The darling of the world is come
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,
Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly, and this ivy wreath
To do Him honour, Who's our King
And Lord of all this revelling.

– Robert Herrick

Merry Christmas

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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CONTENTS.

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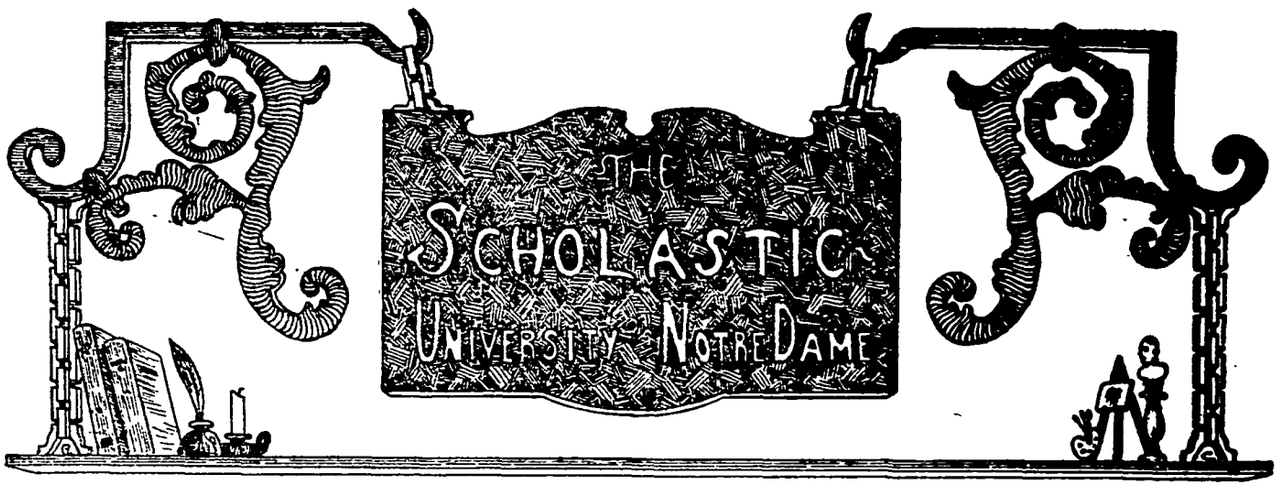


CHARITY AND CHRISTMAS.

"Give forth thy gold and silver coins,
For they were lent to thee;
Put out to usury thy dross,
One talent gaineth three.
Perchance the hungered and the poor
May pray to God for thee."

THE shop-windows are the first to celebrate Christmas. Are they also, sometimes, the last? A note of sadness, even of ironic futility, must find its way into any birthday festival at which the only one forgotten is he who was born. Long ago, Mary wrapped her Son in a bundle of clothes and laid Him gently in a manger. Today, in memory of these things we set aside a well-calculated part of our surplus riches to honor friends who similarly honor us; we eat unusually well; and then, perhaps, we cast our eyes about for other forms of amsuement. It is, of course, a good thing to be merry and we wish all our friends the best of appetites and the jolliest of dispositions. But it is also a good thing to remember the manger and the star above Bethlehem.

This year will not be Christmassy for a large share of the world. Hunger and nakedness will look up from a million children's eyes on the morning when Christ was born. Multitudes of people who not so long ago were wrapped in the comforts of a refined civilization will huddle around fireless hearths feasting on crusts of bread. Women beyond number will share with Mary the broken-hearted privilege of wrapping their babes in the shreds of poverty. Germany was and is no more. Austria's Imperial Eagles have been trodden in the dust amidst a desolation beyond power of words to describe, beyond the limits of the heart to feel. Armenia is a tomb from which an unnumbered crowd of shivering orphans have been rescued by the good will of devoted men and women. The list is not yet done. In every street of ancient and prosperous kingdoms, the wail of misery calls night and day—the wail of hopeless suffering and complete abandonment.

America's share in the attempt to relieve these conditions has been noble and large. Our hearts have very generally been in the right place. But can it be said that the college man, supposedly to become the leader of his community, has realized the necessity for keeping up the good work or the privilege of giving a dollar he could spend otherwise to those so pitifully in need? Surely this Christmas is a time well suited to light a candle on somebody else's cake—to remember the duty of investing in the stocks and bonds of poverty, which pay beyond measure because the Lord has willed it so.

MYSELF: A FANTASY.

JACK SCALLAN.

A SORT of haze, as of mist rising from a warm lake on a cold morning, enveloped me as I strode into the woods. My thoughts, unconcerned with the happenings of the world, were fixed upon the great inn, the haven to which my traveler's steps were bearing me. Suddenly, I saw blocking my path, the body of an infant, all pink and rosy in the mist and early morning shadows of the woods. It was such an unusual sight, the little child, crooning and admiring its toes alone in the great wood, that I stopped to meditate upon its probable fate. It was then that I noticed, partially hidden beneath the shadows of a near-by oak, the figures of a Man and a woman. The Man, His long pointed beard and graceful form, strangely familiar to me, advanced to my side. My murmurings of pity for the little stranger were broken off by his kindly, commanding voice:

"Cease your words of sympathy for this little body, for it is blessed even above every other inhabitant of the forest."

I looked, and saw the bright, pure light, encircling the infant's form, but uncomprehending, passed on along the path into the wood.

The smooth, straight way that I now trod revealed, through the lifting mist, trees flanking my path and casting long shadows before the eastern sun. My mind, almost free from the recollection of the infant and the Stranger I had left behind, was engrossed in contemplation of the inn and the kindly host who would welcome me. Swarms of buzzing insects appeared in the clearing atmosphere but for an unaccountable reason, they neither harmed me nor seemed important. Only the bright butterflies flitted across my path and, clinging to my garments, added beauty to a form that I sensed was already beautiful. The mist had now departed from the wood and, standing in the path before me, I beheld the figure of a youth. By his side, apparently speaking to him, I perceived the Man from whom I had departed a brief time before. Clad in bright garments and with eager face turned toward the wooded path, the youth neither heeded the words spoken to him nor glanced at me. Affected by his eagerness, I passed by the Man with rapid strides, not too fast but that I heard His deep, sad voice:

"There will come a time, O Youth, when this humble clearing in the wood will seem most desirable to you."

But I passed on; passed the youth standing in the path, passed the Man by his side, passed the woman, partially hidden by the trees, not too hidden but that her expression of loving anxiety strangely affected me.

But soon everything was forgotten in the enjoyment of the wonders of the way before me. The bright, clear light of noonday made of my course a magnificent pathway like the rose-strewn aisle of some ancient, colorful cathedral. Birds sang in the trees songs of a perpetual spring time; beautiful insects contrasted their color with the green of the foliage, and sparkling brooks sang their lullabies of life and beauty to me. Gone

was all thought of the great inn or recollection of the morning. Entranced, I stopped to linger, but an inexorable force pushed me on. Gradually the aspect of the path began to change. Swarms of buzzing insects, replacing the beautiful butterflies, crawled upon me when I stopped to taste the embittering waters of a stream. The sun, sinking to rest in the western skies, drew ghostly shadows on the rough way before me. My own shadow revealed that I was no longer beautiful. Abruptly there again appeared in my path two figures. One was that of a man, strangely resembling the youth I had previously met but much older. The other was that of a woman, the kind lady whom I had twice before perceived. Loathsome insects surrounded the man and almost covered the few bright moths clinging to his wasted form. A sense of degradation, of great humility, overcame me and I fell to my knees before the kind lady. With gentle hands she raised me up and led me to the gentle Man, standing at the side of the path. Again the kind voice came to me:

"The wooded path is long and the dangers are many but fortunate is he who comes to me to kneel and weep."

With lightened steps, I strode on into the mellow evening light, leaving the gentle lady and the Man, and the weeping figure in the path, kneeling before them.

As I pursued my way through the deepening gloom of nightfall, I came upon another traveler, an old man scarcely able to walk. Haggard of face and thin of form, he tottered by my side through the increasing darkness. Afar off in the distance, there appeared the lights of the inn to which I had, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, been bending my course throughout the day. For some strange reason, the old man at my side seemed to dread the lights and occasionally spoke with apprehension of the end of our journey. As we approached the door of the inn, my companion became strangely changed. He seemed debating within himself some painful dilemma but suddenly with a smile of relief, he faded slowly off into the darkness. A sense of the necessity of his going filled my mind and abruptly I too, began to change. A feeling of liberty, of airiness seemed to lift me up and bear me to the broad open portals of the great inn. And a soul freed of the body, I entered into the waiting arms of Him whom three times before that day, I had met upon the path in the wood.

RETICENCE.

JOSEPH C. RYAN.

A sudden gleam upon the silent snow,
  That comes and goes, this winter night.
Did I detect in your deep eyes,
  A glow like this, a half-seen light?

AN OTHERWISE NICE YOUNG MAN.

I. J. C.

TO THOSE Americans who have looked at education from both the receiving and the giving points of view, and are now on neutral territory, the most interesting characteristic of current public opinion on the subject of the colleges is likely to be the agreement between the vehemently hostile critics, young and old. While the prosperous manufacturer of something or other asserts that education is nonsense, the young graduate with a style writes gravely that education makes no sense. The one sniffs at what he fancies new-fangled mummery, and the other is sadly certain his four years have been, at least, faded antiques. Rousseau, once of Geneva, has gained them both. It is all very well to recall the observations of Bacon: "Young men. . . . .pursue some few principles, which they have chanced upon, absurdly;" and, "Men of age . . . .content themselves with a mediocrity of success." Those of us who are interested in the future of liberal education ought however to realize that the present "boom" is apt to leave the arts and sciences stranded high unless the public mind is made to see clearly why these things exist.

In spite of the motley statistics on youthful ignorance, one gets the impression that sober and substantial gentlemen who have been advertising modern versions of *Poor Richard's Almanac* with distinct success, are becoming irritably aware of the rather open derision to which youngsters fresh from college are subjecting such literature. There is also the common dismay at youthful indifference to the conventions. It cannot be denied, of course, that youth and education are both a little extravagant, but as an impartial observer I take pleasure in presenting the history of Tom Jones, groundling.

***

Tom Jones was, at the beginning, a rather ordinary beginner. I shall leave out of consideration the "emotional entanglements" and "inherited traits" that brought him, battered though safe, through his Freshman year. By this time, you will understand, Tom had shouted out his lungs on several occasions in generous response to excited cheer-leaders; had waded through rhetoric, logic, and somebody's text on economics; had battled valiantly with collateral reading; and had, finally, mastered the difficult technique of browbeating the curriculum with a minimum expenditure of effort. He returned to college after a summer in Canada, an ignorant ass with a cynicism as heavy and obvious as a fur coat, ready to acknowledge that science had interfered effectively in all he had been taught to revere, and convinced that every woman excepting his mother and sister had been adequately defined in one of Kipling's shorter poems. How all these things had come to pass would not have been easy for anybody to determine; and if Tom had tried to find out (he didn't, of course) the result would scarcely have been enlightening. The method by which the transformation was wrought embraced elements as disparate as philosophy, science, football games, the "How I Made My Mil-

lions" magazines, the conversation of Annabel Anne, automobiles and literature.

Sometime during his Junior year, Tom's mental position began to show the effects of this diversified grafting. A manifest consciousness of intellectual superiority was further elevated by disdain for the commonplace. "Bourgeois" and "plebian" enriched his vocabulary. The culture which a beaming professor with a pair of well-worn spectacles seemed to consider the most important matter in the world, struck Tom as antiquated, rusty, and ineffective. Listening occasionally to seventeen learned interpretations of a line in *Measure for Measure,* to the epistemological observations of John Locke, and to, perhaps, the niceties of the Treaty of Utrecht, he felt that there existed a vast difference of direction between the class-room and the world. The fingers of his mind were itching to do things; and the stately poise of learning, walking the treadmill for the treadmill's sake, uncovered the hitherto latent opposition of this disciple's materialistic youth. It is very probably true that if modern life ever recovers from the fever of complexity, the remedy will have been contemplation. But to Mr. Tom Jones, this seemed only a kind of dizzy inertia, of pyrotechnic futility.

Strange to relate, the stirring germ of action in the soul of our young man was paralyzed with alarming quickness. As a Senior, the Mr. Jones who had, not long before, sat near a window dreaming of the creative energy of the world and of the splendor of robust activity, came to believe the whole scheme of existence ridiculously useless. Sceptical to the core of convention, tradition, and "made-in-America" points of view in particular, Tom comforted himself with Byronic laughter and a flippant approximation of his mind to that of curious Socrates. The muse visited him in the guise of sonnets or free-verse. He wrote a brace of chilling lampoons in the best French manner, and received his first rejection-slip for the manuscript of a realistic story. The members of his coterie of intellectuals talked Nietzsche and Mencken, after dancing uproariously with a group of comparatively undraped girls. No matter what self-absorbed professors might attempt to insinuate, Tom's negative attitude towards them grew steadily more frigid. They simply weren't in the swim. Education is decent, though, and Mr. Jones, bearing away his diploma on the evening of Commencement, allowed sentiment to crowd out cynicism for a brief moment and huskily bade the ancient halls goodbye.

Entering the world seemed robbed of even the expected shock from vaunted coldness and cruelty. John tried journalism for a while, found that unprofitable, and then lived on as a bank-clerk whose evenings were spent over the manuscripts of poems. These were of the freest thinkable, but instead of the usual hyper-intellectual tinge, a crude, somewhat rhetorical concern with social reform stained his verse with a red too glaring for even the exotic magazines. After all, Tom was a healthy, virtuous, strenuous young man, not a Bohemian lady in a kimono made from the skins of Maltese cats, or even an anemic Russian with gusts of hair symbolizing a brain gone awry. It

seemed likely that he would not arouse the nation with tragic stanzas, however much time he might spend sniffing the odors of a beery street on wash-day. The bank-clerkship was, apparently, the destined staff of life. Inwardly he fumed at the tyrannical injustice of modern industry and would have thrown a bomb with pleasure, had not an instinct for history intimated that nine times out of ten gun-cotton in bomb form results in the murder of "proletarians." In short, Tom Jones, at twenty-two was a personage difficult to understand, a personage who, one fears, lacked insight into himself. Distrustful of the Socialists (he had preserved a remnant of logical nicety), more than slightly a Puritan, critical of the physical contours and bad manners of Bohemian poets, it is hard to tell what might have happened to him if the Girl had failed to show up.

But she didn't.

And when Tom Jones, the citizen, decided to indulge a sentiment and visit his Alma Mater, he masked the fact that he was really willing, for the first time since his Freshman year, to consider her answer to a question. How slightly the place had changed! He caught glimpses of the same spectacles on the same professors going to the same class-rooms; he fancied even that the phrase, "The exact meaning of this line has been disputed, but"—lay on the languid wind of late November. Tom was on the point of visiting the X club to ascertain whether Hergesheimer had been supplanted by somebody or other. Then, as he crossed the loveliest portion of the quadrangle, he came suddenly upon the Dean of his college. The increased girth of his body indicated, apparently, the extension of mind which had been the goal of this educator's life; and in both there could be detected unmistakably, that pomposity which was at once the delight of and the target for critical undergraduates. The Dean greeted John effusively in well-remembered Johnsonese, the polysyllables of which were instinct, however, with genuine kindliness. He talked of the weather as he might have discussed the downfall of Rome; and he wished the prodigal's success in such a draught of eloquence, as would have decorously inaugurated a national president. Nevertheless, John couldn't help thinking of how the Dean had given days and nights to the business of Army conscription (despite a ponderous pacifism); how he had refused to enter a senatorial contest because, as he had stated, "it might seriously impair one's educational efficiency"; and the only conclusion he could reach was that this man had adopted some antique device of honor, a simple standard of conduct, no longer understood by a complex generation.

Twilight came on while Mr. Jones was finding his way to the House at which he was privileged to stay. It was the crisp, bleak twilight of the season, but it seemed to him the kindest of imaginable gloamings. The Dean was a loveable, quixotic old fogy, but he had set Tom's mind running to the American epic—the story of that array of shrewd, humorous, sensible men whose grandeur and humanness almost makes a literature of their time unnecessary. What poet, indeed, could vie with Lincoln? And there were a thousand lesser Lincolns. Theirs, declared Tom to himself, was the moral force which

had built up the majesty of the law and made the term patriotism a tremendous reality. Only, young men no longer understood this force. They might admire the idealism of the American story quite as they might commend the *Fioretti*, but they would divorce both from the real world about them. For the first time in his life, Tom viewed the process of education with alarm, and wished that while the foundations of society were tottering everywhere, Marshalls and Lincolns could appear by the dozen in cap and gown. After all the nation—but floundering in dismay at the crispness of modern intellectualism, he was driven to admit that a barrier had arisen between himself and youth.

Still, he was inclined to agree, when he had reached the house, that the lads were a singularly amiable and interesting lot. There was nothing seedy about either their wit or their enthusiasms. It pained him to realize that the grid heroes of his own day had become spectral, that even the nicknames formerly applied to members of the faculty were supplanted; but he saw more and more clearly that the old attitude towards existence remained, had become more scintillatingly negative even. Late that evening he learned from a rather dreamy young man that Doctor H., whom he had counted on seeing the next day, was dead. "I wouldn't mind being like Old Majesty, though," added the youngster, and told a story that seemed to come from an antique, sentimental romance. Many years ago the Doctor's wife had secured the loveliest, most fragile of rose bushes. This survived because of tender nursing, but no flowers appeared in many years of waiting. Then, during the autumn when the doctor grew feebler, a bud appeared —and ripened with such timeliness that the flower went softly with the old man to his burial. "Lovely, isn't it?" ejaculated the young man. "But those things will never happen to us in our time."

Tom felt like haranguing the lad, like bidding him "hang the age" and live for antiquity, but he understood too well that he also did not expect such things in his time. What had come over them all? What had forced them, the few who were weaned from technical training for the old conquest of culture, to find every rose withered and all meadows a haggard brown? Was the institution to blame? Oh, he knew almost by heart what the critics, kindly and hostile, had said, but he could not bring himself to agree, with the sanctuary gates of the older America still open before his eyes and the tranquil priests murmuring, "Tempus tibi abire adest." There was, indeed, something too static in the proferred education, something at which Rabelais had laughed in quaint old French, which Rousseau had flayed, which Newman had sagely derided. But there was also a great deal wrong with the rest of the world. Tom was certain that the newer intellectual life of his time, in comparison with what had preceded, was not half so amiable or even partly so worthwhile. It seemed to him that the final doors of Arcady had been placed under siege by a clamorous horde.

