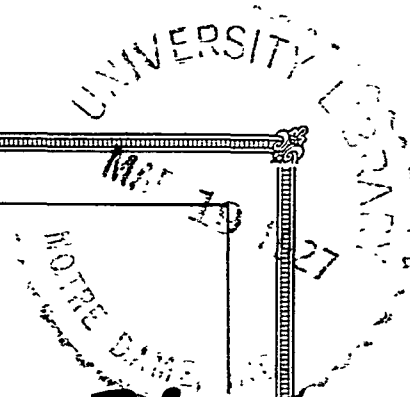


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The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus...Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary — News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

MARCH, 18, 1927

No. 22

1872--1927

Stories

"Meet the Wife" - - - Stephen Sherry

All the Grim Young Men - - F. C. Miller

Essays

The Cussedness of Sisters - W. K. Dwyer

Chesterton, the Poet - - George A. Kiener

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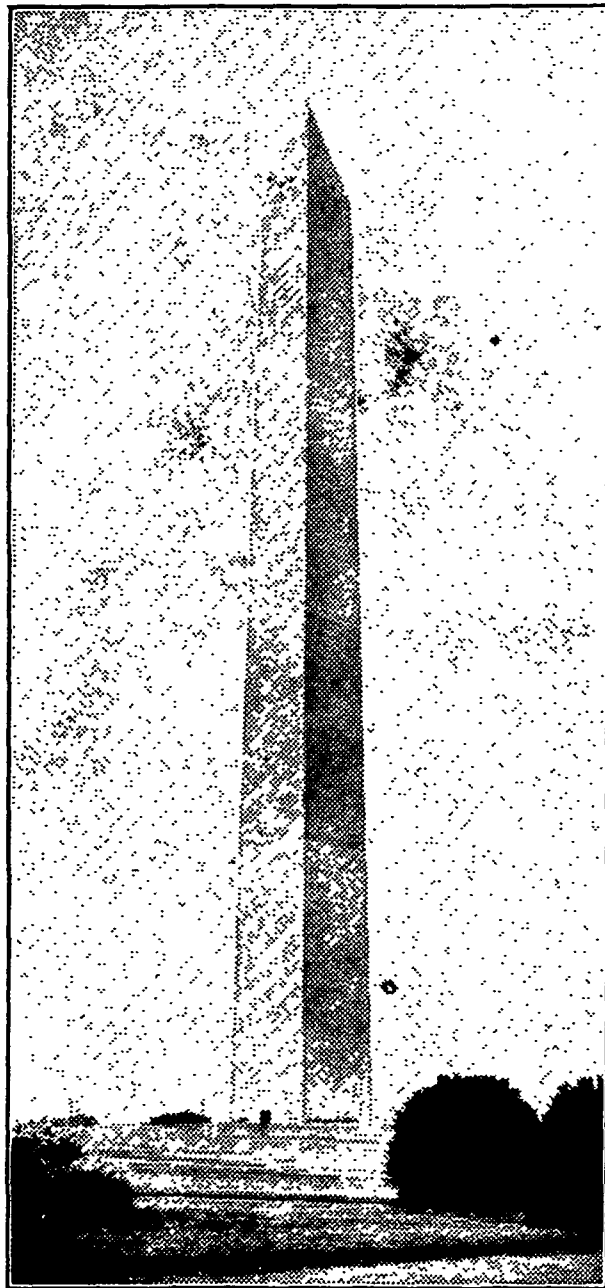
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Uplift Applied To Monuments By Otis Elevators

THE Englishman confessed to his American friend whom he was conducting through the London Tower that never before had he visited that most historic building of his native city. It was always there; he could go any time. So he never did, until the insistent American prodded him into action.

Is it for a similar reason that so few college students in and around Boston visit the Bunker Hill Monument? Hardly: because they come from all parts of the country. Is it then another instance of indifference of college men? Not that either. College men in Washington generally ascend the Washington Monument.

No expert is needed to solve this puzzle. The ascent of the Bunker Hill Monument must be made on foot. It's a long, hard climb. But visitors to the Washington Monument are speedily and comfortably borne to the top in an Otis elevator.



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- 1833—Corner Stone laid—
- 1839—Work stopped—
- 1880—Work resumed—
- 1884—100 oz, pure aluminum cap stone set.
- 1884-1926 Over 5,000,000 people ascended to top of Monument.

ELEVATOR CHRONOLOGY

- 1879—Otis Steam Elevator, installed for use in construction work.
- 1884—This elevator converted to passenger use. Round trip 17 minutes. Passengers carried to the top of the monument during the life of the elevator, 1,279,719.
- 1901—Electric Elevator installed, having a round trip time of 10 minutes. Passengers carried up during its lifetime, 3,750,000.
- 1926—Otis Micro-Drive Gearless Traction Elevator installed, with a round trip time of 2 minutes. Will carry to the top of the monument an estimated number of 12,000,000 passengers in the same time as the life of its predecessor.



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ONE MAN TELLS ANOTHER

**Notre Dame
Men
Take to
the "U"**



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The House of Kuppenheimer

Actually, a college man doesn't ask his clothiers what to wear—any more than he would ask his roommate to pick out his wife. He knows the kind of suit he wants.

Very well—picture to yourself the ideal suit for campus and town wear, embodying all the correct features of true college style. . . Three buttons; soft roll front; buttons far apart; pockets low; hips trim; trousers hanging perfectly straight.

Then—come in and see the "U"—and it's 100 to 1 you'll say—"That's it!" —KUPPENHEIMER—

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Collegiate pipes aren't all 'non campus mentis'



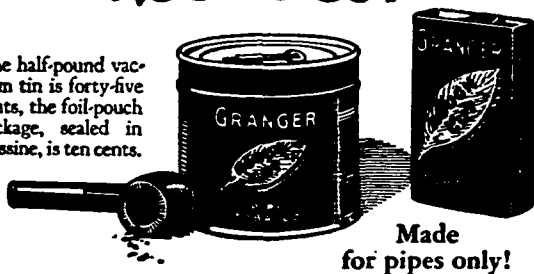
APPEARANCES may be against the modern college pipe; he may look 'superfish'... he may sound a bit blotto, slinging his six or seven *slanguages*, including the Scandinavian. But when he talks 'TOBACCO' lend him your ears. For that's one subject he's studied and knows from the ground up!

Listen to his learned lingo and you'll see why the one perfect pipe tobacco is grand old Granger Rough Cut. It's all spicy old Burley, the choicest pipe tobacco known to man... all mellowed Wellman's way... and cut, *especially for pipes*, in large slow-burning, cool-smoking flakes. It's breaking all collegiate records for pipe-popularity.

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*The South Bend
News-Times*

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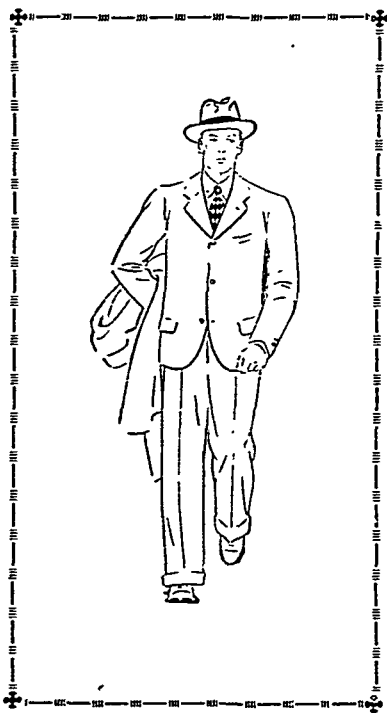
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Residence, Lincoln 6741
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DR. LEO J. QUINLAN
DENTIST

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

*It's not included
among the arts
and sciences—*



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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



THE WEEK

Dramatics held the center of the stage last evening when three one-act plays, written and produced by Notre Dame men, were presented in Washington Hall. There was a time when dramatic talent was abundant on the campus and history will repeat itself, especially when there are such men as Professors Phillips and Kelly eager to instruct and inspire creative faculties among the undergraduates. The three plays included: "Omaudan" by William Vahey; "The Pump" by J. A. Breig; and "Out of the River" by James Jay. All are members of Professor Phillips' playwriting class. The productions were under the supervision of Professor Kelly and those men who have been studying play production in his course. The first play, by Mr. Vahey was an excellent curtain raiser, blending comedy into dramatic form and adjusting the minds of his audience to the environment of the theatre. "The Pump," a play of farm life by Joe Breig, treated of a more tragic situation where there was anything else but water, water, everywhere. The third play by James Jay, "Out of the River," reached the heights of the evening. Filled with suspense and drama of the most perfect form this play left a marked impression on the student audience as it filed out of the slender aisles. This is only the second attempt on the part of the University Theatre to sponsor dramatics on the campus and there is more promise in these two efforts than in all those of the last few years. The university that gave birth to such men as McEvoy, McGuire, and Butterworth has started out on the right path to create more men who will honor its name in the intellectual pursuits.

