

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

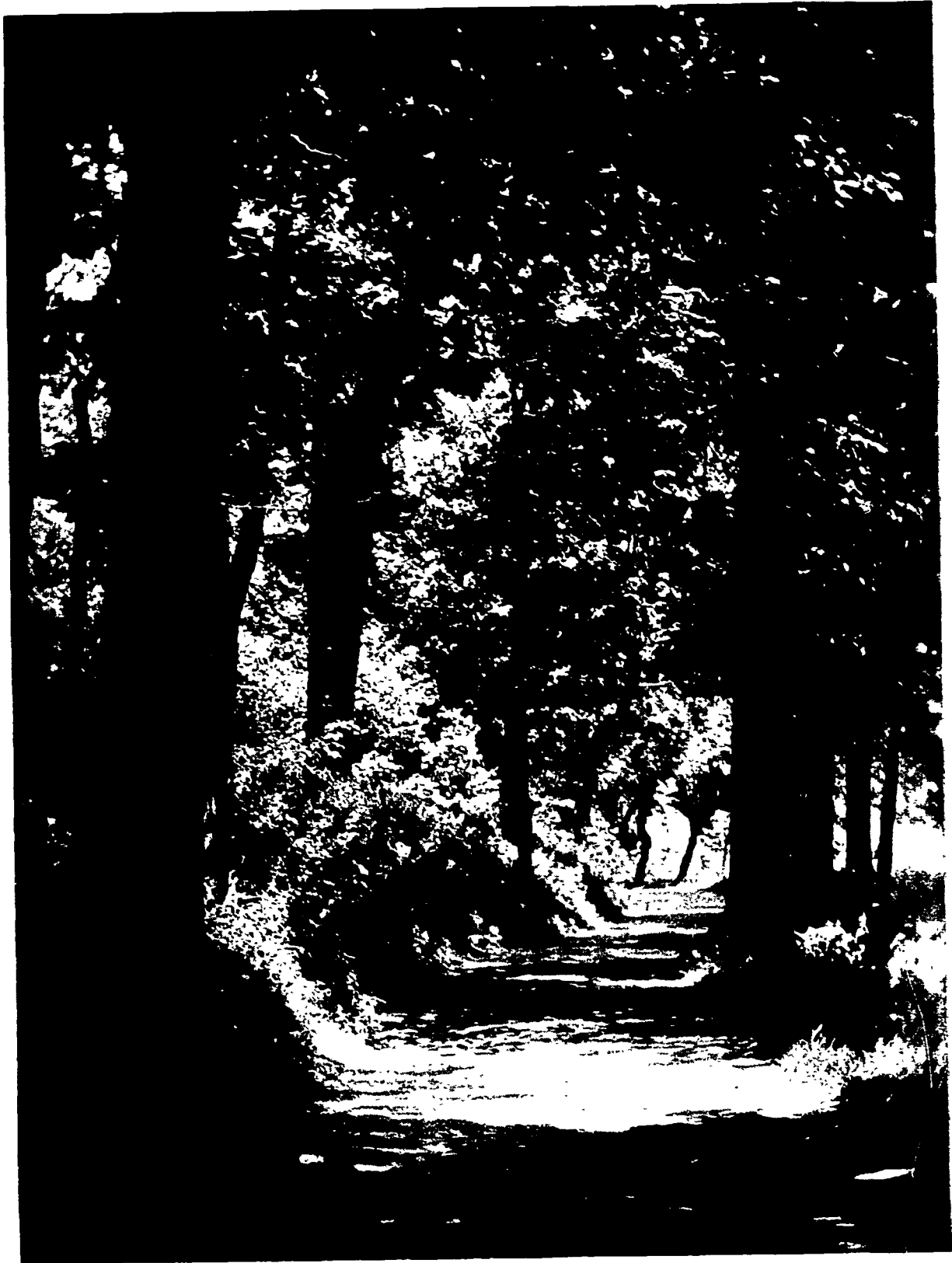
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Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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*One trembling day we met the Spring
Come with a flash of fnch's wing,
Its eager song had a lilting swing;
We turned to follow.*

... THE WEEK ...

Spring, a warm sun, and St. Patrick put a glow into the campus this week whose warmth and light will tide over any frigid relapses to which this part of the world is subject.

The outstanding feature of the week was the appearance of the Glee Club and Sara Ann McCabe. After hearing the results of the training of Dr. Browne and Joseph Casasanta, the reports of the success of the trip into Michigan take on the aspect of inadequacy. The concert also emphasized the part which Notre Dame is playing in the musical world, especially composition. Two numbers written by Dr. Browne, the text of one by Father Charles O'Donnell, and the splendid interpretation of Joseph Casasanta's "Hike Song" added intensity to the interest and maintained the high plane of the entire program. "Come With Me to Romany," sung by the charming Miss McCabe, with the Glee Club, proved to be one of the most popular numbers. The Pennsylvania station has reported innumerable phone calls from Notre Dame on the distance, fare, and topography of Romany. It seems perfectly safe to predict not only a successful but an enthusiastic Easter week trip for the Club.

Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Coulmbus announces the initiation of another class of candidates on Friday evening and Sunday. Report says that the Council goat is well rested from the last initiation and is pawing the knightly cage. In conjunction with the initiation, an issue of the Council magazine, the *Santa Maria*, is imminent. Both of these events form a most interesting occasion on the campus. The growth of the Knights commences to look like the immediate cause of a campaign to make the Union Building materialize.

An important announcement in Notre Dame literary circles is that of the appearance of *Pan*, a new magazine of "youth and poetry" which is being established under the editorship of Professor Charles Phillips and Harry A. McGuire. A board of advisors, comprised of many of the great names in contemporary American Literature, is announced. The appeal is to the poetic spirit of youth, with emphasis upon the poetic. The magazine will furnish an admirable opportunity to the undergraduate writers of Notre Dame and will, if the present plans materialize, reveal Notre Dame nationally in a decidedly creditable light.

Thursday night the Four Horsemen again donned the feed-bag. Which is a terrible way of saying that Messrs. Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller, and Layden were guests of honor of the Villager's Club at a delightful banquet at the Oliver. Paying board would be a losing proposition for the famous Four this winter. The banquet was originally scheduled for Monday night but there was a conflict with the Hibernians, and in a conflict with the Hibernians—the Hibernians held the banquet.

Washington Hall has been breaking all attendance records. The eminently successful Varieties of last week proved that the building was of miraculous construction, playing both nights to a capacity audience that wanted to enter the doors *en masse*. Saturday night another S. R. O. audience learned about women from "Daughters of Today." Father Carey's previous excellent programs, and not this atrocity, were responsible for the crowd. The Glee Club concert on Tuesday night again caused the Hall to take on that "sardinic" look, and no one left till the end.

That's all there is—to tell.



Albert Francis Zahm, M.E., M.S., A.M., Ph.D.

*Albert Francis Zahm**Laetare Medallist, 1925*

THE REV. MATTHEW J. WALSH, C. S. C., President of the University, has announced as the forty-second recipient of the Laetare Medal, the name of Albert Francis Zahm, distinguished Catholic scientist. The Laetare Medal, which is awarded annually by the University on Laetare Sunday, is the highest honor bestowed by a Catholic educational institution upon illustrious Catholic laymen of America. It has the same significance as the Papal Order of the Golden Rose, after which it was modelled, and like that award, it carries with it the Papal blessing. In selecting Doctor Zahm as the 1925 Laetare Medallist, the University is recognizing the life work of a successful scientist, a pioneer in the field of aerial navigation, and a Catholic layman whose simplicity of life and greatness of achievement have made him most worthy of a place among the distinguished Laetare Medallists of former years.

Albert Francis Zahm was born at New Lexington, Ohio, the son of J. M. and M. E. (Braddock) Zahm. He attended the University of Notre Dame, receiving the degrees of A. B. in 1883, A. M. in 1885, and M. S. in 1890. He was awarded an M. E. by Cornell in 1892, and in 1898, a Ph.D. by Johns Hopkins University. From 1885 to 1889, Dr. Zahm served as a professor of mathematics in the engineering faculty of the University of Notre Dame, and from 1890 to 1892, as a professor of mathematics and mechanics. In 1895 he took up the work of an associate professor of mechanics in the Catholic University of America, becoming a professor in 1907. Dr. Zahm acted as a member of the Delaware International Conference of Aerial Navigation from 1893 to 1900. He is the author of several books on aeronautics, his work, "A Treatise on Aerial Navigation," having been translated into three languages and recognized as an authority on the subjects of aerial resistance and aerial navigation. At present Dr. Zahm is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Philosophical Society, Washington, and the Washington

Academy of Sciences. He is Director of the Aerodynamical Laboratory in the Navy Department at Washington, D. C. His address is the Cosmos Club of that city.

Dr. Zahm is no stranger to Notre Dame University having been for a long time an object of admiration and pride to the institution which now honors him. As an undergraduate pursuing an arts and letters course, he read treatises on aerial navigation before the Scientific Society of the University, and heard criticisms of his work from the lips of his brother, the Very Reverend John A. Zahm, C. S. C., deceased Provincial of the Order of Holy Cross. Before the Wright Brothers or Langley had made successful flights, Albert Zahm, the student, had investigated the theory of aerial resistance by floating small gliders from the windows of Science Hall. As a professor in the classrooms of the University, Dr. Zahm was gentle and unassuming, his manner marked by simplicity of demeanor and of speech.

[It is singularly appropriate that Notre Dame honor upon this Laetare Sunday a great Catholic scientist. The progress of scientific research and invention within the last half-century has been most phenomenal, thrusting into public view the names and figures of new and illustrious scholars and inventors. That the Catholic church has not been found wanting in this work of advancement, and that she is now contributing, as she has always contributed, to the progress of science, is gloriously attested by the work of Dr. Zahm. In no other field of scientific development has there been greater progress than in that of aviation; that this work should be so greatly advanced by a prominent Catholic scientist is a fresh laurel upon the brow of Holy Mother Church.]

