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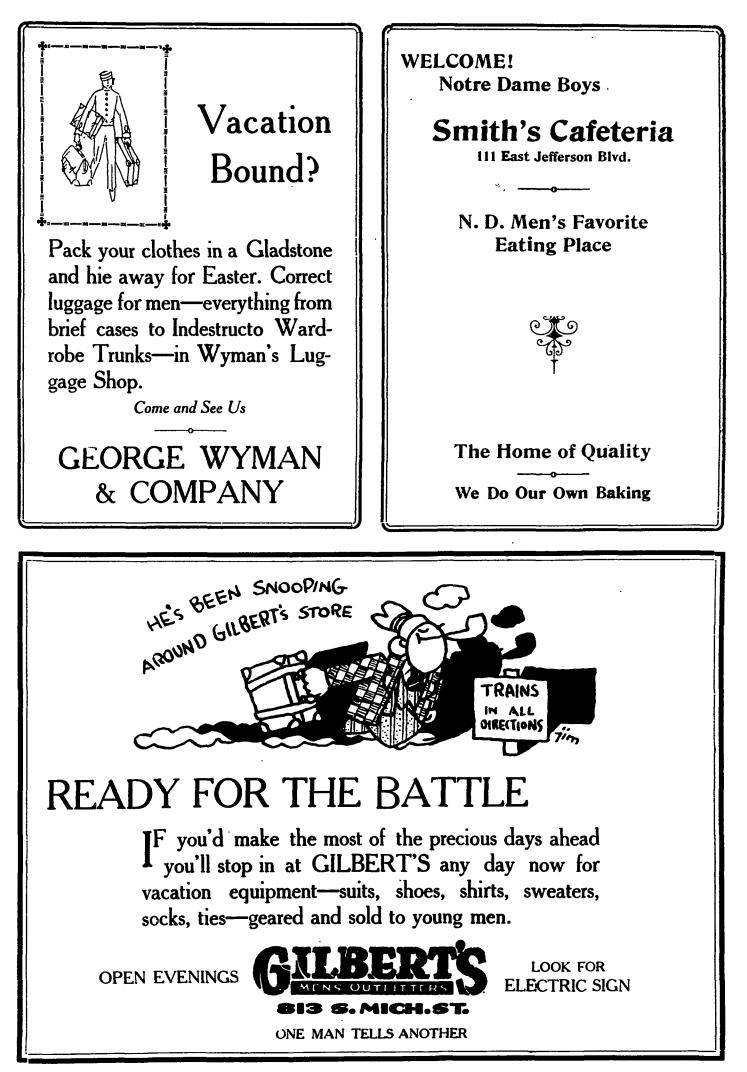
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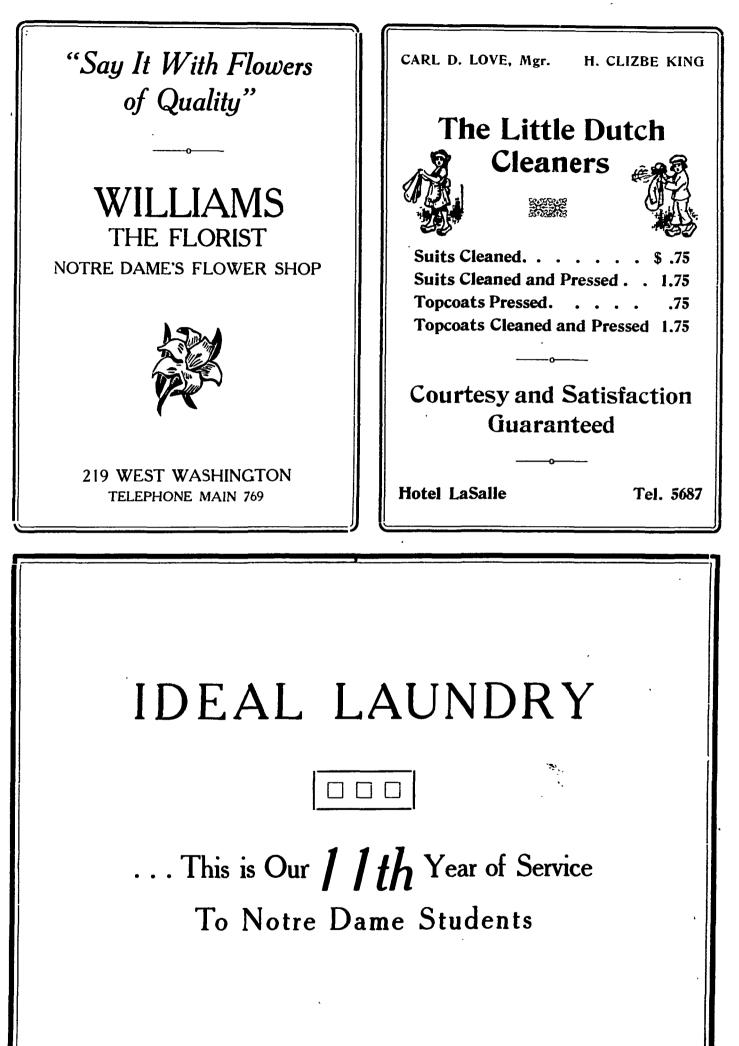
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THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC





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They're playing the nine holes at Studebaker Park now.

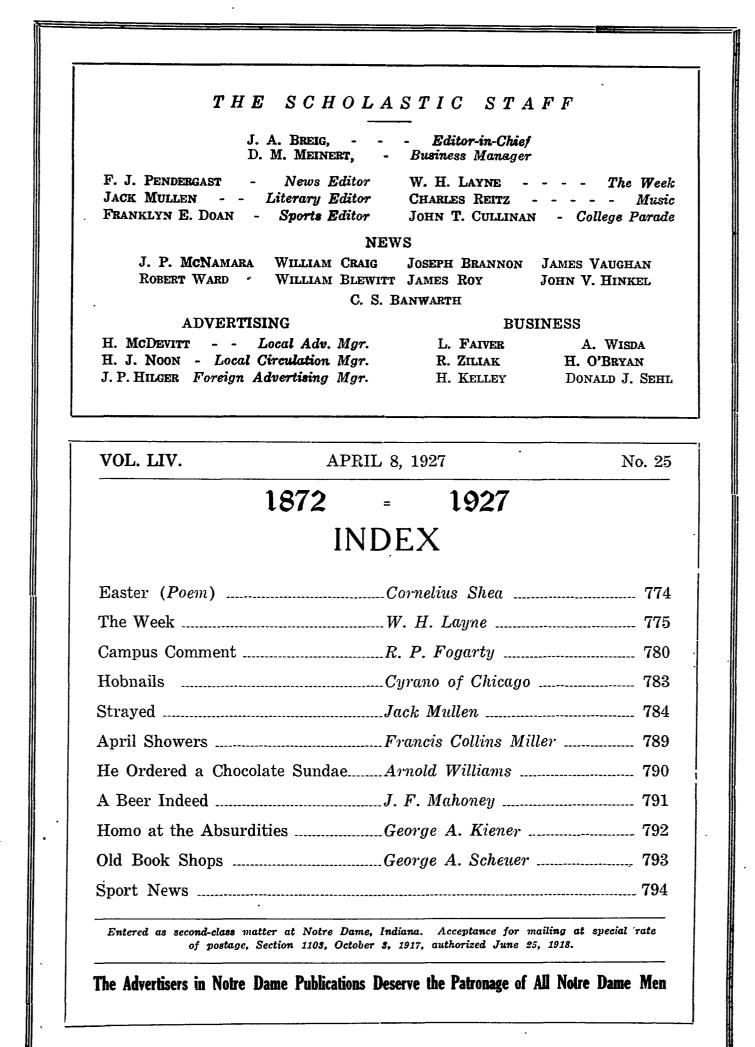
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Easter

Down the verdant pathway to the tomb The dawn stole silent, strewing jewels before The sun triumphant in his magic war With slow retreating night; and flowers bloom, Magnificent and humble, from the gloom. A woman with the dawn stole to the door And stood afraid—the stone was there no more— An angel spoke as like a flower in bloom.

Her heart leaped with the sun across the world, And I am sure she sang when on her way To tell those men who hid from light of day, And I am sure her lovely lips were curled Into a smile—and from her eyes the light Of love and hope rebloomed as sunlight white.

---CORNELIUS SHEA



THE WEEK

Now that the necessity for it is past, swimming is coming into its own in interhall circles. Of course, the sponsors of the move for "every man a human duck" may be reckoning on past experience with Indiana weather, or then again they may be preparing for next year. Scotty, of cafeteria "Goodnight, boys!" fame, is quoted as being heartily in favor of the new move, since it relieves him of the necessity of standing at the door of the "caf" on wet days and throwing ropes to the unfortunates who get bogged down in the depths of Lake Ollie.

It is rumored on good authority that those hollow-eyed, haggard individuals who stagger into the food dispensary at an unconscionable hour every morning and ingurgitate calories listlessly are Morrisseyites, or Morrisseyons, if you prefer. The path to virtue is hard and early and the first frosts of the morning bite daily into Gold Coast bones.

"Replace your divots!" is the cry now of those lost souls who have succumbed to the siren lure of the vampire Gowf. The million dollar sewer is being dug inch by inch all over the courses of Souse Bend, and many are the slaves of niblicks and midirons who sit up nights industriously studying Webster for new and extremely descriptive epithets. But they do say that one Ted Austin polishes his clubs and smiles a knowing smile, for all things come to him who weights, as Joe Boland says, and Austin is in no hurry.

"Jingle Bells" was the title of Rockne's address to the K. of C. Tuesday night, and being original, he wasn't talking about the much maligned modern girl, even if the terms "Mental Poise" and "The Ol' Fight" did appear several times. Diagram: "Belles." Thank you. The cake tasted fine.

Lyons Hall, Morrissey's rival for lack of funds, claims the interhall championship for more wisecrackers per square inch than any other ward on the campus. The unfair suspicion has been cast in their direction that the inmates are given to devouring jokebooks, but the rumor has been adequately squelched. Lyons Hall men protest in injured voices that they never read anything.

Again the music and dramatics editor of the SCHOLASTIC received a stacked hand in the game of prognostication. A plan has been suggested whereby the sheriff will be authorized to round up entertainers who fail to appear in Washington Hall when sched-The SCHOLASTIC is contemplating uled. sending bills for the advertising which has been obtained under some kind of pretense. Charley Reitz swears that the next time he writes up a pianist it will be himself, so the program will be sure to come off. Personally, we'd rather hear Reitz and Dufficey than most anybody else, and we claim to know what we like.

There has been a curious and unprecedented mingling of Morrisseyons and Sophomorenzymes during the gray hours of dawn in the lower portions of Badin these days. Evidently something startling is occuring East of the Great Divide. The SCHO-LASTIC'S best sleuth will be sent to cover the story and to ascertain whether anyone cares to know more about it. Someone is being mulcted. —W.H.L.

