The Tripod

The Undergraduate Publication of Trinity College

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DR. HENRY C. BLACK DIES

Was Recently Elected Trustee and Long a Prominent Alumnus.

Dr. Henry Campbell Black, 67 years years old, law author and editor of the "Constitutional Review," died Saturday afternoon at 2.45 o'clock at his residence, 2516 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C., after an illness of three weeks. He had been in failing health for the past year.

Dr. Black is survived by his widow, who was Miss Bertha Brown. Funeral services were conducted at the home Monday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock by Rev. George F. Dudley, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, of which Dr. Black was a former vestryman and in which there is a tablet to the memory of Dr. Black's father, the late Rev. Dr. John Henry Black. Interment was in Rock Creek Cemetery.

Through his contributions to legal literature, including more than 15 treatises, besides numerous articles in legal journals, Dr. Black won recognition as one of the leading authorities on constitutional law in this country. He had been editor of the "Constitutional Review" for the past 10 years and had recently completed a manuscript on constitutional law, which probably will be published posthumously.

Dr. Black was elected as one of the Alumni Trustees last June and was president of the Washington Branch of the Trinity College Alumni Association. In 1917 he was a lecturer at Trinity on constitutional government. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon National College Fraternity and of the Cosmos Club.

In addition to his professional activitives as an author of legal treatises he was a musician of ability and was widely known to musical circles in Washington.

BY-LAWS CONCERNING FINANCE COMMITTEE ADOPTED.

Definitely Establishes Powers of That Committee.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Senate last Tuesday night the following recommendations concerning the Senate Finance Committee were adopted as by-laws:

1. The President of the Senate Finance Committee shall have the right, ex officio, to sit in the Senate.

2. The Senate has exclusive right to vote all undergraduate funds, but no funds can be voted by the Senate except on the recommendation of the Senate Finance Committee.

3. All budgets for undergraduate activities must be submitted to the Senate, through the Senate Finance Committee, for approval.

4. The President of the Senate Finance Committee shall also be the treasurer of it. The committee shall choose its other officers.

5. Candidates for the Senate Finance Committee shall be recommended by the committee and chosen by the Senate.

The Senate is determined to see to it that these provisions are carried out.

SENIOR CLASS HOLDS MEETING.

There was an important meeting of the Senior Class, in the Public Speaking room this noon. A further announcement concerning this meeting will be made in the next issue of "The Tripod."

SHEPARD RECEIVES GREAT HONOR.

Awarded Guggenheim Fellowship for 1927-28.

Professor Odell Shepard, Goodwin Professor of English Literature and head of the English department, has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for the year 1927-28. The fellowship is one of those awarded by the trustees of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation which was established in 1925 by former United States Senator and Mrs. Simon Guggenheim as a memorial to their son who died in 1922. The foundation has a capital fund of $3,500,000, the gift of Senator and Mrs. Guggenheim. The entire income of this fund is devoted to the award, in the spring of each year, of fellowships to scholars and artists who have demonstrated unusual capacity for productive scholarship or unusual creative ability.

Professor Shepard was awarded the fellowship to permit him to continue the preparation of a book to be entitled, "Romantic Solitude", and also for research in the history of the Romantic movement. He will leave for England on June 9, and will spend the summer at Boar's Hill, a literary colony near Oxford University. Professor Shepard will return to this country in the fall of 1928, and in the meantime will be on leave of absence from the college. Most of the research, Professor Shepard said, will be done at the Bodlean Library at Oxford and at the British Museum in London.

ATTENTION CALLED TO PRIZES.

Many Awards Open to Competition.

The Administration desires very much to call the attention of the students to the many prizes which are awarded each year by the College. General information concerning these prizes can be found in the catalogue and more specific details can be gotten from the heads of the various departments.

There has been an increase in the amount of money to be given for some of the prizes this year. The amount of each prize, whose value has been changed is as follows:

Goodwin Greek Prizes—First $60, second $40.

Ferguson History Prizes—First $60, second $40.

Alumni Prizes in English Composition—First $50, second $30, third $20.

Prizes last year were awarded as follows:

Tuttle Prize Essay: Alfred Knightly Birch.

Goodwin Greek Prizes:

First Prize: Charles Francis Whiston.

Second Prize: (Not awarded).

Prizes in History and Political Science
(Not awarded)

The Alumni Prizes in English Composition
(Not awarded)

The Frank W. Whitlock Prizes

First Prize: Casimir Sutula.

Second Prize: William Pitt, Jr.

The Douglas Prize: Irving Scott Alford.

The F. A. Brown Prize: John Williams, Jr.

The Phi Gamma Delta Prize in Mathematics:
Arthur Samuel Blank.

The Christopher Trowbridge Memorial Prize:
Arthur Samuel Blank.

FRESHMEN DEFEATED IN ST. PATRICK'S DAY SCRAP.

Sophomores Show Efficient Organization.

About the seventh hour on the morning of March 17, in the year of our Lord 1927, it befell that the members of the Class of '29, duly enrolled in Trinity College, handed to the members of the Class of '30 what might be termed as a decisive "pasting." This same "pasting" was delivered in what is known throughout the city of Hartford and vicinity as the St. Patrick's Day Scrap.

