# The Notre Dame Scholastic

**A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY**

**PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME**

**—ILLUSTRATED—**

Disc Quasi Semper Victorius : Vive Quasi Cras Mortius

## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Index</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Crucifixion—Van Dyck (1599-1641)</strong> Frontispiece</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>677</td>
<td><strong>The Prayer (A Poem)</strong> Charles Phillips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>679</td>
<td><strong>The Week</strong> James Armstrong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>684</td>
<td><strong>St. Mary's New Building</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>685</td>
<td><strong>Editorial</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>687</td>
<td><strong>Easter, 1925</strong> James A. Carroll, '25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>688</td>
<td><strong>What Is a College Education Worth?</strong> Charles Phillips, M. A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>691</td>
<td><strong>Echoes (A Poem)</strong> Anthony Shea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>692</td>
<td><strong>The Wraith—A Cornish Legend</strong> G. F. D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>693</td>
<td><strong>Pinkamink</strong> Michael F. Moloney, '26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>694</td>
<td><strong>Shakespeare In Our Day</strong> J. W. McGowan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>695</td>
<td><strong>Elevation (A Poem)</strong> Michael Foley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>696</td>
<td><strong>Book Leaves</strong> Joseph P. Burke, '25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>697</td>
<td><strong>Concerning Journalistic Perfection</strong> Mary E. Nevils, '27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>698</td>
<td><strong>Sports</strong> Tom Coman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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*Advertisers in Notre Dame publications deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.*

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CRUCIFIXION — Van Dyck (1599-1641) (University Art Galleries)
The Prayer

"Let me be the Repentant Thief,
Dear bleeding Christ! I'll carry
My cross beside Thee, nor relief.
I'll ever ask, nor tarry
To rest me ever, but to take
Thy cruel load from off Thee,
What though they whip me sore and break
My every bone, and scoff me?

"Let me be scourged as Thou art scourged,
And let them strip and jeer me:
By pain and bleeding I'll be purged,
And worthy made to hear Thee
Above the world's wild rable-cry
Speak words of Heavenly promise.
I'll not be Peter to deny,
Nor ever doubting Thomas!"

So prayed I noisily and proud
At evening; but the morrow
Scarce marked the dial when, knocking loud
Against my heart, came Sorrow—
She was the unrepentant thief,
Who pitilessly plundered,
Till almost from Christ's sweet belief
My weakling soul was sundered.

Ah then the little faltering prayer
I sent to Heaven crying,
"Lord, lift the cross! I cannot bear
Longer my crucifying!
O Thomas by thy faith made new,
O thief by thy repentance,
O Peter by thy tearful rue,
Implore a lighter sentence!"

—CHARLES PHILLIPS
THE BASEMENT CHAPEL

The Basement Chapel is a place to go and not a place to write about. It is there that sins are told and are absolved. It is there that youth receives its spiritual food. There it is that rosaries pass through fingers in $2,000 a year. And thus far in 1924-25 it has cost $3,000. On the rack is found only the most practical and interesting in religious reading. Among other authors are found Father Hull, Father Conway, Father Scott and Frank Spearman. Prayer books and scapulars are found there too. And petition for spiritual favors, for passing grades, for ailing friends and relatives and for the proper kind of sweethearts. In the basement Chapel of Notre Dame, students to the number of 863, each day during the first semester of the academic year of 1924-25, received the Giver of Gifts in Holy Communion. During the same period of the year 1923-24, the daily average was 800. It is from the Basement Chapel there comes that spiritual tone of Notre Dame.

This spiritual tone is manifested everywhere. It is proved by the fact of its presence. It is intangible but it is not negligible.

At the east entrance to the Basement Chapel is found the pamphlet rack. It was started in the spring of 1921. At that time only $40 a month was required to finance it. By 1923-24 the upkeep had grown to crucifixes and blessed cords and medals. Last year there were 3500 medals distributed. Thus far this year the distribution has achieved the 5000 mark. There is a season each year when more feet descend the Chapel steps and more knees bend in genuflection. It is Lent—that season during which more sacrifice is made and more Communions are received. The daily average for the lenten season of 1924 was 928. During the first 23 days of the present Lent the average was 1080.

The influence of the Basement Chapel is not meant to be put in black on white. It is to be felt. When one is respectfully referred to as "a Notre Dame man," the knowing listener will realize that "a Notre Dame man" is one who is seen frequently in the Basement Chapel.

—JOHN F. O'DONNELL
Busy? It’s a shame to say so, because after the first twenty-four hours each day, things get awfully slack. But still amid all, with exams hovering over us like the sword of Damocles with the thread weakening; with innumerable summaries, note-books, quarterly papers, theses, regular work, and the spring social season—the remark about the third quarter being a trifle difficult wasn't at all a bad guess.

March left—stay where you are! March has gone, but not without a few important events during its last days. Several of these have been kept from the searching spotlight of publicity. The Scribblers banquet on Thursday evening was very enjoyable, but everybody knows about that, that is, to whom it makes any difference. The Glee Club concert at St. Mary's on the same night was probably very interesting. All those somber young men with the snow-white palliating shirt-fronts, and the smoothly shaven faces, must have been a revelation to the girls, except that the girls have been taught to believe in Revelation. The fact that the News Editor was there in person will keep us in the dark as to the facts.

On Friday morning Judge John P. Kavanaugh of Oregon, who has just presented the private school case of Oregon before the United States Supreme Court, addressed the student body in Washington Hall. After hearing Judge Kavanaugh, it is easy to understand the unanimous decision of the Oregon courts, and the outcome of the case in Washington is left in little doubt.

On the other side of the building Coach Keogan directs the activities of the young Ruths, Sislers, Frischs, etc. This form of sport presents a group of veterans that, bolstered in the pitching staff, ought to mow a wide swath this season.

Wednesday was April Fool's day, but no one noticed the difference. That is, before I am misunderstood, such a day at a University can't be imagined. The Arts and Letters Seniors whose theses were due then, had strong inclinations to use the excuse, but they all seem to have finally come through in earnest.
Music

The Little Symphony of Chicago, directed by George Dasch, appeared Wednesday, April 1, in Washington Hall, presenting two programs, one at 4:15 and another at 8 p. m. Only a fair-sized audience heard the afternoon program, but a full house attended the evening performance.

The Orchestra was greeted with great enthusiasm at the conclusion of each of its numbers and the reception at the hands of the students told of its success on the Notre Dame campus.

The program given at the afternoon concert follows:

1. Overture to “William Tell” — Rossini
2. The Oxford Symphony — Haydn
3. The Waltzing Doll — Poldini
4. Serenade — Moscowszki
5. Suite of Old French Dances — Beauvais
6. Humoresque — Dvořák
7. Minuet in G — Beethoven
8. The Waltzing Doll — Poldini

The evening program was as follows:

1. Overture to “Mignon” — Thomas
2. Symphony No. 2, A Minor (Opus 85) — Saint-Saëns
3. “Liebestraum” (Dream of Love) — Liszt
4. Spring Song (Request) — Mendelssohn
5. Suite, “L’Arlesienne” No. 2 — Bizet
   INTERMISSION
   1. Intermezzo et Valse Lente. 2. Pizzicati.
   3. Cortege de Bacchus.
7. Scene Religieuse from “Les Errinies” — Massenet
   (Violincello obligato by Carl Brueckner)
8. “Moto Perpetuum” (Perpetual Motion) — Ries
   (Played by all the violins)
9. Minuet in G — Beethoven
10. The Mouse and the Trap (Scherzo) — Golden
11. Dance of the Hours from “La Gioconda” — Ponchielli

The most popular numbers on the afternoon program were the famous “William Tell” overture and “Humoresque.” All the numbers of the afternoon program were of a slightly lighter nature than those of the evening program.

Mr. Dasch, the director, prefaced the concert in the afternoon by a short talk in which he introduced the more uncommon instruments to the audience; he explained the different sections that compose the whole orchestra, and incidentally established a bond of sympathy between the musicians and the audience.

The most popular number of the evening program was the “Scene Religieuse” by Massenet which received an enthusiastic encore. It would be difficult to pick out the outstanding numbers musically for the orchestra is one of the most perfectly coordinated bodies heard on the stage today. Its rendition of the numbers was truly delightful in their manner of expression and feeling. The woodwind section is especially noteworthy for its richness and strength.

Praise is certainly due Father Carey for the splendid program which he arranged in bringing this organization, perhaps the finest which has appeared on the Notre Dame campus, before the student body.

The Glee Club will begin its annual Easter vacation tour on Monday, April 13, with a concert in Cleveland, Ohio. The remainder of the itinerary follows:

Tuesday, April 14—Akron, Ohio.
Wednesday, April 15—Barnesboro, Pa.
Thursday, April 16—Johnstown, Pa.
Friday, April 17—Connelsville, Pa.
Saturday, April 18—Wheeling, W. Va.

