



CHARLES DONAGH MAGINNIS

Laetare Medallist

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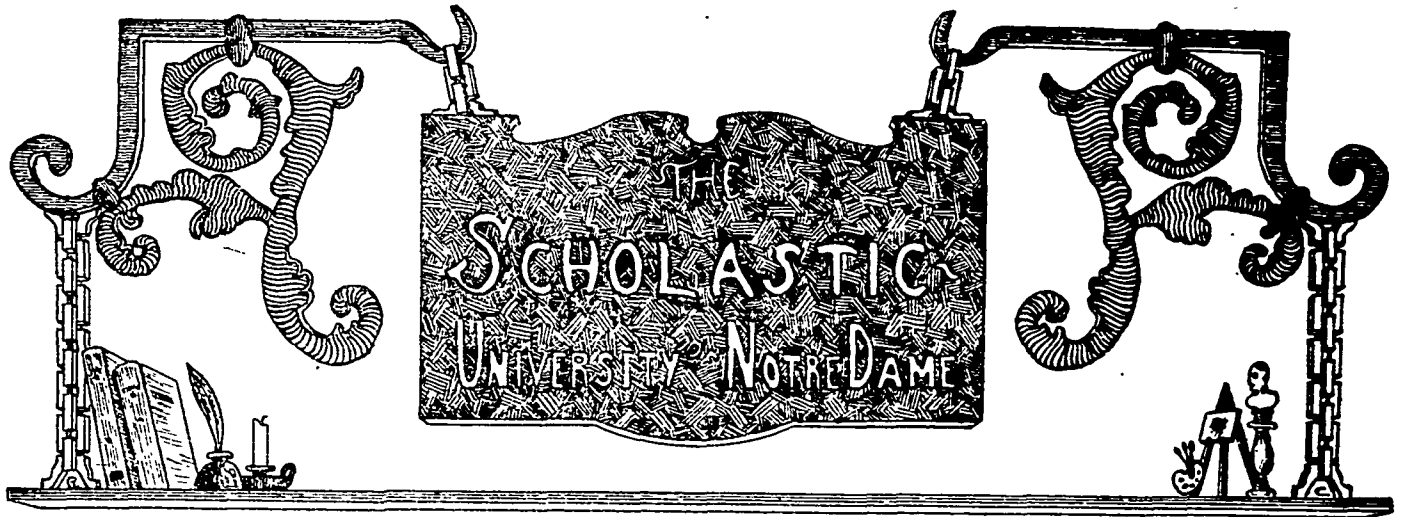
The Notre Dame Scholastic

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WHAT IS SO RARE?



DAYS of laughter and parting, mornings bright with sunlight and sharp with the first breath of flowers. Evenings melodious and mistily lighted. The age-old wonder of the eternally new that throngs upward to the throne of life. These things are ours now, during the marvelous season which the wisdom of men has dubbed Spring. There is a poet in each and every one of us—a pilgrim to the lamp behind the veil, to the shores of undiscovered Arcady. Generally we give him nothing to do, or imprison him in a cell to which the entrance is securely barred. But once a year nature flushes like the ancient fury which shattered the Bastille, and opens the gaol. She bears him seated in triumph over the prostrate commonplace. It is the reign of dreams:—dreams of youth and tall hills and journeys beyond the rim of the floating world.

What if scarcely anyone of the voyagers ends with red cheeks and a sanguine stride? The best of a good trip is always the ending of the circle round which we have marched. The best of the year is made up of two springs. Shelley looked out over the fields of Leghorn and wished he were a skylark. But perhaps the deepest and least heralded joy of the lark is

the plunging of his wings, eagerly and without effort, to the earth again. We really know the lilies of the field when we come back to them from the mountain.

It should always be spring in the human heart. What has the spirit of man to do with time or limitations? Viewed materially we are smaller than the beasts we have tamed or the rocks out of which we shape our dwellings. Viewed in our relation to the things that endure on the globe, we are as the click of a camera shutter to DaVinci's twenty years at a portrait. But once we ascend the platform of the mind, we tower above the tallest stars, we have songs which pierce the deaf ears of the ends of space, and our hopes rush onward like swollen Volgas, impetuous and triumphant. The man who lives in the mood of winter is the only unsuccessful man. He is like a tree which tightens its veins against the welling sap; in him are the flickering shadows of an extinguished lamp.

Spring is a law of nature. Joy is the principle of men. Luminous in his destiny, man is kingly by privilege of inheritance. Kings have circled round his cradle like stars round the bed of night. Wonder is the woman who leads him forward everlastingly. The only strings to his purse are his purse-strings.

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THE LAETARE MEDALLIST OF 1924.

ROBERT RIORDAN.



HE forty-first name, that of Charles Donagh Maginnis, has been added to a most distinguished roll of American laymen, the recipients of the Laetare Medal. The Medal conferred by the University of Notre Dame annually, carries the Papal blessing and holds, nationally, the significance which attaches to the Papal honor of the Golden Rose.

Mr. Maginnis, noted architect of Boston, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1867, the son of Charles and Bridget (McDonagh) Maginnis. He was educated in Dublin and in London, winning the Queen's Prize in mathematics at the latter place. He came to Boston as a draughtsman at the age of seventeen.

As an artist of unusual talent gifted with an original and fresh style he quickly won recognition. In 1896 he became associated with Timothy Walsh and Matthew Sullivan in the firm of Maginnis, Walsh and Sullivan, which now survives under the name of Maginnis and Walsh. Mr. Maginnis ranks with his contemporary John T. Comes as the most noted Catholic architect of America.

He has been a member of the Municipal Art commission of Boston since 1906; a fellow of the American Institute of Architects; member of the Massachusetts State Art commission since 1911; a member of the Boston Society of Architects; Boston Architectural club; Arts and Crafts society; American Academy of Arts and Sciences. His written and illus-

trated articles in architectural and literary magazines and his book, "Pen Drawing," have gained wide recognition.

With the love and labor of a true artist, Mr. Maginnis has excited the admiration of his contemporaries with his success in bettering the architecture of Catholic churches and accessories. To quote from a recent eulogy on his work he possesses "all the idealism which made the early Italian Renaissance so charming, and his churches in every instance are truly monuments of architecture." Among his more noted works in New England and New York are St. Catherine's, Somerville, with its perfect Byzantine interior; Holy Cross College; New Boston College; Notre Dame Academy in the Fenway, Boston; Seminary, Maryknoll on the Hudson; St. Regis Highschool; and in Washington the Supplication Seminary and the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

As a Catholic citizen of the highest rank and in recognition of his wholehearted devotion to his art and of his impressive accomplishments he is awarded the Laetare Medal for 1924.

Whether the ceremonies of presentation will take place at Notre Dame as on numerous times before or in the East has not yet been determined.

Although the chief value of the Laetare Medal lies in the association of the new recipient with the medalists of the past, the medal has an intrinsic value. The disk which forms the body of the medal is somewhat larger than a dollar, and is suspended from a bar bearing in black enamel the words, LAETARE MEDAL.

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Both the disk and the bar are of solid gold. The edges of the disc are raised and the center is impressed. The words, *Magna Est Veritas et Prævalet*, "Truth is mighty and shall prevail," form the legend of the obverse side; the name of the university constitutes that of the reverse side. In the field of the obverse side the profession of the medalist is symbolized, in that of the reverse side the name of the recipient is engraved. Of necessity, therefore, the medal changes somewhat each year. The first medals were lettered in blue and purple enamel. The legend of the medal given Patrick J. Keeley, the celebrated architect, was suited to his profession: *Fiat Pax in Virtute Tua et Abundantia in Turribus Tuis*, "Let peace be in thy strength and abundance in thy towers." The escutcheon of the federal government was placed in the field of the medal given in 1896 to General William S. Rosencrans. Thus each Laetare Medal has some special feature to distinguish it from the others and to make it more fitting for the particular recipient.

It was originally intended that the medal should be presented to the recipient on Laetare Sunday. It soon became evident, however, that such a custom was impracticable; hence came the practice of announcing the award of the medal on Laetare Sunday and of presenting it formally at a later and more convenient date. During the first twenty-five years it was customary to present with the medal a beautifully illuminated and framed address, citing the reasons that prompted the selection of the recipient of that year. For the first few years this address was composed in Latin verse, but the prose of

the vernacular soon became the fixed language. The artistic work was chiefly the work of Professor Gregori and of artists at St. Mary's college. After 1908 this custom was succeeded by the one now in vogue—that of reading the formal address at the ceremony of presentation.

The occasion of presentation has, as a rule, been enhanced by the presence of ecclesiastical dignitaries and of other notable persons. The late Cardinal Primate of America, in several instances, pinned the medal on the breast of one of his laity honored by the award, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, the Archbishops of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, together with numerous Bishops, have done likewise for members of their flock. In this and other ways the custom of presenting the medal has received the heartiest approbation of the American hierarchy.

The highest value of the Laetare Medal has been, since the first year of its existence, in the association of its recipients with other Catholic leaders of former years. The selection of the medalist in 1883 was a most worthy one. This award would very probably have gone to Orestes A. Brownson, had he lived a few years longer. As a consequence the name of John Gilmary Shea now heads the list of Laetare Medalists. In the years since that first award numerous leaders have been selected whose achievements have merited a comparison with those of the great historian, and some may have equaled his achievement in other fields, but it is safe to say that his position as a layman in the history of the Catholic Church in America will not be surpassed.

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IN MEMORIAM: WALTER GEORGE SMITH.

Laetare Medallist, 1923.

IT is with deep regret that we are obliged to chronicle here the death of the distinguished gentleman who received the Laetare Medal a year ago, at the same time that our homage is rendered to the man chosen for the honor in nineteen twenty-four. Of the large and amiable qualities which distinguished Walter George Smith, as a citizen and a man of honor, others have spoken with fulness. We wish here merely to recall him as a visitor to Notre Dame; as a kindly and genial gentleman whom it was both pleasure and privilege to meet; as the spokesman of an address which the SCHOLASTIC is eminently more worth while for having been permitted to print; and as a fine Catholic who knelt in our chapel for Mass, and to whose memory we pledge our petitions for his eternal rest.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, in its issue of April 5, wrote as follows:

Walter George Smith, seventy, widely known lawyer and papal dignitary, member of the Board of Education and former president of the American Bar Association, died yesterday at his home, St. Helen, Milnor and Fidler streets, Torresdale.

Stricken with apoplexy on Wednesday, Mr. Smith sank rapidly, and members of his family were immediately summoned to his bedside. With him at the time of his death were his sisters, the Misses Helen, Grace and Caroline G. M. E. Smith, who made their home with him; his brother, Thomas Kilby Smith, an attorney, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward deV. Morrell, widow of General Morrell and formerly Miss Louise B. Drexel.

An older sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Esler, and her daughter, Mrs. Frank Eshleman,

of Middletown, Conn., did not reach this city until after Mr. Smith's death. His wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Drexel, of this city, died in 1890, less than a year after their marriage.

Mr. Smith was born in Logan County, Ohio, on November 24, 1854, the son of General Thomas Kilby Smith and Elizabeth McCullough Smith. He received successively the degree of bachelor of arts, master of arts and bachelor of laws from the University of Pennsylvania.

After being graduated from the Episcopal Academy and the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Smith began the practice of law in 1879, and for eight years he was a partner of Francis Rawle. He assisted the latter in his preparation of Bouvier's Law Dictionary. He was a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania nineteen years, resigning in 1900. Also he was at one time manager of Drexel Institute.

Mr. Smith worked long in behalf of legislation to bring about more uniform divorce laws for various States in his efforts to lessen the number of legal reasons for granting divorce and to prevent certain States offering inducements for easy divorce following short terms of residence.

In March, 1922, Mr. Smith made an urgent appeal to Congress in an address delivered before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs for aid and intervention in behalf of the Armenians. He told of his experiences abroad when serving on the Relief Committee and was responsible in great measure for much of the assistance sent from America to the victims.

Mr. Smith was the author of "Life and Letters of Thomas Kilby Smith, Brevet Major General, U. S. Volunteers," published in 1898. He also contributed to the Catholic Encyclopedia and to various magazines on legal and literary subjects.

At the time of his death he was engaged in writing the life and letters of the late Rev. James Kent Stone, better known as Father Fidelis, of the Passionist Order. Mr. Smith's brother, the late De Houe Smith, was a priest in that order.

In politics Mr. Smith was a democrat, but in 1916 he came out publicly in his support for Charles Evans Hughes, then Republican candidate for President.

When the Conference for the Limitation

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of Armaments was held in Washington, Mr. Smith was one of thirty-four members of an advisory committee chosen by President Harding to provide data and expert opinion on military, naval and Far Eastern problems. He gained national recognition as an authority on international law after his election as president of the American Bar Association at the convention of that body in Salt Lake City in 1915.

Pope Pius X., in recognition of Mr. Smith's services to the Church, nominated him for the honors of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory in July, 1920.

Notre Dame bestowed the Laetare Medal upon Mr. Smith, saying that "by distinguished service to religion, science or humanity, he has enrolled himself in the 'aristocracy of merit.'"

The practice is a continuation of the ancient custom of the Popes, of blessing on Laetare Sunday a golden rose, which was awarded to some distinguished person, usually a monarch. The institution of the custom, according to the most authoritative opinion, dates back to the time of Charlemagne.

Mr. Smith is survived by two brothers and his sisters. His brothers are William B. Duncan Smith and Thomas Kilby Smith. Mr. Smith's wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Drexel, died in 1890, the same year in which they were married.

On the same day the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* made the following comment:

Walter George Smith held his citizenship

as an important trust. He felt the responsibilities of life and recognized the duties of his stewardship, whether to the city, to the nation, to his Church, or to his fellow men. He was modest and unassuming, almost to the point of retirement. But his zeal in his work often carried him to the front. So the honors of the Church came to him as recognition of his consistent service during the latter half of his life. His intellectual attainments, as well as the force of his character were recognized by election as President of the American Bar Association. His interest in the schools won him an important influence in the affairs of the Board of Education.

Almost a religious zeal entered into his effort to secure an agreement among the States in a uniform marriage and divorce law, which was, in his mind, an essential for checking the growing evil of loose divorce in the United States. From this objective his interest branched out into other phases of statutory uniformity, and he became a recognized leader in that particular phase of legal reform. He was a firm adherent to the fundamentals of American law and an authority on the Constitution against the impairment of which by the progressivism of the day he was strongly opposed.

Of sympathetic heart, he was interested in local benevolence and had been especially active in the work for the relief of the sufferers in the Near East, entering into active service abroad and coming home to urge their need for help upon Congress and to make a personal effort to raise funds for their succor.

RECOMPENSE.

F. C. M.

He bows before a bust of Homer,
That is his shrine;
But I—in every faded face
Is mine!

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THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL. D.

BY JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.



FATE tried to conceal him by naming him Smith," sang Oliver Wendell Holmes of the clergyman* who wrote *America*. Of Smiths in general may be said what Lincoln said of the common people: God must have loved them since He made so many of them. In the case of our lamented friend Fate (and the Sacrament) even more desperately tried to conceal him by naming him *John* Smith. Then Fate apparently got discouraged and quit. A gentle, intelligent and finely spiritual mother supplied Talbot for a middle name, thus confounding destiny, though at the same time, alas! supplying a life-long embarrassment to her distinguished son. Multitudes of the undiscerning, not knowing that the Talbots have been for centuries a good old Irish family, had a vague suspicion that a man of the Smiths named John Talbot could hardly be a real old fashioned *soggarth*.

Concealed John Talbot Smith could never be for within him in constant eruption were the volcanic energies as well as the volcanic fires that made him perennially and luminously active. He soon became *the* Smith. While still a seminarian, at an age when most sprouting levites are in the throes of labor over their first raw, green sermonette for the college chapel, this young Titan had already fashioned a gripping and thunderous novel. *The Catholic World*, always a real *Alma Mater* for our best Catholic writers, was publishing *A Woman of Culture* and asking for more; and then in quick succession other works appeared till at his death the list was long, distinguished and varied. It included some first-rate histories and biographies, some first-rate novels, short stories and juveniles, some first-rate essays and sermons.

Of all this printed work the characteristic qualities from the view-point of literary art were power, solidity, humor and charm. Whatever he wrote, Dr. Smith was always a hard hitter. In this technique there was invariably more punch than paunch. Each of his stories, for instance, was in effect a substantial old-fashioned Catholic sermon or series of sermons, and in the exquisite language of the sporting-page, each packed a wicked wallop. What was true of his novels was naturally more evident in his professedly serious writing. Thus *Our Seminaries*, afterwards entitled *The Training of a Priest*, was such a Firpo-Dempsey entertainment as to dismay certain ecclesiastical authorities at first; subsequently those same gentle authorities recognized in Dr. Smith their most earnest and enlightened coadjutor. But if the work were to be done at all by Dr.

*The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith (1808-'95.) Despite its English tune (and our consequent Hibernian disparagement) *America* is our best national hymn. Rhetorically, as well as musically, *The Star Spangled Banner* is a scream.

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Smith it could be done in no other way; and so with everything he set his strong hand to.

The other qualities enumerated should properly be regarded as the component parts of his power. Solidity in philistine nakedness easily becomes stolidity; solidity draped in art—the masculine principle of strength wedded to the feminine principle of grace—is the quintessence of power. Dr. Smith was nothing if not solid. He scorned the dilettante. He was wont to scoff uproariously at sham, pretense, artificialty or gaseousness, whether in art, literature or religion. He could on occasion—and often did—fashion such delicate sentences colored with such gentle fancy as might suggest a butterfly's wing, a rainbow or a fairy's dream, and no subtle emotion of life was too exquisite for him to feel or express. But his prevailing mood was robustness in talking, in writing and in all other things. So, too, his humor might (especially in conversation) run the gamut from Elia to Rabelais, but whether the one or the other it invariably had the cultured kick as well as the cultured flavor of rich old liquor.

His other technical note, distinction, was a quality of charm made up of many essences. He had superbly learned his trade as an artist in words. His great natural powers were early fed by intense and varied reading. He had the virility to beget and the strength to nurture ideas and plans, and the courage to face and fight down consequent criticism and opposition;—too many capable men fail there. He had naturally a picture-making, dramatizing mind, and all his novels, lectures, sermons and even essays unconsciously took the form of Acts and Scenes as in a play. Now, whoso delivers a great message humorously, pictorially and dramatically is a child of fame; Dr. Smith could not change his natural psychosis and fortunately he never tried.