In conferring upon Dr. Zahm this badge of admission to the Catholic aristocracy of merit, Notre Dame is confident that she is choosing wisely. Upon this Laetare Sunday of 1925 she welcomes to the company of her forty-one distinguished Laetare Medallists, this worthy Catholic layman, Albert Francis Zahm, illustrious scientist.

The Laetare Medal

On Laetare Sunday, during the last forty-one years, the University of Notre Dame has conferred the Laetare Medal upon a leader from the ranks of the Catholic laity. In 1882 Professor James F. Edwards originated the idea. Father Sorin, the founder of the University, and Father Walsh, the president, sponsored his plans, and the following year John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the Church in America, received the first medal. Since that time the University has annually awarded this prize as a recognition of merit and as an inspiration to a greater achievement.

The custom of conferring the Laetare Medal is similar to that of the Golden Rose. Indeed the Laetare Medal has frequently been called the "Golden Rose of America." Each year on Laetare Sunday, the mid-Sunday of Lent, the Holy Father blesses the Golden Rose, but it need not be presented if a suitable recipient cannot be found. The Laetare Medal, however, has been presented every year since its institution, and to-day the list of Laetare Medallists bears the names of America's foremost Catholic leaders.

Although the chief value of the Laetare Medal lies in the association of the new recipient with the medallists of the past, the medal is intrinsically valuable. It is an excellent production of artistic workmanship. The solid gold disc is about the size of a dollar and is extended from a bar of the same material bearing in black enamel the words, Laetare Medal. The edges of the disc are raised and the center is impressed. The words, *Magna Est Veritas et Praevalebit*, "truth is mighty and shall prevail" form the legend on the obverse side, and the name of the University constitutes that of the reverse. In the field of the obverse side the profession of the medallist is sym-

bolized; in that of the reversed side the name of the recipient is engraved. Of necessity, therefore, the medal changes somewhat each year.

The history of the Laetare Medal is rather well known, and yet the method of selecting the medallist has not been fairly understood. The Academic Council of the University, composed of the president, the vice-president, the director of studies, the registrar, the deans of the five colleges, and one elective faculty member from each college,

is the electing body. Each year at one of the meetings of the Council the list of candidates is read in the order of preferment and new names are added to the list. The Laetare Medal Committee, composed of five members with the president of the University as *ex officio* chairman, then studies the merits of the persons proposed. Several months later the committee reports the results of its investigation and recommends whom it considers the most suitable candidate. The

Council is then free to choose the person recommended or to choose another candidate. Usually, however, the person recommended is accepted. The preferred list of persons proposed is preserved from year to year in the University archives.

The ceremony of presenting the Laetare Medal is very simple. During the first twenty-five years it was customary to present with the medal a brilliantly illumined address citing the motives that promoted the selection. The artistic work of illuminating these addresses was largely the work of Professor Gregori and of artists at St. Mary's. For a few years the addresses were composed in Latin verse, but the Latin soon gave way to the prose of the vernacular. At present there is a simple address telling why the recipient has been



chosen, and a response on the part of the medallist.

In the early days the Laetare Medal was presented on Laetare Sunday. It soon became apparent, however, that it was impracticable to present the medal on this day each year. Hence, the present plan of conferring the medal on Laetare Sunday and of presenting it at a more suitable time was adopted.

When the Academic Council of the University chooses a Laetare Medallist it does not choose someone from the ranks of the laity to become a leader. On the contrary it singles out one of those persons who by

active service for God and country has made himself or herself a true leader in the Church. Thus, the Laetare Medal fulfills a double end, one of which is essential, the other accidental. The medal has for its primary purpose the recognition of meritorious achievement for God and country, but it also serves the Church as the barometer serves the meteorologist. When the preferred list of candidates is composed of inferior men, the Church may know that a period of impotence is at hand, and when superior leaders are plentiful, the Church is sure to flourish and to wax strong even in the midst of persecution. —R. M. M.



List of Laetare Medallists

1883	John Gilmary Shea	1904	Richard Kearns
1884	Patrick J. Keeley	1905	Thomas B. Fitzpatrick
1885	Miss Elizabeth Allen Starr	1906	Dr. Francis Quinlan
1886	General John Newton	1907	Katherine E. Conway
1887	Edward Preuss	1908	James C. Monaghan
1888	Patrick V. Hickey	1909	Frances Tiernan (Christ'n Ried)
1889	Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey	1910	Maurice Francis Egan
1890	William J. Onahan	1911	Agnes Repplier
1891	Daniel Dougherty	1912	Thomas B. Mulry
1892	Henry F. Brownson	1913	Charles B. Herberman
1893	Patrick Donahue	1914	Edward Douglas White
1894	Augustine Daly	1915	Miss Mary Merrick
1895	Mrs. James Sadlier	1916	Dr. James J. Walsh
1896	General William S. Rosecrans	1917	William Shepherd Benson
1897	Dr. Thomas Adis Emmet	1918	Joseph Scott
1898	Timothy E. Howard	1919	George Duval
1899	Mary Gwendolin Caldwell	1920	Dr. Lawrence F. Flick
1900	John A. Creighton	1921	Miss Elizabeth Nourse
1901	William Bourke Cochran	1922	Charles Patrick Neill
1902	Dr. John B. Murphy	1923	Walter George Smith
1903	Charles J. Bonaparte	1924	Charles D. Maginnis

1925 *Albert Francis Zahm*

Library

Photographs of Maximilian and Carlotta, Emperor and Empress of Mexico, have been received from Eusebio Chacon, an alumnus, living in Trinidad, Colorado. The photographs will be placed with the University photographic collection.

—NDS—

There will be an exhibition of the Laetare Medal in the Library on March 23, in order that the student body may have an opportunity to inspect it. This exhibition will take place in the vicinity of the circulation desk.

—NDS—

Purchasing Agent, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Burlington Magazine*, *Elementary School Journal*, and *Journal of Land and Public Utility Economics*, are among the newcomers in the magazine room of the Library.

—NDS—

The following books were placed in the stacks for circulation on and after March 12:

- Atlantic Monthly—Atlantic Classics. First Series.
- Atlantic Monthly—Atlantic Classics. Second Series..
- Baker, Mrs. J. (Turck)—Art of Conversation.
- Baker, Mrs. J. (Turck)—Art of Social Letter Writing.
- Bazalgette, Léon—Walt Whitman, the Man and His Work.
- Beerbohm, Max—Yet Again.
- Best Continental Short Stories of 1923-1924.
- Cary, E. L.—Works of James McNeill Whistler.
- Cunningham, D. J.—Manual of Practical Anatomy. 2d ed., 2v.
- Gardiner, S. R.—Student's History of England From the Earliest Times to the Death of King Edward VII.
- Greever, Garland—Century Collegiate Handbook.
- Hamsun, Knut—Growth of the Soil.
- Hendrick, B. J.—Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page, 2v, 4 pts.
- Hergesheimer, Joseph—Three Black Pennys.
- Hough, Theodore—Human Mechanism.
- Lee, G. C.—Source-Book of English History.
- McDaniel, W. B.—Roman Private Life and its Survivals.
- Martin, C. C.—Export Packing.
- Martindale, C. C.—Bernard Vaughan.
- O'Brien, E. J. H., ed.—Best Short Stories of 1924.

O'Brien, G. A. T.—Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine.

Robinson, D. M.—Sappho and Her Influence.

Robinson, Gertrude—In a Mediaeval Library.

Squire, J. C.—Books Reviewed.

Stockett, J. N.—Arbitral Determination of Railway Wages.

DEBATERS AGAIN WIN AND LOSE

Earlham and Notre Dame, doing forensic battle on two different fields on Friday night, March 13, laid down their argumentative arms after each had won a victory.

In Washington Hall, David Stanton, Edward Rowe and Joseph Hogan, comprising the Notre Dame negative debating team, won from David Copeland, Charles Edmondson and Ward Applegate, the Earlham affirmatives. Because the contest was not nearly so close as on the previous Friday night and perhaps also because the audience was of negligible size, the speakers lacked some of the customary fire. Professor Walter E. Lagerquist, Ph. D., of Northwestern University, was the judge and Dudley Wooten, LL. D., of the Hoynes College of Law, was the chairman.

At Richmond, Indiana, Oscar Lavery, John Dailey and William Coyne of Notre Dame were defeated by Wendell Stanley, Carroll Kenworthy and Earl Carr, who composed the negative team of Earlham. Professor Harrison M. Karr, of Indiana University, was the judge.

The results of these last debates give Notre Dame a record of two won and two lost for the season to date. The affirmative team and the negative team each has been victorious once and defeated once. A dual debate on Friday, March 27, with Western Reserve of Cleveland remains on the 1925 schedule.

SENIORS MEET TO APPROVE CLASS INSURANCE FUND

The question of continuing the class insurance fund, established last year by the graduating class, was discussed at a Senior Class meeting, Thursday noon. Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., spoke on the value of class funds, and Mr. A. C. Ryan outlined the proposed policy for the present class. The plan met with unanimous approval. Details will be announced in a later issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Music

The Notre Dame Glee Club appeared in its annual Campus concert in Washington Hall, Tuesday night, March 17. The Club was directed by Dr. J. Lewis Browne of Chicago, and by Mr. Joseph Casasanta, the assistant director. Miss Sara McCabe, soloist with the St. Patrick's Church choir of Chicago and with Fiske O'Hara in "The Big Mogul," assisted the Glee Club.

