity bind the courts and oblige them to give it effect? Or in other words if it be not law does it constitute a rule as operative as if it was a law? This would be to overthrow in fact what was established in theory; and would seem at first view an absurdity too gross to be insisted on. . . . Those then who controvert the principle that the Constitution is to be considered in court as a paramount law are reduced to the necessity of maintaining that the courts must close their eyes on the Constitution and see only the law. . . . It would require that if the legislature shall do what is expressly forbidden, such act notwithstanding the express prohibition, is in reality effectual. . . . This is too extravagant to be main-

THE SCHOLASTIC

tained. . . . Why does a judge swear to discharge his duties agreeably to the Constitution of the United States if that Constitution forms no rule for his government?"—*Marbury vs. Madison*.

And so the Supreme Court of the United States has stood as the interpreter and the defender of the fundamental law calmly and unflinchingly to our day. Although but forty-five decisions have been rendered declaring null acts of Congress, each one has been followed by an assault upon the court by those radical people who often, with good intentions, would violate the fundamental law to accomplish their purposes. Of late, under the leadership of not less than four United States Senators, many members of Congress, some Governors of States, an effort is being made either by amendment to the Constitution or by legislation, to restrict the power of the court. All this is of a piece with that ignorance and irreverent attitude which would lay hands upon the very charter of American liberty and set up the will of a temporary majority as against the principles laid down by the Declaration of Independence of the inalienable right of the individual. It is a striking evidence of the un-American idea of the power of the State in making it supreme whether it be the representation of a temporary majority or of an individual monarchy.

I have taken this particular evidence of un-American attitude of mind as one of the most striking. If it should succeed it lays the door open to legislation that would be subversive of those inherent rights that

we have come to look upon as axiomatic—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, covering freedom of conscience, freedom of religion, the right to a speedy hearing and trial in criminal cases, and all those gains of individual freedom which have been the fruit of experience and of conflict between the tyrant and the people.

The time has come for a rebirth of the spirit that actuated the Fathers of the Republic when they gathered in the City of Philadelphia in 1787 to frame our new Government. The outcome of their work was the result of their own studies and the experience of mankind in political government from the days of Pericles until their own, and their greatest contribution was first a written Constitution whereby the majority of the people deliberately restrained themselves from hasty action and constituted an impartial tribunal to warn them when they overpassed their self-imposed bounds. It is not strange in a day when the fundamentals of religion are challenged that all other principles which, as I have endeavored to show depend upon them, are also challenged. I can but appeal to all educated men wherever opportunity affords, to hold the torch of truth amidst this gathering darkness in the hope that under God's providence the clouds that now obscure the minds of so many of our fellow-citizens will pass, that our ship of state will right itself, that class hatred will give way to charity, and the holy experiment of the American Republic will not fail through the long years in which our children will live.

THE SPIRIT OF GIPP.

JOSEPH C. RYAN.

(Homecoming. The players are leaving the field after the game.)

But one alone, the last, remains
Where on this field in other years
He played and ran and won, like these,
And thrilled at mad, stupendous cheers.
Today he heard a bugle call.
He smiles, for they had thought of him,
And smiling, fades into the dusk.
The chalk-marked field is silent, dim.

RAINY DAY THOUGHTS.

EDWIN W. MURPHY.



DOTTED lines of rain against a latticework of naked twigs and tree limbs, jaundiced foliage that drops to earth like so many dead souls, a lacklustre sky, and the wet breath of the east wind betokens evening—the evening of the year. Serenity has settled over the harvest fields, a contemplative mood that resembles nothing more than the wistful softness of sweet music.

Not everybody can appreciate Autumn. To get most out of this season, your nature must be sombre and best at home in shadows and seclusion. But most men's minds run predominately to tints. Your prototype, if you are a devotee of Fall, will be *Il Penseroso*, the so-called German mind. You will find Spring has no spell; her lavish alchemy, if anything, will be blinding.

But, according to Hoyle, if a man does not leap and gambol in vernal hilarity, he must be possessed of a devil, while the canons of good taste, after a succession of rainy, overcast days quite permit you to grow a bit morose and even irritable. The glamor of Spring, her delicate hues and ecstatic odors, but suggest for many men the ethereal melancholy of Autumn, the climax of the seasonal pageant.

Yet Spring furnishes us with more than verses. It is the season of dalliance. And the art of dalliance represents undoubtedly *the* perfect thing achieved in this sublunar existence. Great talent for shirking responsibility indicates a heritage added to by

unnumbered generations. About it has accumulated a body of exquisite traditions.

The chap who sees happiness in the vagaries and fol-de-rols that, like meadow flowers and forest echoes, so infrequently touch the great world, will breeze along the even tenor of his way, singing or sleeping whenever he has a mind to, while the victim drags grievous burdens imposed by learning, pride, or natural gifts, too tired to sing, or too distraught to sleep.

In panorama, this civilization of ours must resemble an immensely integrated and wonderfully complete piece of machinery. Not the least marvelous thing about it is, it works. There is even complaint that it works too fast. At any rate, few men have had the hardihood to say we might get along without it. And it has impressed some astute individuals as complete in itself, the original perpetual motion machine. During the war it backfired.

The Orientals thought the earth rested on the back of an elephant, the feet of the elephant resting on four huge turtles. In 1923 the world takes the form of a heavier-than-air contrivance, designed to traverse that portion of eternity contained within time and space. It whirs magnificently and makes a tremendous noise, while probably frightening no one. None of us can be sure, however, it is not advancing upside down, or that we are going in a straight line. And, too, there remains a great amount of speculation as to how far it would run on momentum, and on what shores we would land if the machine should go to pieces.

That this mighty engine operates

THE SCHOLASTIC

without serious trouble amazes us every day. But just what good it accomplishes, how far it refines and improves the man beyond operating merely will be the prey of multiple doubts. With us we have always the barbarian, whether he wields a pneumatic hammer or a pleistocene axe. Both barbarism and culture are largely atavistic. Art lived in the innermost recesses of human nature in the cave age. Perhaps it took the form of carrying swagger sticks or expressed itself in some little Bohemian oddity such as letting the hair grow (in all directions).

The modern barbarism will often be highly civilized; the artist of pre-history was crassly primitive. The former has now softened down to the smug materialist. Nowadays he does obscurantist. He may even constitute the material of art. But as such cannot be else than impassive, inert, whose spirit lies imprisoned in his nature like the geni of the Arabian Nights had himself compressed not necessarily have to be an into a bottle—and tossed into the sea. Contemporary barbarism roars and surges about us, as the same thing has threatened the world throughout the eons, sometimes entirely inundating the Eden of Art, but only to leave the soil more fertile.

The germ of the Renaissance—the spontaneous combustion of culture of which the present age has not seen

the climax—was preparing throughout the whole period of the dark ages when the Western World lay fallow. And in order to have a national art it will be necessary to develop a nation of “free” artists as distinguished from creative artists. In making the soil ready the first thing to recognize is that it is impossible to bring under cultivation more than a meagre fraction of the race, exactly as but a small proportion of the land produces the food supply. But the growth must be free and untrammelled. Probably the most odious thing in the sight of God is hot-house culture. In our own country we see that it results in sentimentalism, sophistication, and vulgarity, not to mention a number of monstrosities as by-products—Christian Science for instance.

The first and most pressing urge in a man is the instinct to collect and enjoy the things that makes for position and affluence. The natural sequel is to purchase with these goods the leisure for self-expression. Barbarians never get beyond the first stage. And there must be a kind of metempsychosis in the process of culture. The man who finds himself the messiah of his day will have his poetry moulded out of all the myriad unsung dreams and visions that come to each of the race in his Gethsemane.

For, if we look closely, we will find life is altogether a pathway paved with the ashes of dead dreams.

BROTHER FLO.

*(In Memory of Brother Florian, C. S. C.,
Who Died on October 27.)*

WHILE the field was ringing with enthusiastic delight in one of the best games Notre Dame has seen, a little bell rang out also to say that Brother Flo had died. We should have chosen no other setting for this last voyage of his; he must have liked to know that as the hard days were drawing to an everlasting end for him, the boys were back at the old school once more, thronging in to find it the same place that their youth had dreamed it was. The boys! The work, the purpose, the beauty of his life are associated with these two words. Boys—their pranks, their laughter, their tempers and their temperaments, all focused somehow in the shrewd simplicity of his eye. He loved them individually and collectively, and was beloved in the same way.

Brother Flo was a man of God, of course, but also a man of earth. There was the unflagging question-mark in his character which beguiled us. There was the canny calculation of a mind utterly too simple for strategy. You met Flo, but that wasn't the end of it. Every new contact was a revelation that made you smile, but smile affectionately. Not even the dome was more of a Notre Dame landmark. He had in himself everything that has run like a stream through the generations of education here. His pockets were crammed with community cigars, which atrocities were bestowed with a condescending grace (and often as not a sham label) that somehow perfumed the ensuing

smoke with odors of Havana. The flavor of Flo's handshake combined something of the dignity of a Presidential greeting with the spice of being recklessly off-side—as if this expression of cordiality on his part were being done against all the rules of the game, for the sheer pleasure of the thing. And to proceed with Flo down the spaces of the art-galleries! His were the remarks of a connoisseur who treated every picture with reverence—and originality. How could he have told the same story twice? And it is to be feared that those who took his statements concerning Van Dyke and Botticelli literally were slightly misinformed. But to those who knew, his guide-book to art was immortal, like the best of Dickens and Boswell.

It is to the life in old Saint Joseph's hall, where Brother Florian established himself as rector during many a year, that remembrance returns today. St. Joseph's hall was a remarkable institution; it housed lads who were working their way through school, and who lived for the most part in dormitories. No king ever ruled over his subjects with greater pomp and splendor than Brother Flo did here—at least in attitude. His condemnations were innumerable, but his pardons exceeded them in number. The hall has been a reminiscence for several years, now; but when ever a St. Joseph's boy appeared on the campus, his first question was, "Say, where's Flo?" That was a kind of extension to his reign. He exacted that question imperiously and answered it with benignity. Youth stayed by him, even into the days when the fatal disease began to show on his face.

THE SCHOLASTIC

There never was a better Notre Dame man. Every stone and stick of the place was catalogued in his heart, and he treasured the voices of old boys long after they had been brushed away by the long winds. And so now, while we speak our little prayers for the peace of his soul and treasure the austere lesson of his religious life, it may not be out of place to send a smile after him. Perhaps he has already been appointed a

porter in the realms of Heaven. Perhaps shortly he will be showing off the place to new guests, and introducing them to the Saints. What if he does confuse the apostles with holy martyrs? What if, as he tells the story, celestial landscapes take on the tint of his imagination? After all, laughter must be the bliss of Heaven, just as it is the only radiance on earth that lasts over and beyond the night.

SAINT THOMAS AND MODERN THOUGHT.

R. R. MACGREGOR, PH. D.

THESE notes are being written in commemoration of the Angelic Doctor. Despite the vagueness of the title, I want to attempt on this occasion a very definite task. I believe that the time has come in art, literature and philosophy, as in every other branch of life, when we must take our bearings; when we must try to discover, if possible, the direction in which we are moving, and still more important, the direction in which we ought to be moving. We ought to make up our minds about certain fundamental principles, and say definitely whether we really want or do not want some of the new ideas which are rampant, which the police are engaged in suppressing and many critics of art, literature and philosophy are encouraging. It is time, in short, to wake out of our Laodicean slumbers, and decide whether we are on the side of development and construction, or on that of destruction and a reversion to

utter barbarism. The intellectual world is suffering today from a lack of any profound belief; philosophy is bankrupt. The world has lost its religion and with it that central position from which it could once see life steadily, and see it whole, under the eternal aspect. Rules and conventions, being no longer related to any central certainty or authority, have degenerated into a mere social code which is subject to every whim of fashion. The ruling passion, with old and young, is to be in the "movement," no matter where it may be leading; and still more the fear of being thought to be "out of the movement." It is a matter for curious reflection that these people are doing precisely what they think quite erroneously was done by the nineteenth century. They are slavishly following conventions, and forgetting (simply because their conventions are new) that there are realities, and eternal realities; standards, and eternal standards; foundations, and eternal foundations.

One of the results of the great enlargement of the field of human thought during the last century was

the increasing tendency among modern writers and thinkers to lose sight of these realities, and to lose their hold on any central, unifying and authoritative principle; to treat all kinds of complex matters as if they were quite simple, and, where a hundred human factors were involved, to treat a problem as if it involved the consideration of only two or three. It was a century of specialization, and each group of specialists strayed farther and farther from the common intellectual center where they could all once meet. The old completeness of view, the white light of vision in which men so different as St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus, Duns Scotus and St. Thomas Aquinas could see the essential unity of this complex world; man as a soul and a body; life and death as a march to immortality, and the universe as a miracle with a single meaning; all that white light of vision has been broken up into a thousand prismatic colors and shifting reflections. We are in danger of losing the white light, not because it is no longer there, but because the age has grown too vast for us to recombine its multi-colored rays. Analysis has gone so far, decentralization (or, in the most exact meaning of the word, eccentricity) has gone so far that we are in danger of intellectual disintegration. It is time to make some synthesis, or we shall find that art, letters and philosophy, indeed, everything that is worth while, are lost in a chaotic and meaningless world. There are signs of it already on every hand which must give us pause. On every side there is in art, letters and philosophy being fought the same fight as is being waged po-

litically in Russia—an intellectual Bolshevism—a fight not between old fogeyism and bright young rebellion, but an abnormal struggle between sanity and downright insanity; between the destructive forces that, consciously or unconsciously, aim at obliterating all the finer shades and tones in language and thought, and at exalting incompetence and disorder. There is an enormous difference between some of the destructive movements of today and the progressive revolutions of the past. Up till thirty years ago revolutions in art, letters and philosophy had a way of adding something valuable to what we already possessed. *Tempora mutantur*. Today's revolutions merely take away, and add nothing but confusion and worse.

We cannot do without continuity of tradition and authority. If I were a sign-writer I should like to paint these words in the largest letters on every hoarding in the country. All the unrest of today is due to failure or refusal to accept the proven truth of these words. This brings me at last to St. Thomas. The philosophy which gives this sanity of outlook is called Scholasticism, and St. Thomas is its greatest master. I have not space to detail his career. Suffice it to say that his greatest work is the *Summa* which to the present day remains the standard work of Scholastic philosophy and theology. It has taught students to think, to distinguish carefully the meaning of technical words and to systematize knowledge. Its philosophy has brought true Christianity into closer relations with civilization and with science in its widest scope; and that is exactly what is needed today, no

more and no less. Yet while fully protecting the ascendancy of religion, St. Thomas also was careful to award to the other departments of life their respective rights. In fact, the very essence of Thomism, as his philosophy is called, is, first, its clear definition and delimitation of the respective claims of philosophy and theology, and, second, its advocacy of the use of reason.

St. Thomas is one of the great reconcilers, of that order of spirits who have no rest until they discern truths, seemingly at strife together, converging towards and merging in truth itself, the ineffable. One can readily imagine him anything but dismayed at the present results of physical science. Like Aristotle (whom he knew only through a Latin translation), his master, he would eagerly and promptly apply to them his doctrine of "form" and "matter". Truth, to him, would still be the equation of perfect assimilation of the subject knowing with the object known. And in solving riddles offered him he would still have pursued his careful method of equilibration, of balancing between conflicting statements. He cherishes the "*aurea mediocritas*"—in the history of the ultra-modernism of the times especially notable by its absence. Nominalists and Realists might contend; he is with both parties and with neither. He seeks that higher truth which, haply, should satisfy. And, as is ever the case with the conciliatory, he is claimed by all parties in turn; declared to be inconsistent; praised or blamed for inveterate skepticism. For philosophy, pure and well-reasoned, founded on the broad basis of scientific fact, is the greatest human asset in the life

and development of any individual community or race. That is precisely what the world needs today.

It is due to a movement called Neo-Scholasticism that some parts of the world are awakening to the fact that a sound philosophy is a national *sine qua non*. It was, however, in 1879 that Pope Leo XIII. gave impulse by his encyclical *Aeterni Patris* to the renewed study of Scholasticism, and above all, of St. Thomas Aquinas. The philosophy of the Angelic Doctor was freely admitted to be one of the chief marvels of the ages mis-called the Dark. It could be admired in the way of an incomparable cathedral. More than this, it was then claimed that the majestic monument was capable of being restored and adapted to the requirements of our own times. How true this prophecy was is now too manifest. The encyclical describing Christian philosophy as Scholastic urged the renewed study and application of the methods and principles synthesised by St. Thomas Aquinas. Side by side with the lessons of ancient wisdom, it also advocated the full use of recent discoveries in the natural and social sciences, from which treasures might be drawn "equally profitable to religion and society."

The world today feels more than ever the need of a philosophy which is, at one and the same time, true to all the facts of human experience, which gives an adequate account and explanation of the things that are, and which also safeguards the great and immutable principles of justice and moral law. By this time the world should be fully alive to the dangers of the gospel of might (even in its many aliases), and should be

THE SCHOLASTIC

ready to receive a gospel of right in its place. Mankind cannot live and exist without a philosophy, and we may venture to hope that one of the results of the greatest unrest known to history will be a return of world thought, and of European thought especially, to those sane principles of Scholastic philosophy which alone offer a satisfactory basis for human knowledge and human activity.

It would be difficult to conceive a more demonstrative object-lesson of the hopeless bankruptcy of the philosophies that have reigned in Europe from Hume to Eucken. Assuredly this should be a hopeful season for urging by every means in our power the claims of an old philosophy that is ever new, that justifies our trust in our intellectual faculties, that provides a solid foundation for the ethical convictions of mankind, that satisfies the religious instincts of our nature, and that finally furnishes a coherent rational theory of life for the human race—for the individual, for the family, and for the state. We are living in an age in which the critical or destructive faculty far overweighs the constructive, when we can see the faults of what exists and expose them, and see and appreciate all kinds and sides of truth very much more effectively than we can build systems which can commend themselves constructively. I do not say that a critical age is more intellectual or exhibits more intellectual power than a constructive age, or vice versa; but they are overtly different. The great power of St. Thomas Aquinas to construct a system, great intellectually, which takes into account all the known facts, and which commends itself to a wide circle of

people, among whom are numbers of prominent Protestants (Coleridge, Huxley, Mackintosh, MacDougall, to mention only a few), and becomes their adequate intellectual expression—that sort of constructive power we do not appear to possess, at any rate in large measure.