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TO SPEAK AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

Friday evening, April 8, Prof. Charles Phillips will give a lecture at the University of Chicago under the auspices of the Newman Society of that institution. The Newman Society, as its name implies, is the Catholic students' organization of U. of C. By request, the subject of Prof. Phillips' lecture will be "The Mexican Problem." So many views on this question, from the non-Catholic standpoint, have been given to the student body at U. of C. that the Newman Society has invited Prof. Phillips to present the Catholic side of the question.

ENGLISH MAJOR COURSE CHANGED

Considerable improvement of the academic work in the Department of English has been planned for next school year. Hereafter the candidates for the degree of bachelor of arts who wish to specialize in English in junior and senior year will be carefully tested in various ways as to their fitness for special work in that subject, and only those who are approved as sufficiently qualified in ability, preparation, and application will be permitted to take English as their major subject. In the spring of each schoolyear a special examination is to be given to the sophomores who desire to specialize in English in the last two years of their course. The examination of the candidates for next year was given on the 13th of March last. As a result of this and other tests these students have been unconditionally approved: William Frank Connolly, Franklyn Eugene Doan, Joseph Gerard Friel, Joseph Patrick Hartnett, Corrin Haley Hodgson, Cyril Anthony Jones, Joseph Gabriel O'Brien, William Joseph Roach, John Nixon DeRoulet, Thomas Charles Shea, Carl Bernard Wall, Jay Franklin Walz, Arnold Ledgewood Williams, and Murray Anthony Young. The following have been approved conditionally: Paul Charles Bartholomew, Raymond Paul Drymalski, Hilmar Edward Heuer, Francis Joseph Miller, Daniel Ignatius McCain, and Charles Reynolds Seitz.

The members of the committee on approval for specialising in English are Prof.

Paul Fenlon, chairman, Rev. Leonard Carrico, C.S.C., Prof. Charles Phillips, Rev. Francis T. Maher, C.S.C., and Prof. Vincent Engels.

There will be a meeting of these students with the committee at nine forty-five Sunday morning, April 24, room 222 Main Building.

LEMMER CUP AWARD ENDS YEAR OF INTERHALL DEBATING

The awarding of the Lemmer Cup to Brownson Hall at the Wrangler Banquet, Thursday, March 31, marked the end of the first year of revived interhall debating.

The dusty pennants and faded pictures still to be found in the Brownson Study hall are relics of an age some fifteen or twenty years ago when debating was as important an interhall activity as football is today. Interhall debates of that era were of a high standard, and many good varsity debaters were recruited from the ranks of the interhallers. This activity was suffered to die away from lack of interest, and, up to this year, interhall debating was only a memory.

One of the first questions that faced the Wranglers upon their organization a little less than a year ago was interhall debating. It was thought that there were many men on the campus, particularly in the freshman halls, who would be valuable men on the varsity. Interhall debating offered a method of discovering these men. ς

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There was considerable discussion as to the practicability of reviving interhall debating, and some thought that it had been too long dead to be resurrected. As an incentive Victor Lemmer, varsity debater and one of the graduating members of the club, offered a cup to be given as a trophy to the winning hall.

Early in the year plans were completed for the revival of interhall debating. It was decided to admit teams only from the freshmen halls. Joseph P. McNamara, chairman of the committee on interhall debating, arranged a tentative schedule. It was decided to debate the question: "Resolved: That the government should own and operate the coal mines of the United States." Coaches were appointed, two to each of the freshman halls, and active work began. There was no small amount of scepticism to be combatted, but three halls furnished teams in response to the call. They were Freshman, coached by William F. Craig, Howard, coached by Jack Dailey and Arthur Stenius, and Brownson, which had as its coaches William Coyne and Arnold Williams.

For some time the teams worked with their coaches on the preparation of a suitable brief, the writing of speeches, and other matters necessary to a winning debating team. Owing to serious impediments, the actual contests did not get under way as soon as it had been hoped.

However, on the 16th of February, Freshman met Howard in the first contest. The debate was a dual, each negative winning. The next contest, between Howard and Brownson, was also a tie, the affirmative winning this time. Fears of a tie all the way around were removed when Brownson succeeded in defeating both the Freshman teams. The winning teams were, Affirmative, Frank Amato, Francis Corbett, Leo Dolan, and Negative, Joseph Cullen, Arthur Vogleweide, and Edward Conroy.

GLEE CLUB PREPARED FOR COMING WESTERN INVASION

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Fortified with a knowledge of the most difficult program ever attempted by a Notre Dame Glee Club, the Irish singers will begin their western invasion Easter Sunday with a concert in Chicago. Although the itinerary has not yet been completed, it is known that the singers who conquered the east not long ago will pass through the following points: Chicago, Milwaukee, Kansas City and Omaha. At Creighton University they will be the guests of the senior class at the annual ball.

Many new features have been added to make the success of the western trip a surety. Cate and Stout, banjo artists, will accompany the club, and Anthony Kopecky, whose golden tenor captivated audiences on the eastern swing, will present an entirely new program. Cecil Alexander, whose violin numbers garnered a large meed of praise from eastern critics, will furnish the instrumental numbers.

The club has been cut to thirty members for the coming trip, and there is a number for every member, the club's repertoire now comprising about that many songs. Among the new melodies which the club will render are *Emmitte Spiritum*, a Latin spiritual number by Schuetsky-Singenberger; A Sea Song by Gaines; and Schumann's Lotus Flower. The club will again give the Italian Salad of Genee, which was greeted with storms of applause wherever sung.

Joseph Casasanta and Dr. Browne have been drilling the club steadily in preparation for this trip, and the singers are well prepared for the journey.

TO PLAY GREEK CLASSIC DRAMA

Miss Margaret Anglin has just sent word to the University of Notre Dame that she will produce the "Elektra" of Sopholes at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, April 25. This is the first production to be made by Miss Anglin since the award to her of the Laetare Medal; and she expresses to the University her special gratification in being able to present one of the great classic dramas so soon after the high recognition accorded her by this University. Only one performance of the "Elektra" will This is one of the five Greek be given. classics already revived by the distinguished Catholic artist and the second to be presented in New York City. The "Medea" of Euripides preceded it.

"Debt Liquidation Day" at the Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, is a traditional day on which students are expected to settle unpaid bets, and it has led to many interesting measures, such as pawning clothing and treasures. One student, however, greeted his creditors with cards which announced his bankruptcy and that settlement would be made to the amount of two mills on the dollar.

WEEMS AND CRAWFORD TO PLAY FOR SENIOR BALL

Ted Weems and his famous Victor recording orchestra and Jack Crawford's original band will furnish the music for the Senior Ball week end, May 13th and 14th, according to an announcement by Tony Gandolphi, chairman of the music committee.

After negotiating with several national music corporations, the committee finally selected these two orchestras as the best combination offered by the Music Corporation of America. Ted Weems is nationally famous, having been recording for the Victor company for several years and was a popular choice with the Seniors who filled out Ball questionaires. The music corporation has guaranteed that the band will be composed of only those men who constitute the original recording orchestra, so the Seniors and their guests can be assured of the best obtainable entertainment for the dance. Jack Crawford, another orchestra under the management of the M.C.A., is playing at present in the M.C.A. Ballroom in Milwaukee. Those members of the committee who went to Milwaukee to hear him play are enthusiastic in their praise of the music he affords.

Don Wilkins, commonly known as "Hurry-up Wilkins," has the distinction of being the first to make a deposit on his ticket. The ticket committee reports that the Seniors have been somewhat slow in turning in reservations for tickets, and all are urged to do so before the Easter holidays. It is essential that the favors committee know exactly how many favors are to be needed, and their only way of determining this is by the number of advance reservations. In order to insure favors for their guests, the Seniors are requested to make the first deposit of five dollars immediately.

The favors committee has already decided on an article which, they believe, will be distinctly novel for an event of this kind. The committee has expended considerable effort to obtain a favor that will be different from the ordinary souvenir, and yet one that will please everyone; and Jack Burns, chairman, expresses confidence that this end has been attained. Mike McDermott, general chairman, announces that the other committees have been doing splendid work and that some of them have already completed their assignments. The date for the tea dance was set for Saturday in order to furnish entertainment over the week end. There had been some dissatisfaction expressed concerning the practice of holding a tea dance on Friday afternoon because many of the guests do not arrive in time to attend it, so the committee on arrangements has arranged to hold it the day after the Ball.

DU PONT FELOWSHIP RENEWED

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Prof. H. B. Froning, head of the Department of Chemistry, has received word from E. I. Du Pont de Nemours that the Du Pont Fellowship in Chemistry established last year at Notre Dame has been renewed for the coming year. The fellowship is nonteaching, and amounts to \$750. It is given to some meritorious student to continue graduate work in chemistry.

The Du Pont Company has established twenty-two such fellowships at some of the larger universities, such as Columbia, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, and Yale. The faculty of the chemistry department in each school is free to appoint the fellow. The student who receives the award reports at specified intervals to the company on the work that he does. Notre Dame received the fellowship to promote the research in acetylene carried on by Father Nieuwland. The holder for next year has not yet been appointed.

M'INERNY ADDRESSES NEWS MEN

Robert W. McInerny, circulation manager of the South Bend News-Times, addressed the members of the senior class of the School of Journalism in the Journalism room of the Library Tuesday morning. His subject was "Circulation." Mr. McInerny outlined the methods of organizing a circulation staff, and stressed the importance of this department of the newspaper. The lecture was one of a course being delivered by members of the News-Times staff to senior Journalists.

WRANGLERS DEBATE BY RADIO

The negative varsity debating team, towit, William F. Craig, Joseph P. McNamara and Arthur Goldberg defeated the varsity affirmative composed of Louis Buckley. Pierce O'Connor and William H. Kreig in a radio debate last Friday evening. The debate was sponsored by the Wranglers Club and broadcast through the South Bend Tribune station WSBT. The subject debated was the discontinuance of Federal Aid to the Individual States. The decision was rendered by the radio audience. Reports show that the voices of the Wranglers were heard many hundred miles from the Twin Lakes. Probably the farthest reception was in Virgin City, Nevada. The debate seemed to be well received by the radio audience in spite of the fact that debates are usually considered dry; approximately two hundred auditors sent in their votes which would make safe the assumption that over two thousand listeners heard the second debate that the Wranglers have broadcast in as many years.

THE CHICAGO CLUB DANCES

The Easter Formal of the Chicago Club of Notre Dame will be held Monday evening April 18, beginning at nine-thirty. The setting will be the very exclusive Drake Hotel on Chicago's near North Side. The main dining room has been reserved and there will be that romantic "Avenue of Palms" which was given much publicity by the brilliant Army and Navy Ball of the past football season. A new lighting effecct will be added to make every little thing more pleasant for the dancers.