The program given by the Club follows:

1. (a) "Laude Patrem" ----- *Gounod*
 (b) "Ave Maria" ----- *Vittoria*
 (c) "Matona, Lovely Maiden" ----- *Davidson*
 THE GLEE CLUB
2. "Un Bel Di Verdemo" from Madame
 Butterfly ----- *Puccini*
 MISS SARA M'CABE
3. (a) "Song of the Volga Boatmen"
 (Russian) ----- *Bantock*
 (b) "Love's Benediction" (Irish) ----- *Silver*
 (c) "Loch Lomond" (Scotch) ----- *Forsythe*
 THE GLEE CLUB

PART II

1. (a) "Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee" *Back*
 (b) "Goin' Home" ----- *Dvorak-Fisher*
 (c) "Old King Cole" ----- *Forsythe*
 THE GLEE CLUB
2. (a) "The Spirit Flower" ----- *Campbell*
 (b) "Goin' to Shout" (Negro Spiritual) *Manney*
 (c) "The Last Rose of Summer" ----- *Flotow*
 MISS SARA M'CABE
3. (a) "An Easter Processional" ----- *Browne*
 (b) "Come With Me to Romany" ----- *Browne*
 MISS M'CABE AND THE GLEE CLUB
 (c) "Hike, Notre Dame" ----- *Casasanta*
 THE GLEE CLUB

The Club appeared at its best in the numbers, "The Volga Boat Song" and "Goin' Home," in which more depth and feeling were apparent than in the other numbers.

"Laudate Patrem" was the opening number and consequently the Club appeared somewhat ill at ease. This feeling decreased as the program advanced and the remaining numbers were sung with an almost professional finish.

Encores were given to the ever-popular "Loch Lomond," "Old King Cole," and the "Hike Song."

Miss McCabe sang to advantage in her two groups of songs, her second group revealing her voice most beautifully. Her aria from *Madame Butterfly* was very well sung; her voice is sweet and appealing and her efforts were exceptionally well received by the audience. She responded to several encores.

It is of interest to note that the words for the "Easter Processional" were written by the Very Reverend Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., the provincial of the Holy Cross Congregation, and the music composed by Dr. Browne, the Director of the Club. The final number, "The Hike Song," was directed by its composer, Mr. Casasanta.

The concert showed to the campus conclusively that music is a large and important factor in Notre Dame's cultural life. The Glee Club proved to all doubters its right to a place high in the category of Notre Dame activities.

**PROFESSOR R. M. KACZMAREK TO-
SPEAK AT K. OF C. BANQUET**

Appearing publicly as a speaker for the first time in five years, Professor R. M. Kaczmarek is to give the principal address at the Knights of Columbus banquet in the College Inn of the La Salle Hotel tomorrow night. His subject is to be: "The Double Standard of Morality from the Biological Standpoint."

In addition to Professor Kaczmarek, Rev. George McNamara, C.S.C., is to talk; Vernon Rickard of W-G-N, Chicago and the Glee Club Quartet are to sing and the K. of C. Knightingales are to play. All Notre Dame students, whether or not they are members of the K. of C. are welcome to attend the banquet. Tickets are selling for \$1.50.

The banquet is to take place after the completion of the degree work in the Home of the South Bend K. of C., Sunday afternoon. Sixty men comprise the class to be initiated.

The University clock ran for twenty minutes, Thursday night. Twenty minutes in five months is not a bad average for our University clock.

S. A. C. Notes

Professor Ernest T. Thompson, head of the Notre Dame Art Department, is to execute the design for the memorial to the 1924 National Football Champions. He was chosen by the S. A. C. last Sunday morning after he had presented a clay model illustrating his ideas as to the form this memorial should take.

It is to be cast in bronze, in size about 24x36, and is to contain, among other things, a relief of a selected play, a suitable commemorative inscription, and the names of the players and coaches. The finished piece is to be delivered in a month or five weeks.

John Moran, John Purcell and William Daily were named as a committee to compose the inscription.

—NDS—

Mr. W. H. Snyder, Secretary of the Associated Students, Pomona College, Claremont, California, is to receive a copy of the S. A. C. constitution in response to his recent letter.

—NDS—

The election committee, headed by John Moran, was given authority to proceed with the compilation of the poll books for the May elections, and to incur whatever expense they deemed necessary in so doing. John Purcell was named by President Bischoff as an additional member of the election committee to assist the other three members in their extensive work.

—NDS—

Joe Bach, Elmer Layden, Jack Scallan, and Edward O'Neill were absent from last Sunday's meeting.

EASTER CARDS ON SALE

Easter cards are now on sale in each of the halls on the campus. These cards are sold annually by the local unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade and this year are of unusual beauty in design.

The following are selling the cards: Paul Harmon, Freshman; Clif Trombley, Brownson; John F. O'Donnell, Badin; James A.

Ronan, Walsh; John P. Hurley, Sorin; Bill Broderick, Sophomore; Sam McNulty, Corby; and Tom Leahey, Carroll.

FIRST ANNUAL CONTEST OF THE INDIANA LITERARY LEAGUE

Announcement has recently been made by the Indiana Literary League (tentative title) of its first annual contest "for the encouragement of literary and artistic talent among the youth of Indiana." Students in all Indiana colleges and universities, male and female, and other young men and women in the state, under 24, are eligible for competition.

The contest is divided into classes: poetry and one-act plays. Neither the poem nor the play submitted is restricted as to theme, but the latter must be of such length that it may be presented in about one-half hour. A first, second and third prize of fifty, twenty-five and fifteen dollars, respectively, is offered in each of the two classes of the contest. The prizes in poetry will be known as the "James Whitcomb Riley Poetry Prizes" and those in the one-act plays as the "George Ade One-Act Play Prizes."

Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C., Rev. Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C., and Professor Charles Phillips have been named as the committee in charge of the contest at Notre Dame. All Notre Dame contributions are to be submitted to one of the committee by April 8, and are to be anonymous in that the contestant is to place his name and address together with the subject of his offering in a sealed envelope attached to the manuscript.

The Notre Dame committee will select the best poem and the best one-act play from those submitted locally and forward these two to the Secretary of the League in Indianapolis, where they will be entered in the state-wide competition. Announcement of the final winners will be made about May 16.

W. C. Bobbs is president of the League and Walter S. Greenbough is Secretary. George Ade, Albert J. Bevreidge, Hilton U. Brown, H. H. Howland, Ann Nicholas, Meredith Nicholson and Booth Tarkington are the directors.

"PAN—POETRY AND YOUTH"

Pan—Poetry and Youth has at last announced itself. It will be a monthly magazine devoted to the work of the literary youth of the country, and promises to take the lead in defining what is somewhat vaguely called "the younger literary movement."

Pan is the final gesture of the recent literary renaissance at Notre Dame, and as such has elicited much interest wherever it has been announced. The men who will edit the paper, Mr. Charles Phillips and Mr. Harry McGuire, are very appropriately the spokesmen for the present rather striking group of Notre Dame writers. Mr. Phillips, Lecturer in English Literature, the author of "The New Poland" and numerous other books, has for years been one of the most prominent Catholic authors. Mr. McGuire, ex-editor of *The Notre Dame Daily*, and President of The Scribblers, recently won the Columbia national poetry contest, as well as The Scribblers Notre Dame Poetry Prize for 1924.

While *Pan* is decidedly a Notre Dame project, it has quickly achieved nation-wide prominence, and will be governed by an Advisory Board consisting of the following renowned and established poets: Edwin Markham, Don Marquis, Conrad Aiken, George Sterling, John G. Neihardt, Vachel Lindsay, Ina Coolbrith, Maxwell Bodenheim, Witter Bynner, and Carl Sandburg.

Edwin Markham, vice-president of the Poetry Society of America, writes to the editors, "You are moving in the right direction when you intend that *Pan* shall be the voice of the singing youth of America. You have a great field; enter and possess it. Your plan is a noble one, and it should have the support of all the poetry-lovers in America."

Don Marquis writes from New York: "I wish the magazine every success in the world, and hope that when the pie is opened the four-and-twenty-blackbirds will sing melodiously to Heaven."

Vachel Lindsay says, "I should say that the model for any poetry magazine is to fight like a hell-cat and love beauty like a saint. If you can inscribe that inspiring motto on your banners, you will certainly get somewhere..."

Pan's printed announcement states that in *Pan* you will "hear the voice of youth speaking for itself, revealing to the world that Young America has ideals; is not demoralized or demoralizing;—but is something that is to be reckoned with and encouraged in its best aspirations. All that represents those aspirations, all that is fine and clean and vigorous and joyous and thoughtful in the young age will find expression in *Pan*... *Pan* will sing to you the old, old songs of youth; it will seize you by the hands and dance you all about the woods, and if your limbs ache a bit with prancing *Pan* will pull out a couple of big black pipes—not for music this time—and will smoke out with you the idiocies of the day and what youth is going to do about them."

Contributions have already come from all parts of the country, from Yale, Michigan, Columbia, California, etc. Among the Notre Dame men whose work will probably be found in the first issue are James Armstrong, Gerald Holland, Dennis O'Neill, Anselm Miller, Francis Miller, and James Withey. The editors have proclaimed an open-arm policy, and will consider the manuscripts of any Notre Dame man.

The magazine will be devoted to prose as well as poetry. The prose may be of any nature, provided it is concise, vivid, novel, and sincere. The poetry too may be of any form; *Pan* will print "verses free as Amy Lowell's and verses classical as a stanza from Pope." Above all, the viewpoint of youth will be found in all that *Pan* publishes.

The first issue of *Pan* will appear in late April. The deadline for both manuscripts and advertisements intended for this issue will be April 8.

EDITORIAL

THE LAETARE MEDAL AND THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN

THE conferring of the Laetare Medal has one significance above all others—the emphasis laid by the Catholic Church on the value of an active Catholic laity. While the medal is, specifically, a symbol of recognition given to one distinguished man or woman annually, it is in reality a symbol of the high regard held by the Church for the laity in general. The Church knows and her ministers in their wisdom are not slow to proclaim, that without a vigorous and energetic laity, her divine mission, the salvation of souls, cannot, humanly speaking, be fulfilled.

From the earliest times of the Christian foundation, the laity has played its part in the preservation of the faith; and by this we do not mean alone the handing down of that faith from father to son. No: we mean that to the active participation of laymen and lay women in the work of the Church, our Holy Faith owes in great measure its spread and increase through the ages. True, the life of the laity of the early Church is a hidden life; and yet we know that from the time that the multitudes gathered around Our Divine Saviour to hearken to His teaching, on through years of persecution, through the days of martyrdom and catacomb, it is the laity that has made the Church a universal organized body.