The announcement of the Notre Dame Anthology, now being compiled by the Scrib-

blers' Club, has several surprises for those who thought that the honorary writer's club was attempting to present a private monopoly. Out of some twenty authors to be included in the book, only seven are members of the Scribblers Club. The sophomore class came through in great fashion, and several freshmen submitted material that will compare with any university work in the country. Then the senior class, whose members find pleasure in literary seclusion, evidently wanted to leave an admirable record and they have accomplished that. There isn't much of a deep dark secret about the book. It is merely an attempt on the part of the Scribblers to present a book of undergraduate creative work in order that the outside world will be able to see that in addition to producing the finest athletic teams in the country the university does not trail in literary endeavor. It is the club's effort to make the anthology an attractive book, containing the best work of the present undergraduates, that any student will be proud to take home and place in a conspicuous place. A limited edition of only five hundred copies will be printed.

Saturday will see the largest track meet Notre Dame has ever presented in the university gym. The universities and colleges from this section that are not members of the Big Ten conference will meet to find out which one is the best in the long run. Some eighteen schools will send representative athletes to compete in the meet.

It would hardly be traditional to overlook St. Patrick's day which was the occasion of the play presentation in Washington Hall. This day which should be the day of days for all good Irishmen passed on as though it were just another day. —W.H.L.

SINGERS VISIT ST. MARY'S; TO COMPETE IN INTERCOLLEGIATES

The Glee Club appeared in concert at St. Mary's College Tuesday evening and gave a two-hour program which was greatly appreciated by the students and Sisters. Mr. Joseph J. Casasanta, the conductor, is to be highly complimented for the manner in which the Notre Dame men sang. The program was a difficult one, and the manner in which it was given affirms the judgment of many critics that Notre Dame has one of the finest college singing organizations in the country.

The Intercollegiate Group, which is to compete in Chicago next Monday evening, gave its three numbers at the concert and the fact that the men sang without direction and without accompaniment made a splendid impression upon the audience. The Varsity quartette; A. J. Kopecky, tenor soloist; Cecil Alexander, violinist; and Cate and Stout, banjo artists contributed to the program's success. A lunch was served to the club after the concert.

Next Monday evening at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, the Notre Dame Glee Club will compete with the best collegiate clubs in the Middle West. It is Notre Dame's first appearance in this competition. The club is expected to make a good showing. Twelve other clubs are entered in the competition: Beloit College, Grinnel College, University of Illinois, University of Iowa, Knox College, Lake Forest College, University of Michigan, J. Millikin University, Northwestern University, Purdue University, Wabash College, and the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. J. Lewis Browne and Joseph J. Casasanta have been drilling the club in daily rehearsals since the return from the Christmas trip and the results have been very commendable. Both men deserve great praise for the interest they have taken in the club and for their sincere efforts in making it a success.

The rules of the Intercollegiate Contest provide that each club shall present its numbers without direction, except such direction as may come from the singing member occupying a place in the chorus. Jack Curtis,

a first tenor, has been appointed Marshall and it is his duty to begin each selection.

The Notre Dame Glee club will sing: *The Lotus Flower* by Schumann; *The Hike Song* by Joseph. Casasanta, and *June Time* by Browne. Each club competing in the contest will sing *The Lotus Flower* which is difficult for ensemble singing.

The following men will make the trip to Chicago:

First Tenors—John P. Butler, Jack Curtis, Thos. F. Ferriter, Frank W. Hetread, Anthony J. Kopecky, Conrado Mateo Ochoa.

First Basses—Vincent P. Ducey, Frank J. Harrigan, Phillip Lopresti, Frederick W. Pfortner, Jack Reidy, Charles J. Shelansky.

First Bases—Vincent P. Ducey, Frank J. Hagenbarth, T. Hart, Robert E. Kirby, Roland G. Schlager, Fred W. Wagner.

Second Basses—Thos. F. Carey, Edward J. Flynn, Joseph J. Langton, William E. Mahin, Andrew J. Mulreany, Neil Regan.—C.S.

NOVEL A. I. E. E. MEETING

The Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E. held the regular meeting for the month of March last Wednesday evening, in the Engineering Building. The program presented was an innovation in the engineers' club.

Lawrence Wingerter read a paper on poetry, and Richard Greene spoke on psychology. These subjects were chosen in order to make it clear that engineers have other interests beside logarithms, entropy, and hysteresis. The talks were presented in an excellent fashion, though the material was not treated from the viewpoint of the arts student. Poetry, Mr. Wingerter pointed out, can be of great value to the technical man in developing the creative imagination. Likewise, Mr. Greene was able to show many interesting applications of psychology in the engineering fields.

Not to neglect the technical side of the profession, Mr. Hafel, instructor in the E. E. Department, spoke on Rectification, discussing high power mercury arc rectifiers. The mercury arc method is now taking the place of rotary conversion for traction purposes, especially in Europe. Following the program, eats were served.

NOTRE DAME MEN APPEAR AGAIN IN CURRENT MAGAZINE

The current issue of *Thought*, the new Catholic quarterly, contains a delightful article, "Advice to the Poets," by Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.

As one who over many years has published much poetry, Father O'Donnell writes from a rich experience. His advice will be found especially helpful by students, past and present, of English 7 and English 10.

Mr. Burton Confrey, of the Department of English, concludes in the *Catholic Educational Review* for February his excellent series of articles on the "Teaching of Oral English." In the *Catholic School Journal* he published an essay last month on "Oral English." Another interesting essay from the same pen, "Sons of God," appears in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* in the March issue. It has to do with a University not a hundred miles from Notre Dame.

STAR IN "RIVER" GOT TRAINING IN BUDAPEST

Andrew Barta, A. B., '30, who played the Polish father in "Out of the River," by James Jay, one of the three one-act plays presented in Washington Hall Thursday evening, is being acknowledged to be one of the finest undergraduate actors at Notre Dame. Credit for his discovery is claimed by Professor Frank W. Kelly of the Department of Speech, who recognized Barta's unusual talents in a public speaking class, and immediately cast him in the difficult role which he filled so admirably last night.

Barta comes to Notre Dame from Europe, where he spent the last three years. Previous to this, he finished his high school course at Lorraine, Ohio, in two years. Mr. Barta was born in Hungary, and received his first stage experience in the Hungarian National Theatre in Budapest, where for four years he played various extra parts, acting in many of Shakespeare's and Moliere's drama's. He came to America in 1920, dashed through high school in two years, and returned to his native country for three years before matriculating at Notre Dame. Barta speaks four languages.

GUIDANCE MEN CONDUCT SURVEY

Cooperating with the Juvenile courts of South Bend, the members of both classes of the Boy Guidance department are conducting a survey of the juvenile delinquents of South Bend, in an effort to determine the causes of the increase of juvenile delinquency in the two alleged "worst" sections of the city. Both sections being surveyed are situated in the West end. Prof. Roy A. Hoyer, director of the Boy Guidance department, and Judge Pattee, of the circuit court of St. Joseph County, are in charge of the work.

For some time past the childrens' court has been facing a constant increase in juvenile criminality, and constant complaints from divers sources have made direct action necessary. Judge Pattee arranged with Prof. Hoyer for services of the Boy Guidance men in securing an accurate inspection of the districts which have contributed most of the youthful crime of the city. Their findings will be used as the basis for future action in rooting out the growing evil.

HOYER INSPECTS GUIDANCE CAMP

Prof. Roy A. Hoyer, director of the Boy Guidance department, returned to the University Monday after spending the week-end on an inspection tour of the site of the Union League boys' camp at Salem, Wis. He was accompanied on the trip by Charles Angione and Gabe McFarland, students of the department.

INTERHALL DEBATERS TO CLASH

The last of the series of Inter-Hall debates sponsored by the Wranglers Club will be held next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings when Freshman Hall will meet the orators from Brownson. Freshman hall's team is composed of Tom Keogan, Murray Ley, John Hollighan, J. Weadock, and John Reynolds, and is being coached by W. F. Craig. Brownson has William J. Coyne and Arnold L. Williams as its coaches and is being represented by L. Amato, Francis Corbett, and F. Dolan on the affirmative with J. Cullen, W. Vogelwede, and T. Curray on the negative.



CAMPUS OPINION

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE SCHOLASTIC?

JACK DAILEY, '27—Badin.

"The SCHOLASTIC is a strange hybrid of a newspaper and a magazine, and in trying to perform the various functions of such a journalistic monstrosity, it sometimes fails in a sad manner. Considering the natural difficulties of the task, however, the staff does well."

JOHN BRINKMAN, '27—Morrissey.

Even the Editor himself does not know. Perhaps a few bedtime stories would make its appeal more general.

"BUCK" JONES, '28—Badin.

It has gone off on a tangent, with the discussion of the modern girl. Instead of keeping within its sphere, that of a campus organ, it has assumed the category of the tabloids.

BOB STOEPLER, '28—Morrissey.

The SCHOLASTIC is pleasing in most all respects. The contributions, however, should be more representative of the various colleges. The Engineers, Lawyers, and Journalists are conspicuous mostly by their absence. The SCHOLASTIC, this year, is far better than it has been during my three years at Notre Dame.

UNDEFEATED FIGHTERS TO TAKE ON PENN STATE SQUAD

Intercollegiate boxing for 1927 will be ended Saturday night when Notre Dame's undefeated squad meets the Penn State fighters, whose record for the year is fully as brilliant as that of the Irish.

The meet will be held in the gym Saturday at 8 p. m. Coach Thomas E. Mills will have all of his battlers except Mike O'Keefe and Manuel Garcia, each of whom has an injured hand, in shape for the bouts.

