



*Across the fields and into Arcady  
This silver-skirted streamlet wanders on;  
The daisies bend, and pensive ferns do con  
Their faces which in that mirror be.*

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

MARCH, 1924.

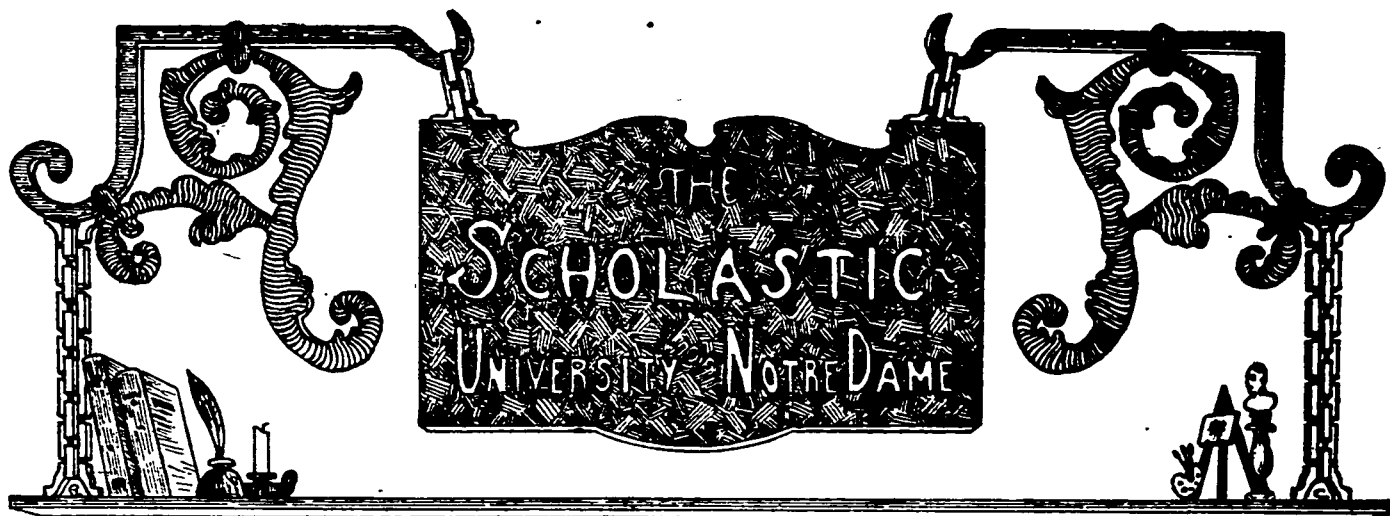
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### A MERE MATTER OF TASTE.

**T**HE HERO of a recent novel had distinguished himself, at the tender age of twenty-two, by committing all the capital sins. He rambled through the list without any trouble whatsoever; to a certain extent it seems—or is the author dull?—that he memorized and recited his lesson without even so much as a thrill. Heroes will be masters of their lives. But at the age of twenty-two, he had the misfortune to run into a snag. What is more to the point this snag was confided to his care by the law—for keeps, for better or worse, or for whatever the law is accustomed to demand. Even heroes are subject to ironical treatment on the part of the fates. Witness King Oedipus. If we had time to go into the matter we could mention a rather extensive number of heroes entitled to bring damage suits against the fates. We have not the time, and so this interesting subject will have to go hang. To come back to our novel, we learned by skipping to page three hundred ninety-six—which is the very last—that our hero settled upon his snag the most abrupt of good wishes, a generous share of his income, and the family poodle, riding off then towards new worlds.

We have mentioned this hero be-

cause he seems to be popular. One author discovers him in a West Virginia county-seat, and another hunts up his address in Chicago. Mail may be forwarded to him almost anywhere. He finds his way into the best families and may be discovered between two and five in the afternoon talking things over with the ladies. That isn't so bad. But you begin to doubt the sanity of the human race when you come across him in the company of men. What? This mongrel cur, surely short-winded and afflicted with halitosis, this scrofulous ass who never in his life displayed a symptom of sense or sentiment, admitted to the society of men? And the wonder develops into bewilderment when we see that these men are square, earnest, careful young fellows—fellows with a shield and a sign on their hearts. It is like meeting the queen out for a walk with her pet polecat.

Now the hero is the optic nerve of literature. He is the central impulse by which men grope to the wonder and purpose of life. The hero whom we mentioned above belongs, however, certainly within the province of the janitor or the devil. We shall not decide which. But we do affirm that when he runs into anyone healthy, among men or gods, this one will hold his nose.

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### MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE.

HENRY J. BOLGER.

**M**ATHEMATICS: — the very mention of the word fills us with disgust. How can anyone find joy in laboring over such abstract and abstruse problems as are treated in Mathematics? What solace can he get who shuts himself off from human society and devotes his time to this cut and dried subject? These are the questions we ask ourselves. And why?—in the first place because the majority of minds are not fitted to undertake this kind of intellectual endeavor, and secondly because most of us, either through our own fault or because we have been so taught, have a distorted idea about mathematical training.

What is culture? The word is derived from the Latin "colere," to till, to cultivate. Now we know that invariably that soil produces the best and most abundant fruits which has been tilled most. Culture, when applied to man, means the act of improving by every means possible his intellectual and moral nature. That man, then, is truly cultured who by constant and persevering efforts has tilled all the fields of knowledge and reaped the fruit.

Is mathematics a cultural subject? First of all we must know what mathematics is. We might call it a sort of short hand method, a convention hit upon by man to express adequately the quantitative and qualitative relations existing between the bodies of the physical universe. Philosophers call these relations the law of nature. And in a way the law of nature exists for the physical uni-

verse just as the natural law exists for man. There is one difference. Man is free to follow the natural law; all other bodies are compelled to follow the law of nature. Man therefore ought to do freely what everything else must do through necessity. This is one principle of right living which we can acquire through the study of mathematics. Fr. Boniface Goldenhausen, a Capuchin monk, has this to say: "Mathematics is not only the soul of every physical relation, law and motion, but also the most potent factor in the marvelous progress of modern science and the groundwork of the knowledge of the universe. It is in that world where all *entia* dwell that the spirit of mathematics has its home and life. Excepting religion and metaphysics, there is no other study which brings us in closer touch with the absolute truth. The uplift to this absolute truth is in itself of the highest cultural and ethical value."

How does mathematics improve the intellect? I mean the intellect in as much as it apprehends immediately first principles, reason which draws conclusions from these first principles, makes sound judgments; memory in as much as it retains the knowledge previously acquired. These are all powers of one and the same faculty. Reason, then, we can easily see, plays a very important part in intellectual progress. To draw sound conclusions we must be able to think clearly, to express our thoughts clearly and accurately, to construct a chain of reasoning from given material, to analyze arguments to see whether they are sound. All this requires the power of concentration. This is the process of pure reasoning

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and is just as we find it in mathematics. The steps from the statement of the general proposition already known to the conclusion that is drawn must be clearly thought out, accurately stated and logically sound. In mathematics a problem half solved is not solved at all. As an example of this we might take a proposition in Geometry. The general proposition is stated. The geometrician must set his mind wholly upon the subject matter in hand. Then step by step in clear logical order he arrives at the conclusion which must necessarily follow. So it is with all the problems in mathematics. Some one has said that mathematics is the science that gives the mind facility in reasoning, for by concentration, intense application and unswerving perseverance the qualities of a mathematician become almost a second nature. And with this thorough and practical knowledge of right reasoning we can easily detect the defects in an argument and become men of sound moral principles ourselves, and also men who can think for themselves.

Educators lay great stress upon the development of the rational memory. Many theories have been advanced as to the best means of improving this great power. I think there is no course of study so well adapted to the cultivation of the memory as mathematics. Mathematicians reduce it rather to the process of reasoning than of pure memory. They are taught to memorize a few primary principles in which all secondary conclusions are contained, and never to try to memorize anything unless it is thoroughly understood. That which we thoroughly understand we do not easily forget. By constant applica-

tion mathematicians become accustomed to this process and put it to use in all their intellectual undertakings. Philosophers similarly lay great emphasis on the study of metaphysics which is the foundation of the whole system of philosophy. Know your metaphysics well and the rest of philosophy will be easy since it is an application of the principles of metaphysics.

No one will deny the value which mathematics has in developing the will power. It is no easy matter to sit down and apply your mind to a subject which appeals only to the intellect. Our lower nature rebels against it. It requires determination and self discipline. The joy, however, which the mathematician gets when, after long hours of hard labor, he has completed his task, is a joy which only the mathematician can appreciate. It is intellectual happiness, the highest which man can attain. This feeling alone urges him on to his next task until finally he acquires a taste for those things which appeal to the higher nature of man, and the passions which have more or less control over the will become subject to reason.

In connection with this point I wish to denounce a statement which I think is wholly unfounded and that is that the mathematician dries up his heart to improve his intellect. This opinion is undoubtedly formed because of the stern and apparently indifferent attitude of the professors of mathematics in the class room. But the nature of the subject taught requires that such be the case so that the student can apply his mind entirely to the work in hand. An atmosphere of silence must be preva-

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lent which is conducive to concentration. If, however, you should come into contact with these same professors outside, you will find that beneath that frigid exterior there is a heart of gold, a heart that will give all and ask for nothing, a heart that is not easily won by anyone, but once won, the possessor can feel sure he has a real friend.

In this short treatment I can not dwell at length on all the points of cultural value which can be attained through the study of mathematics. But allow me to mention these few. Mathematics makes us use our imagination; it makes us liberal and broad-minded. In studying mathematics we soon begin to realize the littleness of our own minds and the vastness of the world outside of us. And I might add that mathematics does away with that modern evil, "action before reflection." Mathematicians are taught to think before they act.

It is now an easy matter to correlate mathematics with the other cultural subjects, the natural sciences, philosophy and all the specific subjects that are related to it and the classics. I need not dwell at all upon the relation which exists between mathematics and the physical sciences. It is evident. As to philosophy, this entire treatment of mathematics has been a practical application of philosophical principles. But to put that phase of it aside, think of the ease with which a student equipped with a knowledge of mathematics can enter into the field of philosophy. He has been putting into practice the very laws of logic and so with the greatest facility he can follow the chain of reasoning offered for

the solution of difficult philosophical problems. I think we can truthfully say that a good mathematician makes a good philosopher. Mark my words I do not say "is a good philosopher" but "makes a good philosopher," capable of becoming a good philosopher. There is no doubt but that we can attribute to the knowledge of mathematics the great philosophical minds of the Greeks. Plato in his practical theory of the state made mathematics the all important cultural subject. In the Academy the students studied mathematics and the natural sciences until they were thirty years of age. Then only were they declared capable of entering the field of life. Aristotle likewise laid great emphasis on the study of mathematics and the natural sciences and he prefaced his works by treatises on these subjects. That the Greeks were great mathematicians may be verified by the fact that a textbook in geometry written by an old Greek Euclides, had been used in all the schools of Europe up until twenty years ago.

The very elements which are to be attained through the study of the classics are acquired through the study of mathematics, the ability to think, to express one's thoughts clearly, to concentrate, to analyze, to put into effect the principles we have learned. What then is the connection between mathematics and the classics? A certain Fr. Link very aptly points out this relation: "Mathematics tills the virgin soil of the mind, that the flowers, the classics, might grow up more beautiful and more magnificent." Is not this what the classics help us do? The bare and scantily dressed thoughts are clothed in language that catches the

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eye of the public mind and so we can put across our opinions and convictions more forcibly and more appealingly.

In conclusion I wish to impress upon you that you must not be misled into believing that mathematics is the only and all-important factor in developing our intellectual and moral nature. What I do wish to emphasize and what I have tried to emphasize is that mathematics has its part. Each subject, however, and especially mathematics, philosophy and the classics, which are the foundation of all worldly knowledge, should be the complement of the

other. They are only means to the great end, the knowledge of God. We can attain to a certain degree of culture in any specific subject, but we cannot become truly learned and cultured unless we have the essentials of these fundamental subjects. We should, however, according to our aptitude and capabilities, become specialists in some one subject, but not to the entire neglect of the others. We cannot become specialists in everything. The old adage is "Know a great deal about one thing and a little about everything." And this is just as applicable today as it was centuries ago.

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### "SPRING."

JAMES F. HAYES.

Swing open the gates to the Springtime!  
Let down the bars of the sun!  
For my garden's abloom, and the sky-larks  
Are saying that winter is done.

Sing softly of joy to the Springtime!  
And cheer that her coming is nigh;  
For the trees are awake, and the sky-larks  
Are telling their joy to the sky.

Ring bells at the coming of Springtime!  
And pray that her visit is long;  
For the earth is alive, and the sky-larks  
Are filling the world with song.

Bring myrtle and wine for the Springtime!  
And jewels for her wind-blown hair,  
For I am in love with the Springtime,  
And a maiden who is fair!



## THE BLACK SHEEP.

J. A. BREIG.



HERE is something about the well-appointed dinner that stimulates man to his conversational best. The third-degree and the rack, perhaps, have their uses, but they can offer little competition to the dining-room's gentle compulsion.

Mrs. Selkirk's dinners were known and famed in the most select circles of New York society. One never refused an invitation to dine with the Selkirks. The cuisine was always excellent; the appointments, the menagé, the lighting, were perfect, and the company was delightful.

To-night was no exception to Mrs. Selkirk's rule. She had gathered a particularly entertaining few, and conversation was progressing without a hitch. The last restraint disappeared as coffee was served. Even Pierton, the financier, ordinarily uncommunicative, thawed out and joined in the talk.

"Love," he was saying, as the last course was removed and coffee substituted, "is not confined to man and maid. The love of man for man is the perfect love; there is no obligation, no attraction, to lower such love. Brother love, I believe, while it *has* the impetus of relationship, is nevertheless the purest, the deepest, that exists."

"What do *you* think, James?" asked Mrs. Selkirk, as she turned to Brownley, the dramatist. "As one whose characters forever harp on the Cosmic Urge and the complexes, you should have an opinion, at least."

Brownley, a young, energetic man

with a high forehead, smiled, and a restless tattoo on the arm of his chair. "I rather agree with Pierton, but still—well, doesn't mother-love transcend everything? Is there, after all, a higher or more unselfish thing than maternity? If we discount the mother, then Pierton's right."

Mrs. Pierton, pretty, shy, came into the controversy gracefully, as she did everything. That was the impression one got of Mrs. Pierton, thought Brownley—an impression of grace and fragility. She spoke in a delightfully timid voice. "After my experience with John"—she glanced across at Pierton, blushing prettily,— "I am inclined to think that we Juliets do most of the world's loving. Perhaps I am wrong, but I know that I would gladly die—but I am being too dramatic." She finished deprecatingly.

"Not at all"—it was Pierton again, and his voice was soft, as he leaned forward, bringing his fine eyes into the glow from the table lamp. Brownley smiled at the tenderness in his eyes.

"May I congratulate you, Mrs. Pierton?" he said, turning to her. "Your husband evidently reciprocates your feeling."

Pierton settled back in his chair, and then, suddenly, came upright again. "When I made my assertion, I had an instance in mind. Perhaps you would like to hear a story?" He glanced about the circle inquiringly.

They nodded, satisfied. If Pierton uncoiled so far as to tell an experience, it would be worth while. "Coiled" was the way Mrs. Selkirk thought of Pierton—he was like a

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steel spring that bends, but will not break. There was a polite stir as the listeners found comfortable positions, and then Pierton began.

"Of course you know I was once with the Royal Northwest Mounted." There was a nod from Mrs. Selkirk, and a comment from her husband, who had been silent until now. "I always did wonder what possessed you to leave Agnes and go up there in the wilds for two years." Mr. Selkirk was a languid individual, who furnished the money and let his wife arrange all their affairs.

Pierton ignored the comment, and went on. "It was soon after I became a sergeant that one day the inspector called me in and read me a letter from headquarters. Briefly, it was to the effect that a notorious forger, named—well, Phil Dalton will do as well as any—had escaped from prison and was at large, somewhere up there." Pierton moved his hand, vaguely. "I was detailed to capture him, and bring him to headquarters."

"How simple!" murmured Brownley, raising his eyebrows.

Pierton smiled. "But that is exactly what is expected of an M. P. A description, a photograph, and—get your man. Anyhow, there I was, newly promoted, and more promotion waiting—if I got Dalton. As it turned out, he got me.

"Details are obnoxious. Three weeks after the inspector read me that order, I was somewhere on the upper reaches of the Mackenzie river, in northern Canada, hot on Dalton's trail. I put up at an Indian camp one day, and found that Dalton was just a day's journey ahead. I decided to go on, in spite of the fact that a storm was brewing.

"I did so—and that night the storm broke. I have never seen another storm like that one, and I hope I never shall. The mercury went down to forty below, and the wind and snow were terrific. I fought the storm as best I could, but it got me. The next thing I knew, I was in a warm cabin, with the storm outside, and Phil Dalton bending over me.

"I recognized him at once, but I said nothing. I have no doubt that I went delirious for a time, but he pulled me through. And when I recovered, I couldn't arrest him. There was the fact that he had saved my life at the risk of his own liberty. He must have known that I was after him, but he rescued me anyhow. Somehow, I couldn't forget that."

Pierton stopped, and Brownley, staring across the shaded table at him, wondered at the light in his eyes. Then he went on.

"The storm lasted, and Dalton and I lived there at the cabin in a sort of tacit truce. Somehow, those weeks with Phil came back to me now as some of the happiest of my life. Then, one night, Dalton told me his story.

Pierton's eyes were shining. "It was dramatic, wasn't it?—not too obviously dramatic, but stirring enough—the warm cabin, the glow of the fire on Dalton's strikingly clean-cut face, the storm outside, and Phil there laying himself bare—confessing, as it were? I suppose every man confesses some time or another, but that doesn't make it a bit less fine or strong, does it?

"Well, there was Phil, and there was the storm, and there was the story, and somehow, they all dovetailed perfectly. It was like—well, it

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was like the overture from William Tell, only the music was the music of wind, and storm, and humanity. It gripped you like a powerful symphony, which is what it was, after all.

"It seems that Phil—curiously, I believed every word he said—was a member of a really good New York family. He was the black sheep—had been from youth—and after the war, with its bad associations, his natural facility with the pen determined his course in crime. He became a forger, daring enough to succeed, and clever enough to escape detection. He continued to live with his family—he accused himself bitterly for this hypocrisy—and not even his brother, whom he loved deeply, knew of his perfidy.

"As sometimes happens, Phil and his brother—call him Bob—fell in love with the same girl. Phil never had a chance. The girl was Bob's from the moment their eyes first met.

"In time, they were married, and Phil was best man at the wedding. It was a common enough triangle—the girl, Bob, and Phil. What made it unusual was that Bob and Phil loved each other as much as they loved the girl, although in a different way, of course.

"Bob and the girl were very happy for a while, until Bob began to fall into financial difficulties. You know—the street, the lure of the exchange, a little success,—then the plunge that failed. He became desperate, and at last saw only one resort left. "He was cashier in one of the New York banks, and one day, goaded by the thought of his wife, he embezzled a large sum. To give himself more time, he made out a check for the amount, depositing it in the bank. He

planned to make his getaway at once, and to send the money to his wife once he was safely away. He did not think of himself. To provide for the girl—that was all.

