



*THE CLASSICS—MORE, NOT LESS*

**U**NDER a steep hill, where a wee little brook spread a very broad pool, and poured the late autumnal freshets over a dam of rotten twigs and leaves, I stumbled unaware upon the mouth of a little cave. Its entrance, to be sure, seemed hopelessly choked by the debris which we encounter everywhere in the remote woodland. An avalanche of decaying boughs had slipped down from above. The briars and whins had clambered in from all sides. The winds too had there heaped up a great quantity of silt and discolored leaves, so that the wise might be led to pass by with a shrug, and only the most recklessly foolish attempt to force an entrance. I did. And to tell the truth, it wasn't nearly as difficult as one might have thought, and after a few moments exertion I found myself within. Imagine my surprise, then, to discover that the cavern was in the form of a perfect cone, the walls being perhaps a rod distant at the base. And think of my amazement, good friends, at perceiving, by the dim light admitted from the outer day, a human form almost buried in the dust at the very center of the cave.

It was an odd little fellow who sat up when I tapped him gently on the back. He was mole-eyed, indeed, and dog-toothed too, yet shouldered like Atlas, and with a queer sort of prophetic brow that I couldn't help but admire. And his voice! Eyeing me as a gladiator might eye a carcass beneath him, and with a gesture that would have put Booth to shame, he thundered: "There has passed away a glory from the earth!" Then he drew a vast sigh of relief. "That's Hesiod," he said, "Nice, is it not?" And he flicked a snail off his yellow tunic.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, pointing, "So that's the Toga Virilis!"

"Where?" asked he, rubbing his eyes and looking about him.

"Tell me, old fellow," I hissed, shaking a long finger under his Grecian proboscis. "Tell me, where was the carnival?"

He assumed the dazed physiognomical expression of a college professor on a jamboree—which is nonsensical. But suddenly the mist cleared, his face brightened. "Ah, you don't see," he burst out, "Like all priggish moderns, you don't see. I am the spirit of all that is best in antiquity, the incarnation of all that is excellent and yet old, all that lies neglected on your very bookshelves uncared for, as I lie here".

"Look you," he continued, his dark eyes darting fire from beneath his sleepy hazel eyebrows, "Fools go to your libraries. They see before them the classics, eternal and beautiful treasures of thought,—and they do not so much as poke a finger in the dust that lies so thickly upon their gilt. Or else, confronted on a sudden by one of these volumes of truth and worth undecayed, they give a silly 'oh!' or an 'ah!' and pass by like pagans before some weird and senseless idol—yielding faint praise but no love, and with veiled hearts."

"Where are the poems of Sappho," he shrieked, "the songs of Musæus, the dialogues of Aristotle?"

—"And where are the snows of yesteryear," I interpolated, quoting that French poet whom all college Sophomores read, for the perfectly good reason that they are told not to.

"Sappho," he mused, overlooking the interruption, "was a wonderful kid. What poetry! But it's all lost now—nearly. The boys in Lesbos, unluckily, weren't a bit different from those hereabouts or anywhere else. His name was Phaon, one of these angel-faced chaps. A plague upon them all, O Jupiter!"

I looked about for that nigger, but quite failed to locate him. "So you have been reading the 'Gold Bug' too!" I ventured.

"If you mean the 'Pot of Gold,'" he said, "I have, and enjoyed it immensely."

"But you haven't read the 'Crazy Fool,'" I said, "so you haven't heard about the horse that sits on eggs?" And I told that one. Also the one about Edison and the pushbuttons. And the one about Napoleon. "I wish Joe were here," I added, "he could probably tell you more. Lend you books, even."

He smiled in a sickly way and wagged his head. "You don't understand," he said, "Men usually don't, now-a-days. The

human race is going back to the brute. Soon, no doubt, they will grow tails."

"Well," I said, "John Bale hath it in his chronicle that 'for castynge of fyshe tayles at thys Augustyne, Dorsettschyre men had tayles ever after'." "In sooth," I continued, "it would be but a small wonder if the whole race should acquire the caudal appendage. A tail might lend *you* a touch of grace, for instance," I volunteered.

He drew himself instanter to his full height. "Homo sum," he vociferated, "et nihil humani etc."—and with that he gave me a sickening grin as though he were ceding me the Fiji islands or something.

"Well, that sounds pretty good," I said, "but have you heard Will Shakespeare's latest?" And I gave him the one from old Polonius about playing the cooper with your best friends and all that.

He listened with a self-satisfied grin. Scarcely had I finished when he strutted up, bellowing "Arma virumque cano etc." and went on *ventre a terre*, striking his chest and tearing his hair until his eyes began to start from his head, his voice failed, and he sat down suddenly in a heap, choking and fuming like a mad Hessian.