During many days that followed his visit, Mr. Tom Jones devoted a great portion of his time to the quandary at which he had arrived. It

happened that, one evening, he attended a session of a very prosperous Chamber of Commerce that had taken up the problem of Americanization. Speaker after speaker argued for the extinction of reds, of alien languages, of radical doctrines, of disturbances of the peace, of dangerous University men. They wanted education, but it was to be their kind of education. The meeting proved to be, in short, a fevered proclamation of the dogmatism of success, a denunciation of the spirit of tolerance which is the legacy of culture. Why, demanded Tom of himself, should these men insist upon changing Americanism into a rigid formality? Perhaps it was even desirable that the vast monotony of national life should be broken up by groups who talked foreign tongues *sotto voce,* sang queer songs and made merry at old-world festivals. Had the Republic suffered because the Quaker said "Thou" and the Creole retained the "Monsieur!"? Not noticeably. But there is one thing which can make Americans of us all, and one thing only; the spirit of freedom, the sense of valour, the right to dignity—the whole of the idealism which is Our Past, the Past of Man, and which the Chambers of Commerce ignore. And it was evident to Mr. Jones that the high virtue of liberal education had been to keep this Memory alive, even in spite of its own weakness and misunderstanding. What that education needs is not more drills or frills or tests or bequests. The elemental requisites are simply room and recognition. It cannot do battle if the public refuses to realize that it has come out to fight. Let the disciple prepare for life, of course; but make him spell it with a capital letter. And the desperately critical attitude of so many younger people, concluded Mr. Jones, is due precisely to their realization that It isn't often capitalized.

Their problem, as Tom saw it, is simply a matter of diet. If you hire a Chinese coolie you may expect him to live efficiently on rice; but if you engage an American you must deal with a stomach trained according to the preamble of the Constitution. Similarly, education segregates a horde of youngsters and feeds them on viands largely denied to those outside, on the culture of a relatively continuous civilization. The youngsters come in with the characteristics, the whole *modus vivendi,* of the outer world, and it remains their background. They are, more or less, unintellectual, naturalistic, hungry for wealth; and in most cases are subconsciously determined to keep on being just those things. Now along comes education, and with a nicely standardized mental regimen pushes their spiritual systems into new and select habits. Sometimes origins are strong enough to throw off this influence in the end; more frequently, minds get indigestion and go through life wondering what ails them; and occasionally—the habit of the newer diet sits firm and the outer world induces nausea. Undoubtedly it is this last which happens to the finer natures, and it is their rebellion that we all find disconcerting.

This revolt seemed bad to Tom Jones simply because it is a class revolt. Separated utterly from the aims and facts of surrounding life, it carries on like a strangely rakish and cynical Don Quixote. The interesting thing about this gentleman

is that he attacked, with probable dizziness, a windmill that was turning; and our Young People are fighting a world whose perpetual motion also makes them dizzy. Any battle worth talking about must take place between two definite and steadfast things; two things that know where they are and at what destiny they wish to arrive. The tragedy of the present intellectual turmoil is not so much that youth should be unsteady (it has so seldom been firm!), as that the outer world should be so desperately unbalanced—that its great, traditional, human facts should have been obscured by futile, carnal, pudgy facts, that its Ideal should have disintegrated into a hundred misty, sentimental, unrealized ideals. The finer college man turns skeptic or revolutionary simply because there seems to be nothing that people really wish to conserve.

Under such conditions education, intended to be a training ground for life, cannot be true to itself and fulfill its purpose; hoping to bring peace, in the end it tempers the sword. The fault lies elsewhere; with those who, during the past half-century of American history, have been content to see life become what it is.

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA.

LIONEL LEE.

The world on this silent evening
  Is water, two ships, and two stars;
And the four tall winds are flying
  Our whisper from their spars.

Love, is our treasure of loving
  Real gold, or just as these sands,
Which the pirate breakers snatch at
  And then fling back with their hands?

Your eyes are shores that glitter
  Through winds your heart has in thrall:—
If at last you hurl me from them,
  What matter? Night must fall.

The world needs now that I kiss you—
  How else should its dark eyes shine?
It woos its strange beauty strongly,
  While I hold you, who are mine.

LA JOLLA: AN UNFINISHED DESCRIPTION

GERALD HOLLAND.

NIGHT had wrapped a darkness like a nun's veil over the sea and land; we had passed the twisting silhouettes of Torrey Pines, and were whirling over the small plateau that lies between that dangerous grade and the quick, treacherous descent on the Biological side.

The trees at the turn warned us that we had reached the top of the Biological. The descent at first gradual and pleasant, dipped suddenly and we swung around the first turn into a dark panorama of sea, mountain and shore.

Across the long bay that stretched before us, rose the black mass of Mount Soledad, guarding over the little point from which La Jolla—the Jewel—twinkled across the long, white breakers, that rushed past it to charge onto little Long Beach below us. We were taking the second turn, when the road dropped sharply again blotting out the scene and sending us racing past the noisy beach up to the short grade that led us into the town.

We awoke about noon, and went out into the glaring brilliance of a Southern California day. Behind, or rather pushing itself into the cool blue of the ocean, rose Soledad like an altar to the god of the sea, its first step green and colorful, its second step, and the altar, clothed in the characteristic gray-green sagebrush of the southwest. The mountain is so close to the sea that the two roads which enter it must hug the ocean to pass by its encroaching hills.

It is the beaches, however, which give La Jolla an unique beauty. The ocean in its long duel with the land has carved several singularly beautiful things into the rocks of the beaches. The Seven Caves, cut from a vertical cliff of rock, two hundred feet high, have been fashioned into imaginary persons and strange gargoyles. Further up the north side is the Cove, the favorite bathing beach, on one side of which the sea, in tunneling through a rock to the beach, has cut out the silhouette of a woman in white, trailing garments.

On the west is Shell Beach, that at certain seasons, is carpeted by innumerable small shells, and which, at the lowest tides, gives one an opportunity to walk on the ocean's floor and collect the delicate sea ferns, or pry the sea mollusks from their rocks. One may have almost any color, from an iridescent black, to the light greens, pinks, and silvers of the abalone, that from above looks like a dirty sea anemone. The chief amusement, though, is poking among the small pools to find the strange creatures left behind by the tide.

Connected to Shell Beach by a natural tunnel is the Pool, a beach having a perfect bath tub of sand at low tide, but the best swimming hole on the Coast when the tide is full. Separated from this by a wall of rock is the last beach, that of the Cathedral rocks, two large pillars of rock set out from the beach.

You can have but half a view of this serene little city of retired farm- Its beauty changes with the hours and the tides, the weather and the lack of it. It is an engrossing study. These elderly gentlemen will tell you that it is a life study.

THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

BENJAMIN PISER.

I HAD not read many pages of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" before I realized that here was a story to be read for the story's sake and not for the teaching of word derivation, history, and so forth. I realized that the beauty of the narrative would be lost were I to approach it in the attitude of a critic attempting to analyze its literary merits, and to see how it conformed to the technique of literature as I have learned it. I understood that this story must be studied "in the large." The attitude that I took, as I read it, was not concerned with what value affecting my knowledge of literary technique I might have received but what value affecting the highest and finest qualities of my *mind* I got from the reading of this charming story.

Thus my interpretation of "spiritual" value, is that value marked and characterized by the highest and finest qualities of the human mind. This sort of value which, when duly attained, is an invaluable value, is in marked contrast with that value which, when duly attained, is an invaluable value, is in marked contrast with that value which affects the material nature of man only. This story has affected my immaterial nature and as a result I know that it will mean material good to myself and my fellow-men.

"Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner. . . . .secret, and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. . . . It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called 'nuts' to Scrooge."

Thus Dickens described Scrooge. He is a man who lives for himself alone; a man who neither gives nor receives human sympathy, a man who is a worshipper of his god, Selfishness. Yet the selfishness of Scrooge and his attitude toward life harms himself more than it does his fellowmen. This is pitiful, for as long as he held the attitude wherein he asked "all human sympathy to keep its distance," he was unable to foster in himself the Spiritual Sense which alone could help him in trouble and console him in affliction and sorrow.

Scrooge, as he was before his conversion by the spirits, evoked not only the displeasure of his fellowmen but moreover the displeasure of God. For in the "Ethics of the Fathers" (Hebrew), we find that "He in whom the spirit of his fellow-creatures takes delight, in him the Spirit of the All-present takes delight; and he in whom the spirit of his fellow-creatures takes not delight, in him the spirit of the All-present takes no delight."

In this way the spiritual value taught by Dickens' "Christmas Carols" is to abhor Selfishness. Yet this is but one value affecting the highest and finest qualities of mind, to be gained from this beautiful story of Dickens.

In stave two, Scrooge sees again the release from his affections by his former lover. The reason for her release from him, she explains, is because a "golden idol" has displaced her. When Scrooge defends his pur-

suit of wealth upon the ground that poverty is hard, she says:

"You fear the world too much. All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master passion, Gain, engrosses you."

This incident in the story reminds me again of a passage in the "Ethics of the Fathers" (Hebrew), which as I remember, reads thus: "Whenever love depends upon some material cause, with the passing away of that cause, the love, too, passes away; but if it be not dependent upon such a cause, it will not pass away forever. What love was that which depended upon a material cause? Such was the love of Amnon and Tamar. And that which depended upon no such cause? Such was the love of David and Jonathan."

Scrooge rejected the love of a virtuous woman in favor of his love for Gold. In other words, he chose the love of Amnon and Tamar (Scrooge and Marley), instead of the love of David and Jonathan (Scrooge and a devoted wife and family).

In this light the story's spiritual value to me is that in order to be most happy I must cultivate true friends whose friendship is not based upon some material cause but upon causes which are more noble and lasting.

In stave four, Scrooge is shown the attitude of his fellowmen upon his death. Trivial conversations in which Scrooge is spoken of as "Old Scratch" and in which no words of regret are spoken, shows the lack of esteem and veneration which Scrooge, because of his selfish life, caused to be implanted upon the minds of his fellowmen. The scene which follows is a horrible one. An old hag and a tramp divide amongst themselves the parts of Scrooge's worldly possessions which they had questionably obtained. In leaving this scene, Scrooge says:

"Spirit! This is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

This incident brings out a truth taught me which in substance is "in the hour of man's departure neither silver nor gold nor precious stones nor pearls accompany him, but only good works." Your good works upon earth live after you as it is said in Proverb VI, 22, "When thou walkest it shall lead thus; when thou liest down it shall watch over thee; and thou awakest it shall talk with thee."

And the Cratchit family, with their Tiny Tim, poor in worldly goods but abounding in virtue! How happy they were in their worldly poverty but wealthy in good will and true virtue. Scrooge, with all his wealth, was poor when compared to the family of his poor clerk, "Bob" Cratchit. This is truly a lesson in the value of humility and the comfort of the love for one's fellowmen.

One is loath to leave the charming story. But upon leaving it, an invaluable lesson, never to be forgotten, remains.

THE OTHER KIND.

LESTER C. GRADY.

EVEN to the most patient, things become monotonous at times. There is a daily grind. Occasionally it is best to seek a change of scenery. And so it was that Nanzette Rozierre was bound for Terryville, a small Maryland town in the Laurel Ridge mountains, just south of Pennsylvania.

Nanzette had tired of the musical comedy. Its splendor and gayety had lost all charm. The nightly whirl of frolic had become a boresome carnival. Even the people about her she now detested. It was natural.

The usual group of villagers was loitering about the depot waiting for train time. The evening train's arrival completed the day's events in Terryville.

As Nanzette stepped from the train, the eyes of all those about the station glanced at her in amazement. They had read and heard of attractive women, but never had they imagined one might come to their own town. Her figure, her pretty face with its pair of crimson lips and pink cheeks, her black, bobbed hair with its swinging ear rings, and the smart suit that barely reached her shapely knees, all tended to cause the bystanders to stand motionless and stare. She was fully aware of their glances, but Nanzette was accustomed to being the center of attraction.

Jep Townes, a youthful hack driver blessed with nerve, confronted her with his shabby hat clutched tightly.

"Pardon, miss, but Missus White tole me ter drive down and fetch yer up to her house. You're Miss Rozzey, ain't yer?"

"Yes, Miss Rozierre," Nanette replied.

"Wal, I got the buggy over yonder," and Jep pointed to a weather-beaten hack attached to a languid horse.

"If yer wait a second till I fetch the darn thing, I'll drive yer up to Missus White's place."

"Surely I will," she responded, and Jep blushingly started toward the hack before the astounded villagers. As he assisted Nanzette into the carriage the crowd snickered a trifle but Jep did not perceive it for he was too concerned with his work.

"Giddap, Bess!" he cried, snapping his whip. Away he rode and the villagers continued to watch with their mouths wide open. Nanzette's three large steamer trunks were the next thing to attract their astonished eyes. Gosh! A chorus girl!

Jep Townes pointed out all the places of interest to Nanzette as he drove along the road to Mrs. White's boarding house.

"See that big place over yonder?" he asked as he pointed to a magnificent home.

Nanzette nodded.

"Wal, that there is Eaton's place. They're the town's richest people. Bob Eaton is way at college but he'll be home any day now."

"Is it a very large family?"

"Naw, Bob happens to be the only kid in the family. He's about twenty-four or five now, so he ain't much of a kid no more. His dad is a fine man. He ain't like Bob, with them there city ways. Not Mr. Charles Eaton!"

Nanzette became exceedingly anxious to meet young Bob,

The first few days at the boarding house were somewhat lonesome for Nanzette, but her likable personality soon acquired for her the friendship of many. She became ever so friendly with Mr. Daniel Rutherford, a widower, still in his early thirties.

"Yes, I found out the climate up in Maine did not agree with me; and when my wife passed away, bless her soul, I decided to go south. I've been boarding here ever since. That's just about a year, and I must say that you've brightened the place up considerably, Miss Rozierre."

Mr. Rutherford was having his usual after-dinner talk with Nanzette. It pleased him immensely to converse with her. Nanzette was so interesting.

"You flatter me, Mr. Rutherford," she remarked smilingly.

"No, no," he persisted, "it's the truth. I think you were born to amuse. You should have gone on the stage. But then, that is such a fast life for a girl to lead."

"You think so?"

"Well, I've never had much to do with the stage. In fact, I've yet to speak with anyone closely connected with it. It's merely hearsay that prompts me to condemn the stage. Some of the rumors may have been false."

Nanzette was delighted at not having been taken for an actress.

"I suppose you know something about the stage, being from New York city?" he asked.

"Oh, just a bit is about all," Nanzette replied and suggested a walk to the village. Rutherford readily agreed.

Nanzette and her friend Mr. Rutherford had reached the little village of Terryville.

"I'm so thirsty!" she said.

"So am I. Let's go to the ice cream parlor and have something," he suggested.

Upon entering the store they noticed a group of young boys and men circled about some one who was engaged in a vigorous monologue.

They brushed by the gathering and seated themselves at a table.

Nanzette inquisitively raised her eyes and noticed, at last, that a very dapper young man was doing the talking.

Jep Townes was included in the listeners, and so she beckoned him. She inquired who the young man happened to be.

"Why, that's Bob Eaton. He's tellin' the boys 'bout the city."

"Why don't you bring him over for a while, Jep?" she whispered, so as not to cause Rutherford any embarrassment.

Jep chucklingly walked away as Nanzette winked her eyes at him.

It was not long before Jep returned, arm in arm, with Bob Eaton, the only son of the rich Eaton family.

"Miss Rozierre, this is Mr. Bob Eaton," said Jep.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Eaton, I am sure."

Bob returned the compliment.

She introduced Mr. Rutherford and the three were soon talking.

"It's really a tonic for me to get back home. I've always been in love with Terryville. The city is all right but it gets so stuffy at times that it unnerves me and I want to get back home. Are you folks down here on your vacation?" asked Bob.

"Why, I am, but Mr. Rutherford

has been here for nearly a year. He has the same opinion of the place that you have."

It was past eleven o'clock when they left the store and the streets were gloomily deserted. Under the full moon the trio rambled homeward. Eaton's home was reached, at length, and Bob bidding his newly acquired friends good night, promised to see them soon.

The next day passed quickly. A cool evening breeze that was refreshing and stimulating, made it a most pleasant time for a walk.

Nanzette was strolling once more with Mr. Rutherford. On the way back to the house, he grasped Nanzette gently by the arm and she rather approved of it.

"We've been entirely too formal with each other, I think don't you?" he asked.

"Rather," she replied.

"Why not call me Dan? I like it much better than Mr. Rutherford."

"Well, Miss Rozierre is formal too, isn't it?"

"It is, Nanzette."

Her lips stretched into a smile.

When they had reached the house, all the boarders had retired. The couch hammock was swinging with the breeze. It had a most inviting appearance for a tired couple.

Nanzette and Dan, side by side, sat down to rest themselves.

As they sat there his arm stole about her waist and he whispered, "Nanzette, from the first minute I saw you, I loved you. You're wonderful, you are, I love you!"

He bent forward, kissing Nanzette tenderly on her flushed cheek.

"Oh, Dan," she whispered, "you mustn't be so foolish! Why, we've only been acquainted with each other for a few days. We hardly know each other."

"Love at first sight."

"Oh, Mr. Rutherford, I'd rather not discuss love. Let's call it a night."

"But," Nanzette, I love you!"

She arose, slipped into the house, leaving Rutherford alone.

***

Through the night Nanzette tossed restlessly. She could not go to sleep. Prompted mostly by impatience, she arose and seated herself by the window, peering out at the moon. Suddenly, she saw a figure running frantically, along the road toward the house. As the figure came nearer it took the form of a man—a young, shabbily clad young man. It was Jep Townes.

She opened the window, as he passed, to find out what the trouble was.

"My mother's dying! I'm goin' fer a doctor," he yelled breathlessly.

Death!

She closed the window with a shudder of dismay. Nanzette was frightened. The creeping shadows of the night seemed to take hideous shapes and forms. The owls, with their hooting, startled her. Nanzette had nerves.

When she could stand the strain no longer, she called to Mr. Rutherford, whose room was across the hallway.

"Yes?" he answered, coming to the door in his bathrobe, "what is it, Nanzette?"

"Oh, Dan,—er, Mr. Rutherford, I am all upset. I'm too nervous to

sleep. Jep Townes just ran down the road for a doctor. His mother is dying!" she exclaimed, in a dramatic pitch.

"Jep's mother dying? Why the doctor's house is five miles, at least, from here. I studied medicine. Perhaps, if I hurry, I may be of some help to Mrs. Townes." He turned sharply into his room to dress. Naneztte did likewise.

"I'm going with you, Dan," she said, coming from her room.

"We'll have to hurry, Nanzette."

Along the moonlit road the two ran with all their speed. Rutherford went ahead, leaving Nanzette to regain her strength.