The scrap was not an unheralded affair. For twelve hours previous to the seventh hour mentioned above the worthy burghers of our fair city had been fully aware of unusual events being in the air. At 6 p. m. the preceding evening the members of the Class of '30, otherwise known as Freshmen or Frosh, had deserted the campus of their alma mater and taken up headquarters somewhere on North Main Street.

From 6 p. m. until after 10 p. m. a deep quiet prevailed—due largely to meetings of the various fraternities which kept the hoards of '29 (nee Sophs) off the streets of the city. But the hour of ten found the entire Sophomore class boarding a truck in the back of college (having first forcibly removed a number of Juniors who were looking for a free ride) and driving away in pursuit of any stray Freshmen that might fall into their path.

Came midnight, but no Freshmen. The latter had an uncanny ability in keeping out of sight. A raid upon what was reputed to be the Freshman headquarters in West Hartford netted nothing for the Sophs but a waste of gasoline and violent language. Thus it was a weary and disappointed truck load of Sophomores that returned to town empty handed. But at this point a new factor entered in the evening's amusements in the form of a group of disconsolate Juniors who claimed to have a grievance with the Sophomore class because of the unmannerly way in which they had been removed from the Soph truck a few hours earlier. Thus it came about that the Sophs were entertained during the next two hours by the pursuit and capture of innumerable chimerical Freshmen who invariably turned out to be bland Juniors wearing Freshmen hats after a pursuit of two or three blocks. One notable capture on the part of the Sophs was effected, however: a number of venturesome members of that class boldly dragged Mr. Cresson Ely Smith, a Frosh, off a car bound for West Hartford and succeeded in tieing him up. This brave act deserves commendation. After having brought this act to a conclusion, however, the Sophs grew weary of their waiting and about two-thirty returned to college to indulge in a well-earned sleep.

With the stage thus cleared for them, about 3 a. m. the Frosh ventured forth for the first time, duly armed with buckets of paste and green posters bearing the insignia of their class. With this equipment they proceeded to decorate the city until they came into open conflict with the long arm of the law on North Main Street and were effectively "shagged" by a valiant member of Hartford's well-dressed police force Their movements became mysterious from this point forth.

Thus it came about that the fatal hour arrived without appreciable diminution of either force. A survey of strength showed that a considerable advantage still lay with the Sophs from the point of numbers, and this advantage soon asserted itself.

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

OGILBY DISCUSSES STUDENT SUICIDES.

Lays Part Blame on Church Formalism.

Formalisms of the church that run counter to the experience of college students are partly responsible for many student suicides, in the opinion of President Remsen B. Ogilby.

"Of grave concern to us," said Dr. Ogilby in an address in old Christ Church in Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday, March 21, "is that group of young men, largely college students, to whom the world is an absolute mess. They cannot see any possibility of a reasoned attitude towards it. This is serious, not only because of those who deliberately give up the problem, but also because for every one who ends his life there are hundreds more who can give no better answer than, 'Oh, Hell, what's it all about, anyway'?"

"Part of their trouble we can readily understand. The conception of religion they required in early years is quite inadequate for the intelligence of a college student. They are repelled by an exterior of formalism, an imagined content of scientifically improbable miracles and perhaps a riot of vague emotion.

"More important is the influence of the modern school of psychology called behaviorism, which interprets life solely in terms of reflexes from internal stimuli. If that is all, if thought, conscience and will are simply concommitants of action they cannot control, life is indeed a mess. Time is ripe for a protest against behaviorism in the name of truth."

NOMINATIONS FOR ALUMNI TRUSTEE ANNOUNCED.

Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Kelso Davis, '99, and Blinn F. Yates, '11, vice-president of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company of New York, have been nominated for the three-year term as alumni trustee of the college which becomes vacant next June. Colonel Davis is the present incumbent of the office. All holders of a degree from the college are eligible to vote on the candidates and the ballots will be counted at the commencement meeting of the board of trustees on June 18.

Colonel Davis is vice-president and treasurer of the Case, Lockwood & Brainard Company, of Hartford, and was awarded the honorary degree of Master of Arts in recognition of his work as executive head of the $1,000,000 endowment fund campaign, four years ago. He was elected one of the three alumni trustees in 1924. Colonel Davis is a member of the Advisory Board of "The Tripod."

DEBATING CLUB TO MEET MIDDLEBURY.

Subject Deals with War Debts.

A team to debate with Middlebury College on April 11 has been selected by Professor Kleene, the debating coach. The team consists of William Rosenfeld, '28; Albert De Bonis, '29, and Seymour Ziff, '30, with Harry Wise, '30, as alternate. The subject for debate is to be, "Resolved, That the Allied War Debts Should Be Cancelled." Trinity has the affirmative.

SENATE MEETS.

The regular weekly meeting of the Senate was held at the Apha Delta Phi House last Tuesday evening. The most important matter that was discussed was the report of the Senate Finance Committee concerning the definition of its powers. William M. Ellis, president of the Finance Committee, was present and spoke about that committee's suggestions.

JUNIOR 'VARSITY BASKETBALL

Leeke's Men Make Creditable Showing.

The Junior 'Varsity basketball proved to be one of the bright lights of the basketball season. While the 'varsity was unable to score many victories to their credit the juniors made the fine record of eleven wins out of sixteen contests. This shows that we have, in their ranks, some good material which can be called upon in future seasons. A good junior team is one of the best assets which the 'varsity can have and although the basketball played by the Trinity juniors was naturally not up to 'varsity standard we can safely say that they showed promise of real ability. Coach Stan Leeke deserves considerable credit for the accomplishments of his team.