"He was discovered. He had hidden the money safely away, but there was the damning check, minus the funds to back it up. He denied his guilt desperately, and the officials withheld the case for a time, to give him a chance to clear himself. As a last resort, he went to his brother for advice.

"Phil threw all his energy into the defense of his brother, but he soon came to see that it was hopeless. At last he realized there was but one way out.

"Can you see it? Can you see Phil figuring it out, and coming to his conclusion, as he must have done it, reluctantly? He was like other men, loving liberty; loving it, perhaps, more than most men; but there it was, the fact; plain, irrefutable. Can you see Phil facing the issue, as he faced everything, solidly? It was fine; fine and big, I tell you.

"It hurt, but Phil was a man. To him, there was no alternative. He was too much of a man to hesitate. I want you to see it—the bigness, the strength of it.

"Well, then, he did it. He went up there, to Canada—disappeared. But before he went, he sent a signed confession to the president of the bank. He confessed to Bob's crime. He did it well. There was no weak spot in his testimony. He had gone to Bob's office while Bob was out—had prepared the check on Bob's machine, and had forged Bob's signature to it. Oh, he carried it off well. And just to make the evidence absolutely

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damning, he enclosed a paper on which he had forged the president's own signature—perfectly.

"It was clever—and daring. No more daring than fine, though. He had condemned himself to a life of hunted exile—no small thing—for his brother.

"Bob? What could he do? He knew nothing—nothing till the president came into his office and apologized. When he did realize, he swore that he would wipe Phil's name off the records somehow."

"And the girl? Did she know?" Brownley's voice was low.

"She knew nothing." Pierton's voice trembled a little, as he looked across into his wife's eyes. "Perhaps—perhaps she knows now."

"But Dalton—" it was Mrs. Selkirk—"did you arrest him?"

"I could not. I did for Phil what—what his brother said he would do. I wiped his name off the records. According to the criminal files, Phil Dalton is now dead—found dead by Sergeant John Pierton, of the P. N. W. W. P. I brought to headquarters enough of his belongings to prove it."

Brownley's eyes were bright. "It's big—big, I tell you!" he breathed. "What a play it would make! What a play!"

Pierton smiled. "You may use it if you wish. And may I have tickets for the first night?"

"Thanks. Thanks, old man. Tickets? As many as you like!"

Mrs. Pierton spoke for the first time since Pierton had begun. Her voice shook a little, oddly. "John, isn't it a bit—late?"

Pierton's thoughts were far away. "Late? Perhaps so. But it's better late than never, dear." Then he

roused himself, uncertainly. "Late? Oh, yes, we had better go."

Mrs. Selkirk was the solicitous hostess again. "Your story was perfect, John, absolutely perfect," she said at the door. "I hope for more such evenings. Good-night, Agnes; you should be proud of your husband."

Mrs. Pierton's delicate features softened. "I am—very, very proud," she said, and went down to where the limousine waited. Her husband joined her, and as if continuing her sentence, she said, "And sometimes, John, I am not so proud." She collapsed suddenly, crying. "Oh, John, how could you? And Phil—I blamed Phil so deeply!" She leaned her head to his shoulder, sobbing gently.

There was a great sorrow, but a great joy also, in John Pierton's eyes as his arms went around his wife protectingly. "Dear, don't you see? It was the only way. And I kept my vow, Agnes. I kept my vow."

Agnes moved closer, and looked up into her husband's face. "Yes, you kept your vow, didn't you, John? That was fine of you. And I wondered why you went away those years." She was silent a while, then spoke again, very softly now. "It made me proud in there, John, ashamed and proud, but mostly proud. And happy. You said that every man confesses some time, but that doesn't make it any the less fine and strong. And all those people—the Selkirk's, and Brownley,—and no one but I knew, or even suspected. Fine and strong! That is the way I always want to think of you, John. And Phil—Phil was fine and strong too, John."

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### AT THE LOOKING-GLASS.

J. F. S.

I KNOW of nothing about which I have more inaccurate ideas, more first hand knowledge, greater expectations, than the subject of myself. Yet someone has said "Know thyself" (and some queer twist of my brain supplements "and all things else shall be added unto you"). Knowledge comes with age. I cannot be biographical; for I am but a record of change. Thought alone is the one thing about me that can continue fundamentally the same. My thoughts, then, are myself. I can but present them.

To me Life is the most bewildering, fascinating game I know. Sometimes the rules are written plainly, and yet the game does not seem to follow them out. I grasp after friendship, and my hand closes upon a filmy, intangible thing that is as unreal as it is sometimes artificial. At times I see commercialism in all about me. "What is there in it?" echoes on every side. I hear a selfish philosophy presented by older friends. One says "trust no-one." Is there a limit to such a plan? Can I trust even myself? Am I playing fair with my own entity but not being selfish at all times? Or, am I not selfish? Is it only my vanity that is satisfied when I think about myself.

I think at times that I am an optimist; again, that I am a "presentist": why worry too much about the future if one is happy now? I know that such a view is in harmony with the pagan idea of "eat, drink, and be merry; for, tomorrow you may die." For such ideas I can offer no defense,

I merely recognize their existence. Occasionally, in a spirit of self-abasement I tell myself that it is laziness that keeps me happy—I mean that worry about a thing requires tiresome mental effort. Contrariwise, the little experience of life that I have had perhaps has taught me that most worry is futile.

I think the greater part of humanity are cowards. There is this thing of the little conventionalities of life. We allow a small minority to dictate to us in manners. Perhaps that group is better fitted to judge. My ideas, I find, are contradictory on almost every subject. Is it the manner of youth to be rebellious? Am I straining at the leash, as evidenced by these minor matters?

At times nothing matters to me but money. Later it is of little consequence, and the world seems to rest upon foundations of love and justice. Cynically, I feel I am subconsciously influenced in such views by the financial angle of my supply and demand.

I am whimsical. I am supremely egotistical, and at the same time humble, as my "common sense" (abused phrase) persuades me. I feel that I am important and that my importance should be recognized. I know, on the other hand, that I am not important and that until I have accomplished something I should not be noticed. I am both satisfied and dissatisfied with my world. I am vain, and yet my severest critic is myself. I am confident, and in spite of my confidence doubt my own ability. I am a puzzle to myself. I am a part of that fascinating game of life that bewilders me. I am the spirit of unrest. I am human and I am myself.

"THE GHOST OF THE PORTRAIT"

JAMES F. HAYES.



NO MATTER how emphatic, or how often repeated are my denials of the existence of anything supernatural, these denials are always accompanied by an inward consciousness of "nerves"—nerves which are affected by thoughts of grinning skeletons and running footsteps. With one breath I bravely deny the possibility of a spirit returning to this bourne, while the next is stopped short by the sound of a mouse running across a loose board in the attic above me. But I do not believe in ghosts!

I have a friend however, a clergyman, whom I shall call Father Tom, because that is not his name, who is interested in many things but seems to find greatest joy in the phenomenon of the after life. He is not at all skeptical, and discusses with great intensity cases of "possession" and "haunted houses," leaving his audience and himself in a perfect quiver of excitement. Many times he has held us spellbound with his weird tales, and many times, as I walked the dark streets to my home, and climbed the gloomy stairs to my room I wished he had kept the tales to himself, for even though one does not believe in such things, still they do cause one to look with some timidity at dark corners, and shy at clothes waving queerly on the family wash-line. His beautiful spirituality prevents anyone, however unkind, from misconstruing his enthusiasm for these things of the borderland of life. I have one case in mind which may be interesting. . . .

It was a cold November night, blowing rain fast turning to sleet and the ground underfoot an inch deep in slush. The warm fire was unusually inviting, and the little circle of men about it was larger than it had been for many nights. We were all well content to sit quietly in our arm-chairs, smoke, and listen to the sizzle of the steam drown out the patter of the rain on the big bay windows.

Our talk drifted from subject to subject, and finally hit upon spiritualism. A voice from a far corner, near the fire, asked: "Is it true Father Tom, that you have actually seen a ghost in the flesh—or rather, in the non-flesh?"

"I will not say 'yes actually,' to that," replied the priest, "but this I will say: the physical manifestations of some of the cases I have investigated have been so distinct, so emphatic, that did I not mistrust my imagination I would have felt certain that I also saw the one responsible for the manifestations."

Here I thought I saw an opening for a bit of skepticism, and I made a thrust: "Then you admit, that the imagination is responsible for a great many of the so-called true ghost stories?"

"The imagination can only exaggerate what is really there. . . ."

Another skeptic in the crowd took up the sword. The talk flashed back and forth.

"Speaking of ghosts," broke in a man who can speak equally well of a great number of other things, "would you believe that there is a haunted house not two blocks from this club? Perhaps some of you enthusiastic ghost-trackers could track this flimflammer in his native haunt?"

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You see, I own the house, and it is going to ruin as it is, for I can neither rent nor sell it."

"If it wasn't such a terrible night, I might. . . ."

To this day I don't know what it was that prompted me to break in on Father Tom with the sarcastic rejoinder—"Oh, but it is an *ideal* night for *your* spirits Father!" Instantly he challenged, "Will you go?" and bravely I said, "I will!"

The house—the haunted house—was one of those old fashioned, three-story red brick residences which, occasionally, can be seen near the heart of a city. On either side of it, large office buildings loomed to the sky, as though anxious to disown the lowly interloper that dared claim their companionship. The building itself was unprepossessing. Two windows facing the street on the second floor were boarded up entirely, while a broken pane in a third window was patched with a piece of brown paper. The large bay windows of the first floor were shuttered with old-fashioned green shutters which bolted from the inside. A short flight of wooden steps leading to the door groaned complainingly under our weight as we ascended, and it took our combined efforts to force the heavy door open, so stiff had it become through decay. It may have been my imagination, but I thought that the rusted hinges shrieked angrily at us for daring to disturb their desuetude.

Once inside the hallway we stood with our backs to the door for a few minutes.

"If these are union ghosts they won't begin work for a while yet. It is barely eleven-thirty. Twelve o'clock is the proper hour isn't it, Father?"

I said this in a low tone, but in the stillness my voice sounded unusually loud, and I dropped it to a whisper as I continued: "Let us try the room to the left. There may be gas there, and at least we can see each other, if nothing else."

We groped our way along the hall until we came to a door. It was hard to open but this we assigned to the rusted hinges. Father Tom struck a match which immediately went out although there was no breeze in the room. He tried another and located a single gas-jet near the mantelpiece. The light flared up in a straight flame, purring loudly, and showed us a large room, bare save for a couple of old chairs, too dilapidated to carry away, and an old portrait standing against the wall. Father Tom removed his overcoat and threw it across a chair.

"I think if we leave the door open we will have more air—it is frightfully stuffy here, and I don't want to open a shutter for fear of attracting attention from the street."

As I moved to the door to close it, I remembered that I had left it open when I entered the room. How it could have swung shut on the rusty hinges I could not conceive. I made certain it would not do so again by placing one of the chairs in front of it.

As I turned to the middle of the room again, the portrait which had been standing against the wall fell forward on the floor with a crash. I felt my first chill of inexplicable terror. Not so Father Tom. "Evidently," he exclaimed, "this room is the center of activities. We have been fortunate!" I could not agree with him, and already I regretted our com-



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ing. We moved over to the fallen picture to examine it closely. The face revealed was an extraordinary one. The subject was a young man, perhaps twenty-seven years old. But in his face there was little manly strength. It was weak, the face of a pampered boy, and as I looked at it, it seemed to snarl and sneer at us from the gilt frame.

"Remarkable!" exclaimed Father Tom, and I knew that he, too, had noticed something strange about the face. I placed the picture back against the wall and we left it there without further comment.

"We should look about the house to make our investigation complete," said the priest, "do you wish to take one floor and I the other?"

This did not appeal to me. "But Father," I said, "we have the whole night before us. Let us investigate together. Perhaps we may find something of interest." Down in my heart I hoped we would not; but I continued as bravely as I could, "and who knows but it may take the two of us to lay this spectral visitor!" At this last I endeavored a chuckle, but it died in my throat and I felt an uncanny, creepy sensation when I realized that the priest was gazing open-eyed and amazed at *something* in the doorway behind me!

"Look!" he exclaimed, but before I had a chance to turn he bounded past me and vanished in the dark hall. I followed him, but the whole thing had occurred so suddenly that when I reached the door he had disappeared, and not a sound could I hear from the dark hallway. I was alone! I felt this as surely as though I had come to the house unaccompanied. I endeavored to shake off this sensation but it per-

sisted. I stepped forward into the darkness, intent on joining Father Tom, and feeling my way with my hands. I had scarcely taken four steps when I stopped still, every nerve on edge, my hair rising, conscious that there was someone or something close by me in the hall! I was powerless to move, powerless to return to the lighted room. What the outcome of the next few seconds would have been I do not know, when from the landing above I heard Father Tom's voice imploring, "Jim, are you there? Come up quickly!" I obeyed him to the letter, and mounted the dark stairs two at a time. He was standing with his back to the wall, trembling slightly, and very much excited.

"Don't say a word. It will be over in a few moments—look! There it is again!"

It was a vague, misty, gray colored ball about the size of a plate that seemed to hover in the air some twenty feet to our right. It moved towards us slowly and as it approached I saw half-concealed in the substance the face of a man, vaguely familiar to me, and as it passed us—not ten feet away—I recognized the face of the young man of the picture in the room below.

I sensed rather than felt that Father Tom was gripping me tightly by the arm. The apparition passed slowly before us and disappeared in the recesses of the hall.

"Most extraordinary," exclaimed my companion, "it appeared in the doorway down there, directly over your shoulder"—I chilled at this—"and disappeared up these stairs. I felt sure it would return. Did you see the expression on that face?"



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I whispered that I had not noticed anything peculiar about it.

"It was pitiful! Despair, terror, and remorse were there—but behind it all there seemed to be a plea—yes, that's it, a plea. . . ." Father Tom broke off here and grasping me by the arm descended the stairs. We stopped short when we saw that in our absence the door had been closed upon us! Resolutely Father Tom tried to open it. It would not budge! "Help me, Jim," he said. I put my shoulder to the door and our combined efforts succeeded in thrusting it wide, although all the time we felt an invisible power struggling against us. We entered the room. The chair which I had placed against the door was lying in the middle of the room. Otherwise nothing had been disturbed.

Father Tom walked straight to the picture, lifted it, and brought it under the light. "I am certain the secret is here—if there is a secret at all." He placed the picture on the mantelpiece. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that the gas light was flickering more than usual, and I whirled around just in time to see the door behind us swinging slowly, propelled by an invisible power. Something warned me that if the door shut this time we would have difficulty in opening it. I cried out to Father Tom, and bounded forward to seize the door. In a second the priest was with me and together we pulled the door open and placed the fallen chair firmly under the knob. We turned to our picture again just in time to see it topple forward and fall to the floor. It landed on one end and the heavy gilt frame buckled under, leaving a gash across the canvas. We picked up the picture, and Father Tom was endeavor-

ing to fit the torn strip in place when suddenly he exclaimed, "Here, what's this?"

From the wound he had withdrawn an envelope, dusty and yellow with age. He opened the envelope and took out the contents. It was a single sheet of paper and covered with fine small writing. It read:

To Whomsoever Finds This:

This may never be found. Perhaps it would be better so. But I cannot leave this world without first making confession. If I had courage it would not be necessary, but that I have not.

Go to 978 R. . . . Avenue and to the front room first floor. There is a mantelpiece there. Grasp it near the middle—a little to the left and push to the right. Notify any member of the H. . . . . family.

Remorse is a terrible thing, but it is agony for a coward.

There was no signature. It was not needed. We looked at each other for a moment and then our eyes shifted to the mantelpiece.

"Let us follow the poor fellow's directions," said Father Tom, "the secret *was* there after all."

We moved the mantelpiece as directed and disclosed a small opening. I thrust my hand in and withdrew a small tin box, locked and covered with dust. "Put it in your pocket, and we will go to see Tom H. . . . ." mentioning the owner of the house and a member of the family referred to in the letter. We put the mantelpiece back in place again, turned out the light and left the house.

Tom was still up when we arrived. Briefly Father Tom told him what had happened, gave him the letter and motioned me to give over the box. Our friend listened in silence, read the letter, and merely glanced at the

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box. Then he told us the story.

The man of the picture was his uncle, a weak fellow who eventually ran away from home and had never been heard from after. Some short time before he left there had been an amazing robbery in the bank in which he worked. He had been suspected, but acquitted, and a brother clerk sent to prison for the theft. Here our host bowed his head on his hands. "You can infer the rest," he said.

We were silent. Father Tom lighted one of his innumerable cigarettes, gazed silently before him for some moments, and then spoke:

"Every moment I realize more and more the truth of that old, old saying 'God works in devious ways His wonders to Perform.' From the moment we entered that house to-night there was a struggle going on—a combat between Powers, the nature of which is hard to grasp. In fact it is dangerous to the mind and to the soul to attempt it. You remember, Jim, how everything struggled against our entering that room? The door closing, the match going out, the curious light, then later the door again closing and our struggle to open it and keep it open—everything striving desperately to keep us from helping this unfortunate soul. And then there was

the other side of the balance—the efforts to attract our attention, the falling picture, the face in the doorway. And then One Power triumphed. What was it that caused us to find the letter? What put it into my head that the solution lay in the picture, the solution that released this soul? For released it is"—turning to our host—"and you need have no further fear of occupying your house. There will be no more manifestations."

Father Tom was silent for a time, and then he turned to me. "But I suppose, Jim," he said laughingly, "you are not convinced. Everything can be explained naturally. The closing door and the falling picture were merely the natural results of some exterior cause—a truck passing in the street for instance. And then the face—pure imagination I suppose after having examined the picture, and brought about by the intense nerve strain? Finding the letter? A mere coincidence—a fortunate one, but still only a coincidence!"

I said nothing in reply to this banter. I had nothing to say. But I was secretly pleased with this last explanation—it relieved me and took a great weight off my mind, for you know, I cannot tolerate a belief in ghosts or anything like that. . . . .

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### CONTRASTS.

DENNIS J. O'NEILL.

#### MOUNTAINS.

They drink the red wine of the sunsets,  
And gnaw at crusts of the moon.

#### VALLEYS.

They shrink from the infinite spaces,  
And cower by the mountain's side.

# THE SCHOLASTIC

## OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

*["For men must work and women must weep"]*

R. R. MAC GREGOR.

**M**ARY and I were standing with Sorrow,  
Leaning against the Cross.  
The night was dark, and no coming morrow  
Could lighten our load of care.  
Mary was just a woman. She had no stars in her hair:  
She'd no thoughts except for her loss.  
There was only the Man hanging there  
In her world; for the Man had once been  
A babe at her breast, and His life  
Had first stirred in the womb of fond Mary ere ever sweet Mary was wife.  
For the Veil rent in twain she cared nothing. She'd seen  
The darkness at noonday, the fear  
In the eyes of the guards. She had felt  
How the earth groaned and writhed as she knelt  
At the feet after Death; but the mere  
Convulsions of Nature meant nothing to her,  
The fear and the terror meant nothing to her.  
For her, life held nothing but Him Who had bled  
Through His agony there on the Cross overhead.