Staggering down the lonely road, Nanzette rested herself upon a large rock in front of the Eaton estate.

As she sat there, Nanzette beheld the glare of auto headlights, coming up the road.

The lights came nearer.

"Hello, there!" the occupant cried, stopping the car.

She looked up and saw Bob Eaton, who had come from a celebration in a near-by village.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh," Nanzette panted, "Jep's mother is dying. Mr. Rutherford and myself started out to be of some assistance to the poor soul, but I got weary, and he has gone ahead."

"Well, hop right into the car and you'll be at Townes' in a second."

Nanzette seated herself in the roadster and it started off on its mission with a roar. Bob forgot all he ever learned about being careful and drove and talked recklessly. The speed of the car became greater and greater. They soon arrived at the house.

Old Mrs. Townes lay on her bed, with her husband and children gathered around the bed-side.

Rutherford at once busied himself. It was surprising, to all, how accurate he was.

"Eaton," he said, "take the car and meet Jep, who has gone up the road for the doctor. Go your fastest!"

Bob could not have gone any faster than he did along the dusty road toward the doctor's residence. He was imperiling his own life at such a speed; but it was a case of life or death with Mrs. Townes. By his side, clutching at his arm, sat Nanzette with her hair blowing in the wind, and her pretty eyes half closed from the wind's pressure. But there was no time for conversation.

The doctor was met, with Jep, coming up the road in a carriage.

"Tie her up and jump in the car!" yelled Bob slamming on the brakes in front of the frightened horse. The sweating animal and the burdened carriage were soon deserted. Jep and the doctor got into the car which once again set out at a terrific pace. It traveled like a bullet shot from a gun. At times it almost left the ground. Townes' home was soon reached, and the doctor hurried into the house.

In the adjoining room the humble family awaited the outcome of the crisis with anxiety.

It was over an hour before the door opened and Dan appeared in shirt sleeves.

"She will pull through," he said.

***

The next morning Nanzette was in the company of Dan.

"You were simply wonderful last

night, doctor," she remarked. Dan smiled happily.

"Nanzette," he said after a pause, "not quite so wonderful as you are."

She laughed. "Let's walk down to Bob's house."

On the veranda, with a pipe in his mouth and a novel in his hands, sat Bob Eaton.

"Good morning, folks," he said, "did you get over the effects of last night, yet?"

They talked of the excitement for a while and then drove to see Mrs. Townes in Bob's car.

She was resting peacefully, well on the road to recovery.

***

That evening the week-end dance was being held in the town hall. Nanzette accompanied by her two gentlemen friends, Dan and Bob, was among those present.

Nanzette adored good dancers. Bob Eaton was an excellent dancer.

Unconsciously, she murmured to him during one of the dances, "Oh, Bob, I could die dancing with you!"

To young Eaton this was more than a compliment. He took it seriously. Cupid had shot his arrow. He was sorry to hear the orchestra play, "Home Sweet Home."

Not one of the three seemed to enjoy the ride home.

Three was a crowd.

The next morning, after breakfast, Bob called to take Nanzette for a spin. She accepted and Rutherford was somewhat surprised. Had he a rival in this Eaton? It appeared that he had. Bob did not need the moonlight to propose. Nanzette was startled when he told her of his love, as they stopped beneath some shady trees.

"But Bob, we are utter strangers, as yet. Really I could not consider your offer, for the present anyway."

"For the present," meant a lot to Bob. He was not easily discouraged. Bob would try again.

***

Next day a costly appearing limousine drove up in front of the boarding house. A well-dressed man of the middle age stepped out of it. He inquired for Miss Rozierre.

She greeted him with a hug and a kiss, much to the surprise of Bob and Dan who were standing near. Nanzette showed the stranger to her room.

She returned later in traveling garb with a suitcase in her hand. The middle-aged man paid Mrs. White for Nanzette's room and board and saw that her trunks received the proper attention.

Just before she entered the car, Nanzette went over to Bob and Dan.

She smiled, exclaiming: "Boys, you've been more than wonderful to me. Really, I shall never forget either of you for a long time. But now I must leave you. You see, my darling husband insists that I return to the stage in his new production."

THE LAST EDITION.

ROBERT B. RIORDAN.

FINDING out that I was a newspaper man the old colonel became very much interested and started in to regale me with rare stories of the good, gone days. He was an old man, gray haired, but he sat erect in his chair with never a droop of his shoulders. His eyes sparkled as he recalled his early ventures as a newspaper man in northern Indiana and elsewhere. I shall attempt to draw for you the picture I saw as he told of one event in which he took much pride.

***

The great guns which had rumbled and thundered day and night about the defenses of Vicksburg were silent. Blue-clad Yankees were pouring into the city to take possession of what was left, bringing with them food for the sorely distressed inhabitants. An occasional faint rattle of musketry sounded in the far confines of the city as small bands of Confederates made a last desperate stand.

Above all there was a deathly quiet, almost appalling after the continuous din of the cannonading. The people gathered about in small groups or passed along in silent contempt for the northern victors. The relief was welcome but the hated Yank was not.

Over on a side street stood the one newspaper office. The old-fashioned presses and hand-set type had turned out news and attempts at encouragement during the siege. Newsprint had been exhausted and the blank side of wall paper was being used instead. Such was the condition when the army of Grant battered its way into the city.

The editor and owner sat at his desk making a final correction of a proof while the presses were ready for the order to start. Into the office walked a long, lanky youth in the blue blouse and forage cap of a Federal infantryman.

"Well, Mr. Editor, I am taking charge now—General Grant's orders. Rather appropriate time for you to take a rest."

The reply was delivered with a fine southern accent but its content would burn up any paper upon which it might be printed. To say the least the editor was not pleased, which fact he made very plain to this husky Hoosier. He was running that newspaper and he did not propose to let any d—— Yank interfere!

The big boy grinned.

"Take it easy, Mister. Ain't no use getting excited. General Grant intends to use this outfit and if I can't get it, he'll just naturally send down a regiment to talk business. I'm a pretty good printer myself and you'd better let me take care of the place for awhile."

"Well, suh, Ah reckin Ah can't help mahself. You-all have got the upper hand now, but just wait 'til we come back. In the meantime, suh, ah'll consider it a very great favor if you-all will take good care of mah office."

"Now, you are reasonin' logical, sir."

The soldier-printer from Indiana found the press set up all ready to run off an edition. It contained the last word of encouragement written just before the capitulation of the defenses of the city. One particular editorial ended with: "Grant will

have to catch his rabbit before he can cook it."

The grim humor of the situation was not lost upon the new editor. Removing a stick of type, he inserted this: "Grant has caught the rabbit. No longer will you have to eat fricasseed kitten and mule meat." With this parting advice the last edition of the Vicksburg Herald was run off. Next day appeared the official publication of Grant's army printed on real white paper.

GOOD NIGHT, MY CHILD.

FRANK SUMMERVILLE.

Be streams of Slumber still and deep
While angel armies guard your sleep.
May kindly stars blink down on you
And all your boyish dreams come true
Tonight, my child.

May Jesus, garmented in light,
Stand by your bedside through the night.
May Mary, leaning o'er you, smile,
And Joseph tend you all the while.
You sleep, my child.

Till the sandman shall appear
I will watch beside you, dear.
Remember dawn will bring back play,—
Tomorrow is a holiday,
So sleep, my child.

REALISM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

SISTER M. GONZAGA.

REALISM is as old as literature. We find it in Pilate, in Aristophanes, in the Old Testament, in the ancient legends of Chinese, Japanese and Norse origin. Defoe and Richardson had it, and it was a dominant quality in the picaresque novel of Spain. But never before the present day did Realism obtain such a wide and sturdy hold on English literature, especially the novel, as it now has; never before did writers think, eat and sleep realism as they have for two decades.

Realism in literature means that the writer represents things as they are—life as it is. The realist is the indomitable searcher after the truth. He is a writer humble enough to conceive the truth as the world gives it to him is of more worth than a world created out of his own knowledge and fancy.

The inconvenience of static terms for growing processes is no where better ilustrated than in the case of realism. Even now we catch echoes of the unsavory conception of realism in the nineteenth century; some aroma of distaste still clings to the word. The analyzation of this unpleasantness bring to light three things. The first is the view that realism is a non-selective "cross section of life"; the second is the notion that realism consists of the outpourings of minds full of mental sewerage; the third accuses realism of indifference, even opposition to "form," occasioned, no doubt, by the onslaught of free verse.

The modern development of American realism has certain easily discernible marks, but they are not those listed above. First of all there is the fact that, in spite of his aim to present life faithfully and truly, the realist must make a selection of the things he will portray. Just as in description or even a look at a landscape, we must admit that the vision is modified by selective attention, so in his drawing of real life, the realist gains his rank by what he omits.

When oponents of realism accuse the realist of wasting three hundred pages on nothing, when the popular magazine advertises its "red-blooded stories, full of action," the difference is one of opinion on what things are important, what things constitute action. Combing one's hair is as truly action as is commiting a murder. The sign of the realist is that he refuses to admit that murder is intrinsically more important than the combing operation; his attention is focused on action, not for its own sake, but for its significance in illumining humanity, in aiding our faculties to picture outward appearance or inner mood.

When the realist is accused of preoccupation with the gutter, he is falsely accused. To glory in the sordid things, to exalt the romance of ugliness, is absolutely foreign to the purpose of realistic fiction. The realist is strong in the faith that where truth is, there is beauty also.

With regard to the question of form, there are many opinions, yet all harking back to the fundamental law: There is no disorder, only different kinds of order. So long as words are written in succession, and books have some ending, there will be form. The

molds of expression into which an age pours itself are always remodeled according to the needs and impulses of that age. What is form but the chosen method of expression? So long as expression is sought at all, just so long will some one method be chosen from the countless possible methods, some form adopted or created. Already there are some who recognize that the biographical psychological novel is not lacking in construction; that the form of this novel is just as individual as the construction of the novel in which the unmistakable hero and the unmistakable heroine meet in the first chapter and are married in the last. The only question to be asked concerning form is: Is this form the appropriate one for the substance which it embodies?

In its war against romanticism, the realistic novel by no means disdains the true romance. Realism is concerned to draw the line between romance and sentimentality. Romance may represent a great truth; it is only when romance is set up as above reality that it becomes dangerous; then romance is not a part of reality as it should be. Sentimentality, the imitation of an emotion for the sake of following a convention, or pointing out a moral, is a foe to all originality and sincerity in art.

The new American realism, in the novel, is opposed to the falsification of the semblance of things for the sake of beauty, or symbolism or morality or for any other purpose. Reality never looks the same to any two persons; it is incumbent on the artist to present the truth as it presents itself to him individually. Realism is opposed to making little of presentation for the sake of preaching or propaganda. Life is its own justification, is the radical cry. Bernard Shaw, who tries extremely hard, falls short of Realism because he cannot immerse himself in his characters, because he never forgets he is a preacher. Finally, realism is the foe to vagueness. American realistic novels preach the doctrine, unconsciously, that nothing can be seen too clearly.

Experience in other countries has, of course, not been wanting. In France, where the idea of form in fiction has once more become dominant, realistic selection is no less a rule. Thus Barbusse and Dorgeles have written of the War. Attention to actuality has been the reason for the success of new writers in number —Hémon, Pérochon, Balde and Chateaubriant, to mention just a few.

The early realists may have denied the ideal elements of life, fleeing from a sentiment-ridden world. But their modern descendants, American realistic novelists of to-day, so far from reducing life to its mere physical elements, write whole volumes on the struggles of a man or woman to extract the divine, romantic meaning from the dusty business of grocery store and printshop and even matrimony. Far from being pessimistic these works give only the hope that this new found glory may shine over our lives as we have to live them, and aid us toward a clearer vision of our ultimate end.

TO MAECENAS.

(From Horace)

EDWARD REILLY, C. S. C.

MAECENAS, hail, of ancient kingly line,
My precious glory and protection mine.
Olympic dust to gather in the race
Delighteth some, whom palm and goal doth place—
The goal avoided scarce by wheels aglow—
Among the gods, the lords of all below.
It pleases one, if raised to high positions
By fickle crowds of Roman politicians;
Another, when his granary he stores
With sweepings from the Libyan threshing-floors.
The man, rejoicing with his hoe to break
His native glebe, with bribes you could not make
A mariner in Cyprian bark to plow
Myrtoan seas. The merchant dreads the row
Of waves Icarian with southwest squalls;
He, sweet repose and country charms extols.
But soon his shattered ship doth he repair,
Contracted means unable now to bear.
Another is there, nothing loath in twain
To break the solid day, and goblets drain
Of Massic old; now stretched 'neath arbute green
And now, by sacred fountain head serene.
The blend of trumpet blasts and clarion clangs
And camps and wars—O source of mothers' pangs—
Are joys to some. Beneath the frosty Jove
The huntsman, heedless of his lenient love
Doth stay; perchance a hart by faithful hounds
Is seen, or Martian boar has slipped his bounds.
But me, the ivy, cultured forehead's meed
A god doth make. Distinct from common breed
Am I, by cooling groves, and dances gay
Of Nymphs and Satyrs, if her pipes to play
Euterpe is not loath, and Lesbian lyre
To tune is Polyhymnia's desire.
But if a lyric bard you title me,
My head, a moon amongst the stars shall be.

THE APPEAL OF THE DRAMA.

JOHN BRENNAN.

THERE are, broadly speaking, two kinds of drama: the drama for amusement, which satisfies the love of comedy and the longing for the spectacular that is inherent in all of us, and the drama that is the creation of an individual who has a message to deliver to the public and who chooses the play form as his medium. With the first of these we need have little to do; it is, strictly, not drama at all, but a mere series of incidents loosely strung together for the purpose of attracting money to the box-office, the final court of the theatrical world. Indeed it can be called drama only in the loose sense in which the word is sometimes used, for this class includes musical comedies, revues, and variety shows. The entrepreneurs of this type which is characterized by causes and effects systematically disproportionate, might well say with Edgar in King Lear, "Men must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither; effect is all."

From the point of view of financial return this drama is surprisingly successful, although from the point of view of permanent value, it is a dismal failure. Let us consider, for example, such a play as "Enemies of Women," a most ambitious motion picture. The settings were gorgeous, and money was evidently thrown into the production with the cheerful reflection that Mr. Hearst had plenty more where that came from. The services of a capable actor, a drawing card in himself, were secured to play the lead, and the camera man began to turn the crank. The result was a weak motion picture bolstered up with a blaze of marvelous scenery and an exhibition of good histrionics, and what should have been no more than a good programme picture was expanded into an undertaking which rivals anything done previously. And all this through the combined offices of Messrs. Ibanez, Barrymore, and Urban, aided by the wealth of a newspaper owner.

But it is not to be thought that plays which have no higher purpose than to cater to comedy and to the spectacular are to be utterly condemned, for in fulfilling even that purpose they accomplish their end. It is so-called attractions which are nothing more than a commercialization of the salacious, and which foster an inane irreverence toward all human ties and ideals which should have no place on the stage. The less serious drama should welcome fun and frolic, but not grossness and buffoonery; the no-ideals of irresponsible farce are less injurious than the false ideals of would-be moral comedy and drama.

Too often we fail to take the theatre seriously; we regard it as a pastime to beguile our idle moments and forget that it has another purpose to serve than that of affording a pleasant hour's relief after the work ef the day. The theatre is, and has been, the most important literary influence in the lives of nations; it not only reflects manners and customs with photographic fidelity, but also moulds them. We would, for example, know little or nothing of the daily life of the ancient Greeks if it were not for the community drama in which they took such a keen interest. Their religious festivals were dra-

matic, and attendance was considered so necessary, that the fees of those who could not afford to attend were paid by the government. The rites of the Romans were dramatic, and, according to Professor Ramsay Traquair, there is good reason to believe that the ceremonies of the early Christian Church were of a dramatic nature.

The dramatists have always been among the leading literary figures in every land. We have in England, Marlowe, Shakspeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith; in France, Moliere, Racine, Corneille, and Beaumarchais; and in Spain, Calderon and Lope de Vega. Closer to our own time, Hauptmann and Sudermann sound the note of social and individual revolt; Rostand brings back the element of lyricism to the French drama; Shaw labors under the handicap of not being taken seriously; Sardou and Ibsen perfect stagecraft; and Paul Claudel revives the mystery play in "The Tidings Brought To Mary."

The drama has an attraction for every one; its appeal is universal. Mr. Leon D'Usseau in his hints to the collegians who took part in the scholarship contest for a prize photoplay instituted by Carl Laemmle, says, "Remember your story will be seen by lumberjacks, bank presidents, cotton pickers, the sons and daughters of the plantation owner, fishermen, miners, teachers, lawyers, doctors." The same play is witnessed by people in every walk of life, and all are influenced by it. The reaction may be different in each instance, depending upon the characteristics, opinions, and personal bias of the witness, but there is a reaction, nevertheless.

Upon what is this appeal based? Why do people go to the theatre to see a dramatized novel when they may stay at home and read the original? And why is it that people prefer the legitimate stage to the cinematograph?

The fundamental appeal of the drama has its foundation in a deep-seated human emotion: the desire to see a struggle. Man has always delighted in seeing one force overcome another. Whether this struggle be between man and man, between man and himself, or between man and nature makes litttle difference; it must be present in every play that aspires to the name of drama. In the words of the producers, "No struggle —no drama."

The appeal of the drama for amusement is just as deeply rooted as the appeal of the serious drama. Its appeal is not, perhaps, so worthy, when we consider the extremes to which playwrights will go to get a laugh from the audience, and when we reflect upon the things which tickle the risibilities of the theatre-goer.

The drama has a greater appeal than the novel because in it the senses of sight and of hearing are combined in securing the effect, aided by the artificialities of costumes, stage settings, and, occasionally, incidental music. The novel can never take the place of the stage because it is dependent solely upon the author's ability to create atmosphere by the use of words alone, which, while they appeal to one sense, and do not sufficiently arouse the power of visualization. The stage can not portray thought; it must give the physical reaction, but the novelist is hampered still more by being obliged to do

nothing but write about it. The motion picture is influential, it is true, but it can not supersede the stage. The screen has but two dimensions, and its lack of depth applies not only to the silver sheet itself, but to the films projected upon it, as well. A lesson can not be taught any better by a juggling of real scenery in place of canvas, or by explanatory subtitles instead of the cadences of the human voice.

There are other phases that go to heighten the popularity of the theatre. There is a natural desire to see plays with a human interest element that contain experiences with which we are all familiar, and there is the desire to see how others live, to witness things outside our narrow sphere, and to forget ourselves temporarily while the footlights flare up, and the curtain slowly rises.

