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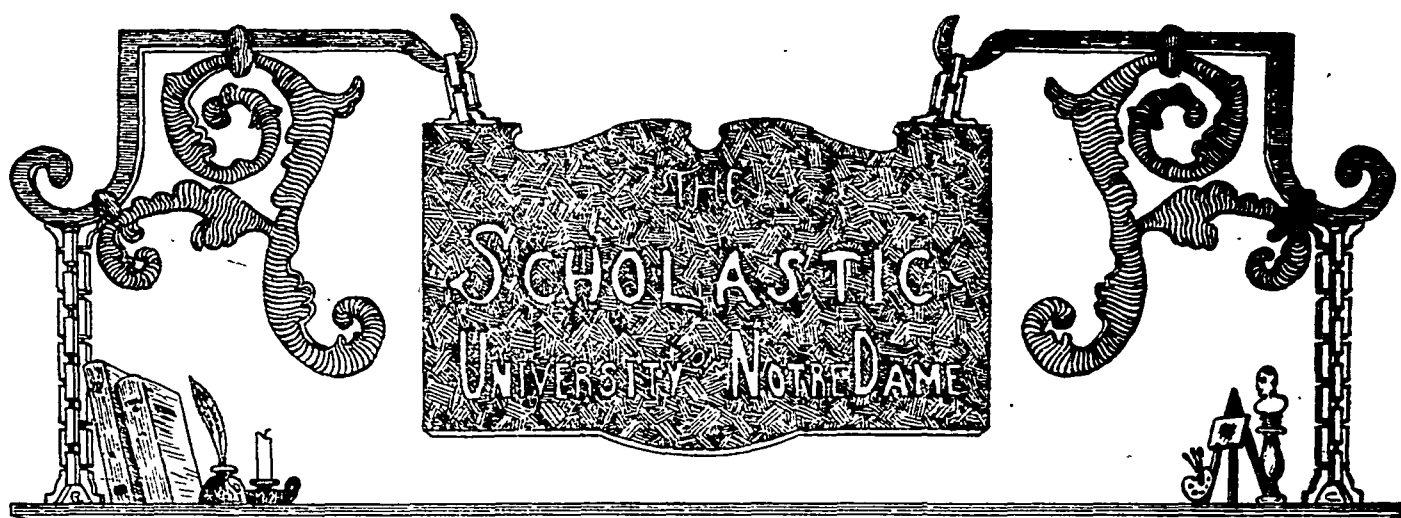
*High into heaven soars the believing spire,
While storm and sun do flash in their affray:
So, tested, finer, as he rises higher,
Man sets the cross upon his feet of clay.*

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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THE HOLY SEASON.



ALL OF life is a campaign, and so a soldier's business. Not every day witnesses a great battle or even a sharp engagement. There are periods of rest and inaction, periods in which the soul keeps to its barracks and steels its limbs. But battles do come, and engagements—not only in the negative sense, against temptation, for that is a puritan view of man's estate, but also positively, for the great goods of the world, for the crown of light, and the song of inward bliss. Certainly that is a false view of Christ which forgets that sweetness is His yoke, and that He breaks Himself in bread. 'Against' is not the preposition to which Christendom has directed the career of men, but 'for'—for tidings of great joy and peace beyond understanding. But Christendom has everywhere the ring of armor and the clash of swords. It is brimful of the joustings of the soul. No weakling gains the spoils. They go to the strong and the wary, those who have mastered the Soldier's code.

Lent is a period of training. In the distance a paschal light gleams, and the voices of angels sing in triumph. The Body which was shall become the Body celestial, rousing itself eternally from the grave's prison. There is the

deed in title to man's future estate, when the long wars shall have ended. But we cannot expect to share the victory of Easter without winning the victory. And that we shall find impossible unless we learn in Lent the rules of battle. Lent is not an end in itself. It is not of its nature a good thing. It is only a means. But there are brave things in this trade of soldiering as we learn it. Discipline pays in the end and it pays meanwhile. What lover ever won his maid except in subjection? What artist ever wrote his poem without clutching desperately at the whirl of experience and expression? What farmer ever reaped who did not sow? And just in the same manner, no one can dream of putting the base into the bondage of the high, without having worked earnestly at the job. The mettle of a soul is the product of forge and anvil. It is struck out amid the purifying flash of flame.

Those who find no pleasure in sacrifice are accursed, because they can also find no pleasure in life. We barter for everything. We cross swords even for the privilege of laughter. With our tears we wash old affections until they gleam with newness. And so very truly the only symbol of everlasting happy hope in the world is the cross.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE SANGUENAY."

JACK SCALLAN.

DUSK was rapidly turning to night as our steamer, churning into foam the broad, placid waters of the St. Lawrence, arrived off the little port and village of Tadousac. A broad, sweeping curve about the deserted light ship, a great white path in our wake, and we faced directly the Saguenay river and the Indian village Tadousac which marks its mouth. Few Americans know the Sanguenay river of Canada and few Canadians, beyond those who live near its almost deserted shores, have made the journey to its rising, Lake St. John, in the far northland. Thus it was with a sense of exploring the unknown that I watched the great sun, a massive red ball, sink into the river, between the black walls which mark the stream's path to the St. Lawrence. That same great sun had beckoned and allured Cartier and his Jesuit followers; and now seemed it to promise me just a touch of old world atmosphere and just a spark of their flaming crusade spirit, as its resting place.

The scent of pine and balsam and clean mountain air hovers over the village of Tadousac. Cartier, it is said, made his first settlement here and before leaving to plant his cannon on the battlements of Quebec, lingered to found a church where the hardy Jesuits of his band might offer divine sacrifice. In this clear atmosphere, amid the black, rocky hills, these early missionairies planted the first tabernacle in honor of the God Who had made this rugged fairyland.

The rough-hewn dock was to me the gangway of some French missionary ship, as I left the steamer to go ashore. Filled with romantic fancies, I strode up the sandy road to the little church, silhouetted against the blackness of the mountains and the moss-covered trees. Crowds of French Canadian children, clean as if scoured by rough, pioneer mothers, offered mountain flowers, and I tossed them pennies in the dusk, counting it an honor to speak to these little creatures, whose one word of English was "Hello." The natural somberness of the place, deepened by the dusk of evening, suddenly made me very lonely and very sorry for these little, northern pioneer children, and I hastened forward to the church.

The first Jesuit church in America is a modest little structure, nestling within the shadow of the large, modern hotel which commercializes Tadousac. The benches in the church are made of rough wood; the altar is small and poorly decorated; the stations of the cross are mere gilded pictures; the ceiling is low and rough-hewn; but here a God was first brought down into a wilderness and here the spirit was born which later built the thousand and one churches of Canada and the stately cathedrals of Montreal. With reverence, I knelt in this aged church, long unused for sacrifice, and meditated upon the spirit of these old Jesuit fighters in the wilderness. English and French sailors from the battle cruisers in the harbor pass silently to and fro beside me, speaking the same language of religion in a land where their ancestors fought. An hour passes; the steamer whistle shrieks a warning of departure, and I hasten down the

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mountain road to the brightly lighted boat.

The Sanguenay river is as mysterious as death. The rocky bluffs which make of it a canyon, rise sheer from the water's edge to a height of two thousand feet and seem stained to a blackness corresponding to the jet black waters of the river. Here and there, upon jutting bits of rock, white lighthouses contrast their shining sides to the darkness of the hills and their bright, winking lights to the black night. Ever and anon, a light twinkles from the shore some rift in the glacier-frosted canyon, harbors a tiny farm, a rude little house, and a Canadian home. It is hard to imagine anything darker than the Sanguenay river at night and hard to imagine the sturdiness of the nature which will survive the loneliness of the Sanguenay shore.

This now, is the country of Maria Chapdelaine, the land of rough, sturdy fathers and long-suffering pioneer mothers; the land of loneliness, of suffering and irresistible attraction. This is the country of pious men, where every stone structure is a church, and every wooden house, a Catholic home. The people of this province of Quebec come of a stern heritage. Their winters are long and bitter, the summers brief and unpleasant. Brought from old France, neither their customs change nor do their methods of living improve. Before them, the steamers from civilization pass, casting bright lights of fair promise upon the black Sanguenay waters, but they answer not the summons. The people of Quebec have a stern mission; they come of bold, pioneer stock; they must be ever pushing into the wilderness, unchange-

able, though all the world change, irrevocably, unalterably, ever lonely, ever suffering pioneers.

Passing up the river, there comes into view the great promontory which is known as Cape Trinity. High up upon the side of this bluff, a pious French Canadian has erected a huge white statue to the Blessed Virgin. The steamer light, like some great luminous tendril feeling about in the darkness, finds the statue and pours its warming beams upon it. The white, silvery white image of the Virgin, with head meekly bowed in prayer, bends over the boat which seems a pigmy ship before the statue's massive pedestal. The image, like a stately lily against a jet background, seems to stand out, to nod, to exhale fragrance. The steamer quickly passed, a few prayers were breathed, and the Virgin was left alone with the rocks and moon and sky. I wondered what the Virgin Mary says to the black Sanguenay when no one is there to eavesdrop except the cold breeze which fans the rocks. Perhaps the pioneer farmer understands the conversation which passes between the lonely statue and the silvery moon peeping over Cape Trinity. Perhaps the rough hewer of logs, the despised farmer, who has not the initiative to seek the streets of Montreal, is far wiser than those who pass in the steamers, scoffing at his simple tastes and scarcely noticing the statue on the cliffs.

The white image of the Blessed Virgin on the rocky bluffs seems to symbolize the spirit of the Sanguenay. There is something of meekness, a huge meekness in the statue which fits well the great humbleness of the pioneer. Far up on the cliffs,

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the statue stands its lonely vigil just as the French Canadian stands his solitary watch on the outskirts of civilization. What is the spirit of the Sanguenay? It is ability to suffer loneliness and despair, to suffer bodily and mental hardships; it is the indomitable courage of the pioneer. The pine balsam blowing down from the mountainside fills the farmer's home with cheer; the image on the side of the cliff stands guard over his life. For the French Canadian of Quebec this is enough. His ancestors loved the Virgin Mary, and drank deep of the pine and balsam odors, and the men and women of Quebec do not change.

FOR SOME CARVINGS FOUND ON A DESK AT NOTRE DAME.

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER.

Carven carelessly and rude,
Like dim old signs—
A quaint name, a letter,
Some poetry lines,
They cover up the oak in idle art,
Mute hieroglyphics of the heart.

Each character is there,
Mad-hacked and torn
By other cuttings, later on
More madly born,
Who knows? these cuts may be
Marks of unnurtured mastery!

Carver, how fare you now—
What were your dreams—
Strong fact or lure?
Maybe they sang an idle strain
Of song that none will sing again.

Were majestic phrases mine
To please the ear,
I could rime no worthier ode
Than I do here;
I could not write one single line
To ornament your shrine!

"GHOSTS."

RICHARD STEELE.

THE MOST powerful argument against ghosts seems to me to lie in their extremely rude deportment. Personally, I cannot by the widest stretch of the imagination conceive of anyone entering your room in the middle of the night without at least a word of warning or an apology for having disturbed you. If these ghosts do this, they would undoubtedly have done it while alive, and if that is true, they are certainly not people whom one would care to know.

Ghosts have a very theatrical and disturbing habit of stalking noiselessly to your bedside and stroking your face gently with an icy hand. What sort of conduct is this, I ask you?

I have the ill-luck to be living in a house that is often visited by these ghost-persons. The other night I was rudely awakened by a horrible clanking just beside my bed. Intensely annoyed I jumped to my feet and of course there stood one of the things. He was a disappointing sort of old creature—his robe had been white at one time, I suppose, but after long years of ghosting, it had turned to a sort of dingy grey which could not but offend one's taste. His face was that of a stereotyped professional ghost—absolutely devoid of any interest for me. But what was most annoying, was the fact that he held in his hands a huge rust-stained chain which clanked distressingly at his every move. A chain of all things! Such things are not being done. If it had been a cigarette or a bottle, I should have seen nothing so strange about it—but a chain!—so utterly in-

congruous! At any rate he never should have come into my bed-room dragging it about like a half-wit. I looked at him for a moment, and then, seeing nothing of any interest whatever about him, I crawled back into bed again. The old fellow looked at me—then suddenly he burst into tears—ghostly tears—and dropping his chain, he fled at a terrible rate. Disappointed, I dare say.

Ghosts of murdered men and women are the most troublesome of the lot. They are terribly persistent—draping themselves about in the most artificial of attitudes, displaying their wounds, and groaning like a lot of huge babies! I don't understand why they are unable to realize that since they've suffered the misfortune of being murdered, they should make the best of it and not come creeping around at all hours of the night, disturbing the sleep of people who are not interested in the slightest in them or their beastly wounds.

A rather intimate friend of mine died some years ago, and much to my disappointment he has never once appeared to me. Why it is that the Powers-That-Be of Ghostdom permit the return of a mob of uncouth boors who have no more delicacy or feeling than to stride through one's home dragging chains, and emitting raucous yells—people whom you have never known and who certainly do not know you—is more than I can understand. When my friend comes back—if he is ever permitted to do so—I am sure that if he is forced to come at night, it will be between the hours of eight and ten. Sensible hours! He will rap at the front door and wait for a response instead of oozing himself into the house in the

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vulgar and very disconcerting habit of so many ghosts. If he has to wear any of the foolish draperies that we associate with spirits, they will be cleanly laundered and becoming, I am sure. Ah, no! My friend will never come howling and groaning through the side of my bed-room, dragging a log-chain behind him. If he should, he may howl, and groan, and clank, to his heart's content for all the recognition or attention that I'll give him.

The only ghost for whom I have any liking at all, is the lovely lady ghost who sweeps silently through the lilac-scented fragrance of beautiful old rhetorical gardens. Such ghosts are convincing! They are lovable! And of course I've never seen one of *them*.

"OLD TOM."

JAMES F. HAYES.

"Old Tom Flint" was a wanderer,
Down by the river's side.
"Old Tom Flint" roamed the whole world o'er
Until the day he died.
He tramped o'er hills, and tramped o'er dales,
And sang strange songs, and told wierd tales,
But now he's dead, and his dog him wails
Down by the river's side.

"Old Tom Flint" lived four-score-three,
Down by the river's side.
"Old Tom Flint" was gay and free
Until the day he died.
Oh! many a maid for his hand did try,
But his home was the road, and his roof, the sky;
And his dog was the only one saw him die,
Down by the river's side.

"Old Tom," saw strange sights and men,
Down by the river's side.
But he first saw Death in a little glen
That day on which he died.
And he thought of his days as a little lad,
And the place called home he might have had,
But he died, all alone, deserted and sad,
Down by the river's side.

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THAT NEW JOURNALIST.

JOHN E. DE MOTT.

THE DAY the boss put me on the regular pay-roll, at a salary of two-thousand per year, I made up my mind to speak to Mary first chance I got. I had thought of it for a long time, anyway, but never had quite reached the jumping-off place, for two reasons: First, I did not hardly see how a girl like Mary could fall for a dub like me, and secondly, if she was foolish like that, I could not offer her anything in place of the comfortable home that she would have to leave except a three-room flat, and a chance to do the house-work until we could afford to hire a maid. With two thousand dollars a year, though, it looked like we might buy one of those dinky little bungalows out in Vernon Heights, and pay the grocer and butcher, and perhaps have enough left to go to the movies once in a while.

Mary lived with her aunt up by the Garden City Company's factory, right across from the ball park. She used to go to the games regularly. That was where I met her, the first game of the series the Sox and Tigers played here. She was rooting for the Tigers, and I was reporting the games for the Daily Scream. We became acquainted. At that time she did not know a southpaw from a home run, and when I asked her why she was rooting for the Tigers, she said that it was because they wore such pretty uniforms.

Of course I could not stand for that, so I was obliged to educate her on the fine points of the game, and shortly after this time she became a regular fan; but she kept right on

rooting for the Tigers just the same. When the tigers won, I had to celebrate the occasion by buying ice-cream sodas for her, and when they lost, nothing would console her but chocolate sundaes.

When we became better acquainted, I tried to teach her something about the love game; but say! She was born knowing more about that than I shall ever be able to learn. When the conversation was coming around in rather a personal manner, she would just take it by the ear and lead it gently aside, or she would run away from me like a passenger train from a tramp. I never did get a chance to tell her just exactly what was worrying me.

Mary was certainly some looker. Her hair was like one of those Michigan sunsets when it is going to be fine weather next day; and her eyes were just the color of Barron Lake when the wind is blowing just a little and the bass are biting well. When she laughed, it sounded like a string of silver bells, and she laughed often, because she was as full of pep as a pop-bottle is of bubbles. Her mother was dead, and her father was in business down East. It did not worry me any about the folks, though as it occupied all of my spare time trying to figure her out.

Well, as I was telling you, I had made up my mind to go and see Mary, and get the matter settled, so that I could sleep nights, which I had not done for quite some time. So I breezed in one Sunday evening and I had not more than stepped inside the hall when I received a shock, for there was a man's hat and coat hung up on the hat rack, and I had not ever seen any there before, except

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mine. You see, I had been sticking pretty close to Mary, for fear some of the other fellows would see her and cut in; and she and her aunt had not been in our town long, and did not seem to have any gentlemen callers. So, thought I, here is some other Christopher Columbus; I will have to sidetrack him somehow.

But Mary invited me into the parlor, and there was no one else there. I saw a box of chocolates on the table, though, and I could see that it was not any brand that I could afford to buy. Moreover, I could not ask any questions.

Well, you know how the talk goes. We started with the weather, then baseball, the movies, the latest dances, ice-skating, and that got us 'round to the weather again. I could not get an opening to lead up to what I wanted to say. The hands kept chasing around the clock as if they were trying to make a record, and I knew that I would have to go at ten, as Mary's aunt always came in at that hour to say, "Niece, are you not keeping Mr. Watkins up too late? I am afraid that he will not be able to work to-morrow." And that was my cue for a quick getaway.

So, when I had only fifteen minutes left, I took a long breath, and I interrupted her real rude. "Mary," I said, "Let us desist from this foolish talk for a short while at least, and get down to brass tacks. I have been given a raise to two-thousand this week, and that puts me on easy street. Now, you know why I have been coming here, and how much I think of you. Oh, Mary, do you think that you could ever like me well enough to—to marry me?"