This tour will carry the Club further East than any Club of previous years has ventured. Clubs of former years have toured Indiana and Ohio but this is the first year that concerts have been given in Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

The Glee Club will leave South Bend on Easter Monday, April 13, at 10:17, bound for Cleveland. The concerts will be held in the various cities at 8:30 and in most cases will be followed by a dance.

No concert will be given in Pittsburgh, but in order to enable the members of the Club to see that city, a stopover of several hours on Saturday, April 18, has been arranged. Plans for the entertainment of the Club in the different cities include a trip
through one of the coal mines near Barnesboro, Pa.

The Club will leave Wheeling, Sunday morning and will arrive by special car in South Bend at 7:00 p.m., Sunday evening.

This will be the second major tour taken by the Club this year. The first trip was made during February, towns in Michigan and Wisconsin being included in the itinerary of the Club at that time. This is also the first year in which the Club has taken two trips of a week each.

JUDGE JOHN P. KAVANAUGH
ADDRESSES THE STUDENT BODY

Enlightened patriotism, the reconciliation of liberty and authority, the efficacy of the Constitution, the Oregon School case—these were some of the more important points in the address delivered by Judge John P. Kavanaugh of Portland, Oregon, in Washington Hall on Friday morning, March 28. Judge Kavanaugh was returning from Washington, D. C., where, as chief counsel for the Oregon Catholics and in conjunction with his colleagues, he had presented the case of the Catholic Church as regards private schools to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Citing the Russia of the past as an example of unbridled authority and the modern Russia as an example of unlimited liberty, Judge Kavanaugh recommended the Constitution of the United States as an excellent bulwark between these two forces. Each has its rights, he said, and each has its proper sphere and the ideal situation obtains when both are happily reconciled.

Not alone because the proposed Oregon School bill infringes upon the liberty of parents to educate their children as they see fit but because, if the principle of enforced attendance at certain schools is granted, it may easily be extended to affect colleges and universities such as Notre Dame, was one of the arguments which Judge Kavanaugh developed in reference to his present work.

"Enlightened patriotism is our safeguard:" In that spirit and with a mighty appeal for devotion to American principles, the speaker closed.

Judge Kavanaugh is the father of Norbert Kavanaugh, a Junior in the College of Arts and Letters.

Library

During the month of March, 2893 books were loaned from the circulation desk. During the same month of 1924, the number was 2101.

There were 4080 visitors to the Reference Room during the past month.

The Reference Department loaned 2361 books during March. For the corresponding month last year the number was 2430.

The following new books are now in the stacks for circulation:

Andrews, Mrs. Marian—Dante, the Wayfarer.
Baker, Mrs. J. (T.)—Correct Preposition; How to Use It.
Baker, Mrs. J. (T.)—Correct Word; How to Use It.
Benchley, R. C.—Off All Things.
Bosner, F. G.—School Work and Spare Time.
(Cleveland recreation survey.)
Boswell, C. S.—An Irish Precursor of Dante.
Castellanos, Juan de—Elegias de Varones Ilustres de Indias.
Conrad, Joseph—Tales of Hearsay.
Doumec, Rene—George Sand Some Aspects of Her Life and Work.
Farrer, R. J.—The Dolomites.
Gibbs, Sir, F. H.—More That Must be Told.
Gillin, J. L.—Wholesome Citizens and Spare Time.
(Cleveland recreation survey.)
Glasgow, E. A. G.—The Builders.
Haynes, Rowland—Public Provision for Recreation.
(Cleveland recreation survey.)
MacLean, A. M.—Wage-earning women.
Martin, Hugh—Ireland in Insurrection.
Menéndez Pelayo, Marcellino—Historia de la Poesia Hispano-Americana.
Moley, Raymond—Commercial Recreation. (Cleveland recreation survey.)
Ryan, W. P.—The Irish Labour Movement, from the Twenties to Our Own Day.
Saunders, H. S.—Parodies on Walt Whitman.
Savitz, J. J.—Composition Standards.
Sphere of Private Agencies—(Cleveland recreation survey.)
Wister, Owen—Virginian.
Zorrilla, de San Martin, Juan—(La) Epopeya de Artigas.
NOTRE DAME DEBATERS LOSE

Each of the Notre Dame debating teams suffered a defeat last Friday night at the hands of Western Reserve University of Cleveland. The negative men lost the decision in Washington Hall after a close battle and the affirmatives lost an equally close contest in Cleveland.

Representing Notre Dame here were John Droege, Edward Rowe and David Stanton, and representing Western Reserve, A. W. Thomas, G. M. DeMarinis and A. J. Klein. Mr. Samuel Pettengill, LL.B., of South Bend was the chairman and Professor Preston Scott of Purdue was the judge.

The Cleveland debate took place under the auspices of Gilmour Council Knights of Columbus. Ray Cunningham, William Coyne and Oscar Lavery spoke for Notre Dame and Leon Ginsberg, John N. Adams and William A. D. Millson for Reserve. Professor Howard S. Woodward of Reserve was the chairman and Mr. Robert J. Bulkley, Judge Charles F. Close and Mr. William B. Woods were the judges.

The close of the debating season finds Notre Dame with a record of two won and four lost. Each of the teams has been defeated twice and victorious once. The affirmative team received the decision over Wabash and the negative team over Earlham.

NEXT K. OF C. INITIATION IN MAY

Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus is to have its third initiation of the present scholastic year early in May. Members of the Council are urged to present at once the applications already obtained and to sign their prospects just as soon as possible, so that the Membership Committee may have some idea of the size of the class and make arrangements accordingly.

A golf tournament, open only to members of Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus in good standing, is to be played in the weeks immediately following Easter. The entrants will be divided into two classes according to their previous scores, and a loving cup will be awarded to the winner in each class.

CUBS HEAR LECTURE BY MR. MICHAEL KEYES

Michael J. Keyes, Telegraph Editor of the South Bend News-Times, spoke on "The Duties of a Telegraph Editor," at a meeting of The Cubs, an organization composed of Sophomore Journalists, last Monday night in the Journalism room of the Library.

In introducing his discussion, Mr. Keyes stressed the superiority of a general education over a knowledge of mechanical details, as having the greatest influence in the making of an ideal journalist in the modern university. This education, he said, could be had at Notre Dame by the man who desires to make newspaper work his profession, by a thorough mastery of the rudiments of modern society.

Casual reference was made by the speaker to the value of the fair minded telegraph editor who eliminates or "cuts" that news tending to prejudice readers by religious means. As an instance of such news, he cited the religious strife over the school issue in France, and deplored the way in which some of the articles were sent over the wire.

Blackboard diagrams were employed by Mr. Keyes in his discussion of "make-up" and the balance of news-stories on a page. The accompanying explanation of the various methods, such as the writing of heads and their size, was very clearly given.

"Politics in Journalism" will be the topic of a prominent political writer who will speak at the next bi-monthly meeting of the organization to be held after Easter.

BEG YOUR PARDON

In connection with last week's story of the Knights of Columbus banquet, mention of an address by Father George McNamara, C.S.C., was unintentionally omitted. Father McNamara, taking as his subject "Knight Time on the Campus," told of the traditions that characterized the Notre Dame of the past some of which have partially or entirely disappeared. He asked for a return of these sanctified customs as one means of vitalizing the Notre Dame spirit.
FOUR EASTER DANCES TO BE GIVEN BY CITY CLUBS

As announced last week, the Chicago Club of Notre Dame is again sponsoring an Easter Formal to take place, this time, at the Opera Club, Walton Street near Michigan Boulevard, on Tuesday evening, April 14. Bolin's Blue Friars are to play and the subscription price is to be four dollars, payable at the door.

The Grand Rapids Club has chosen the English Room of the Hotel Rowe at the place, April 14 as the date and Diedrick's Orchestra to supply the syncopation for its semi-formal complimentary gathering. Each member of the Club is privileged to invite

The popular April 14, the Toledo Yacht Club on Lake Erie and Fred Seymour's Orchestra have been selected by the Toledo Club. Informality will reign, and the decorations will do honor to the spirit of spring. You will need two dollars to get past the door-keeper. Invitations may be had from any one of the Toledo men.

In conjunction with the Glee Club concert on Monday April 13, the Notre Dame Alumni of Cleveland are to sponsor a formal dance in the Statler Hotel.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

"The Old Man," by Harry McGuire, '25, "The Roommate," by Ray Hunt, '27, and "Superstition," by Delmar Edmondson, an alumnus, are to be presented in Washington Hall on the nights of April 29 and 30, by the Players Club. The first night's performance will be especially for students and the second night's for outside guests.