All these qualities appeared not only in his literary work but in whatever else he undertook. He was one of the two or three spirits—another was his friend the scholarly Brother Azarias—who founded the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain, and for years he was its President. His administration is still remembered as one of pageantry and splendor, constant surprise and thrill. He was one of the first to promote summer camps for boys and absolutely the first to institute a summer camp for Catholic boys. In his youth the physicians had discovered in him a marked tendency to tuberculosis and prescribed life in the pine woods and sleeping in a tent. He was forever after an outdoor man, skilled in woodcraft and watercraft and fond of the wholesome hardships of primitive camp life. For nearly a score of years he never missed the camp, eating experimental meals and sleeping out under the stars and the cedars and, of course, all the time yarning yarns and speaking speeches and lecturing lectures to his own big heart's content and the content and fulness of all concerned.

His manner of founding the Catholic Actors' Guild and the Catholic

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Writers' Guild required not merely vision but all the initiative, courage, enthusiasm, tact and originality his varied gifts could provide. The normal attitude of ecclesiastics to the stage has historically been that of the mother of ten who said to the eldest: "Go out and see what baby is doing and tell him to quit," And likewise the normal judgment of good people about stage-folk has been that of Sandy McCawley who in shocked accents but without diverting his eyes from the chorus whispered to the gude-wife: "Elsie, thon's gude actin' but awfu' bad conduc'." The levite has seldom been a Good Samaritan to the theatre people—seemingly on the theory that all live actors are bad actors. Dr. Smith was an attractive blend of innocent sophisticate and pious priest. He saw the stage, one of the most powerful of social forces, abandoned very largely to the world, the flesh and the devil. He would purify this mighty agency by surrounding the mummers with a Catholic atmosphere and a strong religious spirit.

This could not be done nor even feebly attempted without groans from sad-eyed, sluggish critics and screams from neurasthenic saints. There were thousands of Catholic actors who earned a livelihood on the professional stage in New York alone, and when this apostolic man, who knew their special problems and perils, proposed to organize and shepherd and school them as a guild, the critics and the saints gasped. After all there was the traditional attitude to be considered! "But how are these children"—most actors are children no matter how many their years—"how are these children, exposed to such unusual temptations, to save their souls?" And the answer always was, "Like anybody else." When finally the hesitants and doubters were patiently persuaded, the Guild was founded in 1914, a White List of plays published amid ecumenic applause, and the critics and the saints bore themselves with a sweet and engaging humility under the credit *they* got for founding the Guild. Then Dr. Smith compiled for the actors *The Wayfarers' Prayerbook*, and the Guild was on the high road to its proper destiny, which is to make the stage not merely a vehicle of entertainment but a teacher of high moral lessons.

It now counts nearly five thousand members in New York alone. It has its own very efficient chaplain, and its Actors' Chapel in St. Malachy's Church where a special Mass is said for the players every Sunday at 11:30 o'clock, the choir and ushers being well-known stage favorites. Every Lent a two weeks' mission is preached exclusively for the Guild, there is an annual Solemn Requiem for deceased members each November, and Cardinal Hayes has further manifested his interest by the gift of a special burial plot in Calvary Cemetery. A Bureau of Information at 220 W. 42nd St. is at the service of such young men and women as are lured to New York by the stage lights. In theatres and theatrical hotels throughout the country information is posted about the nearest Catholic Church and the time of confessions and masses. When a member anywhere falls ill, the Guild wires the nearest Catholic priest to call on the sufferer. Almost identical with this is the story of the founding in 1919 of the Cath-

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elic Writers' Guild, which now numbers thousands of members, chiefly newspaper men, in the metropolis alone. What Dr. Smith got out of it all (except for the adoring love of the mummers and the scribblers themselves) was chiefly rebuff and derision, and—because he wrote novels and knew “play-actor folk”—sometimes the suspicion that he was a clerical wordling and a modernist. “A priest out here,” writes a plaintive lady from the Pacific coast, “says he was a modernist,” which ought to interest evolutionists as proving that at least one clergyman has descended—and not very far—from a donkey. And when the Guilds were founded, when the machinery was perfected and running smoothly, the great and really humble Dr. Smith characteristically stepped out of the spot-light and became only a sympathetic spectator in the audience.

His career was curiously varied. Born in Saratoga, N. Y., September 22, 1855, he was educated in the schools of the Christian Brothers, Albany, N. Y., until he went to St. Michael's (Basilian), Toronto, Canada. His first novel appeared in 1880, and he was ordained the next year, and appointed assistant pastor of St. Patrick's, Watertown, N. Y. Then for reasons of zeal as well as health, missionary in the pine-woods and among the lumberjacks of the Adirondacs, where he got interesting background, setting and characters for several novels, and held the pastorate of St. Patrick's, Rouses Point—all in the diocese of Ogdensburg. In 1888 because of some interesting unsigned letters addressed to the *Catholic Review*, of New York, he was invited by the brilliant and admirable Patrick Valentine Hickey (Laetare Medalist) to succeed him as editor, his term lasting only three or four years; then chaplain to the Christian Brothers at De La Salle Institute at Forty-ninth St., where he was the close friend of Brother Azarias, whose life he wrote. After some years he became chaplain to the Sisters of Mercy in the Metropolis, and finally in 1909 pastor of the suburban parish of Dobbs Ferry, a half-hour up the Hudson from the Grand Terminal. He was the author of fifteen important and successful literary works. He was a popular and most welcome contributor to the *Dublin Review*, the *Catholic World*, and the *Ave Maria*, and to prominent Catholic journals. Of late years he found congenial work in preparing perfervid anti-British editorials—“bombs” he loved to call them—for the *Irish World*; these brought him many letters and much curious and valuable inside information from every quarter of the English-speaking world. Besides his parochial and institutional activities—with the Boys' Camp, the Summer School and the Actors' and Writers' Guilds—he was in constant demand as a lecturer and preacher. And because he was so busy a man he always had time to render any service within his power to a good cause or to a friend.

His versatility was equalled only by his extraordinary facility. In the spring of '19 I invited him to deliver a course of forty lectures on the general subject “Men and Movements of Today.” He was free to choose his particular themes, of course, and he himself was pleasantly surprised

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at the range and variety of his topics. A dry academic lecture on *The Conventions of the Drama*, for instance, became in his vitalizing and picturesque hands as palpitating and breathless an experience as any play. Many an erudite and dreary professor has anesthetised a class with "What Makes a Classic?"; Dr. Smith made that lecture as interesting as a foot-ball game. He knew the ways and waywardness of the press as intimately and accurately as any newspaper man in America, and therefore his delicious hour on Maxim Gorky's ill-starred lecture tour in this country, for example, fascinated his hearers, as he told how beginning with short news-items in obscure corners of the papers the Gorky fable in print grew and the Gorky fad in idle society until a plain hotel manager in New York who did not understand the frustrate cosmic urge nor the Bolshevik philosophy of morals rudely seized Gorky and his female companion and dropped them not too gently on the uncushioned sidewalks of New York. And so the forty charming and cultural lectures ran their delightful course before ever-increasing audiences in Washington Hall day after day and sometimes twice a day. No other man in America could have left an alien work—remember Dr. Smith was a country parish priest at the time—and done that magnificent thing.

Immediately another rare quality of the man was exhibited. He left for New York to resume his parish work and somewhere on the train between Niles and Kalamazoo he wrote a delightful letter inclosing two-thirds of the amount of his lecture-fees with the modest gesture, "I want to have a few bricks in Walsh Hall"—which was then abuilding. It was no surprise to hear that by his dying bequest his private correspondence, covering a life-time, richly variegated and distinguished, is to be permanently deposited in the archives at Notre Dame.

There was a pretty playful side to his nature. His skin was rough and when he was pensive in conversation his large open eye often took on a hard birdlike expression. The women at the Champlain Summer School dubbed him "the human icicle." He was utterly lacking in softness, never employed a caressing tone or phrase, and his impersonal Catholic viewpoint never relaxed or slackened or compromised. All this coupled with his Vulcanic as well as volcanic rhetoric, often conveyed to people who did not know him well the impression that he was wanting in sympathy and gentleness, and the more amiable graces of life. The reverse was the fact. As a boy at college he was an incorrigible practical joker. All through his priestly life the humorous phases of daily adventure never missed him—the peculiarities of celebrities or confreres, the unconscious comedies of choir members or acolytes; it was only the pretentious ineptitudes of little great men and sophisticates that could make him caustic. But with sincere and natural folk, great or little, he was all diversion, simplicity, charm.

He was happy when he could break in on an unprepared debate between Freshmen—or start one—and all of us have seen him solemnly as though

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inditing an essay for the *Dublin Review*, telling the fortunes of awe-struck minims by their stride and carriage as they walked ceremoniously up and down the room before him.

One day, for example, the Varsity Nine, returned that very morning from an eastern trip where they had taken the scalps of a dozen famous colleges, was fated to meet our ancient enemy, Indiana, on our own diamond. It was not an even chance. Our men, though distinctly superior, were wearied with travel and a long string of hard games; they made a balloon ascension in the fourth inning and before they came down Indiana had made the score four to three against us. With all the art of a gleeful demon Dr. Smith, though feeling at least as much concern as myself, made pretense of jibing me about it as we walked far down beyond the outfield, but I remained jauntily confident and imperturbable. Without a doubt it was the most heart-breaking and dramatic baseball game ever seen on the campus. The fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and one half of the ninth inning passed and still the score was four to three. By this time Dr. Smith and I had fidgeted up to the players' bench. Our first batsman struck out; our second made a pop fly and perished miserably. As the third man selected his bat I said to Dr. Smith: "Cut the sign of the Cross on that man" and it was reverently and duly done. "Strike one" said the umpire. "Strike two!" "Ball one," and "two" and "three!" The campus felt the hush of death. Were all the eastern laurels gathered in alien fields to wither in their very greenness in our own garden and before the Indiana men? It looked as if Dr. Smith's blessing had not taken! Then when the very last ball seemingly between us and disaster, was pitched one of our fellows drove it safely into left field for a three-bagger; and the next man knocked a home-run and won the game by the score of five to four. It was the maddest moment I have ever seen on the campus. Venerable professors shrieked; frenzied collegians without rebuke and without distinction of sex embraced "perfect strangers" from South Bend. It was the only day I can remember flinging up my biretta on an athletic field.

Dr. Smith's love for Notre Dame was one of the grand passions of his life. It is just a quarter of a century since he first came here, *en route* from New Orleans where he had been lecturing at the Winter School (1899). I requested him to address the Seminarians, and his sturdy talk on the priesthood was the beginning of a long and brilliant series. He was frankly proud to be listed among the Faculty, and he was profoundly admired by professors and students. Why not? He was a man from the heart of the world, experienced and disillusioned. He was fond of Philip-pics that were never bitter, though they might be caustic and ruthless.* And most lovingly he wrote of our Alma Mater in magazines and journals, and most truly he penetrated her meaning, and understood her wholesome-

* Perhaps his positiveness and pungency were reasons why he was almost a prophet without honor in his own country, save among his superb friends and among the younger clergy, who were idolatrous in proportion as they were bright.

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ness and saw her pictorial beauty from some hidden nook such as he invariably selected for heroic occasions!

There was intense bodily suffering in his last days, and the mental depression that goes with cancer, but the noble old giant bore himself with saintly stalwartness in death as in life. At eight o'clock on the morning of September 24, 1923, the turn came and almost before the priest could finish the prayers he passed away—in Misericordia hospital (N. Y.) on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, under the gentle ministrations of the Sisters of Mercy, whose chaplain he had been. Three days afterwards in the imposing granite church at Dobbs Ferry his obsequies were held. As he lay in the big bronze coffin with his face as always to the flock even his weeping parishioners who had given him plenteous worship, were for the time awed out of their grief by the empurpled prelates, the famous priests, the celebrities of the stage and of the printed word that had come to mourn with them. There was a feeling eulogy by his friend Monsignor Lavelle, and then all that could die of John Talbot Smith was laid away in the burial place of his old home town. Eloquence, Poetry, Fame and Religion, each with folded wings, stood mourning beside that open grave.

No American priest of his period understood so well as he that all the great engines of current life are employed in working against Christ—the press, literature, drama, education, money. I cannot recall any modern priest who more incessantly preached the need of converting these enormous resources to Christianity, nor any who so bravely and perseveringly labored to convert them. Yet in all beautiful ways he was charmingly old fashioned—in his strong faith, in his theology, in his pastoral ideas, in all his spoken or written preachments. Orator, novelist, historian, essayist, lecturer—he was preëminently and always a priest. As for ambitions or jealousies, he knew them not. He walked through life self-poised and serene, untroubled by curial crises. He was neither purple in his anticipations nor blue in his retrospects.

He was built on a large plan. In figure he was massive, almost bulky, over six feet tall and broad and thick in proportion, a woodsman in a cassock. Towards the end he had a natural tonsure, with a fringe of thin hair in front. No oily ecclesiastic he; a firm and heavy tread, a kind unblinking eye, with such a steely hardness around the iris as to suggest cataract, and with no grace of wavy gesture in his public or private speech. He had big hands, big feet, a big body, big dreams, a big heart, and a big brain. He was of the tribe of Archbishop John Ireland, and neither is likely to be reproduced again in a hundred years. Both, too, had the same quality of unwavering faith and home-spun piety—the edifying, steady, dependable, work-a-day kind without either booms or slumps. Always decorous but not decorative in his dress, there was not a drop of Bohemian blood in him who understood Bohemians so well; six-thirty every morning as regularly as the solar system found him at his altar.

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The world knew him as a strong and brilliant man, but those who won into his heart—and it was not hard to reach that big, generous heart—knew him as the most lovable of friends. He had a fascinating faculty, as well as a keen sense, of humor. His conversation normally was composed of equal parts of sage comment and classic wit. His experience had been large and incredibly varied, and his memory was an endless cinema of dramatic scenes, humorous, tragic, edifying, reminiscent, and thrilling. He seemed to delight in uttering infallibilities on questions of life or literature, and was amused when I rallied him on his pontifical manner in conversation or lectures. In reality he was only profoundly sincere and humble.

No greater, better, more lovable or admirable priest has graced the sanctuary in our generation. To those who knew him intimately, the recollection of his sweet and rare nature will always be a comfort and an inspiration.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light
Still streaming downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.



MOODS.

JOSEPH C. RYAN.



LIGHT grayness is in the air and a slight rain is falling. Little spots on the campus are covered with dirty snow. The paths are watery, muddy. It is twilight time but no twinkling lights of comfort are visible. A dull lonesome time of day, sombre and depressing.

The student sits at his window trying to write. Melancholy as the day itself he cannot keep his eyes from the vapor-touched campus. He sees the mud; the water-soaked grass, sickly with melting snow; the comfortless drizzle; the leafless trees; the slushy lonely road about the almost deserted campus. The view only heightens his cheerlessness. A deadening darkness begins to come on and the gaunt maples in the distance become less distinct. He hears voices below. Two students are passing. Like far-away sounds their voices come up to him. He half-listens absorbed in the joyless landscape. The conversation dies away but he does not notice. The room is dark now and there is a strange silence about everything.

The first light appears somewhere across the dull stretch. A cheap victrola emits the opening strains of a jangling tune. Someone on the campus whistles raucously, pauses and whistles again. The sounds seem unbelievable distances away. The grey has now turned to black. Other

lights go on here and there. A clock strikes six.

He sits and waits. . . . for nothing.

The ancient hall with its strange towers marks a stranger shadow on the sunlit campus. The air is full of the joyousness of Spring. Everything seems to have caught its spirit the trees, the grass, the uneven roadway. A delightful warmth retards the breeze. It is a happy time, alive with the wonder of living.

At his window overlooking the campus sits the student, bouyant, carefree. He has been endeavoring to devote his attention to his books but the magic of the glad afternoon has captured his mind and he is absorbed in reverie. An endless procession of thoughts engages him. . . . Spring, the lazy day; a bird on a branch of a nearby tree; an attractive car passing leisurely along the irregular road; three students jaunting by. Books! What are books on a day like this? Idly he lights a cigarette and watches the reluctant smoke merge into the clear atmosphere. The distinctive tones of the clock in the tower of the church break with ideal harmony upon the dreamy stillness. He is a little sleepy. The air seems very sweet. The sun is waning now and there is the faintest indication of dusk. The shadow of the hall is long and unreal. It assumes an appearance of grotesqueness as the evening comes on. And it will not be long until the time of the moon: The student watches and waits. Solemnly the clock strikes again. He is happy.

AT SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

PRAYING at Shakespeare's grave I thought of doom,
Multitudes moving in a whirl of cloud,
And one soul calm amid creation's crowd—
The lonely poet from this lowly tomb
Risen unvexed: of ecstasy or gloom
No tremor plucking at his golden shroud,
Silence—this last reprieve men may be loud—
Making about him there a little room.
How had he dreamed this passing of the world
While breath and brain could dream and there was song!
Give him a pen now, ere the scroll is furled,
Who else shall write the ending fair and strong—
None other, yet his marble lips are mute,
All time he sang,—let others strike the lute.

GIOVANNI THE UNLUCKY.

J. A. BREIG.



NLOOKEE JOVANEЕ he was through all the flaming length and breadth of the steel mills. The feverishly active sheet floor knew him; the feverishly hot open hearth claimed him; the thunderous rolling mill thundered for him; the rattling whirl of the crane-gears soothed when thunder roared too long. He was at once the foster-father and the adopted son of the mills. He was "Onlooker Jovaneе."

His name he chose himself—no frown of fortune, that!—his nationality was vague. His creed took form in an unremittent hatred of life as he found it; his common breed precluded betterment. His was the soul of a whipped terrier in the plebeian clay of a mongrel. Ambition, as ambition is measured, he had not; his one aim, if aim he had, was to accomplish complete and satisfying inertia of body and mind.

"Onlooker Jovaneе—'aht's me," he would complain, with his indefinitely foreign slurring of speech, "me too dam onlooker! Me work lak hel' allatime, maybe sit down one, two, tree—lak dat"—snapping his fingers expressively—"boss come 'round, geeve me hel,' say, "ahts a mattah you, Jovan,' alla time cause trooble? Maybe you tink you lak sleep alla time? Git t' ell t' work!"

Somewhere, perhaps, far back in Jovaneе's dim European ancestry, there had been other Jovanees who were agitators, iconoclasts,—patriots even. At any rate, Jovaneе existed in constant protest against every-

thing orthodox. He was, perhaps, the most unorthodox creature possible. Why he was tolerated by merciless mill-efficiency remains a mystery. Every man in the works reviled him, cursed him, and would have been lost without him. He was forever under foot—forever being snatched from danger by some nerve-racked, red-eyed, blaspheming steel-worker. No one could have justified or even excused his existence—he simply was part of life, just as were the dinner-whistle and the time-clock.