It is a well known fact that the theatre has a greater appeal for women than for men. Men form but a small proportion of the play-goers, and those who do attend are seldom unattached. This may be because they are too preoccupied with their own affairs, or because they are less susceptible to make-believe. It is, presumably, due to some fine distinction between masculine and feminine psychology. Upon what it rests, exactly, is problematical.

After all, the reason why the drama has an appeal makes but little difference. The fact remains that it is tremendously popular, and that it enters into our every day lives. No matter how we may theorize, people will continue to attend the theatre, if for nothing else than to see a favorite actor or actress. The problems of the theatre are our problems, and if it is on the decline, it is for the public to make its influence felt to better it, so that eventually we may say with Hamlet, "The play's the thing."

THAT MAPLE ON THE HILL.

J. RAYMOND HUNT.

I cried over many mournful things
  Knowing they could not last;
I laughed over beautiful things
  And one of them held me fast.
'Twas "a tree that looks to God all day,
A tree that lifts its arms to pray:"
  'Twas that maple on the hill.

I sighed over melancholy things
  Dreaming as they flew past;
I smiled at the fun of senseless things
  So happy in their cast.
Then there, full mystical and calm,
A beacon stood against all harm:
  'Twas that maple on the hill.

TOLSTOY'S MESSAGE IN "RESURRECTION."

RUBIN CHAIM ZETLAND.

"Then came Peter and said to Him, Lord —how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times but until seventy times seven."—(Mat. XVII, 21-22.)

"And why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"—(Mat. VII, 3.)

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."—John VIII, 7.)

LYEV NICOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOY was recognized by his contemporary literary critics as an artist of the first rank. He attained this distinction by his masterly and realistic portraiture of the society of his day. But to the masses of his readers, particularly in Russia, he was more than an artist. To them Tolstoy became the teacher, the moral philosopher and guide. He was looked upon as the prophet who announces new paths for weary mankind. And it was to this aim more than to literary fame that the author aspired during the latter half of his literary career.

When a religious crisis came in his life, when pressed by conscientious scruples for attitudes on personal relationship to society and its problems, Tolstoy adopted a new philosophy in regard to his art. His art became a means, rather than an end. He maintained that art has a *raison d'etre* only when it is in the service of society, when it contributes towards raising society to higher humanitarian conceptions.

Tolstoy came to his ideals in art through an intense and agonizing personal struggle. When at the middle of life he grew tired of the epicurean life he had led, he arrived at the views of the noted pessimists —Ecclesiastes and Schopenhauer. Like Ecclesiastes and Schopenhauer, he had exhausted the material essence of life, and, still full of moral vitality, he came to the conclusion that there was no happinesss under the sun for the son of man. Life had no meaning. It was but a bitter interruption of non-existence. His healthy instincts and fiery soul rebelled against this pessimism. His will to live his artistic intuition led him to seek the meaning and the purpose of life. When the higher classes with their pseudo-culture and conventional civilization failed to give an answer to the enigma of life, the aristocratic Count and typical snob descended to the peasantry to learn what it is that men live by. The millions of toilers he finds too preoccupied in the business of living to question themselves concerning what is life and what is life for. Their ideals are simple faith, live, and labor.

To pacify the bleeding heart of a doubter, he adopts the religion of the peasantry. He abandons his aristocratic abode and goes to live and work among the people. In his writings he seeks to teach the peasantry, to raise their educational ideals, to help them in their struggles with poverty and ignorance. He also feels the urge to acquaint the world with the philosophic policies that underlie his change in his way of living. This crisis in his life is reflected in a series of works of which, "My Confession," "What is my Faith," and "What is then to be

Done," are the more important.

Thus in art as well as in life Tolstoy strives for service to mankind. He sets out to teach mankind that happiness lies in love, in unselfish, self-sacrificing love; in labor—in toil for more than one's material welfare, but principally and primarily for the material and moral good of society. This harmony among men, however, he finds impossible of attainment because of the artificiality and consequent corruption of the State, whose authority and principles of governing are not based on the natural tendency of man as a social being. He finds the State an obstacle to man's development and progress. It is not based on love and righteousness but upon the brute force of the ruling class.

In his last great work, "Resurrection." Tolstoy preaches his social gospel. In this novel he analyzes the structure of the State with all the institutions that it defends and fosters. He looks at the State from the point of view of the average man and citizen and finds it invariably not only an obstacle to man's happiness but an evil instrument in the hands of the powerful, used for the enslavement of the many and for superficial good of the few.

In this novel the hero, Prince Nekhlyudov, becomes the mouthpiece of Tolstoy's protest against the existing political regime, its governing body, its property system, its courts, its prisons, and the like. The number of questions which are raised in this novel is so great that an entire society, such as it is, living and throbbing with all its problems and contradictions, appears before the reader. Society is not Russian alone, it is the society of the whole civilized world. In fact, apart from its treatment of political prisons, the lessons of "Resurrection" apply to all nations. The questions which it attempts to answer are: Has society a right to judge? and is it reasonable to maintain a system of tribunals and prisons?

The story of the novel briefly told is as follows: The hero, a Russian nobleman, has in his youth betrayed a young woman, a ward of his family and a playmate of his childhood and adolescence. When the story opens ten years have elapsed. She has been driven to a life of shame and he by that time has had the reckless career of the average officer and man of the world. One day he finds himself summoned to serve upon a jury where he meets the woman he once loved and later wronged. She is accused of having poisoned a wealthy patron of a brothel and he, as a member of the jury, is required to consider her case. She is not guilty, yet she is convicted —partly through her ignorance of the forms of a law,—and is sentenced to exile.

He is profoundly stirred by these happenings for he is now old enough to take a serious view of life, and the disposition to do so is not lacking. As he reviews his career he and his better self is awakened and "resurrected." In making us understand the workings of this man's mind at this particular juncture the author gives us a piece of unsurpassable psychological analysis.

Prince Nekhlyudov, the hero of the story, is determined to atone for his crime by marrying the convict and sharing her banishment in Siberia. Her sentence is finally commuted and she marries a political criminal.

Through the skeleton of the story we see the Prince, the wealthy land owner and ex-officer, pursue his research of the social evils. With the perseverance of a saint and the analytical mind of a trained sociologist, he works among the prisons, hospitals, courts, and government offices, among peasants, toilers, officers, and noblemen to find that corruption and crime are universal and their causes reside, not in the hearts of men, but in the false system that men have created, that crime and evil are mainly due to the private ownership of land by non-producers, of organized philanthropy and charity he speaks as follows: "In scientific circles, government institutions, and in the papers we talk about the causes of poverty among the people and the means of ameliorating their condition; but we do not talk of the only sure means which would certainly lighten their condition, i. e., giving back to them the land they need so much. . . . The earth cannot be anyone's property; it cannot be bought or sold any more than water, air, or sunshine. All have an equal right to the advantages it gives to men. And now he knew why he had felt ashamed to remember the transaction at Kousminski, (his inherited property.) He had been deceiving himself. He knew that no man could have a right to own land, yet he accepted this right as his own and had given the peasants something which, in the depth of his heart, he knew he had no right to."

The sacredness of these property rights are defended by the State. For this purpose the State establishes courts to deal with the transgressors against the propertied classes. The established institutions of justice he found not only ineffective in combating vice and crime but they actually are the perpetuators of all that is detrimental to social progress. The judges and prison officials resort to cruelty and brutality in meting out judgments to those innocents whom the State and the "educated" public opinion choose to call criminals. For Tolstoy does not accept the modern science of criminology, which he believes an invention of the ruling class whereby to perpetuate itself. His hero studies the criminal in every day life. He also reads the accepted authorities on the subject of crime and its causes in the hope of finding the solution. He says of this: "He hoped to find an answer to this question in books, and bought all that referred to it. He got the works of Lombroso, Garafola, Ferry, List, Maudsley, Tard, and read them carefully. But as he read he became more and more disappointed. It happened to him, as it always happens to those who turn to science not in order to play a part in it, nor to write, nor to dispute, nor to teach, but simply for an answer to an everyday question of life. Science answers thousands of very subtle and ingenious questions touching criminal law, but not the one he was trying to solve. He asked a very simple question: "Why, and with what right, do some people lock up, torment, exile, flog and kill others, while they themselves are just like those whom they torment, flog, and kill? And seeking the answer, he deliberated as to whether human beings have free will or not, whether or not signs of criminality can be detected by measuring the skulls, what part heredity

plays in crime, whether immorality can, be inherited, what madness is, what degeneration is, and what temperament is, how climate, food, ignorance, imitativeness, hypnotism, passion act, what society is, what its duties are.

This reminded him of the answer he once got from a little boy whom he met comnig home from school, Nekhlyudov asked him if he had learned his spelling.

"I have," answered the boy.

"Well, then, tell me, how do you spell 'leg'?

"A dog's leg, or what kind of leg?" the boy answered with a sly look. Answers in the form of new questions, like the boy's, was all Nekhlyudov got in reply to his one primary question. He found much that was clever, learned much that was interesting, but he did not find an answer to the principal question.—by what right do some people punish others?

The courts he condemns not only because of their imperfect procedure and red tape, but because he fails to find any justification of their function and existence. He analyzes the judicial process in the following way: "They are dangerous, and we who judge them—? I, a rake, an adulterer, a deceiver, and are not dangerous. But, even supposing that this boy is the most dangerous of all that are in court, what should be done from a common-sense point of view when he has been but a most ordinary boy; every one sees it—and that he has become what he is is simply because he got into circumstances that create such characters, and, therefore, to prevent such a boy from going wrong the circumstances that create these unfortunate beings must be done away with as soon as possible.

"But what do we do? We seize one such lad who happens to get caught, and send him to prison, where idleness, or most unwholesome, useless labour is forced on him, in company of others weakened and ensnared by the lives they have lead. And then we send him, at the public expense, from the Moscow to the Irkoutsk Government, in company with the most depraved men.

"But we do nothing to destroy the conditions in which people like these are produced; on the contrary, we support the establishments where they are formed. These establishments are well known: factories, mills, workshops, public-houses, gin-shops, brothels. And we do not destroy these places; but looking at them as necessary, we support and regulate them. We educate in this way not one, but millions of people, and then catch one of them and imagine that we have done something, that we have guarded ourselves, and nothing more can be expected of us.

Disheartened by his discoveries and revelations. Nekhlyudov revels and protests in his hopeless pursuit of a solution to the problem of society and of the individual. His own shortcomings and imperfections rise to his conscience and fill his soul with pain and sorrow. The new day dawns for Nekhlyudov when he rediscovers the teachings of Christ. In the New Testament he finds the guide for the conduct of man and of society. In these teachings he finds the only solution. In their simple yet profound commandments he finds his doctrines on property and crime and vice.

Thus there happened to Nekhlyudov what often happens to men who live

a spiritual life. The thought that seemed strange at first and that seemed a paradox—even perhaps only a jest—being confirmed more and more often by life's experience, suddely became the simplest truth. In this way the conviction came to him that the only certain means of salvation from the terrible evil from which men were suffering was that they should always acknowledge themselves to be sinning against God, and therefore unfit to punish or correct others, because they were dear to Him. It became clear that all the dreadful evil he had been witnessing in prisons and jails and all the quiet self-satisfaction of the perpetrators of this evil were the consequences of man's trying to do what was impossible, trying to correct evil while being evil themslves. Vicious men were trying to correct other vicious men and thought they could do it by material means, with the only consequence that the needs and the cupidity of some men induced them to take up this so-called punishment and so-called correction as a profession and to have themselves become utterly corrupt, and go on unceasingly driving and depraving their victims. Now he saw clearly whence came all the terrors he had seen and what ought to be done to put a stop to them. The answer he failed to find, and that was the answer that Christ gave to Peter. It was that we should forgive times without number because no men are without fault and, therefore, none is fit to punish or correct others.

"But surely it cannot be so simple," thought Nekhlyudov, although he saw with certainty, strange as it had seemed at first, that it was not only a theoretical but also a practical solution of the question. The usual objection, "What is one to do with the evil-doers? Surely not let them go unpunished?" no longer confused him. This objection might have a meaning if it were proved that punishment lessened crime, or improved the criminal, but when the contrary was proved, and it was evident that it was not in man's power to correct each other, the only reasonable thing to do is to leave off doing the things which are not only useless, but harmful, immoral, and cruel.

For many centuries persons considered criminals have been tortured. Have they ceased to exist therefore? On the contrary their numbers have grown, not only with the criminals corrupted by punishment but also by those legitimized criminals, the judges, procureurs, magistrates and jailers, who judge and punish men. Nekhlyudov now understood that society and order in general exists not because of these lawful criminals who judge and punish others, but because in spite of men's being thus depraved they still pity and love one another.

In hope of finding a confirmation of this thought in the Gospel, Nekhlyudov began reading it from the beginning. When he had read the Sermon on the Mount, which had always touched him, he saw in it for the first time to-day, not beautiful abstract thoughts, setting forth for the most part exaggerated and impossible demands, but simple, clear, practical laws. If these laws were carried out in practice and this was quite possible they would establish new and surprising conditions of social life, in which the violence that filled Nekhlyudov with such indignation would

cease. Not only this, but the greatest blessing that is obtainable to men, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth, would be established. There are five of these laws.

"The first (Matt. V. 21-26), that man should not only do no murder, but not even be angry with his brother, should not consider anyone worthless: "Raca," and if he has quarreled with anyone he should make it up with him before bringing his gift to God—i. e., before praying; the second was (Matt. 1. 27-32), that man should not only refrain from committing adultery, but should not even seek for enjoyment in woman's beauty, and if he has once come together with a woman he should never be faithless to her; the third (Matt. 33-37) enjoined that man should never bind himself by oath; the fourth (Matt. 38-42), that man should not only, not demand an eye for an eye, but when struck on one cheek should turn up the other, should forgive an offence and bear it humbly, and never refuse the service others demand of him; the fifth (Matt. 43-48) was that man should not only not hate his enemy and not fight him, but love him, help him, serve him.

By these simple truths Tolstoy urges men to live. "Love ye one another and resist not evil by violence."

He carries his opposition to the modern State to its logical conclusion: Primitive Christianity or philosophic anarchism. The present State is artificial and therefore corrupt and cruel, and violates the fudamental trait of man which is love and sympathy, which are crushed by a private ownership and slavery defended by the State. It is to the individual that he addresses the message which Prince Nekhlyudov found in the Gospels and which he finds attainable to man's nature. He advises men not to have anything to do with the State and with a wealth of illustrations he shows the futility of the lust of the rich classes for wealth and luxury—a lust which has no limits and by its very nature can have none. It is an idle and vain lust that maintains the slavery and the numerous abnormal conditions in human society.

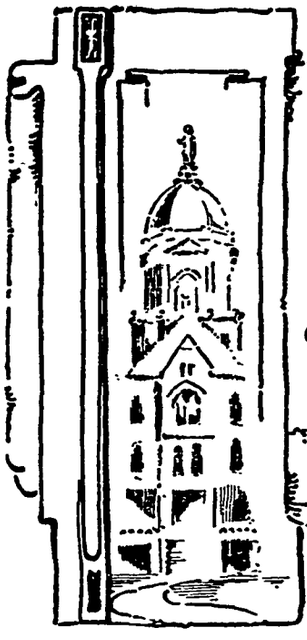
In the evolution of his moral philosophy, Tolstoy arrived at the construction of ethical principles which he thought would not contradict the basis of any other religion and might be accepted by Buddhist, Jew, Mohammedan, Christian, and the naturalist philosopher alike—a religion which would only retain the substantial elements of other religions, namely, the determination of one's relation towards the universe and the recognition of the equality of all men.

Philosophically speaking, Tolstoy is a pantheist. He describes God as Nature, Life, Love, or else as The Idea which man is conscious of in himself, but in his last work he prefers to identify God with "Universal desire for welfare," which is the source of all life. According to his teaching, God is the source of all life. God is that Essence of life which man recognizes both within himself and in the whole universe as the desire for welfare.

"Every reasoning man," Tolstoy adds, "comes to a similar conclusion." A desire for universal welfare appears in every normal man after his rational consciousness has been established at a certain age. In the world around men the same desire is manifest in all

separate beings, each of whom strives for his own welfare. These two desires "converge towards one distinct purpose—definite, attainable, and joyful for man." He concludes that observation, tradition, and reason show man that the greatest welfare towards which all men aspire can only be obtained through perfect union and concord among men. All three show man that the immediate work of the world's development in which he is called upon to take part is "The substitution of union and harmony for division and discord." The inner tendency of man and the spiritual being within him—these constitute the love which is in the process of birth within him, and hereafter impels him to go on in the same direction and sphere.

Union and harmony and steady relentless effort to promote them, which means not only work required for supporting one's life, but also work for increasing universal welfare —these are then the conclusions to which the great artist and moralist came after a painful crisis. "On the highest metaphysical heights," he says, "We see in every being the twofold and apparently contradictory forces of egoism and love at the same time. Rational self-love must embrace all the congeners of the species. This striving for individual welfare, by its very nature, tends to comprise all that exists; it expands its limits naturally by love; first, for one's family, one's wife and chlldren, then for friends, then for one's fellow-countrymen—but love is not satisfied with these; it tends to embrace all.



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THE YOUNG MAN AND POLITICS.

This is the season when hats go spinning into the arena, as the papers have it. Just where the arena is, or what calamitous results to headgear may be expected from such a sudden and extensive whirling up of sand, we have never succeeded in finding out. The fact remains that each and every politician must have a hat, upon the expert and reckless twirling of which his future as a statesman—or a coroner—will depend. It would be cynical, as well as bad taste, to infer that the decay of public oratory is possibly due to this irreverent carelessness. We shall not make any such inference.

The young man, however, is normally interested in politics. Sometimes he even looks forward to it a little hungrily as to a possible and noteworthy career. There are still persons who believe in the all-American chance to become President. And, of course, if you spend enough time reading the lives of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Alexander Hamilton, you may easily jump at the conclusion that civic service, apart from election to the Presidency, is worth while. What could be more interesting than to be both silver-tongued and successful?

But we would have our friends, the other young men, remember that politics in this year of glory bears the trade-mark of a different concern. The important thing to do in the world of statesmanship is what everybody else does. In the matter of prohibition, for instance, a Congressman or a Governor must earnestly assert that the angels are all on the side of Mr. Volstead, and then no less earnestly endeavor to keep up the par value of his private stock. Any discussion of America's position with reference to other nations must find the active politician ready to say that

our mission in this respect is noble, gorgeous and grandiose—but also just as ready to take a sound international nap after his after-dinner speech.

Politics in this day and age, my dear? I'll have *two* lumps with my tea, if you please. What's this rumor about the Bears going to play the Cardinals in Moscow?

PROFESSIONAL POUNCERS.