DEBATERS DEFEAT EARLHAM

The Notre Dame debating team upholding the negative side of the question, Resolved: "That Federal Grants-in-Aid to the states be discontinued" won the decision over Earlham college in a debate held in Washington Hall last Friday evening. The debate was judged by Professor Frank Carlton of the department of Economics, Depauw University, an author of a standard text on Labor Problems.

In making his decision, Prof. Carlton commended the delivery of the Earlham speakers but stated that the Notre Dame debaters had a better case and were able to defend it in a more logical manner. Earlham was represented by Ward Applegate, Earl Cary and Robert Fatherley. Notre Dame's speakers were William F. Craig, Joseph P. McNamara and Arthur Goldberg.

On the same night, Notre Dame's affirmative, composed of James C. Roy, Jack Daily and Pierce O'Connor, was defeated at Franklin, Indiana, by the negative team of Franklin College in a debate upon the same subject. The meet was a triangular one, Notre Dame meeting both Earlham and Franklin. The negative teams of each college were awarded the decisions.

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT RECEIVES GIFT

The Chemistry Department of the University has been the recipient of a gift of \$750, to be used for library purposes. The donor is Augustus F. Meehan, who received an honorary Master of Science degree from Notre Dame last June.

Mr. Meehan is a classmate of Fr. Burns, former President of the University. He is active in industrial science, being president of the Meehanite Metals Corporation, and also prominently connected with the Ross-Meehan Foundries, both of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

The donation will make it possible for the Chemistry Department library to add an important chemical journal set to its present large collection.

One Act Plays Presented in Washington Hall

BY JAMES C. ROY

In the second University Theatre program of the season, the parent organization presented the Players' Club in three original one act plays. They were written by William Vahey, James G. Jay, and Joseph Breig, students in Professor Phillips' class in play-writing. The production was under the supervision and direction of Professor Frank W. Kelly, head of the department of speech. His design and use of the drapery set in the plays was one of the unique features of the production. John O'Neill and Al Diebold collaborated in the design of the settings. Ed Cunnigham performed in the role of stage manager.

The feminine parts in the plays were taken by Mrs. Becker, the wife of Professor John Becker, by Miss Helen Shank of the Kennedy Consolidated School of Mishawaka, and by Mrs. Lawrence French of the Mishawaka Masque Club. The one juvenile role was the possession of Thomas Garvey of St. Edwards Hall.

THE OMAUDHAN, by William Vahey

Honora Dully ----- Miss Helen Shank
Paddy, her husband ----- Albert Doyle
Alderman Murphy ----- Donald Wilkins
Railroad agent ----- Robert Keegan
Josey Maloney ----- Thomas Garvey

A rather non-describable piece of entertainment is this play *The Amaudhan*. 'Tis neither sophisticated comedy nor slapstick; it makes no pretense at "mellerdrammar" nor does it seem to resemble greatly the Greek tragedies. This critic, being no sharp-shooter, is taking a wild aim and calls it a character sketch. It is rather well written, however, and is Irish enough to please even the Ancient Order of Hibernians on St. Patrick's Day. So Irish, in fact, that the tea in it is "tay." And that, to the writer's way of thinking, is *some* Irish.

Miss Shank, in the leading role of Nora, is very convincing in her Irish characterization, and shows herself to be a capable actress. Al Doyle is an admirable actor, and should have had more to do than the part of Paddy called for. Donald Wilkins as the Alderman, and Robert Keegan as the agent were capable enough. One Thomas Garvey, of St. Edward's Hall, was the Josie Maloney, and seemed very natural.

THE PUMP by Joseph A. Breig

Bob ----- Lester Grady
Joe, his brother ----- John Cavanaugh
Katherine ----- Mrs. Becker

It is not often that one has the opportunity to witness a play written by a student which has so much of that tense something called drama as has *The Pump*. It is the opus of Joseph Breig, his first attempt, I think, in the field of play-writing. It surely forecasts a literary future that will someday be exceptional. *The Pump* endeavors to spice the old, old theme of brotherly love with the paprika of realism, and gets away with it rather well. However, judging from the number of times the word is used in the play, "Water" would be a more fitting title than *The Pump*.

Lester Grady, as Bob, again showed himself to be a splendid actor. His moments while struggling with the pump were superb and only eclipsed by his last dramatic gesture of self-sacrifice which furnished the climax and the curtain of a good play. John Cavanaugh as Joe was very well cast, and his acknowledged talent was brought to the fore in a sympathetic and restrained performance. Mrs. Becker did more than well in the small but difficult role of Katherine. The writer thought *The Pump* a genuine and deserved success.

OUT OF THE RIVER by James G. Jay

The Father ----- Andrew Barta
Marylka his daughter ----- Mrs. Lawrence French
Rhodine
David, Marylka's sweetheart ----- John Leddy
Stephen ----- Roscoe Bonjean
Tom ----- William O'Neill

James G. Jay is the author of *Out of the River*, and although the play is based on the importability of a curious vision, nevertheless it is pleasing entertainment. The whole treatment of the theme reveals the author's knowledge of the ways and customs of the Polish people.

In the role of the father, Andrew Barta had a part that fitted him perfectly. Gifted with a pleasing voice, its strong foreign accent was ideally suited to the needs of the play. John Leddy as David played with a convincing naturalness. Mrs. Lawrence French acted the dual role of Marylka and Rhodine in a very fitting manner. She is the possessor of a pleasing voice and a good sense of dramatic values. The rest of the cast was acceptable.

SCRIBBLER ANTHOLOGY ADVANCES

Walter Layne, chairman of the Scribbler committee on the new Anthology, announced this week that the book will soon be ready for printing. Judging of the contents to be used has been completed and the copy turned over to the publishers.

The book is the second one to be published by the Scribblers, the first being the Scribbler Anthology of Notre Dame Verse, which appeared in 1924. It will be printed in a limited edition of five hundred copies.

It includes the work of twenty undergraduate students, over half of whom are not Scribblers. The contents will be divided into four sections; one each for short-stories, one act plays, essays, and poems. The contents will occupy an attractive volume of 256 pages.

BROWNSONITES HOLD SMOKER

Brownson Hall closed its 1926-1927 social season with an enthusiastic smoker, held Thursday evening, March 10, in Brownson Rec. The proceeds will go to provide living quarters for the Holy Cross brothers laboring in the mission fields of India. Brother Alphonsus presided as master of ceremonies. More than one hundred inhabitants of the tent colony and their friends enjoyed the entertainment, which was provided by members of the Boy Guidance course.

Mass-singing of Notre Dame songs, with Lester A. Pierce, recorder of the university, leading, opened the program. Brother Alphonsus read a letter from one of the brothers in Bengal, appealing for aid in carrying on their work. The Brownson Chorus, the Boy Guiders' Trio, George Neylon and his harmonica, Clayton Tyo and Paul Farmer and his banjo composed the entrees, chef-d'ouvres and salads of the program, while Promoter Mike O'Keefe added a dessert of several fine boxing bouts. Singing of the Victory March closed the program.

Although the smoker was scheduled as the last of the year, its success brought insistent demands for at least one more; and the committees in charge of Thursday night's affair announce their intention of working for another one following the Easter recess.

SHORT STORY BY FATHER

CARROLL HIGHLY PRAISED

Here at the University, apropos the efforts put forward to encourage short story writing, the following tributes to Father Carroll's *The Mating of Tess O'Kennedy*, (a short story recently in the *Ave Maria*) will be read with interest.

The noted writer of fiction, Mr. Frank Spearman, writes to Father Cavanaugh: "The *Ave Maria* remains, during all these years, my favorite periodical. Curiously enough, I begin the reading of it on the last page, and work from there to the front. Father Carroll had a wonderful Irish story in it in the issue of January 16th."

The second tribute is from Father Conroy, S. J., of Loyola University written to Father Hudson. "I have just finished reading the *Mating of Tess O'Kennedy* by Father Carroll, C.S.C., and I wish to express to you and to him my perfect delight in this story—one of the best short stories ever written, I think. If this story hasn't tapped the Irish character at the main root—its shrewdness, naivete, tenderness, blundering, gaiety, wit, religion and common sense—then I have missed the said Irish character all my life. I don't know where any writer has succeeded in slipping so much into so short a space. Any Irishman who reads this story will either start singing or turn a handspring."

WRANGLERS TO BROADCAST

The Wranglers Club has arranged through the courtesy of the South Bend *Tribune* to broadcast a debate upon the subject of federal grants in aid on April 1st. The debate will be broadcasted through station WSBT. It is planned to have the listeners vote through means of letters or telephone for the team who in their estimation displays the best debating. Negotiations to broadcast a debate upon Prohibition through the Chicago *Tribune* station WGN are being carried on by the Wranglers Club. It will be remembered that three members of the Wranglers succeeded in defeating a team from the University of Sydney, Australia, upon the subject of abolishing prohibition.

FORMER PRENTICE PLAYER TAKES DIFFICULT PART IN "THE PUMP"

Mrs. John J. Becker, who starred in the role of Kathryn in "The Pump," by J. A. Breig, which was one of the plays presented in Washington Hall Friday night, has had much previous experience in acting. She is a graduate of Northwestern University, and while there was a member of the Prentice Players, the Chicago school's dramatic organization, the members of which are selected by elimination. Mrs. Becker proved her understanding of the art of the stage by the competent manner in which she played her difficult part in last night's performance.