Knurek and Prete, both freshmen, were the high scorers for the season. They played well at the forward position and both can be expected to put across some good work in the future. Loomis held down the center position in fine style. He dropped back to guard in offensive play, doing this part of his assignment equally as well as his work at center. Platt, Jackson, Burleigh, Hardman, and Cutler all featured in the greater part of the games and praise is due them for their part in a successful season.

Morgan, Cooper, Belden, and Walter, although they were not able to take such a prominent part in the games, are deserving of credit for their work as substitutes.

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB TO MEET.

Coleman and Ernst to Speak.

On Tuesday, March 29, the Political Science Club will have Mr. McAlister Coleman and Mr. Morris Ernst for speakers. These men, because of their wide traveling and first-hand experiences, will be able to treat their subjects adequately and interestingly.

Mr. McAlister Coleman, who is a graduate of Columbia University, will talk on "Some Phases of Industrial Disputes." Mr. Coleman, besides his traveling, has made numerous investigations of the conditions in the West Virginia coal fields. He has studied mining in all the coal states and has been the editor of the "Illinois Miner."

Mr. Morris Ernst is a graduate of Williams College and is well-known as a lawyer, effective writer and speaker. His subject will be, "Do We Want Free Speech?"

The meeting will be held at the Sigma Nu house at 8 o'clock. If you are at all interested in these subjects you are invited to hear these speakers.

COMING EVENTS.

Monday, March 28—12.00 noon, Public Speaking Room, Illustrated Lecture, "Greek Art", Professor Babbitt.

Tuesday, March 29—Informal Faculty Meeting; Report on "Insurance Group."
WTIC, Rogers-Wadlund, "How We Know About the Planets."

Thursday, March 31—8.00 p. m. sharp, Reading in Professor Shepard's room.

Friday, April 1—8.00 p. m., French concert.

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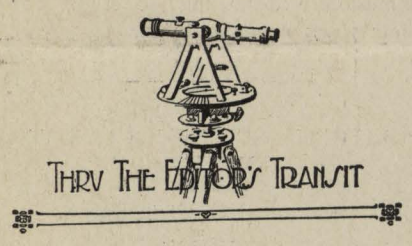

PROFESSOR SHEPARD'S FELLOWSHIP.

Trinity College may well be proud of Professor Shepard for the honor which has recently been accorded to him. He is the recipient of a signal mark of distinction and we want to congratulate him upon it.

Our only regret is that Professor Shepard will be away from the college for a year, but we realize that this will enable him to pursue his chosen field of research and we wish him the greatest success and happiness in his leave of absence.

SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE.

We are very glad the Senate has defined the powers of the Senate Finance Committee and set forth its relation to the Senate by adopting by-laws concerning the committee.

The powers and duties of the committee are explained clearly and this ought to help it materially in its work.

COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. Editor:

I have lately often been impressed by the harmony of public opinion in this country, concerning education as contrasted with the chaos of opinions existing among educators in connection with their own work. Both the harmony and the chaos are natural. Today I note in "The Tripod" for Friday, March 18, Robert Frost declares, "As long as we have final examinations necessitating the remembrance of Minor Details (the capitals are mine), just so long will we have to do with cribbing"; a statement of massive rather than multifarious impressiveness. The other day a graduate student in conversation with me declared that while professors regard examinations as supplying a helpful review of subjects as well as of some assistance in estimating a man's knowledge, the man himself regards them as a series of obstacles to be overcome by any and every method, and regards cribbing as one of the most approved methods. "The Tripod" contains further, two passages from an article in the "New York Sun" for March 14, concerning the recent dialogue on bees by Professors Babbitt and Bissonnette: "I think that the bees the professor studied knew that they were being watched. A bee can't be driven, you know." And lastly, "I'll leave it to you," concluded the senator, "if you saw a college professor and a bee in an efficiency contest, which would you put your money on?" "Don't be silly!" replied Dummer.

So far as I know there is nothing anywhere quite like American public opinion on the subject of education. Perhaps we may be congratulated for this fact. Its harmony, as I have said, is superior to all other harmonies. Since it would have seemed to Pythagoras inferior to the music of the spheres, it naturally arouses the abhorrence of the college professor (or some of him), as much as a vacuum arouses the abhorrence of Dame Nature. If not exactly the product of the Spheres, it may be called the harmony emanating from bodies, brachy cephalic for the most part, often wholly spheroidal, and always containing a vacuum.

Writing as a professor, and voluntarily identifying myself with the cause of darkness and idleness, I may be forgiven for some criticism of academic bees, with especial reference to their most approved method of storing honey—otherwise known as cribbing. I, myself, have often been stung by the cribbing bee, as well as morbidly affected by the quality of the cribbed honey. Far be it from me to assert that a professor works, as compared either with a bee or a senator, or that any labor can exceed that of devising the most approved varieties of the most approved method. In my day—that of the one-toed horse or pliohippus lullianus, obviously closely related both to the mule and the ass, the honey of Hymettus tasted differently, and the bees had not yet formed legal associations illegal devices, or unions for the shortening of hours. Not that they were all queens, but that they were not drones.