Jack Chapman and his Bal Tabarian Orchestra has been signed up to furnish the rhythm. Chapman is a Victor recording unit with plenty of pep and vocal numbers, and acclaimed one of the most popular orchestras now playing in Chicago.

BARBER SHOP OPEN NIGHTS

The campus Barber shop will remain open Monday and Tuesday evenings to care for the pre-holiday rush. The shop will close Wednesday afternoon for vacation.

COMMERCE MEN MAKE SURVEY

A survey of marketing conditions in the Philippines, to ascertain the advisability of establishing a chain of five-and-ten-cent stores in the various cities of the islands, has been completed by the members of the College of Commerce for the benefit of a group of Spanish importers. The report, based on an examination of government statistics and an analysis of the different market centers, indicates that the Philippines are not yet prepared to support a chain of this kind. Scarce population and low wages are the reason assigned for rejecting the idea.

PRESS MEETINGS POSTPONED

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Due to the examinations and the approach of Easter, the weekly meetings of the Press Club have been postponed until after the vacation. The next meeting will be held Thursday noon, April 21, in the Coffee Shop of the Hotel LaSalle.

CAMPUS BUILDING ACTIVITIES

The farm building are being moved from the old site near the new dining hall to the University farm northwest of Cartier Field.

Mr. Robert Borden of Chicago has been engaged to assist in the installation of equipment for the new dining hall now being erected.

Work will begin in May on the new steam tunnel designed to take care of the growth in the University, and will be completed some time in July. The pipe line will be constructed between the Infirmary and St. Edward's Hall down to Washington Hall and from there across the quadrangle. The tunnel is to be about 61/2 feet high and will carry large steam pipes and hot water lines.

The advance men sent out by First National Pictures and College Humor to search for ten representative college men to star in the movies will not reach Notre Dame this month. Their visit has been indefinitely postponed.

CAMPUS OPINION

EDITOR, THE SCHOLASTIC,

DEAR SIR:

I submit the following with the hope,merely, that it will be one among many answers to the challenge thrown out to all Catholics in general by a popular novelist, and called to the attention of Notre Dame students in particular by Professor Phillips.

"The Catholic Church does not compel you to give up your sense of beauty, your sense of humor, or your pleasant vices. It merely requires you to give up your honesty, your reason, your heart and your soul."

Were we possessed of the ruminative mood, we might ponder over the character of a man who has yielded up his honesty, his reason, his heart and soul; and perhaps it would then become clearer to us that a man *can* give up these essential attributes of his nature and yet retain his sense of beauty and his sense of humor. But those moments of digressive reflection would yield us what is merely interesting; while the positive and harsh charge of the assertion cries out to us for answer. "The Catholic Church . . . requires you to give up your honesty, your reason, your heart and your soul."

This means literally (and expunged of all rancorous phrasing) that the fixed creed, the authoritative teaching, the authoritative legislation of the church is a limiting, a restraining power—in the sense of a power that hinders the free play of the mind.

In examining the dictum, we may feel a peculiar personal interest inasmuch as we who are Catholics are alone concerned immediately in its truth or falsity; for we alone accept the requirements of the Catholic Church. Consciously and confidently we accept that dogma and legislation, realizing the while that any fixed creed which is not fixed truth is a bar to truthful thinking. We are convinced that, with regard to faith and morals, the Catholic church is an infallible teaching authority. We cannot here enter upon the question of why we are so convinced; let us rather concern ourselves with some very obvious considerations.

There are men who have satisfied themselves on grounds of reason and evidence that the Church is infallible. Even though one may disagree with them, one cannot well question their honesty and their strength of intellect. What had Brownson. and Newman, and Chesterton to gain, except truth? And again, whether one attribute it to custom, or imbecility (with a deep bow to the iconoclastic wing), or what-not, one must admit that in the minds of hundreds of millions of people throughout the world, the infallibility of the Church stands as a truth without doubt. What other authority can match the effectiveness of vatican decrees?

We repeat, for summary emphasis: We, who alone are concerned whether Catholic dogma is a hindrance or an aid, accept the Church as an infallible teaching authority.

Now, the only way in which a man can charge that I give up my honesty and reason in conforming my mind and action to the decrees of the Catholic church, is to charge that that Church is not infallible. For, when a breeze bears away clouds from over a stormy sea, does it set in the heavens the stars that it reveals? and do those gleaming points of certainty "restrain" pilots by letting them know exactly where they are? And, we may press further with reference to the case in point, he does so charge when he says that I actually give up my honesty and reason. But any man who publicly and without qualification makes the charge involves upon himself one of two alternatives-either he has analyzed thoroughly and judged carefully, and found the Catholic claim wanting; or he is speaking gratuitously, without foundation. In the latter case, one may indeed wonder to whom he has yielded up his honesty, his reason, his heart and soul.

Perhaps in his next book the writer in question will introduce subtly all the reasons why, from his search after truth, he has found the Catholic church's claim to infallibility inadequate in the analysis of clear-cut, honest reflection. We accord any man the

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right to differ from us on grounds of reason and evidence; but we are inclined, in human fashion, to grow impatient when hashers blast the public ear with their unreasoned and unsupported opinions.

HOYER SPEAKS ON BOYOLOGY

Prof. Ray Hoyer, head of the Boy Guidance Department, has recently addressed two gatherings on the work being done by his department at Notre Dame. On March 25th, he spoke at the Boyology Course conducted in the new Knights of Columbus Community Center at Fort Wayne, and on April 2nd addressed the Regional Settlement Conference at Columbus, Ohio. The Boyology course at Fort Wayne was directed by Joe Becker, Boy Guidance, '26, who is field secretary for the K. of C. Boy Life Bureau. He was assisted by Jim Egan, Com. '24, Boy Guidance, '26, who is director of the Community House, an \$800,000 building containing every hotel and recreation facility.

PROF. HULL ADDRESSES SCIENCE ACADEMY

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The Notre Dame Academy of Science held its first regular meeting for the month of April last Monday evening, in the north room of the Law Building. Prof. Daniel Hull of the College of Engineering spoke on "Climate and Weather, Past and Present."

Prof. Hull, who has considerable success as a forecaster, nevertheless said at the outset of his talk that he would limit his discussion to the weather of the past and present, because the future is altogether too uncertain. He began with early geologic times, describing the climatic conditions of the various periods. The amount of the sun's heat has varied little, if any, during Climate is a solar all the geologic ages. function, not a terrestrial one. As a possible explanation of some of the extreme variations to be noted from a study of fossil formations, he gave the interesting 'floating continent' theory.

His discussion of thunder showers was concerned with an explanation that he has developed through research. The Hull theory depends upon the negative charge of electricity carried by the water-dust particles that make up a cloud, and it explains precipitation as well as lightning discharges. The weather at any particular time depends upon air and water currents, and the subsequent cloud formations.

After the lecture, which Mr. Hull presented in his usual inimitable fashion, he was kept busy answering the questions of those in attendance. When the time came to adjourn, the subject was not yet 'talked out.'.

TO PRESENT PAPERS AT NATIONAL MEETING

Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., of the Department of Chemistry, is to present three papers before the Organic Division of the American Chemical Society at the spring meeting to be held in Richmond, Virginia, April 11-16.

Fr. Nieuwland is past chairman of this division of the national society, and has also acted as secretary. At present he is a Councillor of the Society, representing the St. Joseph Valley Section. His papers will deal with his researches in acetylene.

From Richmond, Fr. Nieuwland will go to Penn's Grove, New Jersey, where he will give his regular talk on "The Chemistry of Acetylene" to the South Jersey Section of the Society.

NOTRE DAME PLAYWRIGHT WINS AGAIN

Announcement was made this week by the Petite Theatre Vieux du Carre of New Orleans that a prize has been awarded in the recent playwriting contest to a former Notre Dame student, Harry McGuire, '25. Mr. McGuire took third place in the New Orleans contest with a one-act play "When the Ship Goes Down." The contest was national. The award to Mr. McGuire brings fifty dollars. This is the third time during the past year that plays by Harry McGuire have won prizes in national contests. McGuire is at present teaching English at Yale and taking the Baker post-graduate course in playwriting.

ANTHOLOGY AFTER EASTER

The Notre Dame Anthology for 1927 will appear on the campus the first week after vacation. The contents include the creative writings of undergraduate students in almost every college of the university. The book is being edited by Walter H. Layne who advances the following information as to the make-up of the first Notre Dame Anthology.

The Anthology will be divided into four sections including short stories, poems, essays, and plays. The lead story will be the Culver prize winner written by Joseph A. Breig, "The Man Who Saw Himself." The other six stories are: "Caprice" by David Lehman; "The King's Gambit" by Murray Hickey Ley; "Shadows" by John O'Neill; "Prelude" by Everette Michael; "A Dollar Eighty Seven" by Carl Wall; and "The Crest of Wannish Fire," by J. Franklin Walz.

The second section will be given over entirely to poetry and will include the Scribbler's prize poem "Tragedy In Tercets" by Richard Elpers. Poems by Francis O'Toole, John O'Neill, Walter Layne, Robert Hennes, Everette Michael, Murray Hickey Ley, Henry Stuckart, Murray Young, Jack Mullen and Francis Collins Miller will form the remainder of the section.

Two essays will follow under the third section. "The College Man: A Portrait" by Walter H. Layne and "My Window" by George Crongeyer are the representatives of this field of writing.

In the fourth section four one-act plays, the work of the students in Professor Charles Phillips' playwriting class, will be found. Two of the plays "Out of the River" and "The Omadauhn" by James Jay and William Vahey have already been produced by the University Theatre. The other two plays "Prairie Dread" by Linus Maloney and "Laporte: Friday Night" by Lester C. Grady.

An introduction by Professor Charles Phillips entitled "What Are The Colleges Doing?" will be of interest both to students and those into whose hands the book will fall in the outside world.

ART GALLERY RECEIVES PAINTING

The University Art Gallery is the recipient of a painting of the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford, done by Sister Mercy of St. Patrick's Academy of Chicago. The painting was donated by Rev. James J. Callahan of St. Malachy's parish, Chicago. Rev. Muldoon has just returned to his diocese from St. Louis where he has been in a hospital for several months following an operation. The Bishop's army of friends at the University are rejoiced at his recovery.

K. OF C. HEAR ROCKNE

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knight of Columbus, met Tuesday evening, April 5, at 8 o'clock in their chambers in the basement of Walsh Hall. Grand Knight Bob Irmiger presided.

It was announced during the course of the meeting by Grand Knight Irmiger that the Council's annual formal dance would be held Friday evening, May 6. The Council's picnic this year, in charge of "Big John" Mc-Manmon, will be staged at Christiana Lake, Michigan, Thursday, May 19, commencing at half-past ten in the morning. Busses will be employed to convey the picnickers to and from the Lake.