Mary never said, she just blushed,

and kind of looked at me; but she did not say no, so I took her in my arms and kissed her; just then the door opened, some one said: "Mary, your aunt is calling you." I looked up and saw the owner of the strange hat and coat that were out in the hall.

Mary jumped up, red as a rose, and introduced me to her papa, who had returned home that day, very unexpectedly, it seemed. Then she slipped away. But before she left Mary squeezed my hand and left me alone with the gentleman.

Believe me, if I was nervous talking to Mary, I was simply petrified talking to her father. He asked me so many questions that I felt like a freshman taking his first Latin exam and wondering whether or not he is going to pass. Finally Mary's father got up, walked the length of the room twice, and stopped in front of me.

"I am afraid that you will not do, Mr. Watkins," he remarked, "You appear to be an estimable young man, but as a prospective husband for my daughter you have failed to qualify. Two thousand dollars a year may look big to you, but I assure you that it is wholly insufficient to support Mary in the style in which she has become accustomed to live; and there is really no future for a young man in the newspaper business. I may as well tell you that my daughter is by way of being an heiress, and, no matter what her inclination may be, I could not think of allowing her to marry a man of your salary and prospects. Besides, I have already chosen a husband for Mary, one who has wealth and position, in a word, class distinction. I allude to Mr. Percy Spatter, possibly you may know him—and I must therefore request you to cease

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your visits, and show no more attentions to my daughter. Please consider the affair closed."

What a bump! And right on the solar plexus! Say, after Mary's papa finished his little speech, I felt so miserably low-down mean that I would have sold out and quit business for a penny, and dropped the penny in the missionary box.

And did I know Percy Spatter? I did. I knew him from his spats to his wrist watch; and I am forced to admit that Percy always appeared to be a perfect lady. As a husband for Mary, however, he was my ideal of just nothing at all. How Mary's papa ever happened to pick Percy for a winner is something that I could not understand.

Well, I could not think of anything to say that would do any good, so I snatched up my hat and made my getaway. Mary's father held the door open for me, but he need not have done it, as I felt small enough to pass right through the key-hole. Of course I did not see Mary again.

The next morning, though, I received a note from her that made me feel worse than ever. "Darling John," it read, "You must not mind anything that my stupid old papa said last night. He is always foolish that way about me. Next year I shall be of age, and then I will marry whoever I want to, and you know me. Your loving Mary."

Wasn't she a dandy? But I saw that it would not be fair for me to take advantage of her while she was feeling that way, when she could do so much better with her money and everything. I could not hope to sit in the game with my little stack of white chips when her yellow and blue ones

were piled clear up to the ceiling. So I made up my mind that I would not see her again, unless something should happen so that I could give her a square deal.

And Mary's father had said that there was no future for a young man in the newspaper business. Come to think of it, I had never seen an editor who sported many fine automobiles or an excess of diamonds. Perhaps the advertisers and the junk men are the only people who make big money out of the newspaper business, I thought. But after all, there would be a chance to get up to the top, if a fellow works hard enough; and the next week things broke lucky for me.

Jones, our police court reporter, came down with typhoid fever, and I had to do his work along with my own. That kept me hustling, which was a good thing, because it kept me from thinking too much about Mary. I knew that I was doing good work, too, for two or three times I heard the boss grunt when he read my stories, and he is a man who never grunts except when he is pleased about something; he is afraid to let you know that he is pleased for fear that you might ask for a raise in salary. Gillam, of the Daily Trib., and Cook of the Weekly News, became very chummy with me; so I figured that I would get an offer some day from one or the other of these newspaper magnates.

One night I left the office late, tired as a dog, and anxious to get home and hit the hay just as soon as I possibly could. I took a short cut through the alley between Cedar and Main streets. I saw a man standing in the shadow at the far end of the alley, but as I

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was so sleepy, I did not pay much attention to him. The movie shows were out, and the theatre crowds had gone home for the most part,—only here and there a few tail-enders that had waited for a supper or a night-cap. They continued to pass by the alley and along the avenue, which was well lighted.

Pretty soon along came Mary, between her papa and Percy Spatter, the three chatting most sociably. All of a sudden my man of the shadows jumped out, pushed a gun into their faces, and stuck them all up just as natural and in just as unconcerned manner as Jesse James would have done.

Well, sir, I could have laughed at that tableau. Percy and Mary's papa stuck their hands up just as high as they could get them, and they acted as nervous as a cat that has stepped on a sheet of fly paper. But Mary, she was exceedingly angry, and she stepped right up to the highway man, and proceeded to give him a piece of her mind; in some way she stepped between him and Percy, true goof that he was, ran like a scared jack-rabbit. I heard afterwards that he only touched the ground three times between the alley and his club, and that for fifteen minutes after he reached the club all that he could say was "Deah me, how perfectly dweadful to be annoyed by strange men in this way!"

Mary's papa kept trying to quiet her. The highwayman was peeved about Percy's sudden exit and he threw his gun around rather promiscuously. Suddenly Mary and her papa quieted down, and the thug began to go through the old man's pockets.

Now, I am not strong for this hero stuff. "Safety first" is my motto—I'm no Belgian. And if Percy had not jumped his contract, things might have been different. But the way it was, it looked to me like a chance for a grand stand play—so I took a run and tackled Mr. Holdup Man low, and we went to the pavement, hard. The jar knocked the revolver out of his hand, and shook us both up a head.

But say, if I had known what a husk that fellow was, I never in the world would have tackled him. Before I could get my breath he was on top of me, feeling for my throat so I mixed it up and we rolled over and over on the sidewalk, with Mary's papa dancing around us, getting in a lick with his cane whenever he could, and it seemed that I stopped a great many of his blows. Soon we rolled off the sidewalk into the gutter, and I was up against the curb, I could not slip out from under him, and the thug got a grip on my neck and began to squeeze. I felt myself going; I pulled his head down until I could get his nose between my teeth, and I shut down on it until he yelled like an Indian. After this he eased up on my throat, and I let go of his nose. Then we sat up to get our second wind.

After that everything seemed to happen all at once. As I was telling you, Mary's papa was always watching for an opening, and when we sat up he got it. Only he either made a mistake or he sized me up for the villain. For, bing! he struck me a rap on the head that nearly put me out of commission, and raised a lump that felt like a hard-boiled egg; it was a great deal more painful, however.

And it was very fortunate that he

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did, at that, for just then Mr. Thug got hold of his gun again, and shot at me; so the papa knocked me down just in time.

Mary thought that I was shot, and what she did was a plenty. She screamed, and then she just grabbed the robber by the hair, and banged his head on the sidewalk so that he lay as still as a wooden Indian. Oh, these red-headed girls are loaded. I am going to talk mighty soft around Mary.

Well, when I woke up, my head was in Mary's lap, and Mary's papa was talking things over with a portly policeman, who had just come upon the scene in time to handcuff the hold-up man.

"'Tis Slippery Jim," said the officer, "he broke jail last week, and we've been lookin' for him ever since. 'Tis a good job the young man landed him, for Jim is all bad. The Chief will not forget this soon."

"Well, Mr. Watkins," said Mary's father, when he saw that I was awake, "you're not seriously hurt, I hope—we'll get you a doctor as soon as a taxi comes."

"Nothing but a headache," I replied, "but wasn't Mr. Spatter with you?"

"Percy," said the old man, slowly, "is unused to scenes of violence. When our friend flourished his re-

volver, Percy retired to summon assistance. We shall hear from him presently."

"Of course, I am greatly obliged to you," he went on, "though I could have managed the robber without your assistance. In fact I was about to attack him when you arrived."

"Surely you were," I said, "but I was afraid that you would kill him, and perhaps get your name in the papers. That's why I butted in."

"Well, well," he said, "I owe you something for the bump on the head that I gave you. I have a ranch about the size of four counties, and there are two hundred thousand head of cattle on it. How would you like to go down there as my manager?"

"Where is it," I said. "In Paraguay," he replied.

"I'd lose my vote if I went to Paraguay," I said. "Besides, I could never milk all of those cows. I like my work here pretty well. There's only one position you could offer me that I'd be willing to accept."

"What is that," he said.

"Your son-in-law," I replied.

"Very well," he said, "come over to the house to-morrow and we'll talk it over."

Well, sir, that's where I'm headed for this very minute—and it does look as if I might win out with Mary's papa, after all.

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MR. WILSON.

V. F. W.

THEY laid him to rest very simply, in a crypt that would serve for kings, if America were partial to kings. And in many ways it strikes one that just this contrast, this strange commingling of Jefferson and Louis Fourteenth, has been the character of Woodrow Wilson's life. Certainly few men have hugged democratic purposes more passionately to their bosoms, nor have there been many to play peer to his autocrat. He really believed in levelling, as Cromwell did. But also he was like Napoleon in that he trusted himself. That last shrill outcry of Armistice Day—what was it but a dogged shout that he was right and the rest of the world be hanged? Years had passed by crowded with events and broken schemes. What were years to him? The movement of the world did not so much as smooth the edges of his violent will. All of us see him now as a puzzle, more or less. Perhaps he was right after all, we may say; perhaps in the end history will follow the urge of his admirers and declare him great. On the other hand, Don Quixote and he may live together, a pair of pathetic clowns, smashing their spears against windmills and their souls upon the ground.

Mr. Wilson was pushed into office by those complicated methods known to modern politics. He was an intellectual, and rather a conservative one at that. His stand at Princeton and as Governor of New Jersey had combined a principle of freedom with a firm fondness for concrete observance. He was radical only in so far as that he was that most radical of

all beings — a philosophic democrat. Then, having suddenly arrived at national power unequalled anywhere else in the world, he saw how many bells would ring if he pushed the buttons. Surrounded as he was by a Congress that moved only when it played tug-o'-war, the President imposed his individuality so gradually, so calmly and unemotionally, that we awoke one morning to find him the Government of the United States. On the whole it was fortunate. "The New Freedom" proved the proclamation of a liberal domestic policy somewhat adequate to the times. His appointment of Brandeis to the Supreme Court bench; his energetic promotion of banking reform; his thousand and one proposals for the application of basic American principle and basic American sense to the national life:—who can say that all of this was not apt and beneficial and the work of a constructive mind?

But in the light of the President's complete career, these things fade tragically into the background. Mr. Wilson entered world politics. He dedicated the powers of the United States to a dream—and to one side of a warring Europe. With an iron hand he broke the democratic traditions of his own country to crusade for a world constitution which he wrote himself, and to help England beat Germany. This action was fatal, in that consequences ensued which otherwise would never have come about. It is upon the right or wrong of this action, its wisdom or its folly, that the estimate of Woodrow Wilson by his people must ultimately depend. To attempt such an estimate now is quite impossible. And yet, if there is any meaning in the days which go on,

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if events and movements are at all significant, then it becomes increasingly difficult to see in his stand of nineteen seventeen and subsequently anything but a catastrophe. The world has not become what he thought it would be simply because the world was not what he thought it was. Nations have crashed through the fourteen points as trains might tumble through phantom bridges; the bayonets of Belleau Wood have broken against the irony of life.

It is not always harmless to dream. At Princeton Mr. Wilson told his students that the goal of education was the training of the mind. He wanted them to build up within themselves a spiritual world which would stand no matter what happened outside, no matter what might be the pressure of a thousand every-days. But he said very little about a social bridge—about how this mental life is to be harmonized and enriched by the real-

ities round about us, or how the vital cement of charity shall keep us humble and therefore free. Perhaps it would have been better for America not to have blinded herself so much in the interests of a fantastic hope. Certainly it would profit the world not to see a Russia in ruins, a Germany defiled and despoiled, an Austria in rags, or even a long defile of American profiteers and American cripples. Yes, a man may tower in his dream. But the world is always pitilessly awake and crassly human.

Mr. Wilson was a strong man. In many respects he brought more energy to his office than any president before him since Lincoln. He did govern. But we can't help wondering why people insist in comparing the two men. We can't help wondering what Lincoln would have said had he been able to follow the career of his successor as we now follow it.

LEAVING.

J. C. RYAN.

Your farewell words were lost, unheard.
How vain to say Goodbye!
For leaving does not part true friends,
Nor sever friendship's tie.

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THE BUND PARK.

ALBERT A. SUMMER.

I HAD already traveled ten thousand miles that summer and I had barely covered half my voyage when I found myself in the port of Shanghai. It is much like that 'finding one's self,' for precious little sense of location is possible after half the distance 'round the world. It was one night in August, the month when I was to be twenty-two, that I sat in the park along the Yantze-Kiang River. The park, known by a dozen signs at its entrance as the "Bund Park", is just north of the Astor House from which it is separated only by an iron bridge which spans a public jetty.

The Bund of Shanghai is as never-to-be-forgotten as the city itself because it is totally different from the waterfronts of other Oriental ports. Instead of the endless rows of tarnished houses with low beetling roofs, there are massive business buildings of white stone facing the quay; and instead of that clammy exotic atmosphere there is a sweet odor of romance such as Venice or Monte Carlo lends to its visitors. And although it is as quiet as an out-of-the-way-place it is the hub of activity, for all the day and far into the night there moves the traffic of sweating 'ricksha men running in their rubber-tired conveyances; hurrying Chinese housewives going to the market a block or so away; buggies drawn by small stunted horses; foreign cars, outlandish to an American eye; and groups of sailors, drunk and merry, with one eye cocked for adventure. The Bund is quiet in the sense that it is not noisy; it is the *antithesis* of the

usual water-front noises which gives the quietness. Of course, there is the groan of the sam-pan oar as a boat is being rowed up-stream; the constant jabbering of coolies as they squabble and smoke their rank cigarettes upon the curb; the shouts of dirty little wharf-rats with their close-cropped and scarred heads as they stop prosperous looking people with their cry for "cumshaw." But for these usual noises of the water-front nothing disturbs the peace of this park; at least it did not that night.

I sat down upon an iron bench overlooking the quay. I was tired. All that afternoon I had been 'ricksha riding up the Bund Road, along the entire stretch of Nanking Road for two miles, and then down Bubbling Well Road. My man must have understood my American handicap for he stopped at every well-known bar where I quenched my tropical thirst with many cool beakers of German beer,—the thick and creamy kind which one would drink for purposes of health if for no other. Now a moist coolness of the evening was settling over the park. I believe this coolness, which comes just as night is settling, is what holds men of colder climates to the Oriental country; it comes as the reward of a task accomplished. as a draught of water to a man coming from the desert. It made me feel as if I would like to expand my muscles and utter defiance to danger and I was open to any adventure that might come my way.

A sailor, blowzy-cheeked from sharp sea winds, announced with an occasional "hic" that he occupied the other end of my bench. He was from all appearances, a beachcomber, a derelict without a ship; his musty, ill-

fitting pantaloons and his unkempt beard told that much. But any white man is a friend in a land where swarming Yellow men are as thick as bees ready to quit the hive. And so when he coughed out a few words, I looked at him with interest.

"Say, Lad," he belched, "Are you looking for a wife?"

No, I wasn't looking for a wife, that is, not especially so, and I told him that.

"Well, if you are," he said in a voice as if dismissing the matter from his mind, "over there are a couple of Russian girls who would be mighty glad for the chance."

I looked over to another bench similar to ours and nearer the water's edge. A park light revealed the Russians, who, according to his story, were looking for husbands. They were pretty, yet a trifle over-made, but they had a sparkle in their dark eyes which is somewhat aloof from the melancholy Russian character. Somehow it seemed to me that the sparkle from the eyes of those two girls was the same forced spark which a man musters when he is being led to the gallows. I was not looking for a wife, so I told my acquaintance, but I was interested by a sense of the human in those beings far away from home as was I. I aroused my nodding companion of the bench to the point of telling me what he knew. Here is his story:

"One year ago I was the captain of a ship. I was—but that's not the story. One year ago I knew two of the happiest families in Moscow. The husbands were rival merchants, friendly rivals, you understand and I had delivered them goods from this very port for many years—that's how

I knew them. Well, the Revolution came. (Here he muttered something in Russian which might have been profane, so vehement and deliberate was his way of muttering.) The husbands lost their lives in the mix-up. The four children (each had two) didn't survive, and the wives were dragged off as common property."

Here he paused to collect a muddled mind.

"You probably get my point," he continued, "those two girls over there are the two wives. I know them but they do not recognize me. I suppose I have fallen lower than they with all their tragedy; but we all have our revolutions and no one can measure their intensity. A month ago I talked to them and they asked me, a shipwreck myself, to marry them, one or both, and take them away. They were desperate; they wished to continue an honest life in a land of opportunity. Every night for the past month we have been sitting on these same two benches. I have been kind of watching over them for an old friend's sake. God only knows what will happen to them when they come to the end of their string."

He looked out into the swirling muddy waters of the Yantze-Kiang which had carried the bodies of men from many nations out into the Yellow Sea and with them a heathen end for their tragedies. His gaze was one of understanding. He knew what they would do.

—

What I said that night no man will ever know; not even myself. We four talked. I gave them money, addresses, and what I wish for most, hope.

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I do not know what good I did, but I have their promises, every one of them. God only knows whether I gave them hope and a desire for life but I know what they gave me—faith, faith in man and woman.

That is why today when I am tired

with the things about me I go to a park where there is a river and then again I see the Bund with four strangers of the night and in them I take renewed faith. Perhaps we may meet sometime.

DAWN.

R. E. LIGHTFOOT.

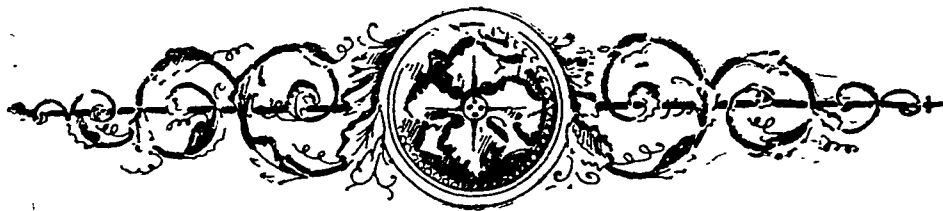
AURORA came tripping gaily out of the east, her bespangled and gauze-like veils gleaming and glittering like dew clinging to the petals of an asphodel.

As she moved with majesty over the mountain tops, her face, wreathed in a smile of power and fire, cast an opal, lustrous, light over the vale below.