K. OF C. HOLD BUSINESS MEETING

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, met Tuesday evening, March 15, at 8 o'clock in the Walsh hall chambers. Grand Knight Bob Irmiger conducted the meeting.

Grand Knight Irmiger announced that the Council's formal dance had been advanced from April 29 to Friday, May 6. Numerous routine matters were disposed of at Tuesday's meeting.

BEAUTY CONTEST TO FEATURE BIG BOYS' COMING ABSURDITIES

A beauty contest between representatives of the various residence halls of the campus, with a suitable prize being awarded to the winner, will be one of the feature attractions offered during the Monogram Absurdities of 1927, to be shown in Washington Hall March 30 and 31 and April 1 and 2. The entrants in the contest will be chosen in elimination bouts to be held in the halls in the near future. John Wallace, business manager of the show, announces that the contest is arousing wide interest on the campus.

Another attraction added to the program during the past week will be the appearance of a group of child dancers, pupils of Miss Mary Grace Mohn, dancing instructress of South Bend, who is coaching the chorus dancers of the show. The children will offer a specialty of tap numbers.

The already famous "Thriller Chorus," patterned after the "Tiller Chorus" of Ziegfeld's newest show, is receiving the final polish in preparation for the first night. This group will offer three numbers, with Bucky Dahman, famous as the Violet Ray of other years, leading. Ballet costumes have been secured for the Thriller Girls, and present indications point to a sensation when they take the stage.

Sketches have been written for John Butler and A. J. Kopecky, famous Notre Dame tenors, whose appearance is in response to popular demand. John Dugan, of Badin Hall, will impersonate Coach Rockne in a speech to the Downtown Coaches' Association and in other sketches of the show. More than fifteen skits have been prepared and are being rehearsed nightly.

Manager Wallace is busy with arrangements for a special matinee for girls of St. Mary's, to be held the afternoon of Wednesday, March 30. The other engagements will be open to students of the University and friends from South Bend.

JOURNALISTS HEAR SPORTS EDITOR

Joseph P. Gallagher, sports editor of the South Bend *News-Times* and a former student of the university, addressed the members of the senior class of the School of Journalism Tuesday morning, March 15, in the Journalism room of the library. His subject was "The Sport Section: Its Importance to the Newspaper."

KEYSTONE MEN UNITE FOR SMOKER

Spreading a brilliant program of entertainment before more than one hundred members and guests, the united clubs of Pennsylvania held a smoker Monday evening, March 14, in the Knights of Columbus chambers. Joe Boland, vice-president of the Eastern Pennsylvania club, acted as interlocutor. The K. of C. orchestra, A. J. Kopecky, the Varsity quartet, Cate and Stout, Jimmy McShane, and Irving Corcoran furnished entertainment. Al Diebold and Joe Boland spoke.

EDITORIAL

THE PROMISE OF THE DRAMA

Last night the first entirely undergraduate production of the reborn University drama achieved a signal success in Washington Hall. Dramatized, for the most part, by undergraduate actors, in settings designed by an undergraduate, with effects handled by an undergraduate, three plays written by undergraduate students were presented and were received enthusiastically.

Many factors entered into the success of this production. There was, of course, the effort of the students themselves. Added to this was the whole-hearted cooperation accorded by the administration. And of special importance was the work of Professors Charles Phillips and Frank W. Kelly. Without the guidance and self-sacrificing aid of these men the presentation would have been impossible.

It is to projects like this that Notre Dame may look to produce men who will in the future carry her name ever higher in the land of make-believe. A few can recall J. P. McEvoy, who is now making the whole world laugh, as a tiny page in an amateur Washington Hall performance. Many remember Charley Butterworth, whose speeches of introduction are now convulsing Broadway, capering about the boards of the old stage. Why cannot Notre Dame expect also that within a few years the stars of this last production will be playing to greater audiences? Why cannot Notre Dame look forward to seeing future brain children of these embryo playwrights gracing the boards of the world?

There is no undue optimism in expecting these things. The stage of Washington Hall gave setting last night to an unescapable demonstration of youthful vigor the watchword of which is power. That is what was revealed. Somewhat crude? Perhaps. Amateur? Certainly not professional. Unharnessed? Yes. Try hitching youth, if you don't know what disaster means! But

power! Leaping, supple, dramatic power; the force of great themes struggling for expression against the young reticence and imperfection of boys! That is what the production revealed—and that is all that is needed. Give a man power, and with development he will attain the heights. At seventeen Robert Louis Stevenson casually struck off a sentence that was the work of a genius; it required heart-breaking, blood-sweating years for him to write enough such sentences to become great.

It is good to see such evidences of young idealism and determination as were exhibited last night in Washington Hall. It is good to see that our leaders of youth are striving in such fashion to give encouragement to undeveloped talent. And it is reasonable to suppose that the future will afford to these leaders the joy of seeing the young men whom they have guided develop into a full justification of their faith. —J.A.B.

THE PERHAPS CHESTERTON'S

Interhall debating, along with many other hitherto little encouraged activities, has taken upon it a new life recently, and many powerful speakers have been uncovered this year. It is a good omen.

Oratory sways people and opinions perhaps more than any other single influence. The power of a good speaker is immense. It is to the Chesterton's and the Belloc's, who can lay aside their pens and become scathingly and effectively oral, that the world owes much for its present improved understanding of what Catholicity means.

We have no Chesterton's or Belloc's at Notre Dame. But we have raw material—young, untouched minds of potentialities perhaps transcending those of the Chesterton's and Belloc's.

These young giants who today dissect each other with verbal scalpels may tomorrow be operating as effectively upon less friendly and more dangerous foes. —J.A.B.

HOBNAILS

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR SETS

I wonder if I'm truly penitent?

*Not twenty days of penance have been spent,
And even now I'm saying "Plague take Lent."*

My soul is racked by deep-laid discontent.

Where once the omni-present cigarette

*Curled its distasteful smoke in careless jet,
And dropped its dead black butt (which lies there
yet),*

Is now a flood—cold, dirty, thick, and wet.

I am not scrupulous—and God forbid

That I should recommend the censor's lid.

But bank on this,—that if I ever DID,

I'd end this penitential Lenten quid.

Philosophy could offer no excuse

To reconcile me to a six-weeks truce

With pack or plug. I'd not condemn its use—

But every chewing son would down his juice!

—FU MEN CHU.

If, for purely scientific reasons, of course, you are interested in knowing just what it is that is of primary importance to the college men, come up to the room some time and we will show you a few of the letters that Dan McCain's article provoked. We have published essays on poetry without causing comment; we have published essays on novels, on interurbans, on shanties in the backyard, on alarm-clocks, and on nearly everything else under the sun, and have scarcely caused a ripple on the campus or off of it. Let us publish one small, humorous, and ironic essay on girls, however, and our mail is crowded with letters of indignation, approbation, and encouragement. The striking thing about the whole matter is that so many of those who have attempted to answer Dan were plainly totally lacking in a sense of humor. That last is, of course, a mere whisper.

SONG

Come ride with me

At the top of the wind

To my castle on the moon

And dance with me

On a silvery cloud

To a merry silver tune.

Come play with me—

Just awhile—for a lark—

(My love flies away very soon.)

—VAMPIRE.

You really should attach titles, Vamp. We might put the wrong one on some day. Could this, by any chance, have been intended for that Son of Belial who calls himself Romany Lad?

DON'T WAIT THAT LONG, HARRY!

Dear Friends—I have mist kwite a few ishews laitylly sinse I was removeated from the gold coast. I gess nobody mist me vary mutch tho. I left the gold coast like the Chi orkestras play the Victory March—by request. Ime not solisiten enny simpathy frends but congrachelashuns. The gold coast aint gold at all—only gilt—everybody there feels guilty sumhow. Insidently hour team beet Crayten twice at the end of the season. Carnagy Teck is still patten themselves on the back. Am goen by So. America this summer so as the Prints of Whales sed to the stars Ile see you next fall.

—HARRY.

It is rumored that the journalists, having noticed that philosophy classes are dispensed with on the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, are going to petition for a holiday on the birthday of William Randolph Hearst.

MORRISSEY RAVINGS

CYRANO OLD DEAR—There is one guy who has more guts than a slaughter house. The guy who continues playing a saxophone after ten o'clock in Morrissey Hall.

To Papa I telegraphed—NO MON' NO FUN. YOUR SON.

And Papa replied—HOW SAD! TOO BAD! YOUR DAD.

If that "Blind Buggar"—I mean "Beggar"—persists in writing such poems as "Infatuation" I will simply have to go home over the week end, so desist, old chap; I beg of you.

I ban tank dot dis guy "Itaglio" vent und furgot sometinks besides Pepe Breige. Vun more stewdent vot we wish to loose—da von who ven spokane too he iss, looks nothing, as ifffff—Who dis guy dat spika to me?—ah bane unter ideah dot Notre Dame vas demokratik skule. Vas somepoty goofin' mit me, huh?

My, my, so dear old Walter honors Washington Hall Performance with the first paragraph in the "Week." Did he first consult Father Carey—a bottle of beer he didn't.

—JOCKO.

HAPPINESS

Happiness I found

Where Sorrow cried

When Love

Her tears had dried.

—F. C. MILLER.