Philosophy is, indeed, perennial, alike stable and full of change. Duly recognizing our human limitations, we had best accept the words of Bossuet: "We must not loose hold of any truths which we know for certain, whatever difficulty there may be in reconciling some of them with others; we must, so to speak, hold on tightly to both ends of the chain, though we cannot see the middle of it, nor follow it with our eyes from end to end." Philosophy must for ever start from the facts of which it claims to give an adequate explanation. In other words, philosophy is not, and should not be, divorced from the particular sciences; it must on the contrary, go to them for its facts, and keep in touch with their developments. There are also the relations of the new philosophy with its competitors, and with the data of science. Philosophy, to Cardinal Mercier, the greatest Neo-Scholastic today, is "the full understanding of the order in the universe, of man's moral duties resulting from it, and of his knowledge and reality." Philosophy is science at its highest degree of perfection, that knowledge which penetrates to the bottom. Other knowledge grows from more to more, and also the knowledge of human limitations. Systems perish. Truth, philosophy are ideals which "in the present conditions of human life we can only approach and never attain."

ANY OLD TIMER.

FRANCIS KOLARS.



AM not very old. In fact I am not nearly old enough. I should like to be five or six hundred at least, but I must be content with the measly forty years that have done so much to make me what I am not.

There was a time when I was glad that I was still in the late forties. A time when I, in my ignorance, delighted in the thought that I was enjoying all the blessings of a modern age. This smudge of befuddlement is past (due to some one's prayers, I presume), and now I almost gasp and catch my breath when I think of how misled I might have remained. I simply mean that the modern age is all wrong. It grows wronger as it grows more modern. The beginning of the modern age is perhaps the least harmful. What I mean is that the head of it is not nearly so bad as the tail of it, in which we live. The head is better because it is more closely associated with the "Old Days."

The "Old Days"—nay, I shall say: the "Good Old Days"—were always the best. If you do not believe me, ask anyone who lived in them. They will tell you quickly enough. They will say: "In the good old days"—and then start off on a long tale of almost anything; and before they are through you will admit very frankly that the good old days, or any old day for that matter, must have been much better than the days or day you just spent. I know this because I have been talking a great deal, or rather listening a great deal to old gentle-

men and old gentlewomen who lived in those good old days. I tell you they were immense, those olden times.

My discovery of the devil modernity came about through a desire on my part to obtain material for an article on the differences between those and these days. And so one night I bethought me to call on and interview an old gentleman who lives on our street. He answered the door himself, and asked me to come in. I entered and sat down in one of those rigidly comfortable, stiff-backed old chairs, that are so typical of the thoughtfulness of the old days. I fairly squirmed with delight at the way it kept my back in line, while the old gentleman began by starting off some good old tobacco which my modern nose could not at all appreciate.

Then he said, "Now, when I was a boy—"

"Hold on there. Stop," I said politely. "You mean '*Then*, when you were a boy.' Fang an." (I wanted him to know I understood German.)

He ogled at me, cast a tender glance at his old cane where it leaned in the corner, and resumed, "All right, then. Then when I was—"

"Oh, I'm sorry, indeed I am," I said hastily. "I didn't mean that you were to use two '*thens*'. You did, you know. You said—"

"Young man," he broke in rudely, though I must admit I was flattered at being so addressed, for I had not yet learned the folly of being young. "Young man, you will do me a favor by leaving my house."

I was aghast at this but, never losing my composure, I said in sharp retort, "I had no idea of taking it.

You can have it. Keep it." And I departed. I have since regretted my sudden taking leave of him for I believe I should have heard much more, had I but stayed on a bit.

Now I believe that it was the very fact that my first interview was so unsatisfactory that led me to risk another. The supply of old men in our village is limitless it seems, and I am sure that they all are, or have been gentle. There are just loads of them. They refuse to die. They won't get sick. It puzzles me no small amount why they persist in living in such a pesky age as this is. I think that it must be purely spite, or else a desire to see how bad we are really going to get.

But whether for spite or to criticize us, they are still with us, and my next number, as the delinquent rent-payer would say, was a fine specimen. Six foot, two, he stood, although he never stood to any great extent, and on his face was etched all the fond and tender marks of the good old days. The meanness of the beetle brows, the disreputable scars on the face, the broken knuckles, and the flattened nose I attributed to recent waywardness brought on by the devil modernity. He took a pinch of snuff (a beautiful custom which I am told is fast becoming extinct) and I took a chair.

"Now, when I was a boy," he began, while I, as if by some sixth sense, repressed a gentle reproof that was on my lips. "When I was . . . now let me think—I—"

"Surely," said I gallantly. "Think by all means. Here let me help you to th—"

"Now, when I was a boy we thought—"

"And the boys of today don't? Is that it?" I said eagerly. At last I was on the right track. I could already see the headlines for my article: "Give a Thought to Thinking."

"We thought," he went on, "we thought—"

"Pardon," I said, "pardon, but I got that phase of it. Go on please." And then I left. I left very quickly, for at moment his face came out of a shadow where it had been concealed from me, and what I saw on it seemed to urge me toward the door. I pretend to know little about faces, but I am no fool. I do not know what brought on what I saw, but I do know that I saw it. So I left. The evening was still in its infancy and I was not going to be robbed of what I wanted to know merely by the eccentricities of an old man. I would choose a woman next time. And I did. I stopped at a little cottage wherein dwelt a very fine little old woman. I knocked at the door, and told her my mission. She seated me and yanked out an old clay pipe which she lighted, while I could scarcely repress a shudder at thinking of the modern women with their vile cigarettes in contrast with nice, dirty, little clay pipes.

She coughed twice and then started, "Now, when I was a—"

But I fled the place in horror, my cheeks crimson with modesty.

I shall admit right here that it was some little time before I again had courage to seek out the wisdom of the relics of the old days. But as time went on I grew aggressive once more and finally found out the things I wanted to know. There is scant need to tell you just how I did this, and just what I found out. But it

THE SCHOLASTIC

would be wrong of me to waste this much of your time and then say nothing. So I forthwith present some of the invaluable information that I gleaned concerning the "Good Old Days." It is a little bewildering and somewhat jerky but you shall have it.

Those good old days must have been infinitely better. As near as I can gather the winters were longer and so were the summers. The mountains were higher, rivers ran

faster, dogs bit better, and mules kicked harder. Fire was hotter, ice was cooler, and the sea was wetter. It seems too that the night was longer and the days were not so short, the moon was bigger and the sun was rounder.

I also understand that airplanes flew faster, radio was plainer, and that the subways and Mr. Bryan ran oftener.

Besides this the beer was better.

L'ENVOI.

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

Waiting waste of Time's ontreading legions,
How their feet are pressing
Years into the paths of living,
Half fearful, scarce forgiving,
Narcotically caressing.

To the youth that steady, wearing tread
Throws no shadow on the way;
Rather 'tis a joy in passing,
More like latent forces massing
For a dress parade, decked gay.

For all of Time is his for spending
As he will, for stone and clay;
He, the spendthrift, soon is thinking
Of spent hours with mad drinking
From the fount of Yesterday.

One hour to live! Could Youth but know
The priceless treasure of a minute;
Worlds were lost or gained in less,
Sadness turned to happiness,
Hate made love within it!

REFLECTIONS OF A MOVIE REVIEWER.

JOHN BRENNAN.

THE reviewer of movies is a most peculiar creature who need have no particular qualifications for his task other than the patience of Job, the diplomacy of Machiavelli, the wisdom of Solomon, and the cunning of Judas Iscariot. He needs all these, for he must keep the theater people satisfied or they will cancel his passes and refuse him admission; he must persuade his business manager that a few caustic remarks concerning Winnie Winsome in "Scarlet Vengeance" will not seriously impair his advertising contracts; and he must, last of all, devise a stickful of pure, undiluted, viciously concocted bunk for a handful of readers.

Now as to the method of reviewing a show. Let us say that his copy must be in at 5:30, although the time will not matter much because punctuality is a virtue that the reviewer has not. He starts for the theatre at 4:45, arriving there at 5:00. After dashing past the box-office, he accosts the Cerberus who guards the door. That individual does not approve of free lists, but after giving the reviewer a haughty stare, he waves an indifferent hand, giving him permission to stumble down the darkened aisle. He steps on at least five pairs of feet of assorted sizes, nearly sits on an old lady's lap, changes his mind and slides into a space where a seat should be. Sometimes the seat isn't there—patrons have a bad habit of pushing them up—and the luckless reviewer temporarily disappears from sight. He soon reappears,

growling vile diatribes, and focuses his attention on the screen. He takes a hasty glance at the cast, reads the foreword, and waits for the first few scenes with more or less impatience. Before five minutes have elapsed, he decides what kind of a play it is going to be. First he catalogues it as good, bad, or indifferent. Then he tabulates it as comedy, tragedy, melodrama; as crook, society, simple country maiden trying to make her way in the city, chorus girl, poor working girl, hero in homespun, rough diamond; "You've got to do right by our Nell;" "Some day I'll come back to you;" "No, Alphonse, I love you, but I can't marry you." "Is it somebody else?" "No, but Percy St. Clair has father in his power, and if I don't marry him, he'll give everybody the low-down on papa," and so on.

"Gosh," he thinks, "this is terrible. Why don't they get some people in the movies that can act? If that leading lady ever had anything resembling a gleam of human intelligence she wouldn't fall for that sleek collar ad. If she had any sense he'd be about as welcome as a conscientious revenue officer. He is as expressive and as human as a cigar-store Indian. He and the villain are having a fight; the villain is getting the worst of it. The villain must get a good laugh out of this. If he really wanted to fight the hero would have as much chance as a woolly lamb in a lion's den, but I suppose he gets paid for letting the hero knock him out. If I were in the movies I'd want to be a villain; he always has a much better time of it than the hero has, until the end of the play, at least. There, he kidnaps the heroine and drags her to his lair.

THE SCHOLASTIC

Being a villain has its advantages—but here comes the hero."

The reviewer lapses into his usual state of coma until the cheers and the stamping of feet inform him that the villain, who in real life is a charming gentleman devoted to his wife and family, a church member and a highly respected citizen, has been knocked off a cliff six hundred and forty-one feet high.

Now that the heroine has been delivered from the clutches of the vile wretch, the hero takes her in his arms and gazes soulfully into her eyes. The reviewer grabs his hat, makes an appropriate quotation from Horace, and makes a break for the door, leaving scores of mashed toes, and several ruined dispositions in his wake.

It is 5:13, and as he trudges to the office his thoughts are something like this: "Of all the banal motion pictures ever foisted upon a too gullible public, that was the crowning achievement. The beginning was bad enough, and it got worse and worser." The scenery was phony, and the acting, such as it was, was horrible. The plot was unthinkably dull, and altogether devoid of anything like entertainment. The leading lady should be complimented on her courage in appearing as a sweet young thing of sixteen. She was playing juvenile parts when E. H. Sothern's father was playing Lord Dundreary. The leading man defies classification and analysis. I feel like chewing tacks or robbing a blind beggar."

He arrives at the office, says "Good evening" to the stenographer, if he is not so far gone that he forgets what little manners he has, and receives

what somebody called a camera shutter smile in return. With much wrath, punctuated by periods of berserker rage, and interspersed with words that would give the late Mr. Webster the creeps, he evolves the following review:

"What is beyond the shadow of a doubt the best motion picture in which Gwendolyn Garnet ever appeared is this week's attraction at the Dreamland. "The Dawn of Love" is an appealing story which gives Miss Garnet ample opportunity to display the histrionic ability for which she is justly famous. Her interpretation of the role of Mary Jones, a girl standing at the crossroads, torn betwixt love and duty, is a masterpiece of art. Harold Hackett, as the hero, gives a performance the like of which we have never seen, and one which promises to add greatly to his popularity." This continues until the reviewer jams his finger between the "a" and the "s" on the Underwood, and gives up in disgust.

He puts on his coat, rams his hat on his head, and prepares to leave in a humor that is for anything but peace when the telephone rings and he hears the stenographer say, "Gee, I'm sorry, Ralph. Mamie and I went to see it last night. Ya, it was great. I think Gwendolyn Garnet is cute, don't you? And isn't Harold Hackett the handsomest thing? You don't think so? You're jealous, that's all. I think he's just grand."

The reviewer makes another quotation, not from Horace, but one from Colonel Watterson concerning the woodcock, and flees. Rosy-fingered dawn is just about ready to show up at the office.

HISTORICAL FABLES.

I.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

E. T. LYONS.

IT IS the matinee hour in London. The weather can be described only by that word which every Englishman reserves for such weather, beastly. The driving rain which has been falling all day slacks down to mere drizzle. The unpaved street, on which London's most famous playhouse, the Globe Theater, fronts, is slotched with mud-holes. As the last few raindrops splash in the small pools of muddy water, an attendant comes out of the theater attendant comes out of the theater and relights the candles in the sign above the door. Through the falling dusk and thickening fog the faint, flickering words, "Shakespeare's As You Like It," are discernible.

The matinee is finally over. People begin to stream out of the entrance, gallants in knee-pants and ruffles, ladies in their tight-waisted, full-skirted, lace-frilled dresses. A small group of men stands near the curbing, whispering comments about their friends and the ladies who accompany them. One of this group pauses in the act of taking a pinch from his gold snuff-box to laugh at a remark made by one of his fellows. It is Sir Walter Raleigh, but lately returned from the wilds of Ireland.

There is slight commotion as the attendants make way through the crowd for two ladies. Some one whispers, "Queen Elizabeth." Scarce-

ly glancing at the people about them, these two ladies make their way to their carriage which is waiting at the curbing. Here they hesitated a moment. Between the curb and their carriage is a small pool of muddy water. Finally, one of them, by far the prettier of the two, gathers her skirts in her hand and steps through the water into the carriage. The other still hesitates.

Sir Walter Raleigh, plumed hat in hand, steps up and bows so that the plumes sweep the ground.

"Can I be of any assistance?"

"Sir, I cannot recall your ever having been introduced to me," the hawk-nosed lady archly replies.

Sir Walter looks injured, then smiles most winningly.

"Don't you remember? I believe it was at a Scholarship Dance,—The one at the Tavern."

"Oh, yes," exclaims the lady, all smiles now. "It was your dance I cut. . . However, you may help me to my carriage."

The gallant Raleigh majestically takes off his fine coat and, taking pains to show the label of his Bond Street tailor, spreads it over the mud-puddle and helps her to her carriage. Then, leaning debonairly on the door of the carriage he continues:

"I would like to see you again."

"Oh, would you!" A pause. . . "I would be glad to have you. Call 'Buckingham 1234' and ask for Bess."

The driver cracks his whip and the carriage moves off. Sir Walter Raleigh looks after it a moment, then picks up his coat and brushes it off with his hand.

THE ELUSIVE MR. STUNTON.

J. R. DAVIDS.



ES, SIR," he told himself through a barricade of ill-matched teeth and a clay pipe-stem, "I'm hungry, that's wots' the matter."

From where he was standing under the ancient elm at the corner of Crosby's lawn, the Vagrant could hear the dinner-service of a half-dozen families in process of regeneration. He was a strange type of makeshift, this youth whose dirty face mirrored all the desperate poetry of an Arab. He came from a queer family down by the river, folks said, and wasn't quite right—upstairs. He flung himself wearily on the new-mown grass, and slapped his pipe on the head.

A vague sense of thirst for the quiet around him, with the dew and the fragrance of the smoky air, sprang up in his wandering soul. So, carefully removing a mouth-organ from one of his rear patches, he began a series of quaint, appealing melodies as unmistakable to the townsfolk as the gait of their one drunkard.

"There's that pesky vagrant again," said Mrs. Miller to her husband, as that belated person was helping himself to fried potatoes. "If it don't beat all how some folks—"

"Oh, well, well," purred Matt, "he won't hurt nothin' and I kinda like his tunes somehow, don't you, Lizzie?"

"Oh, I ain't got no kick agin his playing, but it ain't safe nights; that's what it aint."

Matt made a laborious mental comparison between the burly arms of his helpmate and the muscles of the makeshift out yonder, but being wise in his generation said nothing and went out on the porch to smoke a pipe.

Then, one after another doors slammed, keys grated, lights flashed in upstairs windows only to disappear quickly, and good folks were in bed. The Vagrant was hungry all over. An overmastering desire for food was creeping up his spine, over his legs, and through every cell of his brain. He thought of all the tried nooks—Kendall's Grocery, Froscham's Meat-Market, Alexon's Restaurant and a dozen or two private cellars. But these lacked the important element of security. He had looked in at them too recently. Then he be-thought himself of an expedient which was dangerous also, but still comparatively simple for a practiced hand, the old-fashioned occupation of chicken-stealing. A nice, fat pullet served up hot! At that precise moment a sleepy rooster, wakened by the bright full moon, uttered a startled crow. That settled it.

Dimly outlined behind the Miller mansion, the Vagrant could see the residence of Mrs. Miller's pet Plymouth Rocks. Everybody knew that these were the juiciest and plump-est for miles 'round. So after the Vagrant had slapped his burned-out pipe against the Crosby porch-rail, he slunk up the alley quietly enough not to disturb the peace of a single dog and slowly climbed over a shaded bit of fence.

With deft quickness he cut away just enough of the wood around one of the square little panes to make it

fall out easily. Then he placed it carefully on the ground, and thrust his hairy hand through the opening till it found the tail of a chicken slumbering below. Gently his fingers felt their way along the back till they closed round the neck partly tucked under the wing. A firm pressure, a quick pull, a jerk sideways through the square pane, a further wrench, and all was still. The other fowls dreamed ahead undisturbed.

The Vagrant cast a look of hearty satisfaction upon his prize. "I don't guess this chicken ever wuz hungry," he muttered with a smile and held it out to feel the "heft" of it. Then he replaced the pane and sped up the alley out of town. But before very long he stopped to pluck and clean his loot. Circumstantial evidence will never do. Finally, with only the plump flesh of the chicken dangling from his hand, he walked briskly down the country road. Where the silver fog of the Mississippi pearled in the starlight, he had a cave, quite cosy indeed but not always well stocked. The moon was gone, and when he looked for the key to the tumble-down door he could scarcely find it.