A lark singing sweetly its limpid liquid notes as it glided through the sky—sheep on the hillside bleating faintly—and birds in the trees pouring forth their carols and madrigals, all heralded Aurora.

The drowsy flowers responding to her gentle kisses, swung with sweet ecstasy, to and fro, filling the air with perfume.

Zephyr danced daintily down a wooded dell to the mossy banks of a murmurous brook where Pan lay sleeping, and whispered with sibilant accents, in his ear "Arise! Aurora is here."



"WHEN THE GOLD GATE BREAKS"

BERT V. DUNNE.



HE CLOUDS hung low against a sombre sky. The punishing effects of the pounding surf upon the mainland of San Francisco; sea-gulls swirling about like miniature planes over the turbulent waters; bits of driftwood floating idly upon the restless bosom of the sea! All these are precursors of the Dawn as it slowly, furtively, and yet with a certain instancy, creeps in upon San Francisco. Yes, it is a wonderful sensation to sit serenely upon the tee-box at the Sixth Hole, Lincoln Park Golf Course, San Francisco, and ponder upon the complexities of nature. The lure of that scene had a tremendous effect upon me; the thought of seeing the "coming of dawn" instilled an irresistible urge into my being, and day after day, as regularly as the uncertainty of the blue waters, I betook myself to this self-same spot and marvelled at the miracle which was wrought before me. What peculiar fascination enticed me from my bed out into the dank and coldness of the newborn day just to see something which has been going on for ages as surely as the deliberate tread of time? Call it foolishness if you will! It may be only the prerogative of all dreamers, the blessed privilege of us who have the faith. Whatever may have been this strange impulse, the coming of dawn was surely a sufficient lure to drive me from my couch each morning.

Then suddenly, too suddenly indeed, as if a master hand were evolving colors of a charm and design im-

possible of imitation, the scene would change; the sun would wheel over the sodden mass of clouds, and a streak of light would issue through the Gate; then, and not until then, would, "The Gold Gate Break!" The mist has now disappeared and in its place are the beams of the morning; the surging surf pulses with life; the grey and forlorn hills are awake with animation. Nestled brush seeks attention; the cawing of the sea-gulls is heard, and then, against the distant horizon, the white sails of a fishing smack are seen; the smack itself careening to and fro with the tide; its occupants guiding the frail craft with dexterous and admirable skill! Then beyond the sailing-boat, dim and obscure, lie the Farrallone Islands like some huge monster at rest; Dreamers' Reef, jutting high out of the sea, while the attendant islands reclined, in a sleeping chain, until the last dipped into the ocean. A monster steamer, probably an Oriental Trader was coming towards the Gate; its nose knifing the now-quiet waters with relentless purpose. It seemed shameful, almost blasphemous, to see those "white-caps" rent asunder and sent sooting for protection on either side of the giant liner! We, on the hill, can now discern its name: It is the Manoa bound from Honolulu, to stop first at the Immigration station at Angel Island for inspection, and then to be piloted into the bay, through Golden Gate strait, to the city "loved 'round the world,"—San Francisco!

Now the glory of the morn is in full bloom; the staccato cry of 'fore' echoes through the morning air; probably a few neophyte golfers, who scorn convention and who seek for perfection

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beneath the spell of a new day! Beautiful! Masterful! It takes an artist, whose soul is filled with foreign desire, for strange smells and exotic passions, to enjoy such a repast as this!

"When the Gold Gate Breaks!" San Francisco, I love you and your sunshine; your minutes and your hours; truly St. Francis, your guardian saint, was pleased when Uortola first stood on this hill, and peering

out into the Pacific Ocean, said with eyes cast towards heaven: "This is paradise!"

I departed for home with the strange sensation of having witnessed a miracle; a feeling of depression crept over me as I realized, with a certain show of deference, that the scene would be accomplished again tomorrow morning, and that I would not be alone in seeking the fascination of its spell.

ON GUARD.

J. LESLIE.

Like Agnes' arm, closed smooth upon the stone
Of a prison's hard pallet, the moon-robed night
Walks guard. No step's reverberating might
Disturb the crouching darkness' monotone.
Elsewhere May feasts with loving and with wine:
Or, day by day, sends hoarse beleaguered cries
From naked earth to dim, lean-bosomed skies—
Here's but the brooding hunger for a sign.

What bugler sleeps the shrouded hills among
To flaunt a challenge or unwind a song?
The street is still, and where it leads I'll go
On trackless steeps or where millions have strode
Close kept savannahs to a kept abode.
The clay is hard and that is all I know.

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IS THERE NO JUSTICE.

WALTER HAECKER.

IT WAS the living room of George Ahern's house. The room was stuffy—it was an awful bother for George to open up windows which stuck; and anyhow it was late March and the cold air might have harmed him. The furniture in the house was of the installment-plan type. Here, an old couch which looked unsafe for the tired resident; there, monstrous chairs of imitation leather. On the walls were pictures of all the ancestors back to Uncle Josuah, a hero in the Revolutionary War. It was a museum of American photography. On the piano was a picture of Mrs. Ahern, who at the time was upstairs mending Georgie's socks while he was in the cellar fixing the furnace. For what other reason should he have been down there?

"Georgie, somebody is at the front door." There was no answer because he was busy fixing the furnace.

"Georgie, oh Georgie,"—still no answer. You know a furnace is awfully hard to start sometimes.

"Georgie, do you hear me?"

Disgusted, Mrs. George came pounding down the stairs and answered the door, all the while she mumbled about George.

"Is Mr— Mr-r-r—, you know the gentleman who called me up to see about fixing something in the cellar? I just forget his name."

"Georgie, Georgie, there is a man here to see you about fixing something in the cellar. What's the matter is the furnace broken?"

"Why-er-er, no dear," he stammered, "I had the gentleman come

over to rearrange the water pipes. I've decided to buy you a nice new washing machine. Isn't that lovely?" he murmured dubiously.

"Well, of all the nerve. If you think I am going to slave away the best part of my life washing clothes in that dirty old cellar, why you have another guess coming." As she finished her speech she began to cry.

"Now, now, dear, don't cry. Maybe the gentleman won't be able to change the pipes. Anyway, dear, you go upstairs and finish the darning and I'll see if he can fix the cellar."

"What do you mean, fix the cellar? I thought you wanted the pipes changed?"

"Why—that's what I mean. Fix the cellar, change the pipes, see!"

Mrs. Ahern dubious of his actions went upstairs.

"Hello, Mause, never thought you would find the house. Have any trouble?"

"Never mind that; what about these three cases of——."

"Sh-sh, soft pedal, the Missus will get wise."

"Never mind the Missus. When do you want me to deliver those three cases of ——?"

"Waterpipes," added George, and at the same time he winked.

"Waterpipes, what in h— are you talking about?"

"Why-a-Why-a-You know the three cases of waterpipes I ordered," he said, nodding his head.

Mouse started to complain again, but George grabbed him, and dragging him to the door shouted, "Deliver the cases tomorrow night at nine."

Next morning George was late for

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breakfast. Perhaps there was a reason, but anyway, he was late. When he reached the table he bent over and gave the wife a formal kiss.

"Good morning, dearie."

No answer. Instead the wife shot him a quick glance.

"What's the matter, honey, got the blues?"

"Blues, nothing. What I want to know and mighty quick is: who was that tough individual that called here last night, and, what did he really want?"

"Why, dear, I told you last night he came to fix the cellar. . . . I mean to change the pipes."

The Mrs. sat up straight; poised her head ten degrees above level.

"Georgie Ahern, I want you to—"

"Gee, I'm late for the office now, dear, and I have a busy day ahead—I'd better be going. We'll talk about things to-night."

"George Ahern, I want you to—"

George, by this time, was going out the door.

"If the cases of waterpipe come put them in the cellar, he shouted as he slammed the door."

All day he was upset wondering if the Mrs. would look into the cases and really find out.

Five o'clock finally came and time to quit; but not for George as the boss told him to balance the ledger before leaving. He had never seen the ledger in such a mess, everything seemed to go wrong.

Eight-forty-five brought the conclusion of his work. Hurriedly he ran from the office, even forgetting to lock the door.

"Taxi—hey, taxi." He just had to get home before the cases arrived. If the wife found out no telling what the result be.

The ride home was like a trip around the world it seemed so long. Several times he urged the driver to go faster. Forty miles an hour seemed like a dog-trot. Fifty was little more than a fast run. Reaching the house he jumped out and started to run toward the house.

"Hey, wait a minute," growled the driver. What about the fare?"

"Damn that fare," mumbled George.

He dashed back like a madman and fairly screamed, "How much?"

"\$2.20."

He handed the driver a \$5. "Keep the change."

Upon reaching the house he executed more curses because the front door was locked, and oaths when he could not find his key. Dashing to the back door he ran into the backyard gate knocking the wind out of him. Passing this he almost crashed through the door thinking it unlocked. His wife who had hid upon hearing the noise outside finally answered the door.

"Did the cases come?" he whispered.

"Umhuh, they came about five o'clock."

George did not touch side nor bottom of the steps going down the cellar. He spied the cases and grabbing up a hatchet started to rip them open.

"Ow-w-w—that idiot really sent waterpipes."

FATHER TABB.

BROTHER WILLIAM, C. S. C.



VIRGINIAN by birth, and the son of wealthy parents who followed the aristocratic custom of confiding their children to private tutors, a good musician, a soldier and a prisoner in the Civil War, a teacher of literature, a convert to the Catholic Church,—Father John Banister Tabb could very naturally write,

“Each separate life is fed
From many a fountain head.”

But not the man of letters, nor the master musician, nor the devoted champion of a lost cause is most in evidence in his poetry. It is rather the priest, who sees the hand of God in everything, from the blue violet that blooms in an unseen spot to the blue vault of the heaven with its countless celestial bodies. Father Tabb was, in truth, a man of God, who was at the same time very human. He loved nature, but he loved man and God much more.

The public appreciation of this priest-poet is well expressed in this bit of comment by the *Richmond Press*: “Father John Banister Tabb was a remarkable person. He was a born man of the world, good fellow, poet and philosopher, consistently and sincerely consecrated to religious service. No sweeter or more genial character than his ever gladdened a wide circle of friends. He loved laughter and fun and was a born humorist, but he knew when to be serious, and deep and tender sympathy and beautiful sentiment lay close beneath the surface of his humor. He

did not know how to be coarse or harsh. He loved the pleasure of life, while its pain stirred the very depths of his being to affectionate and helpful response.”

Father Tabb was, indeed, a great and a good man, and all his gifts of mind and heart are mirrored for the reader in his exquisite lyrics. He is now considered one of America's leading poets, because his poetry is genuine and distinctive. It is distinctive because it is a unique and sincere expression of the thought and sentiment of a noble priestly soul. This point I shall try to make clear by consideration of his poems on Truth, Beauty, and Virtue.

For the Catholic, and especially for the priest, the truth that transcends reason and gives absolute certitude in Divine faith. We might expect, therefore, that an examination of truth would reveal, above all, his unquestioning acceptance of Divine revelation. Such is the fact. His sacred poems on the dogmas of the Church, which run the gamut of mysteries from the Incarnation to the Resurrection, and which perhaps form his chief message, proclaim his ready submission to the communications of Supreme Truth. “The dogmas of the Catholic faith,” the *Dublin Review* very correctly observes, “and even the incidents of the New Testament, are for the poet present facts, which enter into the very structure of creation and give to the universe its significance.” One cannot read the religious poems of Father Tabb without realizing that the truths they contain are part of his childlike beliefs, part of his very life. One may open at random a volume of

his poems and meet such gems as these:

When first her Christmas watch to keep,
When down the silent angel, Sleep,
With snowy sandals shod,
Beholding what His Mother's hands
Had wrought, with softer swaddling bands
She swathed the Son of God.
Then skilled in mysteries of night,
With tender visions of delight
She wreathed His resting-place;
Till, wakened by a warmer glow
Than heaven itself had yet to show
He saw His Mother's face.

Although Father Tabb was essentially a man of faith, he was just as truly a lover of nature. He did not, however, make the mistake made by so many poets in defying nature or any part of it. His deep conviction that an omnipotent Being extends His providence even to the grass that "is today and tomorrow is cast into the oven" prevented his mistaking nature for the God of nature. He not only perceived in everything a revelation of God, but he found that nature gave testimony to Him. He saw the real motive for all created things, and hence he would have everything in nature, in art, in life, draw us closer to the Creator. "His clear Christian vision," remarks J. B. Jacobi, "enabled him to see the reflection of the beauty and goodness of the Creator in the works of His creation. He loved the true, the good and the beautiful; but in so loving them he referred his love of them to the God whose gifts to man they are. In a word Father Tabb in his nature poems sees a God revealed in nature as a loving Father showering benefits upon His children."

The priestly character of Father Tabb is shown again in his Christian outlook on suffering, life, and death.

A few years before his death he became totally blind, an affliction which had threatened him from childhood. That he accepted with absolute resignation this partial helplessness is most evident in the poems on his blindness—solemn yet pathetic poems which reveal in a clearer light than any others the religious essence of the man's nature. He realized that all earthly things are transitory, and that only through association with the eternal can they have value and significance.

One who has suffered much and who can accept suffering in the right spirit generally has the right view of life and can find much joy in living. This was strikingly true in the case of Father Tabb. He regarded life as a preparation for death, but that did not make him morose or severe. On the contrary, though he understood well that "the life of man on earth is a warfare," he was remarkable for cheerfulness and optimism, qualities which always led him to look at the bright side of everything and kept his heart young. In no poem is his philosophy of suffering and of life better expressed than in his "Fern Song," which may well be quoted in full:

Dance to the beat of the rain, little fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun
He had labored, alas, in vain
But for the shade
That he could hath made,
And the gift of the dew and the rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain.

Because the poetry of Father Tabb is true, it is beautiful, a quality which

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is apparent in his treatment of irrational nature and of human nature, and of God. His treatment of these three subjects is unique. With a delicate sense of beauty and a deep insight vouchsafed to few men, he perceived a harmony, a union of all the voices in nature, chanting the glory of creation and of the Creator. He saw God beneath everything, and almost spontaneously his imagination chose some aspect of nature to show forth the Divine Mind. The budding trees remind him of Easter lights; the dawn brings to him thoughts of the light of the World; trees bending their tops sadly in the evening breezes tell him of the Gardener of Eden and Gethsemane, who chose one of them as the instrument of Redemption; the stars are shepherds who watch their sheep, the fleecy clouds; the snow before Christmas is the precursor of Christ. Thus the objects in nature not only appealed to his senses; they are spiritualized and so become, like ourselves, creatures of the Heavenly Father, dear to His heart. For Father Tabb, "nature is a language in which God speaks to man, the poet being the interpreter." With his fine spiritual sense and his deep insight, he understood the voice of nature, and interpreted it in accordance with his priestly character.

Father Tabb was a religious teacher and a priest, and in both capacities possessed the qualifications necessary in one who wishes to teach more than mere secular knowledge. He was a great lover of souls, and consequently, a believer in the genuine brotherhood of man. His creed in this matter is illustrated in his poems more beautifully, perhaps, than in anything else ever written in this much-

discussed subject. The poems "To the Christ" and "Limitation" (the latter being the one the poet himself considered his best) echo our Lord's words, "Love one another as I have loved you," and are expressive of Father Tabb's belief in universal brotherhood. The first of these runs:

Thou hast on earth a Trinity,—
Thyself, my fellow-man and me;
When one with him, then one with Thee;
Nor, save together, Thine are we.

The outstanding characteristic which marks every true priest, however, and Father Tabb in an eminent degree, is ardent love of God. Love was the principle of his life, primarily love of God; and his love prompted him to see God in everything. His charity found expression in his poems, which formed his meditation and prayer to his Heavenly Father, for the possession of whom he craved incessantly. "He craved," said the Reverend Daniel J. O'Connor, "for personal and daily intercourse with his Maker and Savior. . . . His imagination, it is true, could detect God's dwelling in the light of the sanctuary lamp. His religion was not a sentiment, but a service." Naturally, his love of God prompted his resignation in his numerous afflictions, and especially in his blindness. Love lightened his trials, and he summed up his devotion in—

"If my grief His guerdon be,
My dark His light,
I count each loss felicity,
And bless the night."

The points made here and the poems quoted show that Father Tabb possessed the virtues characteristic of all true priests; such as faith, devotion to the dogmas of the Church, a

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great spirit of resignation, and great love of God and of man. It would be tedious to enumerate them all. It may not, however, be superfluous to stress two other outstanding virtues, his simplicity and his gentleness.

Simplicity and delicacy are the two qualities that most adequately characterize the poetry of Father Tabb. The first of these, it might be added, is nothing else than his character reflected in his work. Though Shakespeare was his favorite poet, he never made use of Elizabethan diction, however beautiful, that had any suggestion of antiquity. Nor did he coin words for his purpose, though he might well have done so, for his inventive power was exceptional, and he possessed sound judgment. Simplicity is apparent in all of his poems; in not one of them is there the slightest evidence that the poet was writing merely for effect. He expressed his thoughts invariably in language at once the most simple and the most beautiful, as in "The Old Pastor":

How long, O Lord, to wait
Beside the open gate?
My sheep with many a lamb
Have entered, and I am
Alone, and it is late.

Another virtue—a counterpart of simplicity—of which Father Tabb was a conspicuous example is gentleness. One who often had the privilege of accompanying him on his walks, tells that once the priest came upon a crow with a broken wing. He picked up the bird tenderly, but seeing that the poor creature was beyond repair, took it to a stream and put an end to its suffering by drowning it.

Tears were in his eyes, and for the rest of the way he remained silent. A surer proof of gentleness is interest in children and love for them. If a person is able to attract the little ones to him, it is a sure sign that he must be "meek and gentle of heart." Father Tabb loved children; he never felt happier than when he had an opportunity to address them. In their company he seemed to become one of them, so unconsciously natural was his simplicity and kindness. The clear note of optimism and charity in almost every one of his poems could come only from a sincere and gentle mind.