The students of Moreau Seminary will present "The Upper Room," a Passion Play, on Tuesday evening, April 7, in Washington Hall. This play was written by Robert Hugh Benson and has enjoyed many successful productions.

"On the Slopes of Judea," another Passion Play will be presented by the students of St. Mary's Academy in St. Angela's Hall, St. Mary's, Sunday evening at seven-thirty. Tickets for this play may be secured from Jack Sheehan, Bernard Livergood, Ray Cunningham, George Koch, Joseph Quinn and others. The cost of the ticket is fifty cents.

The "Passion Play," showing at the Oliver Theatre next week, was presented to the faculty of the University in Washington Hall last Tuesday. This splendid production pleased those privileged to see it.

COLUMBIAN SQUIRES INVESTITURE

In the presence of a distinguished group of high officers of the Knights of Columbus and under the auspices of South Bend Council K. of C., the first official investiture (initiation) of the Columbian Squires, junior order of the Knights of Columbus, took place last Monday night in the South Bend Council Home. The officers of LaSalle Circle, the South Bend Squire unit, conducted the ceremony. They were assisted by the members of Sorin Circle, the Notre Dame unit, the members of which are residents of St. Edward's Hall. Twenty-five boys, representing the various parishes of South Bend, composed the class of candidates.

Following the investiture, a luncheon was served in the banquet hall of the Home. Grand Knight Walter I. Fegan of South Bend was toastmaster and among others, the following responded to toasts: Martin H. Carmody, Deputy Supreme Knight; George H. Boivin Supreme Director; John F. O'Neill, Supreme Director; Brother Barnabas, F.S.C., executive Secretary of the Boy Life Committee of the Knights of Columbus of which Committee the other three men are also members. Other notable persons in attendance were James McGinley, Supreme Secretary and William Fox, Supreme Director.

Much credit for the success of the first investiture should go to Brother Barnabas, to Mr. Hower and to the students in the Department of Boy Guidance for their untiring efforts and splendid ideas.

To serve as a connecting link between the local Columbian Squire unit and Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus, the following Notre Dame Knights have been appointed as a Committee: Grand Knight Harry McGuire, Chancellor George Bischoff and Bernard Wingerter.
ST. MARY’S NEW BUILDING

The new College Dormitory and Classroom building, the first unit of the Greater St. Mary’s, is nearing completion. It was begun in March, 1924, and on June 12, the corner stone was laid. This magnificent Gothic structure of highly glazed, buff-colored brick and contrasting Bedford stone, and pipe organ will be a most artistic spot.

The suites of rooms and the single rooms will be home-like and comfortable with built-in desks, long mirrors, and numerous other conveniences. The kitchenettes and serving rooms will be extremely useful for private parties and dinners.

The plans for this new building were drawn by Maurice Carroll of Kansas City, who was graduated from Notre Dame in '20. Judging from the present progress, there is no doubt but that the building will be completed by the opening of school in September. It is estimated that the cost will exceed $1,500,000. A Greater St. Mary’s Movement is being conducted by Mr. Earl S. Dickens, who was identified with the Notre Dame University Endowment Program, previous to which he acted as secretary to the Reverend John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., during his years as President of the University.

The plan of organization is unique in the history of college campaigns, since professional workers are not employed in the soliciting of subscriptions. The United States has been divided into districts, under the direction of chairmen, who, together with the committee appointed by them, cooperate with Mr. Dickens. That the urgency of St. Mary’s need for expansion has been recognized by her alumnae and friends is evident from the full measure of response received in the localities where the Greater St. Mary’s Movement has been conducted. At present the organization is intensifying its work in Texas.
A PLEA FOR THE HUMANITIES

A PROSPECTIVE college student is often bewildered by the numerous conflicting opinions as to what a college education should embrace. This difficulty arises, it is true, partly from the student's indecision as to his vocation, and partly from indiscriminate advice to take this, to do that because it is fashionable. Surely, nothing is more disastrous, more discouraging, to a student.

Because specialization, in theory and in practice, has been worked out so successfully in the industrial world, its over-enthusiastic proponents have urged that their methods be adopted by our educative system. How futile it is to attempt reasoning with anyone who defends seriously that point of view! That educators, stanch as some may be for the traditional Bachelor of Arts course in the ancient classics, history, mathematics, and literature, have yielded to the demands of the specialists may be known by surveying the wide range of courses they have prepared. The classical education, dubbed now a general college course, or, even worse, a cultural course, has an intrinsic value, which defies measurement by seal and rule. And it is precisely this that a specialist cannot understand. Because he is practical, he has no time to spend upon anything abstract. He is concerned in estimating value in only concrete measures. Hence, if a college graduate fails to add to the industrial efficiency of society, he is at once a fool in his own interests, and more grievously a traitor to the precepts of business. Herein lies a snare. Has the specialist considered the many-sided acceptations of the term success? Must there be but one index to that goal?

Material gain is a good thing; it is, in fact, indispensable to our earthly existence. Still, who can deny that some of man's immortal achievements were not the inspirations from a profit seeking scheme? For if that were true, Da Vinci, twenty years, at a portrait, was a fool; he should have discarded paints and brushes for a camera. Milton's "Paradise Lost" would have passed from the nature of an epic to that, perhaps, of a "best seller." St. Paul's stands as a monument to Christopher Wren because he longed to make London beautiful. Perhaps these men did not enjoy life, if we view their amusements and pleasures through our standards of living, but their work indicates inspiration drawn from sources other than a marketable commerce.

It is not to be thought that we can do away with the "bread and butter studies." Here in America, at least, we must submit, at times, to prevailing conditions, or else be swallowed in the crowd. At the same time, however, it is important to recall the primary purpose of education: to develop, and discipline the intellect, and to mould and to train moral character. If we are to resolve education to the mere perfunctory duty of amassing miscellaneous facts, we need not spend time and money upon elaborate educational programs, for that kind of encyclopaedic training can be procured at home, or even in the work-a-day world where the guiding maxim is chiefly self-preservation.

—K. L. R.

TOM GOSS

ONE evening several weeks ago we happened into the University natatorium, attracted by the cheering and shouting within. The interhall swimming meets, under
Sixty men were participating in this interhall swimming meet, the first of its kind held at Notre Dame. The idea of holding such an event originated with Tom Goss, the Varsity swimming coach. It was successfully carried out and a champion, (Walsh Hall), established by his energetic work and the force of his driving personality.

The Scholastic wishes here to place in its own private Hall of Fame the name of Tom Goss. He deserves recognition because he has successfully established swimming as a Varsity sport at Notre Dame, because he conducted the first successful interhall swimming meet, and because, despite these activities, he is an excellent student in the College of Commerce. —J. W. S.

INFIRMITY AS AN EXCUSE

I lie here on the bed, trying to write, but I cannot, for I am feeling most miserable today. I have a cold and a toothache; it seems that the Powers who order such things have forgotten that one of these is plague enough. I am about resolved to plead these infirmities as excuse for not doing this editorial, when across my mind there flashes a series of pictures—pictures of those who, though infirm in some way, yet made English literature the richer by their living.

There is Milton, well along in years when he wrote his best work, blinded while working for a cause that failed while he was yet alive. Unable to see any more the world about him, he explored the supernatural, and gave to us, who are really blinder than he, a magnificent epic. Certainly John Milton was not one content to do nothing more than nurse his infirmity.

There is Keats in his garret, coughing out his lungs, doomed to die within a few years, his misery intensified by his medical knowledge. Yet even as he coughed he wrote the odes that have placed him in the first rank of English poets. Here is another who was more than a nurse of his infirmity.

Then there is Elizabeth Barret Browning, a burden to those who loved her, for she had to be carried wherever she went. Was she content to sit in her wheel-chair and rail at the world in general and her infirmity in particular? No, she forgot her sorrow in her love and gave us the sonnets that lovers will never let us forget.

Then comes Dean Swift, who, though not infirm during his productive period, is more unfortunate than all, for he carried with him the knowledge of his impending insanity. Working always with this sword over his head, he stuck pins in the thick skins of dolts and fools in the name of Truth and Satire. Perhaps he did hate the world—not because it was the world, but because he thought it ignorant, stupid, and evil. This belligerent Irishman did more, certainly, than worry about a coming infirmity.

Yet here I lie, nursing my cold and toothache as if that were the only thing in the world worth doing. —E. T. L.
Easter, 1925

JAMES A. CARROLL, '25

We are about to renew the tragedy of the Cross, and the divine comedy of the Resurrection. And once again the dirge of the Miserere breaks off, and there come the gladdened strains of the Te Deum in wild, tumultuous allegro. Smiles follow tears, heavy hearts are filled with laughter, and there is a flooding of a sorrowful world with hope and life. The threnody of a hopeless race of men changes to the alleluias of a world redeemed. There is an artistic oppositeness in the story of the Passion, in that it is a story with a happy ending.