"A pretty piece of paganism," I sneered deprecatingly, making a few inverted commas in the air with my finger to show that I was quoting Wordsworth.

But my little friend had quite recovered himself. "That," he said, "is only a foretaste. I have quoted nothing from our glorious elegiac bards, our bucolic poets—"

"Your bucolic poets indeed!" I exclaimed, "Ta! Ta! Come tuneful Muse, begin the melodious song!" And I did a sylphlike caper about the old fellow.

But alas! he fixed me with a frigid stare. "How *dare* you cavil!" he said. "You boast of the ingenuity of your modern theorists. Did not Heraclitus tell you centuries ago of Evolution, and Empedocles of Natural Selection? Was not Socrates the first moral philosopher? Did not Parmenides woefully outstrip your modern psychiatrists with his dictum: "Thought depends upon physical state?"

"Well at least," I sighed, "Auto-Suggestion is entirely new."

"What!" shrieked my diminutive interlocutor, springing up with such vehemence that he trod on his tunic and so had to sit

down as suddenly again. "Hearken what Seneca declares in his seventy-first epistle: 'It is a great part of advance to will to be advancing. Of this I am conscious to myself; I will to advance, nay, I will it with my whole heart'. Now what of that, my fine fellow?" he asked.

"Well," I said sulkily, "I suppose you'll tell me that your Argonauts discovered America?"

"Not exactly," he replied, "But if your men of action of the fifteenth century had taken the trouble to read the first book of Strabo they might have discovered that the earth was spheroidal. But of course, you have never heard tell of Strabo," he said.

"I have heard tell," I said "in Paracelsus of the plant Assydos, which, when worn by anyone, protects him from the evil spirit, forcing it to state its business and name."

"Nonsense!" he snorted.

"Seriously—" I began.

"Nonsense!" he reiterated.

"You tell me of Strabo," I said, "But what shall we think of his Ichthyophagi, and the men who sleep in their ears? And you don't repeat what Posidonius tells us very soberly—that in the countries next the ocean, the setting sun makes a noise resembling the sound of hot metal in cold water; as though the sea were hissing as the sun were submerged in its depths. A figo for your ancients!" I ejaculated, purloining another perfectly good one from Shakespeare.

But in a moment I regretted my words. The straw had broken the camel's back, the pendulum, having reached its limit, began to return. The inexplicable little fellow turned on me as Cato might have turned to denounce a traitor.

"Away!" he said sternly, "Perverse creature, unfit to behold the true light! Back to your dime novels and your trick sentimentalisms. Go! Sling mud at your betters. Let football players and pugilists, unable to render a line of Horace and who never heard of Propertius, or Bion, or Moshus, continue to write diatribes against the ancients and antiquity. Applaud them! How very noble and excellent! What dupes your forefathers were, who loved the classics. How the world advances!"

But here he stamped so energetically that a little rill of sand began to pour down from the roof. In a moment it had become a stream. Clods and stones tumbled everywhere. The

sides sagged in. As a fiend might rush at the hope of salvation, I rushed at the mouth of the cavern. And not a moment too soon. There was a horrific rumble of dirt and boulders and crash of timber as the side of the hill fell in. Another instant, and there was silence. The sun looked languidly down from untroubled heavens. A little breeze came by and fondled the leaves of the trees.

—P. J. K. '27.

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## Dramatics

The Dramatic Club of St. Thomas College has reorganized for the coming months. Officers have been elected, a registered membership has been organized, and everything is in readiness for a banner year.

The purpose of the Dramatic Club is to promote the interests of the college. Every real student who has the welfare of his college at heart, should do everything in his power towards the betterment of that institution.

It is our intention to produce four one-act plays. Each class shall of its own accord produce one play. This shall help to create better class spirit and also further the interests of the Dramatic Club. We shall also produce two plays in a more elaborate manner,—for which every student is eligible. An honorary award in the form of a dramatic pin shall be awarded to every loyal and faithful member of the Dramatic Club.

So you see fellow students, extensive plans are under way. For these plans to materialize, we must work as a unit. Every loyal son of S. T. C. who desires to see his Alma Mater classed as a real great college, should help the Dramatic Club to fulfill to the letter its motto,—“A bigger and better Dramatic Club”.

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We cannot allow the occasion to pass without remarking on the wonderful class spirit manifested among the Freshmen. The class voted unanimously to join the Dramatic Club and to do everything in its power to promulgate the affairs of the organization. Already plans are under way for a Freshman play to be produced sometime in January. Let us congratulate the members of the Freshman class.

—M. J. Eagen '27.