In our own times, perhaps more than at any other period in the Church's history—and very especially in our own country—does the Catholic layman flourish. Never before has there been such unity in lay activity and such co-operation among laymen in the support of the Church

as there is at present. Such societies as the Knights of Columbus, such widespread associations as the National Councils of Catholic men and of Catholic women, not to speak of such devotional bodies as the League of the Sacred Heart, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin—there is scarcely an end to the list; all these are rather special phenomena of our times. And if we would look into them, to inquire about their life and vigor and activity, we would find that in every case it is due to leadership. Back of every one of the numberless lay organizations of the Catholic Church moves the propulsive activating power of some leader.

It is to the Catholic lay leader that Notre Dame specifically pays tribute in the conferring of the Laetare Medal; and through that leader to the lay body in general. Surely it is a fitting thing that this recognition comes from Notre Dame, an institution which is itself devoted solely to the ideal of a strong Catholic laity. To every state in our Union Notre Dame sends out annually her leaven of educated laymen. Whether they take their place in the rank and file, or whether they rise to eminence, one and all they stand together when Laetare Sunday comes, united in saluting that Catholic leader who, chosen by their Alma Mater for special distinction, represents in fact the whole body of the American Catholic laity.

—CH. PH.

THE GLEE CLUB TAKES ITS BOW

If there have been any who doubted the newspaper success of the Glee Club of this year, they must have been convinced of its truth at the school concert on St. Patrick's Day. That it was an artistic success will probably be commented upon elsewhere. For

Notre Dame the fact that it "went over" is sufficient proof of its excellence. It would be difficult to find a more critical audience than one composed of fellow students, not at all loath to criticise, and at the same time eager to acclaim real merit. We believe that a crowded Washington Hall fully approved of the evening's entertainment.

THE SCHOLASTIC can say little that will add to the praise of the Glee Club. It can say that the many hours of tiresome rehearsals were decidedly worth-while, that it is an endeavor worthy of a Notre Dame man's best efforts, that it is a credit to Notre Dame and a reflection of her ideals of culture.

These things it can and does say. In a spirit of certainty and not prophecy it predicts that the Club will win new laurels wherever it sings. It is indeed fitting that in its artistry, it should represent Notre Dame away from the campus. Need we add that the support of all Notre Dame follows the Club?

Glee Clubs have come and gone in the past. This one is memorable. —S. F. J.

THE GENIAL GENIUS

THE term "big man" is a bane in its present usage for "important." It carries with it the idea of physical magnitude. And the magnetism that should draw a following to a leader is replaced by this magnitude which appals. About our geniuses we build up a traditional "bigness" that the faint heart, and those not so faint in many instances, fears to confront. The result is that amiable and benovolent men whose companionship could mould many fine characters are surrounded by this glass house of convention and gazed at like so many alcoholized Siamese twins.

During the thesis season, Seniors are constantly commenting on the courteous and human treatment they receive from the important men of the world to whom they go for information. They marvel, as if it were strange, that an important man should be merely human. The Senior to whom this experience comes is fortunate in being shown a glimpse of a world outside that is

not as impregnable as many of his well-meaning friends would have him believe. Someone has defined genius as "infinite capacity for taking pains," and among these little details is that of remaining human. Geniuses are not of the immortals, and most great men enjoy seeing younger men preparing to follow the successful paths that their own travel has perhaps made lighter.

When the humanness of the great is revealed it serves a double purpose. It tends to bolster the courage that was probably weakening as the eve of the great struggle approached. And it is likely to cure in the beginner the tendency to adopt the air of unapproachableness and super-dignity that is the badge of the pseudo-genius. Incivility is not the symbol of independence, but of ignorance. And the sooner a young man learns this important detail, the sooner will he be able to reach the open sea of whole-hearted admiration and approval. A genial spirit does not lower the genius, but rather raises his following and adds to the value of his work.

—J. A. E.

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The Figure of Grief

G. L. D.

I CAME upon it at dusk, just when I was hurriedly seeking the path that I had followed to a remote corner of the cemetery. It was rather near the roadway but the spot was overshadowed by a giant oak whose gloom gave to it a particularly dismal and macabre effect.

My heart leaped into my throat; the graven figure of the woman bent in grief was startlingly life-like. I expected to see her at any moment raise her head and stare at me with tearful eyes. All the while the fresh wind of the night souged eerily through the limbs of the great oak.

It was a near-replica of St. Gauden's statue of Grief. Before the sorrowful figure stood three tall urns over which it seemed to brood, head drooping hopelessly on hand, a broken wreath upon the knee. The central urn, I observed even in the gathering dark, was a most peculiar thing. So large as to be out of all proportion to the statue and to the amount of ashes it should be supposed to contain, it was inlaid with pieces of stone—ruby, sapphire and jade which sparkled and glinted evilly. Filled with a strange curiosity, I stepped up to it and smoothed the beautiful surface, drawing my hand away quickly with an unspeakable repugnance. It felt as though I had touched the cold and repulsive body of a serpent. Puzzled I stared at the great vessel of inlaid bronze; it stood upon a small base of stone, but before it the ground was inch-deep with swamp-water that the tall grass effectually concealed.

A soft foot-fall beside me gave me another fright. This time it was the bent old man whom I had observed at the sexton's lodge. He greeted me with a hoarse and unmusical chuckle and had altogether such a musty and earthy appearance that I christened him Gabriel Grub without further ado.

"A fine urn, my friend,—a very fine urn, is it not?" His voice was harsh and disagreeable. "It is large—oh, yes—it is large, but her grief is great and she must have many to weep over. It must contain the

ashes of them all; the smaller ones hold very little and a man makes quite a lot. Now you, I imagine, would make quite a little heap of ashes." He surveyed me appraisingly. I felt cold tremors up and down my spine. I'd best be going, thought I, or he will assuredly wish to cremate me.

I told him that I must be on my way and he hobbled along at my side leaving me at an open grave near the gate with an earnest request that I come again. I made a resolve not to profit by this invitation; I felt a lot worse for ever having seen him and his old urns and weeping statue.

We were working at the time on the hydro-development of Great Falls. Our contract was nearly finished when one of our best engineers disappeared. He was a fine, steady-going chap and we did our very best to locate him or at least account for his going. We found no trace of him whatever.

Scarcely a week had passed when Myrtle Haynes, the superintendent's daughter, vanished, leaving behind not a single clue to encourage the eager and determined searchers.

Things reached their climax when Blythe, who was time-keeper on the job, failed to show up on Monday morning. His disappearance was as baffling as the previous ones, but here my half-formed suspicions led me to the cemetery and the figure of Grief. It was in this direction that Blythe had gone on Sunday afternoon when I had last seen him. The place had been gone over thoroughly by numerous searchers. The sexton, whose name was not Gabriel Grub, but Grisel, had been servile in his readiness to assist the searchers whose efforts, as usual, went unrewarded.

Several times I went to the cemetery and visited the mournful monument. One thing alone I found: it had been erected to Grisel's wife who had died at an early age.

I saw no signs of the old man, indeed I did not care to have him come upon me there.

The Sunday after Blythe's disappearance I determined upon a last effort at searching

the old burying-ground. Starting at four o'clock and striving to keep out of Grisel's sight, I went over the entire place.

It was dusk when I stood before the weeping statue. Weirdly real and lifelike it looked as on that first night that I had seen it. The inlay of ruby and jade and sapphire on the great urn glistened and shimmered in the faint light as though endowed with life.

With puckered brow I stared at the thing. Something seemed to draw me to it and yet I resisted. A strange premonition of evil gripped me and I fingered with relief the cold steel of the automatic that I carried.

There was a noise in the undergrowth, a snapping of twigs and Grisel hobbled from the shrubbery and stood leering before me.

"Ho, ho, my fine fellow, you did come back to see her! I knew you could not stay away. She calls and you answer. She would mourn you—she has sorrow enough for all the world. Would you not like to have her weep over you too?"

I shuddered: the man was mad as a hatter and I knew I should have to defend myself. He limped up to my side.

"Come," he said, "see the beautiful urn. Do you not wish to touch its shimmering stones?" He clutched my arm and his teeth showed an evil snarl.

"Let go!" I cried, furiously angry, at the

hateful old satyr. Wrenching free I tried to draw the pistol. With a howl of baffled rage the madman leaped at me, I stepped quickly aside and he shot past screeching horribly. His out-stretched arms touched the great urn—a glare as of a thousand lightnings, a smell of burned and scorching flesh and I gazed upon a charred and blasted thing, cremated in a flash. It had once been a human body.

"Great God!" I cried in stupefied horror, the full significance of it all coming to me. I heard the eery sound of the wind in the great oak, but more insistent still from the west roadway that bordered the fence the tensioned, muted roar of the giant transformers, shivering under a voltage sufficient to carbonize the pavements of hell.

The madman had acted cunningly. Beneath the urn which was set in a base of jade and different silicates, he had placed a pad of rubber. Before the great jar wet soil formed a dead ground and a copper wire leading back through the shrubbery to the transformers was connected with the bronze. Grisel watched from the shrubbery and as the unfortunate one touched the urn threw in the connection; then a flash of fire and that was all. In the urns we found the charred bones and ashes of his victims. Grisel had fallen into his own trap, and perhaps his cremation satisfied the sorrowing heart of the figure of Grief.

To Edward

Dressed in her moon-made shrouds

And slippered by the mist,

Death, as a lonely lady,

Came to me to be kissed.

—ANTHONY SHEA.

Sir William Butler

LOWELL J. GRADY, '25

ON June 7, 1910, Ireland mourned the loss of a sincere patriot who "loved those hopeless ones, the Irish poor;" England sorrowfully surrendered a noble and a courageous soldier to his Creator, for it was on that date that Sir William Butler breathed his last and quietly completed seventy-two years of love and service. Butler lives today, however; his autobiography is himself. Born on October 31, 1838, he saw his native Tipperary in painful distress, for the severe Irish famine had robbed the country of all that is allied with prosperity and associated with comfort. Indeed, that disastrous period was most directly responsible for Sir William Butler's noble and admirable character. William's father generously tried to assist the poverty-stricken people during those distressing years and his sacrificing efforts left him in such financial difficulty that William, his seventh child, was forced to content himself with a most ordinary school training.