"Hogs Weaken" says a head-line in yesterday's Tribune. G'wan! Quitcha kiddin'! They're getting stronger every day.

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

LITERARY

*"Meet The Wife"**A Psycho-Analyst Turns His Trade to Practical Use*

STEPHEN E. SHERRY.

ROBERT MONTENAY, instructor in Mathematics 5 at Central High, stood on the corner of Woodward and Gratiot streets, and looked up at the well-lighted windows of the Rosemont Building. His gaze rested particularly on a window of the fourth floor on which was blazoned the legend: "Doctaire Francois LaBoule—Practical Psychoanalyst—Interprets You—By Appointment."

Montenay knew what was lettered on the window without straining his eyes to read in the five o'clock dusk that was settling over the city. He had read and re-read it often enough in the last four months.

The drizzling snow sifted down onto Montenay's inadequate topcoat and made him shiver with damp discomfort. Convulsively he gripped the steel weapon in the right pocket of the top-coat and wondered grimly what his pupils would say if they could see what was hiding there. Or the voluptuous Mrs. Gladly! What would she say if she knew his purpose this evening? She, who last summer at Cannes, had been so impressed with his savoir faire. She, who now wanted "her dear, gallant friend," to tutor her spoiled ten-year-old son. She mentioned a salary—well, the salary was perfectly all right with Montenay. "Yes, perfectly all right," Montenay mumbled to himself. He wondered idly how many "tutors" the lovely lady had entertained since he left her last summer.

A hurrying woman barged around him, disturbing his meditations. Everybody was hurrying now. Laborers, a few businessmen, stenographers, shoppers were hustling along impatient of the crowds and the

gloomy, snowy weather that enveloped the city. Montenay had shifted his location several times, vexed by the dumb, restless pushing of the crowd.

The passers-by seemed to be mostly women, large women in all sorts of coats, carrying baskets and grotesque bundles. How he hated women! There was something about them, especially middle-aged women, that griped his sensibilities. They were so clumsy looking, having neither the grace of youth nor the meekness of age. He never made his way through a crowd of shoppers without experiencing a nauseating, angering surge of unpleasant emotion. He hated and hated their detestable habit of shoving pigishly. He fumed at the stolid sloth of some placid matron accompanied by a stumbling child. Men were so different, so much more sensible. A crowd of men seemed to know where they were going. When someone bumped you there followed a grunted "ope—beg pardon"—or perhaps nothing was said. Anyway, there was a spirit of camaraderie, more respect for one another, less pushing, fewer children to push aside. It was a selfish feeling, he told himself, but he couldn't help it.

Montenay noted that the clock at the National showed twenty minutes after five. Impulsively he started across the street, messed through the throngs in the Rosemont lobby and entered the elevator.

"Fourth!" he said shortly.

The colored lad shot the car up by spurts, a story at a time. Montenay noted the placid expression of the boy's face. Passive, it was and carefree, except for a deferential mask of service. "No troubles at all for him,"

thought Montenay. "Dumb, satisfied brute, that's all." In spite of his desperation the teacher congratulated himself that he was after bigger game than mere ease and comfort. He infinitely preferred a life of excitement and success to a peaceful, well-fed existence.

Stepping out of the car at the fourth floor he strode to LaBoule's door, entered, coughed and walked to the middle of the waiting room. The door of the private office opened and the prosperous, spectacled face of Monsieur La Boule appeared.

"Aw—oh—er—a—little past office hours—I'm sorry," he said, with professional patience.

"I want to see you for a few minutes—now," replied Montenay. LaBoule hesitated, surprised.

"Well, then—come in," he yielded.

"My name is Montenay. I was here about four months ago and you er—eh—you psychoanalyzed me. You said my chief mental trouble was—you said I lacked the ability to plan things . . . didn't look ahead . . . lacked generalship. You remember?"

"Montenay?" repeated the specialist thoughtfully as he flipped his fingers through a file of cards. He paused at one and considered it momentarily. "Oh, yes, I remember you quite well. You are the professor of mathematics at Central aren't you?"

"Yes," said the patient, without relaxing his hand on the chilly weapon in the topcoat pocket.

"I remember your visits here very clearly," LaBoule went on warmly. "You know, professor, it is rarely that a—a really well educated person comes into my office. It is a pleasure to speak—you understand, of course. One remembers such visits."

"Yes, I suppose so," Montenay answered awkwardly. He felt the utter stupidity of his appearance.

"Ah, that reminds me," ejaculated the doctor. He stood up and went into the adjoining room. Montenay arose instantly and followed his prey for a few steps. He would risk no tricks. LaBoule returned almost instantly. In his hand he had a bottle of liquor, a little wine glass hanging over the cork.

"Ah, that's right, take off your coat, professor," he encouraged warmly. "You must be chilly."

Montenay abashed, started to pull off the topcoat, but hesitated—and shrugged it back onto his shoulders. "I'll be going in a minute," he murmured sullenly.

LaBoule had poured out a glass of the sparkling stuff and extended the glass to Montenay. "That will cure your troubles, professor."

Montenay drained the glass gratefully. "Great," he murmured impulsively, as he handed back the glass.

"Another?" urged LaBoule.

"No, no, I must be getting on."

But instead of "getting on" he sank back on to the chair again. He smiled stupidly at the physician. In the back of his head he was idly wondering what a joke it would be on him if the wine had been doped. No, . . . hardly.

"It's a wonderful thing to cheer up a man . . . this wine," LaBoule said heartily, "but in this country—aha—one must keep these things hid—a convert, you know. Do you speak French, professor?"

"No," dully from Montenay.

"Ah, it is a pretty language—and so convenient too," he murmured . . . "a convenient language."

Montenay caught himself dreaming for a second. He was thinking to himself: "If it hadn't been for Rodenbeck selling me the car, I wouldn't have had the accident . . . and I wouldn't have . . ." What was he doing? Dreaming! He straightened up sharply.

"Ah—I must be getting home to dinner, professor," LaBoule was purring.

"Yes, yes," Montenay agreed and rose fumbling the cold, short-barrelled weapon in the pocket of the topcoat. His hand turned on it but he had to shift it about to grasp the handle. LaBoule did not seem to be suspicious.

"I wish very much you would come with me to dinner," urged LaBoule. "We can talk then and then maybe I can help you. Louise will cook an excellent dinner, I promise you." He reached for the phone. "Come now,

professor, I will say a friend for dinner, what?"

"No, no, I can't," snapped the mathematics teacher.

LaBoule lifted the receiver and suavely called a suburban number. Montenay cursed himself. He was losing his nerve. He had been letting this kindness make him forget his desperate need. As soon as LaBoule finished phoning he would demand the money. Damn . . . but he hated to rob this man. He was a generous old chap, all right. Well . . . if Rodenbeck—damn the name—if Rodenbeck, the persistent, tactful salesman hadn't sold him the sleek little Courier coupe on payments, he wouldn't have slammed into that old rickety touring car and hurt the mean old devil in it . . . he wouldn't owe the old devil eight hundred dollars to be paid within six months . . . and he wouldn't be taking Mrs. Gladly's tawdry offer of money . . . and he wouldn't be here with a "gat" in his pocket and . . . and . . . Hang it! The old circle of desperate dreaming. O, Lord he was sick of those thoughts . . . well, everything must come out all right. The "professor" of mathematics gripped his revolver—and waited.

LaBoule was enjoying himself dictating what he was to have for dinner. Obviously "Louise" was promising great things for the evening meal. A smile of genuine pleasure was on the Frenchman's face. Occasionally he would say a sentence in French speaking more seriously and quickly then. An excitable language, that French.

"Bye-bye Louise, Yes, soon, ah, . . . verree soon."

LaBoule turned and looked into the barrel of Montenay's revolver . . . astonishment . . . incredulity . . . horror.

"You—you—you're—"

"Yes, LaBoule, I'm a robber. I need money. Two hundred dollars is all though. Only two hundred. Better give it to me—give it to me now."

The teacher's voice trembled, but not nearly so much as he had expected. He made quite a successful robber, he thought to himself.

"Quick, now doctor," he commanded.

"But, monsieur—you ca—"

"Hurry now!"

Montenay was thinking that the train would be in the city in a few minutes. In twenty minutes it would be leaving—leaving for comfort, freedom—leaving for Mrs. Gladly, for easy money, escape. But he must make a prosperous appearance when he arrived at Coral Gables.

The stupefied doctor had slumped into his chair and opened a small drawer of the desk. He took out a small handful of bills. He passed them to Montenay as though he were unable to believe what he saw himself doing. The teacher took them in his left hand and eyed them, trying to estimate how much was there.

"About eighty there, I guess," he said questioningly.

"Sixty-five," LaBoule corrected generously with an odd smile.

"Well, let's have more," Montenay rasped. He stepped back a bit and LaBoule slowly walked to the next room, the revolver a few inches from his back. He knelt at a small safe in the wall and drew out an envelope which he opened. He drew forth three bills which he handed to Montenay. The teacher fingered the three fifties and stuffed them into his pocket. There was more money in the envelope, but time was growing short. He musn't miss the train.

"Come with me," he commanded and the psychologist followed him as he backed into the consultation room. Taking a pair of small snippers from his left coat pocket, Montenay handed them to LaBoule. "Cut the telephone wire," he rasped. LaBoule obeyed.