Once in he lit a candle, gathered some dry branches into the rudest of fireplaces and started a fire. When the water was boiling and the salt in, he sat down on an old box and lit his pipe. Every bubble that sizzled in that pot was a burst of delight, and the yellow grease that danced upon the top was as fascinating as gold. The best of meals comes to an end, so when all the bones were clean, the Vagrant watched the fire die out, and lay down to slumber in peaceful innocence. Dawn came and with it awakening. As he walked along the silent,

ever-restless river, all steaming from the night-shift it had to do in the cold, he heard the first shrill notes of the river birds. There was joy in his soul too this morning, so he reached for the mouth-organ. It was gone!

He rushed back to the cave but there was no sign of it. It might be on the road, it might be—oh Lord, it was where it had slid from his pocket when he had climbed the Miller fence. The difficulties of existence had settled on the Vagrant a belief in the constant perversity of fate, so he refused to doubt his new misfortune for a single moment. Well, it was too late now. The only thing to do was to evacuate his present territory. Many, many people longed for a chance at him, and now that they had it, the cave would become a sort of shrine.

Meanwhile there was a great commotion in Swandale. Mrs. LaVerne Crosby, upon arising, had felt it expedient to take a good long look at her diamond brooch. This article of jewelry had settled her in the social leadership of Swandale, had been duly and unduly lauded in the local press, and had, first and last aroused the undying jealousy of Mrs. Everett Watkins. Now imagine Mrs. Crosby's terror and hysterical grief upon discovering that her treasure had gone. Yes, gone it was from the pretty little jewel-box right there on the dressing table. Tears, sobs, groans from Mrs., and expletives from Mr., had disturbed the Crosby home for a whole hour.

"—I always told you, Adelia, to put it in the safe."

"Yes, but, LaVerne, I was so tired last night!"

"Well, nothing to do but call up the

THE SCHOLASTIC

sheriff, I guess. Good Lord!"

All the neighbors on the party line had their receivers down with the usual expedition. Soon there were excited groups at the corners.

"Jim sez that Mrs. Crosby's diamond stick-pin has been took."

"Yes?". . . "Well, ain't it a shame," etc., etc.

Mrs. Miller, sober, steady housewife, never thought of gossip till her work had all been done and the polish blazed on every article in her kitchen. But this morning her German temper was struggling to make a record rise. When she stepped out bright and early to feed her hens, the young rooster had been missing. No trace of him was to be found, and her sharp blue eye grasped the meaning of the loosened pane at once. She hurried to the house. "Matt, what did I tell you last night? My best rooster is gone. Somebody cut out a window and stole him, and there ain't nobody else smart enough to do that except the Vagrant."

But I didn't hear nothin'," responded the crest-fallen carpenter. Still he was in such a hurry to get to work that he almost forgot the matter. But Mrs. Miller was possessed of an indignation beyond ordinary palliating capacity of any commonplace excitement.

"That pesky Vagrant! I'll see if there yet some law in this town or not."

Accordingly she put on her black serge skirt, her best shirtwaist, her wedding-brooch and her turban hat, and sallied forth in quest of the champions of peace and order. What was her astonishment upon reaching the Crosby corner to find three of her best friends excitedly whispering

there, and to behold the marshal and the deputy-sheriff in solemn conclave on the front porch.

"Oh, Mrs. Miller," said Miriam O'Hannan to the open-mouthed arrival. "Think what's happened! Mrs. Crosby's diamond has been stolen!"

Such a sturdy dose was too much for Mrs. Miller. For a moment her chicken faded away into insignificance.

"Well, don't that beat all! There some one went last night and stole my best rooster and I was just going up to see the marshal and now—"

"Your rooster stolen too? Well, don't it beat all!"

The marshal was coming down the sidewalk and Mrs. Miller suddenly remembered her errand.

"Mr. Cummins! Say, I was just a comin' up to see you about my chicken that was stolen last night."

The marshal turned and smiled upon the deputy. "Gad, Barlow," he said; "here's another. Chicken-steal you say, Mrs. Miller?"

"Yes, and I'm sure it was that no-account Vagrant. I heard him playin' 'round here last night and I says to Matt that no good would come of it. But he—"

Everybody stood and looked at each other. The Vagrant? Why of course. Then it was that Mrs. Miller accomplished what the fates had decreed. She stooped and lifted up from the ground below the porch a mouth-organ in a battered case. The vagrant had dropped it there while lighting his pipe.

Jaws closed in unison. The deputy whistled and looked as if Sherlock Holmes had nothing to distinguish him from other mortals. It was as big a clue as was needed.

"Well," said Barlow, "I'll go right off to have the Boss make out a warrant." And off he was.

All the village was presently in the maelstrom of the most gigantic excitement it had known since the Civil war. The Swandale Signboard produced an extra. Under the awe-inspiring scare-head of "Robbery! Robbery!" it presented to its readers an intimate account of Mrs. Crosby's state of feeling and a valuation of the diamond not intended for assessors. Then it rambled into a detailed history of the Vagrant and a description of his clothing, his person, and his morals. It enumerated vivid instances when the offender had entered farmhouses and made himself quite at home in the pantry.

The Sheriff set to work with the utmost promptness and exceeding firmness of purpose. Telegrams popped out in far-distant and thunder-struck offices. Townsfolk all over the country were in unprecedented excitement.

"That there Stunton the vagrant," said Pop Annersley, proprietor of the Kielerville Blaze bar; "well, I never would a thought—" But he was not permitted to complete that sentence because at the precise moment the Vagrant walked quickly down the country road straight for the bar.

"I say, Pop, darn it, kin you gimme a drink? I'm terribly dry."

Upon other and numerous occasions Pop had been only too glad to fill the wanderer's cup; for his stories and melodies could keep any crowd in the bar-room. But today his gray head trembled and rising to his full height he stated in a dramatic voice:

"Nick Stunton, the eye of the law

is on ye hard. You've done a horrible deed and there's a price on your head. Begone before I disgrace myself—"

"Holy snakes!" said the Vagrant to his frightened self. "Are they making this much fuss over that?" But he took Pop's warning in good grace. Having done a rather speedy mile and stopped to light his pipe, the sound of a thundering auto reached his ears. Before he had time to collect himself and run, it had rounded the corner. The sheriff and a couple of others! He ran headlong into a wood-patch beside the road.

"There he goes now," shouted the sheriff, and all of them concurred with the addition of certain expletives. The trio leaped from the car, leaving the engine to puff in jovial companionship with the chauffeur. They dashed into the wood and beheld after much investigation that the foot of the Vagrant was extending from the yellowed foliage of a tree.

"Get down from there, you scamp," yelled Morris. "I haven't got much time to waste."

For a moment there was a balancing of opinion in the tree-top, then a coat descended and finally the Vagrant. The warrant for arrest was duly mumbled and the company was put in march towards the rear. Suddenly the offender stopped.

"Please sir, I forgot my coat. Can I go fetch it?" The man looked so crestfallen and the law appeared so majestic that Morris consented. But no sooner had the Vagrant passed a few trees, than he turned, picked up his coat and started into the woods.

For a moment the sheriff was bereft of his customary ease of respiration.

"By ——," he muttered, then sent revolver shots crashing through the timbers, and ordered a quick pursuit. The men tore through the blackberry vines, grape vines, hazelbush, and every other sort of impediment nature is capable of constructing in the course of fifty years, but after an hour or two they uttered a few tired remarks and withdrew. The auto returned in silence. The sheriff had been beaten and was not conversing.

The papers of the country took up the stunning matter and inflamed the citizens by means of an editorial of highly eloquent quality. A general search was organized, and so high a reward was placed on the criminal's head that the civic mind was obsessed by a "get-rich-quick" idea.

One of Sheriff Morris' most pre-eminent qualities was perseverance until the end. You might trick him but he was right at you the next minute. Before the dew had left his front lawn, the big officer with twelve special police, set down the country road in four autos. South of Swandale they separated, going by twos to every one of the four flanks of the fatal wood and making inquiries. They found the people eager to help and of course anxious to make a personal and hair-raising capture.

It was the sheriff's fortune to alight upon the model premises of Nicholas Akenhammer and to find that stocky, bearded individual in a state of genuine commotion.

"I see de extray baper this mornin'," he said to the sheriff, "ant chust dink vot I find den. Some tramp has vent and slepted in mine parn. Now I vas sure it vas Stunton because no rale bummer would risk it. Dey got dis blace spotted."

"Ant den de vorst iss—one whole loaf of pread and a char of beach preserves was took from my cellar—and there's only one who kin do dat, and he's de Vagrant."

The sheriff and his aide looked knowingly into each other's eyes. Then, without saying a word, Morris strode to the farm-house and summoned all the other parties by telephone to join him at the Akenhammer place. Then he went out and engaged in a systematic examination of the premises. All that could be found, however, was a few pale footprints "undoubtedly those of the d—d criminal."

By noon a row of autos had gathered in the driveway and a real crowd consisting largely of neighbors eager for the excitement of the man-hunt, were seated at the Akenhammer board. The "Missus" was stranded in an unparalleled deep of bustle and perspiration. Soon the meal was over and the sheriff armed his company of regulars and volunteers with toothpicks, led them out of doors, and sent them scurrying in various directions.

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Akenhammer, and we'll bring you the scoundrel tonight."

But the old man shook his head skeptically. A fellow who could steal his bread from his pantry—well, he was an arresting personality. Night arrived and the wearied recruits came ambling back in defeat. "That —— vagrant must have had a deuce of a start," was all the comment they made. But when dusk descended, the Vagrant stretched his arms on the top of a hayrick Akenhammer had constructed in his barnyard, yawned, and got down, "That wuz a close

shave," he muttered to himself and trotted off through the dark. On the lone country road beneath the stars he thought deeply on the problem of the best hiding place. He knew the sheriff too well to doubt his mettle and realized that the thoroughness of the search in the country would not give him anything like a flying start. From the talk which had eddied occasionally round the stack he had gathered that a leash of good blood-hounds were to be brought from the neighboring county-seat.

"I'd just like ter know what they'll say when they come to the stack," he chuckled. "But, shucks, them dogs is easy to shake off."

He walked silently down the road, leaped from one side to the other, jumped fences and forded a creek. A little house slumbered in the starlight.

He splashed up the creek for a distance and then sauntered along the road. A very belated farm wagon came rumbling towards him, and he crouched down among some bushes to wait. Having executed a noiseless leap into the box, he lay on his stomach and bounced up and down for three miles or so. During this period he formed a daring and peculiar resolve—to hide himself in the town, under the sheriff's very eyes.

During the next week and a half the country-side was searched feverishly till it seemed that every tree had been climbed. The blood-hounds were unable to make headway; the special police were dismissed one by one, and the tillers of the soil again sought riches in their regular work. It was at this ebb-tide of the law's prowess that certain disturbing and disagreeable phenomena began to

chop the calm surface of Swandale existence.

The first of these dealt exclusively with prominent personages. Andy Froscham, the butcher, noticed one morning that his supply of sausages looked somewhat smaller than it had the night before. He tried to ease his business sagacity by calling it an "idea," but he took the precaution that evening to count his rings. What was his surprise and dismay the next morning to find himself six poorer! John H. Kendall, the grocer, had a similar experience in regard to canned goods and ginger-snaps, while the baker awakened one chilly morning to find himself deprived of a dozen loaves of bread plus his entire supply of pies.

Not yet did the plague cease. Respectable cellars all about suffered minute leakages in their canned fruit and their drink departments. People began to wonder whether an organized band of cut-throats were upon them. Then one evening as Sheriff Morris was walking leisurely home from the postoffice in company with a big Havana, a shabbily attired individual ran past him. He made no special note of the figure till it stopped suddenly at the corner of Beale's drug-store and shouted:

"Well, here I am, Sheriff; come and get me."

By all the gods, it was the Vagrant! The Sheriff gave pursuit, but when he reached the corner and gazed down the street, nothing but an aching void greeted his vision.

The mystery of the disappearing food was solved. Imagine who can, the ghastly indignation of Swandale. Men who didn't know the feel of a rope began to dream of tying a fatal

THE SCHOLASTIC

knot round the villain's throat. Peaceful women vowed they would scratch his eyes out yet. Every attic, every hay-loft, every cellar was searched and then guarded. Traps innumerable were set; but alas, there was no trace of the scoundrel.

On top of all this horrible burden descended the last straw. The Sheriff awoke one day to discover the mayor's honorable but ill-fitting shoes under his bed; the marshal's table was endowed with the banker's cloth and vice-versa. Last, but foremost, Mrs. Alexon's petticoat strayed into Mrs. Froscham's boudoir! Swandale raved and cursed and swore, but all in vain.

With the snow came a lull in activities. People began to breathe freely again and even to vary the topic of conversation. The "Sign-board" featured other items of interest. Life, in fact, was becoming distressingly dull. One morning when the snow lay thick on the air, Matthew Bayley, register of deeds, went to his labors much earlier than usual. The court-house was an oblong, four-story building adorned by the once fashionable square tower with a peaked roof. In the tower hung a bell by which the aged sexton announced the glad tidings that the court was in session and the judge safe upon his bench.

As the register-of-deeds entered the court-house, he remarked an extraordinary circumstance. A series of fresh foot-prints, from which the snow had not all melted away, led to the bottom of the stairs ascending to the bell-tower. "I wonder who could have gone up there so early this morning?" he asked himself thoughtfully.

"Been up to the tower this morning, Dan?" he called to the sexton.

"No, sir," answered the old man. "not I. Why, there's footprints here and see, snow on several of the steps!"

"Come on, then," said Bayley; "let's take a look at what's up there, Danny."

They climbed the stairs and ascended a ladder which led to the bell-room. The place was empty. Bayley recalled the existence of a little abandoned room above which had been constructed with a view towards the possible wish of the town to install a tower-clock. The two went up a narrow board ladder and pushed open the little door.

It was bitter cold, but the first thing that greeted them was the amazing sound of a comfortable snore. There on the floor, rolled up in a half-dozen blankets lay the long-lost Vagrant! Both the men jumped and gasped with the pleasing shock. The register-of-deeds smiled.

"Dan," he whispered, "Go and tell the sheriff and I'll stay here. We've just made four hundred dollars."

Dan's ancient legs were down on the ground-floor in one instant and over on the sheriff's porch in another. The worthy officer was engaged at breakfast and was for the moment practically petrified. "For the Lord's sake!" was as much as he could say. Without another word he laid down his knife and fork, put on his overcoat and dashed over to the court-house. Dan led the way up the stairs. The door was pushed open, and the sheriff without stopping to breathe, roused the sleeping man, who awoke with a start, rubbed his eyes and smiled.

"I've got you at last, Stunton," muttered the excited officer, really addressing himself, however, and trying to realize that the trials of the past were in some measure rewarded.

"Well, now yo've got me, what you gointer do with it?"

"Never mind that. March along! There'll be no stopping for coats this time!"

The Vagrant, except for shoes, was as completely attired as was his custom. He arose slowly, stretched his arms far and wide, and thrust his feet into a pair of tattered Oxfords. The expedition marched down the ladder into the arms of a breathless gathering which had learned the news. In front of them the sheriff paused, pressed handcuffs upon his prisoner, and said solemnly:

"There's no need for you to hear the warrant again, Stunton. You're arrested for disturbing the peace, petty thievery, and the outright robbery of a valuable diamond brooch belonging to Mrs. LaVerne Crosby." An excited murmur of approval rose from the crowd, but a look of woeful perplexity clouded the features of the villain.

"What's that there about a diamond brooch, Sheriff?"

"The diamond brooch you stole from Mrs. Crosby, I said. You know perfectly well what I mean. Come along."

"Sheriff, I never took no diamond. All I wanted wuz eats and I went and got 'em. But diamonds or cash? No, sir. D'you think I'd be here if I'd done that?"

The crowd was impressed. Why, certainly, the Vagrant had never touched a till or a safe. If he had, surely he could have been in Europe

by this time.

"Oh, well," said the officer, "There is time enough to find out whether you did that or not." And therewith the offender was conducted to quarters in the county jail.

The trial became a reality. Intense excitement prevailed, many bets were offered on the defendant's innocence of the leading accusation, and the jury—all from outside the county—were disconcerted by the ablest lawyers in the district. Then, just as matters began to assume an exceedingly dusky hue for the prisoner, an event of the most surprising nature came to pass.

Little Evelyn Crosby, whose teeth and bare legs made her in company with ten million other little daughters "just too cute for anything," decided that her Teddy Bear, who had slumbered for a good, long while, might be longing for affection. Accordingly she conducted him downstairs and out upon the porch. Just when she was explaining to him how she was going to become an angel with light blue wings, mamma came out of the house.

"What iz my lizzle zirle zoing here," she began, but ended with a sudden shriek of dismay and language much more prosaic. "Evelyn! What have you pinned on that Teddy Bear?"

It was really the most useless of questions, for though the apparition had all the characteristics of a spectre otherwise, it was extremely material.

"Where did you get that, Evelyn?"

"I tooked it off of the desser long, long time ago, and then Tedda he got sick, so Ise brought him down to pay wif me."

The appearance of the magic

THE SCHOLASTIC

brooch was a blessing but it wore considerable disguise. After all the things that Mrs. Crosby had enumerated regarding the Vagrant's character and fitness for life occupancy of the most secure penitentiary imaginable! But after awhile she viewed the matter from its humorous angle and indulged in a long laugh.

After this the Vagrant's trial became simpler. Sympathy of all sorts descended upon him. Why, he had merely been hungry and what was more natural than a desire to fill one's stomach? The whole matter began to be viewed in a humorous light. Sheriff Morris was actually the object of an occasional bit of wit-

ty observation from the bystanders.

The law, however, lay under the painful obligation of upholding its rigor and dignity. After due discussion, deliberation and consumption of the county judicial funds, the prisoner was found guilty of chicken-stealing and sundry misdemeanors and sentenced to one year's sojourn in the state penitentiary.

The Vagrant looked out from behind the bars, thought of the chill hidden in the thick snow on the roofs of the village, and there was a genuine smile on his face.

