

9-20

UNIVERSITY

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

A Literary—News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

MARCH, 25, 1927

No. 23

1872--1927

Stories

Man Proposes	-	-	-	Thomas J. Griffin
Vanity's Favour	-	-	-	David S. Lehman
The Beautiful Impossibility	-	-	-	F. C. Miller

Essays

Innocent Games for College Folk	-	<i>J. F. Mahoney</i>
Refuting Some Cussedness	-	<i>R. E. S.</i>
Shakespearean Tragedy	-	<i>Joseph Obligato</i>

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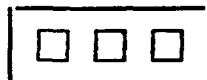
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Mar. 20-21-22d

Mary Lloyd
Astor Hughes

in

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war-torn Europe.

Mar. 23-24-25-26

Sally William
O'Neil Haines

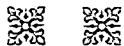
in

"SLIDE KELLY SLIDE"

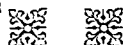


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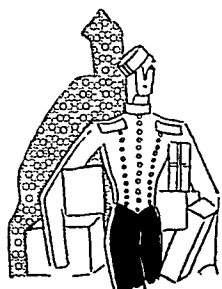
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—o—
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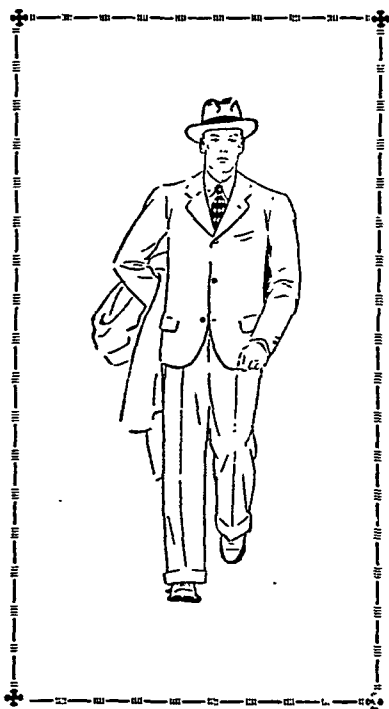
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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



THE WEEK

Tomorrow the Laetare Medal will be presented to the most worthy Catholic layman in the country. This is the highest honor the university confers and annually it is presented to one man who has proven himself of service to the world and to Catholic ideals.

The Bengal Mission picture darkened most of the halls Monday night. The Four Horsemen rode again across the Washington Hall screen recalling the recent years when our own men rode across the white lines of Cartier Field. There was a rumor that last Sunday Father Carey flashed his first attempts at motion picture photography in Washington Hall. Perhaps there is a chance for some handsome young man to get in some real screen tests before the College Humor representatives invade the campus.

The Glee Club took part in the intercollegiate contest in Chicago last week. Northwestern was awarded first place while our own name was found lower on the list. This is the first year that Notre Dame has ever been represented in this competition and in future we can expect a great deal from the organization that does consistantly improve.

Debating promises to speak for itself in Washington Hall to-night when the negative team meets Purdue. James Roy, William Creig, and Jack Daily or Pierce O'Connor will represent the affirmative team here. At Frankfort, Indiana, the negative team including James Keating, Joseph McNamara, William Craig, George Courey and Arthur Goldberg, will meet the Purdue affirmative team. The Wrangler's Club is also scheduled to broadcast a debate from Station WSBT, April 1. The men named to compete against Purdue will undoubtedly be chosen to do the broadcasting.

The April Fool Number of the *Juggler* will be out just about the time the Monogram Absurdities take the boards at Washington Hall. Those fellows who say that there is nothing but the darkness of examination days to look forward to can think mirthfully at least twice. The cover of the *Juggler* is something out of the ordinary, for it appears that more than one man is responsible for it. Not much has been said about the Absurdities but we have heard that Bucky Dahman is going to dance and that John Butler is going to sing one of Norb Engle's compositions, and that's enough to lure even a fellow who is too skeptical to attend the Palace to the campus hall of entertainment.

Spring has evidently brushed the snow from her handbag and prepared to make a permanent visit of it. The golf team feels that way about it, at any rate, and have been practicing on local links for several weeks. The golfers did exceptionally well last season and with the strongest members of last year's team back we can expect many victories.

The appearance of the Notre Dame Anthology on the campus before Easter is possible, however, the printers are unable to make a direct promise yet and perhaps it will be after Easter when it arrives. Professor Charles Phillips is writing the introduction for the collection of undergraduate writings. A reservation list will be started the latter part of this week for those who want to be sure of their copies. It will be well to remember that when the Scribblers' Book of Notre Dame Verse was published it was a sell out the first night. One man in each hall will take the orders for the new anthology.

—W.H.L.

TO BROADCAST DEBATE

On next Friday evening the debating teams of the University of Notre Dame will meet each other in a debate upon the subject of federal grants in aid being discontinued. The debate will be broadcasted from the South Bend *Tribune* station WSBT. The speakers will be James C. Roy, Pierce O'Connor and Jack Daily on the affirmative and William F. Craig, J. P. McNamara and Arthur Goldberg on the negative. A decision will be rendered by the radio audience. This debate is being sponsored by the Wranglers Club. It will be remembered that this organization was responsible for a similar debate on Child Labor last year.

LITTLE SYMPHONY HERE MONDAY

The Barrère Little Symphony Orchestra will present its annual concert here next Monday night. This concert is always anticipated by the students and it generally proves to hold the most appeal of all the concerts during the season.

George Barrère, the world's premier virtuoso of the flute, founded the Little Symphony in 1914, when it was called into being at a concert in New York given for the benefit of the American Red Cross. The Little Symphony consists of the choir of wind instruments, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, trumpet, and bassoon combined, with an adequate balance of the string section. To the music lover and student the Little Symphony offers an unusual opportunity to study the use of the more important instruments. It has often been called the miniature orchestra, possessing all the qualities of the full symphony orchestra and at the same time a sweetness and subtle charm which is lost in the larger orchestra. It has been well said many times that the artistic genius of Barrère with his Little Symphony has succeeded in bringing all the delicate effects of the symphony orchestra to the intimacy of chamber music. The French government recently conferred upon Mr. Barrère the Rosette of Officer of Public Instruction. He is a first medallist of the Paris Conservatory and has been an officer of the Academy since 1903. Soon after his brilliant graduation he found-

ed the *Société Moderne d'Instruments à Vent* which was subsidized by the French government. With the same purpose and spirit he established in 1910 its American offspring, the Barrère Ensemble of Wind Instruments.

—C.A.R.

DOMES GUIDES AVIATORS

The Golden Dome of Notre Dame, surmounting the Administration building of the University, has become an official integer of the air mail service. The Dome, covered with gold leaf and rising 250 feet above the ground, is used as a beacon by the pilots of the Detroit-Chicago air mail run, according to E. G. Hamilton, head of the Aviation department of the Ford company, contractors for the air mail in this district.

Visible for forty miles across the Indiana prairies, the Dome is of particular value to the pilots in shaping their course when weather conditions make low flying necessary.

K. OF C. TO INITIATE

The Knights of Columbus met in a short business session on Tuesday evening. Final plans were laid for the coming initiation on Sunday, March 27th. By far the largest class in the history of Notre Dame Council has been formulated.

The First Degree is to be conferred on Friday evening in the South Bend Council chambers beginning at seven o'clock. The officers of the local Council will have charge of this degree. On Sunday, at twelve-thirty the conferring of the Second Degree will begin, and will be followed by the Third Degree. Candidates of the South Bend Council will join with the local Council's candidates.

As a culmination of the degree work a sumptuous banquet and entertaining program have been prepared by the Council with Howard V. Phalin as chairman, in honor of the newly initiated Knights. Grand Knight Irmiger requests that all Brothers desiring to witness and participate in the respective degrees be at the South Bend Council Chambers promptly at the appointed hour.

Margaret Anglin Awarded Laetare Medal

The Laetare Medal for 1927 has been awarded to Margaret Anglin, whose work in dramatics has made her name famous throughout the world.

The official telegram reads: "The University of Notre Dame this year confers upon you the Laetare Medal. The President and Faculty congratulate you.

P. J. Carroll, C.S.C.,
Acting President."

Miss Anglin was born in Ontario, Canada, April 3, 1876, at a time when her father, the late Timothy Warren Anglin, a distinguished Canadian publicist, and one of the first Catholic editors of the Dominion, was speaker of the House of Commons. She was educated at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and by the Madames of the Sacred Heart at Montreal, and following her graduation from Sacred Heart Academy she entered the Empire School of Dramatic Art, New York City, where she graduated in 1894. She made her professional debut in September, 1894, in the famous Civil War play "Shenandoah." She then became leading lady for the famous Catholic actor James O'Neill (the father of Eugene O'Neill, the well known dramatist). Her engagement with Mr. O'Neill was followed with like engagements with E. H. Sothers and Richard Mansfield, and in these she quickly won the praise due to artistic merits of the highest distinction. She was also co-star in Moody's "The Great Divide" which ran for nearly five years. Besides her wide activities in the production

of modern drama, and in the discovery and encouragement of American dramatists, Miss Anglin has won special distinction and international fame by her work in the classics. Her productions of Shakespeare, including "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Cleopatra," and other plays,

established her as pre-eminent in Shakespearean repertoire. Her impersonation of Jeanne in Moreau's "Jeanne d'Arc," the production of which famous French Play grew out of Mme. Sara Bernhardt's enthusiastic appreciation of Anglin's art, was among the most beautiful things ever seen on the American stage. But it is for her recent revivals of the Greek classics that her name will perhaps be best remembered in the annals of dramatic art. She has already produced five of the great Greek tragedies, the "Antigone," the "Electra," and the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Sophocles; the "Media" and the "Hippolytus" of Euripides. In all of these massive presentations, which in every case have been worked out initially at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, California, Miss Anglin has demonstrated her genius not only for tragic acting of the highest order, but a genius likewise for production. So profoundly has she gone into the study of the Greek classics that she usually spent some three or more years preparing each production. This work has involved every detail from the making of acting versions from comparative translations, to the sup-



nia in Aulis" of Sophocles; the "Media" and the "Hippolytus" of Euripides. In all of these massive presentations, which in every case have been worked out initially at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, California, Miss Anglin has demonstrated her genius not only for tragic acting of the highest order, but a genius likewise for production. So profoundly has she gone into the study of the Greek classics that she usually spent some three or more years preparing each production. This work has involved every detail from the making of acting versions from comparative translations, to the sup-

plying of musical accompaniments; and for the latter she has, in every case, engaged the services of the greatest living composers. Damrosch's famous composition "Iphigenia in Aulis" grew out of Miss Anglin's production of that Euripidian tragedy.