There was no joy in all the earth,  
No laughter and no song,  
As we stood there in pain and dearth  
And brooded on our wrong.  
There was no light in all the sky,  
No light on earth or sea,  
As I wept there with Mary  
And Mary wept with me.

As Mary and I sat huddled together  
After the stars went out,  
Nothing we hoped, and we scarce cared whether  
Sun that had darkened came back  
Or died for ever in misery. Our life as the midnight was black.  
Men hustle and scurry and shout,  
But poor women sit weeping, alack!  
The men soon forget; but the women know well  
That the Sorrow that comes to us stays  
For good or for evil, for better or worse, to the end of our days,  
Till Hope is a thing best forgotten and faith at the last is a hell.

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The sky was a pall of dismay  
That hung on our spirits and killed  
All the meaning of life for us; stilled  
All the music of love. . . . Came the day.  
Dawn and birds' waking meant nothing to us,  
Flowers in the sunshine meant nothing to us,  
For our hearts had held nothing save Him who had died  
For our sins on the Cross, by cold priests crucified!

Pale Mary said no word to me  
As in my arms she wept,  
Above us gloomed the Bloody Tree  
While Pilate's conscience slept.  
Light seemed to creep like carrion blood  
Of man's contumacy,  
As I wept there with Mary  
And Mary wept with me!

As I sat broken and clasped my sorrow,  
Queen Mary came home to me.  
No peace could I glimpse, no comfort borrow  
To lighten my vast despair.  
Mary the Queen was a woman still, and she sat close to share  
My woe and my agony  
That seemed more than my heart could bear.  
"Brother" she said, "Your sorrow is mine—  
What you feel, I have felt to the death  
As my dear one sobbed out his last breath.  
We women are all born to pain. Why despair?  
In the end we get home to our dearest again  
Oh, the grief is a joy where the seraphim sing!  
Ah, you, lovely heart, that of comfort are fain  
Come home, for past grieving means nothing to us  
And the wounds of old parting are nothing to us  
As He gathers us close who have wept for Him here—  
And we're freed at his touch from the memory of fear."

There was no sadness anywhere,  
No longer could I weep.  
The planets quiring in her hair  
Lulled all my doubts to sleep.  
I wore my crown of manlihood  
Sweet Christ! my soul leapt free  
As I clung to Queen Mary  
And Queen Mary clung to me!

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### MYSTERIOUS CHINATOWN.

BERT V. DUNNE.

**T**HE night cloaks San Francisco's Chinatown in mystery. Shuffling figures move through the fog. Silhouetted forms lounge in doorways awaiting the night trade. Slouching vermin of the underworld pass through this bit of Canton, caught in a eastern frame, on their way to the Barbary Coast.

Gambling dens flourished here in the old days; slave girls were smuggled into California, via Mexico, and sent to the 'slave district' in San Francisco, where they were bartered off to the highest bidder. Tong wars were prevalent. An armed insurrection might break out at any time, and man's life was not worth a cent when the yellow Chinaman began to be reckless. Armed guides escorted slumming parties and sensation-mad tourists through the pulsing streets through dark alley-ways, into gambling dens, down narrow staircases, and through trap-doors into the opium dens, secreted in the depths of the earth. Then, San Francisco's Chinatown was a haven for the crook ensemble and the name "Chinatown" spelt fear and doubt for those who desired thrills. Sailors, soldiers and men of office and dignity haunted its doors. They sought excitement and devoured with relish the morsels which the sons of Confucius gave to them. Slippered Chinamen, through half-shut eyes, smiled amusedly at the visitors who came to their doors, marking their eagerness for sensation; noting the shivers of fear that sprinted through their bodies when they were shown something realistic.

Then, the heathen "Chinee" began to think. Why not commercialize this lure? And so the great god Mammon dominated the mind of the Chinaman, and he changed from a reckless and carefree gambler into a refined and dignified commercialist. Today all is different. Let us take a short tour through San Francisco's Chinatown and see the remarkable change.

St. Mary's Paulist Catholic Church, the gateway to Chinatown, stands as a simple reminder of the past, its steeples towering upward to meet the blue sky. Chinatown, once ill-lit and desultory, is now a blaze of lamps. Gambling has been practically stopped. The younger generation of Orientals believe that money is safer in banks than on a fan-tan table. The slave girls are no longer a social evil. In their stead we have the Chinese maiden, garbed in her picturesque trousers, her hair bobbed, her figure buoyant and flippant, roaming the streets at will. Tong wars, the curse of the district, are mere memories. The opium den has been closed. A few of them are still running, but serve only as vivid milestones on the tourist's trail; the poppy grows unmolested on the sombre hills of China and none of its delicious juice reaches the shores of San Francisco.

Perhaps you will be dazzled at the perfect English used by the young Oriental who waits on you, but remember he is university trained. You will marvel at the Chinese jeweler, who with antique tools and painstaking skill, carves designs on small bits of metal. Dragnos, weird monsters of the deep, curious images of gods, take form under his skillful handling. Then, perhaps, you may smile at the

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Chinese funeral. Why is roast pig placed on top of the hearse and what is the reason for the cries and the confetti? The Chinese believe that the vocal outbursts drive the evil spirits away and that the devil's appetite is appeased with roast pig. . . . But the hobos, who keep vigil at the Chinese cemetery after every funeral, pay silent tribute to the cookery of the Chinaman by eagerly devouring this choice tid-bit, roast pig with the beautiful California sunset for dessert.

The Chinese Bulletin Board is another interesting sight which attracts tourists. Around this board, swarm the chattering Chinese, drinking in its messages and wondering at the news. Then comes another curio, the hunter, who returns from the marshes laden with his kill. The eager Orientals gather around and the marksman relates in detail

the events that transpired during his pilgrimage. The Chinese are the most curious people in the world and they will teem around anyone who has anything unique to offer. Their fantastic architecture is exquisite. Minarets slip up towards the sky and lose themselves in the clouds.

Today, this quaint little city with its 16,000 inhabitants, three blocks from the shopping district, is an integral part of San Francisco's compelling call. Its narrow streets, fantastic architecture, rich in colors so dear to the Chinese; temples, fine bazaars, markets, all busy with a picturesque and quaintly garbed populace, make this bit of old China a most interesting spot. The stores are stocked with the latest creations and, Chinatown, transformed, is helping San Francisco live up to its slogan:

"San Francisco knows how!"

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### THE FOOLISH LOVERS.

E. T. LYONS.

The flowers in my garden are  
As white as snow;  
They seem as pure as they are white  
When no winds blow.

But when the winds have climbed the walls  
And let in bliss,  
My flowers yield to their desires  
And briefly kiss.

But when they see me coming, they draw  
Apart in fright,  
And vainly try to look demure  
As they are white.

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### CELLS.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, JR.

IT WAS "Bull" Mason's last hour of life. From the second tier he could look down upon the prison garden, bright and beautiful in the lazy warmth of a California sun; then came the wall. Beyond, he could see the bay, and in the distance, San Francisco, lying in the blue haze of the farther shore. The throb of the jute mill came faintly to his ears; a seagull fluttered on the ledge of the cellhouse and cackled discordantly. In the adjacent cell, Soeey Lung, a tongman who was to die with him at ten o'clock, cursed fitfully in pidgin-English."

"Bull" Mason mused awhile and found it difficult to realize that this was the day of his execution; he could hardly believe that this body which was now so strong and active, would in one short hour be but a stretched and broken piece of flesh. The days he had spent in the condemned cell had been slow enough in passing, but now they seemed to have rushed by and this hour to have leaped suddenly upon him. But was this surely the day? Hell, hadn't they given him a chicken dinner last night and fed him for the slaughter like some prize porker?

That decided it. The murderer flung himself upon a cot and drew a rough blanket around him for protection against the vagrant breezes that wandered in occasionally through the bars. He smiled—the irony of guarding against a cold with less than an hour more to live. The jute mill sounded drowsily in the distance and the day was ever growing

warmer. "Bull" Mason dropped off to sleep.

When he awoke, the sun was bursting through the window and flooding the cell with light. The Chinaman still mumbled, now in a moaning undertone. Footfalls sounded in the distance, finally at first but gradually becoming louder as they turned into the passageway of the condemned row. Soeey Lung, sensing their import, began to beat the wall and to scream hysterically, until the stone corridors rang with the terror of his voice. Two guards had approached his cell and were fumbling with the lock, when the Chinaman lunged at the cell door, speared one yellow, skinny, arm between the bars, and frantically tried to claw the men who had come to take him.

"You damn Chink!," snarled one of the guards menacingly, and then to his partner, "Get the board Mike." When the strapping board was brought they opened the cell door, and the frenzied charge of the Oiental as they entered, was only stopped by Mike's ponderous fist, which crashed against the tongman's jay and knocked him to the floor. Soeey Lung was bound to the wooden slab, and lay a cursing, broken, wreck whose contorted face and bloodshot eyes flung murder at the world. Their prisoner having been securely bound, the guards lifted the board and carried the victim to the gallows room.

As the screams echoed hideously in the stone passageway, grew fainter, and finally subsided into silence, "Bull" Mason braced himself for the time when he should go. The gruesome scene he had just witnessed

would have unnerved anyone less calloused than he, who had been brought up in shadows of grey walls and prison bars, and the associations of hunted men. As it was, "Bull" had only become more determined not to flinch, not to show the white feather when the crucial moment should come.

Ten minutes dragged before the footfalls were again heard in the narrow corridor; the guards reappeared before his cell and clanked open the heavy bolt that locked the door. "Bull" Mason rose at their approach, and as they entered, quietly allowed himself to be taken between them down the passageway that led to the death chamber. Now they had entered the room, with the row of witnesses ranged along one side of it, and the gallows rising ominously in its center. The warden and a chaplain were there too, and the reporters, those harpies of the press, who were paid to come and feed upon the disgusting details, that they might disgorge them through the evening papers to an eager multitude.

With the guards supporting him by the elbows, "Bull" Mason, with slow

deliberation, climbed the thirteen steps to the scaffold, and allowed the surpliced chaplain to approach him. Very gravely, the minister opened the book and began to read some sacred texts to the man who was about to die. The condemned wretch heard the words, far off and indistinct, as if they came from another world; there was some talk of "brotherly love," and "forgive us our trespasses," and then a silence. "Bull" Mason suddenly recalled himself to attention, and eyed the man before him when he saw that he had more to say.

The chaplain continued with slow solemnity, "You are about to pay your debt to civilization, and. . ."—the murderer had raised an arresting hand.

He had been lost in thoughts of Soeey Lung, when his eyes happened to fall upon the reporters, as they sat with pencils poised, eager for the sordid details of the slaughter.

"Bull" Mason laughed with a harsh mirthlessness. "Civilization?", he muttered bitterly, and bowed his head for the noose.





## THE SCHOLASTIC

### OF EATING.

R. E. G.

“**E**AT, sleep, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die.” The individual who conceived this wonderful bit of prose knew his stuff. I will not attempt to pass judgment or criticism on this world-famed sentence, but there is one word that stands out vividly, EAT. Hunger, which is the cause of our desire to consume that which is edible is a funny thing indeed. What it is and where it comes from is a difficult question to answer. A careful study of our bony structure might reveal the why and wherefore of hunger, but I am inclined to let this phase of the question dart past unnoticed.

When we eat we may devour, gobble or consume. To devour is to eat eagerly or voraciously; to gobble is to eat hurriedly or offensively, as in large pieces; to consume is to eat up completely. While we are discussing this all-important, ever-present subject of eating, why not begin right here at home and observe the art of eating as performed in our famous refectory. Here, as in no other place, we eat eagerly, hurriedly and sometimes, not often—completely.

During the year I was laying aside the shekels that would bring me to this institution, a student who fired my ambition to pursue the elusive god, Education, gave me my first impression of what to expect. According to his vivid account, the student body shattered the doors which led to the inner portals of that sacred eating place in an effort to get some-

thing to eat. A “hike,” a rush, and the head waiter was trampled to death. What a wild picture I painted! And so it came to pass that I was to experience this sensation. Will I ever forget that meal?

Five minutes to twelve. The students were pacing up and down the corridor like caged lions. Two minutes to twelve—the crowd was growing thicker and noisier. I stood in the midst of them fearfully awaiting the stroke of the hours. Suddenly there was a rush. My feet went from under me and in an instant I found myself inside. Here, there, everywhere, students were madly rushing for places at the tables. My brain already in a whirl decided that we were in for a bountiful repast. Finally I scampered to an empty place.

All was well so far. The bell rang, prayer was said, and an unearthly noise followed. Midst the clash of chairs and silverware and the general rumble of excited voices I started my first meal. Started is the word. In front of me, on my right, on my left, it was “sugar down, coffee up, bread over, up or down,” etc., and so on. I ate my dinner in 0 flat. It was a grand and glorious race. This catch-as-catch-can style certainly was going to disgrace me when I got home, thought I. Only the brave and experienced withstood the awful onslaught—I was still hungry when I left the table.

Since that time things have changed a little—not much. The same buns are in evidence, but with the inception of a new chef, that horrible conglomeration of this, that ‘n’everything—I refer to HASH, has been eliminated. Thank goodness.

## THE SCHOLASTIC

### NEXT CASE.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

“NEXT CASE,” says the police court justice; and he motions away some haggard figure that a policeman’s shove helps to propel to the bench where other haggard ones sit.

“Tony, Tony! Just Tony, I suppose, no last name given here. Come up here, Tony.”

From the bench rises Tony, a sauntering fellow, without a shave for days forgotten in number, with clothes that seem to have been on him since the last shave, or longer. Tony is a careless chap but his stroll to the judge’s bench is proud, rather defiant. His carefree manner irritates the judge.

“Are you Tony?” Yes, it’s Tony. “What’s your last name?” “No one cares; no one knows me.” “But I must have it!” “Put down any name; it doesn’t matter.” “Confound you, what’s your last name?” “Tony is the name, just Tony.”

The judge gives up the struggle, makes a notation and asks another question.

“What do you do?”

“Nothing, judge.”

“Have you ever worked?”

“Oh, yes. One must work now and then in order to live, but I never work long.”

The questions continue, age, residence, and so on. To all of them the judge gets an aggravatingly insufficient and vague answer. He looks at Tony in disgust and then glances significantly at the patrolman who came to the bar with Tony. In a solemn drone the officer recites the charge,

something about stealing five dollars from a druggist.

“Where’s the druggist? Over there, oh yes. He took it off your counter when he thought you weren’t looking, eh? Well! Stand up here before me. Repeat the oath after me.”

The judge recites the oath and in an assertive manner the little druggist repeats it as he keeps an eye on the nonchalant man accused of the theft. The oath finished, the druggist tells his story.

Over, his honor, speaks. “Have you anything to say?” he asks.

Tony rouses from his contemplation of his accuser. He chooses his words slowly until he is well under way, and then he speaks rapidly, but always calmly and majestically. He has a slight accent, but he seems to delight in big words and pat phrases, and he uses them rather well. He has read much, no doubt, much from restricted sources, one sees, as he goes on. The words come out in groups of two and three.

“Well,” he says, “I have much to say. The present system of class division is not favorable to the lower strata of society, of which I am not ashamed to say, I am a part.”

“We don’t want a lecture. What about the money?”

“I’m coming to that, if your honor will pardon my seeming digression. The points I have to make, sir, though they look to be irrelevant, lead up to the peroration, which I am keeping in mind. Ever in mind, sir.”

“Get down to business.”

“Until there shines upon this continent the gleaming radiance of the Communistic sun that has flooded the Russian (he pronounces the *u* as if

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it were oo) and Italy we shall not—”

“Hump-h-h!”

“—be able to live as we should. I am a hobo and I’m proud of it. I fight for my ideals. I represent the downtrodden class, the only ones with ideals. I—”

“But did you take the money? That’s all I want to know.”

“Maybe yes, and maybe no. I would not incriminate myself. When one man has more than his share—”

“Did you take the five?”

“I can’t answer that. But one is entitled to—”

“Have you any money?”

The officer speaks quicker than the

calm Tony. “He had the five, and forty cents in his pockets.”

“Thirty days,” says the judge. “Next case. Take him back.”

Tony looks at the judge, shrugs his shoulders, and makes for the bench. He is sitting when the officer comes to him.

“Back with me, you!” he commands.

Tony reaches for his faded soft hat on the bench, notices a new hat, probably owned by the snappily dressed chap now before the judge, slowly rises and goes with the impatient officer and he takes with him the new hat.

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### PRAYER.

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER.

Gentle Lord, whose calm command  
Made the stormy billows stand,  
Take me to Thy loving heart  
And teach me who Thou art.  
Ah, the beating of my blood  
Sounds like a thunder burst.  
Calm it, Jesus, make it still;  
Quench my thirst!

## THE SCHOLASTIC

S. S. S.

CORBIN PATRICK.

**I**N the south central part of the state of Indiana, about five miles from a typical county seat of some two-thousand inhabitants, a little country church nestles among the trees within close view of the main highway. It is the most striking figure in a peaceful picture formed by the quiet, conservative pastor's house on its right and a two story brick school building on its left, with the house occupied by the nuns beyond that. In the background are tombstones marking the graves of those who had worshipped there and died; many of the stones are grey and decayed after their century-old vigilance. Viewed from the highway in the warm stillness of a summer's day, one would say it is an ideal place for a rest; and frankly, that is the very reason why I was induced to accompany the temporary pastor there on his week-end visit late in July.

Those were trying days in the city. The heat was unbearable. It seemed to drive men insane. They were barking, biting, fighting like so many cats and dogs. Every morning the papers told of some new outrage of the Ku Klux Klan. A Klansman stabbed an antagonist during a fight which began when the Klansmen made himself too conspicuous, and consequently obnoxious, at a parish bazaar. The Klansmen stoned a company of firemen who were called out to extinguish a fiery cross which they had illegally lighted at one of their meetings. Men were disappear-

ing every day. Some of them were found murdered; nothing was ever heard of the others. There seemed to be no atrocity to which the heat could not drive men.

So it seemed good to get away from the city for a few days; to leave the heat and the newspaper sensations and the Ku Klux Klan behind. Our machine could not travel too fast over the dusty road. It hurried past a little group of trees, and a cooling breeze swept from their midst across our path. The heat was gone. We were out of the city. Green fields and thick forests were on every side. There was nothing of the sensational in them—nothing to remind one of the newspapers. These were gone. But the Klan? I had begun to hope that it had departed with them, but my hopes were shattered just as we turned up the side road which leads from the highway between rows of towering trees to the pastor's house. Fastened to the telephone pole at the side of the road was a placard announcing a Klan conclave that day in the town.

I spoke to my companion, the priest, about it. He replied: "Yes, we know the Klan out here. We know it perhaps better than it is known in the city. Here we see it manifested in those among whom it is strongest—the farmers who are only too willing to join any organization which holds out to them the prospect of social life. Poor fellows, most of them think its principles are right, and that is why they are so zealous in doing its work."

The opportunity came to me to learn that evening from the house-keeper, an amiable old soul, just what its work was. It consisted in parad-

## THE SCHOLASTIC

ing past the place before and after their meetings, all the while hurling taunts and insults at the priest and the nuns who lived unprotected on the other side of the church, and in intimidating those who were employed about the premises. Some of the things they said made the blood boil, and she could not understand how the priest restrained himself from going after them with a shot gun. But for the sake of peace and religion, he did restrain himself.