There is ever going on, even today, the Entombment and the Resurrection. There will always be the Crucifixion. As long as men are what they are there will be found disciples who will deny their leader; a Judas who will sell him; an ambitious Caiphas and a timid Pilate who will close their eyes to the light. Easter, 1925, finds the world marred by the same ugly faults which have been hers since the beginning. It is the same wearying tale of poverty, and sorrow, and sin, and hate, and man appears everywhere, not as an angel on his way to eternal glory, but more as a “disease of the agglutinated dust.”

No, this Easter will not find things in the world as they should be. As yesterday they were broken, vows are being broken today, ideals shattered, and truth dashed to earth. The dreams of the dreamer are still unrealized. Ten years ago a war was being fought, to which the youth of the whole world contributed its blood. Today the ideal for which that sacrifice was so nobly and unquestioningly offered is not yet attained, not even in sight.

The conquerors “differ among themselves,” and poor Germany, numbed with her wounds, and dull with despair, only endeavors to forget her sorrows that she may keep in mind her revenge. So far are we from the day, previsions by a poet of the nineteenth century,—

There the war drums throbbed no longer
And the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of Man
The Federation of the World.

Beside the stupendous miracle of Easter Sunday we lie a weltering confusion of efforts and failures. Man is far from the perfect state to which he, in the effrontery of his self-conceit, may lay claim. There are too many of his fellow-men who are enduring present sorrow, too many who look to the future with but fear in their hearts, and hunger in their stomachs.

Yet with all our doubts, and despondencies, and despair, we still weave golden banners; despite our weaknesses and short-comings we manifest those qualities which made us worthy to be redeemed. Despite our perversities, and the insanity of our foibles, we do not fail to thrill to the good and the glorious, and we can still marvel at the triumph of Christ over the forces of sin and death.

Easter, 1925, a hopeful race of men recalls the unutterable sorrow of the Passion, and responds in joy and gladness to the magnificence, the glory, of the Resurrection. It looks down the vistas of eternity and sees nothing but hope ahead.
A S LONG AS COLLEGE education has been in existence, the question has been asked, "What is it worth? What good is it? What does it do for a man?" And the opinion of the educator, by the very nature of circumstances, has not been always accepted; he has been regarded as prejudiced. "Education for him", the world has been able to retort, "has given him a job. But we can't all be school teachers. It's not what education means to the man who remains in the life of schools, but what it means to the average man who goes out into the world to earn his living, that counts."

The best answer to the question is, obviously, in the lives of men who have enjoyed the advantages of a college education. Their record speaks for itself; and their testimony, too, if it could be secured, would be interesting. If we could work up a symposium of opinions from men in all parts of the country, and publish it in THE SCHOLASTIC—a group of clear, honest and realistic statements from old grads of Notre Dame, telling exactly what their feelings are in the matter, after, let us say, a lapse of ten years or so, a valuable addition to the literature of the subject would be made.

Perhaps that can be done; perhaps THE SCHOLASTIC can work out a plan to give its readers a symposium of this sort. In the meantime, since I am asked—and very glad to be asked—I shall say here a few words concerning the question of what college education means as it is represented by Notre Dame, and as Notre Dame impresses a new-comer to her teaching ranks. For I am a new-comer here; and though that may be against the weight of any opinion I may express, at the same time it may be to my advantage, too; for the reactions of a man freshly come to any scene often have a certain interest if not a value of their own.

To begin with, no discussion of what college education means can get us anywhere until we define what we mean by education. Let us settle that first. Let us see if we can agree on a definition. Though books by the score have been written on the subject without exhausting it, I think we can clear the decks by simply setting it down that education means the training of men mentally, physically and spiritually, so that they may be better fitted to live useful lives. If we add to that a qualifying word regarding the special function of American education, which is to prepare men for active participation in a democracy, then I think we can proceed. All that remains to be asked is, "Is Notre Dame giving men this sort of education?" Of course, as I have said already, the ultimate answer lies with the men who have passed through Notre Dame; with the alumni. But one can make some observations on the campus and in the halls that will go toward giving an answer.

I came to Notre Dame after some years' absence from America. Everything I saw on my return to my home country had a new, fresh impact for me. And I will frankly confess that my first impressions on arriving back in America were a little discouraging. Having spent some more or less adventurous times in the borderlands of Europe, specifically in Poland and Russia, and having seen what Bolshevism rampant can do to peoples, either in the way of threatening them with destruction (as in the case of Poland) or in actually destroying them (as in the case of Russia), I found myself rather alarmed at the trend of affairs at home. The so-called "liberal"—that is, the Red and Radical—press, had not only measurably increased its power by numbers and influence, but was definitely bolder and more daring than before the war. There seemed to me, in fact, to be an idea spreading abroad in this country, that a little Bolshevism might be good for America. I heard reputable and responsible people declare that they would like to see the thing put over.

But all this was a matter of impression, and perhaps too vague to be entirely valid. It was not until I had made some contact with certain secular universities that these feelings were sharpened to conviction. The conviction was, that, let the optimists say what they might—our country had held, or at least was sliding, a little from her moorings. Thousands—yes, tens of thousands—of young men and women, I found, were passing through our great educational centers with one idea steadily growing in their heads—the idea of revolt, revolt from authority, revolt from tradition, revolt from law, revolt from moral restrictions, revolt from mental discipline. I saw students go through a process of disintegration right before my eyes—the result of a gradual, steady, insidious, determined undermining of all those foundation ideals which they had brought out of their home environments, and which had been their heritage from generations.

Let me take care here to say plainly that I am not an alarmist, nor in any way an opponent of any "Youth Movement" that our times may develop. We say "of our times"; but there has always been Youth, and there always will be "Youth Movements," whether we name them such or not. No: I am with the youth of our country in all their aspirations. So are we all, if we only stop to think of it. It is not youth that we condemn, but that
Mature America which is deliberately destroying our youth—that Mature America which, to our shame, we find too often represented by the educators of our country.

Well, it was with impressions of this sort that I came to Notre Dame. What, I asked myself, was I to find here? I was no stranger to this old university. I had known it all my life; had had teachers and alumni of Notre Dame among my closest friends; had been for years a reader of the SCHOLASTIC; and I knew all about the priests who conducted the school. Naturally I expected much. But still, life had taught me one thing, surely—never to expect too much. Too many things in America had already surprised me, after even only a few years absence from home. I was, as the Irishman said when he was proposing, “in a state of query.”

This is what I found at Notre Dame: a school with some 2000 students from almost every state in the union, not to speak of several foreign countries; a miniature United States of America—of the world, one might almost say;—a little world in itself. And these students—how did they compare with those that I had observed elsewhere? They were just the same—a fine, upstanding lot of clear-eyed, keen-witted, clean-bodied young Americans, no different from men elsewhere, at other schools. And yet everything was different—so different—so very different!

What was the difference? To put it in a word, it was this: Otherwhere, I had seen the tragedy of youth being stripped of its inspirations, its home ideals taken away from it; here I saw youth preserved in its ideals, its old home influences perpetuated and reemphasized. Otherwhere I had seen young souls set adrift, undermined, the eager questing of youthful hearts inflamed to futile protest against everything and nothing; the planks pulled from under them; the fire of their spirits turned to blind threshing against life—because life was sapped of its meaning and spoiled before their very eyes. This (putting it strongly, I admit—but it sums up my impressions) is what I had seen otherwhere. And here, I saw the very opposite—youth growing with its roots gripped into rich, solid soil, youth threshing out its branches, its sapling twigs, its new leaves of thought, speculation, aspiration, endeavor, under a steady fructifying sun of sound philosophy, of healthy guidance and careful discipline—discipline, let it be noted, mostly made self-discipline; which in the long run is all the discipline that counts.

Here then was a difference; here was something worthy of very careful noting to any man interested in the question of college education and its relation to the life of our country.

Now to analyze the things I have found here, to reduce them from mere generalities to terms which may be useful in a discussion of what a college education can mean, let us look into the why of this condition which I found at Notre Dame. It is one thing to say that we find youth at a certain school enjoying certain advantages, but quite another to inquire how it comes that they do enjoy these advantages. At Notre Dame, as I see it, it works this way:

First, there is the atmosphere of the place. Of course it is almost as difficult to describe the atmosphere of a place as it is to define the charm of a charming girl. She’s just charming, that’s all. One might say Notre Dame has atmosphere, that’s all. But perhaps we can define it by analogy. In one way, in regard to comradeship, it reminds me of the Army; there is a comradeship, a fellowship, at a large boarding school, as there is in any large grouping of men, that can’t be weighed or measured. But it exists. It is in the very air. Here the closed campus accounts largely for it. The men live a more or less common life. Their interests may be as diversified as a multiple of 2000 can make them—but still their life is a common one. Then there is the spirit of democracy—a spirit which is as much a part of Notre Dame as the Dome is. The absence of the clique-engendering fraternity is one of the sources and one of the surest guarantees of this spirit. And finally, last but far from least, there is the spiritual atmosphere.