The open-hearth was Jovaneе's personal domain. He belonged to the mill; he fathered the open-hearth. He was monarch of furnace and flame.

When the war came, everything changed unbelievably. A sort of mania possessed the mill. "Steel! We must have steel!"—that was the cry, and in answer to its goad men maddened. Record after record rose—nor stood for long.

But one day came word from Bethlehem of a new record—a record men said would stand forever. But Jovaneе's men, men of steel, said not, and set out to prove the word.

Everything was against them. There was the record itself—an impossible week's production. There were the men—stale, over-worked. And finally, there were the furnaces, weakened, heat-tired.

But the week opened, and in spite of flesh and blood, the figures on the production chart mounted amazingly. At the middle of the week, the Bethlehem record was tottering, and the men, with success in sight, became maddened machines, driving to their goal.

Steel flowed like water that week, but still those tons from Bethlehem

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held their own. They were like taunting little devils, those figures, and when, with but one day to go, they still challenged, men cursed them as though they had been human—and in answer to the challenge worked like nothing human.

This was a sorry time for Jovanee. The men became morose, nervous, unreasonable. They talked of nothing but records. In a vague way, Jovanee hated those records, whatever they were. They caused unlimited trouble. The bosses—he really believed they wanted him to work! He had no recourse save to burrow deeper into the cellars and byways of the mill.

The last night of the record week was particularly unbearable. Had the men gone mad? Sorely muddled, Jovanee sought his latest retreat, deep in the cellar of the open-hearth, where he would sleep undisturbed.

He waked with the thunder of the charging machine and the blast of number five's whistle in his ears. Evidently five was ready to pour. The whistle ceased, and Jovanee rolled over to continue his interrupted nap. Then he heard someone speaking.

He was lazily alert at once. What was anyone doing down here now, when a fever of activity engulfed the mill? Perhaps it was one of the bosses. Jovanee looked furtively over the edge of the brickpile where he lay.

Jovanee thought he knew every man on the open hearth, by sight at least. He had never seen these men before. Their speech, too, gruff and guttural, was strange to him. It grated on his Castilian ears, tuned to the liquid Latin tongues.

The men were working at something about the huge gas main which

fed the furnaces above. Jovanee was puzzled. This gas main, if broken, would cut off operations throughout the entire mill. Why were these men working there? While he wondered, the men finished, and left, picking a way silently over the piles of debris.

Jovanee waited, then slid down and examined the huge pipe. The men had fastened something to it with wire—something small, and square, and steely—something that ticked curiously. Jovanee twisted it loose, and stood, uncertain what to do with it.

Then a sudden sense of duty overwhelmed him. Was this not steel? And were the bosses not delirious, trying to find enough scrap to fill the furnaces? Well, then! Jovanee shuffled up the iron steps that led to the open hearth. A train of the little steel cars used for charging the furnaces was standing ready for the charging machine. Jovanee dropped the troublesome bit of steel into the last car, and cast about for a place to continue his siesta. He had done *his* night's work.

The cellar would not serve now. Soon the ponderous charger would be thundering overhead again, and he wanted quiet. He went down to the big scrap floor below the open hearth.

Here, off in one corner, the bricklayer had just finished lining one of the ladles. Jovanee knew it would be warm and quiet down there—an ideal place for sleep. He climbed over the edge, and dropped down. He would find a way to get out when he awake. In a moment he was happy in sunny chimes, forgetful of the inferno about him.

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The charging machine had done its

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work; the furnaces were charged and flaming; the whistle began to shriek its summons for a crane. Number ten was ready to pour.

There were but two ladles ready for use. The crane came and went—and Jovanee was undisturbed. The other ladle went swinging away in the murk.

There was a rapid calculation after number ten had poured; and then up on the bulletin board went the magic figures—a new record was made. Men cheered—and bent to their work again. There was yet an hour, and number twelve was nearly ready. The charging machine roared again—and the last of the trainload of scrap was in twelve. Might as well make it a big pouring; there would be work for someone before *this* record fell. The whistle blew again for a crane.

Jovanee's ladle stirred, swayed, and rose; the crane lifted it as though it were a child. Jovanee slept on. Up the row of furnaces swayed the ladle, and stopped at number twelve. Gently, delicately, with scarce more rudeness than a mother gives her sleeping babe, the ladle settled on the concrete base down in the slag-pit. The crane rested, waiting. Jovanee slept.

Up above, on the steel platform, the second helper stood, straddling the trough which would guide number twelve's fiery experiment into the ladle. He held poised a long steel probe, ready to dig out the clay which stoppered the furnace's tons of molten steel. No one noticed the dust-brown, nondescript bundle in the ladle below.

The first helper, heat-reddened, dog-tired, raised his hand. "All

right?" The second helper nodded. "Then let 'er go!"

The steel probe rose, poised, and drove home. A chunk of clay fell out and bounced down to the slag-pit below. The probe rose again; the second-helper's muscles writhed tauntly—and suddenly with a hiss and a roar, number twelve blew up.

The huge front, several-brick-deep, buckled out and fell; the pent steel, released, rushed out, and in a thousand liquid, livid streams, snaked across the open-hearth. Then the tortured bed of twelve cracked, and the blazing metal found outlet into the checkers below. Suddenly, it was over. And down in the slag-pit, unharmed, Onlooker Jovanee slept, at peace with the world.

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The morning turn came on. The night-shift, sore, exhausted, but triumphant in the knowledge of their record, punched the clock one by one and filed out into the dust-foggy morning. With them went Jovanee, shuffling, shiftless.

Outside the gate, a jubilant sheet-heater let out a sudden whoop. "It's done, fellows!" he bellowed, slapping Jovanee with a bone-crushing fist. "And Jovanee brought us luck! Three for Jovanee!"

But Jovanee shrugged his tattered shoulders, and growled pessimistically, "Jovanee no got no lookee! Me onlookee—me tink me find good place for sleep to-night, but boss coome look in ladle, geeve me hel'! Me Onlookee Jovanee till me die. Dam!"

And Giovanni the Unlucky melted listlessly away into the dirt-gray fog of a steel-town morning.

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BUT DO THEY?

P. A. N.



THE young man named Green who declared that "the birds kin fly" stated a fact that is undisputed. Yes, Darius, we are moved to rejoin, it is perfectly obvious the birds can fly. No canny New Englander need rise to the roof of the barn to tell us that. Yet, and this is a question which I, being only a very Middle Westerner, propose with some hesitation, do they? I mean to say, is our bird-flying complex quite correct. Is there not associated with our admission of this power the further unexamined and therefore unproved conclusion that birds are always flying, or only flying? Is not the plain fact rather glossed over that birds have feet? Don't we treat them, I mean in our mind's eye, Darius, as if their other means of locomotion were rudimentary and negligible, not to be taken into account? Who, for example, ever heard of a poet celebrating a bird on the foot? In poetry the bird is always on the wing, soaring, flitting, dipping, anything but walking, running, hopping. Science, I am afraid, has fallen into the same error. If this is so, it is a sad state of affairs and ought to be remedied. It is high time we should look to the way we are bringing up our children on this important point of natural history.

For, when you come to think of it, birds can walk, and run, and jump, like other bipeds. They not only can, but they do. And they do a great deal of their moving about, not up in the air, on their wings, but down on the earth like the rest of us. In fact,

some birds are quite pedestrian. Until science has advanced so far as to provide pedometers for, let us say, robins, we shall of course not know accurately the ratio between a robin's mileage on foot and its voltage—if that is the word—in the air. Yet we have meantime the noble liberty of speculation.

I have a notion that outside the migratory seasons, to which due attention will be devoted, Darius, most of our birds fly very little, incomparably less than their power to do so would permit, incomparably less, too, than we are in the habit of taking for granted. Need it be said I rule out of this reckoning—for the Middle West is nothing if not generously fair—birds such as canaries and parrots whose failure to use their wings is not due to personal taste but rather to artificial restriction and something like unnatural selection? Not to put too fine a point upon it, birds in cages, whether these be in private houses or whether they be the bastiles of the public park or zoo. I deal only with the denizen of the air, the bird-citizen at large, *au natural*, so to speak.

Flight, we are saying, in proportion to power to fly seems limited. During the mating season this is certainly true. Robin or sparrow, finch, jay, phoebe, once he or she becomes a householder, then wings come under some gentle law of a closing hour fixed by nature itself. There is a curfew for birds at all times, it would seem, but during the mating season even daylight rambling on wing are curtailed, and their power to fly is a slight thing as against the subtle calling of a nest in a tree or in a crevice of the rocks. For all their wings,

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they are tethered, and the skies know them no more than necessity demands.

Anyhow, they do not live by the sky any more than we do. All that they get from that quarter is air. Their food and drink, as ours, come from the earth. Not a seed on the wind, not a drop of rain, can they claim for sustenance except it be laid for them on covers of the earth's own providing, stalk of mullein, it may be, or wayside pool, or even the humble goblet of a hoof-print in the lane. Indeed, they eat of the very earth itself. Nightingales have pebbles in their throat, not like Demosthenes, temporarily only, and for a passing purpose, but as part of their necessary vocal baggage, so to speak. There may be a suggestion here for singers of human mould.

There is another aspect of this reserve of flight. Suppose man, remaining man, had wings. With only two legs he gets about rather more than certain birds, I am sure. With railroad trains, with an automobile, with a flying machine, he makes the bird by comparison a positive stay-at-home, a stationary and sedentary domestic creature. What robin or swallow lunches this noon in Chicago and breakfasts tomorrow in Boston? As you go down a country road at fifty miles an hour in your car, what bird outdistances you? On fences and in hedges birds hop and twitter as you "fly" past. Perhaps they are remarking on the speed of your flight, wishing they, too, might get about like that. They can not set out without carrying everything with them. There are no "filling stations" along their literal highways. If they have a breakdown, they cannot telephone for

help, nor will a neighboring farmer offer assistance. Their hazard is complete. Perhaps it is on this account they stay around close, once they have made the great adventure until necessity compels its re-making.

Here it is, no doubt, that science holds up its head. Turn to page sixty-eight, where the long and exhaustive treatment of migration begins. There is not a bird that moves, though it be from the equator to the Arctic circle, but has its itinerary laid bare in these pages. His stopping points are noted, and how long may be his stay in each place. It is a route and a programme all mapped out precisely as if he were some distinguished foreign visitor to our coasts, or English lecturer. Here the bird is winged indeed. But what might be of greater interest would be to know how the bird learned his itinerary. He did not learn it from this book. Who wrote his Baedeker? Who tells him when to start, and how long to stop over, and when he has arrived? A host of citizens are usefully employed to take care of all these matters for us when we travel. I do not find this aspect of the subject treated in the excellent chapter on migration, nor do I much care. It intrigues me rather to imagine that orderly process, which is also a procession, year by year. I do not exactly know the order and the method, but I suppose, since robins are usually rated as the first arrivals, that at some early day in spring there suddenly is, where there was not before, a line of red in the sky, stretching from the eastern seaboard to the Rocky Mountains and perhaps beyond. A phalanx of robins, shock troops, moving on the North. Next

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will it be lines of gold-finches, or blue-birds, and purple finches in battalions, with a vari-colored host of warblers bringing up the rear? Fancy a fleet of scarlet tanagers in line across the aerial wave! Yet it must be somewhat like this. Annually they come and go over their uncharted course. They most certainly stand upon the order of their going and their coming. So at some point it should be possible to say, the robins went by today, the finches, in reserve,

will pass gallantly to-morrow.

I hope this is full justice to the bird as flying. At the outset, I agreed with Darius. I only wished to point out that the bird is a biped as well as a biplane, if I may say so; that he moves about quite a lot independently of his wings and, possibly, though this is a far-out conclusion, sympathy may be wasted on canaries as it indubitably is on certain persons who are in a sense caged.

SONG.

J. LESLIE.

When I have begged of love
The fairest bliss,
Then, will he make the dower
Magnificent with power
To capture stars above?

No, I shall find in you
An old, old joy:
Morning, with sunlight spilled
Or a garden, bloom-filled,
Where footsteps gather dew.

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LEMON FLAVOR.

ROBERT RIORDAN.

ALVIN PEABODY was the new timekeeper just in from college and looking for some bureau of information to give him his bearing on the camp which was his destination. He had walked up one side and down the other of the main street. Everyone he met looked like a giant. Every door through which anyone passed gave forth much noise and odors of sawdust and whiskey, for this was over the line from the home of the brave and the land of the free. Finally he ventured into one of the quieter places in quest of his information.

Inside giants lounged around the wall, leaned against the bar, surrounded little tables: in fact they just about filled the place. Alvin stepped up to a vacant place at the bar and politely addressed the gentleman on the far side, "If you please, sir, can—"

"Canadian Club? You betcha!"

"No sir, I—"

"Aw, give the little feller a bottle of milk with a nipple on it," bellowed a burly, whiskered brute at his elbow, at the same time pinching Alvin's toes under his caked lumberman's boots.

"Pardon sir, you're stepping on my toes." Steel calks are excellent for massaging punchin floors and pine logs but they are not exactly soothing to tender corns.

The big fellow roared with laughter. Stepping back he started to pass around the subject of his laughter, kicking his victim in the heel as he passed.

Alvin raised his heel high enough to come between the woodsman's legs, giving a half turn and a push with his elbow. His tormentor, clear off his balance by the unexpected maneuver, flopped to the floor. Rage would be a mild term to express his feelings. On his feet in a second, howling oaths of vengeance, he rushed at the lad backed up against the bar. When he swung there was nothing to stop him but air, then he felt himself clasped around the knees and lifted clear off the floor. Over the bar he went amid a crash and tinkle of glass. Sliding on broken whiskey glasses is about equivalent to rubbing the fur the wrong way on a wild cat.

The applause of his bar-mates did not sooth his damaged pride in the least. Every Goliath has his David and this David stood now against a table leaning nonchalantly on his hands. He had him this time, he knew his trick, he could not duck again. Another rush impaled the pit of his stomach on the point of a swiftly traveling shoe. Down he sat at the feet of his target. The coup de grace followed in the form of a half empty bottle broken over his head.

There he remained in dazed perplexity until a grinning lumber jack dragged him to his feet and propped him against the bar.

"I reckon the drinks are on you, Jake. Ask the kid what he'll have."

"Whew he's a tough one fer his his size. Come on up fellers. What'll it be sonny?"

"Lemonade, if you please, sir."

Jake slipped down over the footrail in a dead faint.

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SHALL WE HAVE A WORLD COURT?

THE AFFIRMATIVE ARGUMENT.

FIRST ADDRESS.

PAUL BREEN.

In proposing that the United States enter the World Court with the reservations outlined by President Harding and Secretary Hughes, we of the Affirmative are simply advocating a measure for which both political theory and the actual everyday conditions of modern governments are clamoring. The world war is over but there is danger of another world war; and America simply cannot afford that there be another. We feel, in common with reasonable citizens everywhere, that the butchering of men and the prodigal waste of money; the collapse of national budgets and the breakdown of national morale; the frightful laying waste of civilized territory must not be repeated again. We know that the time has come to stop these things if we would preserve decent forms of living upon earth. Remember that yesterday there was WAR and that tomorrow there may be WAR. The one principle upon which the world agrees today is this: **THERE MUST BE PEACE.** To quibble about details is all very well, but a world on the verge of suicide cannot afford to quibble everlastingly.

Now to promote the harmony so necessary among nations, an institution has been proposed which, more than any other idea, has received the approval of men acquainted with the international situation. Many plans have been brought forward, but among them all only the World Court

has been widely supported by international lawyers and honest diplomats, peace lovers and practical men. Only the World Court appeals to the soldier home from the trenches and to the people who sent that soldier. The World Court and the World Court alone is the road to peace which the American people are considering. Whenever there is honest talk of peace today there also is the World Court advocated.

And necessarily so. We of the affirmative shall show you: first, that the World Court is not a wild idea or a dream, but a common sense institution; second, that the World Court is the only effective means for rallying the forces that can preserve and promote peace; and third that no feature of the Court is in any way hostile to the principles of American statesmanship or could endanger American interests. In other words we shall show you that the World Court is practical, progressive and soundly American.

Practical... why? Look first to see how the Court has been established. The present World Court has been developed from the Hague Tribunal which was an institution attempting to settle disputes on a basis of compromise and which really did function for several years. Already before the war the best international opinion was desirous of changing the constitution of that Court and so to substitute justice for compromise. The end of the war gave the nations of the world an opportunity to abandon finally the principle of compromise and set up, by a protocol agreed upon, a new court, the present World Court, soundly and squarely upon a basis of law and justice. It is now

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proposed that the United States adhere to this Court subject to reservations guaranteeing absolutely the special interests of the United States. We can therefore assert without danger of contradiction that the World Court is a tribunal of eminent jurists chosen according to the soundest principles for establishing a court by nations associated to promote the peaceful settlement of disputes. No one can deny that the judges now serving are fully qualified, or that their successors are likely to be less qualified. Everyone must admit that the principles establishing that court were arrived at by sound authorities in juridical practice, including our own Mr. Root. And surely no one will be foolish enough to deny that the Court was set up for one purpose and one purpose only—to settle disputes between nations peaceably, to make it unnecessary to resort to the terrible decision of arms. Therefore the Court in itself is sound: it has splendid judges, sound underlying principles and the right kind of backing.

Now let us look at the purpose of the Court. It does not dream of ironing all the wrinkles out of the world, of settling all disputes, of exercising a dictatorship over the affairs of nations. It proposes first to build up a common consciousness of international law. This neither is nor will be a highly involved statute code, but simply a body of right and just principles which have in some form or other underlain the actions of nations in the past, which even Roman law speaks of as "the rights of the peoples" and which the present plight of the world absolutely demands. The World Court is a real Court: Inter-

national Law is real law, the two things go hand in hand. It is upon these things and these things only that nations lost in the clash of interests and struggle for life can build their will that right prevail in this world and that War shall be no more.

Secondly the Court proposes to settle individual disputes between nations by applying to each case this body of international principles. Every people in the modern world realizes two things: first that it cannot afford a costly war or costly armament to maintain its military supremacy and that it is bound tight to other nations by treaties and obligations, by commercial and other interests which make isolation a disaster. We in America realize this more and more every day. The other nations realize this fact and also shun that disaster. Therefore every people when it stops to think will realize that a settlement of its difficulties according to the dictates of international justice by an impartial tribunal is the only sane and sound policy. France and England realized this fact and submitted the question of citizenship in Tunis and Morocco to the World Court, thus eliminating possible serious consequences in chaotic Europe.