Perhaps the generosity and subsequent poverty of the elder Butler was a blessing to England, for it determined in no small way the vocation of William which later contributed so much glory to English achievements. In his youth William dreamed of himself as a ranking soldier in the King's service, but his pious father, fearing that such a position could be obtained only by the great sacrifice of his son's faith, tried to discourage the boy from his ambition. Sir William Butler's mature life, however, is a most emphatic demonstration of the fact that adherence to Catholic truths, and loyalty to one's flag are supplementary and quite inseparable. Butler's youth peculiarly fitted him for his military career. He was at an early age well used to work; he was forced to think for himself, and, in his boyish seriousness, he observed as best he could those with whom he came into contact. His clear insight into himself and his most exceptional knowledge of others, it seems, is the secret of Sir William Butler's appealing personality. The general,

however, did not employ his unusual mental gifts to promote the ends of tyranny but rather, he ever devoted his skill and his whole life to the service of his fellowmen. Butler was not presumptuous enough to believe in his own superiority, but somehow, unconsciously yet forcibly, he inspired confidence in all whom he met. Despite the worries and responsibilities which accompanied his high position, Butler was always patient, friendly, and considerate, and above all, fair. His justice—particularly in his dealings with his charges—cannot be adequately described by the word "remarkable." Had the enemies of the general shown the same fine spirit of justice towards him as he exercised towards them, Butler's later years might have been less pathetic.

It is impossible to follow Butler, the general, through his many expeditions in many lands, for, though those travels are interesting and relative to this essay, their narration would involve unwarranted details. Suffice it to say that the general's business carried him to India, to Africa, to the continent, to Canada, to the United States, and to numerous Atlantic islands. He was truly a "globe-trotter" but not an ordinary one. Travel is highly instructive to some, whereas it might hold nothing of value to others. Butler's ingenious mind became, by virtue of his position, most versatile and cosmopolitan; his was a mind much too complete for one territory. Each place he visited had a store of new knowledge and additional information for him, and synthetically, Butler's mind widened and deepened with his experiences. What books and literature contribute to the erudite man, travel and experience added to Butler's knowledge. His most interesting autobiography makes one feel somewhat disappointed with the quasi-abstracts and indirect knowledge procured through its perusal, and wish that his practical and direct experience could be gained. Truly, if one possessed a mind and soul so assimilative and so assiduous

as Butler's, one could not live completely and fail to travel extensively. Yet the life history of Sir William Butler shows his exceptional greatness, and shows also that he was one of the few who have the strength of character to make life, not himself, the servitor.

Sir William Butler's force of character is most impressive when we consider the injury and injustice he patiently suffered at the hands of bigoted and envious men. When, in 1898, the South African Boers successfully repulsed English encroachments Butler's political and religious rivals seized the opportunity to bring the general, who was then on a South African mission, into national disrepute. His enemies succeeded so well that Butler was styled "the best abused man in England." The press continually heaped abuse and libelous accusations upon the aging general, and for four years he silently and patiently awaited the opportunity to speak for himself. The English authorities, however, knew how invaluable were the services of Butler, and ignoring the popular and erroneous opinion, not only retained the general, but even conferred additional honors upon him. Throughout his political trials, Butler was patiently silent, unaggressive, even-tempered, and surprisingly humble; his masterful composure pointed emphatically to the inferiority of his enemies. He matched his sincerity against their hypocrisy; he challenged their unfairness with his admirable justice; he fought their offensiveness with kind and civil consideration, and Sir William Butler's preeminence was never endangered.

In 1905, Butler retired from active service in the army, and established a home in Tipperary, where, for the five remaining years of his life, he devoted himself sincerely and zealously to Ireland, and particularly to the problem of National Education. How courageously he fought for the principles of God and country is best evidenced in the following fragment of his verse:

"O Thou the First and Last, the Whole,
Thou who from toil and tears of man
Dost shape on earth Thy mighty plan
And build while all the ages roll.

Enough it is for me to know
That all the travail of the years,
The gleams of hope, the clouds of tears,
Add something to Thy work below."

Here lies a store of patriotism that is genuine, and a lesson of piety and faith that is inspiring. Butler's character—his admirable sincerity and his simplicity—finds true expression in the lines.

One meets some difficulty in becoming deeply interested in the initial chapters of Butler's autobiography on account of the author's apparent attention to details. Gradually, however, one finds one's self taking an uncommon interest in the English general's travels and his observations. Behind every experience Butler tells of himself, there is a helpful lesson, and yet no one can say that the account is in any way preachy or moralizing. Despite the numerous other qualities of the autobiography one cannot lose sight of that dominant feature—the force of Butler's character. One might shower praise after praise upon Sir William Butler, but somehow it seems one has still said nothing. There is something about him which, by the perusal of his autobiography, we may feel but cannot express. Even the commissioners of National Education sensed their inability to express their deep appreciation of Butler's character when, at the death of Sir William, that body concluded its laudatory resolution with these significant words:

"By his country, which he has served with rare devotion, his loss will be long felt: to his colleagues who loved him for the brightness of his intellect and the sweetness and simplicity of his character he has left the memory of a life without fear and without reproach, and the sense of an irreparable loss."



The Character of John Keats

J. A. CARROLL, '25.

THE character and moral dignity of John Keats have often been questioned. The type of his poetry, delicate, melting, and sensuous, has produced the impression that Keats was effeminate and unmanly. More serious than this is the charge of many critics that Keats was not a man of strong character, that he had no high moral qualities, no self-mastery, that he was a weakling.

Keats had a natural sensibility to the physical. Color always had an abnormal effect upon him. In the luxuriousness of his fancy, the beauty of a marigold could intoxicate him. He revelled to abandon in beauty. His poetry is abundantly, though enchantingly, sensuous. He is the poet of:

*"Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair,
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast."*

The enervation of the poet who writes such "poetry of the senses" might be so complete as to subtract from his character, as to constitute a grave indictment against his manliness and his high-mindedness. Was Keats' insatiable zest for Beauty, in color and music and words, and in everything else, indicative of want of tone, of self-abandonment, of a man who is "passion's slave?"

The whole career of the poet was characterized by his inability to do anything for his own physical subsistence, save at infrequent periods. Where was his spirit of independence when he saw himself living from year to year on funds advanced by others?

His frequent fits of despondency were the despair of his friends. His bitter cries against the forces which tended to control him, the hopelessness of his love, his inability to live life sanely, and his surrender of self to imagination and passion—to let them magnify and exasperate his troubles—these things are not wholesome in any man. And so the impression is prevalent that Keats was deficient in those nobler qualities that make noble men.

It was in the last days of his life that Keats

displayed his better self, and when he was gone, his few friends who stood by him in his adversity appreciated his really beautiful and noble character. The patience which he displayed under great suffering, the tenderness and thoughtfulness for his friends, his brave and manly fight for life against overwhelming odds and in the face of certain defeat, is all fine and inspiring. We must turn away from his death-bed convinced of the grandeur of Keats' character, and certain that Keats was noble and manly and strong.

The terrible malady which was slowly consuming him necessitated, in September of the year 1819, a change of climate. His friends took him to Italy. He was convinced that the end was close at hand. That knowledge was like a soothing opiate to his mind, long inflamed. His calmness encouraged his friends. The voyage was a stormy and uncomfortable one but Keats did not complain. The last night that the boat was in English waters, before clearing the Channel, Keats wrote the magnificent sonnet—the last verses he ever wrote—which begins,

"Bright star, were I as steadfast as thou art"—

In Italy, Severn, Keats' noble friend, supplied as well as he could, the dying poet's every want. Keats was suffering much; his imagination and feverish senses were torturing him. By degrees the tumult of his soul abated. He was again the "lovable boy" of other days, playful, irresistibly winning and thankful for every kindness. He was, throughout these last days the personification of all that is noble, the personification of self-control. This is the other and fairer side of the character of Keats.

Years after Keats' death, his brother George indignantly wrote in answer to disparaging pictures of the poet by Lord Byron and the reviewers, "John was the very soul of manliness and courage." A sensual or vicious man cannot be a great poet, for a poet must have elements within him of high character and virtue, and Keats is a great poet.

Japan, Her Military Growth and World Expansion

ALFRED J. CONNELLY

HEMMED in by the ever narrowing circle of universal revolt against militarism, Japan, to avoid destruction of her power in the Far East and in the Pacific Ocean, is manifestly preparing to resist every form of pressure that may be employed to deprive her of the substantial benefits of her diplomacy. She desires to maintain and perpetuate her military prestige, her political intriguing with the governments of less progressive neighbors, and her unrelenting struggle for economic expansion, prosecuted without regard for the rights of less aggressive peoples.

This does not mean that Japan seeks war with any power, for she still has hopes that the subtle processes of diplomacy will avert such a calamity. Furthermore, the recent earthquake has set the Island Empire back a full decade, at least, in the opinion of experts. However, it does mean, that Japan, determined to hold to what she has won by the sword, understands full well that she will either have to resort to armed force to ward off the inevitable curtailment of her ambitions and of her very necessities, or submit to conditions relegating her to the status of a second-class world power.

The Mikado's government approached the Armament Conference, brought about by the late President Harding at Washington, in the spirit of grim determination to vigorously oppose any steps that might be taken to curtail any advantage Japan has made in her struggle for opportunity to perpetuate her control in Asia and in the Pacific. A large number of influential men in Tokio came boldly forth and asserted the need of Japanese co-operation and assent to the suggestions of the United States government through Secretary Hughes with the result that the Empire of the Rising Sun adopted the resolution as set forth at the council table at Washington.

The Tokio government approached the project with the utmost caution, characteristic of the Japanese, and, although literally

compelled to "play the game," she felt herself fully justified in insisting that Great Britain and France be compelled to surrender the great advantage they have enjoyed in India, China and in the Pacific; if the Japanese were to be compelled by universal sentiment to abandon the role of dictator in the Far East.