Besides the tireless energy and devotion which Miss Anglin has given to the revival and preservation of the classic drama on the American stage, she has also taken no secondary place as a writer on dramatic subjects, contributing scholarly and critical writings to various reviews at different times, as well as publishing a lengthy memoir. The character of Miss Anglin recommends itself with a special warmth to the fidelity with which she has not only practiced her faith, but with which she has adhered to it throughout her professional career. She has not only contributed richly to the art of the theatre from the esthetic point of view, but she has made all her work characteristically pure and noble of nature. Her name has never been associated with anything questionable on the stage, and indeed it is well known to those familiar with her career that more than once she has made definite sacrifices rather than associate herself with money making productions which might not reflect credit on her Christian faith. Those also who are acquainted with her personally know how much sincere modesty is a factor of her greatness. A few years ago when she was accorded public honors at the University of California, and was officially acclaimed by that institution as "the greatest American actress," she refused to permit this title to be used in any of her advertising. Miss Anglin is a widely travelled woman, having not only made a long tour around the world, during which she pursued intensive studies in Greece, but having also visited the Antipodes professionally where she is regarded, as she is in America, as the foremost exponent of classic dramatic art.

In 1911 Miss Anglin was married to Mr. Howard Hull, and makes her home in New York City; she has also a country home and farm in New York state. For professional use she has always retained her maiden name.

Last year during Miss Anglin's engagement in South Bend she paid a visit to the University of Notre Dame where she was the guest of Professor Charles Phillips, whose biblical drama, "The Divine Friend" she produced during her Dramatic Festival at the World's Fair in San Francisco. Miss Anglin, in company with Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Otis Skinner, has during the past few weeks organized a new theatre movement which is designed to bring classic stage productions to the public outside metropolitan centers. The first production is to be Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor."

In conferring the Laetare Medal on Miss Anglin, the University of Notre Dame has for the second time honored a member of the theatrical profession, Augustin Dady, the famous producer, having received the medal in 1894. She is the ninth woman, and the forty-fifth distinguished American to receive this honor since it was conferred in 1883. Among the other famous women who have received the Laetare Medal were Elizabeth Allen Starr, the art critic, Anna Hanson Dorsey, and Mrs. James Sadlier, novelists, Katherine E. Conway, the poet, and Agnes Repplier, the essayist. —CH. PH.

THE LAETARE MEDAL

Since 1883 the University has annually conferred the honor known as the Laetare medal upon some leader from the ranks of the Catholic laity of the United States. The medal is awarded as a recognition of merit and as an inspiration to greater achievement. It takes its name from the fact that it is awarded on Laetare Sunday, the third Sunday in Lent, of each year.

The custom was suggested in 1882 by Professor James F. Edwards, and sponsored by the Reverend Edward Sorin, C.S.C., the founder of the University, and the Reverend Thomas E. Walsh, C.S.C., then President of the University. The inspiration for the custom came from the papal practice of awarding the Golden Rose on the same day of the year for a similar purpose.

The medal is a solid gold disc extending from a bar of the same material bearing in black enamel the words, Laetare Medal. The

(Continued on Page 714)

SUMMER SCHOOL

The tenth summer session of the University of Notre Dame will open June twenty-fourth and continue for six weeks closing August fourth. Graduate and Undergraduate courses will be offered by all departments of the College of Arts and Letters, and by all departments of the College of Science, except Agriculture and Pharmacy. A limited number of courses will also be offered by the College of Law. A few courses in Engineering and Commerce of general interest to students in Arts and Science, will be offered as electives commanding credit toward A. B. and B. S. degrees.

The work of the summer session is organized to follow as closely as possible that of the academic year. Classes meet five days the week. A credit of two semester hours is given for a course meeting one hour daily. The maximum number of hours of credit which any student may earn during the session is eight.

TO TEST FOR SCREEN STARS

If folks who never went to college got their ideas of college life from a few far-fetched college pictures their views would be subject to considerable correction. College men are he-men: wide pants are on the decline, and breakfast, even at fraternity houses, consists of grapefruit, toast and coffee. In fact, the cash rate for city men eating at the house at most fraternities is twenty-five cents for breakfast, forty cents for lunch, and sixty cents for dinner. And sunken gardens and swimming pools are an exception.

With all the thousands of stars now behind the kleig lights few are college men, fewer still of the directors are college men, so here's the opportunity for ten representative college men to star in the movies, to help make college pictures real college pictures. First National Pictures and College Humor will send an advance man to more than thirty colleges including Notre Dame, in March and April to visit the dormitories and fraternities and eating places to interview as many men as possible, and a few

weeks later a camera man, a make-up man, and competent judge of photographic personality and studio requirements will arrive to make the actual screen tests. These three men will be right from the lot of Burbank, and as soon as they have screened ten men the film will be sent direct to California for immediate inspection. By the first of June the judges will be ready to announce the names of the ten men who will make the trip to California.

M'GUIRE GIVES LARGE CREDIT
TO CULVER LITERARY CONTEST

"The representatives of your University have been very successful in the two previous years and the merit of their work has helped to encourage us in this annual project," says Earl Hitch, secretary of the Culver Military Academy Literary contests, in a letter to Notre Dame. Mr. Hitch also encloses the following letter from Harry McGuire, Notre Dame, '25, who is now at Yale.

Dear General Gignilliat:

I understand that there has been in the recent past some questions about the importance of the results achieved by the Indiana Literary Day and the complementary literary contests that were inaugurated in 1925. May I be so bold as to inject a slight bit of my own experience as indicative of the value of this undertaking?

In 1925, when I was a senior at the University of Notre Dame, I was fortunate enough to win first prize in the George Ade One-Act contest, and Mr. Mather produced my play at the Indiana Literary Day gathering.

Not only did this recognition (slight though the work was which drew it) cause me to enter The Yale Drama School and go into this my second year in the study of playwriting under Professor G. P. Baker . . . but the imaginative stimulus resulting from the Culver production of my little play gave me the idea (on the train returning to Notre Dame) for a play written last year under Prof. Baker, which has since won two play prizes and is about to be published.

In other words, the opportunity offered by the Indiana Literary Society's contest was instrumental in turning one young man very definitely into the right work for him, and that at just the time when direction was needed.

Sincerely,

Harry McGuire.

INDIANA ACADEMY OF SCIENCE TO MEET AT NOTRE DAME

Next December the Indiana Academy of Science will hold its annual winter meeting at Notre Dame. This is a matter that should be of considerable interest to us of the University—not only to those whose major interests are in scientific work but to all members of the community, because of the fact that the meeting will bring to Notre Dame men and women from all of the colleges and universities of the State, as well as many scientific workers who are not connected with the educational institutions.

The Indiana Academy of Science was founded in 1881. Since that time the Academy has regularly held two meetings each year. The Spring meeting, usually in May, is principally an outdoor meeting, held at some point of special geological, historical, or botanical interest. Last May the Academy met at the Dunes State Park and Michigan City and this Spring the meeting will be held at New Harmony, on May 12, 13 and 14.

The Winter meeting is held at various cities or colleges of the State. At this time the sessions are devoted to the presentation of scientific papers. The first session on Friday morning is a general meeting for the transaction of business and for general addresses. For the remainder of the time the organization meets as sections, each devoted to its own special phase of scientific work.

This will be the first opportunity Notre Dame has had for entertaining this important State scientific gathering. This will be a rare opportunity for the University. Many members of the teaching staff are already members of the Academy and there is no doubt that a successful meeting will do much to spread the good name of Notre Dame and to impress our visitors with the high class of educational and research work of our school. And with the probable completion of the new dining hall before the date of the meeting, the material side of the program of entertainment can be exceptionally well cared for.

—E.G.M.

LEMMER CUP TO BE AWARDED

The Lemmer Cup for Inter-Hall debating will be awarded to the winning hall at a banquet sponsored by the Wranglers Club next Wednesday evening. All of the members of the Inter-Hall teams will be the guests of the Wranglers. Father William Bolger, Father Michael Mulcaire and Father Schumacher will also be present. The speaker of the evening will be Mr. Vitus Jones, a prominent South Bend Attorney. The Lemmer Cup is the gift of Victor Lemmer, A. B., '26, of Escanaba, Michigan, a former member of the Notre Dame debating team, a member of the Wranglers and class orator of '26.

NOTRE DAME DEBATES PURDUE

The last of the inter-collegiate debates will be held this evening at eight o'clock in Washington Hall when Notre Dame's Negative team will meet the Purdue University's Affirmative team in a discussion on the discontinuance of Federal-Grants-In-Aid to the states. Notre Dame's Affirmative squad will journey to Frankfort, Indiana, where they will meet the Purdue Negative on the same subject.