It may take some time for the realization of the value of the Court to become general. We of the Affirmative are not deluded into believing that it will remove war over night. But neither are we blind or pessimistic enough to doubt that coöperation among nations is possible. We refuse to believe that in the long run the nations of the world will adhere to a stupid and a ruinous policy of blood. Thus, we have proved to you that the World Court is a sound prac-

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tical institution to promote that co-operation among nations which is so necessary for the preservation of peace.

SECOND ADDRESS.

PHILIP MOORE, C. S. C.

So far the affirmative has proved the world court sound and practical; and shown that it has the definite purpose of building up in the world a common consciousness of international justice by applying to particular international disputes those great principles of law and right which are common to nations. Beyond any question then the world court has a limited, practical scope of activity which it is designed to meet efficiently. I shall now show that the world court is indispensable—because it is the only effective means by which the real forces which make for peace in the world can be organized.

What are the real forces which make for international peace? In the past physical might, diplomatic agreements, and public opinion have been recognized. But clearly might is impracticable and undesirable while diplomacy is inadequate. Physical might as a preventive of war is impracticable and undesirable because it implies a superstate capable of using such might to police the world. The very fact that the articles of the covenant of the League of Nations which provide for the enforcement of its decisions by physical power have been completely disregarded in practice proves beyond possibility of dispute that the world today does not and will not sanction physical might as a means to peace. Diplomatic agreements also are ob-

viously an inadequate means toward preventing conflicts. Diplomacy did not prevent the World War, but rather made it inevitable. Diplomacy did not prevent but rather fostered the many squabbles which have grown out of that war. In truth secret diplomatic agreements have caused most of the struggles of history. But there remains one real power for the promotion of world peace and one power only, public opinion.

Public opinion is simply the motive energy of Democracy. It is the will of the peoples to promote their welfare. This great force, however, is potent for good or for evil. In the past it has been too frequently made to subserve the cause of suicidal war. Therefore the first, fundamental, and necessary step toward world concord is the enlightenment and organization of public opinion toward a common consciousness of international justice. In such enlightenment and organization lies the world's only hope of peace.

Now how powerful is public opinion in the world today? And if it is powerful what does this mean in international relationships? No one can deny that the very existence of democratic government in our time is based on competent public opinion. In the U. S. it is especially active socially. Through it, as organized by the American Federation of Labor there is being forced through Congress much needed and beneficial social legislation. Rural credits and banking reforms are its products. And since the late war, public opinion has brought more pressure to bear upon relations among nations. This public opinion, expressed through many

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peace societies and leading citizens, is demanding that governments enter into no secret alliances which will pledge the honor of a country to war; that governments avoid arms and play squarely; and that state officials do not seek their own glory or profit at the expense of the people's despair.

A strong public opinion, therefore, capable of exercising a powerful influence of relations among nations, exists in the world today. But to be an effective preventive of war it must be properly organized and enlightened. Now the world court can serve in three ways as a nucleus round which such public opinion can be formed: first, by building up the reality of international justice; second, by turning the light of publicity upon international evidence; and third, by postponing hostilities.

First of all, the world court can build up the reality of international justice. This is the primary step in the enlightenment and organization of public opinion, for it is international justice as defined and meted out to individual nations by this court which the public opinion of the world will support. In the past international justice has not been adequately respected. Self interest, unscrupulous diplomacy, and greedy politics have directed nations in their relations with one another. Consequently the principles of law common to nations have not been used to settle international controversies and justice has been disregarded. Questions of right have been determined as questions of policy. The result has been war or at most compromise between nations. The decisions of the world court, however, will be determined by international evidence, and

given in accordance with very definite principles of law. Hence international justice will become something real, and once it is recognized the public opinion of the world will support it.

Now what reason have we for believing that public opinion will support the just decisions given by the court? We answer that the peoples of the world will sustain one party in an international dispute against the other once they know the evidence underlying the disagreement. And this is the second important function of the world court—to turn the light of publicity on international evidence submitted in particular disputes among nations. This evidence is the only criterion of justice and truth in any dispute, and once it is made public the side on which justice lies can be determined. The unjust aggressor will be exposed. And with the exposure of the unjust aggressor war becomes morally impossible, for no people will readily support with the energy demanded by modern warfare a cause they know to be unjust.

The third means by which the world court can serve as a nucleus of public opinion is the creating of a "cooling-off" period by postponing hostilities. An American statesman once said that if wars could be put off for two weeks they would never be fought. Governments strike while the feeling of their people runs high. Now the reference of disputes to the world court will necessitate the postponement of hostilities. The feeling of the people will subside, and a just settlement of international differences will be possible.

The affirmative tonight, however, is debating a sane, practical plan of peace. Consequently we do not claim

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that all causes of international dissension will be immediately referred to the court, nor that public opinion will at once support the court's decisions. As the late President Harding well said, the perfected court must be a matter of development. It takes time to organize public opinion in support of any great movement. Take for example, the movement for social reform thru legislation which is now strongly backed up by public opinion in the U. S. Twenty-five years ago the general public did not protest against child-and-woman-labor, starvation wages, and the like. But today enlightened and organized public opinion is demanding adequate protective legislation for women and children workers. Also public opinion, slowly organized by leading publicists thruout the U. S. has brought about a great reform in our municipal governments. Twenty years ago American cities were governed more inefficiently than any other cities in the world. But today thru the steady demand of public opinion for reform our municipal governments are being greatly improved. Similarly international public opinion must be slowly organized in support of the world court and its decisions. But I have proved that the court is able to form public opinion around itself as a nucleus. The prestige of the court will grow as its experience and success increase, and with increased prestige the court will become an even greater moulder of the public opinion of the world. To create this prestige, to mould this opinion, is the present opportunity of the U. S.

The public will of the U. S. is more active, more free, and more powerful than the public will of any country.

For this reason it is imperative that the U. S. join the court and bring to it the strong moral force which is necessary to make it an effective instrument of peace. The very success or failure of the court will depend very largely upon the attitude the U. S. finally takes toward it.

Therefore, in conclusion, I would point out very clearly the issue of our debate: in enlightened international public opinion properly organized against war lies the only hope of peace. The world court is the only practical means yet devised for the organization of such opinion. Upon America's coöperation the success of the court depends because America's public opinion is the most powerful support the court can get. If the negative disagrees it must show either that some institution other than the world court can better organize public opinion against war, or that there are such great national disadvantages attached to our joining that they quite outweigh both the duty incumbent upon us to promote world peace to the best of our ability, and the very practical benefits we should reap from the prevention of ruinous conflicts.

THIRD ADDRESS.

BEN PISER.

The affirmative in this debate argues for a practical institution—not a dream, not a panacea, not a super-state. We stand in defense of a World Court, organized and brought before all peoples by men who know law and have had experience in international affairs. We advocate this Court because it, and it alone, can do two things absolutely

and primarily necessary if peace is to take the place of ruinous war. This Court and this court only can represent to the world the very definite rule of civilization — international law. It and it only can apply this law to particular disputes between nations. Secondly, any plausible form of coöperation among the peoples of the earth must develop out of instructed and powerful opinion having its say on international issues. We believe that such opinion has begun to exist, and that it is seeking a nucleus round which to form. Such a nucleus is the World Court. The negative however, will declare because they must, that the World Court is hostile to American interests.

Let us, therefore, examine carefully the relationships between the Court and these United States. We do not give way to the gentlemen of the negative in the matter of patriotism. This country is as sacred to us as it is to them. But we do believe that no institution is more directly in line with American tradition, policy, and purpose than the World Court. Why this court is in itself the outgrowth of a clear-cut and practical vision which American statesmen have long since developed out of their contact with international affairs. In 1899, our Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, urged the substitution of a legal tribunal recognizing law for the unsatisfactory Hague panel that agreed only upon the basis of compromise. This same stand was again taken by the American delegation to the second Hague Conference in 1907. When the time finally came when this long cherished plan of international reform could be accomplished,

it was a great American jurist, Mr. Elihu Root, who drafted in part the statute creating the present World Court. One of the most distinguished legal authorities, the Honorable John Bassett Moore, is now sitting with the Court. Thus, gradually and with the pressure of circumstances there has been brought into being an institution for which American tradition and American foresight had labored during many years. In this institution we ought to see the fulfilment of an American aspiration. When we enter the Court we shall simply be getting in line with what has been our policy all along.

But America is not a land of tradition. It is above all things the opportunity. And now as never before there is presented to the people of this nation a great chance to help in the creation of peace in the only way possible. Public opinion must become the arbiter of international troubles; it must take the place of public slaughter. This world court which will set up for all men to see the reality of international law, which will form a common consciousness of the majesty of this law, which will gradually enforce its helpful application to those wounds which breed war—this court we say, depends more upon the coöperation of American public opinion than upon any other thing. For public opinion is democratic and alert. It relies to some extent upon training. And this country, practically alone among nations, has had experience of what opinion can accomplish in government. It is here in the United States that the pressure of the common man has made itself felt in the conduct of affairs. It is here that the people

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have learned to exact from their leaders an accounting which makes them avoid the sacrifice of national interest to their own ambitions. America can lead the public opinion of the world because America has been trained for leadership. Add to this the tremendous economic and political prestige which has come to us as the result of conditions. We rule the world's exchange. We are beginning to control the world's trade-routes. We are beginning to find our way towards the head of the diplomatic table. This means on the one hand, increased industrial and political opportunity. On the other, it means also increased responsibility. We are now at the head of things. Shall the world say, a century from now, that we moved in the direction of self-interest and started a new reign of war, or shall the world say, that we led the way towards international coöperation, towards the recognition of law, towards peace?

That answer will depend upon our attitude towards the World Court. And surely our attitude must not be formed upon an incorrect idea of the connections existing between the Court and the League of Nations. It must not be based upon the impression that in joining the Court we shall be pushed through some mysterious and fatal trap-door into the League. Let us look at this question openly and squarely.

Grant—which we of the affirmative do not—that everything which the opponents of international organization may say about the League is true. Grant that the United States should not under any circumstances get into the League. The question here is: Should we join the World

Court? And we can join the Court with perfect safety, first because the Court is an institution set up in entire independence of the League, with a statute of its own, with powers of its own. The only connection between the two is that the League upholds the Court, brings its difficulties to the Court, helps to pay the expenses of the Court. Secondly, the Harding-Hughes reservations guarantee absolutely that the Court will not involve us legally, in any way whatever, with the League.

This the League can exercise absolutely no dominion over us, can force us to nothing, can bind us to nothing. In joining the Court we remain just as independent of the League as we are now.

Except in one important and far-reaching sense. Joining the Court will give us the opportunity to ally our public will for peace with the only European institution which looks forward to a time when wars shall cease. No one can deny that the League is an excellent thing for Europe, or that it has promoted the peace and welfare of Europe. It has championed the principle of arbitration both in theory and in practice. It prevented war between Sweden and Finland, and again between Albania and Jugoslavia. It listened to the appeal of Monsignor Seipel for aid to Austria, and restored economic order in that destitute country. It settled the vexed question of upper Silesia. In these and many other ways it has successfully begun the organization of European public opinion against war, and has taught respect for international law.

The organization of public opinion against war and respect for inter-

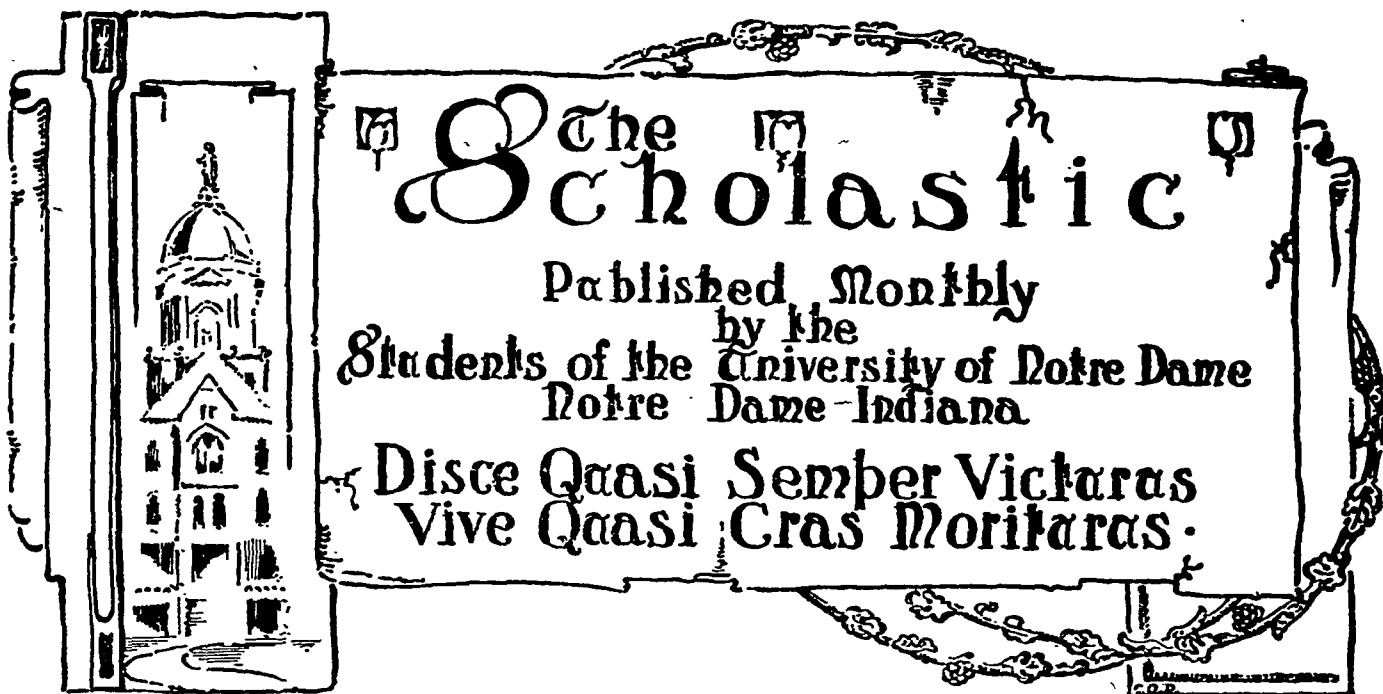
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national law! In these two things lies absolutely all the hope there is for a social order that will reverence peace. These two things are the goals of the World Court. And so, by joining the court we shall bring the great strength of our public opinion, the free, democratic will of the greatest republic on earth, to the support of those peoples who, in the League of Nations, are struggling painfully upward to better things. Let us show Europe that we care—that the richness of our common civilization is too sacred to squander because of blind fear of crossing the threshold into new and wider relationships with other peoples. Let us avoid the confession of short-sightedness which a failure to see things as

they are implies. Something must be done to forestall a new war even more frightful than the last. Shall our part in this something be that of a timid and greedy shrinking behind the skirts of our interests, when we are already so much more wealthy and powerful than other peoples?

We say No! And the friends of peace everywhere join us in echoing that No! The World Court is at once our tradition and our opportunity. It alone is a practical institution for the development of international law. It alone can rally and preserve the forces which make for peace between nations. And so we say to the United States: Join the World Court. It is practical progressive and American.





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THE SAME OLD STORY.

Once more May and the prospect of Commencement. It is the same old story, repeated yearly, of farewell days, of fast closing associations, of leaving. For the Senior class it is the conclusion of the story, arrived at after many preliminaries and intervening episodes. The preceding chapters have been crowded with numberless events of extensive range and large variety. And now the end is at hand.

For many Commencement comes too soon. The boyish spirit within them clings to the glad incidents of their school careers and they are loath to go. College life has made and maintained a place in their hearts. Like a large grey cloud upon happy skies the prospect of leaving approaches. And in this wake of the joyous days and the good times are memories to thrill them with thoughts of the past and to dismay them with the outlook of the future.

But for others graduation looms up as the goal, the end of the long preparation. It is a cheering bell, ringing the close of the tedious hour of study. Lengthy periods of research and experiment have impressed them unpleasantly, and the vision of a new era, so to speak, is inviting. Weary of school life they are eager to start upon their respective careers.

Whichever view the prospective graduate takes he cannot deny that a distinct and unique period of his life is nearing a finis. College days are different from any other time of one's life. Friends and memories and fond associations make hackneyed subjects; yet we must mention that they enter into the routine of every college man and he cannot ignore them. They will follow him wherever he goes. And he will always remember the happy companionships, the delightful walks, the...

After all, college life is not so bad.

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FIGHTING TO EDUCATE.

The full text of the decision handed down by the United States District Court for Oregon, whereby the Oregon compulsory school-law was declared unconstitutional, is a document of importance for every American concerned with the problem of education. It seems well to discuss it briefly in these columns, first because it has been slightly misrepresented in the press, and because it touches the ground upon which the battle for private and parochial education must be fought in the future. The case as presented by the defenders of the schools before the Oregon Court, emphasized the fact that the law violated Article I., Section I., of the Constitution, relating to the impairment of the obligation of contracts, and Section I., of the Fourteenth Amendment, "in that it trenches upon the privileges and immunity of citizens of the United States."

The Court granted the substance of these contentions, holding that teaching bodies, or corporations, have the same rights as individuals in the matter of contracts; that the right to earn a livelihood by educational work is a property right; and that parents and guardians are also entitled to use such educational services as they prefer, so long as they are not reprehensible, or manifestly hostile to the public good. It issued an injunction against the enforcement of the law, on the basis of carefully stated precedent. There was little reference to the free practice of religious belief, or concerning the natural right of the parent and child to a particular kind of education; and this, we think, was wise. After all, the stand taken by the Constitution, which the Courts enforce, is dictated very largely by questions of property and contract. Since we can make a clear and successful defense of the parochial school on eminently Constitutional grounds, there is no reason why we should remove the argument to the realm of considerations purely ethical, and therefore less likely to meet with popular support. We may have to fight hard for the parochial school during the years to come; but we have the advantage of living in a country where magistrates still interpret the basic law of the land, uninfluenced by the momentary clamor of a mob.

VALEDICTORY.

Somewhere among the approximately two dozen types that weld themselves into an accepted representation of the American ethos, the romantic fabric of our national life, stands that flamboyant, ubiquitous matinee idol, the college man who decorates our cigaret advertisements, musical revues, and social functions. No storied knight-errant ever gripped the common imagination with his glamor and multichrome fascination. Just free of his swaddling clothes, this paragon of popular fiction steps forth to dazzle a waiting world with his vices and to enrich its appetite for make-believe with a lithographed vision of new-blown adolescence.