Amateur literati are so like mice full of activity but timid and ready to scurry into oblivion, that their critics have taken on the feline aspect of pouncers. There is evidence that these conditions are general, but let the local suffice.

If man were perfect, Notre Dame might be a monastery but not a university. Its present primary function is the perfection of the imperfect. No one denies that there is plenty of raw material. More praise is due to the man who has ambition and the courage to bring his faults voluntarily into the light. And courage is greater and praise more merited when he approaches his teachers with the attitude of, "Here it is. What's wrong?", than when he presents that "Try to find it" front.

Thus there is evident need for criticism, and a man's presence here shows his desire for it. But the source of the criticism is the thorn in the sidelights on our literature. Most of us think that the provisions made by the University for criticism are ample. We have noticed no dearth. But there is the inevitable "gold-the-lily" minority. They prowl about the publications, "seeking whom they may devour." They expect the staffs to consist of Newmans, Shakespeares, Keats, etc., and no less. Perhaps that explains in part why their names are never found among the contributors.

But why go on? It is disconcerting to have every well-meaning effort torn to pieces by these self-appointed, unqualified critics. But after all—if, as Wordsworth says, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," why should we worry if these mortals lie about us now?

FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE TIME-CLOCK.

One very popular fallacy regarding education in America is the notion that the man working his way through college must necessarily realize most on his training—presumably because he has learned to calculate the cost. This curious bit of folklore has its roots in the misnomer known as the self-made man—that ubiquitous chimera of our commercial civilization which haunts you in every office and factory in the land. It is what inspires middle-class youths in an excess of self-abnegation to go to work as emanuenses, stenographers, reporters and at similar white-collar jobs probably keeping out fellows really in need of the remuneration. These latter are thereby forced into washing dishes, doing janitor service, jerking sodas, selling hot dogs and work in the same category which aforesaid bourgeoisie would audibly sniff at as being below the dignity of a respectable student.

It should hardly need a great deal of reflection to conclude that student

employment is an evil. At Notre Dame it became legitimatized in the less prosperous years of the institution, and now takes on the aura of tradition. Even so, it stands none the less reprehensible for it militates against the first purpose of university life, viz. education. Every hour that a man sacrifices, squanders, or bargains away represents a waste of the wine of youth. Even if that wine be as atrocious as some of the poison being put out in this year of Our Lord, it is waste just the same, from one point of view.

There exists an obsolete defense for student employment in the smug generalization that men who do not do economic work at college usually waste an equivalent part of their leisure anyway. It is entirely outside the point. Men who use college as a place of apprenticeship to the counting room or market place naturally do not go far from their beaten track in getting congenial work. They may even establish helpful contacts to be availed of after graduation.

For students of the humanities to whom education means more than skill in keeping books or handling a table of logarithms, leisure is the most precious thing at college. It is in the fallow hours of idleness that the student's mind ripens and multiplies itself. In these dilatory hours, he may pursue any investigation he fancies, mingle with boon companions in bland intellectual intimacy, or delve into the wilderness of unblazed scholarship. These things constitute the flesh and blood of college life.

Student employment ought positively to be discouraged. Men who have to rely on their own resources ought to be given broad chances to earn scholarships from competition in which scions of the more opulent families should be excluded. The fellow who has to give away four or six hours a day to mammon has no chance to depart from the high road to explore his Vale of Tempe or measure the crags of Olympus. He is like the more vapid of the globe-trotters who could as well stay at home and read about the world in the public library.

Education should become a business in itself to the obliteration of all extraneous affairs, even though it yields at present so meagre a stipend.

INTELLECTUAL HARA-KIRI.

Concentration is a rare and invaluable jewel. Careful thought is a mighty agent in human affairs. The man who does things is a tool in the hands of the man who thinks. Thoughts rule the world and will continue to do so until thinkers become as common as presidential aspirants.

Criticism is heard that prevailing methods of education are not promotive of sound reasoning and concentration. Earnest disputants use not a few words vainly attempting to decide whether the study of classic languages and mental mathematics or the study of romantic languages and manual training supply civilization with more reasoners. The point has been missed.

Colleges are open to everybody. Men seeking professional knowledge along any line may attend. Educators prescribe the liberal arts course as

the best to produce a thinking man. Not every man, however, cares to follow the liberal arts. Courses in commerce, literature, and law, then, should be shaped primarily to teach the student to think and to teach the necessity for concentration. Teachers must inspire this.

The art of correct reasoning and the power of concentration are the most valuable things to be learned in any college course. A disciplined mind once acquired can never be lost. Some students get through college by a ragged use of their memories. They master sufficient scraps of knowledge and are satisfied. Never for a moment do they realize that these bits must be correlated by thought before they can be useful.

A little time might well be spent enjoying the company of ourselves; anyhow getting on a thinking acquaintance. This comes with concentration. There can be no pure reasoning without concentration. The student who can concentrate learns more thoroughly and retains the matter longer. Great inventions, immortal thoughts have all been the fruits of concentration. Lacking concentration we must pass through life in much the fashion of a blind man, deprived of the beauty of deep thought which makes life so worth while. It is an indictment either of ourselves or those who direct us to have studied for four years and to have learned everything but to think. Why maim the mind or commit mental suicide when it can be avoided?

IN THE SHADOWS.

We have seen in early morning long before the cock crows, when the night is the blackest and the stars the brightest, a lone pedestrian reluctantly forcing tired feet homeward. Reluctantly? Yes.

Fagged limbs urge him to his place of rest but his mind, for these few rare moments, transcends the consciousness of concrete and noise, of daytime rushing, of matter-of-fact humanity. There is a breath of refreshing air drifting through eery, quiet streets. A black cat drags a grotesquely long shadow through the faint glimmer of a street light. The tramp of two leaden feet echo up and down a canyon of brick and glass.

The good fairie of memory carries a soul through the star-splashed heavens to a far-away land. From among the rustling leaves of the lane-side trees, an owl warily calls "who-o-o." Mellow lamp-light floods a welcome through the vine-screened window of a cottage snuggled at the end of the lane.

But the latch-key only lets the lone pedestrian back into his world of brick, and glass, and street lamps.

WANTED—INSURRECTIONISTS.

As a nation America is becoming bored with the advice which our continental visitors deem it their solemn duty to offer us. Clemenceau gave it; Lloyd George gave it; Conrad, a man who thinks a great deal and blathers but seldom, proved his originality by neglecting it.

Therefore when Doctor Gray, of Glasgow, proceeded to the customary

criticism of American college students, we brought forth the sneer which we reserve for patronizing English travellers, and read what the good gentleman had to say.

The sneer was soon forgotten. Doctor Gray, after first proving his right to a doctor's degree by patting us neatly between the shoulder blades, and assuring us that we were a great deal of the all right, went further and demonstrated his knowledge of anatomy by planting a poke squarely between our eyes. If some of our other visitors would study for a doctor's degree, their pokes might be as accurate.

Part of what he said was, "Your students are strangely docile in mind . . . .Hitherto I had believed that youth is universally the period of criticism. I do not know whether this state of matters is the cause or the product of the paternalism which characterizes your institutions. In any case I deplore it. A student should not be simply a person who believes what he is told. And a professor should not be simply a source of information—but one who provokes and challenges thought."

One might almost think Doctor Gray were not a visitor, his words are so true. He was right—the American student is a docile lamb. He would rather be a servant and stand pat, than be a martyr and rebel. He would rather be approved by the mob than prove his personality by resisting the mob. The son of insurrectionists, he worships conservatism. He gets his opinions from newspapers, his list of studies from the faculty—and even in the popularity of eating houses is the implication that he would have someone choose his food and set it before him, rather than strain his power of decision by selecting it himself. Any person with a grain of will-power can lead him. He straddles the fence till someone shoves him off onto one side. It must surely be only through the grace of God that he prefers heaven to hell.

When we find a student lion in our midst, we shun him. If the lion roars we yawn, but if he snarls we run. By our disinterested docility we force a potential creator to become a creature. "Why worry about things?" we drawl as we light two-penny cigarettes.

Yet isn't it more glorious, more totally satisfying, to live like a lion and die in a fight, than to live like a lamb and die in a slaughter-house?

LUNAR LOG.

NOVEMBER SUMMARY.

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."

NOVEMBER holds more terrors than any other month in the year; the novelty of going to school has worn off, vacation money has been spent; there is worry before examinations and discontent after them, and the Christmas holidays are too distant to offer but little solace.

Armistice Day this year brought little of peace to Notre Dame, for on that day the news of Nebraska's victory over the Irish had spread throughout the land. Then Butler, Carnegie Tech, and St. Louis bowed in turn to the skill of Rockne. When the last whistle blew on the wet soggy field at St. Louis on Thanksgiving Day, it brought to a close one of the most successful football seasons ever undertaken at Notre Dame. Triple victories in the East, a triumph over the pride of the South; a schedule away from home which few teams would care to duplicate, added each their bit to the fame which has been unanimously heaped upon Rockne and his men from all corners of the country. But right now Rockne is more concerned with his schedule for next year than with the praises of last. Many good games are on the card for Cartier Field, and the contests away will be as intersectionally famous as ever.

Not to be outdone by October, November was as full of activities as examinations and vacation would permit. The Sophomore "Corn-Husk" dance, following the Nebraska game, the Monogram dance which capped the Buttler fray, and the Scholarship Dance, given for the first time at the Palais Royale, were all preliminaries for the crowning event of the month, the Thanksgiving Day Dance, given by the Day Students at the Oliver Hotel. Truly this last affair had all the appearances of a Sophomore Cotillion, or a Freshman Frolic.

Most of the Clubs seem to be rounding into their true form, and their activities have either taken a great bound forward or have died by the way-side according to the predictions made them at the beginning of the year. The Scribblers, meeting regularly, and discussing business with great eloquence, have time left "by the alarm-clock" to hear interesting talks from Mr. Macready Huston and Father Barry O'Neill. At the first meeting in November, the prizes for the poetry contest were awarded. The book of verse, published by the Scribblers is expected to be on sale before the Christmas holidays. The Metropolitan club, representative of "Way Down East," makes great plans for Notre Dame Christmas Dance, at the Hotel Astor in New York. Robert Cunningham is placed in charge of all the affairs connected with the gala occasion, and Bill Gallagan, Jack Adams, Joe Weinlich, Frank Milbauer, George Vergara, Joe Burke, and a list of others "too many to mention," will help Bob show the East that all of Notre Dame's dancing is not done in the backfield. Other clubs in the Middle West are planning similar dances during the Christmas holidays. The Chicago Club formal will be held as usual. Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and Louisville will be the scenes of other dances, and even the Pacific Coast

Club will hold a formal "pow-wow" at the local College Inn. So much then for the clubs and their dances.

The Tech trip was a great success. The victory, the hospitality, both at Pittsburgh and en route, the homecoming, and the relating of "what happened" to the unfortunates who did not make the trip all combine to make the demand for another game at Pittsburgh next year loud and prolonged.

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The Daily, good old source of all this information, informs that the S. A. C. may buy a Grid-Graph for the away games next year. Happy thought! The Freshmen have a big smoker, at which many a first cigar is smoked and regretted. The Knights of Columbus plan a big initiation in Janaury, First, second, third and fourth degrees will be exemplified. The Junior Prom, second most imiportant social event of the year, started off with great gusto when John Moran, president of the Class, announced the Prom Committees. Gilbert F. Schaefer, of Rochester, appointed general chairman. He will be assisted by Chairmen George B. Sheehe, John J. Kane, John P. Lynch, Paul L. Kohout, Carl F. Schaffer, John P. Dwyer, Paul A. Rahe, and a corps of assistants. The exact date of the prom has not been decided upon.

On November 20th, Brother Columba, famous for the cures and reliefs he obtained through his intercession to the Sacred Heart, died at the Community infirmary. Brother Columba was one of the truly great men at Notre Dame, and like all great men, now that he is dead his beautiful spirituality, and his powers will begin to be appreciated. Two great friends of Notre Dame have been taken away from the University during November in the persons of Brother Columba and Brother Florian. Remember them in your prayers.

Concerts were given during the month by the Adanac Quartet, and the MacFarren Four, and Moving Pictures of the Crusade held at Notre Dame during the Summer were shown in Washington Hall, together with a feature picture.

The Breen Medal tryouts resulted in the selection of Mark Nolan, Charles McAllister, Raymond Norris and Paul Breen to appear in the final contest. Fifteen men enrolled for the contests, and two preliminary trials were necessary before the above men were decided upon.

A Convocation, arranged by the S. A. C. for the especial aid of *The Daily,* and for the discussion of things of interest to the student body was held on Friday, December 7th. The usual questions, and problems were brought up, and the usual answers given.

The November issue of the *Juggler,* the football number, was one of the best ever published at the University. The cover drawing which was printed in four colors, and the entire arrangement of the book reflects great credit upon the editors. If such numbers continue to come from the hands of Dan Hickey and his associates, there will be little doubt but that they will have succeeded in placing the *Juggler* not only along with the "best six in the country,"

but at the head of the best six. The Christmas number will appear almost simultaneously with this issue of THE SCHOLASTIC.

The Notre Dame *Daily* changed hands in the middle of November when the editor-in-chief, and the business-manager, together with associate editors and associate managers resigned their positions because of pressure of studies and outside work. New staffs were appointed by the S. A. C. with Harry A. McGuire as editor-in-chief, and John Stanton of the Law School as Business Manager. Some changes were made in the makeup of *The Daily* and the staffs completely reorganized. Members of the old staff were retained on the editorial board and Jack Scallan, editor-in-chief of *The Dome*, was elected to this board and will continue to remind the school and the students of their faults and compliment them on their good deeds with his smooth pen.

Badin, tied with Brownson and Sophomore halls for the football championship, drew the longest straw, and won the cup—but not the championship. Games before Christmas may decide the league winner.

Other items of interest to followers of the sporting life at Notre Dame are the triumph of Notre Dame's Cross-Country Team, under Paul Kennedy at the State Meet at Purdue. Notre Dame placed three men in the first four finishing—Kennedy, Wendland and Cox being the speedy harriers; the defeat of Toledo by the Irish Reserves, 13-0, the defeat of Notre Dame by Minnesota in the first basketball game of the season, 22-21; and the limitation of the football schedule for 1924 to eight games.

Father Bolger and Professor George Shuster started the work of selecting debating teams when eighty men responded to the first call for candidates. The actual work of selection will begin December 9th. The World Court question will be discussed under Professor Shuster and the Federal Compulsory Arbitration question will be discussed under Father Bolger.

All along the weather has been most extraordinary. What, you may ask, has weather to do with a Lunar Log? Well, it is only once in a blue moon that Indiana comes across such moonlight as we've had deep into December—moonlight when there is a quiet frost on the ground, and still air sparkling all around. And the days, of course, have been even better. A man might have gone a golfing for all the weather would have objected, and kept up his stroke regardless. But all of this will have to be paid for sooner or later.

That this section of THE SCHOLASTIC cannot attempt to cover all the incidents and occurrences on the campus during the month is very obvious. Many things have here been overlooked. But what we have overlooked *The Daily* has noted, and what *The Daily* has overlooked Mr. Grundy has discovered—and noted. So for those clubs, classes, meetings, etc., etc., which have here received no mention I refer them to *The Daily*. Right now there is a billiard and pool tournament going on in Brownson Rec room, and I am going to see it and watch the cue artists perform.

—JAMES F. HAYES.

PITTSBURG PLUS.

Clanging bells, clicking rails; a gray city breathing dusky air; hoarse shouting, the flaunting of gay colors; trim uniforms slipping through crowded streets; a midnight start, a cheering breakfast; tired bodies, happy hearts, all whirling round to the strains of the "Victory March"—that was the Pittsburgh trip.

The end and object of it all, of course, was the Carnegie Tech game; but football did not occupy entirely the minds of the four hundred who climbed aboard the special train in South Bend. They were out for a joyous journey, expectant and carefree. Forget this morning with its woeful tidings of examination results; forget the coming Monday and its stack of duties. Remember only the pleasure of being together, each a part of the invading army. And isn't it rather an interesting thought —this solid piece of Notre Dame, meaning all the things that she does, broken off and sent spinning across the country, to land in a place known, perhaps, as only a name on a map? It seems it would be almost possible to work up a little spirit of adventure about it, if one tried hard enough.

But by the time the train was hurtling through the fields of Mishawaka and Elkhart the chances of arousing such a spirit were forgotten in the task of the moment—getting settled for the night. Of course, every one who had a berth had someone to share it with him. It was unthinkable that any timid student should travel the long, dark distance all alone.

Now the stowing of coats, hats, valises, and two more or less animated bodies in a space provided for one extremely small and slender traveller is a most delicate operation. How it was finally accomplished is still a good deal of a mystery. But somehow it was done, for quiet settled on the Pullmans after an hour of terrible upheaval. In the day coaches, too, many novel ways of getting the most comfort out of the least space were tried and commented on. Somehow, anyhow, everyone was settled at last.

Dawn and the outskirts of Youngstown were simultaneous—and about equally beautiful. Wispy fog tried to hide the fact that the morning was gray and very wet. It was indeed a sage of the ages who said, "When one man is awake on a railroad car, every man is." By slow, protesting degrees was accomplished the act of recognizing that this was a new day. And then, into the valley of smoke, rode the four hundred.

So this is Pittsburgh! Hills on either hand, a pale, flat river sneaking at their feet, heavy iron bridges, rust-red street cars, raising an incessant clamor. A line was formed and down the narrow street they marched, eight abreast, led by mounted policemen and the Band —in that order. The curb was lined with friendly faces; gold and blue were much in evidence, as every corner had its shrill cry of, "Get the colors of the winning team! Right here for Notre Dame colors!"

After a mile or so of dizzying turns and short-cuts ,the Fort Pitt Hotel was reached. There, in front of the headquarters of the team, a rousing demonstration informed the city that Notre Dame was out in force. Afterwards, the hour of the daily cafeteria

line-up being long past, the dispersal for combined breakfast and lunch was most welcome.

The afternoon, naturally, was dedicated to the game. Everything was there—the team, the crowd, the spirit, the noise; and when the Band came swinging on the field, playing better, marching better, looking better than the much-heralded Kiltie Band of Carnegie well, the four hundred just seemed to forget their modesty as guests. Visibly they swelled with pride. It was a wonderful three hours, with Notre Dame sweeping everything before her.

The evening? It is difficult to say just where the festivities were carried on. Dances at the Hotel Shenley and the Knights of Columbus attracted many; the theatres did a thriving business; telephone operators listened in on numerous invitations to "bring a little bunch up to my house and we will see what we can fix up." When the train started homeward at midnight, there were four hundred opinions as to the most enjoyable of the sixteen hours in Pittsburgh. Sleepily the conversation wandered, staggered, stopped.