The St. Joseph Valley Club and the St. Mary's Alumni Club are sponsoring a concert to be given in South Bend by the Notre Dame Glee Club on May 2nd. Meetings are being held every week to insure the success of the concert, the proceeds of which are to go to the Scholarship Club. The General Chairmen are Mr. Alexis Coquillard and Mrs. John Worden.

The Commencement Committee has been appointed with Rev. Matthew Schumacher, Director of Studies, as Chairman. A meeting will be held the latter part of the week to perfect plans for the 82nd Annual Commencement of the University. An added feature to the exercises will be offered in a pageant on the history of Notre Dame by the Players Club. The detailed program will be announced later.

(Continued from Page 711)

words, *Magna est Veritas et Praevalebit* ("Truth is mighty and shall prevail"), form the legend on the reverse. On the field of the obverse side the profession of the medal-list is symbolized and the recipient's name is engraved on the reverse.

The recipient of the medal is chosen each year by a special committee of which the

President of the University is the chairman, from a list of persons proposed from year to year and kept standing. The medal is presented at a time and place convenient to the recipient, with a short address in explanation of the custom and the merits of the medallist leading to his choice.

The list of the Laetare medallist from 1883 to date is as follows:

1883 John Gilmary Shea	1898 Timothy E. Howard	1913 Charles B. Herberman
1884 Patrick J. Keeley	1899 Mary Gwendolin Caldwell	1914 Edward Douglas White
1885 Elizabeth Allen Starr	1900 John A. Creighton	1915 Mary Merrick
1886 General John Newton	1901 William Bourke Cochran	1916 Dr. James J. Walsh
1887 Edward Preuss	1902 Dr. John B. Murphy	1917 William Shepherd Benson
1888 Patrick V. Hickey	1903 Charles J. Bonaparte	1918 Joseph Scott
1889 Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey	1904 Richard Kearns	1919 George Duval
1890 William J. Onohan	1905 Thomas B. Fitzpatrick	1920 Dr. Lawrence F. Flick
1891 Daniel Dougherty	1906 Dr. Francis Quinlan	1921 Elizabeth Nourse
1892 Henry F. Brownson	1907 Katherine E. Conway	1922 Charles Patrick Neill
1893 Patrick Donahue	1908 James C. Monaghan	1923 Walter George Smith
1894 Augustine Daly	1909 Frances Tiernan	1924 Charles D. Maginnis
1895 Mrs. James Sadlier	1910 Maurice Francis Egan	1925 Albert F. Zahm
1896 General Wm. S. Rosecrans	1911 Agnes Repplier	1926 Edward N. Hurley
1897 Dr. Thomas Adis Emmet	1912 Thomas B. Murly	1927 Margaret Anglin

BALL TICKET COMMITTEE CHOSEN

Senior Ball committees are in the midst of arrangements for the annual class dance. Tickets have been placed on sale by T. F. Dohogne, chairman of the ticket committee, at \$12.50, and the first payment of \$5.00 is due before April 6. The following men are on the ticket committee: In Sorin, Don Fitzgerald and T. E. Dohogne; Corby, Wm. Finucane and Wm. Davis; Badin, Charles Beretz.

In order that the other committees have definite information as to the number of men attending the dance, it is essential that this first payment be made on or before the date set. The favors committee have already made a selection and are only waiting for a report from the tickets committee before placing the order. A corresponding number of favors will be ordered for the tickets sold.

The other committees are all at work. The music committee is dickering with several national music corporations, and promise a surprise in entertainment. A program of festivities has been compiled by the arrangements committee including a tea dance to be held either the day of the Ball or the day after.

NOVEL COVER FOR APRIL JUGGLER

The "April Fool" number of the *Juggler* will make its appearance on the campus at the end of the month, according to Les Grady, *Juggler* editor. Les announces that the Funny Fellow's face, in the "April Fool" number, will be covered with a composite picture, the work of Harwood, Cullinney, and Harrington of the *Juggler's* art staff. This composite picture is something novel in intercollegiate and mercenary humorous publications. Anyone, except staff members, who is able to designate correctly the parts drawn in the picture by each artist will receive two copies of the *Juggler* gratis.

SCRIBBLERS TALK BUSINESS

The Scribblers held a meeting Monday evening, March twenty-first, at eight o'clock in their room in the Library. "The Scribblers' Anthology" was discussed and routine matters disposed of. Walter Layne read a play subsequent to the disposal of routine matters.

President Les Grady announced that hereafter the Scribblers will meet every Monday night, unless there be notices posted to the contrary.

SPREADING NOTRE DAME IDEA

An interesting example of how readily the outside world takes to the "Notre Dame Idea" comes from Cincinnati this week. Prof. Charles Phillips, of the English Department, lectured in Cincinnati Sunday, March 13. His subject was Washington, and his theme the spurious so-called biographies of Washington which have lately been published. The morning after the lecture, which was heard by a large crowd at the Sinton Hotel, the Cincinnati daily papers devoted, in the aggregate, several columns to a report, the *Inquirer* giving an entire page to the lecture, and publishing besides a full length editorial on it. "The fair fame of Washington," said the *Inquirer* editorially, "has had no abler defender than Mr. Phillips proved himself to be. But the point of vital interest and chief importance in his splendid deliverance was the fact, so plainly presented, that these defamations of Washington and other revered great Americans—not excluding Abraham Lincoln—are all at one with the persistent mocking and sneering deprecation of democratic traditional institutions, by the new 'liberal' thought in America."

The Associated Press broadcasted a quarter-column report of the Notre Dame teacher's lecture.

LAWYERS HONOR COL. HOYNES

Col. William Hoynes, founder and dean emeritus of the Hoynes School of Law, was the honor guest at the annual "Hoynes night" held last Monday evening. "Notre Dame's grand old man," as he is affectionately known to the men of the University, talked to the students of the difficulties which must be surmounted by a young lawyer when he is first starting in the legal profession.

Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, Acting President of the University; Thomas Konop, dean of the law school; Dudley Shively, Vitus Jones, Judge C. A. Farabaugh and Professor Edwin Frederickson, all alumni of the University and the Hoynes Law School, talked

to the group of 150 members of the Law Club, on their experiences when students of Col. Hoynes, and in starting in the law profession.

The event, held in the K. of C. rooms in Walsh Hall, was the second to be given in honor of Col. Hoynes by the Law Club of the University. Marc Fiehrer is president of the club.

OBSERVE ST. JOSEPH'S DAY

Very Rev. James W. Donahue, Superior General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, sang the solemn High Mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Saturday last, St. Joseph's Day. Rev. Alfred Roy, C.S.C., was Deacon; Rev. Richard Collentine, C.S.C., Sub-Deacon, and Rev. W. Connor, C.S.C., Master of Ceremonies. A sermon on the text, "Joseph was a Just Man," was preached by Rev. C. L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. The services were mainly attended by members of the Community, as St. Joseph is the patron of the Brothers of Holy Cross.

ACCIDENT PROVES FATAL

William Mitchell, a junior in the College of Arts and Letters, died last Monday from a fractured skull received in an automobile accident. The accident occurred on a curve on the Lincoln Highway a few miles outside the city, where a sudden application of the brakes caused the car to skid and strike a fence post. Mitchell was carried to Epworth Hospital but little hope was held for his recovery. He was operated on at 12:30 Monday and died at 5:20 that afternoon. Mrs. J. Mitchell, who was summoned by the University authorities, was with her boy when he died. A mass was celebrated by Father Hugh O'Donnell Wednesday morning in the Sacred Heart Church for the repose of his soul. A spiritual bouquet will be forwarded to his bereaved parents in the near future. —R. I. P.

As Confucius or somebody said, the best use of the present is to save it for next Christmas.

NOTRE DAME AIDS BANQUET HELD BY IRISH SOCIETIES

As was fitting Notre Dame, the "Capital of the fighting Irish" supplied the speakers and the music for the 46th annual banquet in the Oliver Hotel of the South Bend Irish Societies on St. Patrick's evening. Prof. John Cooney was toastmaster; Very Rev. James Donahue, C.S.C., Superior General, the principal speaker, gave vivid impressions of his visit to Ireland last fall; Brother Aidan, C.S.C., pleased the large audience with his talk on Irish Wit and Humor; William Coyne, '27, spoke on the subject "The Irish American;" Anthony Kopecky sang "That Old Irish Mother of Mine," and the Collegian Orchestra furnished the music.

BALL TICKETS ON SALE

Senior ball tickets have been placed on sale by T. F. Dohogne, and the period for the first payments will extend to April 6. It is essential that the various committees know how many tickets are to be sold in order that they may complete arrangements for the dance. The price of the Ball ticket is \$12.50, and the first payment is \$5.00. The following men have charge of the sale: Sorin, Don Fitzgerald and Jack Geary; Walsh, T. F. Dohogne and Ed Broderick; Corby, William Finucane and William Davis; Bardin, Charles Beretz.

SISTER M. CHERUBIM DIES

It is with deep regret we announce the death of Sister M. Cherubim which took place at Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 16th inst., after a short illness borne with edifying patience and resignation, a fitting close to her holy, religious life.

The deceased was born in Luxemburg, 1856, and came to this county in 1872 to join the Sisterhood at Holy Cross Convent, Notre Dame, where she worked as printer on *The Ave Maria* and the *SCHOLASTIC* until she was sent, sometime in the 90's, to other missions as music teacher; being also a master of the French language and of her own native tongue.