"And just think," he mused, "if it hadn't been for that bloomin' mistake, I wouldn't a had all this fun."

TEARS.

JAMES F. HAYES.

I saw a leaf from a
Cypress tree,
Drift down in an everglade.
It touched the ground
So silently
Not a whisper it made.

Then I thought of the tears—
Shed for me—
That fell, like the cypress leaf,
Not for any eye to see,
But in tender grief.

ONIONS LTD.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.



WHAT it was that made me leave Michigan, I don't know. Perhaps it was the successful harvesting of my onion crop after a season of unusually hard work. At any rate I had strong reasons for coming back—but that's the story.

In the first place, I'm not, and never was or will be, a seafaring man. I actually used to have an unsettled feeling when I'd cross the bridge over the river at home. But, anyway, the winter resort advertising that year was especially resplendent with fruit and bathing beauties and I decided to go to Florida for the winter. This wasn't as hard for me as for most folks, because I wasn't so old; my wardrobe could be packed in one suit-case, and still leave enough room to collect hotel and railroad linen on the way down; and most important of all—the fact that ultimately shapes the plans of man—there was no cardiac combustion registered when the news of my trip filtered into the columns of the Daily Planet.

Numerous incidents on the trip opened my eyes to the fact that I might have done well to have stirred out of my native state sooner. I wasn't pitifully young, but the seat of my pants at the time bore only a Michigan shine. I finally reached Jacksonville, after having listened to advice from traveling acquaintances, long dissertations on the value of travel from pioneers in the field like myself, and the seductive patter of a card sharp in the smoker. The last mentioned was the least enjoyable

feature of the trip.

Jacksonville was pretty, but it was not what I had come the length of the continent to see. My onion crop had been good, but it didn't encourage Palm beach; so I looked up a little town on the Gulf at the mouth of one of those Seminole tongue-twister rivers. It was a fine little place and I had just about decided to unpack my grip and get my winter program made out, when the steamer stopped.

Every one was surprised. It was the first time in the history of the town—and the last in the history of the steamship company—that a ship had docked there. But accidents are accidents, regardless of location. I was industriously sitting on the dock when the ship made ready to pursue its cruise of the Caribbean. Steam was up and the gang plank had been hauled up when I saw it let down hastily, an officious man in uniform came rushing down looking frantically in every direction. He disappeared up one of the side streets but soon came into view again dragging another uniformed man by the collar. It was evident that the mate had anticipated the three-mile freedom. All his eloquence failing to elicit a response, the captain loosened his hold and the mate severed connections with his job and his equilibrium at the same time. Idle white men aren't so abundant in that part of the country and I must have looked deceptively intelligent. The officer started my way and if the water hadn't cut off my retreat I surely would have missed the adventure, for he was not the picture of southern hospitality.

"Any experience on the water?" he snapped as he came up.

I had taken a week's canoe trip

down the river that summer, so I said, "Yes, sir."

"Working now?"

"N-no, sir."

"Want to take this job for one trip to Porto Rico and back? Three weeks, thirty dollars a week, board, uniform?"

Well, money wasn't the greatest of my worries, but I had that northern inaptitude for refusing to accept it, especially when accompanied by an offer of adventure. I nodded acquiescence and was rushed aboard.

I won't mention the trip. The captain wasn't long in discovering my limited experience on the water, but under the circumstances permitted me to devote most of my time to the social side of his duties while he resigned himself to doing two men's work. We had a week's stop-over in Porto Rico, but that didn't worry me. I knew that in those Latin-American countries, my prayer-book knowledge would stand me in good stead, and anyway they said that in most of the restaurants English was understood. I had no trouble in convincing the captain that I would appreciate shore leave. In fact he suggested it, not even warning me to be back at certain hours as he did the other men. It didn't take me long to see that the town where we landed was similar to those of the Pathe weeklies, so I decided to walk out and see if there were any of the customary revolutions running around loose.

About two miles out of the city, a large car pulled up beside me and when the dust had settled I saw an old gentleman and a beautiful girl in the rear seat, with a smartly dressed chauffeur at the wheel. Summoning all my knowledge of foreign lan-

guages and smiling my sweetest I bowed, "Pax vobiscum, senor and senorita." I know now that I must have missed a wink from the old man to the girl.

"How do you do, sir," he replied in softly modulated English. "You are an American visitor?"

I confusedly answered that I was, and was immediately invited to the old gentleman's country place for dinner. In view of the girl and the fact that lunch had escaped my attention until now, I accepted quickly.

"My daughter does not understand the English," the father informed me, "but I was in America on business and in dealing with your countrymen here I have learned somewhat of it."

I was certainly glad to hear that, for I could see that my Porto Rican was a trifle crude. We talked on, the father translating some of my observations to the daughter, who smiled in the approved moving picture manner. And I might say here, too, that the girl would have looked good on any screen. There was only one thing that prejudiced me unfavorably. When I entered the car there was a strong odor of onion. I figured that the chauffeur had been at a tamale orgy somewhere in town while the girl and her father were engaged, but I was surprised that they didn't seem to notice it. After having harvested forty acres of onions, the least I can say is that the slightest trace of one touched me strongly.

The country place was all that such places are fictionally supposed to be. My host told me the important details of the family history and, having instructed his daughter, in their own language, he retired to his

study. I had patronized a Chinese laundry long enough to be pretty handy with sign language and managed to enjoy the sight-seeing tour conducted by my fair guide. I even managed to win a smile or two by several unmistakable hints that she compared favorably with the roses in the garden, etc. But the ride had left one evil imprint—I still imagined the smell of onions.

Things were progressing as rapidly as any of our screen lovers could desire (in the absence of the villain, the bandits, etc.) when the father appeared to announce lunch. When we entered the dining room, I knew the chauffeur had eaten first, for the place was still strong with the odor of onion that had haunted me since morning.

The senorita—how a foreign language does stick with you—spoke a few words to her father and the old gent smiled at me in a knowing manner.

"You have made the hit with my daughter," he chuckled.

I was about to blush accomodatingly and hint that the feeling was strongly mutual, when a fresh wave of onionized air was followed by the production of an otherwise wonderful omelette. In view of their hospitality I swallowed my aversion and a goodly portion of the lunch. A few words from the daughter and I heard the old gentleman invite me to remain at the place during my stay. It seems that he had come out to do some work and the young lady rather enjoyed my company. I looked at the girl again, reflected that the ship captain's grief would not be insoluble, and accepted.

Popular opinion prescribes the

moonlight night for love-making but in a pinch there is nothing against a lovely warm afternoon. You may think that not being able to understand the young lady was a handicap—you MAY think so, but don't say you got the opinion from me. By the time dinner was announced we were getting along famously. She could say, "I love you" with just a little accent that sounded better to me than the original English, while I could say, "Te amo" I guess it was, and get a pretty fair response. I was even wording a resignation to the captain, not to mention a long news story for the home town *Planet*. But my spirits received a jolt at the dining-room door by being met with that ever-present odor of onions. I could see by this time that the girl and her father were fond of them to an alarming degree, but I had hopes that perhaps the lunch and dinner occurrence of the onion—first in the omelette, and now in an otherwise delicious fowl—was only a coincidence. I rehearsed mentally several of the noted speeches of our best reformers, substituting the word onion for the less objectionable terms they employed.

When the moonlit night rolled around I was certain that sheepskin coats and snowshoes were forever banished from my wardrobe. That night I dreamed dreams of a life of ease as the son-in-law of a tropic politician, and I visioned triumphant visits to my old home town. How the *Planet* would expand: "Former Resident Weds Tropic Heiress," "Ex-Citizen Returns with Tropic Bride," etc. The dreams were so pleasant that the sun was well up when I awoke. I found the daughter of the house

THE SCHOLASTIC

waiting for me with a warm tropic greeting and a gesture toward the dining room that meant breakfast. One of our poets has sung,—

“You may air, you may scour
The room if you will;
But the scent of the onion
Will hang round it still.”

It was too strong to be mistaken. I hoped that there might be a garden near the window, but it seemed not. I was confronted with a large bowl of soup and the chief ingredient was strong, unadulterated, onion!

It was too much. I could attribute coincidence to its appearance at lunch and at dinner, but at breakfast, never. It was the result of pre-con-

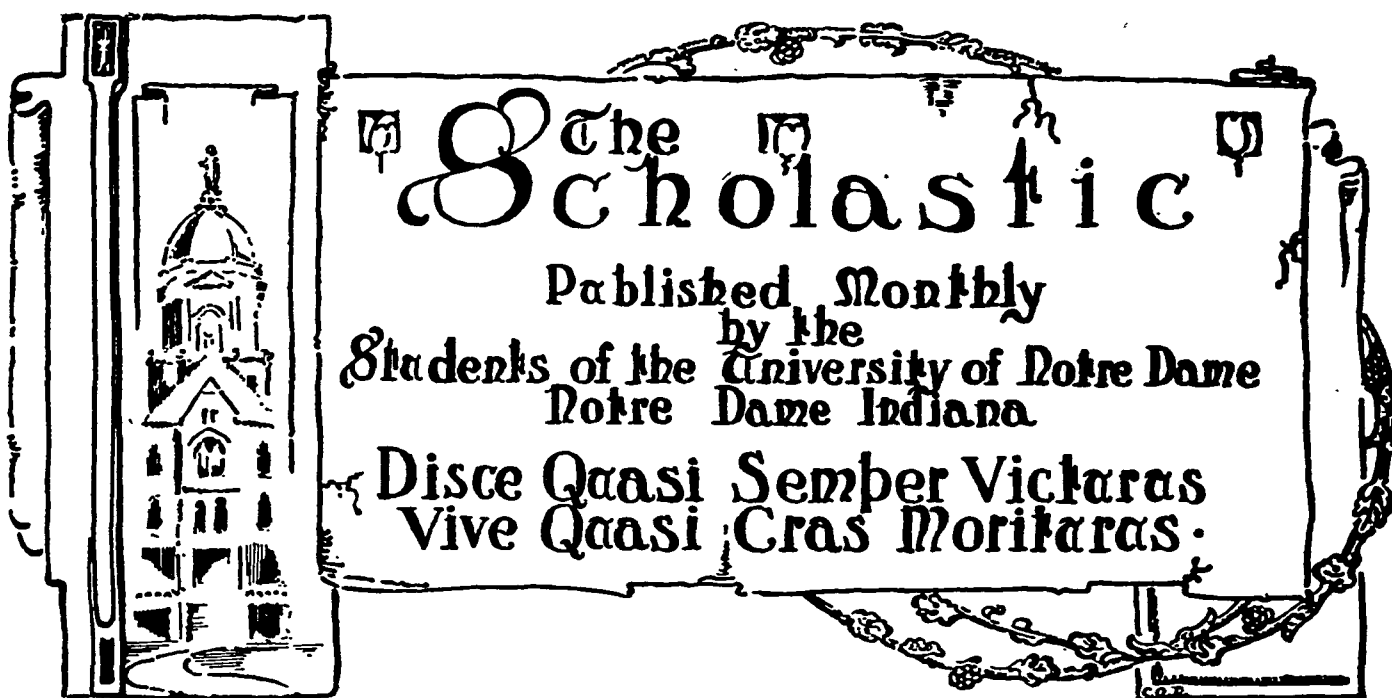
ceived design on the part of my host and hostess, and to one who could eat onions three times a day, all hope was lost. I sought out the old man in his study and thanked him for his hospitality, but informed him that suddenly-remembered duties aboard ship were urgent. It was a little harder to leave the young lady. She was not only surprised but grieved at my unexpected departure. She rode with me to the city. There I found the captain indifferently willing to take me back (thank goodness, the girl didn't understand English). Telling her that the captain insisted that I go aboard ship at once, I made my escape. But as the ship sailed out of the harbor two days later, there were tears in my eyes. It was possibly the memory of the onions.

A PAGE OF POETRY.

TO F. B. S.

Death stole the beauty from his lips,
And robbed his brain of every quickening thought,
But still the splendor of his vision slips
From out the dark-robed tomb where it was caught.

J.



VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1923.

NO. 3.

Yearly, \$1.50.

Single Copy, 25 cents.

THE SAD PART OF A STORY.

We rather had our hearts set on a unique football season. There was the schedule, brimful of knotty games and determined opponents, and there was the Notre Dame squad, pitting its best against the other side of the scales of victory. Then came Nebraska, with the tenseness of danger and the bitterness of defeat. The air is filled with "if's," but naturally we put no stock in alibis. They have no honest place in the world of sport.

It was a hard game to lose, but in a certain sense it is a good thing we lost. We may imagine a train moving swiftly from the fields of the West back towards Indiana, and on the train the lads who had struggled desperately to win and had failed. There is a quantity of heart-ache, a great deal of undeserved self-reproach, and a desperate, futile longing for another chance. The battle is fought over and mingles itself with dreams that are at one and the same time tired and disconsolate.

Now a dim recognition of these things struggles into the mind of the school these lads have represented. We see them at present, not as automatic heroes, or "athletes" who run out upon a field to play, but genuinely as boys. They suffer, they feel intensely the disappointment which we have experienced very truly but still more or less on the surface. A bond of sympathy is created which nothing but the force of defeat can bring about.

THE SCHOLASTIC

For it is defeat and not victory which ties men together. The page in American history that is easiest to remember is Valley Forge. We may forget Lincoln's stories, but we can never lose sight of his martyrdom. So it is with Notre Dame. We shall possibly lose track of the Army score. It may be hard to remember just how many games we won. But we shall never forget the night the team came home from Nebraska.

WHY IS A CRITIC?

If a man came up to any one of us, on the street, and asked, "What do you think of that building behind you?" how would we reply? The chances are we would turn around, direct a hasty glance at the edifice and then drawl a very judicial decision something like this: "Well, it is not much of a place, is it? Those windows there; and that stone work. Pretty bad!"

The fact that we had never noticed the place before would make no difference. Our opinion is requested; we take pleasure in showing that we are one of those gifted individuals who can judge adequately and without loss of time or brains.

That is the most attractive thing about unfair criticism. We give ourselves a mental pat on the back with the minimum of thought expenditure. We set up our own little appraisal shop and hand out free samples to every passer-by. The impression of a moment, a single annoying experience, constitutes a license. Of course, we never build up a paying trade; that is impossible when every prospective customer is himself a competitor with his own place of business rather uncomfortably close by. Still, we manage to get a good deal of pleasure out of serving the public for nothing.

The college man's adeptness at criticism is the natural result of his circumstances. He has just realized the delightful fact of his existence as an individual, and his personal reactions are events of first importance to him. He loves to air his impressions of events and personages. The trouble is, he forgets to label his criticisms as the product of his own experiences. Therein lies the danger: some one may take him as seriously as he takes himself. And look at the fruitful field he has to work in! University regulations, the subjects he is studying, his fellow students, campus life, marks, professors, personalities,—a mere bowing acquaintance with any of these makes him an authority of their every phase. If he is politely informed that the book he desires is out, he feels the necessity of declaring the Library a farce. If he has to wait in line for something or other, he is not slow to characterize the University system as inefficient. At every conflict of regulation with convenience, the uncommon strictness of college rules, long outgrown, must be spoken of at length.

And so it goes. True, we are not malicious in our criticisms for we do not ourselves believe a half of what we say. Opinions are good things to have—necessary too, if progress is to be made. But before we take an opinion formed on more or less trivial data, and use it as a basis for a sweeping criticism, let us spend a little time in reflection. And if we are uncertain whether it is wise to criticize, the safe rule is—not to.

THE DANGER OF LEARNING.

A banker in a small mid-western town was asked to contribute to the endowment of a great university. His reasons for refusing to give centered about the argument that our colleges are turning out men with distorted ideas of service and without a balanced sense of values. In the opinion of this particular individual the college men of to-day should be going to the farm, and into the factories; they should be fitting themselves for work as bricklayers, and should not question the utility of becoming successful hack-drivers. Too many men are working toward the professions with the result that professional lines are becoming filled to overflowing with fakes and quacks. The college man seems to be equipped for nothing but the pursuit of something of which he is not quite certain. He is dissatisfied and not content on the walk of ordinary life. It then follows, our banker friend thinks, that a college education is unnecessary.

Philosophy teaches that every statement contains a half-truth. The words of the small-town gentleman vouch for this. His trouble, however, is that he has allowed his prejudices to convince him that he speaks the whole truth. In many ways he is right; for even a sieve retains some choice bits.

Who is to blame for this illusion which exists among those who watch the college student? Is it an illusion? College men too frequently are deserving of the criticism. Many of them apparently have no aim in view. College is a port of pleasant associations at which to spend several happy years before putting forth upon a stormy sea.

Contact with fellows is a helpful part of college life. But it is well to hold in mind that there is something more than just that behind sojourning at a university. There is a background of general knowledge to be acquired which makes the well-rounded man. Often this fact is ignored, or forgotten altogether, and the result is a half-finished product. Knowledge is a queer thing. To trifle with it is dangerous. It strengthens conceit and develops the ego. A thorough knowledge knows no conceit. It produces humility, which is nothing more than common sense. The diploma is not a proof of worth. A man must prove himself. Graduation should stand for a broad background which is the only preparation for a wide range of work. A recent graduate of the University of Washington became a plasterer. By reason of his college training he is able to do the work well and with a certain amount of pleasure. An education developed in him practicability and common sense.

Many men pursue some vague nothing which at life's end has for some strange reason failed to materialize. To keep the soul alert and the heart pounding we must enter life with a purpose in view and a background of knowledge that will enable us to accomplish it. Thoreau's words express the idea, "It is time that villages were universities, and their elder inhabitants the fellows of universities, with leisure—if they are indeed so well off—to pursue liberal studies the rest of their lives."

ART FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.

Assuming that a university is devoted to higher culture, a curious situation arises. There is a certain midwestern university that has an art gallery on its campus, an art gallery, which is little known to, and little used by that university's students. Is it necessary, then, to believe the assumption wrong, or is it wrong only in the application to this particular university?

If this art gallery housed only a collection of primitives, or paintings of interest solely to art students, it might be possible to meliorate the definition with the university's attitude. But when, instead, it is found that they are chiefly the works of artists of the golden era of painting—the Renaissance—and that it includes even some of the masters of this age, then one is led to believe that it should at least prompt some curiosity among a representative number of its students.