She told of one old man whose main source of sustenance during the spring and summer months was the employment which the pastor gave him in trimming the lawn which extended from the house down to the highway. This spring the old man did not come for work as he had come in previous springs. One day she remarked to the pastor that the Klan had probably frightened him. "Perhaps that is so" the pastor had replied, "but he will come around in time. Just as soon as he needs the money." And sure enough, when want began to pinch him a little too hard, the old man came. The housekeeper ordered him to go down into the basement of the church and get the lawnmower which had been stored there during the winter. He became perceptibly excited and refused to go. "And why, may I ask" ventured the housekeeper. "I'll bet the Klansmen have been telling you that we have guns and ammunition stored down there." The old man confessed that this was the case. When he still hesitated to go, the housekeeper took him by the collar, for she was a very formidable woman, and dragged him. Even then, when he saw with his own eyes, he

was not completely convinced, so well had the Klan done its work.

It is not only the illiterate farmer who believes such stories as these. They are trusted even in the literate and sophisticated city. There are hundreds of people in Indianapolis who will tell you without blinking an eye that the Catholic churches are filled with arms, that the congregations are organized into regiments, and that only the word of the Pope is lacking to hurl the United States into the arms of a great religious war. They will not listen to reason. They believe blindly just what their disillusioned—God forbid that they are diabolical—leaders tell them.

That night after my companion had finished hearing confessions in the church, he led me upstairs and sat down at the organ. It was after eleven o'clock, and the farmers were returning from their meeting in the town. As they passed the church they shouted, swore and blew their horns. Seeing the lights in the church, they must have thought that we were checking over a late assignment of ammunition; for they shouted, swore, and blew all the louder. By a strange irony of fate, the priest was playing "I Love You Truly."

The noise they made reminded one of a gang of high school boys returning from a victory. The priest arose from his seat at the organ, walked over to the window, and looked down on them. I do not know what he was thinking, but I was recalling his words of the afternoon, about the social life of the farmers and their belief in the righteousness of the Klan. I asked him just what the parish was doing to give the farmers the social element which they found so attrac-

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tive in the Klan. Then he told me of the parish hall a short distance up the highway, at a cross-road. "We have dances and card-parties and plays up there for the people at frequent intervals," he told me, "and they are satisfied. Our problem is not an internal one. We do not fear for the faith of our parishioners. The opposition of the Klan drives them closer to the Church. It is the Klansmen themselves that we must get at. We must break through the crust of their ignorance and get them to thinking. This is our problem."

I agreed with him that it was a difficult problem indeed; and it occurred to me just then that Protestants had always accused Catholicity of tending to destroy the power to think in its children. I made a remark to this effect to the priest. He turned to me with a smile. "They accuse us of attempting to destroy thought! Bah! They have destroyed it. Those poor fools out there blowing horns and yelling themselves hoarse don't think. They have never been taught how. Lord, if only they could."

"There is a man in the city who goes about preaching at their meetings. He claims to be a missionary just returned from Cuba, and he tells terrible stories of the atrocities which Catholics commit against Protestants in that land. The Protestants are taken prisoners and lodged in cells dug deep into the ground. The cells are neither high enough for the prisoners to stand up nor wide enough

for them to sit down. They remain there in a cramped position until starvation kills them. Then the bottom is allowed to drop out of the cells and the dead bodies slide quietly down a chute to the sea. Impossible. No one with the least belief in the sincerity of human nature could believe that. Imagine human beings who feel and love, laugh and cry, treating their fellows in such a manner. But these people do believe it. They absorb everything they hear like a sponge absorbs water. And the men who tell these stories! Why the one of whom I have just told you has seen Cuba no more than you or I. He was once employed at the post-office and now is in the plumbing business. If only they could think—put two and two together. If only they could get back to the simple things of life. Forget their politics and newspapers, and realize that human nature is the same the world over; that these Cubans are no more capable of committing such outrages than they are themselves. Above all, think and think straight."

It seems to me that there was much truth in the words which my companion the priest had spoken there in the church that night. Sincere, simple, think straight. These seemed to strike me with a particular force, and so I resolved them into the three S's, a panacea for all misunderstanding—"Simplicity, Sincerity, and Straight Thinking."

THE GUARDIAN OF THE  
CONSTITUTION.

*Indiana Inter-State Oration, 1924.*

MARK EDWARD NOLAN.



MORE than a century and a quarter ago, the founders of our government presented to the people a federal constitution. Guided by that Constitution this nation, prosperous and safe, has come down through the years. William Gladstone characterized this document as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." He was but voicing the opinion of statesmen everywhere. Political writers are agreed that the unique feature of the Constitution is the dominant position of the Supreme Court. "The Supreme Court," wrote De Toqueville, "is placed at the head of all known tribunals. The peace, the prosperity, and the very existence of the union are placed in the hands of the judges." Yet today our Constitution is under fire. The assault led by Senator Robert La Follette of Wisconsin is aimed directly at the courts, but if we look to the necessary consequences of this attack on the Federal Judiciary it will be seen that the success of the La Follette proposals would mean not merely the impairment of the powers of the Supreme Court but virtually the destruction of the Constitution itself.

This is the first time in the history of the world a constitution superior to the legislature or to the majority has safe-guarded the fundamental rights of a free people. Under that Constitution our country has grown from an inferior nation of thirteen

states, confined between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic, to a world power whose extending limits stretch from the Dominion on the north to Mexico on the south, and east to west, join ocean to ocean. Under that Constitution we have survived the convulsions of a great civil war, prevailed against the tempests of time, and have performed the miracle of transportation overseas two million men, who carried the banners of America to triumph on a foreign soil. Under that Constitution we have grown in power until we are the envy of every nation; in no other country are the rights and liberties of the people more secure.

Had the Supreme Court of the United States not interpreted, developed, and protected the Constitution that document would have been but a feeble and futile instrument, and the American nation, which was the dream of its founders, might soon have found a place with the forgotten dynasties of the pharaohs. Very early was the Court called upon to play its part as the defender of the Constitution. The very year in which our government was established, Congress transcended its powers in passing the Judiciary Act. The Supreme Court found this act repugnant to the Constitution and declared it void. John Marshall, delivering the opinion of the Court, in this famous case, *Marbury vs. Madison*, laid down the great principles of the supremacy of the Constitution over statute law. He assured the American people that rights and liberties guaranteed by the Constitution are above the reach of legislative bodies and secure against the whims of the majority.

The work of John Marshall ceased,



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but the work of the Supreme Court went on. Throughout the years this great body of men has safeguarded our priceless heritage. During the Civil War a certain Milligan, resident of Indiana, was tried, without a jury, before a military commission, for conspiracy against the government, and was sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the Supreme Court of the nation. The Court by a unanimous decision held that the trial without a jury was in violation of a citizen's constitutional rights. In the famous decision of this case Justice Davis said, "The Constitution is a law for rulers and for people equally in war as in peace and covers with its shield of protection all classes of men at all times under all circumstances." Thus the Supreme Court reaffirmed the sacred right to trial by jury and asserted that this right can never be denied, even when the people are in the throes of a civil war and the accused is held as a traitor to his state and to the nation.

The course of our Supreme Judicial Body has not always been smooth. While still an infant it was attacked by protagonists of state rights; when a little older only the eloquence of Webster preserved its integrity; and today Senator La Follette and his followers loudly clamor for the reform of the Court. La Follette would amend the Constitution of the United States in such a way as to provide that if an act of Congress were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, Congress by simple reenactment could nullify the action of the Court. Under La Follette's plan, no matter how grossly repugnant to the Constitution an act of Congress might be, the members of that body

by passing the law again over an edverse decision of the Supreme Court, could make it as effective as the Constitution itself. Let us consider what the consequences might be if this plan were approved by the American people. Sovereignty would instantly shift to the legislative branch of the government, because Congress by law could abolish the powers of the Judiciary and the Executive. It could erase state lines entirely and destroy every vestige of state sovereignty. Congress by law could abolish trial by jury; it could put persons twice in jeopardy for the same offense; and it could abridge the right to vote because of race or religion. Of what value then would be a bill of rights when Congress could destroy liberty of speech and press, and could make it a crime to worship God? Of what value then would be the rights and liberties our fathers fought for, when Congress by legislative decree could tear down every constitutional safeguard and make our fundamental law a mere scrap of paper?

The advocates of the La Follette measure contend that Congress though given the power would not interfere with our constitutional rights, but certainly the conduct of Congress in the past gives us no assurance of that. In the Monongahela Navigation case, the Supreme Court prevented Congress from taking property without compensation. On three different occasions Congress has tried to regulate the civil relations between the negro and white man and to interfere with the powers of the states in this matter, but in each case has been prevented by the Supreme Court. Congress has likewise attempted to pass an ex-post facto law and was



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again prevented by the Court. Congress has by mere resolution attempted to imprison a man without a jury trial, for refusing to testify in an investigation which it had no authority to conduct. These are but a few of the instances in which Congress has attempted to encroach upon the constitutional rights of states or of individual citizens. In every case it was the Supreme Court and the Supreme Court alone that safeguarded these rights, and the foundations of the American republic are secure today because the Supreme Court has had the power and the courage to check the hasty action of Congress.

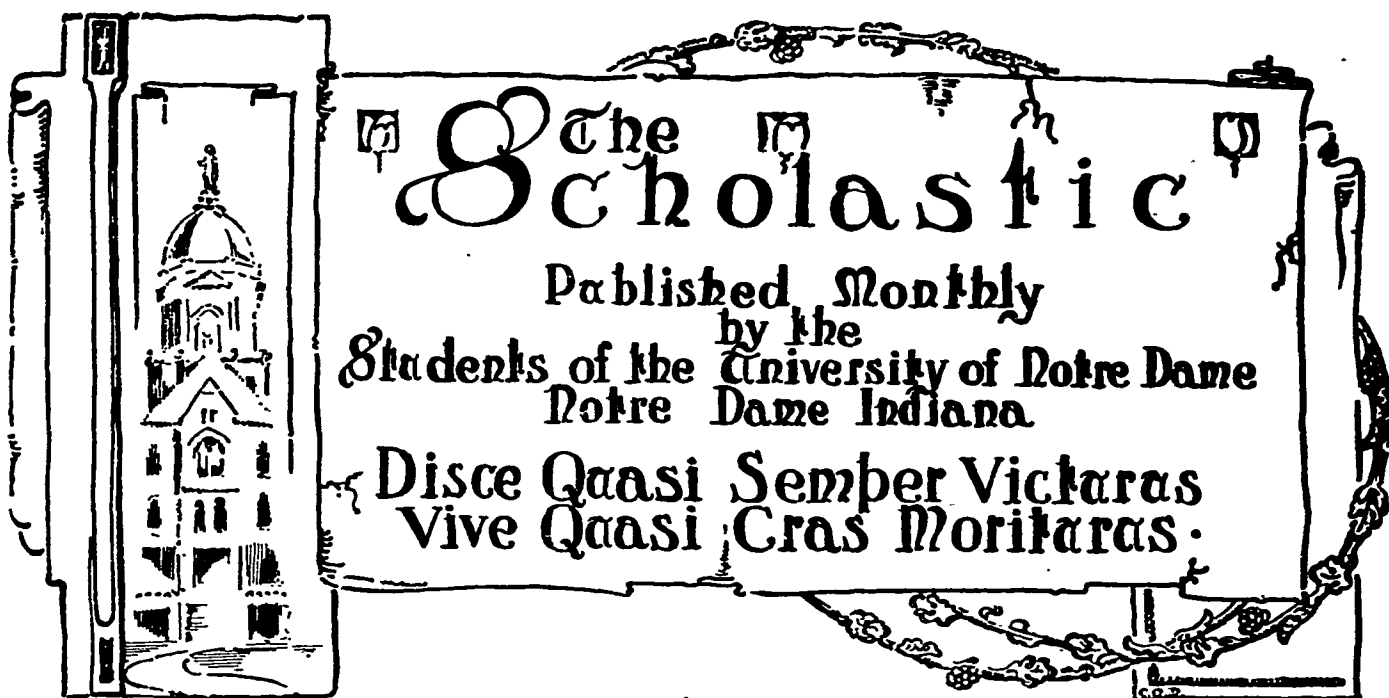
But now when the blessings of our Constitution are most evident, when the wisdom of the nation's founders has been thoroughly vindicated by events, a senator of the United States supported by the American Federation of Labor, unmindful of the lessons of a century and a quarter, forgetful that the Court which thwarts temporary desires today may be the saviour of liberties tomorrow, would have the American people entrust their lives, their liberties and their property to the fickle majorities of the American Congress.

The aftermath of the war has sowed in America seeds of racial, religious, and class hatred. Groups flying the banners of the radical and the political opportunist promote measures which if expressed in legislative enactment would make our boasted liberties a mockery and our rights a farce. The most serious disease of our body politic is the plague of too

many laws—hasty and ill-considered in the making. Never before have restraints on law-making bodies been more needed. Yet if the La Follette plan were adopted by the American people, the Constitution, which, bulwarked by the Supreme Court, has given this nation stability and permanence, our constitution which has done so nobly the work marked out by its framers would become a mere historical relic and the sturdy foundation of our government would have no more permanency than had those of the forgotten empires, now mingled with the ashes of time.

The last century has been one of disrupting upheavals. All over the world governments and institutions ages old have crumbled. In our own country violent storms of bitter political controversy have swept the nation, parties have risen and fallen, and temporary waves of radicalism have repeatedly threatened our whole political fabric. Yet our institutions have withstood the shocks of the years, and we have emerged a contented and a happy people.

Let us then beware of political sophists who would undo the work of the Nation's Fathers and undermine the institution which is the sheet armor of fundamental rights. Let us zealously guard the judiciary which has preserved the integrity of our Constitution, that America, still guided by that Constitution, may safely traverse the turbulent waters of the future under the protecting aegis of the Supreme Court.



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### CRITICS OF CATHOLICISM.

There are some people in this world who make it a point to be niggardly in the service of God. They are obsessed with the idea that another Catholic institution than their own, a movement among the faithful which has not adopted their kind of leadership and all their little pennants, must be wrong somewhere. It is a point with them, where they must acknowledge success, to accompany the compliment with a few words of exhortation. We shall be bold and come to the point we wish to make. Notre Dame is an institution which invites, on the part of a certain section of the Catholic press, observations which spring from a sentiment of antagonism—or shall we call it envy?

If the report is sent abroad that Notre Dame men frequent the sacraments, this section of the Catholic press immediately refers to the circumstance that we do not suffer martyrdom. If the student is honest in answering a questionnaire and states frankly that his list of spiritual reading is abbreviated, editorials are sure to be written about the lamentable circumstance that Notre Dame men aren't familiar with the literature of asceticism. And so it goes on—and on.

We are certainly open to criticism. We have a hundred faults. But the section of the Catholic press to which we refer is largely open to the same thing. Often its literary departments give one the impression that the editor had just wandered in from the backwoods. Often its spiritual outlook is as narrow as the end of a rusty fish-hook. But we shall not talk back. We shall merely suggest that for those who have never had the advantages of an education at Notre Dame, bickering may be natural.

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### FADS THAT FADE.

We of the latter time have about as much intellectual depth as the fourth dimension. Priding ourselves on being modern we lack the foresight to see that we are riding on the crest of "high-brow" tendencies to mental dissolution. We are superficial. There is no intellectual life; there is scarcely more than a scratching of the surface of the genuine pleasure of living. Fads and extremes are quite the thing: the open sesame to public acclaim, the direct road to notoriety, and a means to enrich depleted coffers. We live to love meaningless scintillations. We live in a flurry of excitement without stopping to think what we are about. Life is sensational and unstable. We enjoy ourselves, however, because we are ignorant of our ignorance—and the ignorant are blissful.

In literature as in life the trend is toward confusion, because literature is a reflection of life. Striving to be different, trying to be original, seeking to be unusual has cut the intellectual ties which bind one civilization to a previous one. Our faddists are responsible for the beginning of a literary movement without a future. Conditions have made the American writer a machine. He is a slave to popular demand. Since popular fashions are tired of the soonest his work cannot live. The modern environment has already stifled creative imagination. Literature of the day is sterile.

The current fad is realism which is not realism at all for it excludes the idealistic to emphasize the meretricious. Authors forget that everything original has been said. There can be nothing new. Human nature has always been and will remain the same. Nothing has escaped previous human observation. The *grand écrivain* of the past sought to portray human nature as truthfully and accurately as possible. Our art lies in perfecting what has already been said. Our desire should be to realize in our writing products the finest of old experience—not seek an original life. Fads come, stay for a day or two, and go; truth remains forever. The rising and setting sun casts shadows; at mid-day, in the height of its glory, not at all.

### JOHNNY WALKER.

We look back upon the Middle Ages as the golden age of art. Beautiful things covered the earth with a carpet of sumptuous buildings and tall towers, and Richard of the Lion Heart looked like a warring angel when he rode to battle. But these accomplishments of the Middle Ages were made possible only because the ordinary man lived with the idea of quality and could not have understood the meaning of 'something just as good' no matter how attractive the price or how compelling the advertisement. We look at our United States with what is often a sinking of the heart. Here we are, richer than the best of kings, able to send coins spinning down every street, but surrounded with a deluge of mediocre products which, if we stopped to reflect, would make our hair rise in horror. None the less there are hopeful signs in many places. Little things which fit into the

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every day turn up well made, fashioned with a deft wisp of fantasy. Take the matter of cigarettes, for instance. Why should a man smoke ten flabby, standardized fags, whirled out by a machine that has been sighing in vain all its life for a smell of aristocratic tobacco, when he might sit down and enjoy one which has lineage and individuality and—shall we say?—the aroma of culture? We do not believe in free advertising. This magazine is triumphantly dedicated to no advertising whatever. But when so craftily made a package and so excellently attuned a smoke as that which goes by the name of Johnny Walker comes into our line of vision we must have our say. Johnny Walker is a sign of advancing American civilization. It appeals to the artist who slumbers in all of us. For out of little things is the day woven into the dream.

### CONCERNING CERTAIN CHANGES.

Time works its inevitable changes here the same as elsewhere. Notre Dame is not exempt from the variations that come with the years. Everyone will admit that the student of today is not an exact reproduction of the man who trod the campus a decade ago. The carefree attire evident in the past is no longer in vogue. Perhaps a new type of student is coming in; perhaps it is merely the old type with a few alterations. Today corduroys and khaki shirts are used by a comparatively small group and thundering hobnails are less common than in former times. The wardrobe of the student now tends towards more colorful brands. The student at Notre Dame is in touch to some degree with current styles.

There are those who fear the future. The changes so obvious have brought a sense of sorrow to their hearts. It is their reluctant belief that the far-famed cake-eater is coming into his own, that with the appearance of the gay scarf and the brilliant sweater a new kind of student is taking possession. Would, they say, that the product of the old school might remain.