There is good reason to believe that the work of John Banister Tabb has found ornament and important place in the poetry of the English-speaking world. His work sets forth in exquisite poetic form a body of exquisite poetic truth. It is informed throughout by the same sincere and beautiful religion that informed the life of the author. It has a real beauty of substance, a perfection of form, and a vivid imaginative quality that stamp it as genuine. His clarity of thought, natural artistry, and delicacy of touch render him unquestionably supreme in the field of the miniature lyric. The fact that within the last year two biographies of Father Tabb have been published shows that recognition of his poetry is becoming more general. Great poet that he was, he was greater as a man than as a poet in being the priest that he was. It is not too much to say, finally, that he is par excellence the priest-poet of English literature.

THE POTTAWATOMIES.

J. B. SLAINE.

YEARS ago, before the white man had invaded the trackless forests and plains of the great west, those plains formed the home of various tribes of aborigines who enjoyed a contented if meagre existence, and followed their primitive pursuits unhampered by thoughts of future troubles. The region now comprising the state of Indiana and southern Michigan was the hunting grounds of a tribe known as the Pottawatomies.

Unlike the majority of North American Indians, the Pottawatomies were a very peaceful and unwarlike people. When the first white men appeared in the person of the early missionaries, they accepted them as friends and brothers. The first of these missions among the Pottawatomies seems to have been established as early as 1675. Father Allouez, who had come down Lake Michigan from Green Bay, by canoe, entered the St. Joseph River and proceeded as far as the present site of Niles, where he built a chapel, the remains of which may still be seen. Here he began his labors among the heathen Pottawatomies who responded readily to his efforts and soon embraced the faith in ever increasing numbers.

The Indians came to know and love the faithful priest who labored in their service until his death. His work was continued by several successors until 1759. In that year the French garrison at St. Joseph capitulated, and was then taken to Quebec as prisoners of the English. The priests were also carried off, leaving the Indians without spiritual ad-

visors. Their absence was severely felt by the Pottawatomies who were left without ministrations for a period of one hundred years. Nevertheless they retained the faith during that time and preserved the rude chapels and the other belongings of the missionaries. Through their great chief, Pokagan, they made several appeals to the mission at Detroit to send them a priest. On one of his visits to Detroit, Pokagan spoke as follows: "My Father, I come again to implore you to send us a Black Robe to instruct us in the Word of God. If you have no care for us old men, at least have pity on our poor children, who are growing up as we have lived, in ignorance and vice. We still preserve the manner of prayer as taught to our ancestors by the Black Robe who formerly resided at St. Joseph. Morning and evening, I, my wife and children, pray together before the crucifix. Sunday we pray together oftener. On Friday we fast until evening,—men, women, and children, according to the traditions handed down by our fathers and mothers, for we ourselves have never seen a Black Robe at St. Joseph.—" Such was the simple faith preserved for years among the Pottawatomies.

As the result of these appeals, Father Badin, the first priest ordained in America, was sent from Kentucky to work among the Pottawatomies. He purchased ten acres of land on the present site of Notre Dame and recommenced the work of Allouez. Thousands of Indians were converted and dwelt in peace and harmony around this district. In 1835 the Indians were forced to move westward by the government but the Pottawatomies who were loathe to leave

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their homes, remained until 1838. The government then seized the mission houses and the churches and exerted pressure on the Indians who would have resisted but for the efforts of the priests. Many of them fled to the woods; others went across the border to Canada. But those who had been the earliest converts decided to buy land and submit to the invaders. Despite this they were all arrested and as they refused to go without their priest the government asked Father Petit to accompany them. The Indians received the news with greatest joy and the westward march was begun. This expedition was attended with great difficulties and hardships. Many of the Indians died. They were roughly treated by the soldiers who surrounded them as they marched and urged on the stragglers. Father Petit remained with them until they reached their new home on the Osage River, sixty miles beyond the western boundary of Missouri.

After the migration there still remained about two hundred of the Potawatomes scattered in the vicinity of Notre Dame. It was this remnant who joyfully greeted Father Sorin on his arrival to found the University. St. Joseph's parish was later established for them in Lowell, now part of South Bend. Until a few years ago their descendants could still be seen attending services there side by side with their white brethren.

BETHLEHEM.

JOHN SHOWEL.

No stately halls nor sky swept spires
To grace its barren hill,
Nor anything the world admires,
But all that's dead and still.
No laden ship on painted bay,
No loom nor miller's wheel,
No shouts of merry festive day,
Nor clash of legion's steel.
But Bethlehem in man's heart is fair,
Though all of grandeur shorn,
For in the humble stable there,
The infant Christ was born.

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RELATIVITY.

CORBIN PATRICK.

WHEN the French revolution was at its height, men were radical enough to propose that the common people should judge science. When an eminent astronomer announced that the moon was made of green cheese, the people were to decide. If green cheese happened to be in particular favor with them, the astronomer was right. If they preferred limburger, he was wrong. Whatever suited their tastes was to be accepted; whatever went against them was to be rejected.

But scientists were a supercilious lot, and had no intention of permitting the mob to pass upon their work. Consequently they did their science in words—words of such length and profundity that they themselves could scarce find what they had secreted.

Since the war, things have been changing. The world—especially the world of science—has been steadily growing democratic. New scientific facts are being written so that the people may read and understand. Old scientific facts are being unwrapped from their shrouds and exposed to public view. Still there remains one colossal work which the present day scientists have not had the courage to dig up. It is Einstein's Theory of Relativity. I myself, not differing in the least from my fellow scientists, also lack courage to tackle this job; but I have found a way to evade it. I

present here for the first time my own theory of relativity.

This theory is pleasantly my own—Pleasing to me because it is mine, and pleasing to others because I am willing to keep it so. But for yourselves. You are the common people, and here is my theory. "Any given relative is to me as his pocket book is to him."

Nothing could be simpler. I have a relative. Any one, say an uncle. This uncle has, as have all uncles and most other people, a pocketbook which bears a certain relation toward him. Well, to be brief, he bears the same relation toward me. If the pocketbook is mean to him, well—he doesn't shower any blessings on my head. Again, I say, nothing could be simpler.

I do not hold that this theory can be proved; but I do maintain that it cannot be disproved. Others may argue that it has exceptions, and cannot stand until these are accounted for. One man tells me he has an uncle who is a millionaire. This uncle gave him a pair of brass finished garters for Christmas, and he asks me to explain how the pocketbook filled with a million dollars bears the same relation to his uncle as the uncle bears to him. But this is easily answered. Put your self in the man's position. If your uncle treated you in this manner, what would you do? Why, immediately, you would disown him, no longer would he be your relative, and my theory would stand unchanged.

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THE ROAD TO KNOCKAREA.

A. F.

TIS a wide road and a white road that runs to
Knockarea,
And dusty are the brogues of them that
trudge the broken stone:
Balladmen, and beggarmen, and loads of
clover hay,
And dead men in black hearses whose women
cry 'ochone.'
You'll never know the half of them, and you
living in the town:
The people dumb with grieving and the
people gay in song;
Seaweed men and mountain men, with faces
rough and brown,
Who hurry off to market and take
their dreams along.

Mavahrore, and 'tis a strange road that runs
to Knockarea!
For sometimes Grief will mouch along, no
laughter in her mouth,
And Joy will hurry after flinging songs
upon the way.
Ah, the white road, the long road, the road
that's running South!

They're pulling down the bridges, they're tearing
up the roads,
They're shooting in the valleys where the
bannachs used to play.
The seaweed man, the ballad man—do their
donkeys pull the loads?
Or have they killed the dreamers trudging
south to Knockarea?

SHELLEY: THE POET OF HOPE.

WILLIAM H. BUCKNELL.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place in Sussex, of ancient and aristocratic lineage. He is said to have been a beautiful child, but his home life was peculiarly unhappy. His father was a country squire of conventional habits, interested mainly in field sports and the petty magistratial duties of his station. His mother took but little interest in her son's welfare and transmitted to him nothing but her personal beauty. There had been no previous literary genius in the family.

The poet-to-be was from his earliest years an omnivorous reader. He was a solitary boy and lived altogether in a world of his own—a world of ideas, imagination and dreams. Two great forces dominated his life: the love of beauty, and the love of his fellow-men. He hated cruelty and oppression, and was always to be found championing the principles of liberty and toleration, as he understood them. He suffered much at school—the famous Eton College—where he rebelled against the brutal system of fagging, then in vogue. Later, at Oxford, he became the 'ring-leader in every species of mischief within our grave college walls'. He was an unsatisfactory student, and refused to conform to the prescribed routine. His tutors and his fellow-students did not know what to make of this strange character who was addicted to the reading of outlandish books and given to speculating overmuch on the mysteries of life.

One day he met a poor woman on

Magdalen Bridge with a six weeks old infant in her arms. Snatching the child from its mother's arms, Shelley asked her, "Can your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, madam?"

"He cannot speak, sir," was the reply.

"Surely he can speak, if he will. He cannot have forgotten in so short a time whence he came."

"It is not for me to argue with college gentlemen," the simple soul replied, "but babies of that age never speak so far as I know."

And she clung to her infant in terror lest this madman should be impelled to drop it into the river below.

Most people have heard of the practical joke Shelley played on the Dons, a prank which cut short his university career. In this instance the joker overreached himself and accepted compulsion rather than confess that he had been playing the fool. The result was a quarrel with his father who cut him off, not indeed with the proverbial shilling, but with an annual pittance that was of little more service to a man of the poet's indifference and unthrifty habits. The next few years found Shelley occupied with a number of seemingly impractical schemes. As an example of his altruistic projects we may refer to his trip to Ireland where from the windows of his Dublin lodging he showered pamphlets on the heads of the passers-by. These pamphlets proclaimed the wrongs and injustice of which hopeless Erin was the victim. It was a subject on which Shelley felt keenly and in regard to which he often declaimed his views from the platform. Shelley might be regarded as the first Sinn Feiner. He was certainly in this matter a century ahead.

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of his time, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century neither the oppressors nor the oppressed would pay attention to the drastic remedies he prescribed nor countenance the revolutionary doctrines he preached.

About the same time he contracted a marriage with a weakminded girl of sixteen who had become enamoured of him. In his thoughtlessness the poet treated her scandalously and three years later the unfortunate creature took her own life. The poet had already met a more congenial spirit in Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, a person of advanced views in many directions. She was the pioneer of woman suffrage as well as the author of a terrible romance, *Frankenstein*, which has left its mark on English letters. Shelley married her at the close of 1816 and a few months afterwards left with her for Italy. Like many other writers of the early nineteenth century, Shelley felt the call of Dante's fatherland very strongly. There he spent the remaining years of his life, years during which the bulk of his work was inspired by the historic and fascinating environment in which he found himself.

He lived entirely in the open air. He was fond of sailing, and his indulgence in this pleasure was the cause of his early death. In July, 1822, with a friend named Williams, he left Leghorn to sail to Pisa across the Bay of Spezzia in an open boat. A sudden squall overturned the vessel and its occupants were drowned. A week later the bodies were washed ashore. Italian law demanded that they be burned. This was done and the ashes of the poet were deposited in the Protestant cemetery at Rome near those of his fellow singer, Keats,

who had predeceased him by a year. In one pocket of Shelley's dripping jacket was found his Sophocles, in the other a copy of Keats' poems 'doubled back as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away.'

Besides his longer poems and dramas Shelley has left a superb body of verse in the form of Odes, the choicest treasures in the realm of song. His supreme work is *Adonais*, a wonderful elegy inspired by the death of Keats. The author himself has justly termed this masterpiece of sustained melody 'a highly wrought piece of art.' Of the same work Francis Thompson has written: "Seldom is the death of a poet mourned in true poetry. Not often is the singer confined in laurel-wood."

In his own day Shelley received scant recognition. His reputation has undergone many vicissitudes. Ignored in his lifetime he was overpraised after his death. The critics of the late nineteenth century again maintained an attitude either of indifference or hostility towards his work. The reaction in his favor that has been so noticeable in the twentieth century is principally due to the publication of Francis Thompson's unmatchable essay on this poet. Published in the *Dublin Review* in 1907 after Thompson's death, the essay is an example of prose writing sustained at as high a level as has ever been reached in English letters.

Of his works published during his lifetime, some appeared without Shelley's name on the titlepage while others were suppressed at the very moment of publication. The only one to go into a second edition was a drama of horror—without parallel in

the rest of Shelley's writings—based on Roman life, called *The Cenci*. Even Shelley's fellow-poets ignored him. Neither Keats, Wordsworth, nor Southey thought of him as a possible rival. It is true that Byron was, characteristically enough, jealous of him, but for an adequate tribute of praise from a contemporary we have to turn to the pages of the almost forgotten but discerning and enthusiastic critic, Christopher North. Nowadays however Shelley is regarded as a poet's poet. He has inspired recent poets, like Browning, who were otherwise uninfluenced by the writings of their predecessors.

Time has been on his side and Shelley has been amply avenged. The word 'poet' is now almost synonymous with his name. For a poet he was in the highest sense of that elusive and indefinable word. He lived in a realm of imagery and fantasy. Francis Thompson has caught the essence of Shelley's poetic spirit in this glowing passage: "To Shelley's ethereal beautiful corresponding forms on the sands of outward things. He stood thus at the very junction lines of the visible and invisible, and could shift the points as he willed. His thoughts became a mounted infantry, passing with baffling swiftness from horse to foot or foot to horse. He could express as he listed the material and the immaterial in terms of each other. Never has a poet in the past rivalled him as regards this gift, and hardly will any poet rival him as regards it in the future."

Fully conscious of the indifference of the public of his day, Shelley wrote: "I have the vanity to write only for poetical minds and must be satisfied with few readers." He was

nevertheless human enough to long wistfully for an audience. "Nothing," he said, "is more difficult or unwelcome than to write without the confidence of finding readers." Casting about for some of the specific and peculiar traits of this poet's writing, we may remark in the first place the ease and light motion of his verse. Speed and lightness inform everything he wrote. We shall agree that "he shaped for himself a quickly moving medium to carry the rapidity of his thought and feeling." Written of one poem, the following criticism applies to nearly all: "The cantos (or stanzas) whirl by so fast that it becomes impossible to distinguish images or incidents; the flashes of beauty dazzle the eye." In reading such a lyric as the *Ode to the West Wind* we cannot avoid the feeling of swiftness, of ardent impetuosity.

Closely related is Shelley's 'unearthliness.' With him as guide the reader seems to move in a new and hitherto unexperienced element. No other poet has had such visions of the heights, such glimpses of the depths. He is equally at home among the stars and sunbeams and on the ocean floor where he 'visits the buried day of some wonder stream cove.' Thus he addresses the West Wind:

Thou who didst waken from his summer
dreams
The blue Mediterranean where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's Bay:
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser ray,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them.

Shelley's sphere is what has been called "the unknown, immeasurable and untrodden. It follows from this

that we cannot know much about it. We cannot know the detail of tracts we have never visited; the infinite has no form, the immeasurable no outline;. . . . with a single soaring effort imagination may reach her end. If she fail no fancy can help her; if she succeed there will be no petty accumulations of insensible circumstances so far above all things." (Bagehot.)

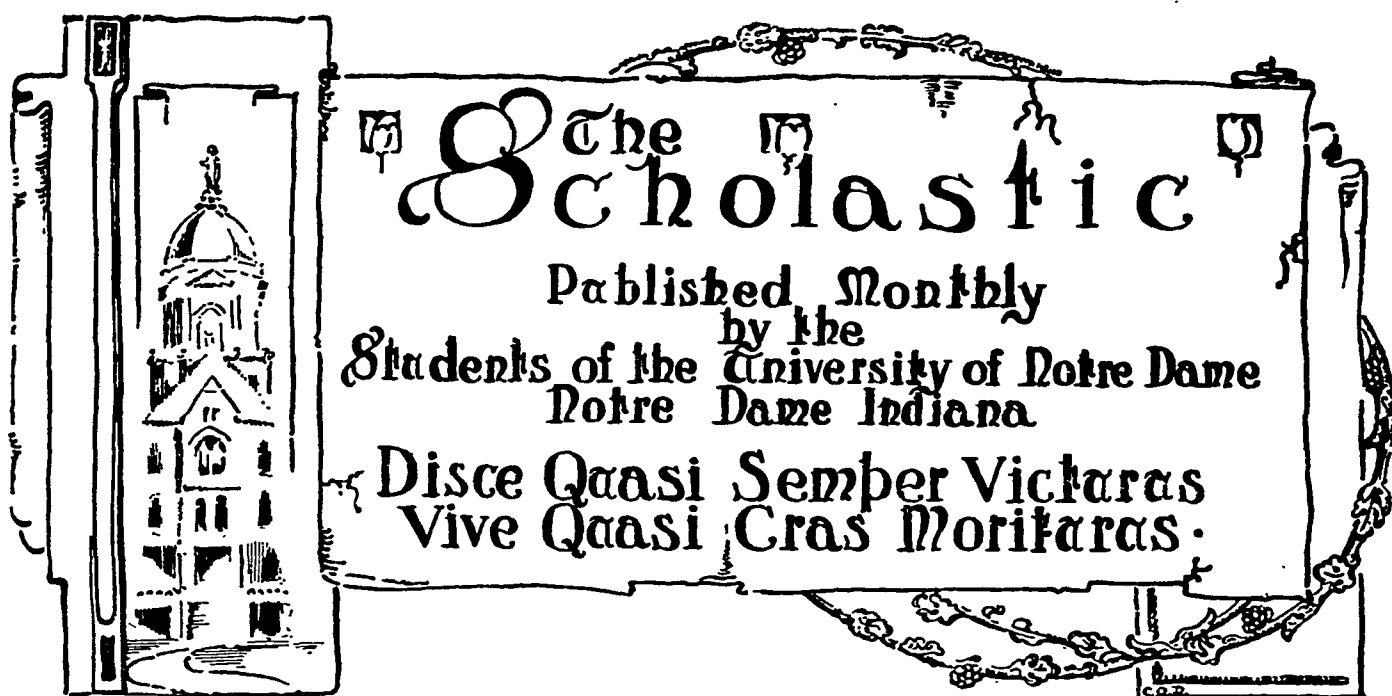
In the next place Shelley's childlikeness is conspicuous. Revolutionary and iconoclast that he is, his innocence and naivete appeal to us. His passion for reforming the world was wholly unpractical and chimerical. Francis Thompson calls him a 'magnified child' and Thompson is right. Even as a man Shelley loved nothing better than to send a fleet of paper boats sailing across a pond: as he did so he conceived that they were argosies bearing treasures over Ocean's breast. When he sings, as Thompson says, "he is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kenneled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gate of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies."