The Japanese believe that they have the right to hold to what they have won. Pride of achievement is justification enough in the Japanese mind for the adoption of a program to prevent political or economic humiliation. One need but review their extraordinary career to force that opinion.

The Japanese were never an inventive people; rather have they adopted every feature of civilized progress after other nations had thoroughly tested its value. In many cases, however, they have improved these inventions. Intelligence of a high degree, willingness to learn and an unending stock of energy have brought about Japan's success. The desire for self-improvement and education has become a passion with these diminutive yellow people, almost as intense as their devotion to ancient religious teachings that border upon fanaticism.

Japan has trained her children in the formulas of the most modern educational methods. She has sent her young men to study the methods responsible for the building up of other nations, in order that they might fit themselves to instruct their less fortunate brothers at home. From Germany she borrowed the art of fashioning one of the most perfect military machines the world has known; from England the skill to build a navy; from the United States the best methods of developing her industries. From all of these countries, she has taken essential features of her government, which is wholly imperialistic, slightly modified by certain features of democracy.

Always a warlike race, the Japanese have substituted for the more peaceful methods of the great modern governments to acquire territory upon which to live, that of her

military power. While ever holding steadfast allegiance to the Empire, she has held herself to be the agent of the Deity, and always ready to make every form of sacrifice to prove it. In so doing the Japanese have ignored the international aspirations of her more peaceful neighbors, also struggling for the right to live, but without the persistence and energy of the Japanese, themselves. In her upward march, Japan has trampled underfoot the right of these people by the use of her splendidly organized army, or coerced by the use of the modern armaments of a navy which already ranks third in world power, and bids fair to lead, ultimately, unless the present ratio of 5-5-3 is strenuously enforced by the international watch-dogs.

The fighting spirit of Japan is, seemingly, as militant as existed under the savage Shogunates, whom Commodore Perry found engaged in tribal wars, in 1854. The Japanese themselves, when in a more amiable frame of mind than at present, will credit the great Yankee Admiral and diplomatist with having opened wide to them the gates of civilization. They date their progress from Perry's coming to introduce the benefits of modern methods and devices, including the use of electricity, steam and edu-

cation.

Perhaps the most imitative people in the world, the Japanese, within fifty years, have emerged from a state of primitive civilization to one of enlightened progress. But it was not until the end of the last century that her people began to employ the lessons learned since the days of Perry, and announced their ambition to compete with the more experienced and larger nations of the world.

The actual modern career of Japan, as a first-rank power began in 1904, just twenty-one years ago. In that year, the hitherto obscure Asiatic island empire startled the world by defeating the hitherto unvanquished military force of the Russian Czar. As a result of this victory, she exacted concessions that transformed her, overnight, into the dominating influence in Asia.

In the twenty-one years that have elapsed between the Japanese-Russian war and the present time, Japan has furnished an exhibition of political, military, territorial and economic advancement unparalleled in history. She has become a world power in every sense of the word, and at the present time is one of the most turbulent and disturbing of world powers.

Elegy

What comes out of the gloom tonight?
What brings to mine eyes the misted tears?
And bids me mourn when my heart would
sing?

Only the vision of bygone days, only the
wraith of years.

What is that sound from the nether dark?
It comes from eternal oceans wide.
Why does it swell in my weary soul?
'Tis only waves on a lonely shore, the rest-
less surge of the tide.

The sough of the waves on a lonely shore,
The break of the restless sea,
And ever the wild gulls' eldritch cry
Shall bide in the heart of me.

—MERLYN SWIFT.

BOOK LEAVES

JOSEPH P. BURKE, '25

EPIGRAMS AND APHORISMS: By Owen McDermott, published at 367 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.25.

Mr. McDermott is a philosopher. For three-score years he has lived and learned and thought. Wisdom comes with age, old men tell us, and Mr. McDermott's years are many. For twenty-five of these he saw service as Clerk and Assistant Superintendent in the General Post Office of New York. Fifteen more he spent in an analytical study and application of the U. S. Tariff laws in the Customs Service. During all these years he met men, observed things, and reflected. Once, in the midst of his reflections, the thought struck him that "any man who at the end of his day's toil is not, from his day's observation and experiences, so equipped that he can reduce them to the form of an aphorism is not yet grown philosopher, and it behooves him to pep up." Mr. McDermott did pep up, and acquired in the course of time enough epigrams and aphorisms to fill a modest volume. His epigrams and aphorisms are of two kinds—brickbats and bubbles.

Mr. McDermott—being, we take it, an Irishman—handles his brickbats very well. He hurls them with deadly aim at philosophical bubbles that drift too near, and the fragile pieces scatter to the four winds. But, as if repenting that he has destroyed these beautiful bubbles, he promptly launches into the air others of his own. On the delicate surface of one of these is mirrored Mr. McDermott's idea of the average college man. "The ordinary college youth," he reflects, "possesses about as good an understanding of the world and its requirements as, let us say, a chicken with its head off. He sees flaws in the body politic and in the established religions, and immediately concludes that the only remedy is to destroy — tear everything that is to pieces." A chicken with its head off! We have always sympathized with a decapitated chicken. Perhaps these words of wisdom explain that emotion. But they are harsh words, Mr. McDermott.

—CORBIN PATRICK.

"ORPHAN ISLAND"—ANOTHER ESTIMATE

ORPHAN ISLAND, by Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright, New York, 1925.

If one were to accept the English pre-reviews about the newest Macaulay novel, it is "charming, acute, laughable with no airs or artificialities," or "amusing, pungent and graceful with a spontaneity Miss Macaulay alone could attain," or "we doubt if any satire in English since Swift, has quite this quality of sober fact."

But let the English say what they will—for myself, I think it in some ways merely a good piece of "satirical foaming over," mixed in with a potion of common sense sedative, if that means anything to you.

It is a novel, let it be said, that brings into play a variety of new weapons of the satirist, involving a rather hectic opening situation. Two spinsters, an Irishman, and a bunch of foundlings are cast on a desert island about 1850 where they remain and multiply into a colony. Seventy years later, a modern family, with full blown twentieth century ideas, is thrown in with them. The fracas for supremacy of modern and Victorian culture is an interesting one. It does take a tremendous stretch of the imagination to grasp the whole complex but it is a "probable impossibility," and is therefore satisfying.

The Cambridge family of Thinkwells learn at last to dominate the island, and probably did so after, but not before, the illustrious Victorian Miss Smith passed away on her birthday; for Miss Smith taught the "despised Paleyology," while Thinkwell taught the twentieth century view of the cosmos.

An unusual book for unusual treatment and unusual qualities of ironical persuasion.—F.C.M.

Pan: Poetry and Youth

CHARLES PHILLIPS, M. A.

Has Young America no ideals? Is modern youth all jazz and flapperism, all revolt, rebellion, materialism and naturalism? One would be inclined to think so, reading some of the diatribes which are published nowadays against the "Youth Movement" of the times.

There always have been "Youth Movements" and there always will be—as long as youth itself exists. And Youth will always be, as it always has been, condemned by the age that it succeeds. Through all time, too, and doubtless for all time to come, youth will be not only innocent of the sins of its fathers, (however much it suffers for them!) but likewise guilty of its own sins—mostly sins of indiscretion. But beyond all its indiscretions, youth has its ideals. I believe so firmly in these ideals that I have undertaken to share in the publication of a new magazine which will aim to represent youth—and which will, I hope, prove to a skeptical world that the youth of our time is not "gone to the dogs"; is not all flapperism and paganism and everything else that is reprehensible.

The new magazine is to be called *Pan: Poetry and Youth*; and its title, I think, tells the whole story. Most of the attacks that are made on the youth of our time, most of the jeremiads which are chanted over it, are provoked by the "youth literature" of the day. This "youth literature" has represented the young men and women of America as a lot of wild animals, more or less. But this literature is not truly representative. It has not all been produced by youth itself; and where it has, too often it has been merely the elucubration of spoiled boys tempted by their seniors to share the profits of sensationalism... or else, the frank protest of young men and women whose lives have already, in their first years of thought and passion, been marred and poisoned by their godless elders—those elders who, with all the negatives and desolations known to materialistic philosophy, have taken away from their

sons and daughters the light of truth and of worth-while living.

The question is, must all the expression, all the writing, all the literature of modern youth be given over to the few disillusioned ones? There is no reason why this should be so. There is good reason why the youth of the land—the youth that is still full-hearted, clean-breasted, vigorous and joyous—should have its say, too. In *PAN: Poetry and Youth*, it shall have its say.

But why *PAN*, one hears the austere voice of the rigorist asking;—is not the very name a contradiction?—a reversal to the paganism and the materialism which is destroying youth?

In the days of the Early Christians, the Church, in Her wisdom, turned to holy use every pagan festival, name, title and ceremony that she could adapt to the promulgation of the True Faith. The winterfeast was quickly turned into Christmas; the vernal festival of Spring was merged into Eastertide; the Summer fete became the Fires of St. John. Wherever one travels in the Old World, to this day, he finds traditional Christian ceremonies and festivals which are adaptations of still more ancient pagan rites. To phrase it in the old vernacular, Christianity simply beat the Devil with Fire.

Pan, then,—Pan, the symbol of the spirit of lyric joy, of song, of the out-of-doors—this god, too, may be made to sing a new song. No one can banish him—not even so supernal a piper as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who once thought to exorcise him from the Shrine of poetry. Pan remains—the symbol of youth singing. Youth sings, and will not be denied. But his cloven hoofs may be made to dance to the chime of the stars. Like the *Juggler* of Notre Dame, his capers may be cut to pay worshipful tribute to the Lady of Paradise. His glancing eye may be made to look up and see how the heavens declare the handiwork of his Creator—for if God is not the Creator of joy, of youth, of song—then St.

Francis of Assisi was not God's most beloved fool! Pan, in short, can still express the spirit of young exhilaration;—his name, and his piping reeds, may still be used to symbolize what the untried heart feels in its pulses and would express in words.