Mr. Rockne, "Rock," All-American of All-American football coaches, acknowledged Lecturer Phalin's introduction by remarking that he had delivered so many talks last week over in Washington Hall that he thought his voice should be given a vacation instead of another work-out. He thereupon told a number of jokes which convulsed the members with laughter. Following the recital of the jokes, Mr. Rockne analyzed the reasons for any man's success in the world.

----L.R.M.

SCRIBBLERS DISCUSS ANTHOLOGY

The Scribblers held a meeting Monday evening, April fourth, in their room in the Library. President Les Grady conducted the meeting. The Scribblers' Anthology was discussed at length. Following the discussion of the Anthology, Jack Mullen read a short story entitled "The Dance." The short story was very well received.

HOBNAILS

THE GIRL OF MY SILHOUETTE (To Vampire)

The girl of my silhouette Is durk and slender Like a new moon Vivaciously sweeping by The blond clouds of evening.

The girl of my silhouette Dances in a Japanese garden And the music of her charm Play melodies of love Upon my heart strings.

The girl of my silhouette Sits looking at my eyes Knowing not that they could tell More than my cold lips But that they dare not speak.

-ROMANY LAD.

THE STORY OF THE UNDERGRADUATE AND THE A.A.

The undergraduate was talking to the aged alumnus, who had returned for a last glimpse of Notre Dame before he died.

"Has the place changed much?" asked the undergraduate.

"Ah, yes, all is changed," answered the A. A., sadly.

"Then there is nothing which brings back your years on the campus?"

The A. A. inhaled deeply through his nose, straightened, and began to leap about like a young colt.

"What is it?" cried the undergraduate, in shocked surprise.

"The atmosphere—the delicate fragrance of the atmosphere," chortled the A. A., gleefully. "I knew that there was something to recall the days of my youth!"

It was then that the undergraduate noticed that the wind had veered to the south.

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YET I REMAIN

Steel rails,
Brilliant with reflected light-
Throbbing, singing, calling
"Friend, come home.
Come, let us take you home!"
Steel rails,
Shrouded now in darkness,
And silent.
Echoes still within my heart their cry:
"Friend, come home!
Come, let us take you home!"
—F. W. S.

THE SOPHOMORE WEAKLY

DEER FRENDS:-The milennyum has cum an it wont be long now. Last weak the Kay of Seas had a bankwet an thare was a speach given on Mexico an Prof. Phillips wasnt the guy to give it. Wen sutch things happen it is hy time to look out for the fewcher. For sum unnoan reesen serten partys didnt look upon my last artikle as a werk of art. Sum remark was past about my use of discreshun in that contribushen. I did make menshun about licker an other undesirable persons but nuthen was sed about discreshun. The vokels are all fed up on that hoo cares yell now an the cheef sport is to find nails to hang up the "Auld LANGE Sign" over the Soph hostileree. A wunderful change in management is cumming about. Lately wen a guy got up an demanded his rites he had to be cairfull ducking lefts. It got so it wasnt funny anymoar. Sum of the guys out hear are near cut out of thare Classes at the Tokio. Frum confidenshul sorses I was told that all this backtime must be made up within the cumming munth. Exams has went by an wont be hear til the next time so wy wurry. As a finale kwestion tell me hoo did —HARRY. Paul revere?

LOOKS BAD FOR YOU, OLD MAN

DEAR CY: Down along the river, out in front of a hash house, there's a sign which says, "Soup to Nuts 30c."

Now I like soup, and I like nuts, and I thought I could take a chance on what would go between; so when I flopped down at the counter I pointed to the sign and said "Bring it on."

Well, the darling gum-chewing waitress yelled, "One up," and then went to the service ledge where she scooped up a bowl of so-called soup. I got that and a thirty cent check.

When I asked for the rest, the young lady pointed to the sign and said, "That's all you get."

Now what I want to know is, was she kidding or did she recognize me? —THE S. PUP.

> MY ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER My father was a philosopher, I am but a follower; My father thought alone, I follow the crowd. My father was logical, I am biological. —ARISTOTLE II.

"Cicero Beats atesville, Ark., For National Basket Title" says a head-line. Yes, and we'll wager that if they didn't, the population of Batesville, Ark., would have been reduced by at least five. —CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

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LITERARY

Strayed

The Story of a College Man

JACK MULLEN

HAT I should write at all will be a matter of some surprise to you, Eleanor; that I should send you a letter which, in the end, will probably become a bulky manuscript, is an action that I myself can understand only with difficulty. Perhaps you will not even read it. I hope sincerely, though, that you will give me a hearing, for my actions of the last few months have appeared so inconsistent with the declarations of real affection that I have so often made to you as to require at least some explanation. I did love you, Eleanor; I love you now, today, knowing that I will probably never see you again. I love you still, but a force stronger even than that love has influenced me to act in a manner that six months ago would have seemed impossible. I cannot hope to explain that force; I can hope only to show you how it has affected me.

In order to make you understand more clearly, I will have to go back to the time when I was still at Notre Dame. I was not very different from most of the men at college, except that I was given to introspection, dreams, and poetry, three weaknesses which, fortunately, were not very prevalent among my friends. I did have one idea, however, which made me distinctly different from the majority: I wanted to get married! I had the quaint conviction that a happy married life was the highest ambition toward which man could strive. Where I could have contracted such a notion I have no idea, unless it was that my own home life was especially happy.

When I left college, I was in love with you, but more than that, I was in love with everything. Another of my peculiarities. I had a faculty for falling into love easily, but could fall out of it only with great difficulty. Not girls, you know; it was simply that I could conceive the most painful affections for my friends, my prof, and even for such naturally unaffectionate things as the home town or the University.

In spite of these attachments, I left college with no very great regrets. I was in love and, for once, I was loved. You and I were to be married as soon as circumstances would permit. I was a fairly skilful writer and had a number of promising opportunities for positions, but my false idealism and futile ambition prevented me from taking any of them. Before I could accept one of these propositions, I decided, I had to see something of people and of the world.

I thought I had become obsessed with that old, old dream of immortality which is the ambition of almost every man at some period in his life. I wanted to make my own name famous and remembered—I even imagined that it was possible. I was resolved to obtain fame at almost any cost, but at the time I felt that it should never interfere with my tremendous love for you.

In reality, although I did not realize it then, I was simply possessed with the urge for wandering which has appeared in previous generations of our family. Subsequently. I substituted the desire to gain experience for the real reason, which was nothing more or less, I fear, than the wanderlust of an ordinary hobo.

I decided upon a walking tour from Chicago, on which tour there would be sufficient opportunity to observe, take notes, do, perhaps, a little poetry, and work when the state of my finances required it. About a week after graduation, I broached the subject to father, and had no difficulty in convincing him of the advantages of the trip. You, too, (it struck me as being strange at the time) were willing that our marriage be postponed for a time if it would help at all in making me the success which you had evidently dreamed that I would be. You would miss me greatly, you said, but we had been apart so much that you were comparatively inured to my absence. And, of course, I would write often. Of course!

It is true that, for a moment, I was doubtful of the wisdom of my course. Here, I thought, was a girl, a beautiful, sympathetic, intelligent girl, who wanted to marry me and whom I wished to marry. A good position, with excellent prospects; a happy, if youthful marriage; something to work and plan for: these were the things for which I had always hoped. But in the end I decided that they could wait. Surely a few months could make little difference, and I would be building the foundation for greater literary success. Thus did I deceive myself.

So I began to wander. I bade good-bye to mother, father and the brothers and set out westward toward the Fox River valley, intending to follow the stream north into Wisconsin. I avoided the concrete highways and their humming motors; I walked around the large towns that lay in my path. The small, dusty, side-roads, bordered by lumpy osages, and consisting of but a single track the width of an automobile were the ways I chose to travel; the tiny villages with their occasional old, red-brick mansions, their great trees, and their white cottages were the towns I wished to see.

Days, I tramped forward gaily. I sang when I wished and as the mood suited me, and I considered the value of the songs. College melodies which had sounded inspiring at the chorus of three thousand voices were strangely vain and boastful out here in the solitude and silence. Popular ditties became meaningless, futile things, with ridiculous words and pathetic tunes. As the days passed, I turned more and more to songs of sentiment, not so much because of the sentiment which they themselves expressed as because of the past events which each of them invariably recalled to my mind.

When I was tired, or wished to drop into one of the reveries which are almost my sweetest pleasures, I lay down in the grass by the side of road, with my hands clasped behind my head, and my eyes gazing at the strange illusions of a sky which ever retreated but moved farther away. I listened to a nearby meadow-lark; I heard, with a tightening of the scalp and a chilling of the spine, an engine somewhere shrieking mournfully: "Ho-ome; ho-ome; home -home!" Then I would think of home, whimsically cursing, yet loving locomotives and all their tribe; I would think of you, Eleanor, and decide that I loved you more every day, that the journey would ensure our future happiness. I would construct most admirable castles in the air, only to shatter them with a laugh; get up, and be upon my way.

It seemed to me that the world was my friend and I tried to treat it as such. Ι whistled to the larks; I gave a politely attentive ear to the falsetto concerts of a thousand crows; I spoke to the people I met, and they invariably answered my salutation. I liked to attract the attention and mild wonder of certain venerable cows by making sounds in imitation of their own. At times, I stopped to talk to the farmers in their fields, afterwards coming away wondering at the city hordes which call the farmers The men of the country are a race fools. apart, to me. They have a faculty for saying only what they mean and meaning all of what they may say which is, perhaps, the reason for being held in disdain by my former friends at college. Certainly, they were basically different in their words and actions and I came to the sad conclusion that one has but to be different to be foolish in the estimation of the infallible ones of the University.

Because I did not want to be hampered by luggage, I usually depended for my meals upon either the food in small town lunch counters or the hospitality of farmers. After eating in some farmer's home, I helped with any work which I could do, even earning the contempt of some of the men by wiping dishes. The small talk of the lunch counter loafers and the families at the dinner table always delighted and enlightened me. It gave me new observations on human nature; observations which I hope some day to use in my stories.

When night fell, I spread my blanket in the nearest hay-loft, frequently that of the farmer with whom I had eaten supper. I slept dreamlessly and awoke to the insistent crowing of a cock, the sweet smell of the hay, and a tremendous appetite. Sometimes I would chop wood for half an hour or, if it were wash-day, carry water to fill the boiler on the old fashioned stove. In any case, my reward was sizzling, fragrant bacon, accompanied by huge slices of bread, and a cup of hot coffee the quality of which was a matter of no importance to my ravenous stomach. I ate as I had never before eaten.