Father Sorin revered Sr. Cherubim, and

both worked hand in hand like another Mother Angela. A few years ago Sister was appointed Superior of St. Joseph's School, Eureka, Utah; from the day she entered the Congregation of Holy Cross she gave her every power to the service of God and of her Community.

It seems hard to realize that never again will we welcome her genial presence, or hear her cheery words. We bespeak the prayers of her many friends throughout the country who will be grieved to hear of the loss of so dear a friend.—*R.I.P.*

DR. BERTELING GIVES ADDRESS

Dr. J. B. Berteling of South Bend addressed the Notre Dame Academy of Science at the regular meeting held last Monday evening in Science Hall. He chose no definite subject, but spoke on topics that he found of importance and interest during his long experience as a physician.

Dr. Berteling looks upon the physician's remedies either as substitutes for Nature's specifics, or as aids to Nature's processes. A statement of this viewpoint led at once to a discussion of immunity, and a treatment of empiric methods. His defense and justification of medical empiricism was made particularly convincing by the use of many apt, and often humorous examples. He presented the fundamentals of medical psychology in a fashion that would put to shame many textbooks on the subject, yet he used common, everyday language. Briefly, the doctor talked in a most entertaining fashion about the human side of his profession.

LECTURES AT ST. MARY'S

On last Friday evening, March 18, Cletus S. Banwarth, senior in the College of Science and the president of the Notre Dame Academy of Science, lectured to the science club of St. Mary's College. His subject was the Fourth Dimension. He spoke entertainingly and kept his large audience interested during the entire discourse. This is the first time in local history that an undergraduate has been honored by being invited to address an audience at St. Mary's.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By John T. Cullinan

Only brunettes were invited to a dance recently held by a fraternity of Georgia Tech. A negro orchestra was engaged in order to avoid having any blondes present. If it is true that gentlemen prefer blondes—draw your own conclusion.

And the University of Wisconsin has expelled one man student from the school for taking a reserve book from the reading room of the library.

When no-parking signs were disappearing too frequently from the streets of Berkeley, California, the chief of police dispatched two patrol wagons, manned by a squad, into the fraternity district of the University of California. The raid which followed resulted in the recovery of about five hundred signs which were catalogued as "miscellany" by the raiders. The party searched forty fraternity and sorority houses and returned with a cemetery sign which had adorned the bed of a student, a hundred lanterns taken from construction work, three fire axes, three life preservers, two barber poles, a large sidewalk sign of an oil company, several "reserved" parking signs, some furniture labeled with the names of hotels, and any number of smaller pieces of "art." No hits, no runs, no arrests.

Sixty-five Yale students have, by attending voluntary classes in nutrition, gained weight as well as education. Can you imagine going to class in the refectory?

"One Eyed" Connelly, the world's most famous gate-crasher, was eclipsed at the Ohio State-Michigan game by a group of twelve Ohio students who, lining up in single file, passed into the game, each indicating that the man behind him had the tickets. The last man handed in a single ticket, disclaiming knowledge of the others who by this time were lost in the crowd. "One-Eyed" fooled the gate-keepers in a much less thrilling manner, using the old-fashioned

expedient of borrowing a band instrument and walking into the stadium with the band.

Fraternities at the University of Nebraska who did not participate in an inter-fraternity track meet received teacups from the coach, in thanks for their services.

Sleep is sweet but hard to get at Iowa State, agree the co-eds. Yet in the college curriculum a regular sleep course is offered. However the requirements are far too definite to admit girls worn out from a strenuous week-end of dates and boys seem to be out of luck entirely. Two rooms in old "Ag" hall are fitted up with ten beds and this is the scene of the class gymnasium work. Eligibility is determined at the end of the physical examination in the fall and those who have heart trouble and anemia are admitted. Perhaps college authorities are wise not to give the examination in the spring when the love-bug raises havoc with hearts.

Because of a general request of the student body at the University of New Hampshire, Monday, February 21, was celebrated as Washington's Birthday instead of Tuesday, February 22. This gave the students a long week-end instead of a broken week and was much better than the older system of sticking to the exact day. It would be a great improvement if all holidays, no matter what part of the week they came in, were put back to Monday or advanced to Friday, or both, giving us longer and better week-ends. How about celebrating Decoration day, July Fourth, Yom Kipper, and the Autumnal Equinox all next week? Write to Cyrano of Chicago and give him your opinion. He will present the consensus of opinion to the S. A. C. when it meets again the latter part of May to distribute charms among its overworked members.

A student at Regis college objects to dances given by convent schools because the girls are constantly saying, "Nun o' this" and "Nun o' that."

HOBNAILS

THE SIMPLE OPTIMIST

*How the bell of rising rings
In the hall!
Oh, what agony it brings
With its call!
How he ever will protest
When it drives away his rest,
Oh, it hurts him to get dress'd,
But stop! Maybe—he's in love.
How the bell for classes rings
In the hall!
Oh, what hell on earth it brings
With its call!
How it stops his carefree play
Taking all his joy away
Spoils his otherwise good day
But wait! Perhaps—he's an athlete.
How the warning lights do blink
Through the hall,
How his spirits further sink
(That's not all);
Gets no breaks, must hit the hay,
Had no chance to work to-day,
Thinks that he'll get by some way,
(You guessed it)—he's an optimist.*

—THE PESSIMIST.

A FEBRUARY NIGHT IN CHICAGO

The moon, not quite full, rides high in the sky, which is of a queer greenish hue. Pale, ghostly, grey clouds form a ring around the moon. Other clouds drift slowly westward. The streets are wet and shining. Small puddles of water reflect the dim light of the street lamps. All is quiet, except for the occasional swish of a car as it hums by, or the occasional sound of footsteps which resound loudly in the still night . . .

—THE GOLDEN CYTHEREA.

DEAR CY: See a statement in Dwyer's remarkable essay of this issue, "You may be comfortably ensconced in an easy chair enjoying a good radio Program, etc." A . . . Good . . . radio . . . program . . . Cy? Heh! Heh! Oh, I shall die, I know!

—FINBARR.

IN A WATCH TOWER AT NOTRE DAME

Say Joe:

Do me a favor will ya? well it's this way; course I don't know who started all this here ramblin about these here modern girls, but confound it all Joe whoever's doin it wish you'd just clamp down on 'em. I'm just a meek, peacable reader and I don't like to ever find fault—but Joe—I just can't stand this here guffin 'bout girls and women in my readin.

Ya see Joe—well first place I've seen a consarned lot of these here modern girls, all kinds of 'em in fact and I allows as how critizisin 'em is just as foolish as critizisen the old devil, hisself—and prasen the critters is even foolisher than that—just 'bout as crazy as prasen the "Old Boy."

(Ya still listenin Joe?) Course don't you go get the ideo that I got any grudge gainst 'em caust I haint—haint their fault theys as they is. God made 'em out of one of man's ribs, and Joe you know just as well as I do that there haint any brains in a man's rib, fact a man's rib is a kinder queer thing—so I allows thats how it is that theys as they is.

So Joe, next time one of them there mag-pies starts pipen, or one of those there knightenmales starts warberlin—wish you'd just blare a couple of barrels of shrapnel at 'em. I like my SCHOLASTIC, straight (male) and I hain wanten it turned into no "Women's Weekly World." . . . Thanks, Joe.

S'long.

—SAM.

WE WILL PRAY THAT HE IS NOT THE LATTER

CY OF CHI: Li Chan hasn't been very active lately, but I notice that you have hooked another Chinese in the person of Fu Men Chu. Tell me, is this guy really a Chinaman or is he merely a vicious punster?

—NICK BOTTOM.

COBWEBS

*By Vulcan, I am sad tonight!
My Logic lies untouched:
Methinks I crave a kiss
From some maiden's lips.
If I were but a wordsmith
I would fashion verse
To fair Imogene. And yet,
Alas, I fear 'twould
Only make things worse!*

—ARISTOTLE II.

DEAR CY: I'm going in for this sacrifice thing. Haven't been to the Palace once this week. There's nothing like a little mortification, as the man who had been dead two weeks said.

—THE GREAT UNWASHED.

What's the use! We are no sooner nicely settled for a long siege of spring fever than we were suddenly awakened by the noisy approach of quarterly exams. We are going to suggest a constitutional amendment by which all exams will be held between February twenty-eighth and the first of March.

—CY OF CHI.

LITERARY

*Man Proposes**But Two Women Make Their Own Decisions*

THOMAS J. GRIFFIN

J. CHAUNCEY VAN HEUSEN slammed the door of his bachelor apartment, removed his hat and coat, and with a magnificent gesture of despair that did not in the least affect his aim, lodged both on the chandelier that hung from the center of the room. He stood a moment, as if daring the quivering fixtures to fall and risk sudden and complete destruction beneath a trampling heel, and then, seeing his challenge go unaccepted, plunged into a reckless marathon, back and forth, up and down, around and around the room. His hands clutched at his collar, clenched behind his back, tore through his hair, beat a restless tattoo upon his breast, plunged in and out of his pockets. Stumbling over a misplaced footstool, he picked it up and hurled it at the window, stiffening in anticipation of the crash. But some blundering fool had left the window open, and robbed the fuming Mr. Van Heusen of his revenge. He brought it down with a jerk that caused it to rebound again almost as high as before, and began frantically to look for something to carry out his original intention. That window must go—he had to have noise—lots of noise—something in harmony with that compressed bundle of bedlam inside of him. He drew a deep breath preparatory to letting the world know just how he felt, thought better of it, and sank exhausted into the chair at his desk.

From the way he acted, you would have decided that the young man was very drunk. Perhaps he was. Take two of our much discussed girls, add a little bonafide engagement with one, mix in a bit of scheduled elopement with the other, shake well, and

you have the roaring, boiling, effervescent concoction of which J. Chauncey had imbibed all to freely.