This is what *PAN: Poetry and Youth* will do. And if such a creature as the "immortal boy of the woods" really existed, I think he would rejoice at this twentieth century attempt of ours to rescue his name from the ignominy that has so long been put upon it by those devotees of darker spirits who, through the ages of literature, have masked carnality under the guise of delight.

PAN: Poetry and Youth will be the organ of the young poets of America; all that is fine and inspired and exuberant and clean and robust in the life of this ever-young world will find its expression in the columns of the new magazine. A number of the most famous living poets have already endorsed the project—among them some who are even venerable in years, yet eternally young in heart. The prospects for the magazine are bright. But if it is to live it must have the support particularly of the youth

of our country—and especially, I feel, of the youth of our colleges. While *PAN: Poetry and Youth* is not to be distinctly a college magazine—for it aims at a national circulation—it looks, in its beginnings, to the men and women of the colleges for its success. For that reason, and because I believe that its publication will be just another feather in the plumed cap of Notre Dame, I rejoice at the opportunity given me by THE SCHOLASTIC to make this announcement to Notre Dame students, and to appeal to them to join with my colleagues in making *PAN* a success from the start. The youth of Notre Dame is not spoiled. If there is a place in the world where young manhood is to be found at its best, it is here at Notre Dame. If a cynical world challenges the youth of America today with the opprobrium of jazz and barbarism, here at least, in the clean-hearted, sound-bodied, sane-minded manhood of Notre Dame that challenge can be met in a thousand ways—and it can be met in *PAN* by the expression of youth at its best when it speaks through the fresh voice of poetry.

The Thief

There are not so many roses in my garden
anymore,

For Love came stealing flowers

In the early moonlight hours,

When my trusting heart, in innocence, left
wide the garden door.

—FRANK O'TOOLE, '28.

THE MAIL

Thomas W. Coman

James E. Armstrong

Dear Mail:

Why not start a local branch of the Ananias Club. As a start we will say that we thoroughly enjoy the *Mail*.

—Sir Ten Lee.

All right, Sir. To promote the movement, we will add that we are swamped with scintillating contributions, but not to raise the standard of the department so high that next year's conductors will be unable to follow in our footsteps, we destroy them and print what you so thoroughly enjoy.

—NDS—

THE MOURNING AFTER

Editor's Suggestion: "THE UNFINISHED SIMPHONY"

I would have died for you,
And kept your livid tears
In jasper goblets mixed
With vaporous oils and smells.

(What a brave thought! I
Must go on!) *Editor's Note: WHY?*

I would have died for you,
And offered up my fetid flesh,
Competing mith myself in pain
To hear your loving whimper.

(How idiotic.* I must go
on and finish this pome.)* CORRECT

I would have died for you,
But now I am indifferent
As the blue god to whom
You have given your cunning heart!

(I give up. I can't write
the pome.) *Ed.: YOU SHOULD THINK FASTER,*
ARI.

—Aristotle II.

—NDS—

Frank Milbauer's picture appears in the Sunday paper. It was a striking pose and the text explained that he weighed 305 pounds. He is our idea of a heavy sleeper.

The secret of Joe Menger's strenuous training is out. He is billed to meet Shorty McCauley in the main bout of the Crusade Mission show in the gym on March 24.

—NDS—

The closing song at the Dry Cleaners convention, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we dye."

—NDS—

THE MAIL

I met a charming lady
Whose smiles and words were balm
But oh, I checked her off my list
When she said Notre Dame.

And I am ordinarily
As gentle as a lamb,
But Oh, I lose my *savoir faire*
At hearing Notre Dame.

For if the sons who love her best
And venerate her name
Are satisfied, then I am too,
With simply Notre Dame.

—NDS—

Just the other day, we heard of a famous composer, who had his ear cut off by a tipsy barber. Since the victim did not start a fuss, we suppose he still had an ear for music.

—NDS—

If you have seen the cute little eyebrow now being worn by Mike Needham just beneath his nose, you will know that he believes in keeping a stiff upper lip.

—NDS—

Dear Mail:

Last night at midnight
I heard the tower chimes—
The quarter bells rang right
But the gong struck
Seven times.

—NDS—

Editor's Note: We can't understand this, as the thing looks all right on the face of it.

-:- SPORTS -:-

The Outdoor Track Schedule

April 18—Ohio relays at Columbus.
 April 25—Penn and Drake relays.
 May 2—Illinois at Urbana.
 May 16—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.
 May 23—State meet.
 May 30—Iowa at Iowa City.
 June 5-6—Conference meet.

The Notre Dame track team will begin tuning up for the opening of the outdoor season, as soon as the cinder track on Cartier field is put into condition. The Irish face a hard schedule on the outdoor cinders, including meets with Illinois and Iowa, and competition at such stellar events as the Penn and Drake relays. The Michigan Aggies will be the only home attraction.

Notre Dame will send a relay team to Houston, Texas, next Saturday, and the next event will be the Ohio relays at Columbus. The Blue and Gold runners should be in line for a good season outdoors, after making some splendid showings on the indoor course.

SPRING FOOTBALL

Spring football practice at Notre Dame is slowly making its way through the tedious pathways of fundamentals and routine practice. Coach Rockne, supplementing his field work with practical lecture work, is slowly evolving a football club that should be able to stand the test in 1925.

Rockne is being assisted on the field by many of the veterans who finished their

careers last fall, and by Captain Crowe. His task demands that he find and develop capable material to take the places of the men being graduated. The work is not small in dimensions, and the pretentiousness of the coming schedule does not serve to lighten the gloom which surrounds matters.

The large squad of candidates is being put through such fundamentals as falling on the ball, catching the ball, kicking, blocking, and charging, and primary team formations. Light line scrimmage will soon be in order and also work on the tackling dummy. The annual spring game between the new candidates and the veteran force will close the spring training season.

BASEBALL PRACTICE.

The prevalence of genuine spring weather has offered an inviting stage to the Notre Dame baseball and football teams now undergoing the rigors of spring training. Both teams have taken advantage of the mild climate to work outdoors where conditions are more suitable for the building up of the teams and the conditioning of the men.

With the start of the spring baseball trip but eighteen days away, Coach George Keogan is rushing preparations and has made his first cut in the large squad that turned out for the diamond sport. Although it is not likely that many new men will break into the baseball limelight with such versatile talents as to displace many of the veterans who made the team as Sophomores, it is more than probable that the coach will find many valuable utility men in the ranks of the candidates.

The task that confronted the coach was

not entirely simplified by the return of some of the experienced players, as graduation last year took from the team a handful of men, whose work was above reproach and whose places will be hard to fill. Coach Keogan is diligently seeking out a short-stop with all the ear-marks of a "Rabbit" Maranville. He must likewise strengthen his outer garden positions, and reinforce his pitching staff.

The passing of "Red" Magevney took away an appreciable force in the Irish twirling power. Dwyer, Dawes and Stange, who have had service with the squad, will be in the ranks of the candidates, and there are several other promising players who should be able to make a strong bid for the team. Besten and Ronay showed well during their Freshman year and their work thus far indicates that they will help in no small measure to fill the gap. Tatham and several other new candidates are in line for consideration.

MISSION CRUSADE CARD

Sailor De Shone, popular Niles boxer, will be the headline attraction in a six round exhibition bout, his opponent yet to be named, in a boxing show which will be put on in the Gymnasium, March 24, by the Notre Dame unit of the Catholic Mission Crusade. The show is produced annually, the proceeds of which are given to the Bengal Foreign missions.

On the bill with De Shone will be Junior Huffman and Dave Popp, both of South Bend, who will stage a four round exhibition fight. Both Huffman and Popp are prominent in South Bend glove circles. Huffman fought at Niles last week and scored a knockout over Young French of Chicago. Huffman is under the tutelage of Mack McCarthy.

Mark Mooney and Maurice McNulty, in charge of arrangements, are endeavoring to sign up another pair of prominent fighters for the evening's bill. Last year, the Mitchell brothers of Milwaukee appeared before a large crowd of local fans when the Mission unit staged the bout in the Gym.

The show will also include scrappers from the Notre Dame boxing school who

have made a splendid reputation in collegiate circles this year. Charley Springer, light heavyweight, and captain and coach of the Notre Dame team, sports a coterie of first rate boxers. Pat Canny, middleweight, Pete Lin, welterweight, Jack Spillane, featherweight, Maxwell, heavyweight, and Loranger, bantamweight, are among those who will be chosen to fill out the bill.

The committees, appointed to assist in producing the show, were given in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

1925 NOTRE DAME BASEBALL SCHEDULE

APRIL

- 9—Western Kentucky Normal at Bowling Green.
- 10—Georgia-Tech at Atlanta.
- 11—Georgia-Tech at Atlanta.
- 12—Camp Benning at Camp Benning, Ga.
- 13—Furman University at Greenville, S. C.
- 14—Furman University at Greenville, S. C.
- 15—University of Georgia at Athens, Ga.
- 16—University of Georgia at Athens, Ga.
- 17—Mercer University at Macon, Ga.
- 18—Mercer University at Macon, Ga.
- 25—Luther college at Notre Dame.
- 28—Western State Normal at Notre Dame.

MAY

- 1—Iowa at Iowa City.
- 2—Lombard college at Galesburg.
- 5—Purdue at Lafayette.
- 6—Wabash at Crawfordsville.
- 11—Wabash at Notre Dame.
- 15—Illinois at Urbana.
- 16—Bradley Institute at Peoria.
- 20—Oseka Mainich All Stars at Notre Dame.
- 23—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame.
- 27—St. Viators at Notre Dame.
- 30—Bradley Institute at Notre Dame.