"You see doctor I have been cautious and well prepared," Montenay sneered: "I have learned things." He moved to the door.

"Now LaBoule, do not stir from this room for the next fifteen minutes or you will find me waiting for you outside. Understand?"

The psychoanalyst did not answer, but his head drooped a little. Montenay felt remorseful.

"I will repay every cent of this, LaBoule, every cent," the instructor promised. In his mind he resolved to repay the victim as soon

The Cussedness of Sisters

Some Unpublished Truths About Them Generally.

W. K. DWYER.

SISTERS are greatly overrated. They have their advantages, of course, but these have been eulogized repeatedly while their undesirable traits have been kept well under cover. I feel, then, that it is the duty of some person who knows the facts to bring to light the unpublished truths about sisters generally. Few men are better qualified for this task than myself. I have three sisters and I am in age not more than three years separated from any of them. I have literally grown up with the sister problem, and consequently, where these blights of masculine existence are concerned, I am one of the best informed men in the world.

Perhaps the principal disadvantage in having a sister arises from the fact that you are, as her brother, constantly being enlisted to take her somewhere or to go somewhere and bring her home. Sisters are forever making arrangements to spend the night with some one else's sister in the opposite end of town and, for no good reason whatever, delaying their departure until darkness has fallen. You may be comfortably ensconced in an easy chair enjoying a good radio program or lost in an absorbing story, but if you are the only brother its up to you to escort your sister to her destination.

It's useless to argue. Drawing the family's attention to the well illuminated streets which their taxes have helped to provide for such emergencies, and impassioned appeals for one good reason for the offending sister's delayed departure are wasted upon unreasonably inpregnable wills such as can be presented only by an unsympathetic family. You must abandon your radio program or your book or whatever is amusing you unless, perhaps, it is a game of chess with the Dad, in which case that worthy will not be likely to insist with his usual vehemence upon your going immediately, and with an air of mingled contempt and

martyrdom you stalk from the room to get your coat.

When your sister is at someone else's sister's house the same fear of darkness coupled with a desire to travel in it evidences itself. She calls you on the telephone and with a vexing sweetness, affected for the benefit of such of her hosts as are within hearing distance, asks will you please come and get her. Thus, when a man has not only one, but two or three young sisters, he must, like the Minute Men of '76, be prepared for anything on a moment's notice. By the time such a fellow reaches the age of twenty-one he has already been well broken in to the marital yoke into which he will eventually be corralled by some-one else's sister.

I have sometimes wondered if all these feminine activities were not the result of some definite plan, if, in other words, there were not an organized movement among sisters the purpose of which is to break in, while they are young and pliable, the prospective husbands with whom they live. Whether or no the breaking-in process is the functioning of an organized movement, it is amazingly successful. In those few cases where the training is not submitted to with proper resignation the recalcitrant brother is branded as a "mean trick," a "brute," and "no gentleman." A few such epithets directed with feminine rancor will usually bend the sternest male on earth into a state of pathetic docility.

A sister is by no means scrupulous about the appropriation for her own use of the personal belongings of someone else in the family. The man who is afflicted with one or more of them can never safely leave his scarf or his ties where they may be picked up at will by a visitor to his room. The reason is that feminine fashions of late call for a number of articles heretofore designed exclusively for masculine use. If he has an

athletic sister he will more often than not find his riding breeches, racquets and hiking accoutrements in her possession when he has need for them. Every brother who has a sister near him in age knows well the futility of protesting on this account. Effective expostulation with a sister upon anything is simply impossible. A sound moral lecture brimming with logic on the value of honesty and the lack of principle manifested in petty thievery is very likely to be either interrupted in the middle by her whistling some jazzy tune or listened to with a disconcerting and exaggerated expression of rapt attention. In the latter case, when the eloquent discourse has been concluded she will innocently exclaim "Do tell!" or make some other remark equally subtle and within a few hours pilfer anew your favorite cravat.

The old maxim which states that there are as many kinds of women as there are women must, of course, be applied to the sex as sisters as well. There are certainly many different kinds of sisters. But there never was a sister who wasn't addicted to nocturnal expeditions demanding the service of her brother as an escort just when that downtrodden fellow felt least like performing what the remainder of the family looks upon as his brotherly duty, and in all probability historical research germane to the matter would reveal that sisters have always been guilty of pilfering for their own use some favorite sartorial appendage of their brother's momentarily demanded by Fashion, the whimsical master of all women.

Another plaguing trait common to all sisters is their uncanny knowledge of discrepancies which a brother has believed to be safely covered up. A man is never safe from a sister's knowledge of his doing unless he is on another continent. The reason for this is that women have a way of spreading information among themselves which for

speed and accuracy can be matched only by the most efficient news syndicates. They may not be able to keep secrets among themselves, but they certainly can retain one in the presence of brothers. They will refrain from the slightest indication of knowledge of his illicit doing until such a course is most likely to further their own interests and then a subtle hint of their knowledge is usually sufficient to arouse his greatest fears and transform his hitherto inflexible will into a state of pathetic pliability.

As has been pointed out, sisters have some good traits, but this aspect of them is not properly to be discussed by their brothers. They are better known and therefore more authoritatively discussed by brothers of other sisters to whom they are made much more apparent. When a brother perceives some other fellow being led by his sister's craft into a firm belief that she is God's noblest work his feeling for that fellow is one of profound pity. Nothing brings home to him more emphatically the truth of the familiar maxim to the effect that love is blind.

When a girl is married her brother is invariably one of the merriest spirits at the celebration. His exultant mood arising from the sense of freedom that pervades him is tempered only by a feeling of sympathy for the groom. His sense of gratitude to that individual is so prodigious that he is often very easily persuaded to be best man at the ceremony. In this state of Utopian happiness he may even for a brief period see in his sister the goddess and saint which the groom believes her to be.

Most men are gluttons for punishment. If they were not the institution of marriage would be patronized only by those innocent males who have grown to manhood without learning all about women from a couple of sisters.



Chesterton, The Poet

One Phase of That Most Versatile Man's Activity

GEORGE A. KIENER

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON is discussed so often in this day and age of his glory, that one hesitates to add a tiny echo to the great cheers of the literary critics of the day. However, not often do we note Mr. Chesterton considered as a poet. This we shall attempt to do.

Professor George N. Shuster says: "Chesterton was and is chiefly a poet, though the bulk of his verse is not large." This seems to hint that poetry is not limited to rhythm and rhyme. Chesterton's is not.

The poet's gift of Chesterton has enabled him to see through the mummery of the cultivated, sophisticated egotism of the day, and to keep himself free from the smug self-satisfaction which seems to be the leprosy of modern literature. He has the ability to pierce the clouds of hackneyed thought, and to bring forth the bright and fresh essences which elude the man who writes as "it's being done." He seems to endow all he writes with a certain newness and vigor, an aptitude which is first and foremost characteristic of the poet, the visionary man who thinks in untarnished images and analogies; for whom fact is vital and scintillating, not sterile and dull.

We shall first consider what is perhaps Chesterton's best work in verse, his ballad, "The Battle of Lepanto." Here we have a "fore-shortened epic," rich in lines that are almost lyrics in themselves. Here we note again, Chesterton's ability to cram volumes of thought into a few words. His epigrammatic instinct has brought him fame.

In "The Battle of Lepanto," is introduced a new and original verse form, which manifests an organic rhythm that is almost perfect in its accomplishment of suggesting the thought of the poem through its metric swing. The beat is military, reminding one of ranks marching, or cavaliers pounding across barren fields, storming inaccessible draw-bridges or fording stagnant moats; in short it very ably supplements the thought

of the poem with the rare property of good and appropriate metric beat.

In "The Battle of Lepanto," the vital element of Chesterton's verse is at once obvious. He says just exactly what he wishes to say, is not held in by Victorian affectation, nor does he attempt an ultra modern impressionism. He is natural, normal and brilliant in his verse. He needs not the tricks of the literary trade to impress his readers.

"Lepanto" gives us insight into Chesterton's idealism, as it depicts its fusion with the idealism of the Mediaeval crusaders. In this poem he clearly manifests his attitude toward Chivalry and the Crusades, and delicately takes to task those who would direct irony and sarcasm toward such an inspiring institution as the Chivalry of the Middle Ages. Cervantes could see only its superficial side, and wrote "Don Quixote." When "Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath," after having released the Christian captives, and preserved the criteria of Christianity as the motivating agents of true civilization, Cervantes can only see a lean and foolish Don Quixote, charging a windmill. Here Chesterton takes a subtle blow at the sophisticated who refuse to see the value of honest effort and true labor for the good. Even a man hallowed by the years, Cervantes, cannot escape his all-penetrating gaze, and his all-potent shaft of honest indictment.

Chesterton was always a Catholic at heart, and quite recently agreed to wear his heart upon his sleeve. However, as an Anglican, previous to his conversion, he did much to advance the cause of Catholicism, and his "Hymn for the Church Militant," seems as beautiful a piece of literary labor, combining Christian thought with true ability, as the language possesses. In this poem Chesterton implores God to make us true Catholics in all phases of our characters. He begs for humility, asks God to bow down our

towering thoughts to Him, and firmly hopes that we will not allow our pride in the greatest gift that God has given to man, to overcome honest effort toward self-improvement. He says:

"Lord, when we cry Thee far and near
And thunder through all lands unknown
The gospel into every ear,
Lord, let us not forget our own."