If it rained, I stayed in the hay-loft, dreaming, writing verses when the inspiration seized me, and listening to the indescribable music of the drops on the roof overhead. It seemed that I could write more easily to that drowsy, soothing hum; the verses improved noticeably in quality; ever a dreamer, I began to consider the financial possibilities of poetry.

I did not neglect my stories entirely, however; my notes were added to regularly. Ι was really negligent in only one respect-I did not write many letters. Occasionally, I wrote home; a short letter, usually, containing little of the enthusiasm that was mine. I wrote to you oftener, but less often as the. days went by; this in spite of the sizeable stack of mail that always awaited me at towns to which I had told you to write. Sometimes, I was conscience-stricken. \mathbf{It} was not that I did not love you so much as I had, I said to myself, but rather that, if I were to do justice to myself, I could not expend a great deal of time in letter-writing. You would understand, I knew; you always did.

Thus I had wandered merrily, aimlessly, and very inexpensively, far up into the wooded country of Northern Wisconsin, when I met Rudy. Rudy, a man of about my age, but taller, and a much more striking figure, was standing on a large boulder beside a water fall, looking at the stream, and listening when I first saw him. I watched him for some time and decided, before I spoke, that he was a kindred spirit.

In five minutes, we found that we were friends; in ten, that we were to continue the journey together. Rudy cared not at all where he went; he had worked for a year in a Detroit automobile factory but, unable to stand the mechanical nature of the job, had tramped westward toward Wisconsin, in whose woods he had spent his early life. Homeless and, as he said, without a friend who really meant anything to him, whither he went and when were of no consequence.

We swung north and eastward together, crossed into Canada at the "Soo," and began a leisurely journey through the naked Laurentian hills that border the northern shore of Lake Huron. As we travelled, we talked of ourselves and our problems, the people we had met, the things we had done. Oh, it was the gay life, Eleanor. He was an ideal companion. I have never heard anything that would affect me emotionally as the echoes of his voice cast back by the bare old rocks.

I was enjoying the wandering; it was the happiest time of my life. Gradually, hard as it is to say, you faded from my mind. I wrote to you at rare intervals, and you, not knowing where I would be, were unable to answer. That was all right, though, I still told myself. The summer would soon pass; I would return to Chicago; everything would be just as it had been.

One night, in an extremely wild section, Rudy suggested that we turn from the highway and penetrate the forest to one of the. nearby lakes, where we could sleep in the We had not been doing that, you open. know. The day had been warm and clear; the night would be splendid. Twilight was fading from scarlet to purple when we reached the shore of a dark lake, whose waters looked deep and cold. The pines reached down almost to the water's edge except at one spot, where stood several rotting cabins that had once been a lumber camp. Rocky hills arose on every side.

Rudy, the woodsman, chose a cleared spot under the trees for our blankets, and began to prepare beds of pine branches while I built a small fire. The call of a loon, out upon the water, caused my skin to tighten. Rudy remarked that he had seen wolf-tracks in the woods; that we would hear other strange sounds that night.

He was breathing steadily a moment after we lay down, but sleep would not come to me. The cry of the loon had put my nerves in such a state that I found it impossible even to lie quietly and watch the full moon rise. At first, it was a huge and golden, but it turned slowly to a cold, silver, shrunken ball. The atmosphere seemed to chill sumultaneously. Even the heavy blanket, which I had thought to be superfluous, was not sufficient to keep me warm.

Once I fell into a doze, only to be awakened by a hideous sound from somewhere nearby; a horrible half-bark reminiscent of dogs baying at the moon, but turning to a dismal howl and ending in something like a wild laugh. It was the weirdest sound I had ever heard; I felt for a moment like getting up and running insanely into the forest. The sound was repeated. I remembered Rudy's words about the wolf-tracks.

I was frightened. Wolves had always seemed particularly fearful animals to me; they ran in cowardly packs, and attacked only the defenseless. They were coming nearer; I could feel their hateful presence. After a struggle to overcome my inertia, I crawled from the blanket and reignited the little fire. That would keep the wolves away. Then I lit a cigarette and pulled on it steadily. The loneliness was extremely depressing; the wolves howled at too-frequent intervals; miles away, a locomotive moaned to the forest: "Ho-ome; ho-ome; home-home!" Rudy, asleep nearby, offered no more company than a log. The futility and error of my action struck me as they never had before. I longed for home and for you. With inevitable repetition, the thought came back to me: Is this the happiness I wanted?

I stayed before the fire, moving only enough to light another cigarette or to gather a little fuel. I was making a momentous decision, engendered by that oppressive solitude. Hours passed; the sharp night chilled me through. I allowed the fire to die before my eyes; the last cigarette to burn to nothingness and blow away noiselessly. I pulled my knees close to me and rested my arms and head on them in a vain attempt to keep warm. At last, just as a faint light appeared in the east, I arose stiffly, tore a sheet from the note-book in my pocket, and scribbled upon it:

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Rudy: I'm going home. Mart.

I then placed the paper carefully in the pocket in which he kept his cigarettes, tied my blanket on my back, looked once more at the scene about me, carefully avoiding Rudy with my glance, and followed the fading path into the forest.

On my way back to Chicago, I rode the rods, or bummed rides with passing motorists; it mattered not so long as I got home quickly. At first I felt a great relief at knowing definitely where I was going and why: at first I saw the future only in a rosv light. Home would be a splendid place: there would be a warm house, and mother's delicious meals, always ready for me; father and the brothers to discuss the world and its folly; a position which I could enjoy; a steady existence with little uncertainty, and with moments of leisure whose rarity would magnify their value. I would enjoy that sensation of solidity beneath my feet; of solid obstructions to be pushed aside; of solid pleasures to be enjoyed.

And you, Eleanore—you would be waiting for me. We would marry in the Fall, I thought; I would be making a sufficient salary and, doubtless, the families would help at first. Dreamer that I am, I saw the whole panorama of my life laid out before me, colored by the optimism of my passing mood.

As I neared Chicago, my dreams faded gradually to realities and then to apprehen-I considered the monotony of my sions. future existence; the total lack of the chance for adventure which I had always anticipated. I wondered if I had not made a mistake in coming back at all. Perhaps you were already forgetting me; I was fool enough to think that. Besides, I lied to myself, I had not seen enough of the world to be able to write stories that would not be I still wanted to see distant forgotten. places, places with high-sounding names; Kandahar and Ispahan, Shanghai, Tahiti,

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Bagdad, the Taj afloat in a mirror-like pool. I wondered if Rudy were still wandering through Ontario's deserted forests.

It was too late to go back, though. I pushed onward into Chicago and went directly to the loop, that I might see the worst.

The city appalled me. It was dirty. The air almost choked me. Disinterested people shoved me impersonally out of their way if I paused to look at something. Only a few even noticed my trampish clothing. Disinterested automobiles nearly ran me down. Disinterested elevated trains whined horribly in turning curves; and to their sound the street-cars, the motor-busses, and the traffic policemen each added their characteristic noises to create a bedlam. Everyone was minding his own business, strictly; everyone was impersonal and machine-like.

I boarded an elevated train wondering dully why I had forsaken heaven for such a hell as this. I was going home, but it seemed that I could never stay. In my brain, the open road was calling; the road that led to the distant hills behind which lay castles and walled cities. I knew that I still loved you, but I could not believe that city life would ever satisfy me again. I wanted to say good-bye to everyone again, and to leave, perhaps forever. I wanted to find Rudy again.

That night, when I telephoned you, I felt a pang of conscience at hearing the delight in your voice. You were glad I was coming over, you said. When I arrived, you met me at the door, more beautiful than I had ever seen you.

"Martin!" That single word—the way you said it—turned my heart to a heavy, clammy substance. I walked past you into the house, unable to say a word, unable to take the hands that you offered. Your two hands! I know now that it was terrible, Eleanor, but then I seemed entirely without emotion. I dropped heavily upon the sofa, and you followed slowly, wondering, I suppose, at my strange silence.

"What's the matter, Mart?" you asked, as you sat down beside me. I was silent, inwardly cursing my own inability to carry out the plan I had intended to follow in my recital. I could think of nothing to say, nor could I have said anything if able to think. and the state of the second second

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"Tell me, Mart!" You grasped my hand. I wanted to pull it away; I knew I had no right to touch you; but I was afraid to do so. I was afraid to do anything; even to look at you.

At least, I plunged desperately into the story. I knew no other way to do it. I told it in a dull monotone, while I looked across the room. I felt you move closer to me, put your arms around my shoulders, pull me to you as if to protect me, and then slowly, hopelessly relax into passiveness. I heard you sobbing beside me, and then slowly, hopelessly drop into silence. I sensed the fire, the grief, the tragedy that came into your eyes, to be succeeded by an unseeing stare. I tell you these things because I gave no sign of sympathy, then. I sat there, looking stonily across the room.

But why were we silent for the next half hour? Why didn't one of us say what was really in the hearts of both? Perhaps I would have acted differently, then; now it is too late. At first, the ache in my heart was terrific, but it slowly subsided. I looked at you. You were huddled over, with your face in your hands. Your dishevelled hair fell about your face and neck. For the first time that evening I acted on impulse; I put my arms around you and whispered:

"Good-bye...."

You did not answer. I released you and went out, lighting a cigarette as I walked slowly down the steps. Perhaps you saw me. The little flame was the only light in a world of overwhelming darkness, to me, for I was going to wander again. I was going to wander, to make a name for myself, to find Rudy

But I have not, and I will not find him, Eleanor. It seems one never does.

April Showers

A Short Short-Story

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

S^{HE} waited for him in the immense, grotesque, rich living room and wondered, rather hopelessly, if he would ever come.

Some women are that way: they wait. Others gallop and are pursued, but somehow, some way, the Beloved never catches up to them. And that is tragedy.

It was raining outside. The night was bright with one of those interminable, translucid April showers that wash the filth of winter into dark, shiny gutters and thence away into forgetfulness.

She waited for him. She was pretty if not elegant, with nice brown eyes and chestnut hair. You must wonder why such a woman would wait on anyone. But, then, you can see by her eyes that she is in love... her eyes have a molten, wet sadness about them that manifest longing. She is a woman who is at rest only in the arms of a man.

There was a very slight bed of coals in the fireplace. She poked them listlessly. Finally she arose and drew back the tip of a curtain. Outside an almost solid parade of sleek motors slid along in the moist darkness. Here and there, in the plush recesses of a limousine, she glimpsed the flash of jeweled combs in lustrous hair and the chalk-white fronts of dinner-coated men. She fancied she could hear the merriment of conversation within the costly enclosures that bustled along the boulevard. Quite abstractly she recalled that she had cars like that of her own. Yet the thought did not comfort her; it irked and pricked her.

Why didn't he come?

Suddenly she thought she caught the scrape of his shoes on the immense stone steps.