The *Scholastic* does not share their apprehensions. The spirit that animated the men who walked these cinder paths in other days still lives. It is one of Notre Dame's fondest traditions. The university is growing; every year new students are coming in. Some changes must be expected. The apparent inclination towards the striped necktie and the turned-down hat cannot be interpreted as a decline of the excellent sentiment of brotherhood that has always bound the men of Notre Dame together. The students today are characterized as in the past by a pronounced devotion for the university and an unmistakable sense of comradeship. A fraternal feeling has always distinguished them and it is as much in evidence now as at any period in the past. The Notre Dame spirit is as typical of Notre Dame as the Dome itself. And it will never die.

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### WALLED WORLDS.

China had her wall; the Romans constructed one in Britain; every important city and castle in ancient and medieval times had its protective ramparts. But there never was a more effective wall than the wall of tradition. Tradition has built about Notre Dame an impenetrable barrier. Any breach in this wall is hurriedly repaired and the important but small world on the inside resumes its natural course. Interest in activities beyond the wall is looked upon with somewhat the same suspicion that would have greeted a Greek seaman had he asked for a pass to Troy. We have the good Laocoon crying out against the hollowness of the wooden horse of wordliness. But there the figure ends.

If Notre Dame men were training for positions that would insure life-long residence on the Notre Dame campus, this "splendid isolation" might be justified. But most of the men expect someday to be hurled over the ramparts, sans prodding prefect, sans convenient and comprehensive bill, and sans the tolerance that excuses in the college boy what it censures in the ordinary citizen. A degree without some knowledge of the practical world is like an expensive rod and reel without bait.

For the sake of potential responsibilities as citizens of widely scattered communities, some contact with the world during a college career is desirable. Certainly a lack of responsibility, as evidenced in several instances on the campus, might easily produce serious results if practiced in the ordinary routine of life. A wall is a good thing—if it has a gate. Gates may mean that those outside can get in; but more often it means that those inside may get out.

LUNAR LOG.

FEBRUARY SUMMARY.

“AMERICANS,” a play presented by the Drama Club and written by Harry A. McGuire, gave to Washington’s Birthday the necessary patriotic touch. In the morning the seniors, capped and gowned and looking very dignified in their “tux” collars and black bow ties, gathered in the parlor of the Main Building. The march then began to Washington Hall, and the program of the day started. Don Gallagher gave an excellent speech and an excellent flag to the University, and Father Walsh talked on “Toleration and Patriotism” and accepted the flag for the school. George Koch sang, extracts from Washington’s Farewell Address were read, the orchestra played.

On the night of the 22nd, “Americans” was given in Washington Hall. It was attended by a much smaller audience than it deserved. It was a play which combined oratory and debate, having for its setting the Constitutional Congress of 1787. In the afternoon “Americans” was presented at St. Mary’s. This month’s issue of the “Chimes,” commented very favorably both on the play and the members of the cast, and, considering the hasty preparations necessary to put the play on in time, the whole thing was very excellent. It may be interesting to hear the account given of the St. Mary’s trip by one who sat behind the footlights, and the long table. He says:

“The curtain was raised and a sea of feminine eyes broken here and there by the sombre habits of the

nuns assailed us. A suppressed mumble reached our ears as we took our seats and awaited the start of the ‘ordeal’. We were informed that the audience would be hostile, and yet we were singularly at ease. Perhaps it was due to the solemnity of the occasion or the result of Ray Cunningham’s opening speech, call it what you will, the St. Mary’s audience was very friendly and maybe it was our patriotic purpose that built up a bond of sympathy and struck a responsive note in their appreciative souls.

“A solemn girl sat directly in front of me; to her left a smiling beauty, probably of Nordic ancestry, beamed upon us; to her right a demure little miss, with coal-black hair and marvellous eyes glowed approvingly; a few snickered, but the gravity of the occasion wiped the smiles from their faces. . . . a stout girl giggling and enticing, gazed rapturously at the youth on the right end. . . . another young lady, not so stout, leaned forward in her chair and listened eagerly. . . . the high spots of the play were reached. . . . all was tense. . . . the votes were cast. . . . feminine hand-clapping. . . . contented Thespains. . . . a great silence. . . . a delicious luncheon. . . . St. Mary’s. . . . Thanks. . . . good-bye!”

Other things happened in this short month. The cups were awarded—to the Toledo Club and The Scribblers—there was elation. Then the blow fell. The Contest was decided to be all wrong and the cups had to be returned to the donor. There was more elation, but from different quarters.

The Monogram Club gave a show, “The Absurdities of 1924, Mortifying the Notre Dame Man”—and it was

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absurd! Many men deserve credit for this very successful student affair. To Vince Fagan, Joseph Casasanta, Norbert Engels, Frank Kolars and Victor Labedz for writing and staging the Revue, to George Koch and Dick Lightfoot and others for assisting the Monogram men, to Harvey Brown who managed the production and who worked long and tirelessly that it might be a success, and to the club, from one end-man to the other, for their enthusiasm, their faithfulness and their cooperation with Fagan and Brown and Casasanta. For the Revue itself, the best praise is not too much. We chuckled, laughed and roared. "Jimmie" Crowley's Show," it might be called for the many leading parts he played. His tragedy was a roar; the minstrels were a chuckle from beginning to end, and the skit in the second act was very well done. Dick Lightfoot, playing the part of "Rodney Stacomb," in this number gave a fine impersonation of the "marble Champ" of campus history—his lines brought laugh after laugh and the "If Papa Nu" yell (we suspect Rockne here) was a classic. In the four part songs the club showed the effects of weeks of work with Joe Casasanta. "Love's Old Sweet Song," and the "Hike" song were both very creditably rendered, and proves again that there is excellent Glee Club material in the Monogram Club if it will only make itself known to Doctor Browne or Joe Casasanta.

"Little Sophia" Frank Millbauer, and "Big" Mac McCalley, Rip Miller, Dick Griffin, Ed Luther, Elmer Layden, Rex Enright, Harry Stuhldreher all deserve very special mention where the Monogram Revue is con-

cerned for in all the firmament, these men, with Crowley, Cooke, McGrath Swift and Maher, were the brightest stars. The show was put on for two nights at Notre Dame, and a crowded house greeted each performance. Plans for putting it on at St. Mary's are being considered.

The Scribblers took in Jerry Lyons and Jim Withey. Both survived the goat-riding and are now qualified to scribble. The Chemists hear Dr. Volweiler. He explained lots of things only the chemists could understand. Creighton wins two basket victories from us. Illinois trips us at track. Our Natatorium stars tie Fort Wayne. Ivan Sharpe marries Miss Mary McNamara at The Sacred Heart Church—"Congratulations Ive!" We beat St. Viators 34-19, in the last home game, Coach Rockne addresses the K. of C. and talks on team work. The Freshman Frolic a great success. Husk O'Hara's orchestra played and St. Mary's girls were in plenteous attendance—29th of February—wonder if there were any proposals that night at the Palais?

The Football Men get their gold footballs at a banquet—26 of them. Wisconsin is surprised by the Notre Dame tracksters and we beat them . . . . three gym records broken (consult sport section for details.)

The Drama Club elects Huether to the presidency—Ray Cunningham resigns because of pressure of work. John Dore is vice-proxy and Al Doyle is to guard the money and records. "The Servant in the House" is the next play to be put on. . . . John S. Brennan *should* play the leading part but he won't—bashful!

Adam Walsh left for home because of illness but will return for Summer



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School. Not a bad idea—California in the winter time and Notre Dame in the Summer time. Nice going Adam!

Seventy-five men report to Coach Keogan for the baseball nine. The Bengal Mission enthusiasts put on the annual Boxing show for the Mission funds. Jack, Ritchie, and Pinky Mitchell were here—Mike O'Keefe, Ed Sherer, McGowan, Springer, Rip Miller, John McMullan, "threw gloves at each other" to the enjoyment of a thousand fans. It was a good night both for the fans and the bengalese children.

"Joe" Burke, Joseph Patrick Burke, became president of the Scribblers Club at a meeting in March. Joe was almost unanimously elected to take McGuire's position—McGuire resigning because of ill health and pressure of studies. Joseph made an eloquent speech of acceptance and we know his term of office will be filled with good deeds for the Scribblers. John Brennan's speech in praise of the work done by the retiring president was a marvelous bit of oratory. Jerry Holland claims it was "one of the most dramatic moments in my life"—and we are convinced now that John should tour the country for "Al" Smith, or some other good presidential candidate.

All these months are crowded with events of interest. Mr. Paulding was here and read two very interesting plays—the audience at times was not as thoughtful of Mr. Paulding as it should have been (putting it mildly)—"Richard the III," and "Cyrano de Bergerac" were his two selections. Some of us were provoked because he read "Lord Jim" at St. Mary's and not at Notre Dame. Come back Mr. Paulding!

The Movie number of the Juggler appears and is filled with 'reel' humor—the cover design is a close-up of movie types and the cartoons and illustrations throughout the book are particularly good. Rickard, Flannery, McElroy and Grady did some very fine work for this issue. It was a paramount production!

The Dome is reported one third finished. "It will be out," says Mr. Kubiak of the Printing Company, "on May 15th, fire, flood and strikes, to the contrary notwithstanding." There must be something to this, for Bartley and Jack smile once in a while now anyway.

We must close this month with a moan for both our debating teams lost on the same night. Western Reserve and Indiana took us into their rostrums. . . .

As this goes to ye editor, big things are brewing. The Day-Dodgers' Show under the direction of Dick Lightfoot, Baseball, Track, Tennis, Golf (ah!) debates, shows, the exams, the Daily, The Dome, The Santa Maria, (really to appear), The Girls' Juggler, surely from among these something of interest should occur during the coming month.

—JAMES F. HAYES.

### THE CHOIR.

The phrase of St. Augustine, *Cantate amantis est* is only another expression of David's words, *Cantate Domino omnis terra*. Song is one of the most beautiful elements in the Catholic ritual. The Church, inspired by the Holy Ghost, has developed a



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sublime chant which it uses in the acts of divine worship, and particularly in the Sacrifice of the Mass, the noblest and most divine act of homage that can be rendered to the Godhead.

It is a well-documented fact that every religious society has its own song, chant and melodies with which it sings the praises of the Lord and aids the soul to come closer to the Divinity. Long before the Hebrews were a nation, they celebrated in song the praises of Jehovah. The sublime canticles of Moses, Deborah, David and Judith are witnesses of this fact. David not only composed stirring psalms, but he organized musicians and singers whose duty it was to praise with music Jehovah present in the tabernacle. The same custom was observed by Solomon, and Esdros re-established it after the long night of the Babylonian captivity.

Since the establishment of Christianity, music has played an important part in the Church's liturgy, especially since the times when the Church could give to its liturgy the splendor and the pomp due so august a ritual. In all this ceremony the Church has followed the example set for her by her Founder and by the Apostles.

The Birth of the Christ, the Prince of Peace, was announced to the tired world through the heavenly melodies of the angelic hosts. The Master Himself, in the closing days of His apostolic career, did not chide the people for greeting Him on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem with the divinely-inspired song, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord!" St. Paul exhorted the faithful of his

day mutually to arouse themselves to devotion by songs and canticles. Moreover, he tells us that when he was in prison, he sang in company with Silas canticles that refreshed his heart. Pliny the Younger is a witness that our precursors in the Faith assembled on Sundays to sing hymns to Christ, the one and true God.

From the very beginning of Christianity, the Church in all her services has made use of religious canticles: in this she is following the example set her by her Founder, who on the evening of Holy Thursday, after celebrating the Eucharistic Banquet, did not leave the holy banquet hall to climb the bare hill of Calvary, until He had offered to His Father the sacrifice of praise. *Et hymno dicto exierunt in Montem Oliveti*—"And when the hymn was sung, they went to Mount Olivet."

This primitive chant of the Church is called "Plain Chant." It is a chant that is not bound by any uniform or rigid rhythm. In this it differs from profane or figured music which follows the canons of strict and rigorous rhythm. It is also called Ecclesiastical Chant and Gregorian Chant: Ecclesiastical Chant, because it is used by the Church (*Exclesia*) in its sacred offices and ceremonies. Gregorian Chant, because Pope Gregory the Great gave it a definite and determined form, restoring it and enriching it with many new and charming melodies.

The essential character of the chant is that it is natural. It does not permit any forced intervals between the notes. Moreover, it is richer than profane or figured music. This latter has but two keys, major and minor,

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while plain Chant gloriously boasts eight distinct keys.

Though the plain Chant possesses the eternal youth of the Church itself, though it is sweetly and gracefully aged with the golden antiquity of 1900 years, though it represents not so much the work of human intelligence as of the longings, desires and impulses of hearts on fire with religious fervor, it is its sublimity—one is tempted almost to say its divinity,—that keeps it forever young and rigorous.

The text of the divine offices and ceremonies is of such a richness that it fits in with all the varied situations of human life. The Kyrie, Gloria, Credo of the Mass: the antiphones, versicles, psalms, responses, prayers and hymns of the Breviary; the words of the Office of the Dead, processions and blessings have a character all their own, individual and unique, and the chant that accompanies them is quite the mould that best suits them. In a word, the Chant expresses exactly the meaning of the liturgical words.

It is surprising, then, that Plain Chant should ever fall into disuse in the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. Its banishment from Church choirs had become so general and widespread that Pius X. a few months after he had been elected Pope, felt it his duty to restore Plain Chant to its rightly ordained place in the ritual of the Church. This the Pope did by a Pontifical decree, *Motu Proprio*, Nov. 22, 1903. By this decree, Plain Chant is the official music of the Church. The Pope, however, does not forbid the use of figured or polyphonic music; provided that in compass and inspiration, it approaches

closely the great Gregorian melodies.

At Notre Dame, we are particularly fortunate in witnessing all the ceremonies of the Church carried out in all their splendor and pomp down to the least detail. We are also fortunate in hearing well rendered the majestic measures of the Plain Chant and the almost celestial polyphony of Palestrina, Vittoria, Lasso, Croce, Asola, Lotti, Suriano, Bernabei; polyphony that is filled with the "glad alacrity," the "joyful melancholy" of which the Poor Man of Assisi speaks: polyphony through which we attain by anticipation something of the delights of Héaven.

To make this music better known and better loved should be, we believe, a purpose of a Catholic university. Plain Chant and Palestrina, Vittoria and the other masters of polyphony are our peculiar inheritance. They need only to be known in order to be loved. As a step toward the attainment of this end, may it not be advisable that the students constitute the choir that sings the 8:30 High Mass every Sunday—the Mass that is specially the students' Mass? Under skilled leadership they will grow to appreciate more fully this perfect music, and when they return to their home cities they will become its ardent and enthusiastic propagandists. Moreover, such a movement may lead to the establishment, in the near future, of a school of Fine Arts with a distinct department of Ecclesiastical Music—an achievement greatly needed.

—MUS. AM.

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### THE DEBATING TEAMS.

As evidence of the strength of the Notre Dame "line," the University debaters have, since intercollegiate debate was inaugurated here, won forty-eight of their fifty-seven debates. Which, after a few mistakes, I figured out to be an average of eighty-four per cent. This average, unless Bates College's has risen abruptly, is of some national importance.

Father Bolger's coaching is, perhaps, the chief reason for this long list of victories. One of Notre Dame's greatest debaters himself, he has, for years past, directed the activities of Notre Dame debate squads. This year, due to the formation of four teams, he took charge of the Compulsory Arbitration teams. On which question, we state with bitter memories, he is only too well versed. Professor Shuster assisted Father Bolger this year, and took charge of the World Court teams.

To start the season, eighty-one men competed for positions on the team. competed for positions on the team, the largest number in debating history. Of these, Professor Shuster and Father Bolger had only three varsity men, Paul Breen, John Stanton, and Mark Nolan, to fill the twelve positions, and their development of the new men was an excellent bit of work.

The Compulsory Arbitration teams were the first to debate. The negative squad went down state to argue with Wabash, one of Notre Dame's traditional rivals in debate. The judge was convinced of two things, that Notre Dame won, and that John was

a very good debater. Helping Stanton were Edward Lindeman, and Lawrence Graner. David Stanton was the alternate. The negative argument was that, by removing the causes of strikes, through minimum wage laws, establishment of the eight-hour day, laws providing for the various social insurances, etc., that the few strikes which could result could be settled by compulsory investigation, but that to go further would only make laborers rebels or slaves.

On the same night at Washington Hall the affirmative team debated De Pauw. The decision also resulted in a victory for Notre Dame. The judge, Professor Frazer of Indiana University, complimented both teams on their presentation of the matter. Oscar Lavery's main speech, and Seymour Weisberger's rebuttal were the best things to listen to on Notre Dame's side. Victor Lemmer was the other Notre Dame speaker, and Barnabas Sears was the alternate. Notre Dame's argument puzzled De Pauw. It was, briefly: they desired to remove the chief causes of strikes by the proper labor legislation, and they would, thus, remove nine out of every ten strikes, but that tenth strike, and here they paused dramatically and surveyed the audience, that tenth strike might be more dangerous than all the rest, and, to prevent the strike, they would compel the submission of the grievances to an arbitration board, outlawing even the preliminaries to the strike.

A week later the World Court teams debated. Western Reserve came to Notre Dame and won from the local debaters. Paul Breen's rebuttal was the best piece of work for

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Notre Dame. His teammates were Philip Moore and Benjamin Piser, with Sydney Eder as alternate. Notre Dame emphasized the practicability of the World Court, and the effect of the publicity that the Court would give on international matters—stressing the necessity of a well-organized international opinion and, what was most important, the value of American public opinion, and, therefore the necessity of adding it to the Court, to have the Court function properly. Professor Lagerquist of Northwestern University, in presenting his decision, said it was based chiefly on the presentation of the matter. Western Reserve had, as they usually do, a well-balanced team.

In Indianapolis, on the same night, the negative team debated and lost to Indiana University. Mark Nolan was, perhaps, the best for Notre Dame. Ray Cunningham and William Coyne were the other men on the team, with Paul Harrington as alternate. They brought forward the connection between the League and the Court, and the danger of America connecting herself with the dangerous diplomacy of Europe, showing how America could preserve better by efficiently exerting her balance of power.

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### DRAMA AND THINGS LIKE THAT.

Of all the activities which have of late years fallen victims of sleeping sickness, things dramatic hold the record for sound and peaceful slumbers. Two or three times a year, an almost superhuman effort has been made, in which, incidentally, Professor Sullivan is usually the arch-con-

spirator, with the result that Washington Hall is filled with voices of others than Chautauqua artists. If we are to believe the old timers, this is a deplorable condition. They remember when student productions were the rule,—frequent student productions they say. They remember when Shakespeare—not in the flesh, of course—was a familiar visitor of those who sought their entertainment on the campus. And they say that they really enjoyed those evenings, too. One must bear in mind though, that those famous evenings are seen through the tender mists of the years; some discount would seem in order.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that lately things have not been all they should be. Take last year, for example. Student efforts included a program of three one-act plays, the Monogram Minstrels, and the three-act comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew,"—all very creditably done, of course, but not in themselves alone an imposing showing for the year.