Certain views although today most unbelievable, were then quite commonly held by these insects. Some of them shared the professor's view that an examination might help to test a man's knowledge, though the professor of today, himself, does not attach much importance to such a belief. It was common to find bees of a certain color rejoicing less in the obstacles that they had overcome, than in the progress they had made. This view, to be sure, was one of the first to disappear. My class at a large Eastern university, no one of which, ten years ago, knew the date of the French Revolution, is now matched by entire undergraduate bodies to whom not merely such a date, but the vocabularies of thought, art—and even of decency—are things that have to be explained. The deuce of it all is that the professor gets the odium of undertaking the necessary explanation. The bees are properly interested only in obstacles and in the very highest thought—that thought, some of it biological, concealed, rather than revealed, by the smoke screens of pedantic terminology, dates, and other facts, and by the useless body of knowledge in general.

Accepting, then, the odium of explanation, I should like to define cribbing. It is a means of overcoming more than one obstacle—among others, the inhibition of the sense of self-respect. It flourishes in most soils: in institutions rejoicing (very naturally) in the Honor System, as well as in those where the rights of private property are respected only as objects of archeological curiosity. As a student of Romanticism, I recognize that cribbing is an expression of individualism—usually of the only form of individualism possessed by its professors (the term is not here used as one of opprobrium), and now become so unoriginal as to be really neither romantic nor individualistic any more. Cribbing is to decency in the same ratio as necking and other college sports of that variety, and is usually practiced by the same people. In the days of the pliohippus lullianus, it was often translated by "theft" sometimes by the still shorter word "lie." As these words are among the shortest in our language, cribbing is the smallest though not the least of our indoor sports.

I admit that a bee can't be driven, but I shall continue to watch mine. Yet, again, if I had money to waste, I should bet on the efficiency of the bee rather than the professor in almost every case of cribbing.

JOHN A. SPAULDING.

* *

"THESE COMPLAINTS?"

To the Editor of "The Tripod."

Dear Sir: Granted, the man who wrote the article, "These Complaints", in the last issue of "The Tripod" has a leg to stand on. It is a lamentable thing that many of his statements were just, but from my point of view a few of his ideas are warped and show a poor study of existing circumstances.

He cannot say with truth that a neutral man does not get a fair show on any of our athletic teams. I believe the men in charge of sports are far above any petty fraternity prejudices. That a man "shows the stuff" is all that we ask. Of course, if a man comes out for a team with an inferiority complex of "I haven't a chance to make good" he never will. What we ask is fight.

Which brings me to another point. I have talked with several neutral men asking point blank for specific cases to prove the above. The result is nil. They evade, and say they do not wish to "get in wrong." Oh, for a man with the courage of his convictions, right or wrong!

I know of no case where discrimination has even been shown in athletics between fraternity and neutral men, or for that matter in the race for managerships in the last few years here at college.

The men who come out, work hard, and fight hard will receive the recognition their ability warrants. Just think over a few of the neutrals—some of the most potent and promising athletes we have in college—who are not out for athletics. Why aren't they out? They could make the teams "hands down." Ask them! Our coaches should not have to beg men to come out.

The neutral body is probably the most powerful of any organization at College. Come on Neutrals—discard your petty jealousies, climb off your high horse and show the College your power.—S. H. L.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Confessions of a Young Man," by George Moore.

"I would have held down my thumbs in the Colosseum that a hundred gladiators might die and wash me free of my Christian soul with their blood." This and other more shocking remarks are made by this pagan, George Moore in his "Confessions of a Young Man." It can hardly be said that this reaction to the Victorian tradition, apparent in writings of this period, is unnatural. There was really nothing to do but to denounce the preferred ideas of morality. Human nature had been again discovered. It had rolled into obscurity before because people wanted to believe that everything was sweet and gentle, whereas really it—human nature—is much more brutal and lascivious.

It happened that, just at the same time, when England was suffering a reaction, another one was occurring in France. George Moore, when he had found that he had failed in every undertaking, decided to go to Paris because he thought he had talents as an artist. He made, as one would be fain to say, another unsuccessful venture. But, meanwhile he was learning more than he had ever learned before. People of every description were his acquaintances. He made a most intimate friend out of a fellow art-student, who really was only an airy and thoughtless person. As time went on he discarded this friend, for, George Moore had assimilated all that he wanted from him. Meanwhile he learned the French language, as is manifest by the generous sprinkling of French poetry in the book. He spent most of his time reading the French authors. Gradually he began to see that writing was his only ultimate vocation. He finally returned to London and became a journalist.

The "Confessions" are sincere and frank. In his character one sees a self-esteem which has gradually soured. He diverges frequently and it is in these passages that he criticizes, denounces and even praises, sometimes, such men as Gautier, Beaudelaire, Zola, Shelley, and Marlowe. His midnight conversations with the actress on the stairway of his lodging bring out many of his candid and vivid pictures of himself. There is nothing in his self-analysis which recks of conventional restraint. He has conceded nothing to himself, that is, he doesn't place himself on an immortal pedestal—in fact he says in apologizing for his base life—"Hypocritical reader, think what you like of me, your hypocrisy will alter nothing; in telling you of my vices I am only telling you of your own; hypocritical reader, in showing my soul I am showing you your own; hypocritical reader, exquisitely hypocritical reader, you are my brother. I salute you."