Now, “spiritual atmosphere” is something that the pagan world likes to link up with “nunneries”; and Notre Dame is “no nunnery.” It is a he-man school, if there be such a thing on this green globe. Yet it has a definite, unmistakable and very much alive spiritual atmosphere. Its chapel is one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in America, finer, larger, more inspiring and more imposing than many a cathedral. The deep-vaulted spaces, the richly jeweled windows and masterly frescoes and paintings, the great organ and the splendid choir of this unique college chapel—these things alone would bespeak a spiritual atmosphere in any community. Yet all these things might be lost, and so beautiful a house of prayer might stand as lonely and abandoned as many great city meeting houses do nowadays, were there not something else. That something else is the spirit which has made such a chapel a possibility. It is the spiritual atmosphere of Notre Dame. And that spirit is manifested in many other ways than in the mere existence of a beautiful temple of God. The hundreds of daily Communions, the lively interest taken in the Religious Bulletins, which are masterpieces of straight-from-the-shoulder inspiration, written in the vivid campus language of the men, understood and relished by them in a way that is nothing short of astonishing to the newcomer—the clean, healthy tone of the students’ talk, the general absence of profanity; the jealously preserved code of honesty and squareness among the men.... all these are evidences of a “tone” and
an atmosphere at Notre Dame which no one can mistake.

And what does all this mean, in the end, this atmosphere at Notre Dame, as observed in relation to youth at school, youth at its highest pressure, youth in its most impassioned years? It means just this: that the soul of man is satisfied here; not tortured with negations, twisted into insurrection, rebellion, protest against life, but fed and nourished with the one thing that it craves—beauty and authority, welded so that they speak together in one golden voice. In short, it means that life is made worth while.

This spiritual atmosphere, then, tends toward keeping the life of the spirit active in the student. And if the life of the spirit is to be killed in the youth of America by higher education, then we had better give up higher education, once and for all. But we can not stop at mere atmosphere. Atmosphere is all. We can not stand around and breathe. Youth won't be satisfied with that. It will find play for its animal spirits too—and here it is the wisely arranged recreational and athletic features of Notre Dame do their part in educating the men, not to speak of the equally well arranged schedule of campus activities in which students are allowed to participate. One needs to say nothing about Notre Dame athletics, except to remind the reader, perhaps, that all is not football at this University, glorious as that football is. Every known form of outdoor and indoor sport from straight gym work to swimming and cross country running is indulged in, for the upbuilding of the bodies and the development of the wits of the student. As for campus activities, while the perfect balance may perhaps never be struck at any school between study and such practical endeavor as managing college publications, organizing and running clubs and all that, here at Notre Dame a tireless effort is made to gauge the individual student.

That brings us to the classroom itself. Here lies the core of our question, "What good is a college education?" My observation is that Notre Dame, having one ideal, "to teach men how to live, rather than how to just get a living"—Notre Dame having this ideal, works out a well balanced curriculum, designed above all other things to teach a man first of all how to think. Stimulation of the students' mind appears to be the first aim. The line of least resistance is not followed. Our recently retired U. S. Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, speaking once before the National Educators Association, defined education as not merely self-discipline, but self-discipline through difficult tasks; and this ideal, forgotten though it be all too often, still retains at Notre Dame. It is an old-fashioned ideal, of course; but Notre Dame is old fashioned, thank God, in more ways than one; and in no way more than in its insistence on Muscular Education—not meaning legs and arms alone, but the too often neglected "muscles of the mind." A balanced study diet, enough of the cultural to enrich and expand the mind and train it to self-reliance and enough of the practical to make it equal to the tasks of the business world—such a diet will make a man fit, not unfit, for every day life. The curriculum here seems to me to be admirably balanced for this purpose. So far, out of some 300 students directly under my observation, I know of only two actual cases of "maladjustment"—that is, of students whose taste of the cultural here at college has given them a distaste for the outside life to which they must return. But even in these cases, it could not be said explicitly that they have been unfitted for life by higher education. That would be too broad a statement altogether.

The Notre Dame system of education, then, aims at inspiration, democracy and self-discipline, mental and physical, for the student. But no such system can succeed unless there be a strict regimen of external discipline maintained. There is such a strict regimen at Notre Dame. There are not too many regulations, I think; but there are a few, and they are ironclad, cast-steel, merciless. They relate to morals, needless to say; and they are based on the principle of the apple barrel—no rotten ones allowed. There is one other regulation, too, not relating directly to morals, which strikes me as the finest thing yet put over by any school—the absolute prohibition of students' automobiles. Anyone who has seen what the automobile is doing to the students of the state universities will appreciate what this means. It means safety, for body and soul; and it makes for democracy, too.

These, then, are some of my impressions of Notre Dame, recorded in the light of inquiring into the old question, "What is a College Education Worth?" They are, as I have made plain, the impressions of a new-comer; and besides, they are impressions taken "this side the fence"—that is, from the rostrum, as it were, rather than from the bench. And yet, I feel that they are not wholly one sided; for I was not long at Notre Dame before I was seeing two ways—not alone the way of the instructor, but the way of the student, too. A man would be blind indeed not to quickly understand and appreciate what Notre Dame, as an institution, aims to do. But he would have to be insensible, if not senseless, not to see and feel what Notre Dame is doing. At every turn it is manifest in the student body. I have never seen a group of men that averages higher than the men at this University. In "my" three hundred and more—to speak only of those whose work I know intimately—I have found not half a dozen sluggards; only two or three of the indifferent "smart-
aleck" type; only one that didn't play fair. The rest of them, to a man, are keen, alert, square, ambitious, friendly, fairly studious, turning out good work (especially whenever that work allows for self-expression), and deeply absorbed in life and its problems,—if not always too deeply absorbed in text books; which, after all, is not so great a fault!

I think that a man would be safe to challenge any group to produce a higher average of worthwhile men than these Notre Dame upperclassmen. And I emphasize the fact that they are upperclassmen, not alone because I know the upperclassmen best, since my work is almost wholly graduate work, but because these men represent four years of Notre Dame life, Notre Dame influence, Notre Dame atmosphere. Back of them one sees, just as one sees it in the Freshmen, hundreds of clean, orderly Christian homes scattered over the whole Union—and from that impression alone one draws a genuine inspiration. But the special point here is this—that the things these men brought to college out of their home environment, the ideals, the aspirations of youth—these things have not been taken away from them. On the contrary they have been strengthened, stabilized, developed, by a system of college education which provides an invigorating spiritual atmosphere; a democratic environment; a well balanced curriculum; a high stimulus toward physical as well as mental development; and finally, that best of all disciplines, a self-imposed discipline of mind as well as morals. Such an education assuredly goes far toward making men better qualified for life.

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ECHOES

Gardens are the sweetest
When flowers are in bloom,
But there's the scent of an old, old rose
In a vial in my room.

Woman's love is fairest
When hearts leap at the Spring,
But memories of an old, old love
Come, child, when you sing.

—ANTHONY SHEA.
In the channel the white-caps raced and tore, raced to the rugged coast of Cornwall to dash themselves frenziedly against the grim cliffs, worn and distorted by the onslaughts of the tide but still resisting as they had resisted for ages.

The twilight came from the gloomy day, a little grayer, a little more eerie. The troughs of the sea grew deeper as the mad waves pranced and tumbled upon one another roaring in their glee. In the wild sky the gulls sent forth their eldritch call, augury of disaster.

The light on Llanath flashed its opening beam. Slowly, as the darkness grew, the circle of light expanded over the sea which boiled and tossed its giant crests against the shores of the island.

Years ago the wreckers had used Llanath to lure many a gallant ship to a terrible destruction on the rocks, but to-day the tall white shaft of Llanath light was a towering guard and beacon for the anxious mariner. A year it had stood and in that year thrice had it ceased to warn, its light had failed, and each time the Cornish cliffs had frowned over the wreckage and the ghastly corpses of the wrecked. Three men had been taken from Llanath, three mad-men, who before had been as sane and as sturdy seamen as one could wish. No reason could they give for the failure of the beacon. One spoke not at all; the second, he whose delinquency had driven the troop-ship Condor with a thousand souls upon the merciless rocks, babbled and raved and pointed incessantly with ineradicable horror in his eyes; the third died the day after the relief-ship made its monthly visit.

David knew this; but not a moment's hesitancy did he show when ordered to the light. Three nights had passed calmly. This, the fourth, promised to be wild and dangerous. Still, David had seen many such in posts equally hazardous. The fate of his predecessors interested him, but his sturdy Cornish nature did not quail at the mystery of what had befallen them.