It should be necessary to expose the mettle of our paperback hero of campus fiction, the correctly-garbed ideal with which clothiers plaster

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the countryside. Yet the tendency has prevailed all around us for college men to impersonate this egregious myth—to be seen as often as possible in dinner jacket, to know as many women in as many parts of the land as time will allow, and to dip deeply into the maze of campus politics. The observant undergraduate soon sees how easily the world has been impressed by this automaton of current literature—not merely the social world of tinsel and scent, but even remorseless industrialism here exhibits amazing naivette. It will be easy for the graduate to garb himself in an aura of sophistication and fall in with the status quo. He can drift.

But it is just like this thing that adds to the widening uneasiness that has taken hold of the land. Our government reeks with stupidity, the press waxes dishonest, the people are separated by superstition and duped by false prophets. If universities do service as story-book fables where men rush to mock bloodshed on the field of sport and see fatuous visions in the twilight of sentimentality—and nothing more—this disintegration will go on. The whole educational system today comprises a confused ritual written to the idols of the tribe.

THE DUTIES OF A DEMOCRAT.

We at Notre Dame are rather proud of our democracy. To some extent we believe that it is the pattern upon which the rest of our lives as citizens might wisely be constructed. It would be a mighty fine world if the arbitrary and conventional distinctions so often insisted upon by the unwise could be eliminated at a blow. But do we often stop to think that democracy, in our sense, imposes another set of distinctions just as marked and certainly just as hard to live up to?

These distinctions are an abiding series. They are the same today as tomorrow, if they are observed. And here they are: not to crowd the individual out for the sake of the mass; not to throw courtesy overboard because courtesy is common; not to slide down hill because everybody is willing to take it for granted that you are going up. There are a few more, but three is a good number and will serve our purpose.

Not to crowd the individual out. Often a lad shows up just a bit different from the others around him. Perhaps he had a strange assortment of brains, but really brains. Maybe his emotional history has a deeper ring than that which issues from people who have always been contented with life. Such a lad is not a curio, nor a sour apple, nor a target. He too is a democrat. Often he can be of service in unusual and worth-while ways.

Not to throw courtesy overboard. Courtesy, too, is a democratic possession. It has been transplanted from the royal court to the court-yard square. It is the frank and plain ceremonial with which the business of our equal lives can be nobly carried out. Do we always remember that?

Not to slide down hill. Frequently you notice a lad who is slowly getting accustomed to getting by. He has an idea that the inertia of the mass will carry him along. It will—but underneath its feet. There is no going without legs. There is no progress excepting by 'pros.' If there is any-

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thing we hate to see it is a fine fellow who feeds all his daily intellectual bread to the birds of the air.

Those are just a few reflections on the problem of democracy. We have never seen a time when Notre Dame has looked more worth-while than it does now. And the men of today can afford to talk of standards without squeamishness or hesitation. Standards are the last thing to surrender. They are also the first in the field.

BUILDING IN THE BASEMENT.

The old, bleak platform of the Public Speaking department is gone. Over its bare boards now rises a well-equipped stage. It filled a great need in that department, and it might, perhaps, fill another.

A short while ago the Drama Club refused to accept The Scribblers' offer of three one-act plays written by Notre Dame men. The offer was rejected for good reasons. The Drama Club to exist must present plays that will please its Notre Dame audience; it cannot experiment with untried dramatists.

But the Scribblers had a laudable purpose in mind. The desire of Notre Dame men to write plays should be encouraged, but The Scribblers is only a society of men interested in literature in general, as the Drama Club is interested only in acting. Here we have two groups interested in the same thing that are, at present, held apart by the general aims of their clubs. But we have in this little stage, not only an opportunity of uniting these groups but also a means to join an intellectual movement that has spread rapidly throughout this country in the last decade—the Little Theater movement.

The Little Theater movement here would give the Drama Club, and those interested in acting, more opportunities to act; and it would give The Scribblers, and those interested in writing plays, an opportunity to produce their plays, with a chance to gain a better technical knowledge of the stage and the helpful criticism of a small, interested audience. It would give to a third group, at present uncared for, those who are interested in the theater and, in particular, in the Little Theater, a chance to have a better understanding of the theater's purpose and development.

The idea of this organization would be to train actors, dramatists and audiences for the Little Theaters throughout the country. The aims of the Little Theater are to bring the theater to the audience, not the audience to the theater; and, further, through this wide-spread pressure of people interested in, and acquainted with better ideas of the Drama, to raise the standards of the professional stage, further, and perhaps principally, to raise the standards of the amateur stage.

But its greatest work is bringing the stage to the people; its intellectual benefit to the community. If the idea of a university is not only to train you for your own benefit, but also for the benefit of your community, then this should be a valuable addition to our training.

As was said at first, the bleak, old platform is now a well-equipped stage.

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FROM THE AVE MARIA:

“Even the Chinese of Chicago are rejoicing over its new cardinal. The *Kung Shang Yat*, a tri-weekly newspaper of the city, has published several articles “to show our participation in the joy of the important appointment.” An editorial contributor (Mr. George B. Chao, of the University of Notre Dame), writes: ‘We congratulate the new cardinal and the citizens of Chicago. Cardinal Mundelein will have a great influence on the American morale and on education, also in the Catholic Church. His promotion is a new glory of the country, a great honor to Chicago. Pius XI. contemplates the whole situation of the world, and intends to raise the United States as the leading nation amongst Catholic countries. So he summoned Archbishop Mundelein and Archbishop Hayes to Rome, and appointed them cardinals.’

“As Mr. Chao’s translation of his very interesting article is beyond our comprehension in places, we can give only a few lines of it.”

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LUNAR LOG.

MARCH SUMMARY.

THE MOST outstanding event in this month of leonine breezes and lamb-like zephyrs was the presentation of the Laetare Medal to Charles Donagh Maginnis, distinguished Catholic architect of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Maginnis is a worthy recipient of this forty-first D. S. C. in the army of Catholic laymen for his devotion to his chosen profession has found its greatest exemplification in the designing and construction of schools and churches and shrines, beautiful, stately and impressive. In a more prominent place between these covers Mr. Maginnis' virtues and accomplishments are lauded with fine thunder and lest I should be accused of stealing some of that thunder let us go on to other less prominent occurrences.

Father Catapang, dear to the students of Sorin Hall and well remembered by all the students on the campus, returned to the diocese of Lipa, Philippine Islands, late in March. In the short while that Father Catapang was at Notre Dame he became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the campus. He was an excellent teacher, a fine friend, and loyal to everything that was of Notre Dame. Father Catapang promises a hearty welcome to any Notre Dame student who should be in his country, and in return the campus wishes Father Catapang 'bon voyage', and the hope that he will return soon again, perhaps to see one of the football games he became so interested in while at Notre Dame.

The Summer School course is to begin on June 25th. The faculty

this year will approach 100 members. Regular courses and post-graduate work will be given. There will be a ten day camping period on the banks of the St. Mary's lake for the training of scoutmasters under the direction of the department of Education with the coöperation of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Father McNamara will head the camp. The attendance at this year's summer school should be very large in view of the extended number of courses and the publicity which has been given the Summer School by those who have been in attendance for the past several years.

Rock is going to stay with us for ten years—if we want him! Iowa mourns, and teams all over the country are beginning to train their preparatory students in expectation of combats with Notre Dame in '29 or '30. Rock always has the Minims, with Gene Oberst as coach, and looks for good material there about the fall of '29. The Duffy Brothers, young Lipowski, Hellmuth, the Fransens, etc., look like good material for the "Irish" of that year,—and there is a Rockne over there who will bear watching when he is big enough to fling forward passes or receive them.

T. A. Daly arrives, talks on the "Fun of Being Irish," and departs leaving us chuckling, and glad that we are Irish.

Mark Nolan, he of the smooth smile and persuasive manner, the only Mark that has risen and risen, instead of going down and down in the last four years, won a qualifying place in the intercollegiate contest guarded the constitution so excellently that there was no denying him a place. Mark goes to Northwestern

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now, but only to enter the finals and will be back shortly after winning honors there.

The S. A. C. had a Carnival—Sh—
—h—h—h! Not a word! Quiet!

As this issue goes to press many tuxedos are doing likewise in preparation for that most magnificent affair known as the Junior Prom, fostered by the Junior Class with John Moran and 'Gil' Schaefer leading the parade. Organdy, silks, satins, and white fronts, the shimmer of head bands and blue eyes, the twinkle of dainty shoes, the flash of buckles—gay music, happy laughter, the Prom! Congratulations to the men responsible for it. Jean Goldkette's Detroit Orchestra has been secured and some of the finest music ever heard at Notre Dame is expected.

Politics crept in on Notre Dame during the Spring. Republican Clubs and Democratic Clubs are formed and noted speakers are coming. The Scholastic is non-partisan! 'Ray for Coolidge! 'Ray for Al Smith! 'Ray for Ralston! 'Ray for Magnus Johnson! 'Ray! 'Ray!

The S. A. C. awarded charms to all the Blue Circle members and the meeting was well attended. The work of arranging Homecoming, tag days, campus activities, were thus rewarded.

During the first week of April news of the death of Mr. Walter George Smith recipient of the Laetare medal of last year was received. Mr. Smith died in Philadelphia following a stroke of apoplexy. Prayers were offered for him.

Notre Dame steps faster than De Pauw and wins 81-45. Oberst stars at the javelin throw! Gene will soon

have so many gold medals and gold watches that he will be worth his weight in gold—which is going some! Hope you like Paris, Gene!

Interhall nines get under way and the Varsity makes southern trip winning four of six games played. Curley Ash and Dunne suffer injuries. Both men were going at top form, hitting and fielding in fine fashion when the accidents occurred. Dunne will be back on the game shortly with the 'old war club' and then watch out conference and scouts! Bill Sheehan has a good club this year and Tom Coman tells all about it back at the end of this section.

Dick and Frank Lightfoot put on a show for the Day-Dodgers. A great success! Jim Withey, tell 'em about it!

The announcement of the program for the Senior Ball was made by Don Gallagher and O. A. Desmond, recently. Dance after dance and event after event crowd upon one another for five glorious days. The Ball week will open on Wednesday afternoon with a baseball game between Minnesota and Notre Dame.

Wednesday night there will be an informal dance at the Oliver Hotel. Friday night—the Ball!

The Orchestra secured for the Ball is Benson's Chicago Orchestra, Victor Recording Artists, with Don Bestor as Director. It is an eleven piece orchestra, one of the finest in the country. These artists start on a tour May 15th, and will be at Notre Dame on May 23rd. From here they go to Atlantic City, making a number of stops en route.

On Saturday afternoon there will be the State Track meet at Cartier

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field, and Saturday night a theater party at the Blackstone theater. Special acts from Chicago have been secured for this night and several hundred seats reserved for Seniors and their guests. Quite an affair! The two formals Thursday and Friday will, of course, make it necessary to have a double supply of shirts and collars, fellows—don't forget that! Don and 'Des' are expecting every senior to attend and guarantee a good time for all—be there!

What else is there? Oh, yes—Governor Harding addresses Republicans; the K. of C. have Martin Carmody and Brother Barnabas address them on education and the boys; Miss Murphy draws the cover for the successful "Girls' Number" of the Juggler; Easter vacation is announced and most of the boys go home. Some stay to work on theses and of course—don't.

The 'magnolias' or 'tree tulips' in front of the Main Building are blossoming and of course Spring is here. If any further signs are needed—the side doors of Carroll and Brownson are opened and rhubarb has appeared on the refectory tables!

JAMES F. HAYES.

THE MINSTRELSY OF MANY.

As producers of an annual commodity to be labelled "An Entertaining Evening," the Monogram Club seems bent on filching the dewy laurels commonly supposed to be the exclusive property of one Flo Ziegfeld. This year's edition was presented in Washington Hall on the

evenings of March twentieth and twenty-first; "Absurdities of 1924" was the title; and hearty laughter, served with much applause, evidenced the verdict of its audiences. Nothing but foolishness from beginning to end, of course; but such hilarious, idiotic, downright *funny* foolishness as it was!

Consider the beginning of the whole affair. After Harry Denny's Orchestra had played a while, the house was darkened and there began a mysterious thump—thump—thump on the piano away down in the pit. It might have been a South Sea tom-tom, so monotonous were the regular beats; it might have been a St. Edward's minim practicing his daily half hour, so elementary were the chords that sounded; it might have been almost any sort of a demented creature, rocking in a pleasant little agony and whimpering now and then. Of course these were all wrong guesses; it was simply accompaniment, and what it accompanied we discovered when the curtain rose at last. Two rows, one behind the other, of men in monogrammed sweaters, each man's arms around the shoulders of his neighbors, stretched from one side of the stage to the other. And as the front row swayed, to the accompaniment of that maddening dirge, from right to left, the back row rocked on rubber heels from left to right; then reverse, then over again, until the ruddy frieze of faces seemed to swim the crests of blue-gold waves. Very simple, when you came to investigate the mechanics of it, but original and most effective. Just as does the first act of a Shakespearean tragedy, so did that opening strike the keynote

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of all that was to come; even the most near-sighted did not have to strain his eyes to perceive that a happy two hours had hove in view along the horizon.

The good time began immediately. Frank McGrath and Harry Stuhl-dreher, assisted now and then by the rocking chorus, sang of various campus institutions and celebrities, all the way from morning prayer to Brother Hugh. Periodically in the midst of the festivities, would come forth the words "The great Universitatis Nostrae Dominae" — words which we have since heard and sung in so many off-keys that they are slightly worn with use; but they were good then, and new. Followed a neat little parody on "Gunga Din" which served to introduce Abie Zoss, the faithful water boy. A startling interruption occurred when Lester Grady, as Joe Alumni, came dashing up from the audience to ask for a remembrance of the older members of the Club. His demand was met most satisfyingly in the song which followed—at least the audience was satisfied, and Lester seemed to be, although he did not say much as he retired to the wings. Perhaps he was concealing his tears.

Next came on the Three I Tracks—that uproarious sketch which seems likely to go down in history. Frank Milbauer as Sophie, the sweet St. Mary's senior, was the inspiration for the villaining of Jim Crowley and that uproarious sketch which seems the dashing rescue by Harry Stuhl-dreher. In a breath-taking climax, little Sophie managed to be saved from the on-rushing train—fortunately without losing a pound.

Rex Enright, all alone on the bare,

blank stage sang as delightfully and as discordantly as possible. Frank Kolars' clever parody, "Sitin' on the Side Lines." And after him, the minstrels. With Jim Swift as interlocutor and Red Maher, George Koch, Jim Crowley and Frank McGrath as end men and general cut-ups, the minstrel jokes and songs and dances registered with amazing accuracy. Then, while the sets were being changed, Eddie Luther wielded the megaphone and announced the progress of the great match for the checker championship. "The Wild Bull of the Campus," the sketch which was next revealed, was the hit of the program. As a splendidly written and presented piece of scientific goofing, with Dick Lightfoot on the receiving end, and then abruptly on quite the opposite end, this little act was the funniest and therefore the most successful thing in the show. After the laughs had subsided, the Monogram chorus directed by Joe Casasanta, sang several numbers in excellent harmony, including the notorious Gaboon Song, which, in spite of its title, or maybe because of it, seems destined to become a permanent addition to the Notre Dame library of music.

A pleasant thing about the "Absurdities" is the fact that the little local doings that we all know and joke about formed the backbone of its comedy. Another pleasant thing is the consciousness that from beginning to end the show was done by students and alumni of the University. The directing, the managing, the writing of book, lyrics and music, were all taken care of by Frank Kolars, Vincent Fagan, Joe Casasanta, Vic Labeledz, and Harvey

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Brown. Don't ask what each of these men did; they worked in unbelievably complicated combinations which are all duly noted in the program and which you may there consult, if details do not give you a headache. At any rate among and between them they concocted a genuinely clever show, and with the Monogram Club presentation, it scored high in entertainment value. What more could you ask?

Exactly three weeks after the opening of the Monogram "Absurdities," the curtain rose on another new production—this time the Day Students' vaudeville show. Due to a most efficient publicity agent, we were kept well informed of the progress of this entertainment, so that when it was finally revealed, a good sized audience was present, in search probably, of relief from Lent and a week of exams. This is the first attempt of the Day Students (capitalized because they are now an organized body—incorporated so far as we know) to do anything on the campus besides dodge from car to class and back again. For the success of this attempt, there are good reasons, one being the sponsorship of Father Holderith, and another the management and direction of Dick Lightfoot who seemed to be everywhere, doing everything at one and the same time.

The best thing about the show is that the promises made in the prologue were lived up to in the acts which followed. Unless you heard said prologue, delivered quite confidently by Laurence Deeter over his walking stick and the footlights, you have no idea what a large idea that was to satisfy. The Glee Club Quar-

tette, good-looking and harmonious as ever, whiled away a pleasant ten minutes in a familiar, informal atmosphere. Dick Lightfoot and Charles Springer came on in a blackface act, determined to garner the first laughs of the evening. They succeeded rather admirably and retired after solving the intricate question as to whether or not cats go to heaven when they die. William J. Furey offered a song cycle which was almost too good to be true—well selected, tuneful, and sung with fascinating smoothness; quite different from the usual vaudeville soloist who is either irritatingly inadequate or else just wearisome. They always say that the accompanist aided in enhancing the singer's art—as often untrue as not. This one did, though, for which feat bouquets should be tossed in the general direction of Arnold Alexander, as his name happens to be. Mr. Furey's act had individuality and appeal—two things which made it outstanding in the bill.

We have heard so much said of the "Amen Corner," both before and after its presentation, that there is no sense in adding more here. It was an original idea cleverly worked out, one bound to appeal to an audience; that is the long and short of the success of this act. The book, lyrics, and music for this piece of silent pantomime were done, as the program informs us, by John F. Stoeckley. As evidence that authorial success has not turned his head, we hasten to add that Mr. Stoeckley himself, in person and undisguised, appeared in one of the most difficult roles in the playlet—a striking fact which the usually reliable DAILY neglected to mention in its review of this offering. The

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last act of this section of the bill was a musical fantasy in which three violins and a piano were manipulated respectively — and respectably — by Bernard Schmitt, Arnold Small, Sidney Eder and Joseph C. Ryan. It was a nice little act, too, with capable assisting artists in Miss Irene Savage, danseuse, and Richard Griffin, tenor.