But curiosity is not culture, and, of course admitting that we are possibly wrong, the students are coming to Notre Dame for reasons greater than curiosity. Culture does not imply that one must be an artist or an artisan to appreciate art, otherwise there would be no art. Art is something that can usually be appreciated without an effort on the spectator's part.

It is not necessary to know that a painting is the work of the Bolognese school, that its draughtsmanship is strong, that it shows a splendid sense of balance—these are for the art student, to be attained to by the layman. It is the cultivation of a taste for that which strives for beauty, as well as for that which strives for truth, that completes the college education.

The commerce graduate who can immediately step into a business office with a confidence in his knowledge, but who has never stepped into the Whiteman Art Gallery at Notre Dame, has taken only a part of his college education into that office. To be strictly utilitarian, that man has neglected the cultivation of a possible means of pleasure that produces, with, perhaps, the highest and greatest satisfaction for the smallest money outlay necessary for the enjoyment of any pleasure. And, finally, to be confidential, that man has neglected something which men expect of college graduates; a universal appreciation of the arts.

LUNAR LOG.

OCTOBER SUMMARY.

MID-OCTOBER found the campus in a state of feverish activity which considered not the examinations looming but one month away. Someone, it may be remembered, prophesied that the Daily would not be able to find sufficient news to fill its columns. A glance at the crowded pages of this "campus news letter" will refute the pessimistic gentleman who made the prophecy. Autumn is a spicy, vigorous time at Notre Dame with the thump of toe on pigskin resounding over the campus, during the day, and the thump of the gavel at night.

The Seniors and Don Gallagher, convinced that civilization is but a thin veneer, and that close to the skin lies the primitive desire of man to carry a stick, adopt canes as their mark of distinction. The different colleges will have variously colored canes, and thus the "cane-gang" of Notre Dame has been formed. Don also announces Senior Ball Committees, and appoints Owen Desmond of Chicago to direct the affairs of what is sure to be the "apogee of the 1924 social whirl." Frank O'Boyle, Conroy Scoggins, Paul Kennedy, Walter Stapleton, Leo Cavanaugh, Tom Walsh and George Glynn will head the various Ball Committees.

Homecoming, the big event of the month, was staged under the direction of Bill Greavy, the senatorial journalist. His splendid work in this, the best Homecoming ever, will be recorded in another part of this magazine. But it must be entered in the Log that to Bill, and to Matt

Rothert, and his Blue Circlers unstinted praise is due. As we look back now on the pageantry and glamour of this happy occasion we can see more clearly the machine-like order which arose from the maze of traffic regulation, registration, barbecue, entertainment, decorations, and the hundred other details. For this efficiency many are to be thanked,—individuals who helped, faculty members who coöperated; but since the burden of the work was theirs, the Blue Circle must come in for the lion's share. The hall and South Bend decorations were colorful and attractive. Sophomore Hall, with its monogram decoration won the prize cup, donated by Ray Cunningham's Toledo firm. Father Gassensmith is to be congratulated for the decoration, and Ray for securing the donation.

Homecoming dance, held at the Palais Royale, was flawless, both from the standpoint of location and syncope. Hundreds of couples crowded the magnificent ballroom, and those who were not so fortunate as to come early were forced to seek another dance hall for their entertainment—not so pretentious as the Palais, but equally harmonious. The S. A. C. could safely have contracted for two other halls for this dance, the overflow was so large.

Incidental to Homecoming, Purdue, following the example of Georgia Tech and others, bowed to the skill of Rockne and Stuhldreher.

A bit of color was added to Homecoming by the appearance of our band in their new uniforms. Natty blue uniforms, with leather puttees, and "Sam Brown" belts makes us prouder of the boys than ever before,

while Potts strutting at the head of the column, bids fair to rival the much-famed "Peacock of the Navy."

Shortly before Homecoming Day, the day on which so many of his friends returned to Notre Dame, Brother Florian, for eight years guest master, and familiar figure in the Main Building, died at the Community House, after several months' illness.

The men who knew the genial, amiable Brother Florian will hear these words with sorrow. Whether it was the gift of a "faculty" cigar, or the saving of a man from expulsion, Brother Florian was always the friend, and we hope they will not forget him now that he is gone, nor neglect him in their prayers.

Just a word about the ever active clubs. The tyranny of the S. A. C. forces clubs to hold meetings regularly, to act, to show action, to produce results. Jack Scallan's heart fills with glee to see Clubs assemble for Dome Pictures. Chemists Club plans publication; Charles de la Vergne heads the Louisiana-Mississippi club; The Toledo Club, famous organization, initiates and banquets new members, and then forces them to listen to words of wisdom from President O'Boyle; Rochester Club gives smoker; Shakespeare Club elects Hayes and Martin; Pacific Coast and Grand Rapids Clubs plan dances; Lifers select George Barry to show them about the school through the coming year; the Rocky Mountain Club under the "grand young man of clubs," Harry McGuire, makes plans for a banquet—and so passes the student's time away most clubbily upon this well-organized campus.

The Juggler, devoted to the Freshmen, makes its initial appearance for the year. A fine number, well organized, which promises a brilliant year under the direction of Dan Hickey. A Football Number is promised for the November issue.

As the Log closes for the month, Nebraska, jinx now for two years, has settled the Irish question—for this year. The Log does not prophesy, it simply records, but the Log looks forward with pleasure to next Fall when it will again record the Nebraska-Notre Dame score, and it will say "the Irish question has been reopened, and it intends to remain open for a long time."

—JAMES F. HAYES.

THE POETRY CONTEST.

The Scribblers' Poetry Contest of 1923 has come to an end and the prize-winners have been announced. Though it failed to produce anything rivalling "Paradise Lost" or "The Fairy Queen," it has shown that there are men at Notre Dame who can write verse, surprisingly good verse for undergraduates. The contest has been a success in that it more than fulfilled every expectation of its sponsors.

The purpose of The Scribblers in fostering this Poetry Contest was solely to encourage the writing of verse by students at Notre Dame. They believe that they were amply rewarded by the fact that this contest brought into being five or six poems of sufficient merit to be included in "The Scribblers' Book of Notre Dame Verse," which is to be published in the near future.

THE SCHOLASTIC

The Scribblers were fortunate indeed in securing as judges for the contest such authorities on poetry as Mrs. Aline Kilmer, Mr. T. A. Daly, Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C., Professor George N. Shuster, and Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

The judges awarded the first prize of twenty dollars to "Fancy," by Francis Collins Miller. As additional praise would be futile as well as unnecessary, we reprint the prize-winning poem without further introduction.

FANCY.

I am he who dreams of a philosophy
Like a half-fledged bird who longs for flight,
Like a prisoner beating on the bars to free
His ecstasy.

I am he
Who dreams of a blue mountain far away,
The top of which is laureled with silver
snow

And wanting it I start each day
But turn back—Why?—I do not know!
I am he who phantasied the common stone,
Who may see in the spark a star,
But when I reach I find myself alone:
My star

A dead ash.
Why it is the future bears so much
For me, and to-days are dead and gray,
Why it is that gold rings lead as I touch
It—Lord, I can not say.

I am he who visions on a filmy screen,
Paints with a master's touch,
Who builds a magic play, scene by scene
To have it fall
Stage and all

As the prelude melody is begun.

I am he who would be
High up on a radiant sun
Where all might see.

I am he who lolls and dreams of love,
And yet no loves are mine;

I am he who rides the clouds above
In highest clime

Of dream sublime;

I am he who has a diamond in his hand
And drops it for a phantom beam;

I am he who gathers only golden sand
In a dream!

The second prize of ten dollars was conferred on "Transubstantiation," by Dennis O'Neill. Mr. O'Neill's poem bears out the contention of the advocates of vers libre that certain subjects can be given better expression in free verse than in more regular rhythms. For the benefit of those few who are inclined to doubt our statement, we reprint his poem:

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Stars burn
Like candles
On an altar of ebony.
Clouds kneel
Like acolytes
Reverently at the foot.
Winds chant
A Gloria
Then hush expectantly.
The clouds stir
And touch each other
Gently on the shoulder
And bow and go.
For Nature's wine and water—
Wind and rain.

Tomorrow will be roses,
On the hill,
Where yesterday were thorny things.

In addition to these selections, the judges gave honorable mention to: "Home Is the Warrior" by Dennis O'Neill, "In an Old Church in Manila" by Harry McGuire, and "Purpose" by Edward Lyons.

We hope that The Scribblers will make their Poetry Contest an annual institution. Who can say but that it may be just the stimulus necessary to lift the writing of poetry at Notre Dame to the level achieved by other forms of endeavor?

—E. T. LYONS.

THE SCHOLASTIC

DOCTOR FLICK'S ADDRESS.

The address of introduction for Mr. Walter George Smith, Laetare Medallist, was delivered by Doctor Lawrence F. Flick, of Philadelphia. We are happy to be permitted to print it entire:

The University of Notre Dame has made the Laetare Medal the symbol of virtue and achievement. The medal seeks the individual by the closest scrutiny and often finds the recipient of it in one to whom the world has not given due recognition. It is marvellous, however, with what unanimity the choice of the medallist is acclaimed.

In selecting Walter George Smith as the recipient of the medal for 1923, the University has added lustre to its own name and honored the medallists who have gone before. It is a pleasure and a privilege to be associated with such a colleague.

Walter George Smith was born in Mac O Cheek, Logan Co., Ohio, November 24th, 1854. He is the third child in a family of nine and the first of five sons. His father, General Thomas Kilby Smith, was of early New England stock, reaching back into the middle of the eighteenth century with roots in some of the foremost families of that country. His mother was Elizabeth Budd McCullough, of a prominent New Jersey family, a granddaughter of Judge Benjamin M. Piatt, a pioneer in Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio. At the age of eleven years he came with his parents to Torresdale, Philadelphia, where he now resides. His mother was born of Protestant parents, was brought up a Catholic by her grandmother, a convert to the Faith, and his father entered the Church late in life.

Mr. Smith received the greater part of his primary education at the Protestant Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia and his training in Arts at the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1873 and where he received his Mastership in 1877. He studied law under a nominal preceptor and was admitted to the Bar in 1877, on his degree of LL.B. from the Law School of the same University.

A logical thinker and a ready speaker,

his success as a lawyer began two years after his admission to the Bar, when he entered active practice. For some years he took an active part in politics as a Democrat, usually with the reform element, and on one occasion was a candidate for Select Council and on another for Congress. He supported Palmer and Buckner in 1896. With many other Democrats he left the party after President Wilson's first term.

As a lawyer Mr. Smith filled many positions of service and honor. In 1905 he was appointed commissioner for Pennsylvania on uniform state laws, a position he still holds. In 1906 he was a delegate to the National Divorce Congress called by Governor Pennypacker, meeting in Washington. In 1909 he was elected President of the Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws for the several states. In 1916 he was elected President of the American Bar Association in which he had been an active working member for many years.

Throughout his career Mr. Smith has been a valuable citizen to his own city and to the country at large. In 1891 he was elected a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania to represent the Alumni Association. As such he became a Manager of the University Hospital and served on many of its important committees. When the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia was founded he was made a member of its Board. In 1916 he was appointed on the Board of Public Education of the City of Philadelphia. In 1919 he was appointed a Commissioner for relief in the Near East by the Near East Relief, a corporation chartered by act of Congress. In 1921 he was appointed by President Harding, a member of the Advisory Board of Twenty-one, of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, meeting in Washington. In 1923 he was placed on the Board of Indian Commissioners. He is a member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

In the field of Catholic endeavor he has held important positions. In 1895 he was sent as a delegate to represent the Archdiocese of Philadelphia at the Catholic Congress in Chicago. In 1898 he was elected President of the American Catholic Historical Society. For years he was President of the Pennsylvania Federation of

Catholic Societies. In 1917 he was made a member of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University in Washington. For at least thirty years he has been a Manager of St. Vincent's Foundling Asylum.

In fields in which finance and philanthropy touch elbows, he has been a Director in the Beneficial Saving Fund Society, the Philadelphia Contributionship Society of Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Company for Guaranteeing Mortgages.

Socially he has been a member of the military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of the Sons of the Revolution, of the University Club, of the Penn Club, the Philadelphia Club and the Rittenhouse Club, all of Philadelphia, and of the Cosmos Club of Washington.

An enumeration of the organizations in which Mr. Smith has held membership or office, and the commissions on which he has served, is not an adequate indication of his activities. Every position which he has held has been a sacred trust with him, receiving the best that was in him.

In the organizations which have to do with his profession he has been a conscientious, enthusiastic worker for the good of the people and the elevation of ethics and morals. His unselfish labors led to enactment of reform laws and concerted effort to restrict the evils of divorce, the full fruit of which cannot as yet be evaluated.

To his Alma Mater, the University of Pennsylvania, in its fairest fields of labor he gave service by deed and example. His life was an inspiration to his co-laborers and to the young who sought instruction in the University. After eighteen years of service he severed his connections with it because a professor had been chosen whose views on ethics and morals were irreconcilable with what Mr. Smith regarded as fundamental truth. He resigned as a protest. A fairly plausible criticism of this act has been made by those whose philosophy of life is more flexible than that of Mr. Smith. "Resignation is decapitation," they say. Why sacrifice the opportunity of doing good, for a principle which is not directly involved? But there was a decapitation at the threshold of Christianity which still resounds around the world and teaches its lesson more forcibly than anything else could have done. Mr. Smith's

resignation will be remembered and will work for the principle which prompted it when the men who precipitated it have been forgotten.

Mr. Smith has exemplified his Catholic Faith in his life. He has been a stimulating force in every Catholic work with which he has been connected. An active worker force in every Catholic work with which he has been connected. An active worker in the American Catholic Historical Society from its earliest years, its President from 1898 to 1900, he did much to help to place that Society in the favorable position which it occupies in the educational world. He was the head and front of St. Vincent's Foundling Asylum's outside activities for many years and raised the money which was necessary for this work by personal solicitation among his friends. He has given faithful service to the Catholic University of America in Washington.

As Commissioner for Relief in the Near East he helped to organize the distribution of food and clothing in the stricken regions of Asia Minor by untiring efforts in those regions. He presented the conditions there to the Peace Conference in Paris, to the British Cabinet and to the League of Nations and made every effort to induce the Powers to do justice to the Christian minorities in the Near East. He returned to Europe in 1920 to participate in the deliberations of the Phil-Armenian Congress in Geneva, and at the same time presented the matter of relief of the Near East to the League of Nations then assembled at Geneva. On his return to America he helped to found the Armenia-American Society for the improvement of the political conditions of the persecuted Christians in the Turkish Empire. He was elected first President of this Society.

He served with scrupulous attention on the advisory board of twenty-one at the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in Washington. Since his appointment to the Board of Indian Commissioners he has spent much time in a personal inspection of Indian Reservations.

The honors which have been conferred on Mr. Smith have been in recognition of service rendered to Church and State. In 1910 the Holy Father made him a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great for his

THE SCHOLASTIC

valiant campaign in behalf of reform in divorce laws. In 1915 the Catholic University of America gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws and in 1920 Grinnell University gave him the same degree. These honors were earned by his educational work. Now the University of Notre Dame bestows on him the Laetare Medal.

As a writer and a lecturer Mr. Smith has done work of a high character. His Life and Letters of his distinguished father, is well written and most interestingly put together. His lectures and addresses have been models of good taste and instruction.

To the looker-on the most striking qualities of Mr. Smith's character are his keen sense of duty and his urbanity. Duty has been the mainspring of his life. Kindness illuminates every act. In one's thoughts of him these qualities are in the foreground. Next to these comes courage of conviction. Right cannot be displaced by expediency. It might not:

"For Fortunes' bastard be unfathered
As subject to times' love and to time's
hate,

Weeds among weeds or flowers with
flowers gathered.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp nor falls
Under the flow of thrall'd discontent
Whereto inviting time our fashion calls;
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-num-
bered hours."

What Mr. Smith has meant most to his community, perhaps, is the strength he has given it by his example. The full value of this may be gleaned from that pretty story in the Old Testament which tells that God spared Segor for the sake of Lot and would have spared Sodom and Gomorrah had ten just men been found in them.

HOMECOMING.

On the Thursday morning preceding Homecoming Harry Flannery's Daily carried a pretentious story headed: "Blue Circle Has Meeting." This was run not only to prove conclusively that Homecoming was nigh but also to disprove the theory that "the mills of the gods grind slowly," for the evening following the publication of the story, the celebration began, and to continue the quotation (with some little distortion) they "ground exceeding fine," everyone agreeing that it was a wonderful celebration.

The Blue Circle, Rocky Mountain Club and Harry McGuire prepared the fatted calf for the Annual Return of the Prodigals in the nature of a real barbecue; and in spite of the fact that several people are known to have attended the feast no casualties were reported.

The activities of Friday evening initiated Homecoming. The Alumni and the Purdue team were honored in the snake dance through the streets of South Bend which ended at the Elks' Temple. Eddie Luther led a crowd estimated by a one-eyed man at ten thousand, in a series of yells for the teams, coaches and practically everyone that had anything to do with the game the following day. The crowd shouted loud and long for Coach Rockne, but he could not be found. Eddie then introduced Coach Phelan of Purdue, a former protege of Rockne, who said, "We'll try to give you sixty minutes of the old fight and scrap tomorrow on Cartier field." Phelan needed little introduction to most of the crowd and was given a great ovation.

THE SCHOLASTIC

After the celebration at the Elks the crowd departed for Notre Dame to attend the vaudeville and boxing shows. After convincing themselves of Notre Dame's versatility in these two admirable lines of endeavor, everyone retired to the side of the gymnasium to watch the boys from the mountains apply the torch to a generous portion of beef. This sight set many of the old grads to reminiscing about the old refectory, and it was quite late before most of them awoke to the realization that it was time to go to sleep.

So much was planned in the way of entertainment that a multitude of information booths were strategically placed about town and at the entrance of the campus so that no one could have an excuse for being idle. Saturday's program began with the celebrating of the Monogram Mass at 8 o'clock in Sacred Heart Church. At ten-thirty the barbecue meat was considered, by its toasters, sufficiently toasted, and within a short time everyone had had breakfast.