Shelley's melodiousness hardly requires elaboration. He is the poet whose words are most nearly akin to music. Bagehot speaks of his 'clear ring of penetrating melody.' It has been said of Shelley that he 'sees things musically.' And there is his own witness:

My soul is an enchanted boat
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.

Thus his pictures are tone-pictures wrought in music rather than in words.

Finally, he is the poet of hope, as Wordsworth is the poet of wisdom. His hopefulness and optimism are the keynote of Shelley's politics as well as of his poetry. He longed for a happier and brighter world for men to dwell in. What is more, he confidently expects its realization. He stands at the head of the men of his time in his conviction that there is a brighter and more joyous future in store. This it is that makes him specially worthy of our attention in these days of 'reconstruction.' He too had lived in an age of horrors and depressing warclouds. It is true that the reading of his poems will not furnish the world with a nostrum for its every ill, but he can inspire men with that spirit of hope and confidence without which all the leagues of nations and all the international safeguards that may be devised can be of little avail.



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THE WAYS OF THIS WORLD.

We have been arguing with a lady. That is, we have been listening to her discuss a topic of conversation in a way which, despite her vehement protest, smacks of the argumentative style. The topic came up looking very demure and innocent, almost shy. It was the question of manners. Not the code of Emily Post by any means, but just that fundamental absence of vulgarity which distinguishes a man from a mango. Of course these are hurried, strenuous times, we asserted; this is a day and age when people who have corns are expected to use corn-plasters. But on the other hand, education is permeating the body politic as never before. Colleges are getting their fingers on the man from the market-place, on the raw-boned straw-tramper from the northwest, yes even on the West Side and the East Side and—

We were getting fairly enthusiastic. Visions of The General Dissipation of Vulgarity Co., Inc., as promoted by the colleges of the land, looked so gorgeous that we felt like buying a modest lump of stock ourselves. But then the lady started. She is, though married, usually urbane and, granting the native handicap of sex, reasonable. But now her words began to gambol and glitter like a set of shooting-stars. College men, she asserted, were nothing if not vulgar. They made a code of it. Take the average boy who comes to school and compare him with the product turned out at the end of four years, she demanded. He has lost the lustre of poise and gentle ways. He knows nothing of spontaneous courtesy. Nine times out of ten, his conversation is a cynical veneer laid on for the purpose of getting by. His faith is pinned to three things: hair-polish, shoe-polish and

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a hip pocket. Somebody has harangued him into believing that the athlete of the Greeks is an excuse for unbuttoning his flannel shirt and assuming the pronoun 'he.' And as for culture, his talk is jargon. His comments are a compound of crude oil and synthetic gin.

The lady ran out of breath. Being wise in our generation, we departed. But on sober second thought, we have decided not to take out stock in The General Dissipation of Vulgarity Co., Inc.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The United States Diplomatic Corps might quite conceivably be the National Academy of Arts and Letters. From the time of Washington Irving the personnel of American statecraft presents a straight line of literary accomplishment, embracing a gallery of men whose scholarship and intellectual charm play upon the surface of American history like a shaft of blue moonlight on smooth, but fast, treacherous waters. Into this hierarchy of belles lettres death has elected the late minister to Denmark.

Maurice Francis Egan was at heart a dilettante. No trader in ideas, no gray-eyed visionary, no teller of tales, Egan was more the connoisseur than the creator, the lover of art than the maker of art. In this role he won vast renown. A masterful sense of penetration, a strength of analysis gilded by his very Celtic faculty for humor, these comprise his mental equipment. This he augmented with a random but none the less extensive erudition. Here was the personality, the Egan who was Professor of Literature at Notre Dame twenty-five years ago. In company with Stace, Howard, Stoddard, our publicist added to and rounded out his spectacular career as a journalist.

The Lilacs today stand as a landmark of Notre Dame life. In this workshop Egan wrote his History of the United States, a work which more than anything else attracted Roosevelt to him. Roosevelt himself possessed a pronounced historical bent. In 1907 the President tendered Egan the Copenhagen embassy where the erstwhile editor passed the closing and most conspicuous period of his life.

The last time we saw him was in the Winter of 1921. We saw him in the inimitable drawing-room manner which he wore with such finesse. We still remember him for his drollery, and bland glibness. The news of his serene, and certainly happy death after a long illness quickened the bosoms of not a few friends of his inner circle of our campus as well as a multitude of more distant admirers among us. He was 76 years when he died, but the image of his warm smile, the badge of his lissome youth, will not soon fade.

THE SPIRIT OF "RAZZ."

It is customary for us to take a tolerant view of criticism. Whether it be just or unjust, we are likely to smile upon it and say, "Criticism can do no harm; if it be justified it may help matters, and if unjustified it will but sharpen the wits and point the ideas of those criticised."

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In that attitude we are mainly right. Yet we are somewhat wrong, and we should realize in what we are wrong as well as in what we are right. Surely the spirit of "razz" is wrong.

There is in this case no need, perhaps no ability, to define strictly what we mean by the spirit of razz. It is already too well manifest on our campus to demand definition. It is the criticism of the active by the inactive, the ridicule of scholars by the flunked, the mistrust of the trustworthy by the untrustworthy. It is the manifestation of a deep-grown inferiority complex.

We admit that even such a spirit, so typical of the Irish temper, and therefore widely displayed at Notre Dame, has its advantages. But we are now concerned with its disadvantages, which are the more numerous and serious.

The spirit of razz eats like a burning poison into the characters of those who constantly exemplify it. In finding fault with everyone else, they elevate themselves in their own estimation. To accuse someone else of conceit satisfies their own conceit. To minimize the efforts of a better man magnifies the magnificence of their own isolated inactivity. In the implication that no one they know is a genius is the more subtle implication that they themselves are undiscovered geniuses.

So the inferiority complex works itself out, and the inferior person becomes more and more inferior as he seeks to crown himself by censuring others.

That is all serious. But the effect of this spirit on those upon whom its filth is piled yet more regrettable because less deserved. The man who promises to develop a unique personality is too often cowed by this spirit of criticism. Rather than face the attack and fight his way through his critics, he chooses the easier course—he stays in his little corner, and, half in desire to fight himself, and half in abhorrence of the conflict, watches the few courageous ones as they battle against the spirit of razz.

And what of these latter, these who spurn to become one of the mob in order to escape the attacks of the mob? They may gain much just because they have had to fight for their personalities. Yet on the whole they are cramped—fear of the razz must slow down some phases of self-development, and fighting the razz must take time and attention that were better concentrated elsewhere.

The spirit of razz is not an evil unless it becomes overstrong, and bears too heavily upon individuality. Yet the tendency is for it to do just that. In such a case it weakens and devitalizes all parties concerned. The healthy and robust young animal grows into a brutal, uncouth monster. And if experience proves that it *must* grow into that, it were best that we kill the beast when its brutality is only potential. Its furry hide will be comfortable for Tolerance and Good-Will to sit upon as they talk before the convivial fireplace.

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WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

The utility of a college education is sometimes questioned. Why go to college? Outstanding figures in business, wizards of invention, and professional geniuses who have never had the fortune to imbibe the wise platitudes of college professors, and the warm associations with college friends, seem to us to be proof of the contention that a college training is unnecessary to success. Surely nobody can point a captious finger at "un-colleged" geniuses and say that they have not attained success. The conclusion is that if the elusive seed of genius is buried within us, it will take root of its own accord and grow to a full-blooming thing in time, and that college educations, after all, are not much of an assurance of success. This is but another case of the half-truth seeming to be the whole truth.

Planting colleges and filling them with young men—intelligent men who know opportunity,—is planting seed corn for the country. The regrettable thing is that most college students lack foresight and so few are capable of making the best of advantage.

A college education should be an inspiration, a background for greater and more constructive work, an unfolding of personality about which success centers chiefly, and a general culture which is the hallmark of wisdom and the cope-stone of a gentleman. What sculpture is to a block of marble, a college education is to a young man. It brings forth qualities which otherwise would never have been disinterred.

College is not meant to be a place for the accumulation of a heap of ill-chosen erudition. Sometimes a man will lay so many books on his head that his brain cannot function. "Shallow drafts of knowledge intoxicate the brain, and drinking deeply largely sobers us again." We must mix the drinks and sip largely of a concoction that contains every element of a university's environment.

The college is the seat of ideals. It forms men who bring to the outside world an incomparable morale, a power touched with greater and wider ideals. Its liberal training is meant to be reflected in life and thought. College prepares men for the whole of life rather than a particular part of it. The ideals which lie at its heart are the ideals of right living and right thinking that must prevail in a world motivated by principle.

A college never fails to impress its indelible stamp of quality upon those who expose themselves to it. Successful men who have had no college education would have been immeasurably better off had they been through college. An investment in knowledge ultimately pays the greater interest.

THE VALUE OF POWER.

Is power a thing worth striving after? The question comes to all of us at sometime or other while we are still young. It may come while we are in a philosophical mood, merely contemplating, in a detached way, the worthwhile things of life. Or, perhaps, it may come when we have tired

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of the struggle, and are wondering whether, after all, it is worth the effort. But, come as it may, it demands an answer.

Considering power in itself, the answer is obviously no. That man would be called insane who worked and plodded, suffered and killed himself, merely to satisfy his thirst for power; because, it is an unstable thing, which today is with him and tomorrow rests upon the shoulders of another. Even though power did remain with him until death takes it away, it is barren and can give him no pleasure; for the very possession of it sets a man awry with his fellows. No one likes to be dominated, and everyone looks with distrust upon those who hold the means of domination. Moreover, what are a few years of power when compared with a life of hardships spent in acquiring it?

No, power in itself is not a thing worth striving after. But clothe it in a noble purpose, place upon its brow the honored crown of service, and the answer must be different. Strive for power that you may use it to avert a war, or to reform a nation's morals and you are doing something which is worth every ounce of energy at your command.

PRODUCTION AND SO FORTH.

This is an age that has given birth to a new art—the art of production. We are beginning to look with suspicion upon rarities. Browning says,

“ . . . Notice Neptune, though,
Flaming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!”

What a damning indictment, in the modern sense, against that innocent piece of statuary! That it should be a rarity means nothing else than that there was something essentially at fault with the entire genus of Claus' Neptunes that rendered them unsalable. The wearers and the inheritors of the purple of modern commerce admit of but one standard by which their art is to be judged, “How much can you produce in an eight hour day?”

In the flickering light of awakening intellect, we are, as a civilization, beginning to reduce everything to formulae. All human endeavor is being classified as an art or as a science. We have the science of the Sanitary Engineer and the art of the Chiropodist. And which Sanitary Engineer, in a community, and which Chiropodist, is to become a member of the local Rotary depends largely upon which one repairs the most broken boilers and the most broken arches. Production is a first principle, which, in the existing scheme of things, cannot be dispensed with.

Specialization and Standardization are the corollaries of Production. A specialist is one who knows his art or science with such a degree of thoroughness that he is able to standardize it and thereby achieve greater production.

In the minds of many it is the office of the university to produce specialists. In a certain sense this is, perhaps, true, but in general, it is certainly false. For a man with a university education to acquaint himself with but

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one form of human knowledge, to the exclusion of all others, is to automatically defeat the highest purpose of a thorough education—that of producing men with a comprehensive view of life in general; men that see their profession through the glass of the world at large, and not the world at large through the tiny lens of their own highly specialized profession.

RUMOR.

Truth is a smooth-flowing river, fulfilling its natural purpose of utility and beauty. Rumor is the flood. It may still be Truth, but so perverted from its natural course and so violent, that it leaves only destruction in its wake.

A short time ago a nationally prominent man was subjected to the humiliation of a public retraction. His offense was the more blameworthy because his insinuations violated the sanctuary of the grave. His sole defense was that his remarks had been based on rumor. Only the glaring truths of an actual national perversion now under investigation, prevented the flooding of the country with statements which, though unsubstantiated, would have been eagerly believed by the political enemies of the defenseless victim.

It is not always that chance thus checks the flood. It is not always that the victim, whether he be dead or alive, has sufficient influence to expose the wrong. Rumor gathers force in underground channels and the victim, whether innocent or guilty, is not aware of the danger until the destructive power is upon him.

LUNAR LOG.

JANUARY SUMMARY.

MOST of us managed the examinations which were worrying us so when the last issue of the Scholastic went to press, and those who didn't slip by, swore fervently that for this coming quarter there would be no "gay round of pleasure"; and contemplated with sincerity long evenings spent in the quiet of their rooms, with Law volumes, and Calculus texts, and Shelley's Poems, and—but, of course, unfortunately, this would have to be postponed until after the Cotillion, and then one would have to go to the Hard Times Dance, (it was such fun), and there was the Frolic coming too! There is however, some consolation in the fact that February has one extra day this year in which we can make up for lost time.

It was Bob Worth who named our new mascot. He named him well—"Tipperary Terrence," but he did not name him wisely. As I see it "Terry" is only a wee chap, following Max Hauser around the campus with a great deal of devotion; and everyone, even Bob Worth, should know that Tipperary is noted not only for its big men, but also because it builds its houses, carts, and walls in proportion, and even the horses are bigger in Tipperary. It will take a year or two before we can be sure that "Terry" is worthy of his name. And it was the Toledo Club that presented him to "Rock," the same Toledo Club which at this date is almost 900 votes ahead of the Ohio Club in the Daily's "Best Organization" contest. Ray

Cunningham must be active! The Monogram Club still holds a great lead on the Scribblers in the Campus Club section. Dr. Stoeckley's cups for the winners are now on display in the Cafeteria, and soon will be lodged in some president's or campaign leader's room, there to be a "thing of beauty and a joy"—forever.

Our basketball team, which is having such a successful season under Coach Keogan, continues to win a majority of its games. Indiana beat us by a one point margin, and just to show that Gene Mayl's "big five" thrives on defeats, the team came back the following night and trimmed the much touted Wabash five on their own floor. Adrian will probably taste a similar pill to-night. Hockey, not so successful as could have been, was nevertheless, a tribute to Coach Tom Lieb in his efforts to develop a strong team out of green material. Stack, Feltes, Mouch, Irmiger, McSorley, all deserve credit for their performances this year, and about several of these men a good team should be developed for the coming year.

We hear that S. A. C. is planning a carnival to be held sometime during the Lenten period. A cup will be awarded. All clubs are invited to participate, and details for the contest will be announced later. Mark Nolan and Bill Greavy are in charge.

Joe Ryan has warned me not to say anything about the Cotillion in this column—nor to mention the Hard Times Dance. He says he is giving both these events very elaborate treatment further on in the book. If you will look for Joe's name then, above it you will find an extraordinary account of these extraordinary events

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treated as only an extraordinary man can treat them. Joe knows whereof he speaks for he attended both—by far the best-dressed at the first, and the worst-dressed at the second.

We were pleasantly reminded that this is a Leap Year by the February issue of the Juggler. Again Dan Hickey is to be congratulated! The cover design is the best that has appeared on a Juggler cover—it is the work of Joe Foglia—and the drawings and literary matter inside the cover are of the same high order. Walter Moran, Norb Engels and Joe Foglia were elected to the staff. Tom Ahearn wins the coveted five dollars! From time to time we hear rumors about the "Dome." All are very favorable. Bartley, the business-manager, assures us that there will be weeping and wailing on May 17th, when all the Domes are disposed of, and the waiting list is still lengthy. Only 1500 copies are being printed and already that number of subscriptions have been solicited. "An allowance must be made for those who cancel their subscriptions or leave school, and it is on this allowance that those who fail to subscribe now must count for their Domes"—so speaks ye business manager.

By far the most important events of the month, outside of naming "Terry," are the activities of the Senior Class, and the Glee Club Trip and the Concert given in Washington Hall. We will take these in order and be even more liberal than Mr. Grundy in our praise.

On January 24th, the Senior Class did a most extraordinary and unprecedented thing. It lowered the price of the Senior Ball ticket to

\$20.00. Anyone who knows the workings of a Senior Class knows what a sacrifice this is. A thousand dollars—(for the Seniors want and expect two hundred seniors to attend the class dance this year)—a thousand dollars is a lot of money to pass up, especially when the S. A. C. ruled favorably on the price at \$25.00. The Senior Committee as a whole is to be congratulated, and Walter Moran, who is at the head of the Concessions Committee, is especially to be praised because of his industry in raising money to defray expenses. Big Owen Desmond who has most of the worries as Chairman of the Ball Committees on his shoulders certainly receives the thanks of his classmates for his work, and we know that behind the whole operation Don Gallagher, our genial president, had an influencing hand in the five dollar cut—because it is Don's idea that "The more seniors the better the Ball"—and he is determined that the ball of 1924 will be the best ever. His first step in that direction is to make a five dollar cut in the ticket price—which may seem like a paradox or something like that but which puts every man in the Senior Class firmly behind Don and Owen and his Committees, and this of course insures the success of the Ball, and proves that Don is a very far-seeing chap.

The Glee Club, after passing all their examinations, went down to Indianapolis and charmed that charming city with a program which brought forth praise in enthusiastic proportions. A change of program is all that is necessary to bring them back there *again* this year—a thing unheard of before in Indianapolis for a

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Notre Dame Glee Club. Our own Joe Casasanta, assistant-director of the Club, took the forty men, and directed the concert himself. The Indianapolis Star claims that "credit for the well-directed attacks and responsive leadership," must be given this talented young man. To Rob Rink, whose home is in Indianapolis, and who arranged the details of the concert, a great share of the thanks of the club must be given. Hoosier Hospitality as evidenced by the Rinks and others will live with the Gleesters, "As long as memory lasts, etc."

About ten days later, Washington Hall was packed with students and faculty members to hear the same Club. Dr. J. Lewis Browne, director of the Club, whose wonderful personality, as well as his nationally recognized ability have made the club a success, directed the concert. John Brennan who wrote up the concert for the Daily, says it was a "triumph." A triumph it was, and even that, John, is "restraining praise to the freezing point." It was a triumph for the Club as a whole, for Dr. Browne, for Joseph Casasanta, composer of the "Hike Song," for Vernon Rickard, for George Koch, and it was a triumph for Senorita Milla Ybarra, a pupil of Dr. Browne's whose numbers marked the high lights of the evening, and whose voice, technique, and stage presence will always make her a welcome artist in Washington Hall. The concert was, by far, the best heard at Notre Dame in a long time, and it is easy to predict more triumphs for them on their Easter trip and other trips. We should like to hear them again at Notre Dame before June. A concert is in planning for St. Mary's in the very near future.