He had sat for perhaps a half hour, his head resting on his arms on the desk top, when he became suddenly conscious of a strangely familiar scent. A little investigation showed it to proceed from a letter, hitherto unnoticed, on the desk in front of him. He started to tear it open. Nope, he couldn't open it now. Even one impassioned phrase might influence the decision he had to make, much less a whole letter full, and he was determined to be fair to both girls. No, he had to take a sane view of this thing now—he'd put the letter aside, decide just what to do, and then do it.

Here he was, supposed to elope with Olive at ten in the morning, and all set for a big wedding with Molly next week. No matter what he did, how the devil could he ever square himself? But first of all, what could he do? The thought of eloping with Olive was pleasing. True, he had known her for only a little over a week, but she was a lot of fun, that girl, and she understood him besides. Molly—well, she was about as pretty as Olive, but sort of old fashioned—never made much noise, didn't ever want a wild time or anything, didn't want him to drink, said he smoked too much—she'd make a good wife, everybody said. Well, not for him! *Olive* was *his* type—fresh, breezy, always ready to have a high old time. A wave of resentment against poor little Molly surged through him, as if she were to blame for his predicament. She was no girl for him! Why, sometimes he actually thought her dumb! Molly's family thought so too

sometimes when they considered her affection for J. Chauncey, but he never thought of that.

Well, he supposed Molly would have to get the gate. But how? Maybe he could just duck with Olive and let it go at that—leave her waiting at the church. Then everyone would call him a cad. No, he'd have to tell her. Gee, what a scene she'd make, crying and fussing all over him. How could he break it gently? How would *she* tell *him*? He pictured himself greeting her with his usual "Hello, Molly dear," and her saying, "Chauncey, you musn't call me that any more; I'm Mrs. So-and-so now." Why that was it. How simple. How would it sound? "Molly, you mustn't call me 'dear' any more; I'm Mr. Van Heu—"—hell, was he getting simple! He'd write her a letter—immediately.

He picked up pen and paper, wrote, crossed out, rewrote, for at least five minutes. Apparently satisfied, he read aloud: "Dear Molly,

"This is goodbye. When you read this I shall belong to another. I'm awfully sorry, Molly, but I don't think you really care for me as much as you have always thought. No one ever does.

"Always your friend,

"Chauncey."

A two minute trip to the corner mail box, and our hero's worries were over. He would never see Molly again. Now for Olive's letter. He took it out of the envelope. Not much like the long letters he had been receiving every day for the last week, was it now? Just a note—saying how much she

missed him, perhaps. He began to read, and the smile froze on his lips. A heavy truck rumbled by in the street, and the chandelier, glad of the excuse, quivered with sheer delight, and the window, not to be outdone, rattled down with a gleeful bang.

"Dear Chauncey," he read, "this is goodbye. When you read this, I shall belong to another. I'm awfully sorry, Chauncey, but you know, one never cares as much as he thinks he does, and I'm sure you won't take it too hard. Sincerely, Olive."

"Well, can you beat that?" he ejaculated. "Can you imagine anyone playing a dirty trick like that? If that wasn't just like a woman, changeable as the Paris styles." Of all the ingrates in the world—he should have known Molly was the girl for him. She was the sweetest, truest—why he'd call her up right this minute—hell, that letter—mailed. Now what to do?

With sudden inspiration, he sprang to the phone and gave Molly's number.

"Hello, Molly. Say, put your butler on for a second, will you? There's something I've got to say to him."

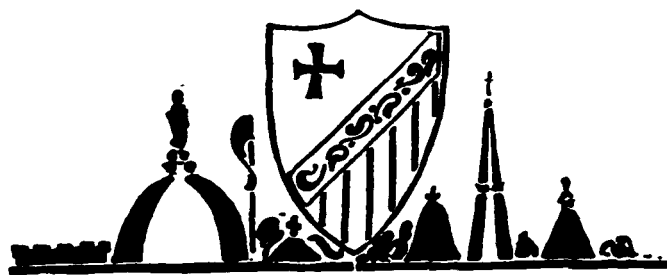
"Oh Chauncey, I've got something to tell you—"

"All right, but let me talk to your butler first, and I'll listen all right."

Then followed many explanations, promises of a huge reward, and a mutual shaking of hands over the wire by J. Chauncey and the butler.

"Now, Sweetheart, what is it?"

"Oh, Chauncey, you musn't say that any more. You see, I— we— my childhood sweetheart came home last week, and we— er—I'm Mrs. Gottrox now."



Vanity's Favour

A Little Love and a Little Lie Tell a Young Man's Story

DAVID S. LEHMAN

THE sun is shining violently.

Snows are scattered, scattered in filmy white patterns within the shadows of tall buildings.

The twentieth century of grace is grinding time steadily.

Men rush to offices that they may work. Men rush to their clubs that they may play. Men rush to their homes that they may eat and sleep.

Women lift their feet gingerly to avoid the mud that would sully boots, stain stockings, spot frocks

Young John Conklin arrived in Chicago. He came out of the West—not as a Lochinvar seeking love, not as a d'Artagnan seeking life—John Conklin merely came out of the West, into Chicago.

Prometheus bounding into Chicago.

Nanette Sheridan, who was youthful, who was high in the society of the city. Sensitive, fine, words are futile tools with which to fashion a likeness of her. She was drawing from her destiny joy,—fetching from her fate happiness.

Eleanore of Aquitaine could bow to Nanette of Chicago.

John Conklin and Nanette Sheridan—success and failure—martyrdom and heroism—philosophy and foolishness—all is vanity. . . .

At a small table at a fashionable roof-garden three people sat. One, a lady rather older sat between two young people, a boy and a girl. The lady who was rather older smiled graciously and suggested charmingly that the two young people dance. The boy protested,—surely he could hardly leave his hostess alone at table,—frantic gesture of deceased chivalry. But the boy and the girl rose from their chairs that they might dance.

The band was playing "Sometime" when Nanette and John reached the floor. Yes, this was a year or so ago, and the band played "Sometime"—do you remember it?

A catchy, somewhat sentimental number, and there was a deal of opportunity for indirect love-making in it—do you remember that? Romances were possibly initiated by that song, and romances were probably finished by that song. Do you remember? But no. You have forgotten romance, and all of your gods are good.

John could not make love while they danced. Even as they danced to "Sometime" he could not make love, however indirectly. He had just been introduced to Nanette this very night, at this very dinner. Besides, John was provincial (he came from the West) and would mention no emotion on the first night, in the first dance. But he loved her. Or he thought he loved her, which is just as bad, or worse. . . .

A business man was talking to a clergyman, and the clergyman said: "How long was John in Chicago?"

"About three months," the business man replied, "then he came back here. Too bad he didn't stay in Chicago—he liked it there, and he might have done well."

"I doubt it. John is honest."

The business man laughed: "Yes, now he is honest; but then, now he is successful." The business man did not laugh: "I remember when he wasn't so reliable."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing much—as a youngster he was thoughtless."

"As a youngster? So were we all, weren't we?"

"I guess so."

"We get honest later. We get honest with age."

"I guess so. Must rush to the factory. Good-bye."

Nanette pitied John Conklin. Women, who are loved by many men, pity some of them. Women must pity men who love hopelessly—it is bound to be—the law of compensation. And John loved her, loved

her more and more as time was being ground away. "Once to every man" they say. This was John's one love—and it was hopeless. For some men it were better that they died before they loved. With John? Sad. Quite sad. Very sad.

Chicago.

The streets of Chicago are alluring—repulsive.

And many young men are turned from gross materialists to soft poets in Chicago—by the streets of Chicago.

François Villon, singer of high songs and sweet—old poet of old France—a robber, liar, cut-throat, thief; but a poet, over all, a poet. Gods! Give us a Villon for Chicago!

John Conklin, seeking nothing when he came to Chicago, found everything when he left for the West,—three months after. Nanette Sheridan, pitying him when he came, pitied him much more when he left,—after three months.

Business called him West. Romance held him East. This is the twentieth century!

To look—to find—to leave. To pity—oh, to pity. John looked, found, left. Nanette pitied. For some men it were better that they were not born. With John? With John?

That year (and this was the year that "Sometime" cast a fleeting impression over the minds of dancers) was both good and bad for John Conklin. Three months isn't much time in which to discover yourself, is it? Three months isn't much time to spend with your one love, is it? A momentary glimpse of terrestrial paradise is probably worse than not seeing it at all. But one doesn't know—but then one so seldom sees paradise. John was, after all, fortunate. He saw it for three months, distant as it was, and pitying. Was he content? Why, of course not, it was only natural he should want more. Men ruin themselves more frequently by overdoing than by underdoing. Better far the neglect which comes from omitting than the misdemeanour which comes from committing.

Money.

Money doesn't bar true love. True love might give passing consideration to the method of existence; but it seldom hesitates

long on that score. If love laughs at locksmiths, then it must scorn bankers. It wasn't money in the case of John and Nanette. He just didn't do.

After he left Chicago, and after spending some time in the West, John began to thrive—financially. When he could leave his position, he came back to Chicago to see her again, to see her always. And when he came back, he brought her a gift, a bit of jewelry. He asked Nanette to take it. She refused. He begged her to take it. She refused. He pleaded with her to take it. She accepted, provisionally.

The jewel was to signify nothing. She took it to placate him. It was, to all concerned, a perfect understanding. He loved and hoped—the jewel was indicative of the fact that she might think about him. She pitied and pitied. Ladies and gentlemen!—Prometheus loves—Eleanore pities—Prometheus wears the mask of John Conklin—Eleanore fiits behind the disguise of Nanette Sheridan,—Ladies and gentlemen!