The night grew blacker. The great reflectors in the tower cast off their light. The bright beams marked out the rolling sea and on the landward side the cliffs of Cornwall.

David stood beside the burners gazing thoughtfully out upon the troubled water. The spray flew almost to the height from which he watched.

After seeing that all was well, he descended to the living-quarters and picked up one of the papers he had brought with him. He read interestingly and puffed with contentment at the clay stem of his pipe. An hour passed. A visit to the tower showed that the lights burned well. Another hour, and still others... not long to David who had grown to love and appreciate the supreme solitude of the light-keeper. It was near the hour of midnight. Great gusts of wind seemed to shake the tower to its very base. The paper in his hand rustled in a gust of spray-soaked air which extinguished the hanging-lamp above him. At the same moment, from out the gloom of the night came the muffled boom, boom of cannon. David rushed to the shutter. He could hear it banging and smashing against the wall. With all his great strength he forced it shut and fastened it securely. His steady hands struck a light and rekindled the wick of the lamp. Again the sound of cannon.

David made all haste to the tower. The lights, he saw at a glance, were behaving erratically. Some were flickering on the great wicks, others were growing dim and dimmer, one glowed where the flame had died.

He started towards them but something drew his glance out to sea where the powerful reflectors penetrated none too well the flying murk. His nerves so firm and reliable yielded for a moment. Out of the mist came the grey ghost of a huge ship, a gal­leon of Spain such as sailed centuries ago. Her great canvas spread full, piled from yard to yard, men, ghostly men, swarmed upon her decks, upon her shrouds, upon the
swaying yard-arms from which her pennons proudly fluttered. Madly she drove down upon Llanath. Her great castles towered far above the watcher in the tower. He stared fixed with horror as the bowsprit passed into the rocky coast of the island and the phantom vanished. Simultaneously he awoke from his trance. The light was out!

Feverishly he worked to right it. A sullen, despairing boom of a signal-gun came to his ears. He prayed as he worked. Slowly the wicks gathered flame and Llanath beacon sent its light upon the channel. Driving past the side of the island, almost opposite where the spectre-ship had struck, he saw a vessel, a stately barque. Flares burned here and there and her guns sounded at frequent intervals.

With a groan of despair, David saw her crash upon the rocks and pile up in a chaotic heap of smashed timbers and tangled rigging. Llanath rock had claimed another.

The next day the relief ship came and David left the light, a grey-haired and broken man but able to tell coherently all that happened.

Llanath light is used no more. Off from the island is moored a light-ship which serves well and no wrecks have since occurred. But the Cornish fisher-folk give Llanath a wide berth in fairest weather and many grim tales are told of the phantom galleon that comes in fiercest storms to presage the wreck of some unfortunate vessel.

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**Pinkamink**

MICHAEL F. MOLONEY, '26

It is springtime now in the valley of the Pinkamink. How much that thought means to me, divorced from the region of my dreams! The hoar frost has relaxed his grip which silenced the innumerable tributaries of the little river. They flow noisily and freely again, adown deviant courses, amid clumps of burgeoning willows, until their liquid jargon is answered in some prosperous farmstead, by the raucous call of the mating duck, or arrested by a long file of milch cows, trooping silently off to the nearby pasture.

Birds and flowers, too, have hastened back to the Pinkamink lands. A score of robins are making merry amid the cherry-blossoms in Hendrick Schulze's orchard as if in anticipation of their June feast. From under the stable's eaves the swallow darts in airy abandon. From the great poplar in the corner of the barnlot a jay screeches defiance to the world. Across the road from the farmhouse in the sparse grove that covers the southern hillslope, a bed of spring violets raise their timid heads—already little Mathilda Schulze's teacher has had a bouquet from that sylvan garden.

Years have elapsed since I last saw the Pinkamink. The beauty of the place and its simple rustic life of which I was once a part, live now only in memory. But the pale verdure never returns to the anaemic herbage of our parks, nor the first song of returning birds wakes the air, that a sharp pang of mingled loneliness and hope, of sorrow and delight does not assail me. The Pinkamink country lays heavy ties upon her people and they do not forget her.
Slighty over three hundred years ago the greatest book ever written by one man came from the press. The first folio of Shakespeare's works was not so much a commercial enterprise as a labor of love. It is probable those who published it had little expectation that the cost of publication would be met, for, with the exception of the collected edition of "rare Ben Jonson's" works, (which had appeared a short time before), no publisher, previously to 1623, ever dreamed that it would be a profitable enterprise to print a collection of plays.

The modest expectations of the public demand are strikingly indicated by the fact that only five hundred copies of the book were ever printed.

Thus we owe the first folio of Shakespeare's works to the affection which his friends had for him and which survived his death in 1616.

The inestimable service which they thus rendered to the world for all time to come can be measured by the fact that not collected the manuscripts, while it was still possible, the world, in all probability, would have lost forever many of Shakespeare's masterpieces.

How well their faith was justified is shown by the striking fact that, notwithstanding all the changes of three hundred years, about two hundred copies of the edition still remain, of which, however, only fourteen are perfect copies. Any one of these is priceless, and it would greatly amaze their publishers to know that a copy of a book which they published for one pound can now be sold for ten thousand times that amount.

Well did Carlyle say, "It would be better for England to lose its India empire than to lose the priceless heritage of Shakespeare's works." The book contains such a wealth of powerful sentiment, deep thought, exquisite poetry and unequalled melody of expression, that it is not surprising that for years past men have vainly attempted to explain the miracle of Shakespeare's genius by the suggestion that the plays were not in fact written by him.

The stage in Shakespeare's day was an exceedingly primitive institution. When he was a boy, theatrical companies still played in the courtyards of inns and taverns. They erected their own crude stage—much as a travelling circus pitches its tents to-day. When Shakespeare began to write, the open-air theatre had changed into a rough circular building and it may be safely said that the poorest theatre in America to-day, even though it be only the lowliest picture house, is a more comfortable and pretentious theatre than the best in Shakespeare's time.

If Shakespeare could see to-day the worst production of one of his plays he would stand in admiration at the scenic resources of the theatre. If he had last year seen "The Merchant of Venice" as produced by Warfield, he would have gasped in wonderment. The meager scenery of the Elizabethan stage only emphasizes the receptive imagination of the Elizabethan audience.

It is not a consoling reflection to note that the appreciation of Shakespeare may well be considered the measure of ours or of any civilization. If his plays, with very few exceptions, are now dead in the theatre, it must be because there is no longer a people capable of appreciating their deep thought and exalted beauties of expression.

If Shakespeare were permitted to be with us again, and would visit Chicago, New York, or almost any modern city, what would be his impressions in his capacity as playwright-manager-actor? Naturally, his first disagreeable impression would be the almost complete disappearance of his plays from the stage, and probably his second thought would be whether, if he cared to write more plays, there would be any market for them.

He would visit the moving picture houses with great interest and his keen insight would soon recognize that the "why of the movie" is that it so far caters to the intellectual laziness of the age as to give the
maximum of emotional impression with the minimum of mental effort.

He would be quick to note the crowded vaudeville houses, burlesque and musical-comedy shows, and he would attempt to explain all this through the indisposition of the average man, in this age of the cinematographic brain, to concentrate thought on any one subject for three hours.

Having sampled the nature of the contributions to wit and thought in the different theatres, he would probably conclude that a nation that could find real pleasure and enjoyment in the typical “revue” or “musical comedy” was not one that would enjoy the wit of Falstaff, the profound thought of Hamlet, or the poignant tragedy of Othello.

If he accepted an invitation to write again for the stage, he would be instructed by the theatrical syndicates to write in order to appeal to all that is sensuous and base in men. He would be shown as an example of our twentieth century successful plays, a production such as “Rain” from the legitimate stage, and the silent drama would, in all probability, be represented by “Daughters of To-day,” “Other Men’s Wives,” or some like production that has received the acclaim of the American theatregoers as being “quite the thing.” He would be told what is wanted is not a preponderance of wit or thought, but a preponderance of crude indecency.

From the nature of Shakespeare as we are given to know it, it is not at all likely that he would follow closely the whims of present day demands. Rather he would proceed to write plays for the “saving remnant” of judicious theatregoers, for did he not pointedly say in Hamlet’s speech to the player that the high ideal of his art was not to make the “unskillful laugh and the judicious grieve,” but that the sentiment of the latter was to “outweigh a whole theatre of others.” Not losing sight of the box office, he would appeal to the best and not the worst in man.

In this age of false values and trivial and superficial thinking, there is a real need for a revival of interest in Shakespeare.

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**ELEVATION**

My God is altered in the vaulted sky:
He stands behind the tapered stars of night,
Behind the ivory monstrance of the moon—the sight
Of Him so beautiful, that He, in mercy,
Throws the shadows of the sky before his face,
And, in the harmony of heaven, hides his grace.