“The Bishop’s Candlesticks,” a dramatic incident from ‘Les Misérables,’ served to introduce the hitherto unknown talent of Francis Lightfoot who enacted Jean Valjean with force and personality. Dick Lightfoot the versatile, was convincing as the Bishop, and Lester Grady wore the brilliant uniform of the brigadier of gendarmes and represented the majesty of the law. The inimitable Charles Butterworth created much laughter in his monologue “A day at the Rotary Club” and incidentally walked off with a large share of the honors of the program. The headliners, Harry Denny and his Orchestra, played as only they can—played and played and still the audience clamored for more. Frank Howland, the drummer, gave in to their entreaties and staged a couple of little impromptu features which were individual, to say the least. It was an act with class and finish, a suitable close to a bill which was quality all the way through.

Well that’s about all. We are crafty and we look to the future. We can say no more than that we hope to see the Monogram Club and the Day Students, Inc., back again in Washington Hall next year.

JAMES A. WITHEY.

MARK NOLAN, ORATOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Nolan contributed the first Mark to their since distinguished son but that gentleman has been making his own ever since. The frequency with which the title orator is misused only serves to magnify the value of a genuine public speaker. Certainly in the case of Mark Nolan the term is not a misnomer.

The well chosen words backed up by an active and able mind have been familiar to Notre Dame audiences since Mark Nolan entered school. He won two oratorical contests in his Freshman and Junior years and has been a member of the debating teams during his entire course; but it has been during this, his senior year, that he has become deservedly known as one of the better university orators of the country.

With a brilliant and convincing defense of the Supreme Court, “The Guardian of the Constitution,” Nolan won the Breen medal over the most able and talented competitors. By this victory he won the privilege of representing Notre Dame in the Indiana State contest. His appreciation of the honor was evidenced by another victory at Indianapolis over the best orators of Indiana. By this fresh achievement Nolan entered the qualifying contest for the eastern divisional meet which was held in Washington Hall. Here again he carried the school banner to a higher niche by defeating picked orators from schools throughout this section of the country. In the final inter-state oratorical contest held at Northwestern University, Nolan rewarded the confidence of his school and the state by placing third in a field of orators re-

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presenting the ultra-talented of fourteen states.

From this brief resume of the achievements of Notre Dame's orator par excellence, the claim of Mark Nolan to the title of orator is put outside the pale of doubt. Consistency and ability have been the two factors which have advanced him so steadily from a quaking Freshman victor to a modest but confident contender for the highest laurels of oratory. When it is remembered that the debating teams have also profited through the talents of the generous orator, his efforts in both oratory and debate take on added merit. Nolan is taking law, the foster-father of oratory, and even Justice will raise the blindfold to see who this new luminary of the bar may be.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

THE JUNIOR PROM.*

Even the most enthusiastic hadn't

*Note: All adjectives in this article are the sole property of the author. (*The Editor.*)

expected so much. It was a joyous, colorful party, masterfully arranged and excellently put into effect. The magnificent Palais Royale, where so many previous university affairs have been held, was made to represent in convincing fashion a lovely Japanese garden. Lattice work, entwined with red roses and greenery, disguised the surroundings to such an extent that one felt that here was a delightful Spring dance being conducted in some inviting romantic place. Superior to any preceding party of its kind the Junior Prom of nineteen hundred

and twenty four possessed a distinct atmosphere of paramount quality.

A reception from nine until ten-thirty opened the festivities, the Big Five orchestra playing. At ten thirty the Grand March led by John R. Moran, Junior Class president, and Miss Dorothy Harris took place. From that time until two-thirty Jean Goldkette's orchestra displayed a type of music that has already brought them renown as radio performers and as entertainers at the Detroit Athletic Club. Everyone was delighted with the favors. Each girl received a gold vanity case, on which was engraved "N. D. '25," and each man a combination card case and note pad of blue-grained leather.

A Maypole dance in harmony with the Spring-like environment added a touch of novelty to the ceremonies. It was an unusual feature. The Prom song, "Smile All The While," written by Gerald Hassmer, was sung by Vernon E. Rickard.

The chaperones follow: Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. David E. Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reichert, Mr. J. E. McCarthy, and Mr. Paul Fenlon.

The members of the Prom committee did their work well and the dance gave unmistakable evidence of their efficiency. Gilbert Schaefer, general chairman, has given every spare moment during the last few months to the dance, and its success may be traced largely to him. The Juniors have conducted a Prom that ranks supreme among social happenings in the history of Notre Dame.

J. C. RYAN.

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IN MEMORIAM.

FRANCIS PATRICK WALSH.

Francis Patrick Walsh of Brownson Hall died at 10:38 o'clock, Sunday, April 6, after a heroic but futile struggle for life. It was found to be necessary for him to undergo an operation for mastoid. Complications followed and he had no chance for recovery.

Having rallied sufficiently to receive the sacraments, his was the privilege of a happy death. A solemn high mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul two days later. He was buried in Cleveland, Ohio, his home.

Francis Walsh attended Saint Ignatius' High School in Cleveland. He was very popular in high school as well as at Notre Dame. He came here last fall and registered as a Freshman in the College of Commerce. He liked to swim, boxed once in a while, and two weeks before his death was playing quarterback on one of the football teams in spring practice. Frank has made many friends, especially among the Brownsonites, and these have not forgotten, nor they will forget him.

WILLIAM ALOYSIUS DOCKMAN.

William Dockman, of Brownson Hall, a student in the School of Journalism, died in the College Street Infirmary at Somerset, Kentucky, on April 17, after a railroad accident. He was hurt while on an Easter trip with William Conway, of Freshman Hall, their objective being Lookout Mountain, Tennessee. At this fam-

ous battle ground Mr. Dockman intended to obtain material for an essay.

The accident occurred at 8:30 in the morning, and the injured boy never lost consciousness until he died, at 2:30 in the afternoon.

Through all his sufferings he showed unflinching courage. When Mr. Conway reached his side immediately after he was hurt, William, smiling, stretched out his hand to clasp that of his comrade. Although a doctor nearby helped to stop the flow of blood, it was necessary to carry him twenty miles by rail from Greenwood, where the accident occurred, to the hospital at Somerset. Father Fallon, pastor of St. Michael's Church in Somerset, administered the last sacraments and remained during the operation which followed. In spite of Mr. Dockman's strength and courage the loss of blood and shock combined proved too much. He died peacefully.

William Dockman was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Dockman of Baltimore, Maryland. Before coming to Notre Dame he played football with Mount St. Joseph's, Baltimore. During his first year here he earned the position of center on the Brownson Hall team and was selected for all interhall honors.

Mr. Dockman was one of the best liked among Freshmen. His unflinching good humor and chivalrous independence gained him an unusually large number of friends. A solemn requiem mass for the repose of his soul was read Saturday, April 26, at which the students received communion in a body.

**THE OBJECTIVITY OF COLOR,
SOUND AND TASTE.**

REV. OMER J. CHEVRETTE, S. T. D.,

PH. D., U. J. D.,

Professor of Philosophy.

Statement of the Question:

TO SOME individuals this question may appear to be of an insignificant character; yet it is of the utmost importance in the sphere of reasoning. The fate of science is here at stake; for human knowledge is acquired through the channel of our senses. The most trifling error on this point would lead to the most absurd conclusions, that would be pernicious not only to science, but also to Religion and Morals.

The question to be determined is whether color, sound and taste are objective or subjective beings; in other words, whether color, sound and taste do exist really in nature, in the proper sense of the word, before the sensation, or only in the very act of sensation. In the first hypothesis, these objects of the senses would have an existence independent of the latter; in the second, sensation would be an essential element in their being, and whenever perception would be lacking, there would be neither color, sound nor taste in the proper sense of the term.

Modern Errors:

The modern philosophy, represented by Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant and Spencer, has a definite standing on this point. These men claim that the secondary qualities of things, such as color, sound, taste etc., have no real existence in nature, and that consequently what we perceive

by our senses is solely our own impressions. Berkeley and Hume are more radical than the others; they hold that even the primary qualities such as extension, figure, bulk, etc., are no realities. According to these so-called philosophers, color, sound and taste are produced by the very sensation.

Many natural scientists, whose manuals are much used in American universities and colleges, express the same opinions. Reed and Guthe in *College Physics*: "The word sound is used in two distinct senses; it may mean the sensations reported to the brain by the auditory nerves, or it may refer to the external cause of these sensations."

Hastings and Beach in *General Physics*: "Sound may be defined as a sensation peculiar to the auditory nerves."

Garhart in *College Physics*: "Color itself has no objective existence. It is the response of sensation to the stimulus of light."

J. G. Mitchell in *Principles and Practice of Telephony*: "Sound is a mental impression created by vibrations of the ear drum."

McMeen and Miller in *Telephony*: "Sound is the effect of vibrations of matter upon the ear."

But it is somewhat queer to notice that after they have denied any real existence to color and sound, they build up a well-developed treatise on their properties. I cannot imagine why they should take such pains to analyze color and sound, if they do not exist! This is a constant contradiction that renders their definition null and void.

Einstein, the famous scientist, in his theory of relativity is somewhat

influenced by this subjectivism without probably suspecting it. He claims that should a man stand at an equal distance from two lights, and the latter be put on together, these lights would be simultaneous for him; this is perfect. Nevertheless, in case he would be at an unequal distance from them, no simultaneousness would exist for him, because he would perceive them successively. This theory implies that simultaneousness is caused by the sensation, and the truth is what it appears to be; it is something purely subjective. We allow that the perception is successive in this case; but the latter does not destroy the simultaneousness existing in nature. Suppose another human being would stand at an equal distance at the same time; for the latter the two lights would be simultaneous, and successive for the former; they would be simultaneous and not simultaneous at the same time. This is a contradiction; the truth is the same for every human being. One cannot build anything scientific on this sandy affirmation.

Michael Maher, S. J., in *Psychology*, p. 159, holds the same view. What is most astonishing is that he pretends to expose the true scholastic doctrine on this question. He makes a quotation taken from Aristotle and St. Thomas tending to prove that color, sound and taste have only a virtual existence in nature, and that they are actualized solely when they are perceived. "This doctrine that colors, sounds, and the other secondary qualities do not exist in objects as they are in the mind has often been cited as a modern psychological discovery. This, however, is a complete mistake. The wide difference

which separates the objective or material conditions of sound, color and the rest from the corresponding subjective consciousness was as firmly and clearly grasped by Aristotle and St. Thomas, as by Locke, Hume, Kant or Herbert Spencer. Sound and color in apprehension he describes as having reached their full perfection, actuality or energy, whilst when unperceived, they exist in the object merely in a *potential* or *virtual* state. . . . Neither light, nor sounds, nor odours would exist in their proper signification as actualities, if all sentient beings were withdrawn from the universe."

This statement is explicit; there is no doubt possible. But Father Maher should be aware that no serious scholastic philosopher ever maintained this doctrine, and that they all base themselves on Aristotle and St. Thomas. The whole scholastic school would have misunderstood these great thinkers! Again the philosophical doctrine of Locke, Kant, Spencer etc. is wholly different from that of Aristotle and St. Thomas. These thinkers are usually logical at least to a certain extent; Father Maher should have suspected that their principles also must have differed. The marriage he performs between the great Stagirite and the petty modern thinkers is a very unhappy one!

If we consider attentively and accurately this quotation of Aristotle, commented by St. Thomas, we discover that the former intended to argue against the Sophists, as St. Thomas himself points out in his commentary. What was the Sophists' doctrine? They maintained that, as the eye does not see, except while it is acted upon, so also the object is not

colored except while it acts upon the eye. This is precisely what Father Maher holds!

"Neither light, nor sounds, nor odours would exist in their proper signification as actualities, if all sentient beings were withdrawn from the universe." So according to him, if the sentient beings be essential for the existence of color, the object is not colored, except while it acts upon the eye; a tree falling down does not produce any sound, except when there is a sentient ear to perceive it; a rose has no odor, except when a sentient being smells it.

From these principles the Sophists concluded that, since reality is something subjective, man is the measure of all things, and the truth is what it appears to be. It follows that a proposition and its opposite are equally true, if they appear to different persons to be true.

It is rather odd to see Father Maher use this passage of Aristotle, in which the latter refutes the Sophists, to confirm their very doctrine!...

Refutation:

In order to do away with the subtle and pernicious error of the Sophists, Aristotle in the passage, cited by Father Maher, makes a distinction between the power of the sense, the power of the object, and the act of both. According to the Sophists, the eye was not capable of seeing; in other words, they denied the sight as a faculty; they admitted only the act of seeing, or the sensation itself. They rejected also color and the other objects of the senses as a power to act on the latter. Color existed only when it *actually* acted upon the eye. Aristotle starts from a fact of ex-

perience, based on common sense; it happens that the being who has the power to hear does not hear actually, or does not always hear, and the being which has the power of affecting hearing does not affect it actually. He draws the conclusion that these two powers possess an existence independent from the act, which is sensation. There is only one act, but there exist two distinct powers to produce it. This act, I repeat, is the sensation; for we know that to perceive anything, the eye must be acted upon by color, and the former must have the power to perceive it; otherwise a blind man could see. But the sense and the color, operating together, produce only one act, which is called perception or sensation.

From the reasoning Father Maher concludes that color exists only *virtually* or in *potency* in nature. On the contrary, it proves that color exists actually and independently of the sensation; but its nature is to be a *power*, or in other words something that *can* act upon the eye in the proper sense of the word. Consequently in case there would be no sentient beings, color would exist anyhow.

Again the sense exists as a *power* in the proper sense of the word, even when it is not actually acted upon by color. Logically, Father Maher should conclude that sight has only a *virtual* existence, since it is nothing but a power like the object. Then sight would exist only in the very act of perception, which is evidently absurd.

The same may be affirmed in reference to the other senses; for, as Aristotle remarks, this reasoning applies to all the senses, since the same process of knowledge, and the same fun-

damental reason exist for all. Furthermore, Aristotle mentions these qualities of sound, color, etc., in the categories, which deal exclusively with *real* being; this would be a contradiction.

This doctrine of Locke, Hume, Kant and Spencer is not indeed a new discovery; it was invented not by the strong intelligence of Aristotle, but by the tortuous mind of the Sophists, and this wonderful invention poisons the whole modern thought.

Reality:

- This proof of Aristotle properly understood and the contradictions of some Physicists, who maintain these absurdities would suffice to produce conviction in our mind. However let us expound other arguments.

Common sense is a sure criterion of truth, provided it remains within the limits of its sphere; the latter is concerned exclusively with easy reasoning, being within the grasp of every man, who enjoys the normal development of his reason. All men but fools and infants are competent to judge in this sphere. Now every one is sure that he sees the colors of this wall, that he hears the sounds produced by this piano, and that he tastes the relish of this ice cream. The booby who would stubbornly deny this, would be regarded as mature for the State asylum. Furthermore those who deny this affirmative behave as if they held the contrary; they are fond of good meals, like the rest of humanity.

But if you see the color, you perceive something else than your own self. It may be the color of your own self; but it will be perceived inasmuch as it is something different

from your sense. How could it be perceived, had it not a real existence in nature? You would perceive nothing; for what has no real existence in nature is nothing. Even in case color would have a *virtual* or *potential* existence, it could not be perceived, because a being can operate inasmuch as it is *actual*. It is obvious that you cannot see the son, who has solely a potential or virtual existence in the father; you must have enough patience to wait till he is generated. So the object, possessing only a virtual existence, could not affect our senses.

The object of our senses is destroyed, and without any object, a faculty cannot operate; in other words, one cannot see, if there be nothing to be seen. The will would never act, if you suppressed good, which constitutes its object. The intellect also would remain inactive, should reality be annihilated. As this reasoning applies properly to all the senses, not only color, sound and taste, but also odor, extension, bulk, etc., would be subjective. The result is that all our senses are paralyzed. They become a useless ornament of the body, and logically we should admit, like the Sophists, that we are all deprived of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch, since without any object, these faculties have no reason of existing.

What is still worse, it is impossible to secure any ideas. There are no innate ideas; they all come from the senses. Those who hold the contrary despise the most elementary experience; for we know that the native-blind have no idea of color, the deaf no idea of sounds. A man possesses only the light of his intelligence, by

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which he is able to form ideas out of the matter, apprehended by the senses, and to judge with the help of the ideas already formed. But unfortunately all the senses are paralyzed. In consequence no idea is possible.

We are imprisoned in our own self; no communication possible with reality. Since all science is the knowledge of reality, we must admit not only that we do not know anything, but also that it is impossible to know anything. This is absolute scepticism with its horrible absurdities and contradictions. An absolute sceptic cannot attach any meaning to his words; he must keep his mouth shut; for by the very act of talking he contradicts himself! He is a real plant, affirms Aristotle, who shows clearly that all these absurdities are contained in germ in the Sophists' doctrine. So when the natural scientists affirm the subjectivity of color and sound, if we take them seriously, their science falls into pieces!

Moreover how could the promoters of this theory account for the fact that everybody in presence of the same object perceive the same thing, when they are placed in the same circumstances, and there is no defect in their organ? Why is it that we feel different sensations, whenever the object differs? Why are we dazzled by the light of the sun, affecting directly our sight, whilst we rest complacently our eyes on the colors of a rainbow? Why are we shocked by a shell blast, whilst our hearing is charmed by the harmonious sounds produced by a symphony orchestra? No satisfactory explanation is possible in this hypothesis.

It would be interesting to examine the conclusions some modern philoso-

phers drew from the principle that the secondary qualities have nothing real. Descartes, intoxicated by the new scientific discoveries, had added to the heap of absurdities already contained in his philosophy the subjectivity of the secondary qualities. Berkeley developed this poisonous germ; he claimed that not only the secondary qualities, but also the primary, as extension, bulk, motion, etc., have no real existence. He comes to the conclusion that there is no matter; the world is nothing but an illusion! Hume takes a step further; he does away with mind, based on the same principle, by which Berkeley had destroyed matter. For him nothing exists but phenomena; he is a pan-phenomenalist. Professor James is more or less imbued with this corrupted philosophy; he maintains that the mind, the personality or the human identity are merely the *present* thought, and that all thoughts are distinct from one another. So suppose a man has two million thoughts in his life, he will be two million distinct human beings. In this hypothesis, the task of a judge becomes desperately hard; the criminal will decline all responsibility on the ground that the thought accountable for the crime has already died away!

No wonder decent people hold in contempt these dreamers, who under the mist and veil of words hide a desperate nothingness, that can allure only the simpleton's mind! They forget the dictates of common sense, the foundation of all right reasoning. This is not philosophy; for the latter is reality. No wonder some real lovers of truth turn to the natural scientists to satisfy their intellectual strivings. It is true that the latter

deal with something more positive, viz., with facts; they should be encouraged in their laborious research. Nevertheless they must always bear in mind that the right conclusions and the proper rules should be drawn from facts; here a great many fail; their conclusions are broader than the evidence of facts. The present question is an instance of that wrong reasoning; there was nothing in their experiments that could entitle them to maintain their erroneous doctrine on this question. The two sources of knowledge are experience and reasoning and neither may be scorned under the penalty of error.