Truth.

Truth is the most precious thing in the world; because it is the rarest.

John, who loved Nanette, lied to her. Lied,—a trivial, inconsequential lie which meant nothing, and, as it meant nothing, it came to mean everything. No reason for his doing it—none. Why did he do it? He was human, and he was all the more human because he loved, and lied.

So she gave him back his jewel. The lie had broken her faith and her pity. She returned his jewel,—a natural retort to a human failing. Yes, Nanette was right—and John was wrong—you must be aware of this. It is easy, gentlemen, to break a woman's faith; and it is just as easy, ladies, to break a man's immortal soul; for soul and faith are, all in all, equal.

Did it break him up? Not instantaneously. You see, he thought he was right, for all of his falsehood. Delusion, too, is natural. So he did not break right away. Not right away—he consoled himself. Not with liquor, because he had begun to learn his lesson, the lesson of life. Instead of liquor he turned to poetry, which is less dangerous than whiskey and much more intoxicating.

One often wonders if a broken poet thinks himself a modern Villon. Perhaps John Conklin did. He was a liar, and he wrote verse. Then again, perhaps he did not think of himself at all. One wouldn't, perhaps.

François Villon,—of France, a liar—a poet.

John Conklin,—of Chicago, a liar—almost
a poet.

Nanette Sheridan,—to qualify her with any adjective, not matter how glorious, is but to malign her.

Then he broke. It broke him finally. Broke him from poetry. Broke him from sentimentalism. Broke him from himself. It made him, in the sense of the world. He went West again, went West and succeeded.

A clergyman was talking to a business man, and the business man said:

"John Conklin is a hard man."

"Yes."

"I can't imagine anything ever hurting him," said the business man, "he is so brutally successful, he is such a scoffer, he's so overbearingly aloof."

"Yes."

"But he's a mighty fine man."

"Yes, he's that," and the clergyman agreed again. "Yes, you're right. He's successful, he scoffs, and is aloof. I like him. He's a friend of mine."

“Nice wife,” said the business man, “mighty fine; but I don’t think she’s very happy.”

And the clergyman said: "I know that; but I can't tell you."

The business man laughed; for he knew that the clergyman knew more than could be told—and not only about John Conklin's wife. . . .

Now you have the completed portrait of John Conklin. He is successful, is hard, is fine, is married. Now you have the accurate account of Nanette Sheridan—and she is content. She continues to draw from her destiny joy—she is fetching from her fate happiness.

For every success there is a failure. For every hero there is a martyr. The failure might, and often does, go unnoticed by all. The martyr might, and often is, unconscious of martyrdom; but this is the law—the law of compensation: That, for every success there be a failure, and for every hero there be a martyr.

Nanette tossed the jewel back to John because he broke her faith by lying. In taking back the jewel, John took life also, and grasped life hard, and succeeded. Which was the greater victory? One does not know. One is not meant to know. Who lost the battle between love and pity? One does not know that either. But all should know that the jewel symbolizes one of life's little favours.

And all is vanity.

All.

The Beautiful Impossibility

A Short Short-Story

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

MRS. Jameson Matter leaned over the bridge table, after taking out her partner's two no-trump and continued her conversation.

"Won't you know, dear Mrs. Allison, that she is almost too good looking to live. Impossible in other ways as well, I have reason to doubt what lies behind that alluring face . . . just as I told Jameson last night. It's perfectly ridiculous of me to object to her becoming a member of our little exclusive

bridge club . . . yet I have my reasons, as I told Jameson.

"Shan't you think me cattish? . . . Well, I'm not, really. Only there are hosts of others that agree with me . . . Adelle did you lead that ace of clubs? . . . my stupidity, my dear . . . I have one of those . . . I'll follow suit.

"Now this beautiful Mrs. Aldrich. Her husband is youngish, so Jameson says. He's in Jameson's club. And he let it slip that

she was in the Follies or some sort of musical show. How disgusting, really. Jame-son said that Aldrich is proud of his wife . . . you know, they were at the Charity Ball last week . . . she was dressed like a peacock . . . what gorgeous pearl straps on her evening gown!

"Third hand low, isn't it? . . . yes, I see. You know, my dears, that men like Aldrich, with money as they have, should be able to buy their wives . . . for beauty alone! Isn't it tremendous. I think we have no morals in our larger cities . . . only in smaller places such as this . . . where we have select and intimate groups . . . do we succeed in establishing our social morality.

"And this Mrs. Aldrich has very gold hair . . . I suspect peroxide. When I was in Paris I saw many like her. None of any social status, you understand . . . really the very commonest.

"So I thought these things over. I am confident that we ladies would scarcely welcome into our group a woman that had been on the stage . . . one who had been so worldly.

"I should have made the bid . . . nothing from my pardner's hand, though. Maybe I should haven't taken you out, Adelle. But then we'll do better next time.

"I can't imagine that she had the courage to ask in the Acme club . . . but then such people do have nerve. Such painted lips . . . theatrical . . . little bow-shaped lips, that poise. No wonder Aldrich bought her! Beauty is such a curse. I shan't say any more . . . except that she is a beautiful impossibility, and I don't really mean to be catty . . . only facts, my dears!"

Thomas á Kempis has written: "Many are the things which it is of little or no profit to the soul to know."

Innocent Games for College Folk

For Those Not Inclined Toward Suicide.

J. F. MAHONEY.

WE fear that as a result of the numerous college suicides occupying newspaper space at this time, the outsider, the person who has not the slightest connection with any college, may believe that we spend all our time in sad and somber philosophizing, and that the College scene is one of the utmost seriousness. It is to correct this impression that we are writing. We may chance to miss one or two of the less prominent amusements, but the spirit of the thing is most important, perhaps, and if we have caught that, we shall be satisfied.

One of the happiest games, one that is always possessed of enchantment for the player, is the one of Cheat the Conductor. This sport can be, and usually is, played on any electric car, although some conductors are barred. There are some of the best players in the game in this locality; men who have made names for themselves in their

pursuit of the game. There are others, perhaps not quite so well known, who have the professional spirit, but endeavor to retain their amateur rating for reasons best known to themselves. We believe that there is some unwritten law which specifies that the rules and technique of Cheat the Conductor shall not be broadcast to the winds, and we are consequently prevented from giving any further details of the sport. Besides, we hardly know how to play the game. Any reasonable excuse is sufficient to admit a novice to the ranks of the players; perhaps the best is that the street car company owes one money, although the spirit of adventure has induced a great many of the enthusiasts to continue to engage in the exercise after the traction company's debt to them has been paid a hundred-fold. We understand that there is a determined movement on foot to stop the game, or in the case of the local company, to limit the contests to fields other than the

There may be more, and greater, games than these. After all, it has not been our mission to try and catalogue all the amusements, but to attempt to rectify any feeling that the general public might have held that we were never amused by any but the most informal diversions. It should be clear now that we are quite easily amused.

R. E. S.

As for borrowing things, well, I do know girls addicted to this habit, but that ought

to teach brothers not to leave their scarfs or ties lying in sight of a sister with this habit. I really think that my brother barrows more from me than I from him. My stationery is sadly depleted by his frequent subtraction. My library books are always in danger of being temporarily annexed. About the only thing brother ever lends me is his ink, or dictionary. When we were younger, our allowance for the week was given to us on Sunday. Since my brother spent his entire sum on the same day (and it was more than mine), he was always trying to borrow from the more prudent me during the week.

I think that I agree with the statement about sister's knowledge of their brother's discrepancies. I know lots of things about my brother that he does not even dream of. It is only slightly due to the way of spreading information among women. It is mostly the brothers' fault. By the fewest words,

gestures, or the expression on his face, he tells a world of facts to the discerning sister. I can not see, though, that it makes a lot of difference whether or not sisters know, because they seldom, if ever, reveal the dark secret to anyone to whom it may matter.

The greatest objection a brother would have regarding his sister would be the fact that his sister fails to regard him as a man to be highly respected and honored and admired. In fact, as other brothers' sisters regards him. The average brother violently dislikes criticism of any sort, whether it relate to his taste in ties or in girls. Both of these subjects, especially the latter, are always the objects of a sister's criticism.

I often wonder if someone else's brother, whom one thinks a lot more about than she does, would be just as charming if he were one's own brother, and the case reversed accordingly to brother's view.

To A Young Man Who Has Lost His Love

*Most loves are little things, lad, after all,
They grow like poppies, and like poppies fade
When he who plucks them idly lets them fall
Upon the earth from which they once were
made.*

*Bright poppies can be gathered anywhere;
They flame and multiply 'neath every sun,
And he who's lost a poppy need not care,
He'll find another ere the day is done.*

*I have no deep, abiding sympathy
For those who idly cast the bloom aside;
I cannot give them hope, because in me
There's sorrow for the poppy that has died.*

*But you, poor lad, have known the tragic woes
Of him who finds he's thrown away a rose.*

—JACK MULLEN

Shakespearean Tragedy

An Excellent Analysis of the Philosophy of Tragic Drama

JOSEPH OBLIGATO

SHAKESPEAREAN tragedy brings before us a considerable number of persons; but it is pre-eminently the story of one person, the "hero," or at most of two, the "hero" and "heroine." Moreover, it is only in the love-tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, that the heroine is as much the center of the action as the hero. The rest, including *Macbeth*, are single stars.

The story leads up to, and includes, the death of the hero. On the one hand, no play at the end of which the hero remains alive is, in the full Shakespearean sense, a tragedy, and we no longer class *Troilus and Cressida* or *Cymbeline* as such. On the other hand the story is, in fact, essentially a tale of suffering and calamity conducting to death.