We would like to see the expression on the faces of the audience when "Tex" and George sing "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes". . . .

The "Hike Song", by Fagan and Casasanta, is a worthy companion for the "Victory March." It has all the verve and swing of that worthy piece, and with these two marches, and the more sedate "O Notre Dame," our school is as well represented musically as any other in the country. . . .

A great many other events have been crowded into this month. Mark Nolan won the State Oratorical Contest, defeating seven candidates. This marks the second year that the State Championship has been held by Notre Dame. Ray Gallagher won it last year. A few days later Mark Nolan (the same one) was elected Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, to succeed Harry Barnhart whose many duties make it imperative for him to be relieved of the office. "Barney" has labored hard for the Knights here at Notre Dame (just as he has labored for all the activities he has been connected with) and the ovation given him on his retirement by his fellow members was only a slight mark of the esteem every one on the campus holds for him. John Stanton was elected Advocate of the Council, and now, with a lawyer for Grand Knight and a lawyer for Advocate, we can sit back and grin at those who would out-talk, or out-law us.

There were lots of other things too. Father Charles O'Donnell talked to the Scribblers on Poetry and other things; our old friend "Buck" Shaw is the proud father of a baby girl; Tim Rauh is elected president of the

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Chemists; the Bengalese Boxing Show is going to be bigger than ever this year; "Husk O'Hara" is going to play for the Frolic; the Juggler is going to get out a Movie Number in February; the Dome is looking for Humor (and so's the Juggler); the Freshmen have a publication of their own; Charles Grimes was with us for a few days. . . . etc., etc.

And dear editor, if any poetry is necessary to fill out this column, please don't write about my roommate, for he threatened to give me lethal gas for writing the one last month about him freezing his ears; and that isn't just, because I didn't write it. . . . and he says there isn't any use giving anyone in Sorin Hall lethal gas because "gassing" is one of the best things they do in Sorin and it doesn't seem to affect anyone there at all. . . .

—JAMES F. HAYES.

ARTS: AN ARTICLE.

We are continually admiring the muscular in university activities, so much so that the outsider is led to believe there is nothing else worth while in college life. The artistic is probably the least emphasised here; nevertheless, there is that phase of Notre Dame life and it has a virility that grows without the applause of the multitude.

It is true scholastic schedules have said little about our art department but the spirit was there and could not be kept down. Under Professor O'Connor, then head of the art department, was formed the Palette Club whose activities covered about

three years. This club ceased to exist, not from lack of interest, but because of the demand upon the members for work of their pens and brushes.

Today the remaining members of the Palette Club along with all the new men are busily engaged upon the staffs of the various publications. The Dome has put under contribution the work of a large number of these men; consequently the Dome has a most efficient staff of cartoonists, painters, photographers, and lay-out men. As a result the 1924 edition will be the most artistic in the history of that publication, a remarkable achievement when one considers the high standing the 1923 Dome attained among the best college annuals in the country.

The marked change in the appearance of the *Scholastic* is the result of the attention of this artistic group. The famous *Juggler* levies contributions from the *Dome* and *Scholastic* staffs in addition to the work of its own particular staff. In recognition of the work of the *Juggler's* clever staff are the frequent quotations in the leading humorous magazines of the middle west. Even the Notre Dame Daily "rates" a cartoonist.

Professor Thompson, present head of the art department, has inaugurated several new departures in the art curriculum, raising the standard and widening the field of the department which now offers a degree in Fine Arts. Professor Thompson is a mural decorator of note.

Wandering about the spacious campus, along wooded by-paths, and around the pretty little lakes, during the summer months, one is ever coming upon students busy before easels

with palette and brush. Each summer Father Gregory Gerrer, O. S. B., drops his own work of collecting rare canvasses to conduct classes in oil at the University. At the end of the summer session the work is placed upon exhibit, from which many pieces are sold.

Finally, let the visitor wonder at the great paintings in the Church, the halls of the Administration Building, and the dining rooms, reminiscent of the time when we sent to Europe to get the best possible in art. Then let that same visitor stand before T. Dart Walker's "Sun Worshippers" or before the "Polish Exile," both more or less modern works among the old masters of our famous gallery; there he must come to the pleasant conclusion that we are as artistic as we are oratorical or athletic.

—RIORDAN.

THE LAST LAP.

As usual, we are caught unprepared. The second semester is upon us and our surprise is pitiful to see. Time was when it loomed far ahead; we knew it was coming, but only after a long, long time. It was so obscured by a mist of exams and classes and dances and football games that its beginning seemed as distant as Judgment Day and equally intangible. Then suddenly we were shaking hands with it, and now, as we might a new room mate with whom we must suspend a good share of our time, we stand back and survey it rather critically, wondering as to possibilities.

Our formal presentation took place on the first Monday in February. Offi-

cially, the occasion was catalogued as Registration Day but its unofficial designation might well have been Legal Absence Day. Certain it is that half the campus was transplanted to Chicago, and of the remainder, another half silently vanished in the directions of conveniently close-by homes. To an observer who remained on the campus—who is, incidentally, probably not entirely free from prejudice on that account,—it seemed that if the five dollar fee were collected from every late registrant, the director of the Endowment Drive might call in his forces at once and return to find the empty coffers filled to overflowing. However that may be, the large residence in absentia was certainly not apparent at the time. Line after line besieged the Library, and from their length, the entire University appeared to be out in force, with several hundred newcomers tacked on for good measure. One can only attempt to picture the congestion if a large part of the aspiring student enrollment really *had* been there.

The Reading Room was transformed for the occasion into the Chamber of a Thousand Whispers. Scattered in those familiar spaces, grave-faced professors and bottles of red ink sat carefully about and there, with little figures on important looking cards, with catalogues for credentials, the student and the second semester were made acquainted. 'Yes, this class was taught on Mondays' and 'no, you really couldn't leave that out'; 'well, you'd better arrange that with Father Burke' and 'my dear boy, what *have* you been doing these last three years?' The scratching of many pens, the shuffling of cards, the

gravely lowered voices, the smothered, padding footfalls on the cork carpet,—all rose and dimmed and mixed into a subdued and scholarly murmur, as if the old volumes on the shelves were gently gossiping together.

So the second semester may be said fairly to have begun. As it goes on into March and May, we shall find, as we always have in the past, that it varies but little either in what it does for us or what we do for it.

There is always, of course, at the beginning, a renewed enthusiasm. We here highly resolve and so forth, that we will study from day to day. That last quarter average was pretty poor; this semester we are going to raise it at any cost. And when the examinations roll around again, as they have a way of doing, we will be all prepared to meet them, armed to the teeth with fact and fiction. But elaborate plans soon begin to slip and firm intentions melt away. It is so easy to pick up a Saturday Evening Post instead of a formidable looking economic treatise; so convenient to put off a few duties and then to forget them entirely. While the South Bend theatres report no falling off in patronage, we will be facing those last few days of unmerciful cramming, and the familiar average of eighty-two will be quite welcome when it comes,—and if.

Amusements are fairly stable commodities. We may expect then to hear and to give, this second semester, the usual comments on the campus publications and to criticize as if our heart and soul were in it, the quality of Washington Hall entertainment. New classes and professors open up a wide field for consideration; we are

still addicted to writing and receiving letters; and, of course, the identity of Mr. Grundy will remain a fruitful topic of profound discussion. Many things will happen this semester, if the multitudes of shadows cast before is any indication. For some of these we watch with keen anticipation—the various class dances, the appearance of the DOME, the doings of the rejuvenated Drama Circle, the S. A. C. Club Carnival, to mention the outstanding.

But after all, the beginning of the second semester is only a short distance marker we stub our toes on in the smooth pathway of the year. Even as we note the fact, quite painfully, that there remains not much time, we sink back into the placid measured plodding of our course. So long as the second semester is to be a close companion during the next five months, why not get something out of the association? We could then claim the merit of originality, and besides, the old familiar rut would get a well-earned rest.

—JAMES WITHEY.

CONCERNING PARTIES.

There was something happy and joyous about it all. . . . the gay throng, the display of color, the excellent music, the beautiful lighting effects of the ballroom. The Sophomore Cotillion held at the Palais Royale February 8th was a brilliant affair. It outshone all previous Cotillions. Benson's Collegians imported from Chicago supplied the music, and the favors were small silver perfumettes. A large number attended, including

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guests from Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, Fort Wayne and other cities near and far. The dance demonstrated the superior ability of this year's Sophomores. They have conducted a Cotillion that will take its place among the foremost parties of the year. The Seniors and the Juniors gave the second year men excellent support.

An informal tea dance, part of the festivities of the Cotillion, was held in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel on the afternoon of February 8th. The music was provided by Harry Denny's orchestra and Vernon E. Rickard gave two pleasing song numbers.

On the evening of February 18th an incongruous company of rag-pickers, gypsies, clowns, vagabonds and paupers assembled at the Palais Royale for the Seniors' Hard Times ceremonies. The big five increased to ten entertained. Great bales of straw lined the walls, giving the ballroom an atmosphere of rusticity. Over four hundred couples attended. "Gov." Walsh, as King of the Hard Timers, exacted fines from those whose costumes indicated prosperity. An air of mirth prevailed and everyone entered into the affair in a spirit of fun. Sophisticated Seniors were tramps and beggars for the evening; happy parties camped on the floor; sedate scholars played marbles in the manner of urchins; there was hopscotch and other games of childhood. Even the orchestra cast seriousness aside and had as much fun as anybody. Late in the evening prizes were awarded. Miss Mary Jo Miller and Mr. Charles Springer headed the list of winners and Miss Mary Howard, Miss Helen Vincent, Henry Trinkle

and James Crowley also received awards. It was a dance that we will not forget and one that will be remembered by many as the most delightful party of the year.

—J. C. RYAN.

WASHINGTON HALL.

To review a series of recitals and performances of artists and like entertainers is difficult and the difficulty becomes still greater when the events to be summed up have perhaps become forgotten by the majority of the audiences who acclaimed them at the time of showing. But whether forgotten or not, some of the musical treats that were tasted in Washington Hall this year need but be mentioned and the memory will conjure up pleasant impressions on the instant. There has been a substantial improvement this season over last year's program, although it is largely a matter of personal opinion regarding which number of this year's program should draw the strongest praise. However the outstanding features so far seem to have boiled down to these: Alberto Salvi, the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, the Werno Quartette, and Jesse Isabel Christian.

The first of these, Signor Alberto Salvi, appears to have brought to light a hitherto hidden thirst for harp music at Notre Dame by his superb mastery of that instrument. In just as capable a manner Paul Vernon's Cleveland Orchestra proved themselves worthy of much enthusiastic comment. The Cleveland Orchestra strives for three things. They are; be comprehensible to every member

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of the audience, second, the music should be good and worth hearing, and third, compositions should be selected which fairly represent the various types of music. Under the directorship of Paul Vernon they have realized all three of their aims.

The entertainment furnished by the Werno Quartette, which came next in the line of what was notable in the year's program, bolstered up the middle of the season's bill as it were by providing an evening of amusement that was much above the average.

To say that the last of the season's four outstanding treats, that of Jesse Isabel Christian, was not the least would be but to put new life and truth into an old and hackneyed expression. A large part of the success of Miss Christian may be attributed to the varied program which she gave.

This much for the artists who have come here from the "outside." As to the local concert, that given by the Notre Dame Glee Club, under the di-

rection of Doctor J. Lewis Browne and Joseph Casasanta, assistant director, everyone knows that the high praise given it by the *Daily* was well warranted from the opening number to Casasanta's closing "Hike song" in which Senorita Ybarra assisted. Senorita Ybarra interspersed the program with classical selections making an interesting and lively concert.

As said before, the features of this year are far in advance of those of the previous season and we are promised by a committee appointed for that purpose that next year's program will be still better. The slogan of this committee is "Quality, not Quantity" and it will endeavor to secure five or six really good numbers for the season rather than a raft of smaller and inferior ones. Due to the various difficulties that present themselves and block the possibility of getting good bills for Washington Hall, a liberal amount of praise should be extended to those who are striving for better amusement for the school.

—F. T. KOLARS.

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BOOK LEAVES.

JOSEPH P. BURKE

"The Plastic Age" by Percy Marks is another book similar to F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" and Benet's "The Beginning of Wisdom." The author is an English Instructor at Brown University. Like its forerunners this volume is marked by a cynical realism. Mr. Marks has chosen a small college for his background and has dubbed it Sanford College, although it is rumored to be in reality Amherst. This honorable institution, by the way, has received more than its share of publicity during the past year.

Following so closely upon the death of Woodrow Wilson the publication in March of ex-Secretary of Commerce Redfield's book, "With Congress and Cabinet," is of particular interest. The story of his career as a member of the war cabinet discloses some intimate details of the life of Mr. Wilson during that unsettled period. One of these is the story of how on a certain Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Wilson went to inspect a newly invented aeroplane. Finding the building in which it was stored barred and locked, the President of the United States and the First Lady of the Land climbed through a half-opened window rather than fail to carry out the purpose of their visit. Mr. Redfield also includes in this volume close-up portraits of his associates in the President's official family. The book is certain to be of interest if for no other reason than the coincidence of its appearance with the death of Mr. Wilson.

It is interesting to learn that the works of Anatole France have been placed on the index by the Soviet Republic. The Bolshevik censor accuses them of too much spirit and too little idealism.

Advice to aspiring columnists is contained in the remarks of the veteran reporter Samuel G. Blythe gleaned from the New York "Evening Post." I can tell you how a column should not be written," he says. "Write it without the standardized formula invented by the late Bert

Taylor and religiously followed ever since. The type ingredients of the Taylor formula are: (1) The typographical error; (2) the (3) the abbreviation of an obvious term, for instance, w. k. for well known; (4) the joke play on a name, for example, 'Sam Needles runs a tailor shop'; (5) bum verse from a contributor; (6) an alleged translation of some Latin poet and then mix in three fat paragraphs about yourself. That is the kind of a column not to write. Instead do something else and 'Be yourself.'"

At last the authorship of "A Critical Fable," the much discussed book of last season, which contained reviews in rhyme of the work of contemporary poets, has been revealed. Miss Amy Lowell, the distinguished American poetess, listed it among her works in the English "Who's Who." The book was published anonymously by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and its authorship was the subject of a long controversy, in which Miss Lowell's name was often mentioned, along with that of Gamaliel Bradford and others. "A Critical Fable" bears a close resemblance to James Russell Lowell's rhymed criticisms, which he called "A Fable for Critics."

Thomas Beer's biography of "Stephen Crane" (Knopf) has become somewhat of a literary sensation, although a financial failure. Perhaps this is sufficient proof that it is a real contribution to American letters. Crane achieved international fame as a writer at the age of twenty-five with "The Red Badge of Courage." He died at the age of twenty-nine and Mr. Beer attempts to present the disaster of his career in detail. Joseph Conrad, who was intimate with Crane when the latter was living in England in 1897, has contributed an introduction to the volume.

William Stanley Braithwaite's annual "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1923 and Year Book of American Poetry" has just been issued. This makes the eleventh yearly issue of this institution of American letters. New features added to this new volume make it a more useful handbook for writers of verse and more valuable as a book of reference.

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REVIEWS.

"THE BEST PLAYS OF 1922-23, and the YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA," BY BURNS MANTLE; Small, Maynard and Company. Price, \$2.00.

Because Burns Mantle is Burns Mantle, and because he knows contemporary drama at least as well as any of his fellow reviewers, his most recent offering is of interest to those who are inclined to look upon the drama with a kindly eye.

The success of such a volume depends upon the selection, and he is rash indeed who would quarrel with the dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Mail*, even though deep down in his heart he feels that Mr. Mantle's personal tastes account for the presence of some of the plays in his volume. It is his volume, however, and in this connection it may be well to remember Mr. William Archer's pronouncement: "Mere opinion is, in the last analysis, the standard upon which all art work must be judged. Rules and canons are but crystallizations of opinion, respectable, sometimes reverend, but still neither certain nor absolute."

W. Somerset Maugham's "Rain," dramatized by John Colton and Clemence Randolph, in which Jeanne Eagels climbed to stardom, is justly given a prominent place—justly, because it is New York's most phenomenal success, and an outstanding box-office attraction. What else can one ask?

Mr. Mantle would have done better, perhaps, had he omitted the excerpts from Don Marquis' "The Old Soak" and Harry Leon Wilson's "Merton of the Movies," not because these works are unworthy of mention, but because they depend for their success on incident and dialogue, and fair treatment of these factors cannot be given in Mantle's circumscribed space.

Among the other plays to which the author devotes considerable time and attention are Channing Pollock's "The Fool," Karel Capek's play without a soul, "R. U. R." Owen Davis' climatic offering, "Ice-bound," Galsworthy's "Loyalties," and Rachel Crothers' "Mary the Third."

Mr. Mantle includes, as is his custom, a list of all the ambitious offerings of the past season, ranging from Reginald Pole's re-

vival of "King Lear" to musical comedies which failed almost before they began, he gives short comments on authors, presents a list of prominent stage people, and concludes with a necrology.

Whether or not you find yourself disposed to agree with the author, it is an interesting book, a valuable addition to the chronicles of the drama, and one which occupies the same position with regard to the stage as O'Brien's yearly offering does to the short story.

—J. B.

"MY FAIR LADY," BY LOUIS HEMON; The Macmillan Company, New York. Price \$2.00.

Louis Hemon's dramatic career, the fact that he wrote "Maria Chapdelaine," a best seller of a few seasons back which deserved all the acclaim with which it was received, and the fact that success came to him when he was in his grave, is likely to prejudice the reader in favor of "My Fair Lady," a posthumous book of short stories. The publishers expected as much if we are to believe the note on the jacket which states that "the widespread appreciation of Louis Hemon's beautiful story of "Maria Chapdelaine" ensures a friendly hearing for these short stories by the same author." Even this predilection, however, cannot obscure the fact that the stories possess no especial merit.

