

-----  
The Life Story of a Sophisticate.

We haven't many sophisticates at Notre Dame (although quite a few of the boys play around at it a bit) and the ones we have wouldn't read paragraph 9 of the pamphlet Perseverance, or the Bulletin on Sophistication republished in last year's Report, but in the hope that they will read a Bulletin placed in their hands we take time out to transcribe a section of the suicide note of Ralph Barton, cartoonist to the intelligentsia. It reads:

"Everyone who has known me and who hears of it will have a different hypothesis to offer to explain why I did it. Practically all these hypothesis will be dramatic and completely wrong. Any sane doctor knows that the reasons for suicide are psychopathological and the true suicide type manufactures his own difficulties.

"I have had few real difficulties. . I have had, on the contrary, an exceptionally glamorous life, as life goes, and I have had more than my share of affection and appreciation. The most charming, intelligent and important people I have known have liked me and the list of my enemies is very flattering to me. I have always had excellent health, but since my early childhood I have suffered from a melancholia which in the last five years has begun to show definite symptoms of manic-depressive insanity.

It has prevented me getting anything like the full value out of my talent and for the last three years has made work a torture to do at all. It has made it impossible for me to enjoy the simple pleasures of life that seemed to get other people through. I have run from wife to wife, from house to house, and from country to country in a ridiculous effort to escape from myself. In doing so I am very much afraid that I have brought a great deal of unhappiness to those who have loved me. In particular my remorse is bitter over my failure to appreciate my beautiful lost angel, Carlotta...." (The reference is to his third wife, now Eugene O'Neill's second wife.)

Enough is enough. It is always something of a disappointment to a hero-worshipper to discover that what he thought was genius was only insanity. He is the third "genius" in a fortnight to reveal his insanity: Theodore Dreiser has exposed his manic-depressive tendencies, and Sinclair Lewis the persecution mania of his paranoia. Always there is the exaltation of the ego, manifesting itself in exhibitionism and cynicism; always there is the put that a good spanking might have cured; always there is the stark absence of the saving sense of humor.

If any sophisticate has read thus far and still believes in his cult, let him read no further. But if any begins to see that he has been goofed into seeking culture where there is only madness, let him read Kilmer's "To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself," and then soak his mind in Thomas a Kempis, who sums up all the wisdom there is in life.

Watch Your Hall's Standing.

Charts in the halls and at the corner of Badin Hall show how your group is responding to the appeal for your own memorial to Rockne, the shrine in Dillon Hall. Don't lag.

Paster Duty.

One week remains before Trinity Sunday, when the books close. Eleven men are still out.

-----  
PRAYERS: The High Mass tomorrow will be offered for Mr. Crowe, by request of Carroll Hall. The following Sunday it will be offered for the same intention, by request of the Monogram Club. Rev. Edward Lynch, of St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn., a student at Summer School last year, was found dead in bed a few days ago. Wm. Gosselin is still very ill. An aunt of Dick Baker died a few days ago. Seven special intentions.