The suffering and calamity are, moreover, exceptional, befalling a conspicuous person. They are themselves of some striking kind and are unexpected. Such exceptional suffering and calamity affecting the hero, and generally extending far and wide beyond him, so as to make the whole scene one of woe, are an essential ingredient in tragedy and a chief source of the tragic emotions, and especially of pity. But the proportions of this ingredient, and the devotion taken by tragic pity will naturally vary greatly.

Tragedy with Shakespeare is considered always with persons of "high degree;" often with kings and princes; if not, with leaders in the state like *Coriolanus*, *Brutus*, *Antony*; at least, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, with members of great houses, whose quarrels are of public moment.

This characteristic of Shakespeare's tragedies, though not the most vital, is neither external nor unimportant. The pangs of despised love and the anguish of remorse, we say, are the same in a peasant or prince, but a prince's fate affects the welfare of a whole nation or empire; and when he falls

suddenly from the height of mighty greatness to the dust, his fall produces a sense of contrast, of the powerlessness of man, of the omnipotence of Fortune or Fate which no tale of private life can possibly rival. Such feelings are constantly evoked by Shakespeare's tragedies in varying degrees. Perhaps they are the very strongest of the emotions awakened by the early tragedy of *Richard II.* and also by *King Lear*.

A Shakespearean tragedy as so far considered may be called a story of exceptional calamity leading to the death of a man in high estate. The calamities of tragedy do not simply happen, nor are they sent, they proceed mainly from actions, and those the actions of men.

The second aspect of tragedy evidently differs from the first for men from this viewpoint, appear primarily as agents, "themselves the authors of their proper woe;" and our fear and pity may be modified accordingly.

The story or action of a Shakespearean tragedy does not consist solely of human actions or deeds; but the deeds are the predominant factors. The center of the tragedy, therefore, may be said with equal truth to lie in the action issuing from the character, or in the character issuing from the action. As a tragedy advances to its close, the calamities and catastrophe follow inevitably from the deeds of men, and the main source of these deeds is character.

It is an exaggeration to say that with Shakespeare "character is destiny" as is shown by the elements found in the story frequently, besides the characteristic deeds, and the sufferings and circumstance of the person. Three such factors will be considered.

(a) Shakespeare occasionally represents abnormal conditions of mind; insanity, for example, somnambulism, hallucinations. Any deeds issuing from these are certainly not

deeds expressive of character in the fullest sense.

(b) Shakespeare also introduces the Supernatural into some of his tragedies; ghosts and witches who have supernatural knowledge. This supernatural element cannot be explained away as an illusion in the mind. Moreover its influence is not of a compulsive kind.

(c) Shakespeare, lastly, in most of his tragedies allows to chance or accident an appreciable influence at some point in the action. Chance or accident means any occurrence which enters the dramatic sequence, neither from the agency of character, nor from the obvious surrounding circumstances.

Thus it appears that these three elements in the action are subordinate, while the dominant factor consists in deeds which issue from character. We alter the first statement by saying "the story is one of human actions producing exceptional calamity and ending in the death of a man in high estate."

We can define action further by describing it as a conflict. Not seldom the conflict may quite naturally be conceived as lying between two persons, of whom the hero is one, or, more fully, between two parties, in one of which the hero is the leading figure, and the conflict between the two groups ends with the hero's defeat.

While there is an outward conflict of persons and groups, there is also a conflict of forces in the hero's soul; and even in Julius Caesar and Macbeth the interest of the former can hardly be said to exceed that of the latter. The notion of tragedy as a conflict emphasizes the fact that action is the center of the story, while the concentration of interest, in the greater plays, on the inward struggle emphasizes the fact that this action is essentially the expression of character.

The hero has one common quality which appears to be essential to the tragic effect—that he is an exceptional being. His nature is exceptional, and generally raises him in some respect much above the average level of humanity. In almost all heroes we observe a marked one-sidedness, a predisposition in some particular direction; a total incapacity, in certain circumstances, of re-

sisting the force which draws in this direction; a fatal tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object, passion, or habit of mind. This is, for Shakespeare, the fundamental tragic trait.

In the circumstances where we see the hero placed, his tragic trait, which is also his greatness, is fatal to him. To meet these circumstances something is required which a smaller man might have given, but which the hero cannot give. He errs, by action or omission; and his error joining with other causes, brings ruin on him. This is always so with Shakespeare. But the fatal imperfection or error, which is never absent, is of different kinds and degrees.

The tragic hero with Shakespeare need not be "good," though generally he is "good," and at once wins sympathy in his error. But it is necessary that he should have so much of greatness that in his error and fall we may be vividly conscious of the possibilities of human nature. Hence, a Shakespearean tragedy is never, like some miscalled tragedies, depressing.

Shakespeare's representation of the tragic fact can be given in two statements: one, that it is and remains to us something pitious, fearful and mysterious; the other that the representation of it does not leave us crushed, rebellious or desperate. From the first, it follows that the ultimate power in the tragic world is not adequately described as a law or order which we can see to be just or benevolent,—as, in that sense, a "moral order," for in that case the spectacle of suffering and waste could not seem to us so fearful and mysterious as it does. And from the second it follows that this ultimate power is not adequately described as a fate, whether malicious and cruel, or blind and indifferent to human happiness and goodness; for in that case the spectacle would leave us desperate or rebellious.

Beginning with the idea of fatality, we shall glance at some of the impressions which give rise to it. The sources of these impressions are various. They arise and ought to arise. If in Shakespeare's tragedies, we find the source of these impressions, we find practically no trace of fatalism in its more primitive, crude, or obvious form.

(To be Continued)

SPORT NEWS

Notre Dame Wins Conference Meet; Records Fall

Any doubt that the first annual indoor championships of the Central Intercollegiate Conference would be lacking in color or skill was quieted in the minds of some three thousand track fans who packed Notre Dame gym Saturday afternoon to watch 150 athletes battle for honors.

An inspired Notre Dame team, anxious to win the first event of its kind on the home oval and moved to a few unusual performances because of the strict competition offered, raced on to a deserved team victory, nosing out Michigan State and Marquette for major honors.

Coach Knute K. Rockne's indoor cinder artist's won the meet with a total of 42 3-4 points, a full 16 points ahead of Michigan State, their runners-up, and 22 points ahead of Marquette, an old track rival of the school. The complete pointage of the eleven teams entered was: Notre Dame 42 3-4; Michigan State 26 1-2; Marquette 20 1-2; Drake 12 1-2; Detroit 10; Kansas 7; Ohio Wesleyan 7; Michigan State Normal 5; Knox 4; Coe 4; Haskell Institute 3.

Saturday's colorful meet was fully as appealing as any that has been waged in the middle west during the indoor season just closed. In almost every event the competition was so keen that unusual times and distances were turned in.

Records, records, records. Those are the words that were on the tongues of the three thousand track lovers who crammed into

two sections of grand stand to watch the festivities.

And the pack of athletes who were after team and individual honors did not let shining marks of other days side-track them in their purposes. Some of the best performances made in the middle west during the past two years were eclipsed when the pack

cut loose. And more than one Notre Dame gym record was shaved in the process.

Coupled with the brilliant showing of the Notre Dame squad, which gained points in eleven of the thirteen events on the program, was the individual prowess of Fred Alderman, captain of the Michigan State entry. The lanky wearer of the green and white led a crack field to the wire in the sixty yard dash to win in :06 2-5 seconds. Alderman's

mark tied the gym rec-

ord which is now held by a dozen speed merchants. He also won the broad jump with a leap of 22 feet 5 3-8 inches.

Charley Riley, track luminary and football expert of the Irish system, was the unlucky victim of Alderman's work for the Notre Dame athlete was barely beaten on both occasions. After being set back at the start for jumping the musket, Riley made up a yard and a half during 60 yards sprint and was nosed out by Alderman. Riley took second in the broad jump, having leaped within one-eighth of an inch of Alderman's mark.

Marquette athletes turned in the other per-



MASTERSON

formances which proved disastrous to the records. Melvin Shimek, great two-miler of the Milwaukee school, battled for sixteen laps with Philip Osef, the Indian who holds the world's six mile title, and won out in the last lap. Osef set a guelling pace, and Shimek, after dogging him all the way, broke loose with furious speed and breasted the tape a full ten yards ahead. The time was 9:34 1-5, six seconds better than the mark set by Joie Ray fifteen years ago.

Frank Glazer, of Marquette, looms as another American vaulter who may dispute the crown that has been fit so snugly to the brow of Charley Hoff, the Norwegian sky-pilot. Glazer scaled 12 feet 10 inches with a magnificent leap and cracked the mark of 12 feet 6 inches set by Paul Harrington, intercollegiate record holder and former Notre Dame captain.

Both relays were thrilling. Notre Dame took the mile baton-passing event rather easily although the pressure during the first three legs forced the Irish to extend themselves. Michigan State Normal College took the medley relay after a stiff contest with Marquette and Notre Dame.

Charley Judge, intercollegiate mile champion, gave the assemblage a taste of his old time form when he trotted the mile in 4:29 1-5. Joe Griffin shattered the high hurdle record in the second preliminary by stepping the stiles in :07 4-5 but had bad luck in the semi-finals and was eliminated.

Success of the first meet assures an annual repetition of the affair, officials say. The second annual outdoor championships are billed for June 3 and 4 at Michigan State College, Lansing.