Early Sunday morning, the special put in at Toledo and further slumbering was gently but firmly crossed off the program. Strange, that lack of condition, for although it was six-thirty, the traditional time for morning prayer, much objection came from the dozing, doubly-populated berths. It seemed almost as if it were not habitual to rise at that modest hour. But an hour later, the last straggler had been packed into the waiting cars and carried across the city to the Cathedral Chapel. Mass over, there was a race for the stairs; hats and coats were flung to waiting check boys, and in an instant the long white tables in the auditorium were but islands in a sea of activity.

What a breakfast it was! Grapefruit, fried ham, hot rolls, coffee, passed round by all the beauty of Toledo, under the approving eyes of the men of the parish. After everyone had settled back content, there were speeches and music,—a welcome from Father Dean, the pastor, reinforced by the chairman of the affair, a talk by Father Haggerty, and Mr. Rockne with his story of the soccer game. Followed clever songs by the double quartette and then the Victory March, Band and students and alumni filling the hall with stirring sound. Last of all, a "big U. N. D." to show in some slight manner, gratitude and appreciation.

To say that the morning in Toledo was the best part of the trip would be unfair. And yet the four hundred with one voice proclaimed it more than worth that rising in the middle of the night. That is about the ultimate in praise; there we will let it rest.

A few hours later, the squat South Bend depot drew alongside, and the Pittsburgh jaunt was over. Men were just beginning to realize how weary they were. Straight for their neglected beds they steered, to live again in dreams the story of the best trip ever.

Just one word more. The winner of the who-slept-longest contest is a Brownson man. He dropped off that Sunday afternoon and woke to smell the Thanksgiving cooking in the refectory kitchen.

—JAMES WITHEY.

OUT FOR EDUCATION.

"Our country adopted the principle of self-government by a free people. Those who were worthy of being free were worthy of being educated. Those who had the duty and responsibility of government must necessarily have the education with which to discharge the obligations of citizenship. The sovereign had to be educated; the sovereign had become the people."

These are the words of the President, referring to American forefathers' respect for education, which he hoped to bring home to the American fathers by announcing a National Education Week. For one week, beginning November eighteenth, over one hundred national organizations, and innumerable state and local societies, gave programs that emphasized the necessity of education and the educational necessities. Prominent educators, educational facts and educational matters were brought before the national attention.

The local council of the Knights of Columbus, as their part in this week, held a program of four speakers. Father Cunningham, head of the Department of Education, presided, and, after Harry McGuire, Lecturer of the Knights, had given the President's message, Father Cunningham spoke on the presidential proclamation and the meaning of a liberal education. He spoke of the high school and college broadening the slight taste of knowledge acquired in the grammar school—a state of literacy, as he called it—into a liberal education.

The necessary qualifications of a teacher, was the subject of the address by Mr. P. O. Pointer, principal of the South Bend Central Junior High School. He emphasized the benefits of teaching aside from remuneration.

The speech of Brother Florentius was, perhaps, the most interesting given. He spoke on the reasons for the continued existence of the Catholic schools, emphasizing the necessity of Catholic school education, not supplemental training in religion through the home and Sunday school. It is not in public, he said, that the greatest arguments on religion are raised, but rather in the shops, the stores and the factories; such arguments can only be thoroughly prepared for in the Catholic school. He also remarked on the commnuity spirit that the Catholic school was attempting to formulate. He closed by remarking on the glories and needs of the teaching brother and sisterhoods.

Mr. Du Bois, teacher in French at South Bend High School, speech was extremely interesting. He talked on the relation of athletics to education. He remarked on the necessity of physical, as well as mental growth. He showed how the interest of students in their teams gave the school a unified spirit and the teacher an excellent source for illustrations.

The Daily remarked that, coincident with the spirit of National Education Week, the Knights of Columbus plan to inaugurate a course for the education of their members on tinent questions. Certainly there ought to be a much deeper interest in educational life and problems at Notre Dame. So far the contribution made by our student body to American scholarship has been negligible. Can the Knights do anything to aid the situation? —GERALD HOLLAND.

THE DEPTHS OF DEBATE.

Never in the debating team history of Notre Dame have aspiring student orators had such an exceptional opportunity to rise to the heights of the polished Cicero or the eloquent Demosthenes as is offered them this year. It is the first time since debating was instituted as a major activity at this University that the odds were so greatly in favor of the dilettante striving for a position on the forensic squad.

This year his advantages are threefold. First of all, there are to be two varsity teams selected: One is to discuss a labor problem—"That the federal government should enact legislation providing for the compulsory judicial settlement of disputes between employer and employee in the coal and railroad industries,"—and the other is to deliberate upon a more immediate question—"That the United States should enter the World Court." It was rather reluctantly that Father Bolger decided upon having the two teams, but it was the only possible way he could secure the debates. And in order that each team might receive the proper individual tutelage, Father Bolger has obtained the assistance of Professor Shuster, who will coach the World Court team. Then there remain from last year only three varsity men, Paul Breen, Mark Nolan, and John Stanton. This means that there will be vacancies for nine or probably thirteen new men, which fact alone should be a strong inducement for many to try out. And finally, the list of candidates includes the names of eighty-one men—a decidedly noticeable increase over that of former seasons. It may appear rather paradoxical to affirm that this extra large number of contestants works advantageously for the individual, but when one considers that there are only three varsity men on the list, and realizes that the greater percentage of the competition will be between unexperienced men, it is not difficult to see how the amateur's chances, instead of being decreased are increased and how the psychological effect of that encouraging factor alone might spur him on to a place on the team.

So far only four triangular debates have been arranged; but before long Father Bolger and Professor Shuster hope to announce that several other opponents have been added to the schedule. DePauw University and Wabash College will meet the Compulsory Arbitration team in the early part of March, while the World Court team will clash with Indiana University and Western Reserve at about that same time.

The process followed throughout the elimination preliminaries is a very strenuous one. After the man has drawn his place on the respective team, he must prepare a ten-minute speech which, on the first night, need not be accompanied by a rebuttal. But should he survive the first preliminary, he is compelled to write another speech defending the opposite side of the question, and this time when he presents it he must be prepared for a heated rebuttal. Thus the alternating procedure continues until the night of the finals when he is either accepted or rejected as a Notre Dame varsity debater. To be accepted is a success that can come only to a few men each year, and which will pay heavy dividends for many a year to come. —RAY CUNNINGHAM.

THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

The University Glee Club made its debut for the 1923 season before an appreciative audience in Mishawaka, Wednesday evening, December 12. The program was exceptionally well chosen, the numbers well balanced, and all was rendered with a fluency that predicts a successful season. Much of the credit for the facility the club has thus far attained is due to the untiring efforts of Dr. J. Lewis Browne, Director, and his worthy assistant, Mr. Joseph Casasanta. Doctor Browne's control of the voices was complete, and the tone mixtures achieved under his guidance were beautiful. This was particularly marked in Mozart-MacColl's, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," and the reception given this number by the enthusiastic audience must have been very gratifying to the club. Perfect enunciation together with sympathetic rendition gave this old favorite a fresh appeal.

"Old King Cole" (Forsythe), illustrated very well the tone range possessed by the club this year. The rendering of certain lines in alternating Tenor and Basso produced an effect that would have been entirely lost if done less well.

The Club was worthily assisted by three unusual artists from South Bend. Miss Josephine Decker, a contralto of unusual ability, rendered several numbers most capably and was well received. To Miss Maud Weber is much credit due for her intelligent accompanying throughout the evening. Marjorie Berteling Galloway awoke "concords of sweet sounds" from the piano, with that lack of effort which characterizes the master of any art.

The concert of the evening was brought to a successful close with Brahm's Rhapsody, a most difficult number in which Miss Decker sang the contralto solo with much understanding and feeling in harmony with the Club that rendered its part equally well. This particular number is probably the most difficult ever attempted by a University Glee Club and the fact that the attempt was so successful speaks volumes for the ability of the Club of this year.

The personnel of the club consists of:

Honorable president, Rev. Matthew Walsh; president, Thos. H. Hodgson; vice-president, Francis Howland; business manager, George Koch; conductor, Dr. J. Lewis Brown; assistant conductor, Mr. Joseph J. Casasanta; tenors, John Kevill, Vernon Rikard, Henry M. Padden, Thomas O'Connor, Harlan O. Herman, Jack Curtis, Edward O'Tool, John P. Butler, Peter M. LaCava, Raymond Skerriff, John F. Stoeckley, Victor Lemmer, Robert Rink, Robert Dixon, Seward E. Bower, Karl A. Paulessen, J. Arthur Haley, Edmond J. Banks, Thomas J. Ahearn, Paul F. DePaolis, John B. Lenehan; bassos, George Koch, Francis Howland, Charles L. Baumgartner, George G. Ward, George C. Malley, Albert E. Foos, Jay Masenick, Joseph Prelli, Clifford Noonan, Carl Schaffer, Francis Aley, Robert Welch, Raymond Brady, Alfred L. Meyers, Claude Pitsenberger, Thomas Hodgson, Neil Regan.

—DENNIS O'NEIL.

REVIEWS.

Talks to Boys, By Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J.; Benziger Brothers, New York, Chicago. $0.25.

—"Talks to Boys" is a series of articles which appeared originally in the Queen's Work. Their purpose is to afford a guide to boys approaching manhood to make them realize the importance of putting into practice the things they have been taught.

Father Conroy knows boys and he appreciates their problems; in his talks he does not preach—there are few things that a boy dislikes more—but talks in a straightforward manner in a way that cannot help accomplishing his purpose.

In an introductory note by the author, he states that many boys have referred to his little lessons as stories. Than this there can be no more favorable criticism for it goes to show that Father Conroy's young readers realize his point of view in setting down the everyday experiences of a boy to aid him in a supernatural way.

F. T. K.

"The Rover," By Joseph Conrad; Doubleday, Page and Company; New York.

—No matter how favorably one may regard Joseph Conrad, there is some justification for the opinion that "The Rover" is not so good a novel as one has a right to expect from the great master of the sea, after a silence of three years. As a matter of fact, Conrad has blundered; he blundered some twenty years ago when he wrote "Lord Jim." Now he is suffering the penalty of having written his best work at almost the very outset of his career, and nothing he has done since, nor anything he is likely to do, can approach the polish of that psychological study.

"The Rover" has more historical background than any of his novels. "The Arrow of Gold," it is true, deals with the Carlist movement during the fourth quarter of the last century, but Dona Rita and Monsieur George occupy so much of his attention that what history there is is even less than incidental.

In this, his latest work, Conrad takes up the Napoleonic era, a time when the tumbrils had scarcely ceased to rattle through the streets, and when the horrors of the Revolution were still fresh in the memories of the people. To a secluded farm-house, inhabited by an old woman, by an ex-sansculotte, and by a girl half-crazed by her experiences with the blood-thirsty mobs in Toulon, as well as by the death of her relatives, comes Master-Gunner Peyrol, privateer and rover of the seas, to spend his last days among the quiet scenes of his youth. His fifty-eight years of activity, most of them passed in activities neither innocent nor unsophisticated, have prepared him for peace, and he takes up his new life in the hope of living it undisturbed; the care of his tartane which he purchased to occupy his idle moments, absorbs all his attention.

Peyrol is again drawn into the political whirlpool, from which he has withdrawn, by Lieutenant Real, who is sent by Bonaparte to find a man who will aid him in breaking the blockade the English are maintaining about the French coast. Peyrol returns to the sea and the story moves on to its close, providing a dramatic finish for the ex-privateer—the kind he would have wished—on the deck of his ship. As a foil for the principal character is the romance of Lieutenant Real and Arlette, the girl who stared "as if he had been gilt all over, with three heads and seven arms on his body." A strange way, surely, for a girl to look at a naval lieutenant, but Payrol, who speaks the words, is not unfamiliar with the idols of the Orient, and, for that matter, neither is Joseph Conrad, who spent twenty years of his life in the far places.

"The Rover" is not Conrad at his best. There appears to be an arbitrary and illogical twisting of the plot, and it contains few of the passages for which he is famed. It would seem that he is endeavoring to reach a wider audience for whom his former works had little appeal.

Despite what faults the book may have, however, there are many glimpses of the Conrad of "Lord Jim," the same Conrad who penned the preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and there are those who will continue to read him even if he confines his efforts to writing prefaces to cook books.

—J. S. B.

"Inward Ho!" By Christopher Morley; Doubleday, Page and Company; New York.

—Christopher Morley is a genial enthusiast, and enthusiasts are oftentimes dangerous; to have such a person's heart run away with his head has not been altogether unknown. Mr. Morley, however, is enthusiastic about such worthy things and causes, that the only danger is that if he should lay down his pen the younger generation of authors would be without a member it can ill afford to lose.

Joseph Conrad and Walt Whitman are two of the men for whom he has a warm regard; to Conrad he dedicates "Inward Ho!" and Whitman is the subject of a number of its pages. "It is a hard lesson he teaches us," says Morley of Whitman. "It is a long, tough doctrine to ponder, this tossing away of natural and defensive instinct, the decent inquiry *Will people like this? Is it tactful, or will it offend? Will it be misunderstood?* Of course, Walt, like every other nourishing viand, needs to be chewed, not just bolted."

That is, by the way, one of the best things about Morley's book. Open it anywhere, read a paragraph, and you have material for an hour's thought.

The author's purpose is well set forth in his preface. ". . . .I have always hankered to put down some of my private pensiveness about the nature and purport of literature (and especially poetry). This is not a book of literary criticism, but something much less skillful and much more important—an attempt to probe those disturbances and ecstacies that engender literature. It is an attempt to avert my eyes from facts. I even thought of it as a sort of eccentric textbook for students."

When it is said that he has carried out his purpose, there is nothing to be added. "Have faith in poets," he says, and one might say further that it is an easy task to have faith in Christopher Morley for his facile pen has recorded many things that otherwise would have been unnoticed.

—J. S. B.

The Banner of the Bull, By Rafael Sabatini; Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. $2.00.

—One of the characters in history who has left a slightly unpleasant record for posterity is Cesare Borgia, the Duke of Valentinois, whose craftiness inspired Macchiavelli's "The Prince." But men whose actions are not always governed by the ten commandments are often times picturesque, and, like the pirate and freebooter, they "add a titillating twang to the pudding that goes to make up our civilization."

And now Rafael Sabatini, having acquired a public which devours with avidity everything he writes, has followed the extremely wise, not to say lucrative, practice of reprinting a number of books he wrote when Scaramouche was merely a figure in medieval comedies. "The Banner of the Bull" is the best of these inasmuch as his portrayal of Cesare Borgia approaches the finesse of Scaramouche more nearly than anything else that he has done.

The book contains three episodes. The first tells how the wily duke gained possession of a strong fortress by taking into consideration the love which the daughter of the castellan had for one of his lieutenants. The second relates how Cesare was outwitted by a woman who proved to be as resourceful and intrepid as himself. It was the only time in his career that Borgia was outdone at his own game of intrigue, and this woman saved her family and a man she loved from Cesare's vengeance. In the third episode Borgia discovers a plot to take his life headed by the envoy from the Republic of Venice. He procures the death of the envoy without straining friendly relations with the Republic, and, at the same time keeps his promise to the envoy's wife to whom he had said that her husband would not be harmed by any of the Borgia followers.

The book makes fascinating reading, but it will probably take more than Sabatini's attempt to place Cesare Borgia in a favorable light to break down the abhorrence with which he has always been regarded.

—J. S. B.

The Marriage Verdict, By Frank Spearman; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

—Perhaps the greatest single fault of Catholic fiction writers as a whole is that when writing on subjects which call for treatment from a Catholic point of view they persist in draggiing in theology by the

heels. The effect is deplorable, for not only does the story resemble a moral treatise, but it does not attract those who would profit most by becoming familiar with Catholic teaching. Readers do not, as a rule, greatly relish having the views of others imposed on them dogmatically. There are happier ways of setting forth Catholic teaching than by laying down theses which are demonstrated and proved for the benefit of those who have bought a book, not primarily for its moral value, but for the story it contains.

A number of years ago Frank Spearman wrote what is still his best novel, "Robert Kimberly," which gave the Catholic doctrine on divorce which may be favorably compared in many respects to Mrs. Wilfred Ward's "One Poor Scruple." Spearman's latest novel, "The Marriage Verdict," is very similar in plot to "Robert Kimberly." The heroine, unhappily married to a man who has directed his amorous attentions in other directions, seeks her release from the marriage bond, but because she is a Catholic, knows that her Church forbids it. The only great difference between Spearman's earlier novel and "The Marriage Verdict" is that in "Robert Kimberly" the heroine is released by death, whereas in "The Marriage Verdict" the difficulty is solved by invoking the Pauline Privilege.

Spearman is apparently as much at home in the realm of "big business" as he is when dealing with railroads and real estate, for, on the surface, that is the main theme of his book with the love affair of Louise Durand and Henry Janeway running through it and unifying it. The scene is laid in Fond du Lac, and with that city Mr. Spearman takes many liberties which one supposes are justifiable for the sake of his story.

After reading "Robert Kimberly," "The Marriage Verdict" depends for the most part upon plot,—a plot which is by no means extraordinary, and which could have been just as well handled by any of a number of modern Catholic authors who have not the native gifts of Frank Spearman.

—J. S. B.

"INITIATION."

The reader of "Initiation," Monsignor Benson's novel, may, like the hero Sir Neville, do three things at once: He may become interested in Mrs. Bessington and her daughter Enid, and by the law of association, recall similar types among his feminine acquaintances; he may consider the psychological effects of Enid's guile upon the unsophisticated youth; and he may trace the development of the underlying theme viz., that it is only through suffering and resignation one can atone for sin and find rest and peace in God.

Mrs. Bessington's loquacity with its frothy vrebiage which bubbles up like yeast and quickly subsides leaving a vacuum, forms the thread of humor throughout the story. Her type is to be met in all states of society. Under the cover of a forced and showy exterior she tries to hold her own by living up to the conventions of her set, in order that her selfish daughter may gratify her desire of worldly prestige and eclat. It is only when the curtain is drawn by the unseen hand of incident, that the true character of the mother is revealed showing a heart brave and true, but crushed and saddened by the trials that have been brought upon her by her over indulgence to Enid in her childhood; and by the utter lack of Christian education in the development of the girl's life.

In drawing this character Father Benson gives a warning to all worldly mothers who think more of the material welfare of their darlings, than of their immortal souls; and shows clearly that culture of mind without culture of heart, is barren of virtue and brings only the fruit of bitterness and failure in life to mother and child.