JUNE

- 1—Minnesota at Notre Dame.
- 5—Western State Normal at Kalamazoo.
- 6—Michigan Aggies at Lansing.
- 13—Iowa at Notre Dame. (Commencement)

The Notre Dame baseball team will engage in 27 games during the 1925 season according to the schedule given out yesterday by Coach George Keogan. Ten of these games will be played on the annual south-

(Continued on page 638)

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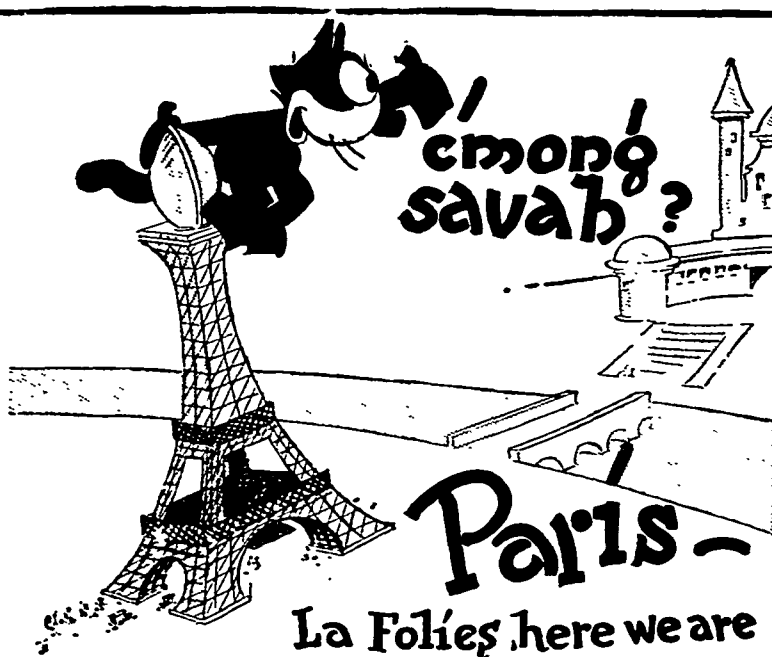
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TUESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 24---NOTRE DAME GYM.

Featuring Sailor DeShone, Dave Popp,
Junior Huffman and
The Notre Dame Boxing Team

FOR THE BENGAL MISSIONS



We landed at Cherbourg, where they had a funny toy ^{Expenses} train to take us to Paris—no cow-catchers on the engine. Kitty's aunt met her on the tender and she said we must come and have tea some time at their home on the Rue de la Chat, in the Catier Latin. To Paris **\$3.00**

Jack and I found a wonderful little cat pension hotel near Kitty's over on the left bank where they have the best milk and fish and *mouse grille*. Better'n' we ever had back in Murphy's Alley. And all for only **\$1.50**

Today we got 18.60 francs for each of our \$s, and tonight we're going to the original Folies, ole cat, and we're going in the *promenoire* for only—**\$0.25**

Jack just went out for a walk, and I saw him headed down the Rue de la Chat. I suspect that cat of felineous motives.

Yours,

FELIX.

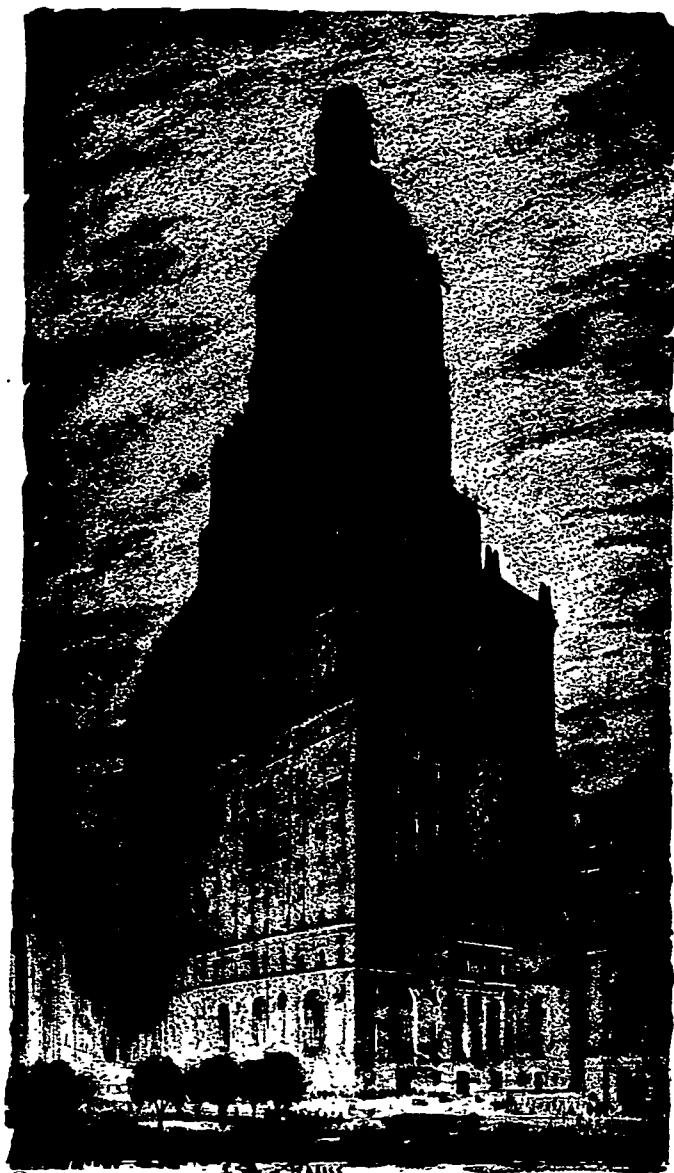
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Extra copies, for mailing home or for friends, may be secured at the Notre Dame News Stand or at the Cafeteria.

—NDS—

1925 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Continued from page 636.

ern training trip which starts on April 8.

The regular schedule includes 17 games of which 9 will be played on the Cartier field diamond. Four conference teams will be encountered, of which Iowa and Minnesota will be entertained on the home grounds. Notre Dame will also meet Iowa at Iowa city and Purdue and Illinois in games away from home.

The southern trip will bring the Notre Dame squad into competition with an array of the fastest ball clubs in the South. The southern nines hold the advantage and are already well along in their regular playing season. Notre Dame will play its customary two game series with Georgia Tech at Atlanta. A team composed of West Point cadets will be opposed at Camp Benning, the academy's training school.

Furman University, Georgia University and Mercer University will be played in a two game series at each place.

Coach Keogan will take his unfinished ball club South, primarily for training purposes. Notre Dame enjoyed a large measure of success against the southern nines last year, but the list of victories was dearly paid for in the permanent injury to Curly Ash, star second baseman who had his leg broken on the trip. Bert Dunne was also kept out of the line-up for a while when he wrenched

his ankle in the same game that took Ash.

On the regular card, besides the conference teams, Notre Dame will clash with such strong teams as Luther college, St. Viators and Bradley Institute. Two Michigan teams, Western State Normal and the Aggies from Lansing are also on the card. One of the feature games on the home schedule will be played on May 20 when the Oseka Mainich All star team stops off at Cartier field. The team is composed of ball players from the three leading universities of Japan and is touring the country. The University of Iowa nine will appear here on Commencement day, June 13. Notre Dame and Iowa have been baseball rivals for several years, and the mention of the game always recalls the sensational pitchers' duel that was staged between Falvey of Notre Dame and Becker of Iowa in 1923. Both men pitched great ball for 12 innings with neither side able to score. In the last of the twelfth, Falvey came to bat with two out and two men on base and hit one to the right field fence that won the game for Notre Dame.

The team which Coach Keogan will put on the field this year, will include all the veterans of last year and many new men who have come up from the freshman ranks. The team of 1924 lost three men through graduation, but the remainder are Sophomores who still have another year with the exception of Capt. Nolan at first base.

Will Your Children and Theirs go to College? Do You Know

— that Brown goes back to his twentieth reunion this spring, and that he has just taken out educational insurance?

To this day he doesn't know which parent or aunt or uncle paid most of his school and college bills. But he does know that he can never repay those obligations created, except by insuring ample money for the education of his own two children.

So he has recently arranged endowment policies for both, to

mature at the beginning of each school and college year. He believes that his children will more genuinely appreciate their education by paying for it out of their own funds.

And Brown also believes that they will better capitalize their own increased capabilities, on or before graduation, by taking out insurance for the education of the next hoped-for generation, as well as to create an immediate estate and financial guarantee of family unity.

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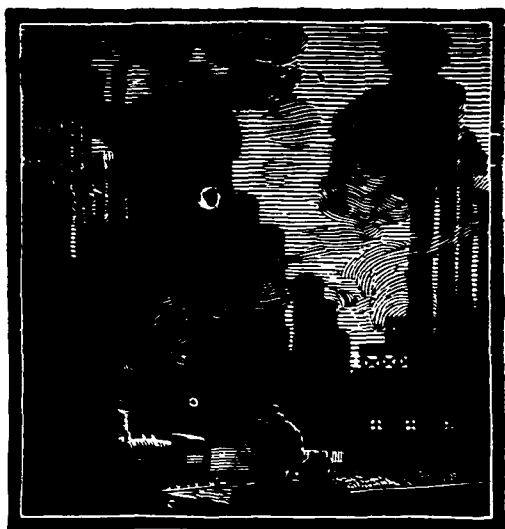
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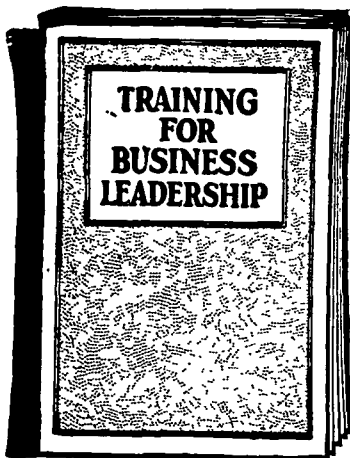
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The great task to solve this year is the pitching problem. The passing of "Red," Magevney left a large berth to be filled, and although there are many twirlers on the field, none have the experience that made Magevney the mainstay of last year's staff.

NOTRE DAME FROSH LOSE FINAL TRACK MEET TO TEACHERS

Displaying unusual strength in the middle distance runs and garnering seconds and thirds in the other events, the Western State Normal track team, of Kalamazoo, defeated the Notre Dame freshman squad, 57 1-3 to 37 2-3 in a dual meet in the Notre Dame gymnasium Thursday afternoon, March 12.

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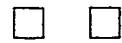
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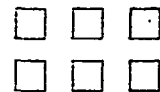
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