MORRISSEY, BROWNSON

TIE FOR TRACK TITLE

TABLE OF POINTS

Brownson	26½	Badin	8
Morrissey	26½	Howard	4
Sophomore	25	Corby	3
Freshman	22	Rockefeller	3
Carroll	14		

After fighting furiously through eleven events to keep in the running, Morrissey

Hall's track squad won the relay race and went into a tie with Brownson for the interhall indoor championship last Sunday. Each team scored 26 1-2 points. Sophomore was third with 25 markers and Freshman, last year's title-holder, fourth with 22.

It was the most thrilling indoor classic ever run in hall circles and the relay was a momentous event for any one of four halls could have copped the meet by taking the baton-passing event.

Throughout the affair no squad was in the lead by more than three points and tabulation of points after each event found the lead bobbing back and forth. The Morrissey and Brownson teams kept fairly well in the van and only the victories of Morrissey and Sophomore in the relay kept the dormitory boys from a clear claim to the title.

Jack Rourke, the Sophomore Hall flash, was individual star of the day with firsts in the 60 and 220 yards dashes. Brennan, the Badin hockey impressario, was in the peak of form, getting a first in the mile run and a third in the half mile event. Welchous of Carroll won the high jump and tied for second in the pole vault.

60 Yard Dash—Won by Rourke, Sophomore; Brownson. Time—:06 3-5.

60 Yards High Hurdles—Won by Tobin, Sophomore; Doan, Freshman; Weschler, Freshman; Mulflur, Corby. Time—:08 2-5. (New Interhall Record.)

Mile Run—Won by Brennan, Badin; De Groote, Rockefeller; Vaichullus, Brownson, Callahan, Brownson. Time 4:41 2-5 (New Interhall Record.)

440 Yards Dash—Reidy, Brownson; Scheffel, J., Carroll; Scheffel, C., Carroll; Kelly, Freshman. Time—53 3-5.

60 Yards Low Hurdles—Won by Doan, Freshman; McDonald, Sophomore; Mulflur, Corby; Jones, Badin. Time—:07 4-5 (New Interhall Record.)

220 Yards Dash—Won by Rourke, Sophomore; Redgate, Morrissey; Noon, Morrissey; Bonomolo, Brownson. Time—:24 3-5.

880 Yards Run—Won by Dayton, Freshman; Fisher, Morrissey, second; Brennan, Badin; Schlechert, Sophomore. Time—2:06.

Half Mile Relay—Won by Morrissey (Redgate, Noon, O'Brien and Winberry); Sophomore (Newbold, McDonald, Schlechert, Rourke) second; Brownson (Heron, Smith, Bonomolo, Reidy) third; Freshman (Hettinger, Sylvester, Kelly, Doan) fourth. Time 1:40.

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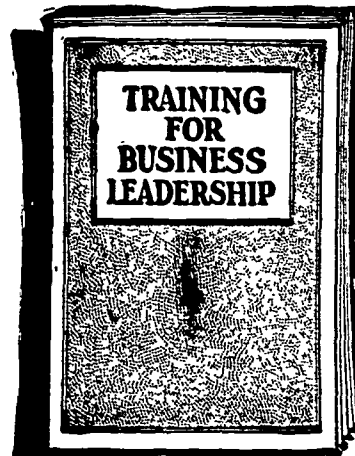
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High Jump—Won by Welchous, Carroll; Myers, Howard; Reidy, Brownson and Leahy, Morrissey; tied for third. Height—5 feet 7 inches.

Pole Vault—Won by Johnson, Brownson; Newbold, Sophomore; Welchous, Carroll and Leahy, Morrissey, tied for second. Height—11 feet.

IRISH PILE UP AMAZING RECORD

For the second time in two years a Notre Dame hardwood combination has climbed almost impossible heights to the Middle-Western basketball championship. For the second time in two years they have earned a niche among the outstanding college quints of the entire country. For the second time in two years they have swept all before them in cutting a wide swath through the outstanding edge teams of the Mid-West, East, and South. Thirty-eight triumphs in forty starts is a collegiate record to be proud of. It is an undying, never-to-be-dimmed record of the greatest group of basketeters to ever wear the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame.

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1925-1926 SEASON

Notre Dame	53	Armour Tech	28
Notre Dame	36	Minnesota	14
Notre Dame	30	Northwestern	20
Notre Dame	17	Iowa	16
Notre Dame	37	Northwestern	21
Notre Dame	48	Mercer	31
Notre Dame	38	Kansas State	23
Notre Dame	22	Franklin	33
Notre Dame	31	University of Detroit	14
Notre Dame	24	City Col. of Detroit	17
Notre Dame	41	Wabash	28
Notre Dame	33	Michigan State	14
Notre Dame	31	University of Detroit	26
Notre Dame	26	University of Illinois	14
Notre Dame	25	Wabash	23
Notre Dame	40	Michigan State	25
Notre Dame	60	Carnegie Tech	26
Notre Dame	40	Franklin	19
Notre Dame	23	Creighton	18
Notre Dame	29	Creighton	17

1926-1927 SEASON

Notre Dame	51	Armour Tech	13
Notre Dame	42	Earlham	12
Notre Dame	24	Minnesota	19
Notre Dame	19	Iowa	18
Notre Dame	28	Northwestern	20
Notre Dame	27	Northwestern	21
Notre Dame	41	Detroit	24
Notre Dame	22	Franklin	34
Notre Dame	37	Wabash	26
Notre Dame	36	Michigan State	15
Notre Dame	27	Marquette	21
Notre Dame	19	Wisconsin	14
Notre Dame	36	Franklin	16
Notre Dame	35	Wabash	25
Notre Dame	33	Pittsburgh	17
Notre Dame	24	Detroit	23
Notre Dame	34	Michigan State	22
Notre Dame	33	Marquette	13
Notre Dame	32	Creighton	20
Notre Dame	31	Creighton	17

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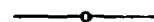
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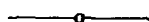
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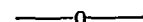


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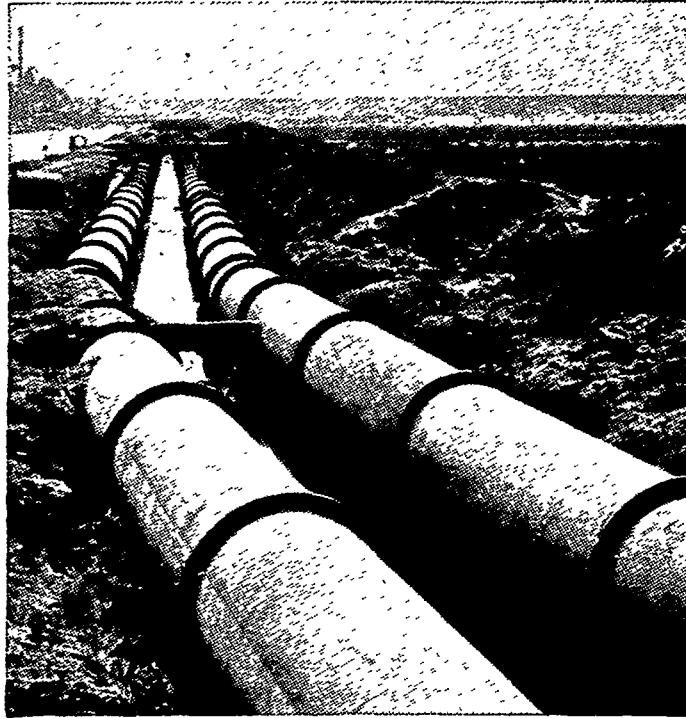
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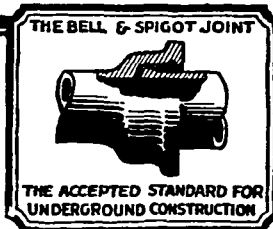
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THE skin's natural moisture must be conserved if the face is to be comfortable. Aqua Velva applied after shaving helps the skin retain this moisture—keeps it flexible and comfortable all day long. This remarkable after-shaving liquid was perfected by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream to keep the face as comfortable as a Williams shave leaves it. In big 5-oz. bottles—50c.

Williams Aqua Velva

South Bend Merchants

and Professional Men whose advertisements appear in this magazine will appreciate a call from you.

—Give them your patronage

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Send your copy of The Scholastic to the "folks at home." They will all enjoy reading it.

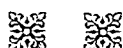
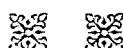
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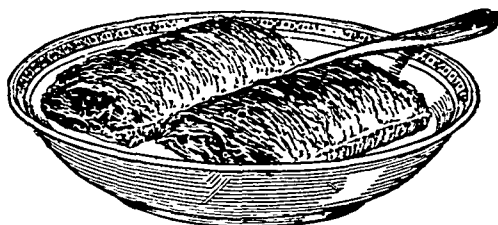
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Not a chance of that lead-like, loggy feeling even during early Spring—if you make a daily habit of Shredded Wheat.

That's one reason why this prince of whole wheat cereals graces the training tables of so many colleges and schools.



Carefully separated, completely cleaned, perfectly shredded, and thoroughly cooked whole wheat grains — that's all there is to

SHREDDED WHEAT

Except its convenient biscuit form, its taste-inviting crispness, its Nature-given, refreshing, tonic benefits. ~

MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT



Me and the joy-friend... Prince Albert

WHEN my father was in college, "Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!" was considered snappy conversation. I'm ready to take this old line literally when the talk centers around Prince Albert. Because P. A. makes *two* of what I like in a pipe.

All wise-cracking aside, P. A. is the money when it comes to deep-down satisfaction in a smoke. It's got everything! Cool as the trail of the ice-man across the kitchen. Sweet as vacation. Fragrant as a pine forest.

Think up your own similes. You'll write them all in the column headed "Superlative Degree" when you learn the joys of a jimmy-pipe and Prince Albert. If you don't know this grand old smoke, come around to my room and I'll give you a load.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!