The track team did its part in making the day a success by winning over the Michigan Aggies, 25-30. Captain Paul Kennedy incidentally set a new local record of 18:08 for the cross-country run.

The activities of the afternoon began with the firing of the salutes at 2:28. Two minutes later the teams trotted on the field and Notre Dame's fourth Homecoming football game was about to begin.

Between halves of the game the band, resplendent in their new uniforms, paraded the field and thrilled the packed stands with real band mu-

sic. "Spark Plug" then made his somewhat reluctant appearance with a mysterious rider who opened a basket of carrier pigeons in the center of the field. Twenty or thirty toy balloons bearing the colors of Notre Dame and Purdue were let fly and at the latest report were sighted by an eagle-eyed Daily reporter, "somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Michigan."

After the game the Monogram banquet was held in the junior refectory. Over three hundred reservations had been made. Coaches Phelan and Eddie Degree, of Purdue, were the guests of the club as well as the entire Purdue team. Short talks were made by Father Matthew Walsh, president of the University, Coach Rockne and members of the club.

All the halls on the campus vied with each other in elaborateness of Homecoming decoration. The new member of the group, Sophomore Hall won the silver loving cup donated by the Toledo Jewelry Company through Ray Cunningham. The judges were two prominent alumni, Mr. J. H. Neeson, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Henry Wurzer, of Detroit, former president of the Alumni Association.

As usual everyone went away vowing to return next year and for many years thereafter if only to test the originality of the Homecoming committees that every year succeed in arranging a novel program of events.

—DENNIS O'NEILL.

THE SCHOLASTIC

THE BLUE CIRCLE.

About a year ago the need of a group of men to conduct student activities resulted in the formation of a new campus organization, the Boosters. The immediate purpose of the club was to manage the Homecoming festivities. They did this with an admirable display of energy and unselfishness. During the year new tasks confronted the Boosters and the organization became a prominent factor in student affairs. A new name has been given the club this year. It is now the Blue Circle. At a meeting of the Students' Activities' Committee fifty men, representing every phase of thought at the university, were selected to compose the personnel. The zeal that marked the Boosters has been demonstrated this year by the Blue Circle.

The initial activity of the Blue Circle was the conducting of "Hello Week." This has become a yearly event at Notre Dame. Its purpose is to acquaint the men of the university with one another and to increase the fraternal spirit which characterizes the students.

The Homecoming celebration was under the auspices of the Blue Circle. The members gave their time and efforts unsparingly to the work. Not only the major events were conducted by them, but also the endless little details that accompany a celebration such as this. The decorating of the campus, the reception of alumni and visitors, the staging of the barbecue and the vaudeville performance, and various other matters were taken care of by the Blue Circle. The work that was entrusted to them was per-

formed with exactitude and unselfishness and they demonstrated that student management of affairs is trustworthy and desirable.

Another prominent activity of the Blue Circle was the campaign for subscriptions to *THE SCHOLASTIC*, *The Dome* and *The Daily*. Other projects will be inaugurated during the year.

Each member of the organization wears a small pin, on which are a blue circle and a gold N. D. The blue signifies loyalty, and the gold, friendship and service. Primarily a Notre Dame aggregation, the Blue Circle works to benefit the university and the students.

The mere mention of the Blue Circle brings to mind its chairman, Matt Rothert. He personifies its capability. The personnel of the organization follows:

J. Q. Adams, John Barr, John A. Bartley, Ed Buckley, Ray Cunningham, C. P. Collins, Ed Crawford, James Corbett, James Conroy, Owen Desmond, Ed Dinneen, Tom Donovan, John A. Elliott, Ralph Heger, Tom Hodgson, Ed Hogan, John Hurley, Jos. Hogan, Paul Funk, J. F. Johnston, Frank Kane, Paul Kennedy, W. A. Krider, John P. Lynch, John F. Ryan, Ed Luther, Harry McGuire, Clifton McIntosh, Maurice D. McNulty, Jas. McSweeney, Jerry Miller, Anse Miller, Walter Moran. Eugene Noon, H. L. O'Brien, Tom O'Connor, Paul DePaolis, F. E. Piecarski, Donald Ryan, Gilbert Schaeffer, James Sheerin, Walter Stapleton, V. J. Schneider, R. C. Scoggins, Al Sommers, Tom Whalen, Tom Walsh, Leo Cavanaugh, Paul T. Breen.

—JOSEPH C. RYAN.

THE SCHOLASTIC

PUBLICATIONS LT'D.

It would be a grievous offense for THE SCHOLASTIC to ignore its campus contemporaries, notably *The Juggler* and *The Dome*. *The Daily* serves an admirable purpose. With support and coöperation it shows promise of carrying out the platform that appeared in its initial issue, "... to represent the University, to mirror its life, to foster and protect its traditions, and to preserve a spirit of loyalty among the students." But the character of a newspaper and the character of the publications we propose to discuss are related by rather obscure bonds, and Einstein has never been our hobby. So *The Daily*, we hope, will not feel slighted when we devote most of our space to *The Juggler* and *The Dome*. There are other worthy campus cousins of THE SCHOLASTIC, for instance, the *Santa Maria*, *The Alumnus*, and the *Religious Bulletin*, but the special interests served by these publications removes them from the scope of this article. With these necessary explanations made, and we trust accepted, we may proceed.

It was our original intention to have incorporated in this article a statement from each of the editors-in-chief of the respective books under discussion. But when we had located them after days of diligent search it was only to find that they were religiously pursuing the doctrine of St. James, who says, "... and so also faith, if it hath not works, is dead in itself." Mr. Scallan and Mr. Hickey placed the utmost faith in the coöperation of the student body in the production of their respective volumes, but each supplements his faith

with the commendable observance of the warning of St. James. Thus, while *The Dome* and *The Juggler* are of, by and for the student body theoretically, these gentlemen take no chances and any neglect on the part of the many is well cloaked under the works of these exemplary few.

Without personal prejudice, we consider *The Dome* the most important book on the campus in that it represents not the achievements of a minority, but the achievement of every Notre Dame graduate. Each volume of *The Dome* tells the college-life history of every man who is graduated. It is also a history of the activities of the scholastic, athletic and social life of the whole school during the year. And it is to its status as a work of history, rather than as a work of art or literature, that we attribute its great importance.

Under its able editor-in-chief, Jack Scallan, *The Dome* of 1924 is pressing close upon the heels of its exceptional predecessor, the 1923 *Dome*, which took first place in a college annual contest last year. With his untiring energy and peculiar powers of persuasion, Mr. Scallan has infused his own enthusiasm into the staff and the book is well under way. Indications point to exceptional art work, originality and early production, as the outstanding features of *The Dome* of 1924.

The Notre Dame *Juggler* is the silver lining of many student clouds. Since its inception five years ago, this monthly comic has become an integral part of campus life. If texts were read as thoroughly as each issue of *The Juggler*, professorial mortality due to shock would increase alarmingly. The quality of the humor and

THE SCHOLASTIC

art found in *The Juggler* is evidenced by the frequency with which its work is copied in the college and professional humorous publications throughout the country.

Dan Hickey, this year's editor-in-chief, and Joe Ryan, managing editor, with the self-confessed and indispensable services of Hugh McCarthy, have gotten away to a big start in the annual endeavor to "make this year's *Juggler* a bigger and better proposition." We consider *The Juggler* not a relief from college education, but a valuable addition to the more serious studies. For many a man has passed a vital test, who had at his tongue's end a ready jest.

With these few inadequate remarks we wish to take cognizance of the important work being done by our campus colleagues.

—JAMES ARMSTRONG.

BROTHER COLUMBA DIES.

The following obituary account of Brother Columba, C. S. C., is taken from the *South Bend Tribune*:

Brother Columba, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, died at 7:35 o'clock Tuesday morning, November 20, in the community infirmary at Notre Dame. Death was due to no specific cause, but to the general weakness and physical infirmities attendant on advanced age. November 5, this year, marked the 75th birthday of the deceased.

Brother Columba was known in the world at John O'Neill. He was the fifth of six children born to Michael and Ellen (McQuire) O'Neill, at Mackeysburg, Pa. His parents were very poor and at an early age he was working, like many of the children of that neighborhood, picking slate from the coal in the mines. He was born with a physical deformity, being club-footed. In later years, after he entered the Community

of Holy Cross, the famous Dr. Senn, of Chicago, operated on the brother's feet. The operation was so successful that almost all trace of the original condition disappeared, though the brother always walked with a slight limp.

At the age of 14 he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and learned the cobbler's trade. For a few years he traveled about, working at his trade in Pennsylvania. Later he went to Denver, Colo., and from there to California. During this time the idea had come to him that he should devote his life to the service of God in some religious community. He learned of Notre Dame through a chance meeting with a man who had been formerly an apprentice in the shoemaking trade at the manual labor school then conducted at Notre Dame. He decided to apply for admission to Notre Dame as a working brother. He did apply, was accepted and entered the novitiate July 9, 1874. On the completion of his novitiate he was assigned to work in the college shoe shop, though he had offered himself for the Bengal mission, and also to go to the assistance of Father Damien, among the lepers of Molokai.

Brother Columba first attracted attention some 25 years ago, when he began actively to propagate devotion to the Sacred Heart. It gradually became noised abroad that the prayers of this simple shoemaker were very efficacious and soon people of all kinds and all classes of society came to him and asked for his prayers. Mostly these were cases of physical ailments and distress. They received sympathy and wise advice, together with the promise of prayers.

Brother Columba attached importance to the wearing of a little badge of the Sacred Heart. Many of his clients loudly proclaimed that they were cured through his ministrations and assistance. The unlettered called him a "Divine Healer," and newspaper writers have sometimes referred to him as the "Miracle Man of Notre Dame." Brother Columba never took any credit to himself for any cures that may have occurred. To the end he was simple and unassuming. He had a remarkable keen sense of humor and was a shrewd judge of character. No official investigation was ever made of the so-called cures attributed to his influence.

THE SCHOLASTIC

REVIEWS.

READING INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMB-STONES.

J. J. N.

Reading inscriptions on tombstones is interesting in itself, but it becomes almost infinitely more fascinating when we consider what the sentiments of those who are favored with these bits of poetry and foolhardiness combined, really are. If the dead could only make forward to express their opinions regarding those who were so thoughtful as to write four lines about them and call it an epitaph, their words would be of such consequence that even the most loquacious parrot would be shocked at their outburst.

Had Mary Blake, the stingy inn-keeper, who fed Sir Thomas More royally, and gratis, on condition that he would write the first part of her epitaph before he ate, and the last lines after her demise, been able to protest the ending, I should have feared for the welfare of Sir Thomas. He began his masterpiece by saying:

"Good Mary Blake in royal state,
Arrived at last at Heaven's gate,"

But the aesthetic gave way to the commonplace and he ended:

"But Peter met her with a club,
And sent her down to Beelzebub."

Imagine the doleful plight of the donator of verse if "Good Mary Blake" had been granted permission to give vent to her ire. Certainly she would have over-stepped her permission while the unhappy subject of her anger dodged the violent and repeated blows of woman's battle-ax, the rolling pin. But let us leave Sir Thomas.

Little did the English-Jew, of the days of our forefathers, realize that one of his acquaintances to whom he probably refused to lend a shilling, or a meal ticket, would have sought revenge by writing:

"Under the roots of this oaken tree,
Lies Stingy Jimmie Wyaat.
He died one morning just at tea,
And saved a dinner by it."

Suppose Mr. Wyaat had come back to revenge his wrongs, he would have met with some opposition. For the subject of his anger would undoubtedly have cherished some ill-feelings toward the uncharitable gentleman. Sir Thomas More could not protest. He had received a meal of worth, and in his ingratitude he had wronged the lady. But both parties in the latter case had their grievances, and I do believe that were they to meet in an encounter both would have made things interesting.

And so we wonder. But when I finish wondering I always resolve never to make the mistake of writing an epitaph.

"A LOST LADY," BY WILLA CATHER;
Alfred A. Knopf, New York, \$1.75.

—In "A Lost Lady" Willa Cather draws a picture of the aristocracy which sprang throughout the West while the trans-continental railroads were being built by farsighted business men, keen in their perceptions, and lavish in their hospitality. It is told in so exquisite a manner that as discerning a gentleman as Mr. William Allen White declares that it is the one book he would have liked to have written above all others. Only Miss Cather is capable of this brilliance, the same which is seen in her earlier success, "One of Ours."

Throughout the story moves Marian Forrester who is, more than anything else, a feminine Lord Jim. She is not a Lord Jim in that she was cowardly at one great moment, because her courage is but one of the qualities that makes her the fascinating woman she is, but because she is equally inscrutable in her moments of weakness and of resolution.

She is idolized by two men, by her husband, and by Neil Herbert, who holds her in the high regard which some boys can have for a woman many years their senior. One of the disadvantages of having idols is that the idolator sometimes discovers his idol has feet of clay. Captain Forrester, rugged and upright, understood his wife better than she knew herself, but it remained for Herbert to be disillusioned, and

THE SCHOLASTIC

to retain his affection for her after she had toppled from her pedestal.

As a woman, Marian Forrester was a failure, as a character depicted by the singularly honest pen of Willa Cather she is a glorious success who stands in the foremost rank of those who tell a bit of the history of the West.

"PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYMAKING," BY BRANDER MATHEWS; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.00.

—In "Playwrights on Playmaking," Professor Brander Mathews collects the memories of over half a century of play-going, and sets forth the theories he has formed during the many years he has been professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University.

His theories may be stated briefly; the laws of the drama are unchanging throughout the ages; the drama has conventions without which it could not exist; and while some of these are essential and permanent, others are local and accidental, and therefore temporary; the dramatist writes his play always in the hope of seeing it presented on the stage, and therefore the drama exists for the stage, and not the stage for the drama.

His essay, "Memories of Actors," is perhaps the most delightful in the book. The genial John Brougham, the prolific Dion Boucicault, John Philip Kemble, John T. Raymond, Edwin Booth, and the gifted Nat Goodwin are recalled by one who knew them intimately when they represented the height of the profession in what was the golden age of the theater.

Brander Mathews believes he was the first to point out that the principle of Economy of Attention which Herbert Spencer applied only to Rhetoric, was applicable to the other arts as well, and more particularly to the drama. There are few readers who will dispute the fact that Professor Mathews was also the first to perceive the similarity between the comedies of Aristophanes and the extravaganzas of Weber and Fields. It was his custom to send his classes to the theatre where Weber

and Fields were performing to witness this likeness for themselves—truly, a pleasant form of research work.

"FATHER PRICE OF MARYKNOLL;" "IN THE HOMES OF THE MARTYRS," BY VERY REV. JAMES A. WALSH, M. AP., Maryknoll, N. Y., \$1.00 each.

"A MODERN MARTYR," BLESSED THEOPHANE VENARD; Maryknoll, N. Y., \$1.00.

—The literature of missionary life has taken on a new interest for us. Americans, next-door neighbors of ours by blood and tradition, have taken their part in the fight for the reign of Christ in heathen lands. Maryknoll, the home of the Catholic Mission Society of America, has taken the lead in supplying first a readable magazine, *"The Field Afar,"* and second, a series of volumes that deal with many interesting aspects of the great apostolic endeavor. In "Father Price of Maryknoll," we have a reverent and inspiring portrait of a very saintly priest, whose life was one of humblest consecration and regal fervor. As a missionary in North Carolina, exposed to all the hardships of a rude and hostile environment, and next as the founder of the American missions to China, he must keep a place in our hearts. The biographer has been fortunate in his choice of a subject; and the subject has profited by a discerning biographer. The second of the books listed is a novel and charming volume. A number of places in France are dealt with because in each one some martyr of the foreign missions was born and encouraged to achieve the career which later distinguished him among the Saints of God. These are eager, radiant sketches which one can not read without profit and exhilaration. The third of the books in question is Father Walsh's complete and satisfying biography which has been followed far by many young men now in foreign missionary fields. The career of Blessed Theophane Venard, particularly as it is outlined in his own letters, is something no Catholic college-man ought to deny himself contact with.

All these books are handsome and well

THE SCHOLASTIC

illustrated. The prices are extraordinarily reasonable, too. In each case, the sum asked is only one dollar.

"COLLEGE DAYS," BY STEPHEN LEACOCK," Dodd, Mead and Company, New York; \$1.25.

—Stephen Leacock is in some danger of becoming a national institution. His adventures "Behind the Beyond," his "Nonsense Novels," and his "My Discovery of England" have won a place for him that he never could have attained as a staid professor of Economics at McGill, or as the author of a prosaic text on Political Economy.

His most recent contribution to the mirth of nations, or, of the American nation at least, is "College Days," a sheaf of essays which appeared in various periodicals, some of them in college publications, during the past twenty years.

Here is Professor Leacock writing in somewhat the same mood as in "My Discovery of England." He is as humorous as ever, but here and there through the drift of nonsense, appear many momentous truths, and a just arraignment of present-day education. To offset his criticism is his piece on "The Oldest Living Graduate," a familiar figure at homecomings and at class reunions, and his vacation song which will find favor with the more leisurely college man.

It would certainly be trite to say that Stephen Leacock has never grown up, or that he is a boy at heart, but after reading "College Days," it is the only conclusion to which one can come. Certainly he was, in his own college days, one of the blithe spirits for whom, as Booth Tarkington said, "Commencement came in September."

"ADVENTURES IN JOURNALISM," BY PHILIP GIBBS; Harper and Brothers, New York; \$2.50.

—Journalists have, more than most people perhaps, the opportunity to meet

the worlds' personages, and to go behind the scenes, when some great event is taking place. Philip Gibbs—Sir Philip now—has been more fortunate in this respect than the majority of his confreres; and in "Adventures in Journalism," he relates some of his experiences ranging from a hurried trip to Scandinavia to interview the discoverer of the North Pole, to an account of how he was one of the first to learn of the death of King Edward VII.

Gibbs was a special writer for the *Daily Chronicle*, was associated with Lord Northcliffe before that gentleman was elevated to the peerage, became one of the five war correspondents officially recognized by the British government, published an after-the-war book entitled "Now It Can Be Told," and, more recently, gave a series of lectures in the United States.

In such a book, the first person singular necessarily predominates. The adventures are interestingly told, however, and one feels when he has finished, that he has been chatting with the author, a modest, gifted man whose journalistic ability placed him in the centre of the political and martial turmoil of the past ten years.