The above might be considered an exhortation against a certain Puritanical self-satisfaction, which seems to creep in upon those who are morally good, but full of pride, without charity. He begs God that we, of the Church Militant, may not say, "O Lord we thank Thee that we are not like other men," but rather manifest the spirit of Christ, consider ourselves as the least of men, and thus reach the true heights of spiritual glory which are reserved for those who are most like the Son of God.

The last stanza of the "Hymn for the Church Militant," phrases a beautiful thought in a very delicate and unusual manner:

"Cleanse us from ire of creed or class
The anger of idle kings
Sow in our souls, like living grass
The laughter of all lowly things."

Here Chesterton casts to the four winds, snobbishness, smug-self-satisfaction of the intelligentsia, and the Pharisaical attitude of the small man. Here he voices one of the most commendable considerations of man, that desire to love and enjoy the simple things of life. He seems to repeat the words of Christ, "Be as a little child." To do this we must have "the laughter of all lowly things." Nothing must be too small or insignificant for our consideration, if it be good and commendable. Perhaps one of the greatest flaws in present-day civilization, particularly in America, is the tendency to evaluate matters by the norm of the superlative. We, as a nation, consider a man and his work good, only when he is a person of much publicity and notoriety,—a man who figures in the daily news, who speaks at the important banquet; in short, a man who has been gifted with rare talent. Indeed, he deserves to be held in esteem, but we must also

learn to appreciate effort, and today we should realize that the man who has not been so generously gifted is as great a man as the superlative person, if he is using what talents he has to the best of his ability. If we would sow in our souls the "laughter of all lowly things," we would soon find ourselves on a much more sympathetic basis with our fellows. We could understand all of mankind, and in doing so, could "love our neighbor as ourselves."

These thoughts, and the ability of Chesterton to impress them upon the minds of his readers, prove to me his true value as a poet who thinks as well as imagines. His far-seeing vision transcends the provincial outlook of the average man, and he sees his brethren as men greatly like himself. Thus, he wishes to be cleansed "from the ire of creed of class," and to work for that ideal world where all men have Christian charity, and the ignorance and narrowness that is our heritage of darkened humanity does not exist.

Chesterton's "New Freethinker" is a very clever satirical bit of verse demonstrating the versatility of the man. He can make the transition from serious, delicate and beautiful thought, to subtle indictment of an ironical fashion, with grace and charm. His consideration of John Grubby as one who will not "sit upon the curate's knee," and his depiction of him as a self-satisfied materialist, carries with it a certain subtle element of pathos, a pity for Grubby, who is his own worst enemy. He is missing so much of the fine and beautiful in life, that the reader feels sorry for him, and yet the Grubby of life would be insulted, were one to express this pity. The senseless self-delusion of Grubby is conveyed to the reader in an almost inexplicable manner, one being conscious of it without having read it in so many words. In this lies more of Chesterton's ability—to suggest more than he means, and to do it skillfully.

The true artist gives only stimuli to the minds of his readers. He allows them to construct their castles of thought, knowing the general plan which these structures will follow, but allowing the reader to include an extra turret or two, or to place a gargoyle

of individuality upon the peak of the tower. In this way does Chesterton hold the interest of his readers. He flatters them to the extent of allowing them to realize that they are not imbibing a thought-potion already mixed, but permitting them to mix their own from the intellectual nectar which he presents.

Too often do we find among modern literary men the lack of ability to assume a certain intellectual potentiality on the part of their readers. Again, we often note among the so-called intellectuals, a tendency toward absolute subjectivism. They seem to say: "This book is what you wish to make it." Chesterton avoids both extremes, keeping to the golden mean. He presents enough of objective thought to make his meaning clear, and allows enough of subjective interpretation to satisfy the man who desires to think occasionally.

It has been said that Chesterton's work in verse form is but a fragment of his work as a poet. Paradoxical as this may seem, we truly understand its meaning when we become a bit more familiar with his work in prose. In a series of romances, of which "Napoleon of Notting Hill" is the earliest, he has drawn prose pictures that in their beauty and delicacy are truly poetry. For, who is truly a poet? The man who versifies cleverly, as Edgar Guest? Or the man who uses his imagination and his intellect to paint mental pictures that give pleasure to

those who would rise above the hackneyed and overworked? I would say the latter is certainly more of a poet than the former, whether he write in essay form or to the rhythm of a sonnet.

Chesterton as a poet, is a poet with a sword. He is ever ready to defend his principles, his convictions, and the fundamentals upon which he considers good society and true religion are built. He stands head and shoulders above most writers of today in the quality of his themes and the common sense and rational thought which he uses in developing them. If he becomes a bit tiresome in his prose with continued paradoxes and epigrams, he vindicates himself in his poetry with his subtle satire and beautiful idealism. He is devoted to the delicate and fragile things of life, those things and thoughts which elude the materialist, or the man who "will not sit upon the curate's knee."

It has been said that English letters have not had a man of the caliber of Gilbert Keith Chesterton, since the days of Samuel Johnson. His vitality, his subtlety, his paradoxical humor of the intellectual sort, his poetry, both in prose and verse, all stamp him as a truly unusual man, and one not to be disregarded by anyone who honestly desires to gain a true evaluation of English letters, and the men who have shone forth, and are shining forth as stars above the peak of Parnassus. May the years add to his fame!

Deirdre

Deirdre flung into the merry chase
With Conchubar—their horse hoofs aflame
Upon the stones, before the chariots scream
Of agony,—and leaped to living fame.

For Naoise's soul had joined the wild swans
flight

Across the dawn into eternity.
For grief had been the burden of her song
And treachery had born her enmity

And so across the aching void of time
Like starlight through the night, her golden
fame

Burns sad in Irish song—and aching wound
In every heart—a glory in her name.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28

SPORT NEWS

Middle West Trackmen to Seek Conference Honors

Indoor track will be brought to a close Saturday afternoon when nearly 200 athletes, representing seventeen of the best track schools in the middle west, seek major honors in the second annual indoor championships of the Central Intercollegiate Conference.



JOE NULTY

Notre Dame will be the scene of the extensive athletic carnival and Knute K. Rockne, director of athletics, who has carried on the larger part of the arrangements for the meet, says that everything is in readiness. Preliminaries will be run tomorrow morning in the quarter and half mile events and possibly in the dashes and hurdles while the main competitive efforts will be reserved for the afternoon.

Designed as a championship meet for those middle western schools who do not compete in Western Conference Championships, the Central Conference tests will stand out as one of the biggest indoor programs of the year.

Preparations have been made by Paul Beretz, manager of track at Notre Dame, to seat one of the biggest crowds ever to assemble for a local cinder event. Bleachers will be strung along the back stretch as usual and when these, with the balcony at the west end of the gym, are filled, the basketball section will be thrown open.

INDIANS ARRIVE

Coaches and athletes were making their appearance early Friday morning and a majority of the squad registering, seemed confident at their prospect of winning the meet. All sixteen of the visiting teams are expected to be in the city early this evening.

Among the first to arrive were Indian athletes representing Haskell Indian School. Most of them entered in the running events, the Indian athletes are expected to add class to the meet. Philip Osef, regarded as one of the best long distance runners in the country, will compete in his specialty, the two mile run.

Three Iowa delegations were due to appear at noon. They are Coe, Grinnell and Drake. Coe and Drake are members of the Missouri Valley Conference and rate the best track squads in that organization. Grinnell has always been strong in the running events.



YOUNG

Two of the fastest squads in the Buckeye Conference, composed of the six major members of the Ohio Conference, will have teams in the meet. They are Miami and Ohio Wesleyan. The latter team, coached by the veteran grid and track mentor, George Gauthier, is recognized as the class of track competition among smaller colleges throughout the country.

Michigan State, Kalamazoo College, Western State Normal, University of Detroit and City College of Detroit, will also be seen in action. Indiana will have Notre Dame, DePauw, Wabash, Butler and Franklin after honors while Knox and Lombard form the Illinois contingent.

The regular indoor events and two specialty events will be run. Sixty yard low hurdles and a medley relay are the special events listed.

SPECTACULAR DUELS IN PROSPECT

Track fans are looking forward to some of the most spectacular duels of the year in the various events. Alderman and Grim of Michigan State will compete in the dashes against the speedy Notre Dame quartet, Della Maria, Riley, Elder and Reilly. Phil-

lips, of Butler, will defend quarter mile and half mile honors while Judge, of Notre Dame, intercollegiate mile champion, will start in his event. Sturtridge, of DePauw, and Spence of Detroit City College, are the class of the hurdlers while Bov, of Notre Dame, and Glazer, of Marquette, fight for vaulting honors.

Usually a monotonous grind, the two mile promises to be the feature event of the card this time. Young, of Notre Dame, Shimek, Marquette, and Osef, Haskell Indians, three of the outstanding distance men in the country, will go after the medal. Track experts look for the gym record to be broken in this star race.

The University will award medals to individual winners and trophies to team winners.

CRIMSON NATATORS LIFT

INDIANA WATER CROWN

Notre Dame's hopes for an Indiana Collegiate Swimming Championship were rudely shattered at Bloomington last Saturday night when Captain Hugh McCafferty's mer-men lost a 37 to 32 engagement to the Indiana water squad.