Nature of color, sound and taste:

They are passive qualities existing in external objects. A passive quality is an incomplete power, which needs the agency of an extrinsic cause in order to operate. Color is a passive quality, that *can* affect our sight by absorbing some rays of lights, and by reflecting the others. It is a capacity distinct from the nature of the colored object. We know that in darkness, we cannot perceive the color of a wall, because light is essential to the efficiency of this quality. In the dark, this power of action remains; but without light, it cannot affect our senses.

Sound is a passive quality, that *can* affect our hearing by producing vibrations in a proper medium. Taste is a passive quality, that *can* affect our sense of taste, by the chemical decomposition of a material substance.

When the body actually shows no color or produces no sound, this capacity remains; but it cannot be perceived; for its nature is to be incomplete and to be known solely through

light or through vibrations in a proper medium. By experience we know that a body cannot reveal its presence to us in obscurity by acting on our sight. It may do so however by acting on our hearing. Again a body that cannot produce any vibrations or that produces them in a vacuum cannot be known by us through hearing.

Color and sound are neither merely motion nor vibrations. It is a fact of experience that we are able to know the bodies and to distinguish them by their color and by their sound. But this would be impossible, if color and sound were mere vibrations. The diversity existing between the bodies and the sameness of color and sound, that is constant in the same object are precisely the distinguishable notes by which we know them. If color and sound were mere vibrations, these distinguishable notes would be absent, and the result would be that we could not know the bodies by their color and sound. The specific differences between colors and sounds are not contained in the nature of a vibration; they are the result of this passive quality, which is an accident distinct from the nature of the body.

We may conclude this article by formulating a rule, which, according to my opinion, is the safest guide in the pursuit of truth. *Whenever a conclusion is repugnant to common sense, either your principle is erroneous, or your deduction or induction is bad.* You may not detect the defect in your reasoning; but there is certainly a defect. Common sense is not only the foundation, but also the constant guide of right reasoning.

BOOK LEAVES.

JOSEPH BURKE.

Edgar Valentine Smith, city editor of the Birmingham (Ala.) "News," with "Prelude" won the first prize of the O. Henry Memorial Award for American short stories. Richard Connell, who wrote "A Friend of Napoleon," which appeared recently in the Saturday Evening Post, received second prize, and Elizabeth Irons Folsom, writer of "Towers of Fame," received third prize. The prizes are \$500, \$250 and \$100.

The recent appearance of Mr. Clement Wood in these parts makes a book like "Prancing Nigger" serve to recall what Mr. Wood stressed—that there is a growing American negro literature worthy of our consideration and recognition. This particular volume is a short novel of 126 pages by Ronald Firbank and includes an introduction by Carl Van Vetchen.

The fruits of forty years of observation from unusually advantageous positions are set down in David S. Barry's "Forty Years in Washington." This volume of political reminiscences is said to be crammed full of personalities, anecdotes and other material of interest to the embryonic statesman and student of history. The author is not a superficial observer but has seen things from the inside, beginning as page in the Senate in 1875 when he was but a youngster of 16. With the approach of the national party conventions and the Presidential election this book is particularly appropriate.

A new Catholic weekly, "The Commonwealth," has appeared. Michael Williams is the editor and the publishers are The Calvert Association, Inc. Among its contributors are Papini, Chesterton, Belloc, Padraic Colum, Arthur Machen, Agnes Repplier, Compton Mackenzie and many others. Surely an imposing array!

What is called the first comprehensive book on Modern Art, Sheldon Cheney's "A Primer of Modern Art," has been published by Boni & Liveright. This volume includes a complete outline of modern art move-

ments in their influence on the drama, interior decoration, architecture and industry. Profusely illustrated.

"Enchanted Aisles" by Alexander Woolcott is a collection of stray essays and sketches by the former dramatic critic of the New York "Times."

The story of "A Poet's Youth" revolves around Wordsworth's strange love affair with Annette Vallon in the hectic midst of the French Revolution. Margaret L. Woods has written an entertaining historical sketch around this romance.

The poetry which Katherine Mansfield wrote at intervals throughout her short life has been collected and is published for the first time in "Poems." She died but a year ago and already her short stories are English classics. Her poetry is claimed to be on a level with her prose.

"The Man Lenin" by Isaac Don Levine is a biography of the late leader of the Bolshevik cause and also an analysis of Bolshevism in relation to the socialism of Karl Marx.

Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner" has been recently produced on the stage of the Provincetown Playhouse in New York. The poem was arranged for the stage by Eugene O'Brien.

With the news of the Teapot Dome scandal rating headlines on the first pages of every newspaper in the country a book like "The World Struggle For Oil" appears to be timely. The author is a Frenchman, Pierre l'Espagnol de le Tramerye, and the English translation is by C. Leonard Leese.

"The Man Who Died Twice" is the title of Edwin Arlington Robinson's latest poetic production. The publishers say it "is entirely typical of Mr. Robinson's genius and its ironical philosophy and its austere technique."

Recently there was sold a copy of Father John B. Tabb's "Poems," the poet's first book, privately printed in Baltimore in 1883. This "editio princeps" brought \$175.

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The first issue of *Phantasmus*, a new literary monthly, is announced for May. It "has no hobbies" and is to be published in Pittsburgh. Sherwood Anderson, Alfred Kreyborg, Herbert S. Gorman and Louis Untermeyer have contributions in the first issue. It is to cost 50 cents a copy.

"What is Your Name?" (More "Yale Talks") by the Dean of the Divinity School, Yale University, and Pastor of the University Church, Charles Reynolds Brown, is a collection of addresses given before the undergraduates of Yale.

George Moore's "Conversations in Ebury Street" is an edition of one thousand copies only of the great English stylist's literary reminiscences including his latest contributions and criticisms to modern art, life and literature.

Reminiscences of the type of fiction which poured in great quantities from the presses during the late War period come fleeting back at the announcement of new book by Private Peet. It will be recalled that his war books sold in astonishing numbers during the years when we were "making the world a better place to live in." The author appears to have undergone an alteration in his attitude towards war for "The Inexcusable Lie" is a plea for pacifism.

Still another recent Irish literary production (this seems appropriate since these notes are being collected on the eve of St. Patrick's day) is from the pen of the winner of the 1923 Nobel Prize for Literature, William Butler Yeats, who has just published "Plays and Controversies." This volume contains several plays, some old and some new, and a series of notes on the Irish Dramatic Movement.

"The Adventurers" is the kind of a book you should bring to your little brother when you go home at Easter. It is Mau-

rice Francis Egan's last book. On account of the recent death of the author and also because of his connection with Notre Dame this book should interest our particular locality. It is not intended for adults, and is published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Jester," Columbia University's humorous monthly has compiled an anthology of verse, "The Jester Book of Columbia Light Verse." The poems are gathered from various undergraduate magazines since 1870. The list of contributors include such names as Brander Matthews, John Kendrick Bangs, Frank Dempster Sherman, Joyce Kilmer, James S. O'Neale, Irwin Edman and Robert A. Simon. The publishers announce that the volume will have a frontispiece.

—The sensational success of Papini's "Life of Christ" in this country—a success so extraordinary that it has spurred mail-order houses into issuing cheap editions, and prompted serial publication by a sensational newspaper—has led the publishers, Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Co., to bringing out Papini's earlier book, "The Failure." It is an auto-biographical account of his life up to the moment when he began to feel interested in the history of Our Lord. There is, indeed, no touch of the Christian in this volume; the whole thing is an orgy of dissection, vehemence, confession and complaint, produced by a man who seldom plays anything but a brass trumpet. He is modern, and believes in noise; he is Southern, and has faith in fire. There is certainly, as yet, too much of Nietzsche in this author, and too little of St. Francis. But may there not also be something of Dante in Signor Papini—a something that will wrest an echo from this modern world, so deaf and so overwhelmed with commotion? With considerations like these, the reader will probably put aside "The Failure" without any strong resolve to take it up again.

REVIEWS.

"ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI," By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON; George H. Doran Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.

—Can anything new be said about Saint Francis? one wonders, looking over the tall list of books and treatises which have dealt with him. During centuries the religious life of the Church found in him an approach to the Saviour; and finally the nineteenth century, which cast aside the Church as outworn, discovered in the Poor Man of Assisi something which it believed was new. Franciscanism is religion, is poetry, and is also science, in the sense that it is a working theory of the ascetic life. Surely all of these things have been pointed out by learned men and people of experience. And so one does not approach the little book by Mr. Chesterton with any feeling of being introduced to the new and the unexplored.

Nevertheless this life is new because it is modern—almost ultra-modern. "I am here addressing the ordinary modern man, sympathetic but skeptical," says the author. And again, "though I am certain of failure, I am not overcome by fear; for he suffered fools gladly." We plunge therefore directly into the World St. Francis found, with the aid of what is probably the best chapter in this story. It is best, I think, because Mr. Chesterton has a grip on history, especially when it exists as background, which he scarcely has as a psychologist. How the twelfth century was merging in the thirteenth, closing thus a murky period of expiation; how in that merging there were clustered all the human questions which European civilization has been trying to answer since; and finally how St. Francis came suddenly out of this twilight, awful and yet lovely, as if he had captured upon his countenance the look of Christ. "He stood," says the book, "with his hands lifted, as in so many statues and pictures, and about him was a burst of birds singing; and behind him was the break of day." To have read so far will be sufficient reward for getting the book.

And even if it must seem to some that in the following portions of his Life Mr. Chesterton has made the Saint's picture indis-

tinct with too much fireworks, it remains a portrait that one can look upon with pleasure and sympathy. The fireworks in this book are really tinged with fire—eagerness of the convert, confidence of the life-long disciple. "Le Jongleur de Dieu" is the title of one chapter, too French possibly, but then through the French better suited to northern eyes who *will* see everything Roman and southern as if it were soft lyric dreaming and not possibly the burning bush of God. You cannot come away from reading this part of Mr. Chesterton's book feeling that St. Francis was a nice person who insisted upon being a Saint; you will either shut the thing up tight or rise with some understanding of the rough manly marching of the Christian hero. You will see him cross swords with himself before laughing at the Sultan's scimitar; you will know that he had wrung the neck of desire before going out walking with the Wolf of Gubbio.

That is a service. It is another to have written the words of lyric truth—since it is well, nowadays, not to speak of mysticism—which fit so well into those final pages that deal with the "Testament of St. Francis. "He understood down to its very depths the theory of thanks; and its depths are a bottomless abyss. He knew that the praise of God stands on its strongest ground when it stands on nothing. He knew that we can best measure the towering miracles of existence if we realize that but for some strange mercy we should not even exist."

Of many Saints' lives we say that they are excellent reading for Lent. Here is one to get hold of after Easter.

—G. N. S.

"HALF GODS," By LYNN MONTROSS; George H. Doran Company, New York. Price, \$2.00.

—Those who have read "Town and Gown" and given it credit for keen impressionistic writing, whatever may have been their opinion of its fundamental truth or worth as art, will not be able to plough through the present volume without regret and disappointment. This story of Frances Leeper and a small town has been done before and done better. An attempt is made,

of course, to introduce what *Main Street* overlooked: the church. But the result is so tedious that one can feel rejoicing that Mr. Lewis stopped where he did, and regret that Mr. Montross ever started. "Old Mark Herbolsheimer was not much given to imagination, except when drunk, and probably did not anticipate a time when commuters would start from a brick station on the site of his hog-pen at 8:01 and be in their offices in La Salle Street at 8:45," the first sentence of this novel reads, very entertainingly no doubt. And the last says, thoughtfully, "Yes, it's delicious." What lies between may be overlooked by the designing reader with no great loss. Of course Mr. Montross looks like a man who can write: but in the end you declare, "How he can write!"

— P. F. A.

"FIDELIA." BY EDWIN BALMER; Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. Price, \$2.00

—Miss Fidelia Netley, the heroine of this rather prosaic but none the less fascinating story, enters Northwestern University as a Senior. At this institution there is also entered David Herrick, a promising Senior who besides carrying full work, has earned twenty-nine hundred dollars during the year selling automobiles—the major portion of which sum is devoted to the support of his father's family. The father is a minister of the Gospel. Davis himself is in love with Alice—a very nice and practical young woman; but enter suddenly Fidelia, whose gypsy ways and alien splendor charm David to the extent of making him marry her finally. But it turns out that she had been married before, and thought her husband dead. This upsets the tranquility of the Herrick domestic circle, already roiled considerably by the theology of the elder Herrick. Enter very appropriately the revelation that Fidelia's first husband is still living; a war; several deaths and births; and a new marriage to Alice. All this is quite as it should be, for Fidelia, though a charming dear, is utterly undomestic. Mr. Balmer's book is sturdily written, keeps a clean eye on the familiar details of the every day, and is reminiscent in every way excepting that of style of William Dean Howells.

—F. P. A.

"ENCHANTED AISLES," BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT; G. P. Putnam's Sons; New York. \$2.50.

—A short time ago, Mr. Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic extraordinary, undertook to play the part of King Henry VIII in Baring's *Catherine Parr*—this at the earnest behest of Mrs. Fiske who was giving a benefit. Gene Markey sagely remarked that it was comforting to see that his performance was infinitely worse than any actor's that he had ever "panned." All this proves, one supposes, that the cobbler should stick to his last, and that Mr. Woollcott would do well to keep the orchestra pit between him and the stage.

In "Enchanted Aisles" Mr. Woollcott who is, according to the pet publication of his friend Frank Crowninshield, "the American Drama's best pal and severest critic," is running his own show to suit himself with an all-star cast such as even William A. Brady never assembled. Surely after his unkind critics read it they will forgive his lapses as the connubial king.

His essay on Duse is outstanding. Of her he says: "When she moves across the stage it is as though the loveliest sculpture you had ever seen were come magically to life before your eyes. She is *right* as the winged Victory is right—as inexplicably and as satisfyingly." Only once during his wanderings in the theatre has Mr. Woollcott seen this instinct thus embodied. The other player happened to be a clown. His name is Charles Chaplin.

In "An Open Letter to a Lady" Maude Adams receives her full share of encomium, and John Drew, of course, is given his just due as the first gentleman of the American stage.

Naturally, any book bearing the title "Enchanted Aisles" could never overlook the man who has done more in his sphere to enchant the aisles than any of his contemporaries. Charlie Chaplin receives a most just estimation; Woollcott defends what the parvenus among the intelligentsia deplore as his boisterous comicalities, and does not hesitate to say that "after all Chaplin does not rattle around in the word genius." It is a soul-satisfying experience for those who laugh at Chaplin's syncopated feet to see him extolled by so notable a per-

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sonage as the reviewer of the *New York Herald*.

Fortunately, Woolcott does not altogether confine himself to his own province, but wanders far enough afield to include De Pachmann, "The Paris Taxi-driver," Booth Tarkington and Stephen Crane in his *dramatis personae*, "Copey" is reminiscent of Clayton Hamilton's tribute to Brander Matthews, and his sketch of the Berton woman who cooked omelets for the American soldiers during the war proves pretty well that he is one of those unusual creatures who, as Freshman wrote, are "writers as well as critics."

The division of Woolcott's book is wise as well as amusing. The first part is "Enthusiasms," the second "Resentments." And he is so infectious an enthusiast that it is fairly impossible not to enthuse with him. So far as resentment is concerned, he is too benevolent to harbor any very deep grudge.

THE FLOWER IN DRAMA," BY STARK YOUNG; Charles Scribner's Sons; New York. \$1.25.

—Among the many books on the drama which have been published recently, Stark Young's "The Flower in Drama" holds a prominent place, not only because the author knows the theatre, but because he knows how to write entertainingly. Mr. Young belongs to that theatrical group of which Eugene O'Neill is perhaps the most famous member; it was he who was responsible for what Gordon Whyte called the "static" staging of O'Neill's current play, "Welded," and of him O'Neill says, "Praise be, he can be creative without being 'constructive' in his criticism." Mr. O'Neill should know.

These essays—many of them are reprinted from *The New Republic* and the *Theatre*

Arts Magazine—set forth what Young believes to be the fundamental principles of art, with their application to contemporary manifestations in the theater. He appears to have the same regard for modern drama that Professor Brander Matthews has for the classic school, and than that nothing more can be said. He has a profound respect for the ability of one Charles Spencer Chaplin, a fondness for the Italian method of acting, and a soft spot in his heart for Molnar's "He Who Gets Slapped," if one may judge from the many references to it.

What is perhaps the most illuminating essay in the collection is that called "Acting," in which he defends it as an art, then discusses the actors' qualifications and gives what is by no means the conventional doctrine on illusion. "The desire for illusion in acting," he says, "is a childish weakness. One can understand it humanly; but after all it is too much like a monkey's delight in front of a mirror. Deception as an end in art brings us to nonsense." And again, "If actors have no technic and no imagination, half our life in the theatre is fallow in us; the poetic sides of the theatre remain unembodied."

The chapter on the No plays is exceedingly interesting, and is valuable if for no other reason than that Japanese drama is next to unknown in America. For that matter, even the Chinese theatre in America, despite "The Yellowjacket" of some years ago, and the old Alcazar in San Francisco at which attempts are made to make it popular, does not receive the attention it deserves.

The title of Mr. Young's book is taken from a quotation of Seami (1363-1444), "If one aims only at the beautiful, the flower is sure to appear," a dictum which those in control of the commercial theater probably never heard of.

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EXAGGERATING MIRRORS.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

Since one of the favorite recreations of man is to denounce the morality of the age in which he lives, one who ventures to do that should tread cautiously, if he tread at all. Since Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden, it has doubtless been the habit of man to hearken back to the "good old days." Evidences of this habit are many. The subject of the writing on a recently found Babylonian tablet, for instance, was the immorality of the age. The essays of great men are often on such a subject, and are frequently so worded that they might even be taken to be remarks on this day. Such even was the subject of the greatest essay of Matthew Arnold, "Sweetness and Light." Such was the subject of other famous essays. Lament the present age as we will, perhaps it is not so bad as it seems while we are yet experiencing it. We are, however, not living in one of the most exemplary of ages—posterity will hardly call it one such. To some of us it seems that we are quite wicked and foolish, indeed, and that we now have one big share of ultra-intellectualism, intelligensia, foolosophy, and flappers. Now that youthful convention is unconventionality; now that the magazine with the largest circulation is one of a type intended for our dear youth; now that this youth has created about all the havoc in moral standards that it can, it seems that we have gone far enough away from normalcy, and have arrived at the time of poise in the swing of the pendulum. If the swings of this pendulum are, however, equally equal, we are in for more of this chaoticism. We have not become so depraved as the people who listened to Boccaccio, nor do all our society gatherings delight in the stories that made the good Queen Bess guffaw and pirouette in-glee. The seeming halt in the oscillation of the pendulum may be merely illusory, due to a view from a temporarily false angle.