This group of eight stories—it would be more exact to call them sketches—represents the best of Hemon's early work. They are varied in theme, the method is skilful enough, but there is no strong indication that the author was capable of producing the book by which he will be longest remembered. One is inclined to believe that the reputation of Katherine Mansfield, who was, according to De La Mare, Wells and Galsworthy, the most artistic short story writer of this generation, is in no great danger if losing any of its lustre.

"My Fair Lady" will, no doubt, be of interest to the readers of "Maria Chapdelaine," but it would have been better perhaps had Hemon left nothing but that one masterpiece; surely, "My Fair Lady" can do nothing to add to the preeminence which that one book gave him.

—J. B.

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CALIBAN'S GUIDE TO LETTERS; BY HILAIRE BELLOC; E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

One of the most delightful things about Hilaire Belloc is that one can never tell what he is going to do next. He dabbles in children's verse after the best manner of Edward Lear; he has gained general recognition as a historian; the only fault to be found with his "Europe and the Faith" is that its very cleverness leads the reader to doubt his veracity, and now he turns humorist and satirist.

"Caliban's Guide to Letters and Lambkin's Remains" is a satire on a would-be literary oracle in which Belloc takes up and travesties all sorts of literary pretense. Not satisfied with this he takes over a function which many authors would like to take over if he could: he writes his own press notices for Dr. Caliban's literary remains, and compiles an index for no reason at all unless it is for the joy he had in doing so.

Mr. Belloc can be very serious when the occasion demands, but this is not an occasion which requires perseverance and singleness of purpose. His parodies are even better than those of Donald Ogden Stewart, of whom a cynic might say with Chesterton that "parody is the worshippers' half holiday," and his satires are reminiscent of those of the gifted Max Beerbohm.

"Caliban's Guide to Letters" may have been no more to Belloc than a diversion from his more serious literary work, but to his admirers—and their number seems to be growing daily—it is an interesting glimpse at one of the facets of his genius. —J. B.

AMERICANS, BY STUART P. SHERMAN; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$2.00.

Stuart P. Sherman, professor of English at the University of Illinois, is one of the sanest of American critics, a man who fully appreciates the past, the possessor of a vast background of literature which puts him in an excellent position to evaluate the present. "Americans" is almost equally divided between past and present. Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Joaquin Miller, and Walt Whitman are subject of five essays; "Roosevelt and the National Psychology" is as candid an opinion of the late

president and the American mind during the past two decades as any that has been expressed, and "Andrew Carnegie" points out some characteristics of the great Iron-master which the American public has overlooked.

The essays on Sandburg and on Mencken will be most interesting to the devotees of these literary lights. Says Mr. Sherman of Mr. Mencken: "Mr. Mencken has no heart; and if he ever had a palate he has lost it in protracted orgies of literary 'strong drink.' He turns with anguish from the pure and simple flavors that please children as the first gifts of nature, and that delight great critics as the last achievements of art. His appetite craves a fierce stimulation of sauces, a flamboyance and glitter of cheeses, the sophisticated and appalling ripeness of a wild duck nine days old."

And says Sherman of Carl Sandburg: "But Mr. Sandburg, who sympathizes with taxi-drivers and delicatessen clerks, does not write for them; he writes for the literary smart set, for the readers of *The Freeman*, *The Liberator*, *The Dial*, *Vanity Fair*, etc. As a consequence of his confronting this audience, Mr. Sandburg seems to me to lack somewhat the courage of his convictions. He seldom individualizes his working-man; almost never does the imaginative work of penetrating the consciousness of any definite individual and telling his story coherently with the concrete emotion belonging to it." This, Sherman states, is in contra-distinction to Robert Burns who "sympathized with the Scotch peasant and wrote of him and for him, incidentally pleasing the rest of mankind." "The late James Whitcomb Riley," continues Sherman, "sympathized with the farmer's boy and wrote of him and for him; and as there were a great many farmers' boys in the land, he pleased a wide audience."

Mr. Sherman's intention is not to disparage the most recent contributions to American literature, but "rather to keep open the channels of national traditions and to scrutinize contemporary literature in the light of the national past."

At a time when the literature currents are for the most part cross-currents, Stuart Sherman's book is most opportune, and he himself a most capable pilot. J. B.

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CURIA

THAT LETTER 'A'

The letter 'a' was the first in the name of the first man; it is the first in the alphabet and the first in my own name. Therefore, I have considerable respect for it. I object to its exploitation at the hands of our modern mothers. I say mothers because I doubt that any man would inflict such exotic, un-American names upon his helpless and unsuspecting female offspring as those which grace the dainty cards of our daring debutantes. There is Lisetta, Creina, Neaera, Althea and Arethusa; Dorinda, Lolita, Iantha, Thyra and Phyllida;—all ending with 'a'.

Loving, and no doubt well-meaning, mothers seem to think that if their daughter's name ends with an 'a' her social, artistic and financial success is assured.

As for the daughters, they inherit the same idea. If their surname is unpronounceable and ends with an 'a' they feel that they should rate considerably above one hundred per-cent in the social register. Some of them even capitalize this last letter to make it more noticeable, turning the spotlight upon it as though it were the "sine qua non" of their existence.

And so the letter 'a' is being dragged through the society pages, the scandal sheets and the divorce courts. It is being robbed of its dignity; it cries out a mute protest. And, as a part answer to its appeal, I swear that if I ever have a daughter her name shall not end with an 'a'. I agree with the opinion of George M. Cohan as expressed in his song, "Mary Is a Grand Old Name." I shall name my daughter Mary;—but by the time she turns sixteen I suppose she'll be writing it MariA.

—ANSELM D. MILLER.

PAPINI'S LIFE

Among the leading best-sellers are Papi-ni's "Life of Christ" in its 142nd thousand and Joseph Conrad's "The Rover" in its 60th thousand.

THE CONFESSION OF A COLORIST.

It is said that one cannot go on a virtuous drunk. That may be true if the moralist confines the definition of the term 'drunk' to the effects of overindulgence in alcoholic or near-alcoholic beverages. But I believe one may become virtuously intoxicated, an aesthetic inebriate. Such a one am I.

Aesthetic egos are supersensitive to harmonies of sound, of color, of touch. Being endowed by my Creator with an artistic talent, as I believe all men are endowed with some one talent more than any other, color is my nectar of the gods. Color gives me more exhilaration, more pleasure than that described in "Confessions of an Opium Eater." And there is not the loss of human dignity nor the physical ill attendant upon the drugging away of one's reason.

A soothing harmony of blending colors, an azure sky melting into the emeralds, golds, and crimsons of a gorgeous sunset abstracts my imaginative self away from the sordid thing I know my earthly self to be. I am transported to a new world of beauty, of purity. It may be likened to the old fairyland that as a child I so fondly cherished.

A hillside mellow and warm in the glowing orange of autumn tinted leaves and barbaric sumac reds, cooled here and there with splashes of evergreen, sates with contemplative peace. I become drunk with dreamy contentment.

Again, rolling billowy white thunderheads tumbling up and up from a murky indefinite horizon over the phosphorescent surging green of the sea stirs the fancy to action more heroic than that incited by the fermented grape.

In all this I may be somewhat barbarian, I may still retain some of the characteristics that made my remote ancestors pagan, yet when I am lost in all the splendor and pageantry of riotous color I would not be otherwise. I feast my imagination on the whole range of the spectrum in Bacchic revel and defy the Olympian distillers to offer me more.

—PRISMA.

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"EPITHALAMION"

To appreciate Spenser's "Epithalamion," in all its emotional beauty, the poem must be read aloud. Nor will one reading suffice; it must be read and re-read. In the first reading the thought, the theme about which the author builds his poem, is grasped. The succeeding readings will bring many new impressions. There is, for one, the music of many of the lines. It is not difficult with this word picture, to conceive the original:

"The merry larke, hir mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replyes, the mavis descant
plays,

The ouzell shrills, the ruddock warbles
soft. . . ."

There are others too, beautiful lines, musical and descriptive, throughout the poem. Here is a part of Spenser's description of his bride:

"Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden
wyre,
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowers
atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And being crowned with a girland greene
Seeme lyke some mayden queene."

The alliteration, and the word picture painted here is superb. The blend of colors, gold and pearl and green—followed a little later by,

"...the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill
stayne,
Lyke crimson dyde in grayne."

These rich colors, paint for Spenser and for us, a woman of wondrous beauty. All

through this poem Spenser uses rich colors, and strong vibrant tones—"roring organ," "ring ye the bells," "shouting shrill,"—and in this way, keeps the poem at the high pitch, the tension, which is in keeping with the theme.

From the first stanza, the poem works up to a gradually ascending scale, eulogizing the bride, in harmony with the feelings of the bridegroom, until it reaches the culmination point in the stanza describing the marriage, which opens,

"Behold, whiles she before the altar
stands. . . ."

In the next stanza there is a decided change. Up to this time Spenser had used every line in praise of his bride. Now, the marriage being over, there is a great outburst of feeling in which the poet gives full full expression to his bliss. Wine, he orders poured without restraint; the Gods, Bacchus and Hymen are praised, and the Graces are called on to dance. From this stanza on, the poem assumes a more somber tone. The bridegroom, with the new responsibilities of his love, is anxious that none of the dread things he names in the closing stanzas shall harm him or his bride. He implores the aid of the Gods, Juno and Hebe and Hymen to keep away harm and "Pour out your blessings on us plentifully."

"Epithalamion," or nuptial song, is excellent in many ways. It is musical, descriptive, and delicate; it is learned without being boresome; the stanzas are arranged perfectly to fit the succession of thought, and the theme is inspired by an emotion of pure and profound love. . . .

—JAMES HAYES.

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"JANE EYRE," AND THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Every artist, voluntarily or involuntarily, puts into his work something of his personal, immediate experience. His artistic interpretation will depend largely upon those particular habits of thought which have grown out of his own life. The inspiration for a work has its foundation in both the subjective and objective world in which an artist lives. We find this truth borne out to a greater or less extent in any field of art, whether that of painting, music or literature. In the latter, perhaps, it is the most apparent. Apart from biography itself, the subject matter for many of our best literary works is often taken directly from the author's own life. This is especially true in certain forms of writing, such as lyric poetry or the familiar essay, while even in the novel, we sometimes meet a striking and clear presentation of the life of the novelist. Two novels written by women in the early nineteenth century bear witness to this fact, namely, George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" and Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," the second of which we shall consider here.

After reading Jane Eyre and Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," it is rather easy to confuse the character of the novel with Charlotte Brontë, herself, so like is the imagined existence of the one to the actual existence of the other. Mrs. Gaskell knew Charlotte Brontë intimately and we feel justified in accepting her biography of this remarkable author as unquestionably reliable. Miss Brontë was born in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1816. She had that peculiar force of character native to the stern and unyielding race of this district. Almost from birth, circumstances combined to render her life exceptionally sad and gloomy. At an early age she became familiar with all the forms of suffering and death and her life from its commencement to its close was one continual endurance of agony. It is a picture in which the light bears no proportion to the shadows." The solitary life of Charlotte Brontë tended to make her intensely introspective. Her only world was the world of her imagination in which she habitually lived. She had no sympathetic friend to

whom she might reveal the great yearnings of her heart. The glory of Jane Eyre is strangely like the story of Charlotte Brontë. It bears the same impress of sorrow. From the moment the novel opens, we perceive that this lonely motherless Jane Eyre is very much like Charlotte Brontë. She, too, was given to habits of close self analysis and study. She, too, possessed dogged strength of will and marvelous power of endurance.

Even the personal description of Jane Eyre might with slight modification be applied to Charlotte Brontë. In the novel, we find frequent allusion to the physical defects of our heroine. In one place Jane says, "I sometimes regretted that I was not handsomer, I sometimes wished to have rosy cheeks, a straight nose, and small cherry mouth; I desired to be tall, stately and finely developed in figure; I felt it a misfortune that I was so little, so pale, and had features so irregular and so marked." But we scarcely take note of her appearance, so concerned are we with the beautiful soul beneath the plain exterior. Mrs. Gaskell describes Charlotte Brontë as follows: "she was a quiet, thoughtful girl,—very small in stature—"stunted" was the word she applied to herself—but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight fragile body, no word in ever so slight a degree suggestive of deformity could properly be applied to her; with soft, thick brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her later life. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. As for the rest of the features, they were plain, large and ill set; but unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance overpowered every physical defect." Beneath the simple and unassuming exterior of Charlotte Brontë as well as beneath that of Jane Eyre lay a strong and lovable personality.

In the artistic tastes of Jane Eyre we can see a direct reflection of those of Charlotte Brontë. From childhood Miss

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Brontë was particularly attracted to drawing. Mrs. Gaskell says that at one time she even entertained the idea of making her living as an artist. She loved to study the masters and familiarized herself with their lives and works. It was her delight to analyze any point of drawing and see how much thought had gone to its composition, what ideas it was intended to suggest and what it did suggest. When she drew, she drew from fancy rather than from nature. Though opportunities for actually gratifying her desire for artistic expression were denied Miss Brontë always cherished a deep craving for it and we are not surprised to find this same craving implanted in the heart of her heroine.

Aside from the general reflection of Charlotte Brontë's character in that of Jane Eyre, certain portions of the novel are direct transcripts of the life the author had witnessed and lived. Her description of Lowood School is, for example, an exact picture of Cowan Bridge, the school that she and her sisters attended. The impression of those horrible days at Cowan Bridge remained with Miss Brontë throughout her life and she has expressed literally that impression in her picture of Lowood Institution in Jane Eyre. Undoubtedly Charlotte Brontë suffered from actual hunger during her stay at this school. Her biographer relates the following significant incident. Upon a certain occasion, a little child expressed some reluctance in finishing his piece of bread at dinner and Miss Brontë stooping down and addressing him in a low voice, told him how thankful she would have been at his age for a piece of bread. We hear a realistic condemnation of the school's unwholesome and scant food from the lips of Jane Eyre upon her first breakfast at Lowood. Jane says, Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste, but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess: burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten

potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly: I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was now over and none had breakfasted. Miss Brontë relates almost literally other trials of her own school life in the novel. She speaks of the dreary Sundays in the winter season when the students were obliged to walk two miles to Brocklebridge church in the intense cold with the bitter winter wind blowing over a range, of snowy summits to the north almost flaying the skin from our faces. Mrs. Gaskell's description of Charlotte Brontë's own Sundays at Cowan Bridge is identical in substance.

Moreover, in Jane Eyre we find characters that are exact reproductions of people whom Charlotte Brontë knew. Mrs. Gaskell says that Helen Burns is as exact a transcript of Maria Brontë as Charlotte's wonderful power of reproducing character could give. Maria was Charlotte's older sister, a delicate child, possessing rare gifts of mind, whose life at Cowan Bridge was made quite unbearable by one of her teachers who is depicted as "Miss Scatcherd" in the novel. Charlotte never forgot the harsh and merciless treatment to which her sister was subjected by this cruel woman. In "Jane Eyre" we find a literal repetition of scenes between the pupil and the teacher. Indeed so truly are these represented that Mrs. Gaskell writes: "Those who had been pupils at the same time knew who must have written the book from the force with which Helen Burns sufferings are described.—they recognize in Jane Eyre an unconsciously avenging sister of the sufferer."

Without a doubt, the story of Jane Eyre is a reflection of the life and character of Charlotte Brontë. The absolute earnestness, perfect sincerity, persistent strength of will and unwavering trust in God embodied in the character of the heroine are likewise real qualities of the author. When we praise and wonder at the beautiful nobility of Jane Eyre, at the same time we pay tribute to Charlotte Brontë.

—SR. M. F.

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IRREPRESSIBLE APPRECIATIONS OF A GOOD BOOK.

Few compositions may be described by the adjective "sublime." That was the word which flashed into my mind when I read the first few paragraphs of a masterly literary autobiography of tastes, "Confessions of a Book-Lover," by that Catholic Van Dyke, our own Maurice Francis Egan.

Boyhood readings for me were undirected. Not that my parents were unsolicitous for my literary well being, merely because they themselves were inexperienced in the choice of masters. Egan appeared to have *too* much guidance from the parental stock. In the first years of reason he assimilated quantities of literary piece meal that were not exactly to his liking, although solid and proved as he subsequently understood.

The New Testament was not forbidden, and it held human interest, vividly and naturally portrayed, that can not be found elsewhere, even in the so-termed "realistic" novels of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The story of the Centurian was particularly affixed to his (Egan's) memory, refreshed and re-fruited by constant re-readings.

Along with the Scriptures came the "Confessions of Rousseau," which were not so elevating (so thought), and which were hastily snatched from his hands in mid-perusal. He read mature books that assisted in the maturity of his mind. Such masterpieces of masters as "Adam Bede," "As you Like It," "Richard III," "Oliver Twist," rose and strode in majestic promenade before him—dynasties of greatness in the written word.

The author is convinced that to obtain the best of books love of them must come early in the undramatic stages of life, for "It is the only way to know all their 'curves,' all those little shadows of expression and small lights. There is glamour which you never see if you begin to read with a serious intention, late in life, when questions of technique and grammar and mere words begin to seem too important." What a nucleus of careful prediction! Young love is more violent, perhaps, but infinitely touching and perennial. Love of books is something "born" in one, not planted in one. Thus

there may be cultivation to maturity but no good beginning in middle life.

Sir Walter Scott was not offensive to the confessionalist. That is where Egan's book is irresistible. He did not attempt to be sophisticated; he "varied" his reading, in the sense that all literature should be varied, between the so-called "classics"—of stock—and the vitalic literature that breathes of onflowing life.

"Julius Caesar interested me; but Brutus filled me with exultation," he comments on his impressions of Plutarch. How it was that Plutarch and not the "Rollo books," inspired him to stab a bully at school is effulgently and whimsically (if I may say it) narrated.

Emerson had his attractions but his disadvantages. M. E. F. found him a good essayist but a pauper moralist, and so on.

Egan is vengeful in his loves; especially for Maurice de Guérin and Keats. Coventry Patmore and Sidney Lanier engaged his attention early. But—ah!—Francis Thompson; how the soul's lamps burn for him, how the truest chords emerge from his lyre to re-echo on with increasing melody and mysticism. Of Thompson Egan says, "He sees life as a glory as Baudelaire saw it as a corpse. After reading the 'Hound of Heaven,' with its glorious colour, its glow, its flame, all other modern poets seem to be too pale and mauve by comparison to its flaming gold and crimson."