George Moore is not the flippant, carefree and light youth at whom all people should point in disdain. The "Confessions" are an attempt on the part of a young man to be sincere and to pull away from that doctrine which ignores human nature.—Karl F. Koenig.

* *

"The Golden Day", by Lewis Mumford. New York; Boni & Liveright. $2.50. (By New Student Service.)

Is the undergraduate of 1926 beset with the same problems as those that made life—at least the intellectual life—bristle with difficulties for the undergraduate of 1916? If he is, he may thank his stars for Mr. Lewis Mumford, and set to work upon "The Golden Day" with as much dispatch as may be. Anyone who dates from the period of Liberty Bonds and Professor Babbitt's "Rousseau and Romanticism", and who read "Letters and Leadership" when he was in college, will remember how electric was the effect of Van Wyck Brooks' words upon the heavy atmosphere he breathed, how luminously they seemed to shoot through the mists and fogs of popular and academic thought, how triumphantly they reasserted for him the very values that were just then hardest to be sure of, and this in the language most friendly to his ears. It was a momentous service, and that generation will never be in such straits again. But times have changed since 1916 less than it is easy to admit, and I should think "The Golden Day" might well do as much for the undergraduate of the moment as "Letters and Leadership" did for his older brothers.

What ailed us then was no doubt a "complication of diseases," but in retrospect it is possible to see what lay

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS

It is a welcome relief, after the prevalent tendency of the Stage and Business to seek to instruct us as to how colleges should be run and as to what is the matter with college students, to read a few suggestions from one whom we can all respect as having some knowledge on which to base his ideas. Dean Clark of the University of Illinois has made a list of the things he would do if he were to go through college again. Each of his points is sound and the list shows broadness and penetration. We won't follow these excellent suggestions, of course, one never does, but they are extremely worth while and their profitableness, we believe, is apparent.

1—Develop concentration — work harder but not so long.

2—Learn to work while others are around.

3—Put more stress on how to get information than on the information itself.

4—Find more difficult things to do.

5—Learn to speak in public.

6—Learn to play some athletic game.

7—Learn to do one line of work particularly well.

8—Get better acquainted with instructors.

9—Take fewer courses which are strictly practical.

10—Have an avocation which would bring one in close touch with men.

* *

It seems that final examinations for seniors have practically been abolished at the University of Minnesota. A recent announcement stated that seniors who have maintained an average of C in their scholastic work will be exempt from final examinations in four of the colleges of the University. We have a theory that under the present system of college education any dumbbell can maintain a C average. In fact, we have one ourselves.

* *

An appeal for more drunkenness has appeared in "The Isis", the undergraduate publication at Oxford. "Even yet, after many exhortations, we have good reason to believe that not sufficient alcohol is consumed in this town. Drinking gallons of beer is not enough. Nobody ever secured alcohol poisoning or gouty foot by the agency of beer. More wine and better wine should constantly be drunk at Oxford."

* *

A recent editorial in a leading college paper comments on the abandonment of the honor system at the University of Alabama. The editorial avers that this is one more indication that college administrations are realizing that the honor system is an ideal theory; that at present it is far from practical; that it has been tried and found wanting and should not be in effect at that particular university or elsewhere. I happen to know that the honor system at the University of Virginia and at Washington and Lee University is not an ideal theory but a living fact—that works! As a former student at Washington and Lee I feel justified in making this assertation. Even to a casual observer, the exams, absolutely free from professorial supervision, often written in the students' room and handed in later to the professor; the college store, without clerks, where a student makes his own purchase and his own change; the books and clothing lying under the trees and in the classrooms, with never a complaint of an infringement of the system, its practicability must be apparent. At a college where some seniors who need every course for graduation and yet flunk under the honor system, it can hardly be called an ideal theory.

* *

Here is some interesting copy from the Bowdoin "Orient" of 1871: "There are twenty persons in the senior and junior classes who use tobacco. Taking into account the whole number in the two classes, every other person finds a friend in the filthy weed. These twenty doubtless have faith in Dr. Hammond, of the United States Army, who says that by use of tobacco 'the ability to comprehend is increased, the judgment is rendered clearer and the power of will is augmented'."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY SCRAP.

(Continued from page 1, column 3.)

With the first rush for the tree on the part of the Freshmen the story was practically told, for the Sophs succeeded in flooring all except a determined few of their opposition. These few, including the Freshmen flag bearers, Snow and Thomas, made a desperate effort to boost one of their men into the tree which might have been successful had it not been for an excellent piece of Sophomore strategy which had kept Messrs. Burleigh, Cutler, Hardman, Taute and O'Leary in reserve for just such an action as this. With the entry of this husky reserve corp into the conflict the Frosh hopes went permanently to the ground with the Sophs astride them. The comparative quiet of the remaining eighteen minutes of the scrap was interrupted only by occasional desperate sallies of individual Freshmen who seemed to have gone berserk. The weight of numbers was too heavy against the Freshmen.

Thus ended another of the St. Patrick's Day arguments between the two junior classes in college. Some say it was not as good as the last or the one before the last, but on the whole it was a good party and enjoyed by all except the losers. A great deal of credit belongs to Mr. O'Leary, who contrived the various points of Sophomore strategy, and much also to Gillies, who directed the efforts of the Freshmen. As has been said, the weight of numbers was the decisive factor in the scrap. None the less, the Sophomores put up the better organized fight, and deserved the victory in spite of their superior numbers.