Was it his footstep or the beating of her heart?

Surely it was the surging of her heart; for there was no ring, no voice in the hall. Poor heart! Why should happiness depend on a footstep, on a voice, on a smile, on any one thing, for that matter?

But it was indubitable. Happiness *did* for her. He was poor, he was indifferent, he was only a boy. She was rich, she was ardent, she was a woman. She loved him, though. And when he failed each onrushing minute she threw herself on the couch to crush angrily the throbbing heart that had so deceived her.

The rain beat incessantly with a quiet symphonic note in the deep, stone casements. It maddened her. A few weeks before she would have glorified in the rain; she would have put on her oiled-silk slicker and walked in it from the pure joy of living. But that was before she met *him.* Strange, isn't it? ... how we change with just meeting someone!

This woman surveyed the sumptuousness of the room, with its hangings, its antiques, its period furniture, its luxury. She thought how he lived . . . in a single room, a grouchy landlady who scolded him every day for leaving his pajamas on the floor and scattering cigarette butts around. She had her breakfast of golden toast and orange juice in bed; he had a roll and rotten coffee at a corner restaurant. But then, he was proud. He boasted of these poverties and inconveniences.

She raised her head. A sound like a swordflash pierced her. Was she mistaken?

It came again. A scuffling! A scraping! Then a ring. The doorman went forward to open the heavy oak portal.

No mistake!

Her face lit up. She rushed to a long cheval glass to arrange her hair and touch up her cheeks. She was transformed by a sound from inertia and weariness, to exultant vivacity. He had come!

What a spark love is! It ignites, it devours, it quenches, it destroys!

He Ordered a Chocolate Sundae

As He Often Had Before

ARNOLD WILLIAMS

G IMME a chocolate sundae," Little Johnny said to the immaculate dispenser who came sweet and fresh and frosty-looking in his starched white garments of office to take the order.

And the dispenser repeated, "Chocolate sundae?" and, not hearing himself contradicted, was behind the fountain in two steps, ice-cream dipper in one hand and sundae dish in the other.

Little Johnny always ordered chocolate sundaes. Perhaps that was because they cost only a dime, which was his unit of monetary value. Like most lads of twelve, he could save until he had accumulated a dime. Then he must spend. A dime, hot and greasy, tightly held in a chubby hand represented capital to him.

After he had ordered he looked at the menu. What if they had suddenly raised the price? No, it was still ten cents. Then his eye wandered on down the page, through the "sodas all flavors" and the phosphates and sherbets to the space marked "Fancy Sundaes," where, written in a scraggly hand were the more ambitious dishes the confectionery offered for sale.

There it was! "Hawaiian Divinity, 35 cents."

His eye came to rest here. It always did. He could see "Hawaiian Divinity" in his imagination. Sometimes he even dreamed of it. It would be big, luscious, solidly beautiful, satisfying. It would come in one of those fancy brown and white china sundae dishes that were displayed in all their shining glory against the mirror on the back of the fountain. Yes, there would be three different kinds of ice-cream-strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla. Red, brown, white. Over the three mounds of ice-cream there would be two or three syrups. Marshmallow and chocolate and pineapple. There would be a regular mosaic of contrasting colors in little lumps like an artist's pallette. On top of this would be the ice-cream, a veritable mountain of it arranged in a sort of byzantine style with little minarets and domes. A round, red cherry would surmount the whole edifice over which crushed nuts would be sprinkled profusely, with a piece of fruit, a slice of pineapple or banana or something, stuck in the side.

"Hawaiian Divinity, 35 cents." It was an ambition to Johnny. One was always hungry after a chocolate sundae, but a Hawaiian Divinity would be completely satisfying. Someday, he often said to himself, he would get thirty-five cents. He would save up, or an uncle would give it to him. Yes, someday. Then he would say to the dispenser, "I believe I'll take an Hawaiian Divinity."

Or no, first he would ask him, "Are your Hawaiian Divinities good today?"

Yes, someday he would say that. He could see the outline of the thing before him. It seemed very real; he could almost touch it. Then suddenly it shriveled and shrank and became a chocolate sundae. Only a humble chocolate sundae, costing a meager dime.

"Little boy," a big woman holding a dog in one hand and a large package in the other said to him one day, "if you'll take this package to 2561 Maple Avenue, I'll give you a half dollar. Will you?"

"Yes'm," Johnny gasped. Half a dollar! Enough to buy a Hawaiian Divinity and have fifteen cents left over, too.

That was all he thought of while he gayly trotted off in the direction of Maple Avenue, half way across the town. At last it was to be his. Hawaiian Divinity, Hawaiian Divinity. The words became sort of a tune and he kept step to them. He rehearsed the words he would say when he ordered it.

Then, suddenly he found himself at 2561 Maple Avenue. Leaving the package at its destination he hastened to the confectionery where he already pictured himself realizing his ambition. He held the shining coin tightly in his fist; it meant so much to him.

Again the dispenser stood before him. He was a figure to excite awe, his manner, the majesty with which he placed the glass of A Beer Indeed

With Some Disastrous Effects

J. F. MAHONEY

water before Johnny, the importance in his voice when he asked, "What'll yours be, little boy?"

And Johnny, who had looked forward to that moment as one of his greatest ambi-

it all depends on who is drinking it. But in

the main, beer may be considered as being

and ordered a beer. Near him stood Katie

O'Reilly, a depraved creature of the beer-

gardens. Spud didn't want to know her particularly-he owed her old man some mo-

ney, and he was afraid she would ask him

for it. Nevertheless, he was forced to ad-

mit that her little finger curved elegantly,

and that there was the insouciance of Youth in the way she wiped the foam from her

Spud drank his beer and ordered another,

that he might have time to study her fur-

ther. She paid very little attention to him,

even when he flippantly offered to pay for

her beer. This was a reckless gesture on

Spud's part, because he couldn't have paid

for it. You will see that Spud was a

product of the city streets, audacious. . . and fascinating. But the implacable Katie

Spud Rosenberg leaned against the bar

a relatively harmless beverage.

nose. Or was it foam?

tions, who had planned and rehearsed for it, on finding the gratification of his desire within his power, colored, coughed, lost his voice, and finally painfully gulped out, "Gimme a chocolate sundae."

paid no attention to his alluring smile.

Several beers later, Spud became bolder. Hedging toward her, he touched her arm, and when she turned in surprise, he said gently, "May I see you home?" There was a sinister leer on his swarthy face. Katie answered, swift as lightning, "Boy, I'll tell you what I'll do; if you can drink more beer than I can in the next hour, I'll let you see me home."

"Who'll pay for the beer?" queried the thrifty Spud.

A tear glistened in the bartender's eye. "I'll buy them beers," he said. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

. Spud leaned against the bar. If there had been no bar, he would have leaned against something else, beccause he felt like leaning. He was alone in the saloon. The bartender could be found in the back room furtively wiping his eyes. Katie had been taken home by her father some time before. Stark tragedy for Spud . . . aspirin for Katie.

Young love must always face a thousand pitfalls. Must beer indeed be one?

 \mathbf{T} O one has ever safely accused beer of causing great disaster! Of course, there is beer, and there is beer. . . .

Homo At The Absurdities

A Campus Notable Gives His Own Reactions

GEORGE A. KIENER

H OMO SAPIENS, contrary to general opinion, has been keeping his diary quite faithfully, but has been covering matter that is hardly of general interest. Knowing that the campus would be interested in his reactions to the "Monogram Absurdities," I asked him to attend, and to include his views in his chronicle of thought. He rather surprised me with his reactions. However, they are quite as agreeable as they are surprising. On to Homo.

April 1, 1927. 11:30 P. M.

"Attended the 'Monogram Absurdities' this evening and truly enjoyed the two and a half hours of burlesque and whatnot. Paid only fifty cents for my ticket, and arrived early. Hoped to obtain a good balcony seat, but others hoped earlier . . . Sat in the tenth row.

"When the erudite Sophomores behind me weren't picking Rockne's first team for 1927, I was able to hear quite well. When the fussy may-pole artist in front of me sat still for a moment, and forgot to observe to his Fifth Avenue companion that this or that was "terrr-i-ble," or "gorrr-geous," I really could see the stage. However, irony to one side. I thought a few constructive thoughts.

"Was truly impressed with the ability manifested by men, who according to a few campus intellectuals, are 'too bad' in anything but athletics. Grace, smoothness of bearing, cleverness, real humor; all were given to the audience in full measure. This, from men whom some consider able to do only the "crude" things of college life. "Might it not be possible that these men of athletic accomplishment are receiving a more fundamental and valuable education and training that many of the superficially "elite?" They manifest what ability they have at the proper and logical time, and are not forever forcing it upon unwilling men about them. Of course, Monogram egotism is as bad as any other type, but is hardly as widespread. Occasionally a baseball pitcher gets it.

"This makes me wonder if it is not greatly to a man's advantage to get into the fray. to exchange clean and hard line bucks, basket heaves, and home stretch battles of grit; and to really experience, in a sense, the essence of mundane life. . . . FIGHT!! For. what is our life on earth but one fracas after another, against corporeal and noncorporeal enemies? It seems that men who have fought hard, and learned to give and take in clean contest are better prepared to face life than the lad whose experience has been theory, and who has always been sheltered from the hard world by papa's dollars or mamma's insistence that he wear his winter underwear.

"Athletics have their place in college life, and for nine men out of ten, they supply something of character and value that these men can get in no other way. The exception is the man who can be a real man without them. *And*, they don't seem to detract from the dancing ability of the 'Thriller Girls', or the bearing, nonchalance, and imitative ability of the mayor of Notre Dame, Rock II, or St. Peter. How queer!!"



Old Book Shops

And Their Genial Characteristics

GEORGE A. SCHEUER

HERE is something fascinating in odd piles of used books. Many of them may be worthless, but here and there one finds among them a familiar friend who has been neglected.

Until recently South Bend had no such market of well-worn volumes, except the general second hand stores, whose supply of books was always very limited. Now, however, the real thing has made its appearance, near the corner of Jefferson and Lafayette. Of course, it is not so well stocked as "Les Bouquinistes" of Paris, but it may grow.

These second hand book stores seem to have atmosphere and conventions of their own. The customer may stay as long as he likes; he reads standing up and with his hat on. Moreover, the attendants are generally instructed not to press customers to buy. That, in itself, is a unique principle upon which to conduct a business.

Another feature that adds to the interest is that although somewhat grouped, the books are not as a rule very well classified. Thus one does not merely glance at a shelf and decide that it holds nothing of interest. He looks at each volume with a question about its contents. Occasionally he receives a pleasant surprise from a volume which he had supposed to be dull and uninteresting.