It was one of the most thrilling meets ever staged in the Indiana pool for both teams contested every event and the score was tied when the last event, the 300 yard relay, was called. A powerful Indiana relay team won the event and gave the Hoosiers a narrow-margined victory.

The Notre Dame squad was off to a good start and showed signs of keeping the lead throughout the meet, but Indiana tallied heavily in the closing events.

Hughie McCafferty was the star of the meet. The diminutive Irish leader won first places in the 100 yards and 220 yards free stroke events and won honors in the fancy diving. He also swam anchor on the winning 235 yard relay team.

Indiana bases claims to a state title on wins over Notre Dame, DePauw, Purdue and Wabash. The summaries:

235-Yard Relay—Won by Notre Dame team, Cronin, Tennis, Bryczynski and McCafferty. Time—2:07 8-10.

200-yard Breast stroke—Miller (I), first; Lauter (I), second; Rhodes (N. D.), third. Time—2:56.

50-Yard Free Style—Zaiser (I.) first; Winston (I.) second; Bryczynski N. D.), third. Time—0:56 5-10.

220-Yard Free Style—McCafferty (N.D.), first; Bolyard (I.) second; Matthews (I.) third. Time—2:42.

150-Yard Breast Stroke—Royer (I.), first; Winger (N. D.), second; Vodergmart (I.), third. Time—2:01.

100-Yard Free Style—McCafferty (N.D.), first; Zaiser (I.) second; Winston (I.) third. Time—0:59 5-10.

Fancy Diving—McCafferty (N. D.), first; Brennan (N. D.), second; Banghman (I.), third.

300-Yard Relay—Won by Indiana team. Miller, Luther and Zaiser.

NOTRE DAME PUGILISTS

DRUB SYRACUSE, 4 TO 1

These sideshow bally-hooers, including Duke Muldoon and his petite brethren on the New York Boxing Commission who are boiling at the temples because the gentlemanly art of fisticuffs is getting too commercial, should slip a picture of Notre Dame's cauliflower squad into their kaleidoscopes and get a real thrill.

Last Friday night Tommy Mills' Irish boxers invaded the dear old state where the Duke and his cohorts hold out and proved that boxing can be enjoyed without the commercialism. The Notre Dame squad completed their fourth successive rout, and Syracuse was the victim. The score was 4 to 1.

Mr. Pat Canny, the salty mariner who has sailed the seven seas and most of the rivers, led his hump-nosed squad against the crack Syracuse team, said to be the cream of eastern inter-collegiate boxers, and didn't fail to make the beating a pretentious one.

Although broken fists and bent axles have lain about the Irish quarters since the Kansas fight, Mr. Canny's collection of glove

swingers was fully equal to the task of scourging the eastern team.

Terrible Jack McGrath, football, track, hockey and boxing impressario was in his usual form. That means that some worthy lay flattened on the carpet before the battle was over. Guigino was the victim and it came in the third round by the usual route—an awful jolt to the somewhere and another jolt right after it.

Al Duquette, the Irish welterweight, won his third engagement of the year when he

flattened Rosser, of Syracuse, in the second round of their schedule three round bout. Duquette toyed with his opponent in the first round and then uncorked the shoulder blades grinder in the second inning.

Melamead was the only Syracuse battler who won a fight. He whacked his way to a three round victory over Guy Loranger. The decision was extremely close. Moran of Notre Dame beat Markman of Syracuse in the lightweight division, and Canny took the middleweight diadem by default.

BASKETBALL TRACK

AMONG INTERHALL ATHLETES

SWIMMING HOCKEY

Interhall basketball standings were a strange looking muddle Monday morning, for Sunday's games caused an unexpected shakeup.

Father Farley's Day-Dogs, playing the consistently good game which has marked their efforts all year, trumped the Badin five, 22 to 13, and went into a tie with Carroll for first place.

Corby, Sophomore and Sorin won their games and stand deadlocked for second place honors. The second round is now completed and five teams are potential champions. Four more games may bestow the title on almost any of these quintets.

Sophomore's 12 to 11 victory over Walsh was the high light of Sunday's attractions. His team trailing 10 to 7 with the last quarter well along, Bob Newbold, sophomore coach, ran in his Indiana Musketeers, Ryan, Markey and O'Neil. O'Neil shot a foul and Walsh counted one by the same route, Markey tossed a field goal from the center of the court and followed with two foul goals, sewing up the game. Ryan twice smothered Walsh rallies in the last three minutes with excellent defense work.

Complete scores for Sunday's games are:

Corby 16, Howard 14.
Sophomore 12, Walsh 11.
Day Dogs 22, Badin 13.
Carroll 24, Lyons 12.
Morrissey 17, Brownson 19.
Sorin 11, Freshman 9.

The standings are:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Day Dogs	7	1	.875
Carroll	7	1	.875
Sorin	6	2	.750
Sophomore	6	2	.750
Corby	6	2	.750
Morrissey	5	3	.625
Freshman	3	5	.375
Walsh	3	5	.375
Brownson	2	6	.250
Badin	1	7	.125
Howard	1	7	.125
Lyons	0	8	.000

With the probable outcome more in doubt than ever before in the history of interhall track competition, eight interhall track teams will contend for the title Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Preliminaries have been held during the last two weeks and eight halls have qualified athletes for the final meet. Freshman Hall, holders of both the indoor and outdoor championship for 1926, will have a large contingent flying its colors this year.

Other halls have come to the front in material and should press Father Mooney's squad to the limit. Brownson, Sophomore, Carroll and Morrissey boast strong squads. Any of them may corner enough points to win.



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WHEN you lather up with Williams Shaving Cream you do a real job of beard-softening. For Williams lather is saturated with moisture — moisture which soaks the stubble so soft that razors just *glide through*. That's why there's no razor "pull" with Williams, why all razors seem sharper. In 35c and 50c tubes at all dealers.

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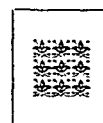
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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

SMALL FIRE IN CARROLL GYM

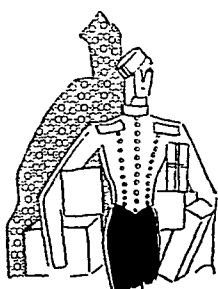
The South Bend Fire Department paid an unnecessary visit to the campus last Saturday evening to find the students of Sophomore hall busily engaged in rushing burning mattresses from the Carroll gymnasium. The fire was slight and was quickly extinguished and there was little damage.

FROSH BALL-PLAYERS OUT

A call has been sounded for freshman baseball candidates and first practices are scheduled to get under way early next week. More than 100 diamond athletes in the 1930 ranks have declared their willingness to provide practice competition for the 'varsity.



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pipe's
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Hate to go gift shopping? You wouldn't if you shopped at Wyman's. Toys for young relatives in Toyland. Home gifts (wedding presents) on the third floor. Mother, Sister and Best Girl birthday gifts all over the store—and dozens of obliging salespeople to help you.

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321 WEST SOUTH STREET

South Bend, Indiana, March 18, 1927

Men of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Indiana

Dear Fellows:

The track squad's shivering afternoons out of doors, the final disappearance of the flappers' galoshes, and the first showing of the new Spiro-Hart Schaffner & Marx models are the three sure-fire, A-plus signs of Spring.

By the book, then, Spring is here!

We weren't sure about the "dope" on pole vaulters and half-milers, and we're not authorities on galoshes, but the stylish new spring clothes are here, and winter's over.

All over the country college men recognize these clothes as style leaders. That's because college men are the judges of style.

The new models will give you a lot of pleasure; patterns are more beautiful and colorings newer.

You can get all of these things for as low as \$35. With the values in same proportion at \$45, \$50 and \$60. Drop in any time now and see them. Glad to show you.

Yours truly,

Sam'l Spiro & Co.

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VITAPHONE
Coming!



WEEK STARTING SATURDAY, MARCH 19

SATURDAY - SUNDAY - MONDAY - TUESDAY

MATT MOORE

THE MYSTERY CLUB

BLACKSTONE COMEDIANS

with ORVILLE RENNIE in
 "A HOUSE PARTY"

"ROMANCE OF THE NEWS"

CHARLIE MAEHL AT THE GOLD ORGAN

WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY - FRIDAY - SATURDAY

MARION NIXON

DOWN THE STRETCH

BLACKSTONE COMEDIANS

WITH
 ORVILLE RENNIE
 "A GARDEN OF ROSES"

CHARLIE MAEHL AT THE GOLD ORGAN

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NOTRE DAME MEN

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 something to please their taste in
 our large and varied stock, and
 our prices have an appeal to the
 young man with business acumen.

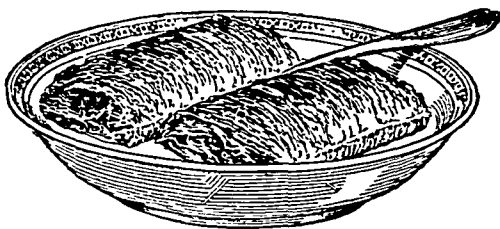
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Unfathomed quality is the distinguishing mark of Camel.

No matter what the price you pay, you can buy no better cigarettes than Camels. Smoke them as frequently as you please. You will never be left with a cigarette after-taste; Camels aren't made that way. That is why experienced smokers everywhere demand them. That is why millions thrill to three short words: "*Have a Camel!*"

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