There used to be an organization called the Players Club, which was supposed to foster such activities. Perhaps it did that; we can even imagine it tenderly coaxing the seed of dramatic possibilities to sprout; but it certainly did not foster itself. As an organization, it pined away for lack of nourishment. Last spring, however, the remnants of the Players Club, plus those who were willing to come to the rescue, formed a new organization, which since has been variously known as the Drama Club, the Dramatic Circle, and the Dramatic Club. The reason for this seeming inability to remember its own name is not in any way the fault of the

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Club; the person who makes up the posters announcing its meetings is merely a bit over-enthusiastic in his belief in the proverb concerning variety as one of the pleasant things of life. Like most new things, the Dramatic Club—we hope we have picked the right name—set about correcting conditions with praiseworthy enthusiasm. As it was late in the scholastic year, most of the plans were directed toward the coming year. A promise of a faculty director for the Club was secured, a man who would act as rehearsal master for all Club productions. Yes, he would be here in September.

September came; the director came not. October and still no director. And so with November and December. Some meetings of the Club were held. Everything would start “when the director came.” Naturally, things never started. Interest waned. It almost died, which was too bad. Interest is such a fine thing to help along. And then, in January, with the year half gone, the director came. Followed much figurative trumpeting by members of the Club and much figurative burning of the triumphal torch. Things *did*—start, immediately. The new director, Mr. Joseph Reynolds, a graduate of the Leland Powers School of Expression, caught the enthusiasm and, aided and abetted by some of the older members, fanned it into a blazing bonfire. Meetings were held, plays selected, plans formulated. And then, on February twenty-second, the Dramatic Club gave its first production.

The reason for this burst of history into a department supposedly devoted to the interests of the month should be obvious. The meaning of the pro-

duction of “Americans” cannot be appreciated unless one has some knowledge of the things which went before. Elsewhere that play has been reviewed as soberly and as conscientiously as it should be. And if we treat the matter with seeming lightness, hold it not against us. Remember that lightness as often as not, may cover feelings of considerable depth.

The play affords a glimpse of the workings of the Constitutional convention of 1787. It is built about a crisis in the affairs of the convention when the conflicting interests of the large and the small states threatened for a time to end the drafting of the Constitution. The author, Harry McGuire, is to be complimented on the manner in which he first outlines the conflicting views and then has them clash to a dramatic climax. A fitting close to the play is given by the words of the venerable Franklin, when he says that he confidently asserts that the picture on the back of the President’s chair represents a rising and not a setting sun.

When the scene opens, two guards are discovered talking about the doings of the delegates, whose arrival is momentarily expected. In their conversation, the necessity of a decision is immediately conveyed to the audience. Soon the delegates enter and seat themselves about a long table in the center of the room. What a collection! Satin knee breeches, colored waistcoats, ruffled shirts, powdered wigs, quill pens and snuff boxes aided in making the illusion perfect. The very atmosphere of the times seem to float around those curled and whitened heads. When they had bestowed themselves about the table

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quite comfortably, they presented an interesting sight; above the table a curve of gravely nodding heads, below, a gleaming half-moon of silk hosed calves.

The president rapped for order and the contest was on. The fiery Hamilton, Wilson, cool and logical, and Madison with a pleasant Southern drawl, were opposed by General Pinckney and the pompous Luther Martin. As the words flew warmly back and forth, Ellsworth and Johnson added their views to those of the rest. The beruffled Martin persists in saying that his opponents are "utterly incapable of doing anything;" sardonic Hamilton persists in throwing out unexpected remarks in the midst of Mr. Martin's speeches, much to the distress of that gentleman, who does not know whether to ignore or to reply to them; and the whispering statesmen around them persist in goading the others on. This contest in persistence works every one up into a fine frenzy but when the vote is taken, the majority, inspired by the words of Franklin, vote the right way and the country seems to have a fairly good chance of getting a Constitution, after all. The players looked their parts and, thanks to Mr. Reynolds' direction, seemed to live them for that brief hour. There was only one thing which reminded us we were still in Washington Hall. At the back of the stage, the panoramic drapes which formed the set for the play were looped a bit to make a doorway; through the opening thus made, glared a triangle of that peculiarly nauseous blue set which is always seen at the Saturday night recitals. That bit of 'local color' jerked one rather unpleasantly out of the atmos-

phere created by the costumed players.

"Americans" was a success at St. Mary's as well as at Notre Dame. In fact, it must have been an almost overwhelming success at that revered institution, for the last issue of the "St. Mary's Chimes," in which it was reviewed, came out quite boldly and said that the play was the best Notre Dame production ever put on at St. Mary's; indeed, it even hazarded the opinion that more plays of like character would receive a warm welcome. Compare this with the usual write-up of a Notre Dame play which graces the boards of St. Mary's and you have an idea of the success that "Americans" was. Ordinarily, on such an occasion, the "Chimes" carries something like this: "The Notre Dame students gave a play in St. Angela's Hall on the twenty-second. The costumes were good." Do we make our point clear?

This first production of the Dramatic Club under the direction of Mr. Joseph Reynolds was presented with the following cast:

George Washington.....	Ted Huether
Alexander Hamilton .....	Mark Nolan
Samuel Johnson .....	John Dore
James Wilson .....	Bert Dunne
Luther Martin .....	Clarence Ruddy
James Madison .....	Bailey Walsh
William Ellsworth .....	Albert Doyle
Benjamin Franklin .....	George Farrage
General Pinkney.....	Leroy Hebbert
James Patterson .....	Lester Grady
Gouv. Morris.....	Charles McGonagle
Elbridge Gerry.....	Gilbery Uhl
John Rutledge .....	Thomas McKiernan
Scoggins (a guard).....	John Griffin
Marko (a guard) .....	George Schill

Events to come include the Mono-

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gram Minstrels and the Day Students Vaudeville, both of which ought to be well worth seeing. Rehearsals have been going on for some time and the productions are scheduled for presentation on two dates near the end of March.

Try-outs are now being held for the Dramatic Club's next play, which will be a five act drama, "The Servant in the House." It is hoped that the Club will be given permission to engage South Bend amateur talent for the two female characters. The play is a serious one, revolving as it does about a character who represents the spirit of Christ on earth.

Obviously its beauty and strength would be considerably dimmed in the inevitable laugh which goes up whenever a gentleman, no matter how good an actor, walks on the scene attired in skirts and wig. In a comedy that laugh does not matter so much, for you may always tell yourself that they are laughing at the lines and not at the actors; in a serious drama it spoils everything.

The future is interesting. It promises much in which we hope we will not be disappointed. The footlights are up; the house darkened; the curtain is rising. Watch your lines, now! —JAMES WITHEY.



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### BOOK LEAVES.

JOSEPH P. BURKE.

Recently there has been placed on exhibition in the Treasure Room of the Widener Library of Harvard University a copy of the earliest known college periodical. It was called "The Telltale" and the publication date was 1721. It was modeled after Addison's "Spectator." The editorship was anonymous and its object was explained in the first issue, "This Paper is Entitled the Telltale or Criticisms of the Conversations & Behavior of Scholars to Promote Right Reasoning & Good Manner." The periodical was probably passed around among the students, its growing popularity necessitating more frequent publication.

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A book which is claimed by one reviewer to be somewhat similar to Louis Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine" in its portrayal of "folk-quality" is Florence Hackett's first novel of Irish life, "With Benefit of Clergy."

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Scribner's Sons have issued a series of volumes on the different vocations. They discuss the advantages and limitations of the various professions and the talents and abilities which are necessary for success in each. Among the volumes already issued are: "The Newspaper Man" by Talcott Williams, "The Advertising Man" by Earnest E. Calkins, "The Physician" by Dr. John M. Finney, "The Engineer" by John Hays Hammond, "The Teacher" by Francis B. Pearson, and in preparation "The Lawyer" by George W. Wickersham. Students who are unable to select a profession might read with profit one or more of these volumes.

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A dozen of the old veterans survive in Edward J. O'Brien's "latest aristocracy of the short story," "The Best Short Stories of 1923." However there are also half a dozen new authors admitted to this very exclusive anthology. Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, and Irving S. Cobb are again prominent. Among the new writers contributing are Jean Toomer, Ruth Suckow, John Cournos and a few others. In his introduction

Mr. O'Brien strikes a critical note. "I long for a little less tension in our short stories," he says, "and a little more ease. . . . I am tired of our sense of strain and I doubt its value. . . . Why can we not cultivate the loafabilities a bit more. . . . and stop striking noble attitudes."

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A new edition of the famous "Pepys (Samuel) Diary" is announced. The editor is Henry B. Wheatley and he has reduced the work from eight volumes to three.

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We imagine that all students of the Law will be interested in Horace H. Hagan's "Eight Great American Lawyers." Mr. Hagan, who is a prominent lawyer in Oklahoma, sketches in this book the careers of Luther Martin, William Pinkney, William Wirt, Thomas Addis Emmet, Seargent Prentiss, Rufas Choate, Judah P. Benjamin and William M. Evarts. Thus this volume affords a continuous biographical account of a century and a half of American life among lawyers, for Luther Martin was born in 1774 and William M. Evarts died in 1901.

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What appears to us as an ideal book for Lenten reading, although not strictly meditative, is "The Life and Times of John Carroll" by Peter Guilday, Ph. D., of Catholic University. John Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was one of the most interesting men of the revolutionary days. One reviewer has said that "no student of history can afford to overlook this book, especially no Catholic student. It should be in every Catholic library, private, institutional or public."

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"An' the Gobble-uns 'll get you  
Ef you don't watch out."

Of interest to all Hoosiers and in particular to all lovers of the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley is the news item which appeared in the newspapers of March 8 to the effect that Mrs. Mary Alice Gray, aged 73, said to be the original of Riley's famous poem, "Little Orphant Annie," died at her home in Indianapolis. Mrs. Gray's acquaintance with the poet began many years ago when she was living in the neighborhood of Greenfield, Ind.



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## REVIEWS.

"The Mikado and Oother Plays," by W. S. Gilbert; Modern Library, of Boni and Liveright.

Everyone has heard of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas but few of us, except when a high school or church presented "The Mikado," or "The Gondoliers," or, in a few instances, when we happened to be in a community blessed with professional performances of the operas, few of us are acquainted with the plays more than hazily. We all know that they are light bits, akin both to opera and to musical comedy, and, we suppose, they are delightful productions. Until Boni and Liveright began to print the text of the plays, they were not conveniently available in book form. Now and then, in a book of plays we met pieces like Gilbert's "Sweethearts," and we were fascinated, but what we could find were but fragments. Our appetites were aroused, but they could not be satiated.

Boni and Liveright have produced one volume including "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," and the "Gondoliers." They promise another volume soon including "Pinafore" and other Gilbert plays. The books do not, of course, contain the musical scores, and that—to one who has not heard those whimsical cadences—is a distinct loss. A few of us will be able to hear the scores when De Wolf Hopper's company again presents the plays in the East this summer. He has been located at Carlin's in Baltimore for several years and he will likely make Baltimore his headquarters again this year while parts of his big company make excursions to other points. D'Oyly Carte will revive the operas in London at the same time.

The operas are distinctive. They are unusual nonsense, logically illogical, nonsensically sensible. His characters are real people, whose antics are truthful, though absurd. In the hands of a De Wolf Hopper or D'Oyly Carte they are their best, for these men can get the most out of them. In the skillful hands of Hopper they are cleverly modernized, seemingly extemporaneously. In a presentation last summer of one play of his repertoire, "Robinhood," he im-

provised so cleverly that his fence, Miss Anne Jago, could not contain her mirth in her serio-comic part. But even a Hopper need do little with such delicate satires on duty as "The Pirates of Penzance;" such satires on government officials as "Iolanthe," or such queer plots as "The Mikado," or "The Gondoliers," or such truly human sketches as "Sweethearts." The complications that result when a youth of twenty-five has a mother who looks seventeen and is seen by his sweetheart as he embraces that mother, are clever. The many offices of the virtuous Pooh-pooh, the song of the Lord High Executioner, who drew his snickersnee, or of General Stanley in which occurs such rhymes as *Heliogabalus* and *parabolous*, are exquisitely wonderful. The purist might object to some of the grammar of Mr. Gilbert, but when the result is so entertaining, who cares for mere rules?

Gilbert and Sullivan have been neglected. The interest in their productions is awakening; with the printed texts, we may soon hear more of them.

—H. W. F.

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"THE OLD DRAMA AND THE NEW," By William Archer; Small, Maynard and Company.

—In his hefty volume, "The Old Drama and the New," William Archer, among the foremost of dramatic critics, puts the new drama congratulatingly on the upper part of the spine, and boots the old drama atrociously on the lower part of that same column. "The art of the modern play," he says, "is incalculably more faithful, more subtle, and more highly developed than that of the late seventeenth century comedy. There is more observation, more thought in it—a higher and more complex order of intellectual effort."

In his tone the distinguished Englishman essays to tell the history of the English drama from about 1590 to about 1915. Because Mr. Archer never says the expected, and always says things cleverly, though not brilliantly, his story is very interesting. He attempts to exhibit, as he says, "the sloughing-off from drama of the lyrical and rhetorical elements, both, tragic and comic, and of the conventions associated with them, until at last we reach a logical and con-

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sistent art-form, capable of expressing, by means of pure imitation, not only the social, but the spiritual life of the world."

Mr. Archer particularly abuses Elizabethan drama. He excepts Shakespeare—taking care to assure us frequently in the first chapters of this exception—but he has no pity for the other Elizabethans. That drama, he says, "dealt in violent passions and rough humours, suitable for audiences who were quick of apprehension and responsive in imagination, but in the main rude, incult, unpolished. The platform stage, imperfectly localized and with no pictorial background, lent itself to what may be called go-as-you-please drama, full of copious rhetoric and unchastened humour, with scarcely any art of construction or arrangement. Under such conditions the writing of a passable play demanded little of what we should now call specifically dramatic talent. A certain fluency in dialogue was all that was required."

Having denounced this "age that was but semi-civilized," its scenery, its methods, and its substitution of "rhetoric for human speech," he next turns his fire upon the aside. "It is a reflection spoken under circumstances which outrage possibility, forcing us to pretend that the other person or persons on the stage are deaf. It also forces upon the actors a gross departure from nature: there is no natural way of speaking words which cannot possibly be uttered in reality; no natural way of pretending not to hear words uttered close to one's ear."

The solilogy comes in for a rain of bullets, and then he directs his rhetorical ammunition on the convention of disguise, which, he says, is preposterous; then on the vulgarity of much of the humor, on the horrors introduced into the plays, and that done, he proceeds to extol the moderns. He does not sing as many hosannas to Ibsen as might be expected of a man who exemplified his admiration of the Norwegian by translating his plays into English and by writing many themes on him, but he pays most attention to Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, James Matthew Barrie, and John Galsworthy. He has little mercy for Shaw who, he says, has no ability "to place any reasonable restraint upon

the mountebank in his composition." He cannot understand this transplanted Irishman whom he supposes to "put his tongue in his cheek and (give) us perhaps the most hopeless nondescript in literature (*Caesar and Cleopatra*)—a thing far too serious to be called an extravaganza, and far too nonsensical to be called a serious play." He speaks in a similar vein of other Shaw plays. He grants that Shaw is the "most powerful intellect at present expressing itself in dramatic form, not only in England, but in the world," but he says that Shaw cannot "subdue the sophist and jack-pudding to the thinker and the artist." Shaw is not logical, he delights in being contrary, for the mere sake of being different.

Mr. Archer's book is a valuable outline of English drama, and a valuable statement of an opinion. He is a master analyst and he dissects plays with a fascinating skill. But after reading his book one inclines to turn to what has been written by Brander Matthews and a few others to get the opposite opinions, to weigh the two, and delight in pondering on comparative values.

—H. W. F.

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ENGLISH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; ELLIOTT AND FOERSTER; The Macmillan Company, New York.

—It has been said, *ad nauseam* almost, that the success of an anthology depends upon the judicious care employed in the selection, and the method of selection employed in *English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century* is far from perfect. It is true, of course, that in eight hundred pages purporting to be "a connected representation of poetic art and thought from 1798 to 1914" the compilers may be pardoned for indulging their personal tastes, although there is no ground for believing that they are justified in doing so to such an extent that the proportion is destroyed. There are many things omitted which could have been included to the advantage of all concerned.

Among other things which may be looked at somewhat askance is the inclusion of twenty-six pieces by George Meredith. Meredith is thought by some to be one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth cen-

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ture, but it must be said in justice that this opinion does not seem to be so prevalent as it once was. Coventry Patmore, on the other hand, is represented by one short passage from "The Angel in The House" and by "The Toys," while Francis Thompson, one of the greatest products of English Catholicism during the century is dismissed with "The Hound of Heaven," "Before Her Portrait In Youth," and "The Kingdom of God." Of James Clarence Mangan's work only "The Nameless One" is given, and "Dark Rosaleen" is given a scant reference in the notes. This, however, is not to be wondered at, because the same fate which pursued Miss Guiney seems to have been Mangan's and, although his work can bid defiance to criticism, it has been for the most part unnoticed and unappreciated. For Patraic Pearse, one of the best poets since Francis Thompson, there is no room whatsoever.

There is no accounting for tastes; *English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century* is Messrs. Elliott and Foerster's book and ostensibly it pleases them. Until each reader of poetry compiles his own collection, we will not have an anthology to suit every one.

—J. S. B.

### NEW THINGS.

"Troublesome Words and How to Use Them" by W. L. Mason is a book, as its title implies, which will help solve problems for many writers and students. . . . In their "Clinical Notes" H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan in the February number of the "American Mercury" advance the surprising theory that the cause of our high divorce rate is the American custom of marrying for love. What can be done about it? . . . Edmund G. Gardner's "Dante Primer" has been revised and enlarged by E. P. Dutton & Co. . . . "The Art of Cross-Examination" by Francis L. Wellman (McMillan) is advertised as fascinating reading for the general reader quite as much as for the lawyer. "The Outlook" says: "We know of no book relating to a legal subject that has such dramatic and exciting court episodes. . . . "The most discussed novel of the winter," according to Harpers is "Lummox" by the indefatigable Fannie Hurst. . . .

### A PORTRAIT.

Foam, and beach, and water, and sky; that was the life of one who lived as free as the foam, as imaginative as the ever-changing color scheme of sky and water. Lazy—of course, it was not human to be otherwise. The bounty of earth rolled at his feet, or the natives laid it there, and it grew on trees for them. His house, the sky and sea were its walls, the rich green of tropical foliage his roof on occasion, the enveloping sand a couch more gentle than the fabled down.

There he lived, a gentleman and a scholar, intoxicated with the sight, the touch, the smell of nature's fairyland. Sea and air, a kaleidoscopic panorama of harmony, played, as it were, on the scale of the spectrum. Great armies marched before him to the shuffle of the water and sand, artillery rumbled and roared in the majestic thunderheads coming up out of nowhere. Rushing rain clouds were charges, victorious in the crash of cymbaled breakers.

Calmer moments soothed by the tints and shades, melodies of rippling water, crooning of zephyred organs, stole romance into the dreams of a dreamer. Cottony puffs of clouds, scudding the horizon like great ships with wind bellied sails, unrolled tales of adventure. But we are getting away from our man, the picture may reel on forever.

He is gone now. Yet, he lives, and forever, in immortal volumes. With him we may enjoy the fruits of a clean, virile imagination with an open, honest heart behind it. He wrote what he saw, what he thought, what he dreamed. That he did has added much to our vast treasure of literature, has added to that which can never scandalize, hence is the more worthy of preservation.