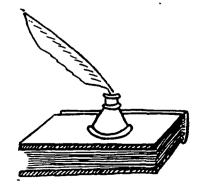
These book stalls have it all over libraries in that no books are: "On reserve, In-the-Bindery," etc. Then too, there is no card index to mislead one; simply the books and luck.

Whether one goes in to seek bargains in rare old volumes and first-editions, or merely to browse around, time spent in these marts of tried literature is well repaid. Marginal notes and comments made by earlier readers often add spice to the interest. They show another's reaction to the author's thought.

If interest in the old volumes lags, the casual customer may well entertain himself by observing the rest of the customers. Many of them have "seen better days." Yet, all have a common interest; they are fascinated by the printed word.

In a library one finds only what is new and what has stood the test of time and critics. Yet, we know that by gone ages had a wealth of literature that has not lived. We hope the best has lived but we are not always certain that it has. In the used book shop, where private libraries are dumped upon the common market, we get a chance to examine for ourselves some of the dead literature. Occasionally we may chance upon something which, in your opinion, should not have been covered with the dust of time. Perhaps it did not meet the exacting demands of its day, or maybe it was not published widely enough. In any case, we get a thrill at the discovery of some such worth while work.

Those college students, who, when called upon to present a paper, sometimes "dig" into an encyclopedia or some well known text on the subject, might do much better to conduct their "research" in the forgotten volumes of a second hand store. Then the professor, although he might doubt the originality of the work, would at least appreciate the bringing to light of a neglected but valuable work.



SPORT NEWS

Carroll Wins Interhall Net Title; Off-Campus Second

FINAL INTERHALL STANDINGS

	W.	L.	Pct.	T.P.		W	. L.	Pct.	T.P.
	Carroll10	1	.909	182	Freshman	4	7	.444	111
	Off-Campus 9	2	.818	235	Brownson	4	7	.444	105
	Corby 8	3	.727	202	Howard	4	7	.444	134
	Sophomore 8	3	.727	183	Walsh	4	7	.444	120
	Morrissey 6	5	.545	165	Badin	3	8 ·	.273	90
	Sorin 6	5	.545	159	Lyons	0	11	.000	65
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Ten times victorious and only once defeated, the brilliant Carroll Hall basketball team was crowned interhall title holder Sunday when it overcame the last obstacle in its path, the Sorin five. The Carroll team defeated Sorin 18 to 10 and cinched its hold on the interhall gonfalon.

Off-Campus athletes plugged through the season on Carroll's heels and missed a chance for disputing the title claim by only half a game. Corby and Sophomore were tied for third and fourth after putting up a stubborn game throughout the season.

Carroll's clever quintet deserved all the honors which its victories brought. The tented alley team played consistent basketball throughout the season and met all comers with equal confidence. Though outdone in offensive strength by the Day-Dog team, Carroll's ability to make points count when they were needed was a feature of the team's play throughout the season. Father Heiser's team met each of the eleven teams in the league and lost but one game, that to Sophomore.

'NOTHER BANNER FOR CARROLL

As a result of winning the basketball crown, another banner will float from the Carroll "rec" room flagstaff, interhall officials say.

After disputing the leadership with Carroll on several occasions, Father Farley's Day-Dogs were forced to fall behind a half game and be content with second place honors. The off-campus team proved itself in the fight Sunday when it eked out a last period win over Corby, which would have taken second honors had it defeated the Day-Dog five.

Corby and Sophomore were tied for the other place position. Each team displayed a snappy brand of basketball throughout the season and never entered a game without putting up a stiff fight. Coach Newbold's Sophomore team was especially brilliant in its last six games.

SUCCESSFUL SEASON

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Father E. V. Mooney, C.S.C., who handled details of the Interhall Basketball League was well pleased with the results and believes that the league is now on a firm footing. Interest was high both among the players and the spectators. The games, both from a standpoint of skill and officiating, were of good caliber.

The results of Sunday's games are:

CARROLL 18, SORIN 10

With its eye set on the title, the Carroll five played a snappy game and had the Sorin defense constantly baffled. Medland, Carroll center, made four baskets and led his team in scoring.

BROWNSON 9, SOPHOMORE 7

Sophomore lost its chance for second place when the Brownson team put over an unex-

794



There are now only two authentic styles for college men

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THE short coat or one of normal length. Both are selling big here. Both are straight-hanging, easy fitting, snug across the hips. Both have three - button coats, spaced wide and short lapels. Both are correct as Hart Schaffner & Marx have made them and both are here in the new greys, light blues and tans.

2-trouser suits \$35 \$40 \$45 \$50

Sam'l Spiro & Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Stylish Clothes for College Men

pected 9 to 7 victory. As usual, Markey led the Sophomore team in scoring.

OFF-CAMPUS 23, CORBY 20

After leading for most of the game, Corby was forced to bow to the excellent teamwork of Father Farley's five and lose its hold on second place. Smith stood out for the Day-Dogs while Lloyd was the Corby hero.

FRESHMAN 13, MORRISSEY 26

Morrissey's crack offense had little trouble with Freshman. B. Leahy featured the game with five field goals.

IRISH TRIM INDESTRUCTOS IN OPENER, 6-1

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Coach Tommy Mills' aggregation of Irish diamond athletes chalked up their official victory of the 1927 baseball season last Sunday afternoon on their own field, when they proceeded to hand a neat trimming to the strong Mishawaka Indestructos by a 6-1 score.

The contest was originally billed as a practice affair for both teams, but the flashes of mid-season form displayed at times by the Celts especially, seemed to belie the practice aspect of the engagement and convert it into a spirited, well-played clash.

Coaches Mills and Walsh trotted out a veritable army of enterprizing performers during the afternoon's festivities giving no less than twenty men a chance to display their abilities. Included in this array of talent were three pitchers, Ronay, Besten, and Abbrott who between them turned in an exceptionally nifty hurling performance. The Indestructos were able to connect safely for only three one-base wallops off their combined offerings throughout the entire nine innings of play.

Meanwhile, while their guests were being curved and fast-balled to death, the Celtic stickmen got busy off of the shoots of Bartz, H. Gorton, and Jeffreys, the visiting hurlers, and feasted on their offerings to the extent of ten safe wallops, including a threeply sock by O'Boyle, which were productive all told, of a sextet of runs. Ronay drew the inaugurating pitching assignment for Notre Dame and during the three innings that he toiled on the hill, pitched well-nigh invincible ball to hold the Mishawakans to a complete whitewash as far as hits and runs were concerned.

Besten climbed the mound at the start of the fourth session and he too turned in a mid-season performance by holding the Indestructos to a lone single and no runs, until Abbrott relieved him in the "lucky session," the seventh. While performing his share of the pitching burden Abbrott kept up the good work that his two predecessors had started, in spite of the fact that Stanley of the visiting combination cracked a two-bagger in the eighth round, and scored the visitor's lone tally when he was propelled the rest of the way to the counting block, by a lusty single from the bat of H. Gorton.

During this time the rest of the hardworking Celts refused to let any grass grow under their spikes in regards to earning runs, and hopped on Bartz, the starting pitcher for the Indestructo for a trio of tallies in the very first inning. Yore started the ensuing excitement by working the Mishawakan for a free ticket to first via a pass, and continued to third when Hagan tossed Sullivan's attempted bunt into center O'Boyle brought both teammates field. home with a screaming triple to right, and scored a moment later himself when Capt. Red Smith sent the horsehide for a clean single to left. Further scoring was terminated by three successive Irish outs. Besten scored for the home crew in the fifth when he walked, reached second on an error, and scored when O'Boyle again came through in a pinch and delivered a single to left.

Notre Dame counted her last tallies in the eighth when singles by Kelly and Colereic, interspersed with a stolen base and several errors, were productive of a final pair of counters.

Besides the more than commendable hurling performances of the Irish pitchers, the fielding of the entire squad was also wellnigh faultless and worthy of praise. The

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lone Irish miscue was credited to Harry O'Boyle when he dropped a "too-sure-of" pop fly. However, he more than offset this bungle by showing the way to the rest of his mates with the stick, by compiling a perfect average for the day with a triple, two singles and a walk, out of four times at bat. —J.V.H.

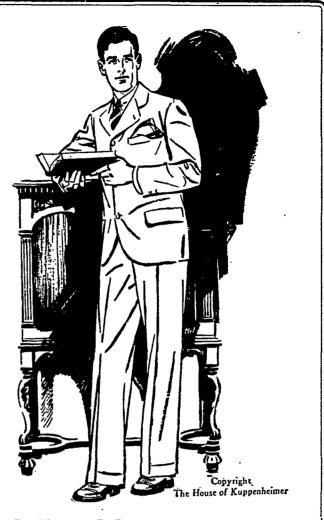
DOME LEADS FORD AIR MAIL SAFELY IN FLIGHT

The Golden Dome of Notre Dame University has long been noted as a landmark to help men in shaping their course to heaven. Now it comes out that the Dome is aiding men in shaping their course right on through the heavens to Chicago. Five men, to be exact, use the Dome as a help in flying from Detroit to Chicago. That is the number of pilots employed by Henry Ford in the western branch of his air service, acording to E. G. Hamilton, who is in charge of the Ford Aviation division. The five planes and five pilots alternate on the Dearborn to Chicago once in every five working days.

Let Mr. Hamilton tell us about it. "The Golden Dome of the Administration building is visible for as far as thirty or forty miles, depending, of course on the kind of day. It is one of the main land marks on this route. Particularly in thick weather when low altitude flying is absolutely necessary, the school is a good check for the pilots in verifying their course."

A mountain of gold surmounted by a massive statute of the Blessed Virgin, rearing itself 257 feet above the flat Indiana prairie, the Dome makes a beacon used by the flyers during eighty miles of the run from Dearborn to Chicago and return. The Dome is gilt with real gold leaf, glistening in the sun like a miniature planet reflecting the glory of heaven.

- On the summer schedule the planes leave Dearborn, Michigan, at 3:15 in the afternoon, arriving in Chicago about six. On the return trip the pilot has the prevailing westerly winds at his back. The planes carry from 1300 to 1400 pounds of Ford Freight as well as the United States air mail.