The first novel (improperly termed) I changed to read, that I can remember, was "Huckleberry Finn"; not "Vanity Fair," or "Adam Bede." The second was "Tom Sawyer." Egan has no soft expressions to vent on that American, Mark Twain, as a moralist. As long as Twain remained merely a humorist he was not beyond appreciation; but in "Joan of Arc" he erred. Dickens' failure in "A Tale of Two Cities" Egan attributes to ignorance of French history and French atmosphere. In Mark Twain's case," he explains, "It was not a lack of the power to reach sources; it was an inability to understand the character of the woman whom he revered, so far as he could feel reverence, and an invincible ignorance of the character of her time. Mark Twain was modern; but modern in the vulgarest way."

Tarkington? By all means! Egan prizes

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Booth Tarkington's two interpretations of youthful life, "Penrod," and "Seventeen." I recall my first reading of "Seventeen." I was enmeshed in the fascination of the book, helpless; and I finished it without removing my vision from the pages. I seldom re-read books—I have re-read "Seventeen" three times. ". . . it is my belief that Sodom and Gomorah would have escaped their fate, if a Carnegie of that time had made it possible to keep books like 'Penrod,' and 'Seventeen' in general circulation!"

Dickens and Thackeray are great, yet in some respects failures. For them Egan has words of praise and words of partial condemnation. Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography" does not go undiscussed. And Mr. Henry James and Mrs. Deland come in for a likely mentioning.

In the chapter of "Letters, Biographies, Memoirs" the author of the "Confessions" brings out his preference for French autobiography. Egalité was one of his favorites. "It seems to me that Talleyrand and Philippe Egalité were the most fascinating characters of the French Revolution," he muses, and adds, "for the same reason perhaps that moved a small boy who was listening to a particularly dull history of the New Testament to exclaim suddenly, 'Oh, skip about the other apostles and read to me about Judas!'"

Then there were "Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz," "Memoirs of Gouverneur Morris,"

and "Memoirs of Anthony Trollope," which were paramously appealing to him.

Francis de Sales holds a peculiar affection for me. I bear his name and have never read his works, which I intend to "attend to" at once! De Sales' "Letters to People in the World" are Egan's favorites.

Thomas á Kempis, the mystic, is a fount of inexhaustible philosophy. Egan bewails the fact that there is a tendency to eliminate some of the Kempis passages concerning the Holy Eucharist. He laments: "Think of Bowlderizing Thomas á Kempis! He was, above all, a mystic, and all of the philosophy of his love of Christ limps when the mystical centre of it, the Eucharist, is cut out. If that meeting in the upper room had not taken place during the paschal season, if Christ had not offered His Body and Blood, soul and divinity to His amazed, yet reverent, disciples, Thomas á Kempis would never have written 'The Following of Christ.'"

Read the book! Those who have not known the Maurice Francis Egan, the Catholic sage of "Confessions of a Book-lover," can not lay claim to intimacy with the most venerable of our writers.

Every paragraph is a unit of beauty not to be confused with mere making of words. Read these "confessions" and a new world of literature will be revealed. It may well become a guide to reading worth while books.

—FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER.



THE SCHOLASTIC

EDUCATION ELSEWHERE.

BY RAY CUNNINGHAM.

SALIENT LEAP YEAR THOUGHTS.

Women, with all of their delicate beauty and fascinating charm, will have to forfeit this year their independent, haughty, and indifferent attitude toward marriage, simply because it is Leap Year. Instead of retaining their usual feminine poise, alluring their ardent admirers with their graceful and bewitching manners, they will have to use more effective and direct methods (if there be any) to secure husbands. The men, on the other hand, have been subjected for the past three years to the feminine whims and sporadic frivolities, and have had to suffer the bitter embarrassment of having their proposals flatly rejected. But with the coming of Leap Year, man reigns supreme in the Kingdom of Love; and woman, if she would be his queen, must plead with him to have that honor. Such is custom throughout the world at this season, and the various college publications have their comments to make.

TRUE ENOUGH!

"Now that the year 1924 is full upon us and the tribulations and anguish of 1923 have faded into the haze of the passing years," says the *Oregon Emerald*, "it is well to take stock of what this new year brings.

"Women, your hour of revolt has come! All those of you who have waited patiently for the last four years for an offer of marriage from the man of your choice, can now grasp Mr. Opportunity by the coat lapel and point your finger at the one man who answers to specifications, and he must follow at your call or reap the dire consequences.

"Let the woman exercise the privilege of taking over for the duration of leap-year the, here-to-fore man's rights, to ask for a partner to take to some social function. Let the women seek out the blushing male in his cavern of bashfulness, and bring him forth.

"Ask him to dances, parties, movies, lectures and sewing circles. . . . Walk home with him from classes and press his hand boldly when saying goodnight on his front

porch.

"Let us fill our tea cups and drain them to the grounds, in honor of leap-year."

Our admonish here is: be careful that these same grounds may not later be used for divorce.

IT MAY BE A GAME OF POST-OFFICE—?

A clever college columnist wrote the following lines, but he made no Leap Year inferences. We could not resist doing so, however, because if the girl was ready before time, and was anxiously awaiting her friend's arrival, it must have been because she was eager to hurl at him the question, which, if he answered affirmatively, would deprive him of his independence the remainder of his life. Draw your own conclusion!

'T WAS dusk.

JUST INSIDE the window

SAT a frail—

HER FEET

WERE perched upon a chair

HER POWDER puff

WAS HUNG upon a nail.

NOW AND THEN she pushed

HER NOSE against the sill

JUST sitting

ON THE INSIDE looking

ON THE OUTSIDE waiting for the
EVENING MALE.

IT'S NOT THE ORIGINAL COST, BUT—

"She has taken dad's necktie," says the *Wisconsin Cardinal*, "and robbed brother of his hat. Cuff links have vanished; cigarettes have followed suit. The lumber jack shirt is hers, by now, and the gountlets, and sweaters, too. Knickers are acquired and everything that's new.

"She smokes; she swears; and swaggers with a cane. She has bobbed her hair, then shingled it again.

"She's gone so far, will she give you a ring—in 1924?"

Probably most of the girls who would muster up enough courage to present a ring would be those who had purchased it on the instalment plan. And in this case the only inducement for the husband-to-be would be the fifty-cent down payment already made.

THE SCHOLASTIC



SMALTALK.

"What made Al's car lurch so last night?"

"Too much alcohol in the radiator."

"Run into anything?"

"Ya, an organ grinder playing 'On The Road to Mandalay.'"

"Get anything for it?"

"Ya, thirty days for burning the mid-night oil and producing discord."

HOLY SMOKE.

SEE: See that guy over there?

SAW: Uhuh.

SEE: Well he served ten years not long ago.

SAW: Pickpocket?

SEE: No, butler.

TALKS TO BOYS. (Complete)

Where were you last night? Be home early. Brush your hair. What's this your teacher tell me about you? Give Maggie half of that apple. Where are your manners? Where is your cap? Can't you give a little thought to your parents? Get up, its past seven. Come out in the wood shed. No you can't stay up. Say "Please." Put on your rubbers. Didn't I tell you to keep away from that boy? Run down to the grocer's, etc., etc.

DEMONSTRATING THAT THERE ARE REALLY BOUNCING BABY BOYS:

W. G. N.: Baby Falls Two Stories To Snow Pile; Uninjured.

DURING ARREST.

Had a horrible dream

Last night.

Was a cop

In my dream.

Awoke with a cry

Of pain.

In my dream

I had

Pinched myself.

NO, NEVER.

He knows he knows what others know
And knows they know he knows,
But doesn't know they knew he didn't
Nose enough to know.

(This is dedicated to that Freshman who turned up at the natatorium after reading a sign: Mass Meeting In Wash. Hall.)

LEAP YEAR TRIALS OF NICE BOYS.

Now, Emalina, don't, I say.

Now, Emalina, go away.

My mama told me not to pet—

You don't treat Jim like this, I bet.

You think your'e smart. Just 'cause I'm weak

You think you'll kiss me but you— —
E-e-e-K!

O-o-o-o, Just you wait, I'm gonna tell

My ma—*don't*, Emalina, I'll yell!

You better be a little scared.

I never thought you'd ever *dared*

To kiss— now stop it! Ma'd make you hum

If she— if she— if she— u-u-u-m.

et cetera.

—KOLARS.

THE SCHOLASTIC

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

BEARING IN BASKETBALL.

THOMAS COMAN.

I.

Scoring their eighth win in eleven starts, the Notre Dame basketball team trampled over the Michigan Aggie quintet to the tune of 35-18, on the "Y" court of South Bend, Friday night, January 25.

The Irish court performers, after having given up the ghost of victory in a hard fought game with Franklin the Saturday night before, entered the Aggie game with a thirst for revenge and piled up a huge lead in the first half. Enright was the sensation of the evening, registering 17 points for the Maylmen. His basket shooting was a revelation to the packed gym and he seldom made a try for the basket that did not net two points. It was the first time in the season that Enright had shown such versatile form and the Aggies were wild with confusion endeavoring to stop the steady scoring of the Irish center.

The play of the Notre Dame quintet was marked with consistency and their handling of the ball and dribbling was a big improvement on their performances of the last few games.

The visiting Aggies were helpless against the onslaught of the Maylmen and they did not seem to be able to display any team work. The Aggies were expected to put up a hard battle, after having lost to Michigan by a two point margin.

The first few minutes of the game were slow and little shooting was done. Notre Dame registered the first basket and the Wolverines came back with their first pair of counters. The score see-sawed until near the middle of the first period when Enright dropped two baskets and Notre Dame picked up a safe lead. The score at half time stood 24-9 in favor of Notre Dame.

The Aggies tried numerous times in this frame to pierce the Irish defense, but due to the inimitable floor work of Phil Mahoney, the attack was quickly broken up.

The second half found the visitors better able to hold the Maylmen and the score of the Irish did not mount as fast as in the previous period. The Aggies put up a real

fighting game and augmented their own score nine more points.

Line-up.

Notre Dame (35)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Crowe	1	0	0	3	2
Mahoney	3	6	1	1	7
Enright	7	3	3	3	17
Kizer	2	1	1	3	5
Mayl	1	0	0	1	2
Ward	0	2	2	1	2
Gallagher	0	0	0	0	0
Miller	0	0	0	0	0
Bach	0	0	0	0	0
Walski	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	14	12	7	12	35

Mich. Aggies (18)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Richards	1	1	1	1	3
Nutilla	1	5	2	1	4
Kitto	1	2	1	1	3
Eva (C)	0	1	0	3	0
Ralston	1	6	3	1	5
Hultman	0	2	0	0	0
Marx	0	0	0	0	0
Bilkey	0	1	1	2	1
Smith	0	4	2	0	2
Totals	4	22	10	9	18

Young, Illinois Wesleyan, referee; Rey, Illinois, umpire. Score at half—24-9.

II.

The Notre Dame basketball quintet, playing host to Pete Vaughan's Wabash college basketball team sent the downstaters home with a 27-22 victory, Tuesday night, February 5.

The visitors got the jump on the local quintet all through the game by their ability to score when they found an opportunity. The Irish on the other hand experienced great difficulty in finding the net both for field goals and foul throws. The Maylmen were unable to uncover any effective team work, and time after time they failed to follow up on their tries for the net.

Phil Mahoney continued to display his usual floor game and several times broke up the visitors' scoring combination. Thorn, the Wabash floor guard, played a very effective game for the visitors and many times broke up the Irish attack when it centered around the Wabash basket. Crowe and Enright

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were off form and Kizer proved to be the only player that could find the net.

Burdette and Englehart turned in a fine game at forward for the proteges of Vaughan and enjoyed no little success in sinking the elusive leather. Chadwick, a tall floor guard, found his height to good advantage and reached up into the air and easily snatched the Irish passes down. In the middle of the last half Chadwick suffered a fractured shoulder when he collided with a Notre Dame player.

Line-up:

Notre Dame (22)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Crowe	2	2	0	1	4
Mahoney	0	4	0	3	0
Enright	1	3	2	1	4
Kizer	6	1	1	1	13
Mayl	0	0	0	2	0
Ward	0	0	0	0	0
Riordan	0	0	0	0	0
Miller	0	0	1	0	1
Dienhart	0	0	0	0	0
Walski	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	12	4	8	22

Wabash (27)	G	FT	FG	PF	TP
Burdette	3	6	3	0	9
Englehart	5	4	1	0	11
Peare	0	0	0	1	0
Shelly	0	0	0	1	0
Thorn	0	0	0	2	0
Thompson	1	0	0	1	2
Chadwick	2	0	0	1	4
Cripe	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	11	11	5	6	27

Officials: Millard, Illinois Wesleyan, referee; Ray, Illinois, umpire. Score at half: 17-9.

III.

The Notre Dame basketball team journeyed to Fort Wayne and defeated the Concordia college quintet 38-34, in a fast game. Saturday night, February 9.

The theological students provided plenty of stiff opposition but the guarding on both sides was such as to allow the scoring to mount high. The Maylmen held the lead at half time, 20-16.

The Fort Wayne aggregation continued their fighting pace during the second half but were unable to top the Irish lead. En-

right was high point man with six field goals and five free throws.

The crack Indiana University quintet was next on the traveling program and snatched the game out of the fire in the final minutes of play, defeating the visiting Irishmen 21-20, at Bloomington, Tuesday night, February 12.

The Notre Dame five staged a beautiful comeback in the second half and the star of the downstate quintet, Logan, who had been injured in the first half was rushed into the game in the final seconds of play and managed to top the slight lead which the Irish gained within a few seconds of whistle time. Kizer and Crowe were the stellar performers on the Notre Dame team and played a huge part in the brilliant comeback which came so close to giving Notre Dame the victory.

The following night, the Maylmen invaded the Wabash stronghold at Crawfordsville and took a 23-16 revenge for the unexpected defeat of the week previous. The visiting Benders were going at a fast pace and after getting off to a bad start, they found themselves and dazzled the Little Giants with their speed and team work.

Crowe and Enright featured the evening's performance and due to their work Notre Dame held a safe lead at the half time. The Giants returned for the second session and battled desperately to overcome the score. They tied finally at ten all, but the Irish cagers were not to be denied a victory and the Notre Dame five united their efforts in adding to the score.

The Wabash crew, minus the services of the tall Chadwick, found themselves unable to cope with the passing game of the visitors. Cripe, the left-handed floor guard of the downstaters, played a clever game for the Wabash contingent.

CINDERS.

The Notre Dame track team, led by Captain Paul Kennedy, scored a decisive win over the Northwestern squad, 52¾ to 33¼, in the locals, first appearance of the season, in the Irish gym, Saturday, January 26.

The proteges of Coach Rockne scored five first places and a second place in all the

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other events, winning the sprints, hurdles, quarter and half miles and the shot put.

The failure of Kennedy to win the mile run proved to be the feature surprise of the meet, although the Irish captain, veteran of three years of service on the local cinders, ran against an exceptionally brilliant track athlete and gave Martin, the Purple flyer, a hard, fast race all the way.

The Blue and Gold tracksters made a clean sweep of the 40-yard dash and took first and second place in the high hurdles when Adam Walsh copped the tall timber event in :05 2-5. Johnny Johnson, "Notre Dame's greatest little athlete" pulled into a second place.

Frank Milbauer won the shot put and incidentally his monogram, with a heave of 39 feet, 10 inches. Adam Walsh took second in this event with a throw of 39 feet, 7 inches.

Wayne Cox won the half mile in 2:03 2-5, displaying his usually classy form. The diminutive Irish speed merchant trailed Kahn, the Purple entrant for four laps and gradually drew up on him till the start of the last lap, the speeding Irishman let out all his reserve speed and raced home a winner several yards ahead of his competitor.

McTiernan and Hamling cleaned up in the 440-yard run for the Irish and had the race pretty much to themselves all the way. Northwestern took the high jump and pole vault with Notre Dame in second place. Johnny Johnson landed second place in the high jump which gave him six points for his day's work and second high point man.

The Purple relay team copped this event in easy fashion, racing over the finish in 3:36.

Summaries:

40-yard dash: Layden, N. D., first. Barr, N. D., second. McTiernan, N. D., third. Time: :04 2-10.

40-yard high hurdles: Walsh, N. D., first. Johnson, N. D., second. Kelly, N. W., third. Time: :05 3-10.

440-yard run: McTiernan, N. D., first. Hamling, N. D., second. Martin, N. W., third. Time: :53 1-10.

880-yard run: Cox, N. D., first. Kahn, N. W., second. Loveland, N. W., third. Time: 2:03 3-5.

Mile run: Martin, N. W., first. Kennedy, N. D., second. Davis, N. W., third. Time: 4:27 2-10.

Two mile run: Davis, N. W., first. Wendland, N. D., second. Cooper, N. D. third. Time: 10:13 2-5.

Pole vault: Broudcher, N. W., first. Carey, N. D., Harrington, N. D., tied for second. Height: 11 feet, 6 inches.

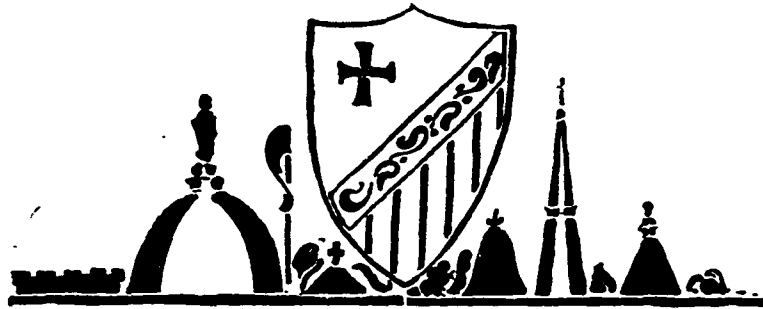
High jump: Beard, N. W., first. Johnson, N. D., second. Campbell, N. W., Brown, N. D., Kennedy, N. D., tied for third. Height: 5 feet, 10 inches.

Shot put: Milbauer, N. D., first. Walsh, N. D., second. Davis, N. W., third. Distance: 39 feet, 10 inches.

Mile relay. Won by Northwestern. Time: 3:36.

Score: Notre Dame, 52 3-4. Northwestern, 33 1-4.





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