—MICHAEL FOLEY
Mr. Kellerman's novel, in a low but compelling undertone, makes the most powerful appeal for a universal language that we have yet heard. It is itself the victim of those literary butchers, the translators. The wielder of the knife in its particular case is one Caroline Kerr, an American journalist residing in Berlin. In her frantic haste—we are charitable enough to suppose that it is due to haste—to prepare this literary offering for the American palate she has lost whatever of the pleasing juices it once had in its raw, German state. Consequently, we swallowed the morsels with the same lack of avidity with which we once approached castor oil—merely because we knew that it was good for us. We knew that it was good, in spite of the butchers, because it came to the market heralded as a very stimulating product of the Germany that came out of the war. When we had finished, we were stimulated to a new appreciation of the virtues and villainies of the German people, but we realize fully under what an enormous handicap Mr. Kellerman is laboring in his efforts to present his case to the American people.

The ninth of November of which Mr. Kellerman writes occurred in the year 1918, the last year of the war. In fact, this was the very day that decided the war must cease. It was the day that marked the rising of the German people against their war lords after they had patiently laboured under their lash, working for ideals that one by one were shattered, for more than three years. Mr. Kellerman gives a most vivid portrayal of the horrors of those three years; years in which the man power of the nation poured itself exultingly into the front line trenches and exulted until the smoke of the first shell had cleared away leaving a mass of torn and shattered limbs; days in which those in Berlin fearfully scanned the pages of the newspapers until, with sinking hearts, they found that for which they were searching; nights in which women who had forgotten the glory of sunlight killed themselves in the munition factories feeding the engines of death behind the trenches that were to kill others; mornings in which ghosts walked the streets of Berlin; culminating in that last mad effort to break through the wall of fire and steel with which Germany's enemies had encircled her, when men who were already marked out by Death, men who were taken from the hospitals before their wounds had time to heal, were rushed forward and sacrificed in the name of the Fatherland. Everyone knows the outcome of that offensive. It failed, and with it the spirit of the German people. They could feed the trenches no longer. They rose in revolt against their war lords, and the war ended.

This book confirmed a feeling that we have fostered for some years—a feeling that the German people were human beings. In fact, it would seem that they are just as human as the English or the French or any other people who were seriously affected by the ravages of the great war. Rather than a nation of unprincipled brutes capable of committing any given atrocity, it would seem that they are a nation of men and women who seriously believed that the right was with them, and yet hated the war as sincerely as any entente that went into the conflict merely to make the world safe for democracy. We must thank Mr. Kellerman heartily for this new picture of the German people, even though it can hardly conform with that which many another writer has presented to us. Someone must be wrong.

It is significant that every political party in Germany has attacked Mr. Kellerman's book. Therefore, we are led to believe that it tells the truth about the war-time condition of the country. And it tells the truth very forcibly. Even in the poor English translation every page portends the final futility of the struggle. In the original German it must be a powerful thing.

—CORBIN PATRICK.

The April number of the Century Magazine features its usual quota of interesting essays, short stories, and verse. "Is America So Bad After All," by Robert H. Lowie, "Devouring Mothers," by Anne Strugess Duryea, "The Meaning of Mussolini," by Charles Edward Russell, and a group of very good editorials, are found in this April number of the Century.
Concerning Journalistic Perfection

MARK E. NEVILS, '26

THE nobler side of any work is the good it can bring to man; the sordid side is the harm of which it is capable. Into the one or the other may be classed all the professions of the modern world. Hence our query: May Journalism be considered as a noble work of noble achievements or as a sordid work of sordid deeds?

Journalism is a medium through which are recorded and announced the story of yesterday, the news of today and the herald of tomorrow. A pen writes, a machine functions, a press produces, and thousands read the newspaper's message of war or peace, of passion or tenderness, of love or hate, of knowledge or ignorance, of joy or sadness. And then the world acts! Whether it be for good or evil, the printed word is responsible.

There are newspapers and newspapers just as there are editors and editors. All have their creed of business and all have their code of morals. Some balance their institution by catering to neither extreme; some adhere strongly to those ideals tending to successful journalism at any cost; others have a code of morals which even the lure of a large circulation cannot overcome. Such are the types of newspapermen—and for what they strive.

It is not at all unusual to find among those who head the metropolitan dailies of the day, men who strive for commercialistic powers rather than for the things that would better national conditions. To accomplish what a large circulation in their opinion demands, they practice deception in their columns. When this fails in its purpose of attracting the curious, calumny and detraction are employed. As propaganda is just another artifice of the "circulation-getter," it, too, is included in the list of what constitutes "good business ethics" of many journalists. All of these devilish virtues of the successful newspaperman are "above board" to use the vernacular. Not only are they above board but they are indispensable as tactics of editors ranking in this class. And so their papers function, but with what results!

Another paper functions, but under much different control. It is aggressive to be sure, a veritable trumpet of opinion, and a clarion of what constitutes the essence of national rights and privileges. Whether it be an attack on a prevalent evil or an attempt at reform, the same tone is always there, the same ideals ever present. The good of the community is guarded like so much bullion and it becomes the protector of the people it serves. It, too, continues to thrive!

From a perusal of the above statements, it is apparent that a great part of modern newspaperdom lacks something—a knowledge of what constitutes real journalistic perfection. Writers look upon the world in a tragic manner and distort what would otherwise be beautiful. After all, there is nothing so tragic or disgusting, as to see beautiful things ruined by those who do not understand them. Some ideal of perfection must be obtained if the newspaper profession of this country, now experiencing its youth, is to function: Religion should be considered. When the editor ceases to seek out the things of life that are irrelevant to the things that are God's, and gives to his "mirror of life" something not vulgar, irrelevant and deplorable, then will he be said to have elevated himself above the Pecksnifian type.

When once American journalism comes to a realization of its true position in this realm of existence, and builds upon good qualities rather than upon the demands of a weakened, irreligious, jazz-crazed multitude, it may be said to have passed that stage attended by youthful errors.

Then can the great mass of the American people believe with Charles A. Dana that humanity is advancing, that there is progress in human affairs and that as sure as God lives, the future will be better than the present. That will be real journalistic perfection!
FOOTBALL MEN HAVE FIRST SPRING SCRIMMAGE

The first scrimmage of the spring football training session, which introduced the future horsemen and mules, hidden away in the midst of a great army of rookies, was held on Cartier field Saturday afternoon, March 28.

The first test of the season was really a gentle method of pruning the squad, cutting away the unimpressionable timber that the virgin stock might grow and be better nourished under the prudent care of Coach Knute K. Rockne. More than twelve teams took part in the scrimmage, the personnel of each lot being composed of veterans and recruits chosen indiscriminately.

None so clearly as the eye of the coach saw the balance of the scales, what positions were filled to capacity, and what positions were not. Numerically, the supply by positions was enough for a dozen colleges that might be seeking potential stars. The test which was the first of a series of such examinations that will be conducted occasionally until the end of the season, gave Rockne a first hand glimpse of his working material. The men who showed the faintest sign of football sense were noted, and will be worked upon during the coming practice sessions.

Rockne named the dozen or more teams after the names of teams on the 1925 schedule. The kickoff was dispensed with and the ball was given to the offensive team on its own 20-yd. line. Straight running plays were used for the most part although an occasional pass was thrown to effect a change of pace. Many of the members of the 1924 shock troop eleven were in uniform providing fire and pep for the new candidates.

The spring football practice will last for two weeks after the return from the Easter vacation. The climax will come with the final game when the veterans will take the field for the kickoff against the ambitious candidates who last through the terrors of the practice mill. It is very probable that the national champions of 1924 will appear in action once more for a few brief moments.

This will mark the last appearance as a unit of the great team of 1924, probably the greatest that ever played the game of football.

MILE RELAY TEAM PLACES SECOND

Notre Dame's crack mile relay team, composed of Capt. Barr, Hamling, Coughlin and Stack, took second place in the mile relay race in the Rice Institute games, at Houston, Texas, Saturday, March 28. The race was won by Butler college of Indianapolis. Illinois was third.

Notre Dame also took a third place in the half mile relay for which Illinois and Butler tied. The games drew a great crowd of track luminaries including Joie Ray and Jackson Scholz of the New York A. C.

Trials were held on Cartier field yesterday to determine the personnel of the relay teams to compete at the Ohio games at Columbus, and the Kansas university relays at Lawrenceville, on April 18. Coach Rockne will referee the latter games.

VARSITY BASEBALL PRACTICE

Cold weather, very inconvenient for pitchers and most uncomfortable for fielders and fans, caused the postponement of the Notre Dame-Napanee baseball exhibition which
was to have been played last Sunday. Coach Keogan has contracted for the appearance of the Claffey outfit for Sunday, April 5.