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--when they come to this store for their clothing needs. They don't have to be "sold" on a particular style. They come in with an ideal suit firmly in mind . . . and they recognize it when we show them one of the many examples of The "U," in

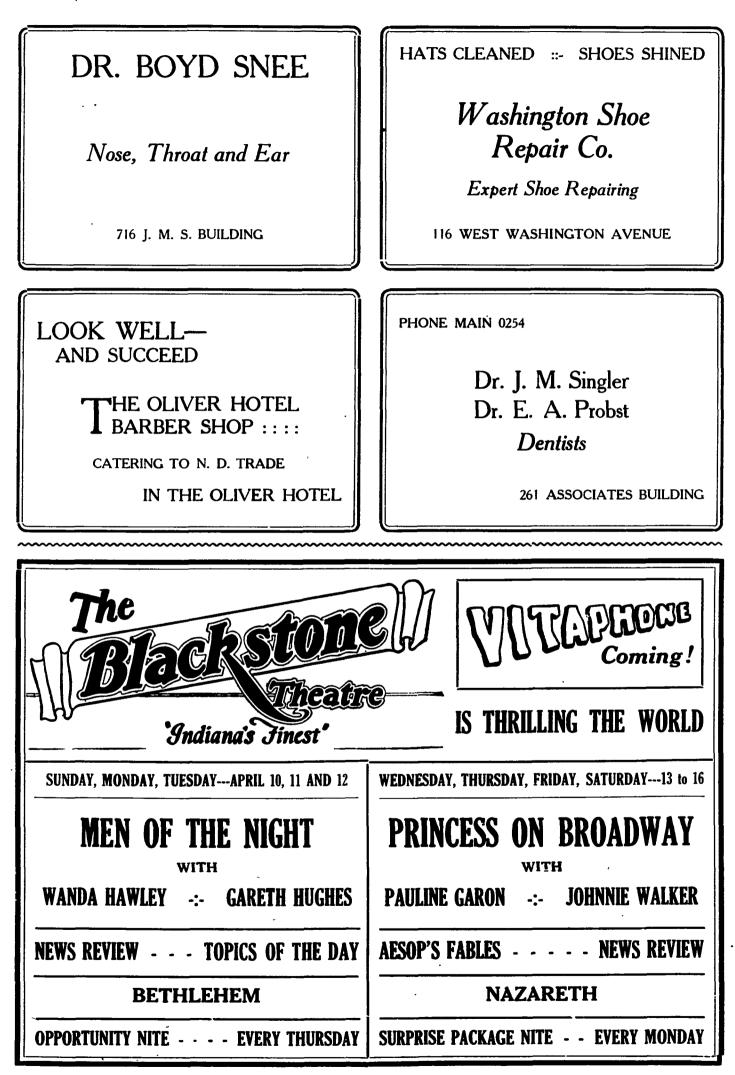
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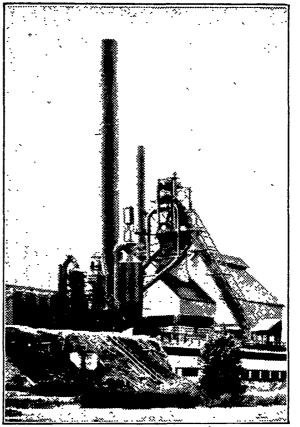
I HE steel industry demands and is using Otis Furnace and Bell Hoists for their modern blast furnaces. These may be in continuous operation night and day for periods of from three to seven years, depending upon business and life of furnace lining. Hence the Otis Hoist and Otis automatic controlling mechanism must be extremely reliable and constructed to withstand the severe strains and wear imposed by years of continuous service.

One of the most important features in connection with furnace hoists is the question of continuous operation. The machines must be entirely dependable, so that there will be no shutting down for repairs, as it is a very expensive matter to shut down a complete blast furnace, which would be necessary if the hoist were out of service.

The filling of the furnace itself is done by one man, all operations being so interlocked that the operators cannot deviate from the prescribed schedule. The furnace is filled by means of skips operated by Otis automatic electric hoisting machines. The materials used are ore, coke and limestone, each load of a kind being dumped into the skip from a car carrying material from the bins.

As the skip reaches the top of the furnace, it automatically delivers the material onto the upper

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BLAST FURNACE WITH HOIST Central Alloy Steel Corporation, Massillon, Ohio

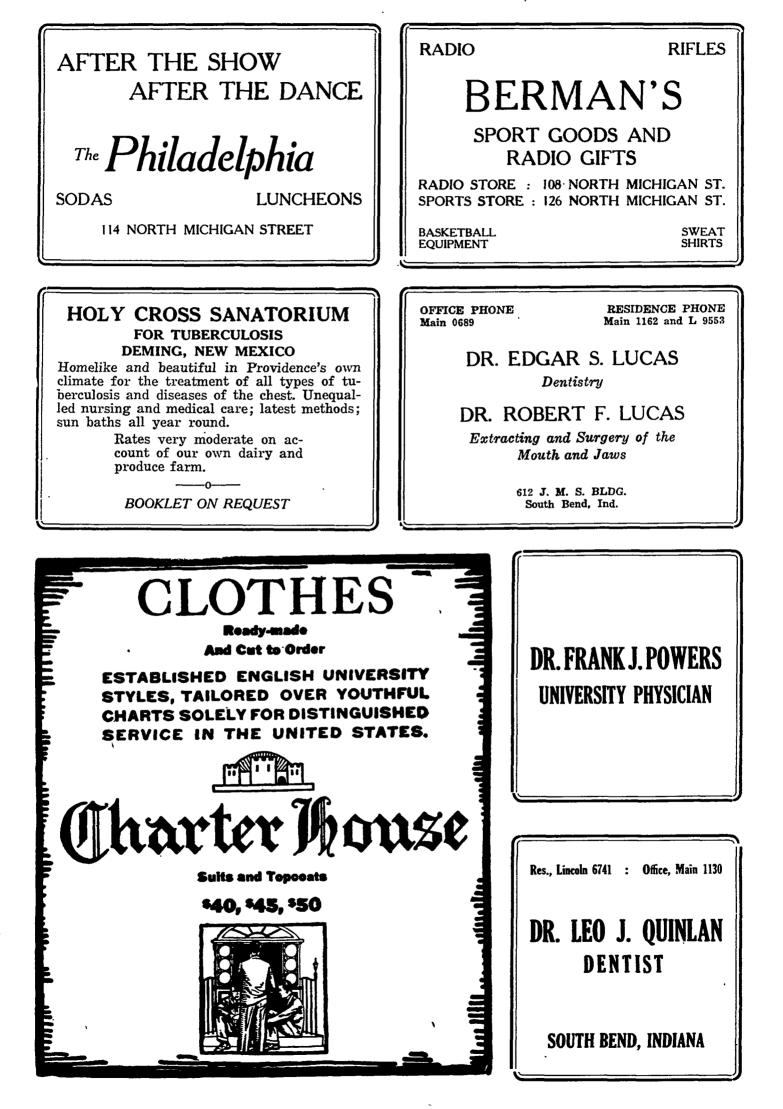
valve or small bell of the furnace. As the skip starts down, an automatic device starts the small bell operating mechanism, allowing the small one to open and deposit the material on the lower valve or large bell. After a number of predetermined loads of the various materials have been deposited on the large bell, the automatic device starts this into motion, allowing the full load to slide off the bell into the furnace.

COMPANY



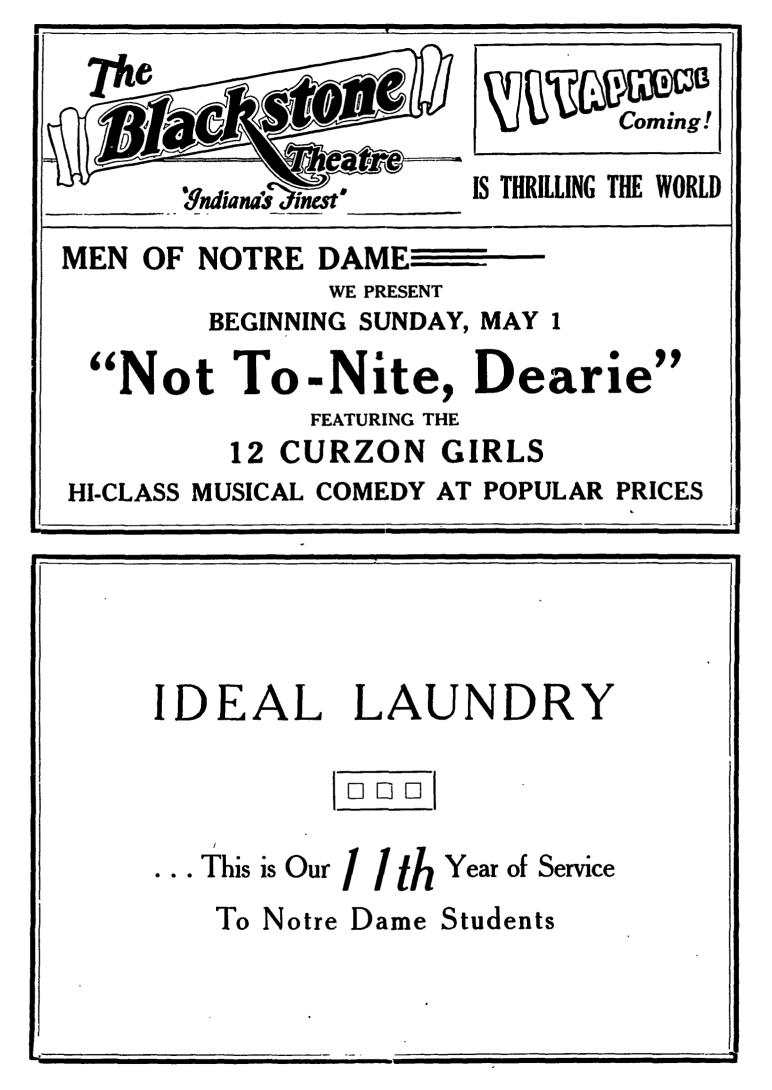
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THE YOUNG MEN'S STORE OF SOUTH BEND

117 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET

April 5, 1927

To our Friends and Classmates:

This is to let you know that we have joined the sales force at Adler Brothers. This means that we are in a position to give the students of Notre Dame our personal attention and advice in the selection of your spring outfits.

The manufacture of clothing has been explained to us; the merits of different fabrics have been fully demonstrated, and we are fully convinced as to the superiority of Society Brand Clothes.

We are not experienced salesmen, but it has been explained to us that it is not necessary to *sell* Society Brand Clothes—they sell themselves. We do know, however, what is being worn this spring, as to cut, shades, and weaves, and therefore want you to call for either of us when you come in.

We can help you by giving you our personal service. You can help us by your patronage.

Sincerely,

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THAT'S the way P. A. talks to you in the bowl of a pipe. This great national gloom-chaser stabs the darkest clouds with a ray of sunshine. Buy a tidy red tin of Prince Albert today and see. Tamp a load of this *friendly* tobacco into your jimmy-pipe and light up.

Cool as a sub-cellar. Sweet as the breath of fresh-cut violets. Fragrant in the tin and fragrant as you smoke it. Never a tongue-bite or a throat-parch. So mild you can hit it up from sun-up to sun-down, yet with a body that satisfies completely.

There's more philosophy in a pipe-load of P. A. than in the average Doctor's thesis. No matter what brand you are smoking now, you don't know how much your jimmy-pipe can mean to you until you pack it with good old Prince Albert. Get started now.



P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and halfpound 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.



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