This is a wild impression, hardly a correct or rather full appreciation, of a man whom we proudly call our own. His name? No, you do not need it; then he has been called 'lazy' in the first paragraph, which is an injustice from your workaday interpretations. That would be unfair to such a man, so we leave this picture as it is.

—ROBERT B. RIORDAN.

## THE SCHOLASTIC

### COVENTRY PATMORE.

(From the "Queen's Work.")

As the world grows older, it has more and more things to remember. There is, we sometimes complain, no end of jubilees, anniversaries, centennials and similar feasts for the memory. But how could we get along without them? They are the rings in the tree of life, through which the sap rises to make possible new blossoms and all the old, old youth of spring. "There's rose-mary," the poet says gently; "that's for remembrance." Now, among the remembrances of the past year there is one which, more than almost any other, should have been dear to us. It ought to have been treasured and shouted about everywhere. For when Coventry Patmore was born, in July, 1823, a poet was given to English literature—a poet who had things to say which, no matter how many may overlook them, are so beautiful and practical that they seem to have been written for all time to come. Most of us are familiar with the name Patmore, and recall that he wrote "The Angel in the House," "The Unknown Eros," and a few books of prose. We remember that he is spoken of in volumes on literature, and that he was the friend of Ruskin, Tennyson and other famous men. But it is what Coventry Patmore had to say that is most important; and this, sadly enough, is what only a few people know much about.

Patmore's subject was marriage, and no practical question is of deeper interest and significance to our time than marriage. People everywhere are talking of it, wondering why it is so often unhappy, and what ought to be done about divorce. When we bear in mind that one wedding out of six leads, sometimes almost before the bells have stopped ringing, to the divorce court, that the newspapers are a long tragic account of dead loves and futile partnerships, and that many homes which do remain intact are cheerless and empty of affection, we can easily understand why the world is so much concerned with matrimony. It sees that something is wrong, but it doesn't know what that something is. Men will grant that family life is the most important element in society, and then go to look for

a safeguard in some futile doctrine or some empty novel. As for modern literature on the subject, that is cynical or so materialistic that, reading through it, one wonders how a person who takes it seriously can escape being either an animal or a suicide.

Now the view of marriage which has been sanctified by long centuries of Catholic tradition is very simple. Matrimony is a sacrament. We take that for granted and build our lives upon it; but the world laughs and says, "Yes, yes, a sacrament," passing on then to something else. It has not seen what a wealth of beauty and magnificent purpose is unfolded by the formula. No vision of happy wedlock has been lifted before its eyes. Only the hard things, the inevitable renunciations, the whole negative side, have been visualized. So much Puritanism has got into modern life that it is difficult to make men understand that religion is something better than a series of don'ts. And it is here that Coventry Patmore begins to be very illuminating. He wrote a full and glowing description of what marriage is when taken as a sacrament, setting down with all a great poet's art those things which are true of love when it becomes more than a passion and is lived in the sight of God. Such love is never empty or monotonous. Indeed, it may be said that matrimony, if undertaken in the spirit of Patmore, cannot be anything but happy and successful, no matter how many trials or burdens may come along.

I wish it were possible to explain clearly everything there is in his teaching. We shall have to content ourselves here, however, with just a few general ideas. To begin where Patmore started, let us see how he came to find his idea of love. He was not a Catholic at first, though after a little period of science and disbelief he convinced himself that religious faith is the biggest thing in life. Then he met beautiful, gifted Emily Andrews, found that she returned his affection, and married her. Three great experiences had therefore fallen to his lot. First there was science, then faith, then love. Could there be a connection between these? He saw first of all that while science had laid down laws for everything else, it had permitted itself to believe that love is real only when free and unregulated. It applauded the passion of Shelley and the

## THE SCHOLASTIC

looseness of Byron. But, Patmore asked himself, surely some law governs love too; and so, what is that law? As he looked, the answer presented itself in faith—faith which nurtures and disciplines love in the infinite circle of the wedding ring. There love grows and has room to grow. It pushes towards the sky as naturally, steadily and sweetly as a garden rose.

That was the theme of "The Angel in the House." In this long, smooth, lovely story poem Patmore seemed to be recounting very entertainingly the details of a rather ordinary courtship and marriage. People saw in it an account of his own love, and the book was very popular. Indeed, what could be more attractive than an agreeable series of lovemakings done in charming verse? The thousand and one details of wooing were presented—the meetings, the sighs, the kisses, the moonlight, the proposal, the ceremony. And everybody in the poem was well dressed and quite respectable. Why, this, people said, was a delightful book, and they read it. But underneath the surface, where these people scarcely looked, lay the deep thought of the most masculine poet of the nineteenth century. Patmore is packed everywhere with a philosophy. "There is more pressure to the square inch in him than in any other poet," says one student of "The Angel in the House." And so we shall ask ourselves very briefly: What is the real meaning of this poem?

In the first prologue the author himself makes it fairly plain. The poet hero is shown walking with his wife and telling her of his plan to celebrate "the first of themes, sung last of all." When she asks innocently what that may mean, whether "The Life of Arthur, or Jerusalem's Fall," he replies that it is to be her "gentle self" and the thousand simple, homely things that have helped to shape their lives. And he is very true to his promise, the idea being that the trivial details of everyday living, the thousand and one chores and whispers and caresses that belong to all of us, are touched by love until they become significant and symbolic. They are tiny, scattered windowpanes through which the Inner Radiance gleams. Or, seen in another way, they make up the ritual by which the creature worships the Master in enact-

ing the law which He has ordained. More is intended here than the usual sacramental vision of all true poetry. If we look, for instance, at the old picture of Chaucer kneeling reverently beside a flower, we shall grasp what is always characteristic of the poet as an artist—a vision that the commonest thing is a miracle, that a man ought to be stunned into breathless awe by the marvel of a tumbling snowflake. It is the business of every great creative writer to understand this truth, to reveal the mystery of the million little things which we pass by unheeding. Patmore meant to express this, but something else as well.

Man is conscious of God, indeed his chief business is to make that consciousness more real. Now what, Patmore asked, could aid him in this so well as his constant living out of a great law which is at the bottom of all created things, and even, in a certain though infinitely more perfect sense, present in God—the law of love? Therefore the poet says to his wife:

*Nature, with endless being rife,  
Parts each thing into 'him' and 'her,'  
And, in the arithmetic of life,  
The smallest unit is a pair;  
And thus, oh, strange, sweet half of me,  
If I confess a loftier flame,  
If more I love high Heaven than thee,  
I more than love thee, thee I am.*

This may be a little hard to understand, and so we shall recall for a moment Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." Here God is visioned as the lover of the soul, pursuing it no matter where it turns or tries to hide. Now Patmore was convinced that in living the married life fully and courtuously, in ready conformity to the obvious will of Him who had ordained it, man was simply keeping dutifully in step with God's patient tracking of the soul. Marriage made a love song of "Thy will be done." He works this out so intimately that some of what he says may seem too daring; and it is true that "The Angel in the House" does not sufficiently reverence the asceticism which has always been given the place of honor by the Christian saints. But on the whole we shall hardly feel like quarreling with a point of view which offers so much to make matrimony a beautiful and blessed thing, and which chastens, as nothing ex-

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cept complete renunciation can, the power of human love.

It must not be thought for a moment that Coventry Patmore was a soft creature who retired to a happy land above the clouds and sat there moonishly clasping his lady's hand. He does permit love to lead him aloft, but his eye is constantly and sternly on the difficulties of the going. He talks of struggle and sacrifice, of weakness and strength. Free will, in his view, makes man a potential aristocrat. In the background of "The Angel in the House" there is always his beloved wife, Emily Andrews, and he drew the details of his poem from the humdrum circumstances, the poverty and the sickness, which he had fought down with her. At the end of fifteen years she died, and then Patmore, having answered the clear and mysterious call that drew him to Rome and then to the Roman Catholic Church, married again. Marianne Byles, the second wife, was a devoted and pious spouse who watched over her predecessor's children as ably as she could. When she in turn died, Patmore married a third time. But it must always seem to this poet's readers that although the verse he wrote after Emily Andrews had gone to her rest and he himself had joined the Church differs vitally from what had been done before, its most appealing qualities are somehow the result of her influence. Coventry Patmore was not a theorist. He wrote out actual experience, the adventures on the High Road of Love as he met them with the wife of his youth.

The most important group of Patmore's later poems is "The Unknown Eros." First there are exquisite and movingly tender memory verses about his first wife, as an instance of which we may name "The Azalea." This flower blooms in the room where the poet dreams that she has died, then to awake to the cruel realization that his dream is true. Finally there is a collection of brave, exalted odes which draw a direct analogy between divine and human love, and speak in the rhythm of the mystic saints. It is not easy to discover their meaning, and we shall not attempt to do so here beyond mentioning a few of their more general attitudes. The relation that exists between God and the individual soul is not merely a matter of knowing, of understand-

ing, but primarily of loving. The tremendous affection of the Master for His servant is the reason why the world moves, why man is man at all. It is most clearly visible in lives which have been dedicated virginally to God. Patmore takes the old myth of Eros and Psyche and refashions it to represent such a life. Here God woos the soul directly, violently even; and here again the poet draws from experience, from deep brooding over the career of his favorite daughter, who had become a nun under the name of Sister Mary Christina. On the whole it must be admitted that these odes are scarcely everybody's property. In spite of the fact that they look very simple, they go profoundly deep, reminding us again and again of Dante's *Paradiso* or the visions of a prophet. But they do complete our poet's message in a way that will always be the delight of those who meditate on them.

We ought not, however, to forget that Coventry Patmore was a very human person, who concealed none of the strangenesses of his genius. I have often been struck by a certain resemblance between one of his portraits and one of Mark Twain's; and there existed in both men, no matter how different they were in culture or how far apart in religious conviction, a similar individuality of manner and a very great hatred of shams. Patmore was forever pouncing upon things which lacked genuineness. Thus Leigh had written a stilted couplet which read:

*The two divinest things this world has got,  
A lovely woman in a rural spot!*

Patmore's reply was immediate and withering:

*Two of the nicest things a man can grab,  
A handsome woman in a handsome cab!*

He denounced people and things repulsive to him with a thoroughness that often bordered on being rather funny. Any compromise with an ideal, any simpering sentiment, any reliance upon the easy, lazy way, stirred in him gusts of wrath. There was in his disposition a strong tendency to exaggerate, and he gave a violent metaphor all the leeway it could possibly use. But after all he was a strong, rugged, singular man, living apart from a century which could not understand his doctrine and would



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listen only halfheartedly to his song. It is invigorating to note how firmly he kept to his point of view, and how outspokenly he defended his mission. Then, too, there was in him "the mystery of faith"—the great gift which came to him strangely and directly during a time when so few men round about him had received it, and which he wove resolutely into the texture of his life and work.

It must be stated in conclusion that what makes Patmore's doctrine so remarkable is the noble and appealing poetic form in which he clothed it. Naturally that form has its own qualities and must be judged on the basis of them. He had a theory that poetry is bound up with language; that, as he himself informs us, "verse is only verse on the condition of right reading." He was, therefore, constantly seeking for stanzas and rhythms which would give the voice its rightful place. If, then, the new reader would get properly in touch with Patmore, let him take some poem like "The Toys"—that "fragment of perfection,"

as a critic has named it—and search for the expression which will do it justice. After that, argument about Patmore's genius for the music of words will be unnecessary. Every one of his lyrics has a peculiar radiance. "Lovers of light," Joubert tells us, "when they have an idea to put forth, brood long over it first and wait patiently till it shines." And from the opening stanzas of "The Angel in the House" to the last lovely line of "Amelia," one of its author's last and finest poems, there is the glow of manly spiritual vision, lighting up the beautiful things of this earth, its affections, its struggles, its laughter and pathos, to find across them the road to the flashing gates of the Lord. Patmore has the answer to the modern question about marriage, the only answer that will ever bring peace. May we trust that many will listen to it, fortifying our trust with the recollection that our poet went to his grave wrapped in the stern but amiable robe of one who brought love back into the world, Saint Francis?



# THE SCHOLASTIC

## EDUCATION ELSEWHERE.

RAY CUNNINGHAM.

### THERE'S A REASON.

We are told that the feet of the college girls are steadily increasing in size. Especially has this phenomenon been noticed by the head of the woman's physical education department at Ohio State University. "Modern clothes," she says, "and the great interest of the co-eds in outdoor activities are undoubtedly the causes." Probably so, but has she not failed to take into consideration the fact that a college education itself gives the girls bigger understandings?

\*\*\*

### FAMOUS FIRES.

Ampli—  
San Francisco—  
Ready, Aim,—  
Simpli—  
Luci—  
—*The Indiana Daily.*

(We beg to add to this list—)

Bon—  
—alarm  
Diversi—  
—cracker  
Liquid—  
Nero's —  
—arms  
Sodom & Gomorrah —  
H—.

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### ARGUE AND WIN.

West Virginia University is holding a series of inter-class debates. Here at Notre Dame not so many years ago inter-hall debating was a popular sport, and competition on all the teams was strong. But, unfortunately, that phase of Notre Dame life has disappeared. Would it not be a good thing to endeavor to revive the old custom again next year, and begin inter-hall debating as seasoning for the varsity forensic squad, as is done with football? Surely, there have been enough interhall athletic disputes this past season to justify inter-hall debating teams to argue out the difficulties!

## A PIGSKIN BULL-FIGHT.

A Spanish professor at the University of Iowa told the members of his class that football is fast replacing bull-fighting as the most popular sport in Spain. The Spaniards must be laboring under some hardships when endeavoring to substitute the one sport for the other, because any American gridiron star can tell them that the more football a team knows the more bull-fighting the opponents will have to resort to for a victory.

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## ONE FOR AN OPTICIAN.

Everywhere human beings crave the beautiful things of life. At DePauw University the eds have elected the six most beautiful co-eds, whose photographs will appear in the 1924 DePauw annual, the *Mirage*. In other words, (if Webster's definition is correct) the men have selected a half dozen young ladies whose beauty will be photographically visible in an optical illusion.

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## ILLINOIS RELAY CARNIVAL.

One of the few big track features of the winter sport season for the middle west was the seventh annual Illinois Relay Carnival staged on Saturday, March 1. The Urbana games were founded by Harry Gill, the Illinois coach in 1917 and since that time have become the most popular indoor classic in this part of the country.

Over six hundred athletes were entered in the carnival, representing about sixty universities and colleges throughout the middle west. Several high schools also took part.

Notre Dame was very well represented in the affair by Cox, McTiernan, Barr, and Kennedy who composed the Irish medley relay team. The quartet of steppers won the university two mile medley relay composed of two quarter miles, the half mile and the mile, in 8:18 3-5. Tom Barber placed second in the 1000 meter run and Paul Harrington vaulted 12 feet in the pole vault trials.

Harry Gills own well balanced team coped the honors of the meet and further cemented the promise that they would give Big Ten track teams a fast race for the 1924 title.



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### ODE TO A CIVET.

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### THIRTY DAY LESSONS.

Of all sad words  
of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are  
those of the pen.

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“What’s the difference between an Alpine Climber and an elk?”

“Give up.”

“When an Alpine climber goes to sleep he gets snowed under, and a good elk never goes to sleep unless he gets snowed under.”

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First Pug: Yessir, there’s only one ’ting worse’n gettin’ knocked out.

Second Pug: Carried out?

\*\*\*

There was a young fellow named Hage  
Who went with a girl with a Paige  
When asked, “Pardon us please,  
Does she ask you to teas?”  
He blushed and walked off in a rage.

\*\*\*

Pan: What gives Pete that lumbering walk.

Yan: He’s got a wooden leg.

\*\*\*

“Yes, my relatives lost everything they owned in a huge tornado.”

“My, it certainly must have been an awful blow to them.”

Those who are devoted to sartorial finesse are expecting great things of the Prince of Wales in the line of Fall Fashions.

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Sight-seer (on trip through Hades): And who is that shade over there whom they are trying to make juggle cannon balls with his tongue?

Attendant: Oh, that’s the man, who, while on earth, made up the names you see on Pullmans.

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### THEY’RE MILD BUT—

.... Nearer and nearer surged the blood-mad revolutionists. . . . “kill, kill, kill, never be satisfied” that was their unwritten slogan. That was the way of the nomad murderers of Ali Hambo. Some one of the mob glanced upward. A demoniacal yell went up as they spied the wild-eyed and beautiful princess. Thinking to dissuade them she threw them jewels and silver. But they ignored this and went on with their killing. They were not satisfied. Then she threw them the keys and papers of the town, but they kept on with their murderous, howling debauch. They were not satisfied. And then Mushroom, the servant she had imported from America, slipped a small package into her hand just as they surged at her very feet. She threw the package. It was a carton of Chesterfields—and at last they were satisfied.

(Note:—J. F. H. has suggested that we have a servant wave a package of cigarettes from a neighboring building some blocks away and thereby get the mob away from the princess. “For” said J. F. H., “Any guy would walk a mile for a Camel.”)

—KOLARS.

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## WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

THOMAS COMAN.

### TRACK.

#### NOTRE DAME-ILLINOIS.

Coach Rockne's Notre Dame track team after having decisively defeated the Purple Squad from Northwestern, invaded the realms of Harry Gill at Illinois and lost a dual meet to the Suckers, 72 1-3 to 22 2-3, in the Urbana gym, Saturday, February 23.

The Gillmen gave a track performance that left little to be desired in the way of perfection and their evenly balanced squad shut out all of Notre Dame's attempts to corner the meet. The Irish garnered only two firsts and were hard pressed to land second place in some of the events. The Fighting Illini made a clean sweep of the sprints, quarter mile and high hurdles.

The Gillmen bettered two of their own records in winning from the Notre Dame squad and gave every promise that they will be the headline feature of the conference track season this year.

#### Summaries:

75-Yard dash: Ayers, Ill., first; Kyle, Ill., second; Evans, Ill., third. Time: 07 4-5.

440-Yard run: Carter, first; Koontz, Ill., second; Smuts, Ill., third. Time: 51 3-5.

880-Yard run: Barber, N. D., first; Brington, Ill., second; Wagner, N. D., third. Time: 2:01 2-5.

Mile run: Hall, Ill., first; Kennedy, N. D., second; Linde, Ill., third. Time: 4:26.

Two-mile run: Mieher, Ill., first; Wendland, N. D., second; Topper, Ill., third. Time: 9:51 3-5.

75-Yard high hurdles: Johnson, Ill., first; Kinzey, Ill., second; Rehm, Ill., third. Time: :09 4-5.

Shot Put: Schildhauer, Ill., first; Milbauer, N. D., second; Usrey, Ill., third. Distance, 43 feet, 2 3-4 inches.

Pole vault: Brownell, Ill., first; McHose, Ill., second; Hammill and Harrington, N. D., Hunseley, Ill., tied for third. Height, 12 feet, 6 inches.

High jump: Wright, Ill., first; Bradly, N. D., Minsey, Ill., Shildhauers, Ill, Wildman, Ill tied for third. Height, 6 feet, 3 3-4 inches.

Broad Jump: Livergood, N. D., first; Sweeney, Ill., second; Brady, N. D., third. Distance, 22 feet, 2 2-3 inches.

Mile relay: Won by Illinois. Time, 3:29 3-5.