Enid is an egoist. How could she be otherwise? From her cradle she had been petted and spoiled; her every whim had been gratified by idolizing parents; until the will, which had never been controlled, became indomitable, and would brook no interference, no matter what the cost. An only child, it was inevitable that she would become selfish. There was no one to share with, consequently the ego was surfeited and her desires grew with her unrestrained passions. She knew nothing of the "Gospel" of self-sacrifice, but was inured in self-

worship which eventually led her to mar the happiness of her own life and that of those dear to her. Though but a girl in years she had acquired a double personality, one for the public, a charming social being whose attractions were quite irresistible, another her home-self, unscrupulous, scornful, and ungovernable.

On meeting with Sir Neville, she at once recognized her opportunity to obtain a title and independent wealth, accordingly she pruned her wits for the occasion. That the youth was unacquainted with woman's wiles was quite evident from his attitude toward her mother and the utter frankness with which he voiced his likes and dislikes of those things that grated upon his supersensitive nature. She planned to play a sympathetic role until she had obtained her prize. How cleverly she enacted her part is shown in the details of Sir Neviille's courtship and his rude awakening.

Deftly the author draws the charms of Enid as they appear exteriorly and shows their psychological effect on the young man as he becomes more and more impressed with the estimable qualities of her mind and heart, until she is to him the embodiment of the highest ideal of womanhood. At last he has found a kindred spirit and he longs to have her fill the void of comradeship in his life. In this union he is to find the acme of earthly happiness. Joy without the shadow of the cross. Then follows the auto-mishap, which causes the mask to fall from the dazzling exterior of the girl and reveals a repulsive interior of concentrated self. Sir Neville finds his idol to be a gilded bit of clay. Stunned at the discovery he goes home to Aunt Anna, a truly Christian woman, who, when she heard of his intended marriage, quickly stifled her ambitions for little Jim, the heir presumptive, and generously devoted her efforts to promote Sir Neville's happiness; although her intuition told her that it would end in a misalliance. Now, when he returns to her dazed and desolate, she endeavors to bring him back to his former happy state, and with assiduous care, sacrifices her interests and little Jim's enjoyments whenever they seem to clash with Sir Neville's welfare.

While not a devotee, Mrs. Fanning is a good Catholic mother, and her life is witness of her early Christian training. Little Jim is her all, yet her mother-love is ever firm and prudent in dealing with him. Many little instances in the story show that he is taught self-restraint and thoughtfulness for others. Thus the author brings out in strong contrast to Mrs. Bessington and Enid, the great value of Christian virtues in the life of a child.

In Mr. Northrop, Aunt Anna's counsellor, we have the exemplar of Catholic manhood, a gentleman of exceptional worth whose practical judgment and staunch Catholic principles are evidenced in the advice that he gives to Mrs. Fanning in her perplexing difficulties; as he delicately prepares her for the initiation of sorrow which his keen vision sees will soon follow. He, too, had just passed through the crucible of sufferings; and the calm resignation with which he accepts the death of his only daughter shows her how heroically he has submitted his own will to the Will of God.

The account of the deathbed scene between the old baronet and his son, convinced Mr. Northrop that somehow, sometime, the genealogical stream of this noble Catholic family had become contaminated; and the prophecy of Scripture regarding parental sin, was now to be fulfilled in the unconscious youth. He, the last of the direct descendants, through suffering was to make the final atonement. Not however to his spiritual cost, God's justice would not permit that; but through renunciation and physical suffering which would reveal to him the transitoriness of the earthly joys and open to him the gates of Heaven.

Voluntarily Sir Neville had offered to atone, but the words were spoken merely to ease the distress of a dying parent, with no thought as to what the obligation might entail, or by what means it was to be accomplished; and without the slightest suspicion that the seed of atonement had already begun to germinate in his system. This typical Englishman, cultured, fond of sports, was primarily engaged in seeking something tangible to fix his affections upon, something that without disturbing the even tenor of his ways, would engross his attention, and satisfy his craving for peace and contentment.

His association with the good Jesuits at Stonyhurst led him at first to turn to them for guidance, as to his vocation. He really thought of joining the order. But they convinced him his calling in life lay in another direction. Conservative by nature, the flippant small talk of society bored him; so he took himself to Rome, in hopes that in the Heart of the Church he would at least find quiet and rest. Then came the meeting with Enid, its brief illusion of happiness and its harrowing consequences which closed his second venture in search of joy without the cross.

With characteristic English pluck he quickly rallied from his disappointment and started his quest again. This time he turned to nature, thinking to find in her wondrous beauties and immutable laws, something permanent that could not elude his grasp. But the attack of sudden blindness reminds him that she too is a gift of God and may be denied if the Divine Will so plans.

Unfortunately for Sir Neville, the strained relations with Father Richardson, his chaplain, deprived him of that priestly counsel which was so necessary for one of his temperament. This estrangement from his spiritual guide is the most regrettable incident in the story. True his Religion was an affair of the head rather than of the heart, yet he would not willingly relinquish his Faith, although it had become slightly tainted with modernism; besides, the regular observances of his obligatory duties was proof that he was well-meaning at heart. One cannot help but wonder, what a tactful and sympathetic handling of the young man might have effected. Father Richardson was undoubtedly a holy man, but he belonged to that class of saints for whom the little one prayed when she said: "Dear God, please make good people nice." Monsignor Benson, whose zeal for souls was so great, has evidently given this chapter as food for refiection to all who are more just than merciful.

Let us turn from this shadow to one of the most charming interests of the book, viz, the irrepressible Jim with his collies. The touches of nature exhibited by this happy trio are strewn throughout the story like dancing sunbeams through threatening clouds, and act as a tonic to the jaded spirits of the grownups. They reveal the author's keen observing powers and knowledge of the child mind. To one familiar with the "Memoirs of Hugh" by A. C. Benson, Jim is a portrayal of little "Ken," whom the author loved and cherished so dearly.

In the last chapter Sir Neville submits to an operation and learns the great lesson of life: To be a Chirstian one must embrace the cross and drink the chalice of suffering before obtaining eternal happiness. During the hours that he lingers in the shadowland, between death and life, the curtain is withdrawn, and he realizes for the first time, that his search for peace and contentment has been in the opposite direction from the goal—the Cross leads to the crown. He immediately resigns himself to the inevitable, makes his peace with God, and on his return home erects the beautiful monument of the "Pieta" to commemorate his initiation. Calmly and prayerfully he awaits the last summons, which soon follows. His atonement is consummated; his quest is ended.

The story is true to life, typical of the drama which is daily enacted in modern society, often with a tragical end. The psychological analyses of the youth's struggle shows the author to have been a keen student of human nature, with a kindly sympathetic feeling for those who stray, and a searcher of the good even in the doubtful.

We feel as we close the book, that Monsignor Benson's earnest spirit has spoken to us from its pages, that the experiences which it relates have been attested and vouched for, and that its suggestions will be helpful to all who are willing to accept them.

—S. M. C.

HURRAH!

We look into books
  For shades and spooks,
And things that never could be;
But the world literary
  Is so deuced contrary
That c's are no bigger than t's.

WHAT OF "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE?"

Trust Bernard Shaw to exercise the remotest cell of idea-ism, to proffer for assimilation some form of hitherto unconcocted revolution of feeling. Some years ago (about 1897 to be discriminative) this gentleman put forth a play known as *The Devil's Disciple,* which appeared a few years later with *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *Captain Brasshound's Conversion* as what is known as *Three Plays for Puritans.* The title of the volume is misleading, diabolical. If what were known as *Puritans* should examine the book they would no doubt resent the allusion that the books were written for their expressive pleasure, and they might rightfully do so.

For with all the lengthy and laborious preface which Mr. Shaw has attached afront the plays I can not conceive the appropriateness of the heading, even yet. True, they have a certain moral air of right and wrong (as ethics), but the fine liines of Puritanism are not defined as clearly as Puritanism itself would have defined them. But let that pass.

The point of all is this: They are delightful plays, plays that, although cynical, are delightful from their very sense of worthiness. Shaw has tried to put into dramatical form some of the truisms that he surmises as identical with reality; and he has in a spacious measure succeeded in his attempt. There is one way of judging a composition, for merit, that is. If you can dissect it with the realization that your analysis is breaking down something really intricate and interwoven, then the work is a creditable one. That is the feeling you get when you do bisection work with *The Devil's Disciple.*

Some writers were never made to write fiction, and yet they write it. The imaginative *litterateur* who compounds novels might well be a news reporter or a dramatic critic. There are many paradoxes in life. Sometimes in scrubby looking glasses is reflected beauty in loveliness. And then there is the labouring scribe who believes his field lies on Broadway with the hits of the season whereas he could more effectively apply his talent to the composition of heretical verse.

Here at Notre Dame we have the dramatic, the literary, the poetic atmosphere. It successively pervades every building, every room. And somehow out of it all there is that supreme confusion of sentiment that can be well translated into literature. Tradition means nothing if it is not knit well together with the threads of sentiment, or religion. Why Notre Dame does not produce a master poet, a master essayist, a master dramatist, one can not say. Truly there is romance here. Romance! . . . . Beauty! . . . . Silence! . . . . God!

Oscar Wilde always puzzled the elect with his versatility. When one sees that screaming farce "*The Importance of Being Earnest* one is at a loss to connect him with the *Ballad of Reading Goal.* The two compositions seem so far apart that they are paradoxal. But there is the nut to the question! It explains Shaw thoroughly. In the dissimiliarity can be annoted the very flares in humanity, the red flares of sorrow, the flames of virtuous comedy.

I should hesitate to define any of Bernard's dramatics. They are so mixed and tumbled with the irony of life as it is lived there is little room for discriminations. There are times when you smile (laugh) but the comedy of it does not suggest humor, rather it denotes a simple twist of ironic taste that spreads the mouth in half grin.

In this volume, *Plays for Puritans,* there are two other plays, namely *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *Captain Brasshound's Conversion* which I have mentioned before in passing. They are both witting companions of the *Devil.* In the former occurs this scene, an accurate example of the author's sly representation:

CAESAR (*as the conviction that he is really awake forces itself upon him.*) Cleopatra: can you see my face well?

CLEOPATRA. Yes. It is so white in the moonlight.

CAESAR. Are you sure it is the moonlight that makes me look whiter than an Egyptian? (*Grimly*) Do you notice that I have a rather long nose?

CLEOPATRA. (*recoiling, paralyzed by a terrible suspicion.*) Oh!

CAESAR. It is a Roman nose, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA. Ah! (*With a piercing*

scream she springs up; darts round to the left shoulder of the Sphinx; scrambles down to the sands and falls on her knees in frantic supplication, shrieking.) Bite him in two, Sphinx; bite him in two. I meant to sacriifice the white cat—I did indeed—I (*Caesar, who has slipped down from the pedestal, touches her on the shoulder.*) Ah! (*She buries her head in her arms.*)

CAESAR. Cleopatra: shall I teach you a way to prevent Caesar from eating you?

Thus we have a short taste of Shaw at his best (or worst). There is something about his subtility and deft treatment which can not be termed by anything except a variation of his own name, which would be *Shawian.* That is precisely what it is.

In *The Devil's Disciple* one finds a slightly altered method of treatment, a treatment not exactly anti-Shawian, but at least a varied phrase of it. In Richard we have a criminal type, scarce realistic, but so convincing under Shaws' hand that he appears real throughout, though we have the impression in the back of our skulls all along that he is but a Punch on the terminus of a string.

Shaw admits his mechanics crude, "hackneyed," but this is merely an idle apology. In truth his methods are decidedly novel, truly new and bubbling with the disseminated glow of his own intellect. He is socialistic enough (in the English way) to put glaring lights on the commonplace, to bolster up the sordid to appear as a sparkling diamond. In this he succeeds in a measure, a big measure, perhaps; in a measure at least which "puts him over big," from a dramatic and audience vantage.

A few years ago England and America watched with interest Shaw's arguments with the liberalists, Belloc and G. K. Chesterton. Gilbert K. Chesterton was a master of the paradoxial and clever diction. Belloc was sound in his argument. This combination of brains and paradox, called by Mr. Shaw himself the Chesterbelloc alignment, bore heavily into the ramparts of Shawism, which was for the most part cynical, and a large part back-thought. Who won? No one ever knew or cared to know. Chesterton was converted to the Catholic faith and it ended. Shaw still remains the champion of ideas which he promulgates with no vicious tenacity. This is to his credit. His convictions, strong as they may be, are ethereal; it is well he is a playwright, for if he were merely a preacher then his bread would not be buttered. Would he have any bread?

This is Shawian, it is imbibed with that kind of paradox-cynicism that makes him the famous conjurer that he is:

"Is it clear now, why the theatre was insufferable to me; why it left its black mark on my bones as it has left its black mark on the character of the nation; why I call the Puritans to rescue it again as they rescued it before when its foolish pursuit of pleasure sunk it in 'profaneness and immorality'? I have, I think, always been a Puritan in my attitude toward Art. I am as fond of fine music and handsome building as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were becoming the instruments of a systematic idolatry of the sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to pieces with dynamite, organ and all, without the least heed to the screams of the art critics and cultured voluptuaries."

The excerpt is a short one from a long paragraph in his preface to *Three Plays for Puritans.*

There is a noble sentiment in Shaw. He is not content with rounding off his thought with a perfection of colour, an exactness of diction; he lights the red flares of opinion as if it were the Glorious Fourth, and suffers them to burn far into the night, beacons of his opinions. And that is why the world has listened. He has talked about himself and his views until the reading English and American public has forced itself into a semi-comatose condition, capable of being electrically stimulated into mental activity.

G. K. C. is in certain modes likewise; though less boistrous and more positively scholarly in his theories. Chesterton is an inciter of public opinion. He is one of the massive thinkers to which the world of thinkers usually go for their leadership of thinking.

—FRANCIS MILLER.

EDUCATION ELSEWHERE.

BY RAY CUNNINGHAM.

BRIDE'S GROOM IS BEST MAN.

"Why is it that at a wedding the groom is never the best man," inquires the *Columbia Spectator?* How absurd! At all the weddings that we recall the groom was the best man—in the opinion of the bride.

***

MENTAL ANESTHESIA.

We heard about Albert Sommer and Howard Spencer of Badin Hall who went to a dance after having shaved with tooth-paste and after having put Vick's VapoRub in their hair, and we gave them the laurels for absent-mindedness. But Northwestern and Indiana universities each present a specimen that would give these Badinites plenty of competition. Northwestern's student put his dirty shirt to bed and then jumped down the laundry chute, while Indiana boasts of a student who poured molasses down his back and then scratched his pancakes.

***

DOES IT PAY?

"It was a fine stay. . . .Notre Dame's hospitality ranks alongside its marvelous gridiron machine. Both are the best in the world." That is the gist of the editorial which appeared in the *Georgia Technique*, after the rooters had returned to Atlanta.

***

DISCIPLINARY MATTER FOR THE I. C. S.

An editor of one of the exchanges noticed his associate mailing some empty envelopes, and curiously he inquired the reason. The reply was: "Oh, I'm cutting classes in a correspondence school." So far we have heard nothing about this method of procedure from Gov. Walsh, through the Religious Bulletin.

***

THE POOR FISH!

The Student Activities Committee of Notre Dame has just published its student directory, and within its pages we find a predominating class of "micks" that has earned for us the appellation of the "Fighting Irish." There are also a number of "micks" included between the covers of the student directory of Wisconsin University, but that which particularly impressed us was that there are only three Fish enrolled there, in spite of the fact that the co-eds, like all other females of a co-ed institution, seem to think that there are thousands.

***

FOR TRUTH'S SAKE.

We are all advised to keep two diaries, because, according to the *Torch*, we should have one for reading purposes and the other in which to tell the truth. Samuel Pepys, the renowned English diarist, probably would not sanction such an action were he alive today; but why worry about Pepys? They would read something like this:

Date—December 15, '23.

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

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

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

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

Great girl. Must see her again.

***

Truthfully it would read:

Date—December 15, '23.

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

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

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

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

Dear Editor:

How can I keep lean?

—Lena.

***

Dear Lena:

Go down to the Oliver and lean against the revolving door for ten minutes every morning.

***

The young lady across the way says that she likes to visit prisons and such but that she noticed that almost all the men in them are criminals of one kind or the other.

***

He wrote—

My Sweetie: When you write to me
You fill my pleasure cup.
But please use cheaper paper, love,
It's hard to tear 'em up.

***

She wrote—

My Love: You are a sickly sheik—
Away outside the cave man zone.
What would you do, sweet, if we lived
Within the age of stone?

***

Time: Two A. M.

Wifie (at head of stairway): John, WHY don't you ever think of me—

John: Dashn't m' love. Shpoil m' whole evenin'.

***

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

Babette: There goes Freddie. Wouldn't that little mustache of his just tickle you to death?

Gorgette: Not the first date, it wouldn't.

NO %.

Abie: Fader, I'd give a mint to have a car.

Fader: Shis-sh, Abie, that's bad business.

***

ISABELLA'S BEAUTY PA'LA.

Oh, ya oughta see 'em come from
Isabella's Beauty Pa'la'.
Oh, boy, they knock ya dumb. Say, listen—
for a dolla',
She'll make an ace of any face that's
badly sprained or wrenched.
She'll recompose a nose that's froze to
pass a judge's bench.
An ear thats' sprung or badly wrung, she'll
glue up cute and fruity,
This dame but scans the worst of pans and
lams 'em into beauty.
If you've a wrinkle on your phiz or own
a double chin,
She'll roll it out, her method is an
eight-pound rolling pin.
A silhouette that looks all wet, she'll
cuff and slug until,
Midst steam and sweat a gay coquette is
born beneath her skill.
And walking by most any guy can hear
loud wails and groans,
And hear the thud of clay and mud
upon the hags and crones.
But all the vamps and beauty champs her
teachings closely foll'a.
So whoop it up girls, "Whe-e-e-" for
Isabella's Beauty Pa'la'.

—KOLARS.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS

THOMAS COMAN.

NOTRE DAME-BUTLER GAME.

Marking the last home appearance of the Notre Dame football team for the 1923 season, the Rockmen decisively whipped Pate Page's Butler College squad, 34 to 7 on Cartier field, Saturday, November 17.

The game was also the last home appearance of a group of gridiron veterans, including Captain Harvey Brown, Gene Oberst, Gene Mayl, Robert Reagan, Joe "Dutch" Bergman, Willie "Red" Maher, Tim Murphy and Frank Reese, all of whom have completed their three years of college football.

The Butler tangle was featured by everything in footballdom!—riotous with action and replete with thrills and sensational runs. The Irish appeared on the field still feeling the effects of the Nebraska upset, and unleashed everything they had in the way of speed, and strength. The terrific zest of the game became more intensified as the afternoon wore on and the last 10 minutes of play were just as colorful as was the opening quarter.