The weeks of outdoor practice and constant drill have almost settled the team positions and although the squad is still of considerable size, the coach is just about certain where each man will play on the club.

Frank Crowley, relative of the inimitable Jimmy of football fame, moved to third base in order to get closer to the game. The diminutive ball tosser is a clever fielder and good hitter and proved himself an asset to the team last year. Prendergrast has been covering the short field lately with Pearson on third. Capt. Nolan is playing on the initial sack.

Silver, Smith and Welch still continue to fight for backstop honors. Dunne, Quinn and O'Boyle are covering the outfield occasionally with Tommy Farrell and several others in line to relieve them.

The pitching staff still remains unknown and only the trials of the season will bring out the merits of the men. Dwyer and Dawes from last year's staff are prominent among the twirlers. Stange, Ronay, Besten, Reilley and Antoine are among others who will be given a chance to work out their slants on unsuspecting batters. The spring trip will start April 8.

THE 1925 BASKETBALL SQUAD

George Keogan, Coach

Noble Kizer, Captain

MONOGRAM MEN

Kiser    Deinhart    Mahoney    McNally
Nyikos   Conroy    Dahman    Crowe

Student Managers:—Chas. Mooney and Ed. Fallon.
ALL CAMPUS BASKETBALL TEAMS
by Edward G. Walsh

FIRST TEAM
L.F. Purcell, Freshman Hall, (Capt.)
R.F. Hamilton, Walsh Hall.
C. Maxwell, Sophomore Hall.
L.G. Koehl, Brownson Hall.
R.G. Harvey, Freshman Hall.
Utility, Rozum, Day Students.

SECOND TEAM
L.F. Victorine, Carroll Hall, (Capt.)
R.F. Conley, Cadillac.
C. De Vault, Freshman Hall.
L.G. Boland, Sophomore Hall.
R.G. Bushman, Freshman Hall.
Utility, Slocum, Sophomore Hall.

The selection of an All-Campus basketball team involves the same difficulties encountered in picking any all-star aggregation. All of the officials in the league did not witness all the games, many seemingly good players performed in only one or two contests, others did very well in one game but failed to maintain their standard throughout the season, and at least three of the teams changed their personnel so frequently that it was next to impossible to keep track of their rosters. Freshman, Sophomore, Brownson and Carroll were practically the only clubs to keep intact their original teams, and as they were seen more frequently their work became more familiar to the judges.

However, before making any final selection, the committee reviewed the whole season carefully, and considered the work of each individual player from every possible angle. Scoring ability, defensive ability, floor work, sportsmanship and subordination of individual effort for the sake of concentrated team play were among the prominent factors upon which final judgment was based. With these considerations in view the possibilities dwindled to about twenty names, but in many cases the margin of difference was so small that repeated votings
had to be made before a representative team was finally named.

Despite this difficulty, there were several men whose work provided salient features in the league all during the season. Prominent among these was Purcell, of Freshman Hall, and he was chosen practically unanimously as Forward and Captain on the first team. An accurate shot, an elusive dribbler and a clever leader, his ability was unquestioned. In the championship series with Brownson a change in policy led Coach Murphy to play him at Guard where his excellent defensive ability and fine judgment were prominent factors in leading his team to victory.

As a running mate to Purcell, Hamilton of Walsh Hall was chosen. Although playing with a weak team having a constantly changing lineup, Hamilton displayed uncanny ability to score, and was a consistent point winner all season. Tall and rangy, and a fine shot, he made an ideal forward.

The selection of a center proved to be a most difficult task, and it was only after much discussion that the choice fell upon Maxwell of Sophomore Hall. Although not a brilliant player, Maxwell's value to his team was very evident because of his fine defensive form and his aggressive spirit. He worked well with any combination, and his playing led to many of the Sophomore victories.

Out of the dearth of guards it was not difficult to pick Harvey of Freshman Hall as a leading candidate. He led the league in scoring with 68 points, and was a thorn in the sides of all opponents. He supplemented deadly shooting ability with fine defensive work, and showed real basketball judgment in all his playing.

With Harvey, Koehl of Brownson Hall makes a fine pair of defensive men. Koehl was unquestionably the best standing guard in the league, and showed rare judgment in coming up the court to bang baskets from mid-floor. This type of play resulted in his scoring twenty points during the championship play-off with Freshman Hall.

Rozum of the Day Students was chosen as utility man. He had experience in forward, guard and center positions, and only a slight difference separated him from the
rest of the first team men, but in the judgment of the officials the first named five would prove the smoother working combination.

In the second team Victorine of Carroll Hall and Conley of Cadillac were easily the best choice for forwards. Both men were excellent shots, fast on the floor, and well adapted to team play. DeVault, of Freshman Hall was picked as center because of his ability to get the tip-off, as well as because he scored consistently throughout the season, and his size proved an obstacle to opponents on the defense. Zoland of Sophomore was picked as a standing guard. Although not brilliant he performed steadily and consistently in his position, and was easily one of the best defensive men in the league. Bushman of Freshman, although he did not play in all of the games, displayed more than passing ability both in his floorwork and in his shooting. Slocum of Sophomore, a hard, aggressive player, shifty on the floor and a good shot, was chosen as utility man.

Among other men who displayed good fame during the year were Hurley of Brownson, Graf of Brownson, Harper of Freshman, Howard of Sophomore, Eckstein of Brownson, and Kelley of Carroll. Undoubtedly there were many good men who played only one or two games, but the fact that they did not come out all the season prevented them from being considered. Similarly, many did excellent work in several games but failed to keep it up.

The officials who selected the teams were Murphy, Connelly, O'Donnell, Culhane, Walsh, and Morrissey.

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NOTRE DAME SWIMMERS DEFEAT KENT COLLEGE, 48-20

Notre Dame's swimming team won a comparatively easy victory over the Kent College of Law swimmers, here Saturday, March 25, in the Loyola pool, Chicago. The score was 48 to 20.

Tittle, swimming for the Kent school, was probably the best performer of the evening, his sensational victory in the 150 yard back stroke adding life to a rather slow exhibition. Tittle was a length and a half ahead of his closest pursuer in this event.

McKiernan, a star of the Irish team, exhibited the best form for the visiting tank squad. He won the plunge with a distance of seventy feet and took first place in the 100 yard breast stroke.

Kent was handicapped through John McGoorty's absence from the squad. McGoorty, who received his A. B. degree from Notre Dame last year, is now a student at the Kent law school and is one of its best performers. His sister's death Saturday made him unable to participate in the meet.

Summary:

Plunge — McKiernan, Notre Dame, 70 feet; Dickson, Kent, 67 feet; Porter, Kent.

200 yard relay — won by Notre Dame team composed of Rice, Hudson, McCafferty and Kearney. Time 1:51 4-10.

50 yard free style — Brykeznski, Notre Dame; Rogers, Notre Dame; Tittle, Kent. Time 28 seconds.

Fancy diving — Rogers, Notre Dame; McCafferty, Notre Dame. Bishop, Kent.

220 yard free style — Dickson, Kent; Hudson, Notre Dame; McCafferty, Notre Dame. Time 2:46.

150 yard back stroke — Tittle, Kent; Rogers, Notre Dame; McLaughlin, Notre Dame. Time 2:02 3-10.

100 yard free style — Weibel, Notre Dame; Tittle, Kent; Dickson, Kent; Time 1:06.
NORTHWESTERN DEFEATS VARSITY

Northwestern university's swimming team churned its way to an easy victory over the Notre Dame tank squad in a dual meet at the Loyola university pool, Chicago, Friday, March 27. The Purple tankers took things easy to win 50 to 18.

The Notre Dame team could only annex a single first place. Sievers won the plunge for distance, with a mark of 65 feet.

The summary:

Fifty-yard free style—Breyer, Northwestern; Manowitz, Northwestern; Rice, Notre Dame. Time: 24 2-5. New western intercollegiate record.

220-yard free style—Howell, Northwestern; Hudson, of Notre Dame; McCafferty, Notre Dame. Time, 2:28 2-5.

200-yard breast stroke—Farrell, Northwestern; Kearney, Notre Dame; Rodes, Notre Dame. Time, 3:00 3-5.

150-yard back stroke—Druding, Northwestern; Bonnell, Northwestern; McLaughlin, Notre Dame. Time, 2:10.

Plunge—Sievers, Notre Dame. 65 feet; Farira, Northwestern, 58 feet; McKiernan, Notre Dame, 50 feet.

100-yard free style—Breyer, Northwestern; Ramsey, Northwestern; Brykczynski, Notre Dame. Time, :57 1-5.


Fancy diving—Lapook, Northwestern; Orlep, Northwestern; Roger, Notre Dame.

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