"Adventures in Journalism" is not, by any means, a mere recitation of the author's acquaintance with people who figure in the day's news. It goes deeper, and analyzes and throws new light upon many things concerning which we average mortals can only make conjectures.

Gibbs, after his many years of newspaper experience has naturally acquired the faculty of writing with a graphic pen, and this, together with his insight, makes the book worth reading whether or not you can agree with some of the things he says.

"A SON AT THE FRONT," BY EDITH WHARTON; Charles Scribner's Sons.

—A one-armed man trying to wind his wrist-watch meets with more distinct success than does the reviewer in an effort to say something that has not already been said about a "best seller" after it has been viewed and reviewed for several months.

THE SCHOLASTIC

"A Son at the Front," by Edith Wharton suggests the analogy. Every reading man is his own judge. But, plainly, few men possess enough originality to pick some fresh and untrodden path to the goal. Ideas are mightier than armies but as scarce as the men who attend morning prayer in Senior Halls. Perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that generally we give more consideration to opinions which differ from ours than Vicar-General Butchkavitch received from the revolutionary Cheka at Petrograd.

In some circles to have read the latest "best seller" is an honorable boast. One violates the most revered tenets of good society if he is unable to babble unintelligently about So-and-So's most recent literary bonanza, or concerning the sporadic outbursts of Havelock Ellis and James Harvey Robinson. The Ladies' Literary Society in the village, or in the city for all that matters (for towns differ only in size and population), exists it seems for the very purpose of gratifying an innate desire to be literary without knowing what the word means. These organizations meet to discuss the latest books, and they do, after having deliberated upon the world of fad and fashion. They arrive at no conclusion for nothing can come of nothing. An inspection of "best sellers" is their method of summoning the azure-eyed Minerva into their midst. The latest books are their standards of literature. When a book has a purpose or a deeply-laid foundation in the background of contemporary civilization the Ladies' Literary Society misses the point altogether, or finds a conclusion which remains forever unauthorized in the authors' eyes. This is sad. Yet we must commend their good intentions.

This is the day of realism in fiction. It is a fanciful and illusory realism for it emphasizes the dull side of existence to the exclusion of truth and beauty which make life good in the living of it. For this reason it is delightful to find a book which lifts one for the passing hour above the garish slough of trash which passes for literature.

"A Son at the Front" is a tale of the

love of a father for his son, whom, because of a conflict of circumstances, he has never really known. Campton, the father, looks eagerly to the day when he may become acquainted with his son. Just as his dream is about to be fulfilled George is called to war. For a long time Campton is a passive observer of the horrors of battle. He possesses an instinctive hate for war and all that the world means. The terrible cruelties, he witnesses, make him finally, a half-hearted participant in relief work. George is wounded fatally. His divorced parents believing that they have lost everything except victory for which George gave his life, put their remaining strength and courage to that end.

The story is a symphony. The style of the author is full, serene, and devoid of frantic description which characterizes so many war stories. Mrs. Wharton's only imperfection is a seemingly slight effort to strive beyond herself. The power of her style like a diamond sometimes dazzles the reader but it never blinds him for one instant to the inherent beauty of the story and the controlled tenderness of its telling. The author does not belong to the modern school of French writers. Her devices are those of Anatole France and Paul Bourget. Instead of skimming the surface and leaving the rest to the imagination of the reader she completes every incident. To interrogate the work down to the smallest detail is interesting, not for the sake of the detail, but for its harmony in a common explanation.

Throughout the war period Mrs. Wharton lived in France. This accounts for her vital insight into the wartime mind of the country. She observed the shifting of ideals and the innumerable changes wrought by war on men. She sensed the unknown forces that contrived so colossal a change in the emotional life of those who were dragged into the fight abhorring even the littlest thought of war. She puts them forth amid constantly increasing excitement.

The story intoxicates the best hearts as wine does the strongest heads. You will be immensely happy for having read the book.

THE SCHOLASTIC

EDUCATION ELSEWHERE.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

OH, FOR PASCAL'S THOUGHTS!

It's easy to love your neighbor like yourself,—if she's pretty enough.—*The Torch*.

And willing enough.

A Puritan is a person who would have artists do nude in clothes.—*The Columbia Spectator*.

It must have been a half-puritanic individual who prompted the statue of Venus.

The elevator may have its ups and downs; but the legless man can't kick.—*The Daily Northwestern*.

What's the matter with his artificial limbs?

Kiss-stealing is now known in colleges as petting larceny.—*The Spectator*.

Now that it has been made legally wrong, try to force the co-eds to bring the thieves to justice—any other than the Justice of the Peace, of course.

As wonderful a thing as electricity is, we find some people make light of it.—*Exchange*.

Shocking! Shocking!

The skin most students would love to touch is the sheepskin Cum Maximo Laude.—*The Indiana Daily*.

Naturally, but don't think the magazine advertisement girl has lost her appeal.

A true optimist is a fellow who tries to draw a straight on a pair of deuces.—*The Torch*.

He may have been anticipating a deuce of a wild game.

THEY AUGHT TO PROHIBIT THE AUTO.

Student-owned automobiles are getting to be a serious problem at the University of Missouri. President Brooks, in a letter to all parents of students requested that all autos be kept at home. The chief objection of the faculty to the cars is probably based on the fact that too many of the fellows too frequently have a "clutch" in the back seat.

A stadium is a large football field with a university attached.—*The Cardinal*.

Even Webster does not define it so well.

If you eat onions don't breathe it to a soul.—*Exchange*.

Don't worry! One couldn't get close enough.

It takes twenty years for one woman to make a man out of her son and just twenty minutes for another woman to make a fool out of him.—*The Torch*.

Does it take that long, even?

In eating an apple it is difficult to say which one would prefer,—seeing a worm or half a worm.—*The Emerald*.

Remembering Adams' experience, it is rather difficult to decide.

Perhaps Man is after all, the Sap from the Tree of Life.—*The Spectator*.

—And when the Tree dies so does the Sap.

It's a great life. . . If you don't weekend too much.—*The Indiana Daily*.

That is, not any oftener than once a week.



HOW MANY DID HAMLET BUY?

Tribune: Bell Boy Sells Tickets to Hamlet for One Dollar Until Detectives Spoil the Game. . . .

The reason that
Jim tesses so
In his
Sleep
Is that Jim
Is a
Pitcher.

SLIPPY, SLIPPY.

I yearn, I grope for Ivory soap,
It cleans me when I'm dirty.
It cleans besides, not only hides,
For it will wash a shirty.
And cups and plates and roller skates
And other things real nifty.
You couldn't find another kind
So good—I've tried some fifty—
But this is true. I must tell you
Before I tell you more,
Don't ever, *ever* leave it lie
Upon the bathroom floor.

OR THE MUSIC.

"What kind of man is John?"

"This kind. We were moving a piano
the other day. John took the stool."

HELL HATH NO— ETC.

Lettie: Why was she so sore at Sam
trying to kiss her?

Nettie: He didn't succeed.

LOST.

. . . . With a pitiful little gurgling
sound she sank at his feet, while he, rais-
ing his eyes to the heavens sought relief
there. And then suddenly he tore himself
away from the spot, and walked rapidly
toward dawn. . . The canoe was a wreck.

LIMERICKS.

A fat man named Mr. De Rank
Of liquor too frequently drank.
When he'd go for a swim
The kids shouted at him,
Oh, here comes the old swimming tank.

Since, under the guise of social gather-
ings and tea parties, there is much worse
damage done than in the following, why
not write up our criminal effects thus:

A delightful little murder was held at
Tenth and Eleventh streets last evening.
Mr. Everett True, the man in honor of
whom the murder was held, was tripping
home gaily when the Unknown placed a
cute little gun daintily under his nose and
gurgled with delight: "Surprise party!
Raise your little fingers aloft." Mr. True
in his skittish coquetry declined right mer-
rily and the Unknown lovingly pulled the
trigger of the cute little gun, Mr. True
laughing heartily all the while. The Un-
known politely shot him three or four times
as graciously as he could. He then de-
parted hastily leaving Mr. True propped
gracefully against a wall of beautiful red
brick, where he died in nice cold, chilly
blood.

Relatives of the late Mr. True, extend
their hearty appreciation to the Unknown
for such a delightful and successful even-
ing murder.

—KOLARS.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS

THOMAS COMAN.

NOTRE DAME—GEORGIA TECH GAME.

KNUTE ROCKNE'S Notre Dame wonder team, the sensation in football-dom for the season of 1923, defeated the Golden Tornado from Georgia Tech, 35 to 7 before a capacity crowd of 20,000, on Cartier field, Saturday, October 27.

In a game that was replete with versatility and featured by the execution of a brilliant and terrific attack, the Hoosiers' gridiron warriors under the masterful tutelage of Knute Rockne, inscribed in the annals of football history, their third consecutive intersectional victory in as many weeks.

Georgia Tech, the southern flower, and heralded as one of the most remarkable fighting machines in the southern conference, making its appearance on the local playing field for the first time in the records of Notre Dame football, treated the mammoth throng of spectators to an exhibition of football such as is seldom seen in the northern gridiron section. The spectacle was unique as it was colorful and remarkable for its precision of execution.

In the opening period of the game, the southerners uncorked an attack that was beautiful for its power and praise worthy for its ability to gain ground. The Georgians had perfected a shift that enabled their men to gain great momentum when charging on the offense to such an extent that during the first few minutes of play, the Rockmen experienced great difficulty in stemming the onslaught until they had solved the puzzle of the shift and prepared their defense accordingly.

The one outstanding fault with the Georgians' play was their inability to produce the final punch when within striking distance of the goal and likewise their lack of defense against the end running game, through which medium the Irish garnered their five touchdowns. Don Miller, easily the greatest running back of the year, reeled off long runs of 20 and 40 yards behind an interference that was nothing short of peerless, while Jimmy Crowley, the ace of half backs, was the steady off-tackle

plunger who netted first downs for the Rockmen time after time.

Layden and Stuhldreher, members of this backfield quartet extraordinary, that has been the talk of the East since Rockne and his Fighting Irish trampled on the pride of two great eastern schools, continued to play that same brand of football which has marked them as among the outstanding grid performers of the season.

Layden, Rockne's wonderful triple-threat full back, gave a scintillating performance at every department of the game and out-punted Albright, the stellar player in Techs' hammering backfield, on every exchange of punts. The kicking game was another sad display of ability on the part of the southerners whose kicks were blocked on nearly every try and one of which resulted in a score for the Irish, when Mayl on the right flank for the Hoosiers, scooped up the ball and dashed over the line.

The work of Rockne's forward wall was commendable on every play and through its ultra-aggressiveness, has made itself feared by both the Army and Princeton. The weight of the line was one of the points that caused eastern critics to declare the Army-Irish game in favor of the Cadets, but after the now historical struggle had ended on Ebbets field, the experts' opinions about Rockne's linemen were very contradictory to the pre-game statements.

Adam Walsh at the pivot position, is a revelation of power and to describe the game as played by he and his running mates, Captain Brown and Kiser, would entail the use of the strongest superlative adjectives in the English language.

At the tackles, Rockne had two able performers in Bach and Oberst that were sure death to off-tackle smashes and Bach played a roving game with aggressiveness far above par and was the instrument of destruction to many of the passes attempted by the Georgians.

Once more Rockne will be eulogized for his phenomenal development of players who hitherto have had no football experience. The latest luminary cultivated at the Hoosier school is Clem Crowe, whose work on the left wing has been sparkling with the spectacular and whose ability to generate terrific speed in going down under punts combined with his adroitness in the art of

THE SCHOLASTIC

tackling and weaving through the opposition's interference has made him a valuable addition to Rockne's force of wingmen.

Rockne started the game with his second string but soon sent in the first stringers to stave off the tremendous power of the attack being cultivated by Coach Alexander's proteges.

Up until the middle of the first period, the game was a see-saw and punting affair with the Irish trying out the defense of the southerners to their versatile attack. Then Don Miller stepped away for 36 yards placing the oval deep into Georgia territory. A pass, Crowley to Miller, was good for 30 yards and with a steady driving through center and off tackle by Layden and Crowley, the ball was carried down to the shadows of the southerners' goal post from where Crowley made a pretty dive through the line for 8 yards and the first tally.

Shortly after the beginning of the second period, Miller got away around the left wing for 88 yards and a touchdown but the ball was called back and Notre Dame penalized for holding. It was a great run and as the fleet Irish back sped over the chalk lines, his interference followed him with equal speed and guarded his course all the way to the goal. It was a momentary manifestation of that brand of football that swept the hopes of two great eastern teams into oblivion.

After Wycloff, of Tech, had kicked out of bounds on his own 37-yard line, Crowley picked a hole in the line that was good for 16 yards and on the next play, the brilliant Don Miller took the pigskin for another long journey to the Georgians' goal line.

The Irish scored their next counter when Mayl scooped up Wycloff's blocked punt on the 5-yard line and romped over the goal line.

The Tech gridders came back with a world of fight and uncorked a passing game that carried the ball through the Irish ranks to the 10-yards line where, after three line bucks the ball lay about a foot from the goal. The Irish linesmen were down on hands and knees but without results for Wycloff dived over the line for the only tally of the game.

The fourth score for the Hoosiers resulted from another of Miller's famous

runs. Adam Walsh had intercepted a Georgia pass and on the next play Miller raced around the end for 59 yards bringing the score to 23-7 in favor of the Rockmen.

With only a few minutes to play the Irish worked the ball deep into the southerners' ground and the brilliant Willie Maher, of "snaky hips" fame, uncorked a scintillating run through and around the Tech team for 44 yards and the last score.

As the sound of the final whistle died away, the Notre Dame students and fans arose in the stands and gave a mighty cheer for Georgia Tech as a tribute to the contingent of gallant southern gentlemen, who the year previous had accorded the Fighting Irish a wonderful reception on their invasion of Atlanta, which marked the first defeat the Georgians had ever suffered on their own battle grounds.

The Notre Dame band made their first appearance at the Tech clash in their nativity uniforms of cadet gray and led by a capable drum major. This is an innovation in Notre Dame band history and was a part of the program to put the University among the collegiate leaders of the country in the matter of athletic standards with which Rockne's proteges have so sensationally set up during the past ten years of intercollegiate football. The final integral factor to be added to this standard is the stadium project, for which plans are at present being considered.

PLAY BY PLAY

Houser kicked off to the southerners Wyckoff took the ball on his own two-yard line and returned it to his 23-yard line. Wyckoff failed to gain and Georgia Tech was penalized five yards for backfield in motion when ball was snapped. Wyckoff gained 10 yards around left end. Albright gained three yards off right tackle.

On a trick play Wyckoff made a first down on his own 37-yard line. On a wide end run Albright failed to gain. On the same play Wyckoff made five yards through center. Georgia Tech's ball on Notre Dame's 45-yard line. Second down; four to go. Walsh replaced Regan at center for Notre Dame.

Wyckoff gained two yards through right guard. Wyckoff hit center to two yards.

THE SCHOLASTIC

First down. Georgia Tech's ball on Notre Dames' 41-yard line. First down; 10 to go.

ROCK USES FIRST TEAM.

On the first play Albright failed to gain at left tackle. Wyckoff fumbled on Notre Dame's 30-yard line and Harvey Brown recovered for Notre Dame. Mayl replaced Murphy at right end. Notre Dame's first backfield was sent into the play.

On the first play D. Miller made three yards around left end. Crowley failed to gain at right end. Layden kicked 45 yards, out of bounds on Georgia Tech's 37-yard line. Crowe replaced Collins at left end for Notre Dame. Georgia Tech's ball on their own 27-yard line. First down; 10 to go. On a double pass Albright made two yards at center, he was stopped by Walsh. Crowe threw Albright for an eight-yard loss. Wyckoff punted 50 yards to Stuhldreher who returned it eight yards to his own 38-yard line. Notre Dame's ball on their own 38-yard line.

Layden made four yards through center. Miller ran around left end to Tech's 36-yard line where he fumbled but the ball was recovered by Notre Dame. A forward pass, Crowley to Miller, was good for 13 yards. Notre Dame's ball on Georgia Tech's 23-yard line. Time was taken out for Georgia Tech.

Play is resumed. Crowley made five yards around right end. Layden broke through the center of the line for three yards. Second down; two yards to go on Georgia Tech's 20-yard line. Stuhldreher made a first down through center. Crowley hit the center of the line for two yards. D. Miller went around left end for four more yards and it is now the third down with four yards to go on Tech's eight-yard line. Time was taken out for Tech.

CROWLEY MAKES TOUCHDOWN.

Crowley went off right tackle for a touchdown. Crowley made the goal.

Score, Notre Dame, 7; Georgia Tech, 0.

Layden kicked off for Notre Dame to McIntyre on Tech's 30-yard line. He returned it to his own 35-yard line. Williams replaced Albright as left half for Tech. Wyckoff made a yard at right tackle on a criss-cross. Tech was penalized five yards for offside. It is now Techs' ball, second down; 15 yards to go on their own

30-yard line. Wyckoff made two yards over right guard.

Reese made eight yards off left tackle.

Layden punted from behind his own goal line to Hunt on Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Hunt returned it to Notre Dame's 32-yard line. Williams made two yards off right tackle. The period ended with the ball in Tech's possession. Second down, eight yards to go on Notre Dame's 28-yard line. Score, Notre Dame, 7; Georgia Tech, 0.

MILLER MAKES PRETTY RUN.

R. Miller replaced Oberst as right tackle for Notre Dame. Wyckoff went through center for two yards. Third down and six yards to go on Notre Dames' 28-yard line. Wyckoff failed to gain at right guard.

Fourth down, five to go on Notre Dame's 27-yard line. Wyckoff out of bounds on Notre Dame's 12-yard line. Notre Dame's ball, first down on their own 12-yard line. D. Miller went around left end for 88 yards and a touchdown. The ball was called back and Notre Dame penalized 15 yards for holding and the ball was put in play on Notre Dame's one-yard line.

Farnsworth replaced Reeves. Carpenter replaced Merkle, and Fair replaced McConnell for Tech. Layden punted 50 yards to Hunt, who was thrown by Crowe. It is now Tech's ball on their own 43-yard line.