Stuhldreher, Layden and Miller performed in elegant fashion for the Blue and Gold, with an exhibition of brains, line plunging and speedy open field running. Stuhldreher uncorked the spectacular, when he received Griggs' pass deep in his own territory and following an interference that was remarkable for its speed, the diminutive general raced 68 yards for a touchdown. It was only with the shiftiest of shifts that Stuhldreher broke away from the Butler forwards that came down under the punt.

Notre Dame paid the price for the victory that brought the state title, when Don Miller, Rockne's most consistent groundgainer of the year, was badly injured on a hard tackle after a 38-yard dash across the field, in which he eluded tackler after tackler. The injury recalled to the minds of the fans that it was in the Butler game of 1922 that Notre Dame lost Paul Castner, her best bid for all-American honors and the nucleus of the attack that was being planned for Nebraska. Notre Dame must now face the brilliant aggregation at Carnegie Tech the following Saturday, without the service of Miller.

Rockne had two powerful full backs in the Butler game, who tore the downstaters' line to shreds with their fierce line plunging. Cerney, who started the game did not get much chance to show in the first quarter, came back again in the second half to break up the Butler defense with all his speed and strength.

Layden, who replaced Cerney at full, displayed a consistent ability all through the game to make long gains through the center of the line, and in many instances would have traveled much farther, had he not slipped and fell. Jimmy Crowley, the running mate of Miller, held down his side of the backfield with a brand of steadiness. Crowley was good for 10 or 15 yards through tackle every time he was called on to carry the ball and also skirted the ends for 20 and 30 yards.

Notre Dame made 24 first downs while Butler was making four, three of which came in the last quarter due to a passing attack.

Butler had a good kicker in Griggs, a peculiar shift that proved valueless save to protect a few passes and three men on their line that offered the Irish plenty of fight. Outside of that, the Pagemen were out of their class, although they would be the wonder team in small college circles. Earlier in the season, the Capitol city lads went down to play the "Fighting Illini" and succeeded in holding Zuppke's proteges to a 2 to 7 score.

Butler made her lone score in the Irish fracas, when they blocked a Notre Dame punt on the third play of the game and Duttenhaver, of the visitors, fell on the ball behind the Irish goal. From then on, the Pagemen never proved dangerous and after trying the Rockmen's line for three downs without gaining over a few feet, they were content to let Griggs punt.

With the ball in the possession of the Irish, the visitors found great difficulty in weaving through the Notre Dame interference, and Butler's best man, Duttenhaver, found it more convenient to get through the line and follow in behind the Irish interference.

Notre Dame tried but a few passes to

vary the monotony of the running game, and three out of five were completed for substantial gains.

An avalanche of speed and superhuman courage swept down upon the field in the final quarter with Cerney, Connell and Houser in the back field. Connell let loose with a specimen of eastern football when he tore off-tackle and around the end with a slashing speed that wrecked the visitors' defense. Tackler after tackler tried to bring the flying Connell to earth, but it was of no avail. Several times, the Irish back would race into the opponents' tacklers with such recklessness that the stands would gasp with awe and marvel at Connell's escape from injury.

Notre Dame garnered two points in the first quarter when they held Butler on their own 5-yard line and on the fourth down, Mayl raced in and threw Griggs for a 5-yard loss and a safety.

Griggs made a bad kick and with the ball in midfield, Crowley made 25 yards around the end and Layden tore through center for ten more. Two more tries at the line and Layden accounted for another 10 yards. Layden, Crowley and Miller rushed the ball to the 3-yard mark from where Layden went over the line.

Butler's punt from behind her own goal was blocked and the second score was made when Miller raced around the end for 6 yards. Layden, Crowley and Maher, who replaced Miller who was injured, cavorted up the field and when 12 yards from Butler's goal, Stuhldreher uncorked the trick that baffled Army. Layden separated from the backfield and took Stuhldreher's pass over to the side of the field where not a Butler man was able to impede the score.

Early in the fourth quarter, the visitors were trying hard to make their first downs on line plunges, but finding that the Irish line would yield only a few inches, Griggs punted to Stuhldreher who ran 68 yards through the entire opposition for a touchdown. The work of Charley Collins on this run was spectacular in that he took two Butler men out of the play with one block. The work of Collins all through the game was of the fighting brand, and his speed in getting in at the ball toter was exemplified when he dropped Griggs for an 11-yard loss.

In the last period with Connell, Cerney and Houser in the backfield, the Irish smashed their way through the Pagemens' ranks and hung up the last tally.

Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech Game.

The Notre Dame football team, travelling east for the third and last time during the season of 1923, met and defeated the brilliant Carnegie Tech eleven, 26 to 0, on Forbes field, Pittsburgh, November 24.

Although not anticipating a victory over the Fighting Irish, the Tech gridders led by their dauntless captain, Jimmy Robertson, felt capable of holding the visitors to a low score, considering how ably they performed against the strong Pittsburg eleven and the contingent from W. and J.

The playing field was wet and consequently made the going rough for both sides, but the Skibos, facing the brilliant attack and superb defense of the Hoosiers, fough as they never fought before, and were still fighting when the final whistle sounded marking the close of the Tech's football season and the last appearance of the phenomenal Jimmy Robertson, whose scintillating performance on the gridiron for the past three years had electrified the sporting world.

Connell, Crowley, Layden and Bergman comprised an elegant ground-gaining quartet, and time after time drew the crowds to their feet with their spectacular running. Connell lead the scoring work with two touchdowns, while Layden and Maher each contributed a tally to the score books.

Doc Connell, who featured the last quarter of the Butler game with his speed and terrific driving power, appeared in the Irish backfield at Carnegie and uncorked everything he had in reserve for the benefit of the Skibos and the Pittsburg fans who battled for seating room in Forbes field to get a glimpse of the Fighting Irish in action.

The Rockmen began their parade early in the first quarter after an exchange of punts had been to their adavntage, and which featured the running of Connell who reeled off 37 yards, while Crowley, Layden and Struhldreher counted for 15 more. Connell made the last run of the parade,

covering the ground for 20 yards, placing the ball on the Tech 2-yard line. Notre Dame covered a total of 70 yards without once losing the ball or being forced to punt. Layden dove over the line for the first counter.

Carnegie threatened to score but once during the entire game, when after making their first down, the brilliant Robertson and his running mate Brumbaugh began to burn up the sod with speed and rushed the ball to the Irish 10-yard line, where Walsh intercepted a pass and Notre Dame kicked out of danger.

One of the unique plays of the game which occurred at the opening of the struggle was the 7-yard loss experienced by the Carnegie Tech backfield on the first three plays, when Notre Dame forwards broke through and spilled the Skibo backs for losses. The Tartans had found at the very outset that the Notre Dame line was of more than the stonewall variety, and that it was anything but an immovable machine; rather one well equipped with speed.

Just after the second quarter opened, and a few plays had been executed, Robertson punted to Notre Dame, but the ball touched an onside Tartan player and rolled along the ground until Brown of Notre Dame recovered it. According to the ground rule, the opponents were given the ball at the point on the field where it had touched the onside played on the other side. With the ball in midfield, Doc Connell broke loose on the first play and raced around the end for 41 yards and a touchdown. The run was characteristic of Notre Dame football and the interference ably given and quickly formed by the Hoosier eleven, was as Grantland Rice terms it: "Of the most elegant variety."

Robertson made a wonderful 25-yard return of the kick-off and was finally downed in midfield after beautifully eluding several tacklers. Occasionally such flashes of superior football as this showed up in the Tartan ranks, which proved the Skibos' ability to beat the strong Pittsburg contingent. Robertson made another spectacular return in the second quarter of 27 yards and his team mate Brumbaugh added 15 yards through the line for the Tartan advance which was stopped on the next play by the Irish defense.

In the third quarter the Rockmen staged the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and marched up the field for 71 yards for the third touchdown of the game, which was put over by Doc Connell. It was another spectacular play, in which the speedy Connell, after fumbling the pass from center, recovered the ball, reversed his course and raced 20 yards for the score.

In the last quarter, the Notre Dame football machine freshened by substitutes, whose work drew the praise of the crowd, made their last march up the field and sent Maher over the line for the last tally.

Notre Dame-St. Louis Game.

The Notre Dame football team, led by the inimitable Captain Harvey Brown, made their last appearance on the gridiron for the season of 1924, when they met and defeated the University of St. Louis 13 to 0 at Sportsman Park, St. Louis, Thursday, November 30.

It was Notre Dame's first football appearance in the Mound city and after playing through a brilliant season which was marred only by the Nebraska upset, the football followers of the country were expecting the Fighting Irish to pile up a huge score against the proteges of Dan Savage. Hence it was with no little surprise that the sport fans read the score of two touchdowns and one point after score. A large figure was impossible considering the condition of the playing field which was ankle deep in mud and made handling of the ball similar to a juggling act. Forward passes and end runs were almost entirely out of the question since the loose footing prohibited the possibility of any speed.

Elmer Layden, to whom Walter Eckersall has accorded the honor as being one of the greatest full backs of the season, scored both touchdowns for Notre Dame by steady plunging through the line. The first tally came in the opening quarter after a St. Louis punt had been blocked and recovered by Notre Dame, in mid-field. The Irish uncorked a terrific offensive drive and while slipping and sliding in the mud, gradually pushed the ball over the Billekin's

goal line. Crowley failed to make the extra point. In the fourth period the Rockmen, covered with mud and handling the elusive pigskin with the utmost caution, launched another drive that added six more points to the score board and with Crowley's successful drop-kick of the goal for the extra point, the Irish finished the game with the score standing 13 to 0 in favor of the visiting Benders.

The Billekins threatened to score only once when they worked the ball to the Irish 15-yard line due to the brilliant preformance of Ramacciotti, a new star in the St. Louis ranks. Outside of this, the Missourians had little to offer in the way of an offense that could successfully penetrate the Irish defense, but they did offer plenty of stout resistance to the Rockmen's drive and with the aid of the mud succeeded in holding the Hoosiers to a low score.

The game marked the last appearance of eight Notre Dame regulars on the football field. These men who spent three years under the masterful tutelage of the resourceful Rockne, gave a splendid account of themselves during the glorious season of 1923, when the Notre Dame footabll team dazzled the world by defeating the Army, Princeton and Georgia Tech on successive Saturdays.

Harvey Brown, diminutive leader of the Fighting Irish, merited the praise of critics all over the country for his wonderfully consistent work in the guard position, considering the fact that he weighs only 168 pounds. Brown's running mate, Noble Kizer, weighs the same as the captain and with their appearance in the Irish line-up, football experts in the East and Middle West were unanimous in crediting Rockne with being one of the foremost exponents of the revolutionizing of football, substituting brains and speed for the time-honored brawn that was characteristic of the football teams up till three years ago.

With the game at St. Louis one of Notre Dame's scintilating backfields made its last appearance in college football. "Red" Maher, who climbed to third place on the western scoring card and Joe "Dutch" Bergman, the "Last of the Mohicans" have played their allotted three years of intercollegiate competition and both men will long be remembered in the annals of Notre Dame football history as one of the cleverest combinations of ball toters that ever played on the chalk lines.

Bob Reagan, Notre Dame's fighting center, to whom Coach Rockne paid a wonderful tribute when he said, "I want men that will go in there, not fighting till they die, but men like Reagan who go in, fighting to live," will also be lost to the team by graduation.

Gene Oberst and Gene Mayl, who played side by side throughout the trying season of 1923, have played on Notre Dame's football team for the last time, and as they pass, we have little more to wish them heartily than success in life as they attained it on the gridiron.

Another lineman who has played his alloted time is Tim Murphy, who by perseverance and loyalty won his monogram at Notre Dame and finished his football career with a year at right end where he performed meritoriously with the Fighting Irish.

Frank Reese, who shared the quarterback position with Harry Stuhldreher during the past season, gave a brilliant exhibition of heady generalship at all times and enjoyed no little success in contributing to the wonderful season of 1923.

NOTRE DAME CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM.

The Notre Dame cross-country team, coached by Eddie Meehan, former captain and star of the Irish track team, enjoyed a successful season, and finished by winning the state title for the second consecutive year at the state meet, Purdue. Led by the brilliant Paul Kennedy, captain of both the harriers and varsity track, the Irish runners won over their first opponents, Wabash, 35 to 20, in a fast run, in which Kennedy broke the course record. Two weeks later, M. A. C. came here on the Homecoming card and another victory was hung up by the Irish, when they let the Farmers down with the count of 30 to 25. Due to the lateness of the season and the heavy work that was ahead of the men in the varsity track season, the harriers were not sent to the conference meet.

Paul Kennedy is rated as one of the best milers in the middle west, and his work on the varsity squad this year promises to be of a record-breaking brand. With Kennedy, the harrier team was made up of two lettermen from last year, Wendland and Cox, whose consistent performance on the cinder path was a big factor in Notre Dame's retaining the title for another year. From last year's squad and freshman team. several noteworthy performers were recruited, among whom were Joe Sheehan, who sprained an ankle in the Wabash meet; Andy Conlin, Art Bidwell and Jimmy Keats.

THE INTERHALL FOOTBALL SEASON.

The Interhall football season which closed with a three-cornered deadlock between Badin, Sophomore and Brownson, was one of the most successful seasons that has so far been recorded for Interhall sport. The outstanding feature of the season was the equality of the teams that comprised the league, and the scores of the interhall games are proof of the ability of the men to play the game in varsity fashion.

The characteristic rivalry that has marked Interhall athletics for many years, was again prevalent this year, and would have been greater had Corby and Sorin entered teams in the title race. The schedule as it was played off comprised the seven halls, Badin, Brownson, Walsh, Carroll, Off-Campus, Freshmen, and Sophomore. The matter of upsets that featured the season of football all over the country, was not lacking in the Interhall ranks.

With Father Devers, rector of Carroll, chosen director of the Interhall Athletic board, the season officially opened October 7, when Walsh lost to Brownson, 7 to 2. The game was fiercely contested and Brownson had but one chance to score, which materialized when a Purple half back broke away in midfield and ran for a touchdown. Walsh garnered her two points on a safety.

The Brownson aggregation was a strong team that got the benefit of an early practice and unofficially opened their season when they journeyed to Chicago to meet the Roseland Panthers, where they were defeated 28 to 0.

The following Sunday, Carroll hall sprung the first surprise of the season and held the strong Brownson team to a 7-7 tie. Carroll exhibited a trio of sterling backfield performers to whom the credit of the unexpected showing was attached. The Carroll backfield was composed of McDonald, St. Germain and Wheelock.

The next surprise came the following Sunday when the Day Dogs team, whose strength at that time was unknown, beat the Frosh hall eleven, 12 to 0 and by their performance raised the hopes of the Off-Campus men for a winning team. Walsh and Carroll played a 0-0 tie the same day and further revealed the power of the Interhall teams to hold their place in the title race or at least give their opponents as hard a battle as was possible. Walsh had the edge on Carroll in the matter of offensive work and should have scored on two occasions, but Captain Stanhope's men lacked the final punch when within striking distance of the goal. Sophomore forfeited to Badin.

The Off-Campus lived up to expectation and came back the next week and took the measure of Carroll in a fast game, to the count of 7 to 0. Nyikos starred for the Dodgers. Badin demonstrated their superior football machine the same afternoon by defeating Coach Tom Barber's Brownson hall contingent, 12 to 0, in a crashing game, that forced the west campus champs to fight for every inch of ground.

Badin again appeared in the middle of the week before Homecoming and took the scalp of the Frosh hall gridders to the tune of 18 to 6. The game was the acme of speed from start to finish and the Badin champs scored their two tallies on an intercepted pass and a recovery of a Frosh fumble.

On the Sunday after Homecoming, the Day Dogs defeated Sophomore hall in a close game 7 to 6, in which the end running game and the forward pass were used to great advantage by both sides. Then came the crucial game of the league race and the Off-Campus men pinned their fondest hopes on their team as they stacked up against the fast Brownson eleven. When the game ended, the Dodgers had been eliminated

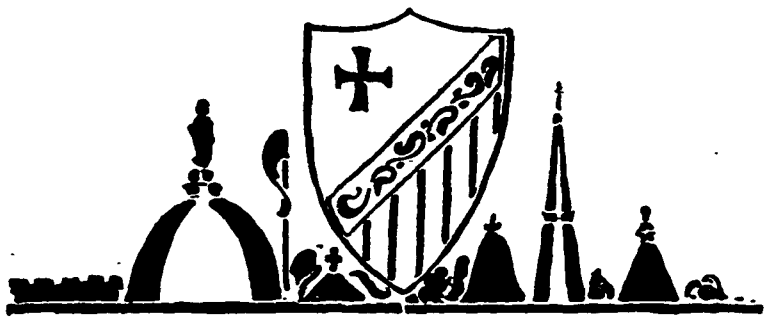
from the title race by the score of 6 to 0. It was a repetition of the Walsh-Brownson struggle and when the lone chance to score came, the Purple aggregation took advantage of it and broke loose for a long run that counted for the only touchdown of the game.

The semi-finals remained to be played between Badin and Sophomore, the winner being delegated to meet the Brownson hall proteges for the title. There were several delays and postponements of the game, which when finally played resulted in a scoreless tie. The season being so far advanced, the Athletic board decided that the only suitable method to break the three-cornered deadlock would be to draw from a hat containing the names of the three halls and to the lucky award the trophy cup, but which did not carry with it the Interhall championship. Badin hall was awarded the cup and Bronwson claimed the right to a game with Badin since they were the leaders of the first series of the Interhall league. The protest was shelved.

Although football held the spot light on the campus for both Interhall and Varsity, there were organized at the University two other sports that have received the wholehearted backing of the Athletic board. Under the direction of Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, a varsity golf team was organized and two matches played and lost to local clubs Plans were made under the direction of George Ward, manager of the team, to arrange a schedule of matches with other colleges in the immediate section of the country for next spring.

Jack Adams proved to be the star of the golf team and came into the sport light at the University by winning the University Tournament last spring. Early this fall, Adams entered and won the Annual Invitation Tournament held at the Chain-o-Lakes course, South Bend. Among the other members of the team whose work bids fair to make golf an accepted sport at Notre Dame, are Joseph Foglia, De Leo, Ray Bartzen, George Ward, Fred Link and James Corbett.

Amateur boxing also came in for a generous share of praise by the efficient work of the Notre Dame glove wielders during the past fall. Last spring, Notre Dame was well represented at the Chicago Tournament, with Rip Miller, Charles Springer and Danny McGowan carrying off the honors. An amateur championship tournament was held at the University on the eve of Homecoming and drew the praise of the large crowd that gathered to witness the bouts.



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