MUSICAL SERVICE IN CHAPEL.

Held to Commemorate Beethoven.

A musical service was held last Wednesday morning in commemoration of Beethoven in the Chapel instead of the usual Wednesday morning service.

The service was under the direction of William D. Orr, college organist and director of the quartet, who played the piano accompaniments.

The program was as follows:

1—Prelude "Allegretto" (from one of Beethoven's sonatas).

2—Hymn 487 (tune arranged from Beethoven).

3—"The Heavens Are Declaring", Quartet.

4—"Farewell to Piano", Violin Duet, Haverbach and Kronfeld.

5—"Hallelujah Chorus" (from the Oratorio, "The Mount of Olives"), Quartet.

6—Minuet in G No. 27—Haverbach and Kronfeld, violins; Nell, 'cello; Mulford, flute.

The Quartet consists of Charles Solms, George R. Turney, Robert R. Bartlett and Ralph Rogers.

"THE GOLDEN AGE."

(Continued from page 2, column 4.)

at their root, and Mr. Brooks, indeed, had already made a diagnosis. Briefly, I still think, it was that we were torn between the unhappy dualism of the tender-minded and the tough-minded, or in Brooks' words, the highbrow and the lowbrow. On the one hand were our professors and preachers and certain conservative statesmen who would have had us believe that the term of the good life had long since been laid down, that we had only to be reminiscent in order to be "saved," that our most urgent desires were mistaken ones and should be replaced by the desires of the twelfth or seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. On the other hand were the practical business men, the politicians and certain journalistic critics—with Mr. Mencken at their head—who told us that desires were of no account anyway, that the good life could not be defined, that "facts" were alone real and our best wisdom lay in adjusting ourselves to them as smoothly and cheerfully as possible. What a Hobson's choice it was! Just how, in this dilemma were we to preserve our sense of the significance of that twentieth century American setting in which we found ourselves, to be creative without being quixotic, and imaginative without romanticism?

Mr. Brooks pointed out then, and Mr. Mumford is now pointing out with new emphasis and fresh cogency, that neither the highbrow nor the lowbrow has the key of the City of God; that the creative life is not to be lived either on stale formulas or on terms of capitulation to the "facts"; that desires have their prerogatives as well as necessities have, and a vital culture will make room for both. The failure of the tender-minded is due to his resourcelessness in the presence of new situations, to his inflexibility, his dogmatism, his creative impotence. The failure of the tough-minded is due to his immersion in his own situation, his pliability, his distrust of vision, his utiliarianism. The one sets goals that we cannot really want to reach; the other sets no goals at all. "Practical intelligence," says Mr. Mumford, "and a prudent adjustment to externalities are useful in a secondary position; they are but props to straighten the plant when it begins to grow; at the bottom of it all must be a soil and a seed, an inner burgeoning, an eagerness of life. Art in its many forms is a union of imaginative desire, desire sublimated and socialized, with actuality; without this union, desires become idiom and actualities perhaps even a little more so."

If American life has never passed beyond both the highbrow and the lowbrow, the reason—as Mr. Mumford demonstrates with great lucidity—is to be looked for in our singular and not wholly propitious history as a people.

"The Golden Day" is, as its subtitle indicates, a study in American culture and experience. No one has yet made so clear the truth that the men who founded our polity were Europeans who had themselves already broken with their own past, had ceased to believe in the purposes that had animated Europe in the middle ages, and were the children of a century—the seventeenth—in which simple scientific concepts were being substituted for mystical concepts, and the practical virtues of "getting ahead" for the unworldly virtues of the Christian epic. Neither the libertarian political ideals of the eighteenth century, nor the pioneer's and the romanticist's escape in the nineteenth, did anything toward filling up this spiritual vacuum, this penury of valid and relevant desires. For a brief period, the "golden day" of Mr. Mumford's title, it was possible for a few great writers—Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville—to give imaginative welcome to the possibilities of American life as cordially as any Franklin or Paine, without forgetting the claims of the spirit. But the tragic disaster of the Civil War, and the still more disastrous triumph of the capitalist and the machine that ensued, made that splendid synthesis (on the same basis) forever impossible; and from that day to this we have had to choose between the "pragmatic acquiescence" of the muckrakers and the industrialists and the "pillage of the past" undertaken by Henry James and the followers of Mrs. Jack Gardner.

Is the way out—or the way ahead—any clearer than ever? Is our greatest menace at the moment the menace of the tender-minded or the menace of the tough-minded? Have we more to fear from a highbrow like Mr. Wilbur C. Abbott, with his attack on "the new barbarians," or from Mr. Mencken, with his tough-minded "Notes on Democracy?" from Mrs. Gerould or from Mr. Upton Sinclair? There cannot be much doubt about Mr. Mumford's answer. His whole treatment of the period since the Civil War is aimed at exposing the hollowness of the practical unimaginative life we have led, of the pragmatic philosophies that have lent it their high sanction, and even of the muckraking that has criticized it—on the wrong grounds. "Without vision," says Mr. Mumford, "the pragmatists perish"; and his eloquent "Envoi" is a plea for a new idealism, a new cultivation of the imaginative life, a restatement of fundamental purposes and hopes. It is clearly the tough-minded who are most badly damaged by this indictment.