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#### THE TRIUMPH OF BROWNSON.

Brownson hall added another jewel to her crown of many victories when the Purple athletes romped away from a large field of starters and won the Inter-hall indoor track title with a score of 34 points. Sunday morning, March 9, in the local gym.

Carroll and Sophomore staged a race for second place with the dorm runners getting the best of the argument by three points. Riley of Brownson was the feature performer of the meet and incidentally high point man with a total of 15 points. Coughlin of Corby and Judge of Sophomore tied for second place with 10 points each. Riley won the 40-yard dash in :04 4-5 from a fast field of starters. Riley returned to score a win in the high hurdles and completed his work by winning the broad jump with a leap of 22 feet 2 1-2 inches.

Gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded for the first four places.

#### Summaries:

40-yard dash: C. Riley, B., first; Mullin, Car., second; Goulet, Soph., third; Della Maria, Bd., fourth. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard low hurdles: C. Riley, Br., first; Barron, Car., second; Ziliak, W., third; Goulet, Soph., fourth. Time, :05 1-5.

40-yard high hurdles: Barron, Car., first; Nyikos, Day., second; Ziliak, W., third; Wynne, Soph., fourth. Time, :05 3-5.

Mile run: Judge, Soph., first; E. Griffin, Br., second; McCafferty, Soph., third; Conroy, Fr., fourth. Time, 4:37 2-5.

Two mile run: Nulty, Car., first; Keats, Br., second; Dalmadge, Soph., third; Griffin, Br., fourth. Time, 10:21 2-5.

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220-yard dash: Coughlin, Cor., first; Wilhelm, Day., second; Prellii, Br., third; McDonald, Car., fourth. Time, :24 2-5.

440-yard dash: Coughlin, Cor., first; Masterson, Fr., second; McDonald, Car., third; Prellii, Br., fourth. Time, :53 4-5.

880-yard run: Judge Soph., first; Young, Br., second; Degnan, Fr., third; Reichert, Br., fourth. Time, 2:04 1-5.

Relay: Won by sophomore. (Judge, Forkin, Reilley, Gurnett.) Time, 2:18.

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### FIELD EVENTS.

Shot put: Uhl, Br., first; Boland, Car., second; Mayer, Car., third; McMannon, Soph., fourth. Distance, 36 feet.

Pole vault: Driscoll, Cor., first; McDonald, Car., Nyikos, Day., Vial, Cor., tied for second. Height, 11 feet.

Broad jump: C. Riley, Br. first; Cunningham, W., second; Frye, Fr., third; Byrne, Bd., fourth. Distance, 22 feet, 2 1-2 inches.

High jump: Frye, Fr., first; Sullivan, W., second; Moore, Fr., third; McDonald, Car., fourth. Height, 5 feet, 7 inches.

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### THE INTERHALL BASKET SEASON.

#### A REVIEW.

Carroll hall's flashy basketball quintet led by Captain Vince McNally, battling their way through an undefeated season, retained their place at the top of the Interhall league and won the Interhall basketball championship and silver loving cup offered by Bill Roach. The "dorm" five earning for themselves a record of nine consecutive victories, proved to be the outstanding quintet of one of the most successful and spectacular basketball seasons ever recorded in the annals of Interhall sport.

The success of the team is due to the efforts of Noble Kizer, varsity court star,

and to the inimitable leadership of Vince McNally and to the hard work of the team members and Paul Sagstetter, manager of the squad. Following is the personnel of the team: Joe Maxwell, Emmet Kerwan, Vince McNally, Leo Hibbert, Ray Dahman, John McNally, John Howard, Dick Lloyd, Bart Favero, Bill Sullivan, Charles O'Neill and Joe Boland.

Ten teams were included in the league and each team was well supplied with first class material and varsity prospects which all tended towards the success of the season. The calibre of the playing, the accurate shooting and all-around good floor work of the hall teams served to stimulate unqualified interest on the campus and the weekly games were always attended by a large gallery. The closeness of the scores added more zest to the already keen rivalry that existed between the halls.

The season got away to a fast start, Sunday, January 13, with Carroll, Sophomore, Sorin, Day and Badin plucking the first honors of the season. The brand of ball played in the opening games was indicative of a remarkable season, which became better every week. The midseason games found all the teams going at top form and the fight for the championship left little to be desired by the spectacular-loving fan. The accurate basket shooting was one of the features of the season which continued until the last games despite the close guarding which the hall teams were exceptional in supplying.

Carroll, Sorin and Day took possession of the top berths as the season advanced with Sophomore and Cadillac in close pursuit. The teams had developed into nice form and showed marked improvement in handling the ball. Cadillac after getting away to a slow start, developed into one of the fastest teams in the league and furnished the big surprise of the season by defeating Day 15-6. Day was a strong contender for title honors and the sensational victory of the exiles easily measured Cadillac's rapid development. Connell, Thode and Gray performed in stellar fashion for the exiles all season.

The halfway point reached Sunday, February 10, found Carroll safely holding the top position with a record of five consecu-

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tive wins. Day was in second place and Sorin, Cadillac and Badin were tied for third. Day had won the second roost by letting Sorin down into third place with a 19-17 defeat. As the season drew near an end, Carroll maintained her undisputed leadership while Badin, Day and Sorin fought for second place. Sophomore, Walsh, Corby and Freshmen were having a contest all their own at the bottom of the pile while Brownson hovered between the top and the bottom.

In the semi-finals played the week of March 10, the Carroll tossers corralled the championship by defeating Sorin 22-12 and then nosing out Brownson 21-20. In the final game with their "dorm" neighbors, the Carroll quintet came near to registering in the loss column.

The honors for individual point scoring were awarded to the inimitable "Curly" Ash, forward of the Corby quintet who set a new interhall record by gathering 14 field goals and 1 free throw in a game with Sophomore, which latter lost by a score of 47-25. This was also the best single game score. Prominent point-getters on the other teams were J. McNally and Kerwan of Carroll, Devault and Barbonus of Freshmen, Edwards of Sophomore, Conroy and Johannes of Day, Connelly of Cadillac, Stuhldreher of Sorin, Culliance of Walsh, Benda and Rogers of Brownson and Rigali and Callahan of Badin.

### FINAL STANDING.

	Won.	Lost	Pct.
Carroll -----	9	0	1.000
Badin -----	6	2	.750
Day -----	5	3	.625
Sorin -----	4	3	.575
Cadillac -----	4	4	.500
Brownson -----	3	5	.375
Sophomore -----	2	5	.290
Corby -----	2	5	.290
Walsh -----	2	6	.250
Freshman -----	2	6	.250

—WINFIELD.

### NOTRE DAME DEFEATS WISCONSIN.

Coach Rockne and his track proteges closed the indoor track season at Notre Dame in the most elegant fashion when the Irish steppers unexpectedly defeated Wisconsin in a dual meet 47 2-3 to 38 1-3, in the Notre Dame gym, Saturday, March 8.

The Notre Dame team shattered three gym records while defeating the Badgers who were slated to win over the Irish in a close meet. Captain Paul Kennedy broke the mile record which had stood for fourteen years, when he finished in the remarkably fast time of 4:21. The former record 4:26 2-5 was set by Baker of Oberlin in 1910. Art Bidwell set the pace for the first half mile, and then gave up his place to Kennedy who had been following close behind. Cassidy of the Badgers made several attempts to head-off the Irish captain and slow up the pace but he failed in his efforts. On the last lap, Kennedy displayed one of the greatest finish sprints that has ever been seen in the Irish gym. He crossed the finish 10 yards ahead of the Badger.

McTiernan stepped into Notre Dame track history by breaking the gym record in the quarter mile run. The former mark was set up by Devine of Notre Dame in 1911 at :52 1-2. McTiernan finished the race, having kept the lead all the way, in :51 3-5.

The Notre Dame relay team composed of Hamling, McTiernan, Barr and Eaton, gave one of the greatest performances of the meet and secured the victory for Notre Dame by winning from the Badger quartet in 3:29 4-5. At the start of the mile relay, Notre Dame was leading in the point total, but a victory for Wisconsin in the relay would have given the Badgers the meet. The first half mile was a nip and tuck affair, but Hamling gave Bud Barr a few yards lead at the start of the third quarter. Barr registered an exceptionally fast quarter and passed the baton to Eaton with a comfortable lead. The former record was 3:30 2-5.

Wisconsin's well balanced team threatened to take the meet several times during the course of the afternoon by securing second and third places while Notre Dame scored first. Johnny Wendland of Notre Dame ran

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the best two mile that has been registered on the Irish indoor course since the inimitable Joie Ray set a gym record of 9:40 3-5 in 1912. Wendland won the two mile in 9:44 3-5, which is record time for a Notre Dame man.

Paul Harrington sprung another surprise during the course of the meet by scoring a win in the pole vault with a leap of 12 feet. Harrington competed against Jones and Hammann of Wisconsin both of whom have been vaulting over 12 feet. Milbauer won the shot put in easy fashion while Cox took the half mile run and Layden and Barr took first and second in the 40-yard dash.

The Badgers scored their only wins in the high jump and 40-yard high hurdles. One of the sidelights of the meet was the tragic appearance of Finkle, who competed in the two mile under the Badger colors. Finkle, former conference harrier champion, was deprived of his brilliant career as a distance runner in 1922 by a track accident. Notre Dame was competing with Wisconsin in a dual indoor meet at Notre Dame and Finkle, after winning the mile run, entered the two mile. Near the end of the long grind, with Baumer of Notre Dame leading, the Badger star collapsed on the back turn with a broken ankle. The accident cost the Badger distance champ all his powerful endurance and speed that had put him at the top of the conference.

### Summaries:

40-yard dash: Layden, N. D., first; Barr, N. D., second; McAndrews, W., third. Time—:04 3-5.

440-yard dash: McTiernan, N. D., first; Mill, W., second; Kennedy, W., third. Time—:51 3-5.

880-yard run: Cox, N. D., first; Vallylly, W., second; Barber, N. D., third. Time—1:59.

Mile run: Kennedy, N. D., first; Cassidy, W., second; Schneider, W., third. Time—4:21.

Two mile run: Wendland, N. D., first; Read, W., second; Piper, W., third. Time—9:44 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles: Tuhtar, W., first; Zillsch, W., second; Casey, N. D., third.

Time—:05 3-5.

Shot put: Milbauer, N. D., first; Limberg, W., second; Harmon, W., third. Distance 40 feet 6 inches.

High jump: Tuhtar, W., Donahue, W., Browne, W., all tied for first. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches.

Pole vault: Harrington, N. D., first; Mammill, N. D., Carey, N. D., Scott W., tied for second. Height, 12 feet.

Relay: Won by Notre Dame (McTiernan, Hamlin, Barr and Eaton). Time—3:29 4-5.

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### REVIEW OF BOXING AND SWIMMING.

In the category of minor sports at Notre Dame, boxing and swimming are gradually forging to the front and have occupied a more prominent place this season than at any time during the past.

The boxing team entered competition only twice during the winter, but on both occasions displayed more than ordinary ability, even though their efforts were not crowned with any sensational successes.

Instructor Frankie Cahill and a squad of boxers composed of McGowan, Miller, Keefe, Canny, Shearer, Schell and Springer, entered the Hoosier boxing tournament at Indianapolis. McGowan and Rip Miller were victorious in the final bouts and earned the right to try for the American Olympic team. Schell, Springer and Canny were outpointed in the semi-finals.

The Irish scrappers appeared at Ames, Iowa, March 7, and lost a dual tournament to Iowa State college. Schell was the only member of the team to garner a victory. McGowan was given a draw and Rip Miller, Keefe, Spillane, Canny and Springer were outpointed.

The boxing team without a coach has worked under handicap and the victories that have accrued to the boxers efforts are of more than ordinary merit.

The swimming team under the leadership of Johnny Weibel, and coached by Tom Goss engaged in two meets during the winter, tying the Fort Wayne "Y" and losing to Indiana University.

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### WIND-UP OF BASKETBALL SEASON.

The Notre Dame basketball team began the last lap of the 1924 schedule with an easy victory over the Adrian college five, 48-12, on the "Y" court, Tuesday night, February 19.

The visiting quintet invading South Bend with a reputation in Michigan Intercollegiate circles found that the Maylmen were more than a match for them. Crowe had the scoring work all his own way against Adrian. Mahoney, Enright, Mayl and Dienhardt each contributed four points to the final count. Every man on the squad got into the game and the entire reserve team found no difficulty in scoring on the visitors.

Adrian seemed to lack everything that savored of a good basketball team. They were at a loss for team work and good basket shooters. Their defense was ragged and offered no opposition to the all-powerful Notre Dame scoring machine.

The next assignment that was in order for the Notre Dame five was of more than ordinary proportions. The Maylmen journeyed to Omaha Thursday, February 21, for a two-game series with the nationally known Creighton quintet. Without the services of Noble Kizer who was called home at the death of his mother, the Irish five did not fare so well.

The first game found Notre Dame on the short end of a 29-23 score. The Maylmen were credited with a very acceptable brand of basketball, but the Hilltoppers with their brilliant basket shooters and smooth working floor combinations held the Irish in check all during the game. The second game of the series ended more disastrously for Notre Dame than did the first encounter. The final score of the second cage game being 23-12.

The Maylmen returned home to make their last appearance on the home court for the 1924 season. St. Viators college invaded Notre Dame, Monday evening, February 25, and staged one of the scrappiest games of the season. The green-jerseyed performers from Chicago went home on the losing end of a 34-19 score, but the great difference in the final count does not indicate the calibre of basketball that the

fighting Chicagoans brought to South Bend.

Notre Dame was playing better basketball against St. Viators than they did for the greater part of the season. The shooting was more accurate and the floor work and passing more effective. The visitors played a bang-up brand of ball in every department but they were greatly hampered by the stone-wall defense of the Hoosiers. Noble Kizer registered some very brilliant field goals and Dienhardt who had not been in action much during the early part of the season, played a very acceptable game of basketball. Phil Mahoney was playing his usually good floor game, but had an off night on basket shooting.

Coach George Keogan and his Notre Dame quintet invaded southern Michigan for a two-game trip. The Michigan Aggies at Lansing were the first encountered and disposed of. The Maylmen defeated the Farmers 23-21 Friday night, February 29.

The inimitable Kizer once more scored the winning basket as the final whistle sounded. The Aggies, mindful of the defeat by Notre Dame earlier in the season, were out for a win and they fought desperately till the end of the game. The Michigan men played a different and better brand of basketball than they did on the previous encounter and led at the half time, 10-9.

The visiting Hoosiers came through near the end of the game with a four point lead and although the Aggies cut it down two points, they never headed the Maylmen.

Notre Dame stopped off at Kalamazoo March 1, and won over the teachers from Western State Normal, 33-23. Crowe and Kizer piled up a comfortable lead for Notre Dame and with the assistance of Mahoney and Enright, maintained the lead throughout the remainder of the game. Crowe and Kizer each contributed 10 points to the final count.

The Notre Dame quintet took the road for the final basketball games of the year and encountered the Wittenberg college five at Springfield, Ohio, Thursday, March 6. The Wittenberg team proved to be an easy prey for the Irish and the final score stood 36-16 in favor of Notre Dame. The first half was slow and lacked action. The

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next half witnessed the Irish five running at top speed and scoring 28 points for the benefit of the 3,000 fans that turned out to see the Maymen in action.

The following night, Notre Dame appeared at Franklin college and engaged the famous Baptists in the second game of the year. Notre Dame lost the first engagement by a margin of seven points and hoped to turn the tables on the brilliant Franklin five in the last game of the season. The final score read 40-29 in favor of Franklin college. Notre Dame made desperate efforts to hold her own and several times tied the score, but the nationally famous quintet was not to be denied the victory.

The Notre Dame team of 1924, under the leadership of Gene Mayl and coaching of George Keogan, experienced a more than ordinary season. The final count credited Notre Dame with fifteen victories out of twenty-three starts. The high point of the season was reached on January 5, when the Maymen defeated Michigan 29-25. The conference five offered Notre Dame some of the fastest opposition in the country with the possible exception of Franklin and the Irish quintet was playing in top form and gave an almost perfect exhibition in every department.

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### REVIEW OF THE HOCKEY SEASON.

The winter sport season at Notre Dame included besides track and basketball, the popular minor sport, hockey. Coach Tom Lieb faced the puck game with a heavy schedule and a team composed mostly of new and untried candidates.

Franklin McSorley, of Pittsburgh, a junior in Letters, was elected to captain the 1924 ice team and the initial match of the season was played with the University of Michigan sextet at Ann Arbor. The Wolverines were doped to have one of the best hockey teams in the conference and with Notre Dame opposing them with a green team, the game that followed was more than a pleasant surprise. The Irish sextet lost 2-1, but succeeded in forcing Michigan to the utmost to win and held the Wolverines scoreless for two periods.

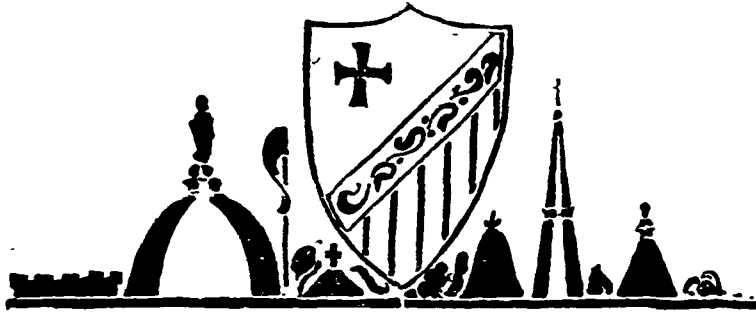
The next assignment on the ice card took the Irish squad to Pittsburgh for a two-game series with the Pittsburgh A. C. The undertaking was a little more drastic than the Notre Dame hockey men were able to handle although they gave a very creditable performance on both nights to the hundreds of Pittsburgh fans who turned out to see the athletes from the school of Fighting Irish perform. The Pittsburgh team made up of several nationally known players defeated the Irish 4-1 in the first night's game. Hicok, a clever yearling hockey man scored the lone point for the Irish in the first encounter. The second game resulted in a 6-1 win for the Pittsburgh crew.

With a rink built on St. Mary's lake, the McSorley clan played host to the Illinois Athletic Club, Saturday, January 26. The visiting Chicagoans proved to be too fast for the locals and the fourth defeat was handed to the Irish with a score 5-1. Hicok again scored the only marker for the home team.

A match scheduled with the cadets from Culver Military Academy never materialized. The last tilt of the year was staged on St. Mary's lake rink with the Michigan sextet providing the opposition for the Irish. Recollections of the evenly contested game with the Wolverines earlier in the season raised the hopes of the local puck chasers to register one victory before the season ended.

The matter of team work spelled defeat for the Irish and the visiting Wolverines with their fast, smooth working combinations succeeded in breaking through the stubborn Irish defense and scoring two goals while the locals put through one goal. Stack was the stellar performer on the Notre Dame squad and time after time raced through the Michigan ranks with the puck and would have scored if he had been given a little assistance from his teammates.

The season ended with the Michigan encounter and although the proteges of Tom Lieb never succeeded in breaking into the win column, they gave an admirable performance in every game, which must be recognized more because of the fact that several times the team was playing out of their class.



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