Farnsworth made four yards through left guard. Crowe threw Fair for a two-yard loss. Wyckoff punted to Notre Dame's 26-yard line, where the ball was declared dead. Miller went off right tackle for 20 yards. Notre Dame's ball on its own 36-yard line. Layden made two yards at center. On a criss-cross Miller made no gain. Third down, eight yards to go. Notre Dame's ball on their own 47-yard line. A pass, Crowley to Crowe, was incomplete. Layden punted over the goal line.

Tech's ball, first down, 10 yards to go on their own 20-yard line. Vergera replaced Kizer for Notre Dame. Weibel replaced Brown for Notre Dame. On a fake play Farnsworth made five yards through the line.

Weibel threw Wyckoff for a three-yard loss. Wyckoff punted to Stuhldreher on Notre Dame's 42-yard line. Time was taken out for Tech on the play. D. Miller made two yards through center. Layden

THE SCHOLASTIC

hurled off left tackle for nine yards. Third down, one to go. Notre Dame's ball on Tech's 48-yard line. Miller made his first down on Tech's 46-yard line. Stuhldreher made three yards through center. Miller failed to gain at the same place, Crowley's pass to Mayl was grounded. Layden kicked over Tech's goal line. Nabell replaced Staton for Tech. Wyckoff made seven yards through center. Fourth down. Wyckoff made two yards, fourth down, one to go. Wyckoff punted out of bounds on his own 37-yard line.

The ball was caught by Walsh. Crowley made 16 yards around left end. First down, 10 to go on Tech's 22-yard line. Noppenberger replaced Bach for Notre Dame. D. Miller ran around left end for a touchdown. Maher replaced Crowley and Bergman replaced Miller for Notre Dame. Layden kicked the goal.

Score: Notre Dame, 14; Georgia Tech, 0.

Hunsinger replaced Mayl for Notre Dame.

Noppenberger kicked off to Wyckoff on Tech's goal line. Wyckoff returned 27 yards. On a fake kick Wyckoff failed to gain. He was stopped by Crowe. Harmon replaced Walsh as center for Notre Dame. Time was taken out for Tech. Wyckoff punted 45 yards to Stuhldreher on Notre Dame's 37-yard line. Stuhldreher returned 10 yards to Tech's 32-yard line.

SUBSTITUTIONS MADE.

Bergman failed to gain at right tackle. On the next play Bergman made four yards at right end. Time was taken out again for Tech. Farrell replaced Crowe at end for Notre Dame. Williams was hurt on the play and was replaced by Moore. Maher failed to gain at left tackle. Stuhldreher's pass to Enright was knocked down by the Tech backfield. Wyckoff hit the center of the line for six yards. Tech's ball, second down, four to go on their own 39-yard line.

Wyckoff failed to gain. Tech was penalized five yards for offside. Fourth down, nine to go on Tech's 35-yard line. Gluckert replaced Noppenberger as left tackle for Notre Dame. Vergera broke through and threw Wyckoff for a three-yard loss but Notre Dame was penalized five yards for offside. First down, 10 to go on Tech's own 37-yard line. Farnsworth made five

yards at left tackle. Wyckoff made two through the line. The half ended with Tech's ball on their own 39-yard line.

Score: Notre Dame, 14; Tech, 0.

SECOND HALF.

In the second half Connell returned to left half for Notre Dame, Bach to left tackle, Mayl to right end. Reese went in as quarter back, Kizer returned as right guard, Regan went back as center. Cerney went back as full back. Georgia Tech returned with the same line-up as at first with the exception of Farnsworth, who returned for Reeves.

Houser kicked to Farnsworth on Tech's 20-yard line. He returned it to his own 27-yard line. Tech was penalized five yards for off side. Kizer and Bach blocked Wyckoff's punt but Wyckoff recovered on his own 20-yard line. First down at that line. Wyckoff made four yards at left guard but the ball was taken back and penalized five yards for off side. Bach and Kizer blocked Wyckoff's punt. Mayl recovered and ran five yards for a touchdown. Reese kicked goal.

Score: Notre Dame, 21; Georgia Tech, 0.

Tech chose to receive. Houser kicked 30 yards to McConnell, who was down on his own 31-yard line. Wyckoff failed to gain at center. Weibel made the tackle. Carpenter replaced Merkle in the Tech lineup. A forward pass to Wyckoff was intercepted by Cerney when he fumbled the ball, but the ball was given to Tech on their own 30-yard line because of the interference by Notre Dame's defense on the receiver.

Wyckoff made a yard through center. Albright failed to gain at right tackle. On a fake kick Wyckoff passed 10 yards to Albright, who ran to Notre Dame's 20-yard line, where he was stopped by Houser. First down, 10 to go on Notre Dames' 20-yard line. Albright gained four yards off of right tackle kicking the ball on Notre Dame's 16-yard line before the goal posts. Wyckoff was stopped at center for no gain. Regan and Kizer made the tackle.

Albright was stopped by Mayl for no gain. A forward pass, Wyckoff to Williams, was good for 10 yards and placed the ball on Notre Dame's five-yard line. First down and 10 to go. Williams made

THE SCHOLASTIC

one yard as left guard. He was forced out of bounds. Wyckoff hit the line and failed for a touchdown by an inch. Wyckoff hit the line for a touchdown. Notre Dame's first string back field was sent in. Crowe replaced Collins and Walsh replaced Regan at center. Wyckoff kicked the goal. Score: Notre Dame, 21; Georgia Tech, 7.

Notre Dame chose to receive. Wyckoff kicked to Crowley on Notre Dame's three-yard line. He returned it to his own 23-yard line. Crowley made a yard at left end. Third down, eight to go on Notre Dame's 25-yard line. Layden punted 45 yards to Hunt, who returned it to the 48-yard line. Another pass, Wyckoff to Hunt, made his first down on Notre Dames' 30-yard line.

MILLER MAKES TOUCHDOWN.

Albright passed to Wyckoff, but was intercepted by Walsh on Notre Dame's 31-yard line. Miller ran 59 yards around left end for a touchdown. Crowley kicked the goal.

Score: Notre Dame, 28; Georgia Tech, 7.

Layden kicked 56 yards to Wyckoff, who returned 30 yards to his own 34-yard line.

Score: Notre Dame, 28; Georgia Tech, 7.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Wyckoff was stopped by Walsh and Kizer in the center of the line. Tech was penalized five yards for off side. Wyckoff kicked out of bounds on Notre Dame's 33-yard line. Crowley made five yards at left tackle. Layden punted to Hunt, who fumbled the ball and recovered it on his own 18-yard line. Wyckoff went through right guard for 10 yards.

On a fake punt Williams was stopped by Bach for no gain. Wyckoff punted 35 yards to Stuhldreher, who returned four yards to his own 44-yard line. Maher failed to gain. On a fake pass Regan made 10 yards off right tackle. Maher ran 44 yards through the entire Tech team for a touchdown. It was a spectacular run. Layden kicked goal.

Score: Notre Dame, 35; Georgia Tech, 7.

Noppenberger kicked to Williams, who returned to his own 25-yard line. Farnsworth lost five yards at left tackle.

Score: Notre Dame, 35; Georgia Tech, 7.

Notre Dame.

Georgia Tech.

Collins_____	l. e.	_____	Staton
Bach_____	l. t.	_____	Merkle
Brown (C)_____	l. g.	_____	McIntyre (C)
Regan_____	c.	_____	Frye
Kizer_____	r. g.	_____	McConnell
Oberst_____	r. t.	_____	Huffines
Murphy_____	r. e.	_____	Gardner
Stuhldreher_____	q.	_____	Hunt
Houser_____	l. h.	_____	Albright
Connell_____	r. h.	_____	Reeves
Cerney_____	f. b.	_____	Wyckoff

Average weight—Notre Dame, 172; Georgia Tech, 175.

Referee—Birch of Earlham.

Umpire—Williams of Virginia.

Head Linesman—Strict of Auburn.

Field Judge—Kerns of DePaul.

NOTRE DAME-PURDUE GAME.

The Homecoming celebration for 1923 was fittingly executed when Rockne's Fighting Team trampled on the Boilermakers' aggregation from Purdue, to the tune of 34 to 7, on Cartier field, before a crowd of 20,000 people, Saturday, November 3.

It was a brilliant treat for the vast Homecoming throng, many of which had come a long way to see the sensational Notre Dame football team in action. And since the coaches of the Purdue team, Phelan and Degree, were also Notre Dame alumni, they perhaps found glory in their defeat.

Seventeen years ago, on November 3, Notre Dame and Purdue met on the gridiron turf and for 60 minutes the gruesome battle raged over the chalk marks, with Notre Dame claiming the victory by a score of 2 to 0. From then on Purdue and the Catholic squad have met many times and the records of the score book give the Rockmen a decided margin over the Lafayette grid-ders in the matter of victories.

Jimmy Phelan, a former football star at Notre Dame, took up the coaching job at Purdue two years ago and since then has

THE SCHOLASTIC

made rapid strides in football progress, and this year brought a team to Notre Dame that has made its presence felt in the Big Ten conference, and will be a greater menace next year, when Phelan and Degree will have an almost veteran team to put in the field.

The 'Fighting Irish continued their brilliant style in the Homecoming game, that had marked their sensational invasions of the East. Rockne's light, fast eleven raised havoc with the heavy Purdue line that had made such a remarkable showing against Stagg's Maroon warriors at Chicago the Saturday before. Rockne sent in his second team to star the game and uncorking the knifing attack that ripped the lines of Army and Princeton to pieces, Maher and Bergman reeled off huge strips of yardage with Bill Cerney crashing great holes in the center of the line by his terrific plunging. Deep in the Boilermakers' territory, Bergman's passes to Maher was good for 30 yards and placed the oval within the shadow of the visitors' goal post. On the next play, Maher took the ball and shot through the tackles for the first tally.

The seven points for Notre Dame and the goose egg for Purdue had the same effect as gasoline on a fire. The Engineers came back on the kick-off with a whirlwind attack that drove through the Irish forward wall for the first down. This was followed with a pass that netted 16 yards and another heave that was good for three. The visitors were wild with fight and Carlson, Phelan's versatile full back, was crashing the Irish line with every iota of power he could muster up. Hetrick was dumped for a loss by Collins and the Rockmen's defense tightened. On the next play, Hetrick fumbled and Cerney grasped the bouncing oval and raced over the chalk marks for 60 yards and a touchdown. The ball was called back, however, and on the referee's decision, the ball was given to Purdue on their 37-yard line.

With the start of the second frame, "Rock" sent in his wonder back field, that put the damper on the Boilermakers' parade. Crowe went in at left end and Layden, Miller and Crowley made up the new backfield. The track meet started and in four plays after receiving Purdue's punt, Layden and Miller counted for a 41-yard

advance. The second tally was momentarily impeded when Layden fumbled on Purdue's 4-yard line, but he recovered the oval before the Boilermakers' landed on it.

Miller romped over for the second score, and with the extra point successfully negotiated, the count stood 14 to 0 for the Irish.

The score maddened the visitors and the charge of the Boilermakers' Brigade began. The next few minutes was riot with action and the Lafayette gridders accomplished what the Army and Princeton failed to do. Gladders replaced Carlson at full back for Phelanites and stepped off 33 yards shortly after the kick-off. The ball was now in midfield. On the next play, Prout, the diminutive quarter back of the Engineers, broke away from the Irish contingent and in a spectacular run, raced 50 yards for a touchdown.

To make up for this little incident, the Irish uncorked another track meet and Miller, the year's greatest running back, skirted the Purdue end for 27 yards, and was dropped on a hard tackle on Purdue's 17-yard mark. But Notre Dame fumbled and the visitors recovered to have the pigskin when the second half opened.

Purdue tried the passing game with varying success but were forced to punt. Notre Dame took the ball and began another chalk line parade, with Miller and Crowley picking up huge gobs of yardage, until the ball was worked down to Purdue's 8-yard line from where Crowley went over for a touchdown.

In the last quarter, the Boilermakers opened up a brilliant aerial attack that was sparkling with the long heaves of Wellman who had been called back from the end to pass. But the superb Irish defense was too much for the visitors and the last minute drive melted before the brilliant football work of the Rockmen.

Notre Dame hung up another score when Miller broke away on one of his long trips and raced down the side lines after taking a pass from Stuhldreher.

With a few minutes to play, Rockne's third backfield went into the game and imitating the brilliant style of their teammates, they rushed the ball through the Engineers' ranks to the 5-yard line from where Enright plunged through the line for the final tally.

THE SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME-NEBRASKA GAME.

The biggest upset of the season occurred when Nebraska won over Notre Dame, 14 to 7, at Lincoln, Nebraska, Saturday, November 10, before a football frenzied throng that was estimated at 30,000.

Perhaps never before in the football history of the country did the defeat of a wonder team come with such surprise and unexpectedness. It was a case of the impossible taking on the folds of reality. Hundreds of thousands of football fans throughout the country were stunned by the untimely defeat of the brilliant Notre Dame football machine.

The Rockmen journeyed west, top heavy favorites to win over Nebraska, a team that had been beaten by Illinois and tied by several of the leading teams in their own conference. But Nebraska won by the margin of a touchdown and won by playing football on that memorable afternoon as they had never played the game before.

The Corn huskers played over their heads, played for the breaks and got them. And as the tide of the gruelling battle wended their way, the moleskin warriors from the wheat plains of Nebraska went wild with fight and played the game with the savage attack that had been smoldering in their hearts for many weeks.

Having seen how the Notre Dame football machine had swept three big intersectional teams and one conference team out of its way, the westerners held out little hope of being able to check the Hoosiers' steam roller. For weeks Coach Dawson had drilled, pointed and primed his men for the great objective, when they would meet the Fighting Irish. For weeks the mentor had goaded his players with the tempting bait, the glory of defeating Notre Dame, and when the hour of the game arrived, the Husker warriors were seething with that frenzied fighting temper, that has sent many a football machine to victory over great odds.

In the opening quarter, the temper that had been so masterfully inculcated into the hearts of the men that were to defend the thirty-three years of Nebraska's football prestige, was lying in obescience and as the first breaks of the game began to favor the

side of the Nebraskans, it leaped out in all its glory and manifested itself in the most savage type of football tactics.

Notre Dame, facing a team that was anything but superior to it in the line of football maneuvers, was forced to contend with several factors that played an important part in the breaking of their string of victories. They were playing on a new field of rolled dirt that crumpled under their cleats as they tried to get away on their running game. They were psychologically influenced by the prestige which was theirs from early season conquests and they were facing a team that determined to do or die. The outcome was 14 to 7.

The Rockmen's great football team was enfolded in the pall of defeat, but underneath that shroud the hearts of men burned with true devotion and loyalty and they fought as no warriors ever fought before for the glory that was slowly ebbing from their grasp to sanctify the traditions of the Cornhusker school.

In the gymnasium at Notre Dame, 2,000 loyal students jammed the enclosure to hear the reports of the game as each play was reeled off. Never once until the final whistle blew marking the end of the game did one man in that throng falter in his devotion to that Fighting Team that was giving their best for Notre Dame and for "Rock". And in the final minutes of play when Bill Cerney of Chicago, at full back for Notre Dame speared a pass from Houser, deep in the Husker territory, and tore through the opposition for the only tally the Rockmen gained, the crowd at home broke loose in wild confusion and cheered and cheered for the Fighting Irish, till the volume of the yell rocked the walls of the old gym. And then—that displayal of true American sportsmanship, they gave a big U. N. D. for Nebraska as a tribute to the wonderful game they played.

Notre Dame just could not get started at Nebraska with their famous running attack and Stuhldreher restorted to the passing game. But the breaks were against the Irish, 37 passes tried and 15 completed for a total of 170 yards. Only two passes were intercepted. With insecure footing, the Irish interference was ineffective and the weight of the Husker's line which was

THE SCHOLASTIC

greater than the Hoosiers by 10 pounds, was able to stem the terrific drives of Elmer Layden.

The Rockmen had one good chance to score when the Irish forward wall composed of Captain Brown, Walsh, Oberst, Bach, Kizer, Collins and Mayl, worked the ball down to the westerners' 10-yard line. Stuhldreher tried a pass over the goal line, which Layden made a superhuman try for, by a flying leap, but the ball fell to the ground untouched and the last chance had slipped from the Hoosiers' grasp.

Nebraska's offensive tactics were not overly good since they were only able to battle back and forth between the 20-yard marks, but once getting to within striking distance of the visitors' goal, Noble crashed through the guard and tackle and raced 24 yards for the Husker's first score.

The Dawsonites scored again in the third period, when they had the ball on Notre Dame's 19-yard line. Fourth down, and nine to go, Lewellyn successfully passed to

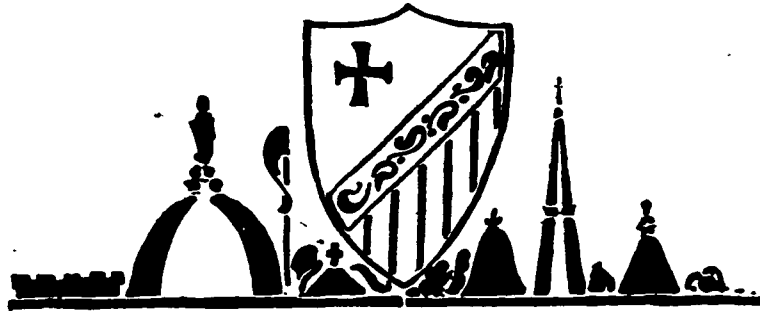
Noble who raced over the line for the second score.

How close the westerners came to losing this tally perhaps the world will never realize. As the ball was descending into Noble's hands, Layden made a flying leap into the air and just grazed the oval with his fingers in a noble attempt to avert the completion of the pass, but the breaks again went to Nebraska.

In the last few minutes of play, Rockne sent Houser, Cerney and Maher into the game to relieve the tired players that had made their supreme bid for victory. Houser continued the passing game and Maher displayed some pretty receiving work.

Cerney raced around the line of scrimmage and took the last pass from Houser after the trio had marched through the Husker team for a total of 68 yards, and the fighting Irishman from Corby hall romped over the line for the tally that meant more than seven points to Notre Dame. It was the last ditch symbolization that Notre Dame was still the wonder team.





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