I am inclined to agree with the wailers that we are now almost all Lord Byrons who look on life with a cynical aloofness, and sneer at the emotions of those who

grieve at the life vicissitudes of friends, and at the death of Shelley. Just now, it seems, we are dabblers in the mud who think that all life is sordid and that only the dreaming fools see a sun and stars. To me this condition, so logically illogical, is bad, but it is also distorted.

Literature, someone has said in one of those golden nuggets dimmed by constant admiring handling, is a reflection of life. Literature then, should be a good barometer of our moral state. If taken as such the yowls of the complainers seem, to a believer in moral standards, to be justified. We are now deep in the mire of naturalism in literature. The best seller may still be the Bible, as we are told, but it is a best seller that is purchased to be put on the middle of the library table, and called great, and not a best seller in the same sense as the books with the violently colored covers and the violently concocted inners. As far as literature is concerned, the most money nowadays is made by trash. The little magazines that Uncle Sam denies the mails are the ones that are most called for at the newstands, the newspapers that profit by lies and exaggeration are the ones with the greatest circulations, and the books written by men who revel in mire are the ones read by those who read most—the younger generation.

Most of these best sellers are about the younger generation, and a great proportion of the total are about college students, loafers, and thrill seekers, people who, it seems, have no serious business in life and who, if they work at all, do it in spare moments, for their adventures take place at any time of the day or night.

Of one of the best known of the most recent college books the astute book reviewer of the sedate *New York Times* remarks: "Not a collegiate experience of importance is missed. Each in turn comes up for review—fraternities, gin, women good and bad, petting parties, religious and moral doubts and questionings—and each in turn gets that same detailed yet realistic treatment." The most thorough inspection of his summary of "collegiate experiences of importance fails to reveal mention of what we had always believed was rather important in college life—studies. Perhaps the author of the book, his fellow

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writers, the book reviewer, and most assuredly, his readers, do not believe that the hours of study are worth consideration, being such incidental digressions.

In the same manner do most of the other wielders of the day's novelistic pen look on life. All of it began in the time of Mr. Ibsen, who was emulated by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wilde and a few others, after them coming a moody troupe of writers whose humor is grim, and who find pleasure in play in the mire while they disregard the beauties of the landscape that surrounds their charming little puddles. Romping about, pen in hand, are other men who do not delight in making mud pies. These are few in number, but they see the puddles in proper proportion, really see life and see it whole, the Conrads, the Mackenzies, Barries, Bellocs, Chestertons, Tarkingtons.

The cynical naturalists are looking with one eye—the eye of the intellect, an eye with a peculiar attraction for the disagreeable which alone it seems able to see. They are even more foolish than the most extreme romanticists, one-eyed, too, but with sight in the eye of the soul, and none in the eye of the intellect. Pure romanticists are happily few; they are like opera singers, so emotional that their opinions are foolish. But in their wildest and purest state they are almost non-existent, being practically impossible, for while man may disregard the soul, he can hardly disregard the intellect and remain outside the confines of a padded cell. Even the most sentimental poet or novelist is not entirely blind in the eye of his intellect. These one-eyed artists are generally quite harmless, and the greatest of them are the Shelleys, Scotts, and Rostands. They are imaginative, given to expressing ecstasy,

fancy, whatever comes to mind, in a manner unrestrained. Only now and then is the other eye so blind that it does not correct the ecstatic vision of the eye of the soul, and the result is a Rousseau.

But the other extreme of literary art is dangerous. It is materialistic and disregards the things of the spirit because it denies the existence of spiritual things, souls. The naturalist focuses his gaze on imperfection and cries out in amazement at the sight of an imperfect world, which is necessarily so, and where the most perfect is yet imperfect, man. It looks on vice, on drunkenness, on divorce, sexuality, and passion, and believes that pictures of these are pictures of life. It is pessimistic, cynical, soulless.

On the other hand, realism is optimistic, sympathetic, human. It is logical, for it is the result of seeing with both eyes, the eye of the intellect and the eye of the soul, each of which influences the sight of, and corrects the other. It best represents life, for it is life as seen by the whole of man—who is compounded of both mind and soul.

But for all its falseness, the literature of naturalism is attractive. Though it is gloomy and purposeless, it has a certain brilliancy of phrase, and a certain cleverness of thought, which combined with its languorous sensibility, makes it desired by those who like the ways of ease and freedom. Because of these qualities and because literature is one of the most convenient means for the contemplation of life, naturalism is the mirror through which most of us are looking at life. But it does not represent life; it maligns life and for the astounded observers of social conditions, presents a grotesquely exaggerated reflection of a moral state that is not, perhaps, so really bad after all.

A LINE O' DOPE OR TWO

Gleaned From Our Exchanges; Let the
: : Critic's Whip Lash Where It May. : :

BY RAY CUNNINGHAM.

HE SHOULD BE IMMORTALIZED.

A certain Harry Skinner at Kansas University boasts of the unique record of having attended school for the past fourteen years without being absent or tardy a single day in that length of time. One might readily infer that such an individual with so uncommon a record would be a bookworm with his nose continually scraping the grindstone, never participating in any school activities. But such is not the case with Harry. He began this splendid record from the first day he entered school and has not yet broken it in college. During his high school days he played halfback on the football team which boasted of an uncrossed goal line; he was a relay and dash man on the track squad; and he was also a member of the baseball team. So far in college, besides being partly self supporting, he has received the freshman numeral for baseball and is now a member of the varsity wrestling squad and a candidate for the baseball team. In addition he is an officer in numerous clubs on the campus and is maintaining a high scholastic standing. Great going, Harry, but who's your Big Ben?

YES? BUT WHO WOULDN'T
BE FICKLE IF SHE WANTED
TO BE IN STYLE?

S. O. S.: Indiana's feminine contingent has proved less fickle in bobbed hair styles than groups of co-eds in western states. Three new styles that have become the rage elsewhere have not peeped in the door of this University.

The "Ponjola" haircut is becoming popular in Oklahoma City and Norman, Oklahoma, and the co-eds of San Marcos Normal in Austin, Texas, are setting the pace by whole-hearted adoption of this freakish style. The "Pineapple" bob is an aftermath of the shingle and in its embryonic stage resembles a poorly perpetrated example of the latter. The "Swanson" bob is the third

new type, and is the least startling of all.

Differing little from the present masculine style of hairdress, the "Ponjola" consists in revealing both the ears, "slicking" back the hair with grease, and cutting it quite short. The name is taken from a recent film of that name, in which Anna Q. Nilsson displays this novel bob. The "Pineapple" bob consists of cutting the hair up the back of the head like a shingle, except that the frayed ends are curled and are not combed out.—*The Indiana Daily.*

THE ICEMAN'S LAMENT.

Tony da barber he say-a to me:
"I make-a da good-a da wine!
You want-a receipt? Me give it-a free
While I shave-a da cheek-a so fine."

I come for da haircut, I no want-a da shave,
But I think-a what Tony he said;
If I make-a da hooch, da money ees save!
So I tell-a heem go-a da head.

He shave-a da face while he spiel da receipt,
An' he tell-a me what-a to do;
Before he ees through da shave ees complete:
"I give-a you nice-a shampoo?"

I no want-a shampoo, but I say-a all right,
An' Tony he go-a right on.
He tell-a me "soak-a da grapes over night"
(An' another half-dollar ees gone!)

He tell-a me dis an' he tell-a me dat,
While he give-a massage an' da shine;
An' when-a da shop of da treatments goes flat:

"Sure! You make-a do fine-a da wine!"

I come for da haircut for fifty da cents,
I spend-a four dollars too mooch!
I try-a to save, I get broker an' bent;
Eet ees cheaper to buy-a da hooch!

—*Fordham Monthly.*

SO WOULD WE ALL.

He failed in Physics, flunked in Chem.
They heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to catch that guy who said
That ignorance is bliss."

—*Wisconsin Cardinal.*



WHAT DID HE DO ABOUT HIS

B. V. D's?

A native from the Amazon
Put nighties of his Gramazon
The reason's that
He was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon.

—*Valparaiso Torch.*

Considerable space has been given in this Dope to barbers and styles of hair-dressing. But we are college students and some day we hope to make money. Certainly a barber can be considered no dummy when he is smart enough to make money using other person's heads. Why go to college and use our own heads?—*S. O. S.*

Historical and Fictional characters who should have been great pals:

Enoch Arden and Griselda.... things would have been much better.

Salome and Captain John Smith.... this would have turned out bad for Mr. Smith's head.

The Prodigal Son and Gilda Gray.... he would never have left home.

Henry VIII. and Solomon.... "Now you tell one."

He: There's just one thing that a high pressure salesman can't sell.

She: What?

He: Balloon tires.

Pete: Let's go down town.

Mike: All right, but I warn you I feel a little dry spell coming on.

Pete: That's all right. I'll see that you get back.

PAGE MR. MUNCHAUSEN.

My friend
Told me that
They had an earthquake
On his farm,
And that it was
So violent
That for three weeks
All the cows
Gave butter.

OUR LITTLE AD.

He never contemplated
Why every girl he dated
His manner always hated,
And would always twist her bean.
But now he's doing better,
He's a regular soubretter.
He's a typical go-getter—
Hooray for listerine!!!

Miss Sally Weeks is loved by all
Co-eds and shieks. Each day they call
Incessantly upon the phone.
They like her for a chaperone.
She's old and harsh, not sweet and kind—
But Sally's blind: oh, very blind....

".....your answer is final?" he asked with drawn lips and a catching tenseness in his voice. "Final," she replied firmly. He turned and walked slowly away, not even hearing the door that she closed on his back. He was debating. Was this the end. Was it all worth it, and were all women like that? He halted, and shook himself, then with a quick gesture he reached in his pocket and taking out letters and papers he tore them into shreds, "There," he breathed finally, "Never, as long as I live will I try to sell another vacuum cleaner."

THE SCHOLASTIC

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

THOMAS COMAN.

SPRING BASEBALL TRIPS.

Winning four games in six starts, the Notre Dame baseball squad in charge of Coach George Keogan finished their annual spring training trip at Cincinnati, Saturday afternoon, April 19th, and arrived at the University Sunday morning.

The 1924 southern jaunt while it proved to be a good training trip for the diamond performers who will represent Notre Dame on the base line this spring, was a costly one, the team being deprived of the services of Curly Ash for the remainder of the season because of a fractured ankle and of Bert Dunne temporarily with a wrenched ankle. Both men were incapacitated when they caught their spikes in the hard ground while sliding into second base in the Transylvania game, April 16, which Notre Dame won, 13-1.

After winning the opening game with Georgia Tech 4-3, the Terriers moved into Knoxville and lost to the University of Tennessee, 7-2. Joe Dawes pitched good ball for the traveling collegians but was given wavering support and the southerners counted five runs on three hits. Dunne's single, an error, Nolan's single followed by another error gave the Irish their only scores. Dawes twirled the entire game and gave a very creditable showing.

Notre Dame_____0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—2-0-5
Tennessee_____0 5 0 0 1 0 1 0 x—7-9-5

Batteries—Dawes and Silver. Powell and Cantwell.

The Terriers suffered their second defeat against Carson-Newman college, 6-4, Tuesday, April 15. Stange on the mound for the local nine pitched effective ball but his support failed him in several innings and a rally in the eighth failed to top the southerner's lead. Nolan hammered out a four bagger to raise the Terriers' score.

Notre Name_____0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 1—4-9-5
Carson-Newman___0 1 0 3 0 1 1 0 x—6-7-0

Batteries—Stange and Silver; Beasley and Rishman.

Coach Keogan's proteges trampled over

the Transylvania college nine in a one sided game, 13-1 in which the Notre Dame aggregation lost the services of second baseman Ash and right fielder Dunne.

McGrath pitched good ball for the locals and let the Kentucky collegians down with four scattered hits. The southerners broke into the error column numerous times and failed to solve the delivery of the Irish slab artist. Nolan counted three safeties and Farrell scored with a four base hit. Both Ash and Dunne came to bat only once before being injured and both men were credited with a hit.

Notre Dame___3 2 0 0 0 4 1 3 0—13 13 2
Transylvania 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0— 4 1 5

Batteries—McGrath and Silver; Thompson, Borders and Gividen.

In one of the best games seen this season in Lexington, the Notre Dame baseball team defeated the Kentucky Wesleyan nine 3-2, Friday, April 18. The date as originally scheduled called for a game with Centre college but because of a muddy grounds the encounter was cancelled.

Dwyer of the locals and Young of the Kentucky collegians staged a pitching duel in which the Terrier moundsman had the better of the argument by six strike outs. The opposition was unable to find Dwyer's delivery after the first frame in which the Panthers garnered their two runs.

Wesleyan_____2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4-2-3
Notre Dame_____1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 x—8-3-3

Batteries—Dwyer and Silver; Young and Clark.

The Notre Dame baseball club completed their annual spring training trip with a 4-0 victory over St. Xavier at Cincinnati, Saturday, April 19. The team as a whole played better ball than at any time previous on the trip. Magevney on the mound for the locals allowed four scattered hits and topped off his work with 11 strike outs. The timely hitting of Silver and Pearson contributed in no small way to the victory. A double play, Sheehan to Vergara to Nolan featured the encounter which was witnessed by a large delegation of Notre Dame alumni.

Notre Dame_____0 0 2 0 0 1 1 0 0—4-8-2
St. Xavier's_____0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0-4-0

THE SCHOLASTIC

NOTRE DAME-DEPAUW TRACK MEET.

Notre Dame opened the outdoor track season for the Gold and Blue with an easy victory over DePauw university in a dual meet, Saturday, April 5. The final score stood 81-45.

Gene Oberst featured the meet with a throw of 195 feet in the javelin, the distance setting a new field mark at DePauw. With the exception of Paul Jones, the Tigers were unable to offer any competition to the Irish. Jones won first place in three events, scoring one-third of DePauw's total points. Jones took the broad jump with a leap of 22 feet, 6 inches and the pole vault with a mark of 12 feet. The diminutive Tiger star came back in the high jump and won that event with a jump of 5 feet, 7 inches.

Three members of the Notre Dame track team scored their first victories in track competition. John Hamlin won the quarter mile run in :53 3-5. Russell O'Hare lead the field to the tape in the half mile race for a mark of 2:07, Joe Gebhardt copped the discus throw with a heave of 116 feet.

Bill Rigney gathered seven points by placing in three events.

The meet was a good conditioner for the local squad but the runners were not pushed to any great extent which coupled with the condition of the track made fast time impossible.

Summaries:

Pole vault—Won by Jones, DePauw; Harrington, Notre Dame, second; Carey, Notre Dame, third. Height, 12 feet.

100-yard dash—Won by Barr, Notre Dame; Smith, DePauw, second; Layden, Notre Dame, third. Time, :10 2-5.

High jump—Won by Jones, DePauw; Brady and Johnson, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 5 ft., 7 ins.

Shotput—Won by Milbauer, Notre Dame; Rigney, Notre Dame, second; Doyle, DePauw, third. Distance, 40 ft., 10 1-2 ins.

Mile run—Won by Kennedy, Notre Dame; L. Meyer, DePauw, second; E. Meyer, DePauw, third. Time, 4:37 1-10.

Broad jump—Won by Jones, DePauw; Brady, Notre Dame, second; Adams, DePauw, third. Distance, 22 ft., 6 ins.

Discus throw—Won by Gebhart, Notre Dame; Fortune, DePauw, second. Rigney,

Notre Dame, third. Distance, 116 ft., 2 ins.

Javelin throw—Won by Oberst, Notre Dame; Rigney, Notre Dame, second; Layden, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 195 ft., 7 ins.

Two mile run—Won by Wendland, Notre Dame; Wilcox, DePauw, second; Keats, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10:25.

High hurdles—Won by Johnson, Notre Dame; Casey, Notre Dame, second; Adams, DePauw, third. Time, :13.

Low hurdles—Won by Zeis, DePauw; Adams, DePauw, second; Johnson, Notre Dame, third. Time, :28 1-5.

440-yard run—Won by Hamling, Notre Dame; McTiernan, Notre Dame, second; Eaton, Notre Dame, third. Time, :53 3-5.

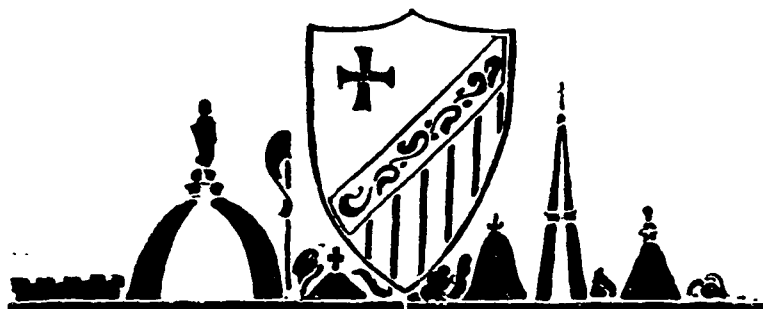
Half mile run—Won by Cox, Notre Dame, second; Myers, DePauw, third. Time, 2:07.

OBERST AND THE JAVELIN.

By setting a new field record in the javelin throw in two of the country's leading track classics within one week, Gene Oberst, Notre Dame's great track and football athlete, placed himself well on the road toward a position on the American Olympic team to compete in the international games in Paris this summer.

The Notre Dame javelin star won the event in the Kansas relays, April 19, with a mark of 197 feet, 6 inches, setting a new field record for the University of Kansas games. The following week, the Kentucky giant competing in the famous Penn relay classic set a new record for the meet with a throw of 196 feet, 5 7-8 inches. The mark, slightly lower than the one registered the previous week at the Kansas games, topped the best that the eastern javelin stars could make. Frieda of the University of Chicago, placed second with a throw of 176 feet. Oberst was not forced to greater effort in the Penn games since his nearest competitor did not in the least endanger his winning mark.

Oberst will face some worthy competition in the Olympic trials in June when he meets such notable performers as Milton Angiers of Illinois who holds the American Intercollegiate record at 203 feet, and Priester of Mississippi. Several other American college javelin throwers have been registering marks hovering around 200 feet.



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