There are difficulties, to be quite frank, in the way of accepting Mr. Mumford's criticism, root and branch. The chief of these is perhaps his failure to see that modern science has had other consequences than its merely practical ones; that indeed its most radical effects have been its effects on the mind, and that it has made the problem of a rational idealism far more exacting than it was in Emerson's or Whitman's day. I am not sure that he is quite fair to the philosophers who like Santayana and Dewey, have tried to find a home for "values" in the natural constitution of man, and to define a method of achieving goals that will be at once humane and realistic. No disaster could be worse than that which overtakes a civilization that has ceased to cherish high and difficult purposes; but a truly "believing community" (in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's phrase), need not forget the joys of experiment, the excitement of acquiring new knowledge even when it comprises old ideals, or the recurrent duty of revision. The terror of the absolutist—the tender-minded is that he does forget these things; and a too summary reading of "The Golden Day" might really seem to give him aid and comfort. Yet I am sure that this is very far from Mr. Mumford's intention; perhaps the differences I am voicing are no more than differences in emphasis. Certainly if the "new student" could preface his reading of "The Golden Day" with a little study of "Human Nature and Conduct," he would have the best part of a perfect equipment for challenging the particular highbrows and lowbrows who have his ear at the moment.—By Newton Arvin (Member of the Department of English, Smith College).

Trinity College

"He was a happy combination of the amateurish and intense. His habit of absorption became a byword; for if he visited a classmate's room and saw a book which interested him, instead of joining in the talk, he would devour the book, oblivious of everything else, until the college bell rang for the next lecture, when he would jump up with a start, and dash off. The quiet but firm teaching of his parents bore fruit in him; he came to college with a body of rational moral principles which he made no parade of, but obeyed instinctively. And so, where many young fellows are thrown off their balance on first acquiring the freedom which college life gives, or are dazed and distracted on first hearing the babel of strange philosophies or novel doctrines, he walked straight, held himself erect, and was not fooled into mistaking novelty for truth, or libertinism for manliness."—"Theodore Roosevelt," by William Roscoe Thayer.

OBIRE OCULIS

The last issue of "The Tripod" emphasized considerably the very beneficial change which has been brought about in our publicity and also indicated the difference between the publicity which was cast nationwide last year and the publicity which is helping us so much at the present time. This publicity is very desirable. The broadcasting and the general increase in valuable news dealing with the college affairs which has lately appeared in the newspapers of New York and other large cities aid extensively in putting Trinity before the public eye in such a manner as to lead to beneficial results rather than to harmful criticism.

Time alone will tell whether or not the expansion of Trinity publicity is to add or detract from that which exists. As a general matter this publicity, which after all is advertising of a high type, has led to increases in demands for products when it was applied to manufacturing and other forms of business and the concern which used it generally experienced increased prosperity. Although a college is not exactly a business organization when it is regarded from the outside, it needs students and it must use business methods to get those students and to maintain its prosperity. Trinity has recently begun its "advertising" and until some time has passed we can not know the actual accomplishments of the plan. The experiences of others lead us to the wisest conclusions possible under the existing circumstances. It is quite safe to say, therefore, that there should be considerable benefit derived from the publicity plan and that within a relatively short time the desired increases and improvements will be with us.

* *

The Book Review which was written by one of the students of the college is one of the first book reviews to be written by an undergraduate which has appeared in print for some time. Certainly there are readers among us who could submit and have published a review. The work done in preparation for the review would be very little and then there is offered an amount of money which would buy another book if the review of the preceding one is published. This is a very good opportunity to share your pleasures with someone else and it will help to increase your library.

* *

Last week's Intercollegiate News, according to the judgment of several students, was as good as it has been for a great while. The type of news which was selected appealed to every one and there was considerable pleasure and amusement to be gained by reading the column.

At the head of the column appeared an article which dealt with the Society for the Suppression of Vice, which has recently been organized at McGill University. Such an organization might be of use if it were conducted with some care taken, so that its operations would not be regarded as too reforming. There is a limit to the endurance which men possess and it is a very dangerous one to exceed it. Even more delicate is the limit of the tolerance of the average college man and it is extremely dangerous to approach this limit, to say nothing of the results if it is passed. The Recommendations which the Society sent to the Student Council or which were to be sent to the Student Council were quite extreme and certainly should have caused the pot to boil over. The writer of Intercollegiate News said, "Someone at McGill must have a colossal sense of humor." Perhaps that sense of humor is "Pitiful" rather than "Colossal."

* *

The idea put forward by Robert Frost was a very valuable and a very good one. The methods which are used in many of our colleges seem to fit the individual to the courses rather than to fit the courses to the individual. I am sure that no one would buy a pair of boots which were too large to fit him with the idea of growing enough to fit the boot. Neither would a person purchase a pair which were so small that he would find it necessary to make his feet small enough to fit the boots. The danger in freely choosing a set of courses lies in the fact that the student would be apt to select a group which would not round his knowledge sufficiently and that the ultimate result would lead to pedantry. In spite of this there is some feeling that in adapting the course of study to the individual, the gain would be greater for the person. The benefits which that person could give to society would be greater than those which he could have given if the adaptation had not been brought about.

WELLS CRITICIZES LEWIS' LATEST NOVEL.

Calls it Dull and Grotesquely Exaggerated.

Dr. George Ross Wells, professor of psychology, stated in an interview that he does not regard "Elmer Gantry" as a good book. "The author has spoiled, by his inartistic presentation, what might have been a worthwhile book," he said. "Evidently Sinclair Lewis is very far from having sublimated his own complexes regarding religion and has allowed them to ruin the work he is trying to do."

"The character, Elmer Gantry, is a caricature—an exaggeration of something real." When asked if he did not regard the book as being true to life, he replied, "yes, in part. I myself have seen 'conversions' and revivals of the type that Sinclair Lewis has in mind. His descriptions of these are unfortunately true to life, or at least true to what has existed. However, that is not the essence of religion today."

That the book grows dull toward the end and the exaggerations become more grotesque, was his opinion. "Furthermore," Dr. Wels said, "it hardly seems possible that a person could exist without some redeeming qualities, yet 'Elmer Gantry' is given none. I think that the good qualities of the book are overlaid by the bitter anti-religious animus of Sinclair Lewis, who seems to feel that all religious workers and ministers are crooks or stupid fools. As a matter of fact," the professor said, "no religious worker of any sincerity is going to be hurt by the book. On the other hand, the clergy might find it interesting and helpful."

PROGRAM FOR FRENCH CLUB CONCERT ANNOUNCED.

Delightful Concert to be Given.

On Friday evening, April 1, under the auspices of the Romance Languages Department of Trinity College and of the Trinity College French Club, a delightful musical program will be presented by students and members of the faculty of the Julius Hartt School of Music. The musicale will take place at 8.15 in Alumni Hall and, thanks to the liberality of the Julius Hartt School of Music, admission will be free. The public, as well as the faculty and students of Trinity College is most cordially invited.

The program, which is to consist mainly of the works of French composers, is as follows:

Ou Va la Jeune Indone (Delibes)
Mary Billings Green
Romance (Arensky)
Andante (Mozart)
Gavotte and Musette (Raff)
Moshe Paranov and Marshall Seeley
Le Dernier Soir (Maurice Blazy)
Soupir (Leo Stern)
Oh, Si Les Fleurs Avaient des Yeux (Massenet)
Elle et moi (Mrs. H. H. Beach)
Mary Billings Green
Waltz (Arensky)
En Blanc et Noir (Debussy)
Laideronnette (Ravel)
Arkansas Traveler (Pattison
Moshe Paranov and Marshall Seeley

"Lord of Himself", by Percy Marks—New York, The Century Company; $2. Mr. Marks' new novel continues the adventures of some of the characters who appeared in "The Plastic Age", and is mainly concerned with the spiritual development of the new-rich young Carl Peters, just out of college, and floundering about in the brittle hullabaloo of New York life.

The author is one of those supposed to conceal, beneath a surface of relentless realism, a deep idealism; an "indignant belief," as the publishers put it, in the more or less young generation's possibility of better things.

This slightly evangelical aim is something the spectator to young Mr. Peter's bouts with various Manhattan varieties of flesh and spirit is seldom permitted to forget. Whether the matter in hand be the pictures in the Metropolitan or the accepted characteristics of those who do or do not "belong;" gin and necking or the inwardness of what used to be described as sacred love, the reader is never left for longer than a few paragraphs without a clear indication—although the moral be put into supposedly artless dialogue—of what is really the true and the beautiful. And step by step, despite his tendency to backslip, young Mr. Peters blunderingly grows in grace, until we finally leave him, at sunset, "looking at the daffodils."

Not that that "superficial aspect of startling realism" isn't bravely maintained. When the impetuous Mr. Peters endeavors, after a summer evening's motor drive through Westchester, to embrace the young woman who eventually teaches him the meaning of true love, she, a lady of good family and breeding, answers that she's "not going to get drunk and have a petting party. I'm going the whole hog or none."

"I'm not ready," she continues, briskly, "to go the whole hog with you, but I'm not going to let you mess around me either. O, I'd like it as much as you would; it isn't that. It's something else. I've been damned unhappy for a year, and I tried to forget it by drinking like a fool and letting every fellow neck me that came near me. Well, I didn't forget anything—and I can't forget the necking besides. I'm off that stuff, off of it! If you want to pet me just because you always do it, forget it, forget it and we'll be friends; but if you want to kiss me because you've been nice to me and think that it's coming to you, go ahead and kiss me until your mouth's sore; then take me home—and fade. I'll pay my debts, but you can bank on it that I'm not going to run up any new ones."

There is plenty of such vigorous dialogue, in which we are supposed to see the just-out-of-college generation without masks. The trouble with much of it, and, indeed, with most of Mr. Marks' story, is that it does not seem to spring from something inevitable of which the author happens to be the reporter, but is something devised and arranged by himself, to carry out his pre-arranged theme. There is little illusion, no strong current or background of life, into and out of which the characters of the story pass and emerge. They step on a stage, without, so to speak, scenery, lights, the pulse and odor of that greater life of which individuals of any sort are but a part, and bark their "startling realism," all to the end that, whether or no, young Mr. Carl Peters, shall realize his creator's title and eventually be "lord of himself."—Saturday Review of Literature.