



# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

*A Literary — News Weekly*

VOL. LIV.

APRIL 29, 1927.

No. 26

**1872--1927**

## *Stories*

Philanthropy - - - John V. Leddy  
O, There Aint No Maybe - F. C. Miller

## *Essays*

Homo on Modern Fiction - George A. Kiener  
Poetry in One Short Lesson - J. F. Mahoney  
Philosophy of "Chesterbelloc" - - Alfred Duffy

## *Poetry*

Night - - - Prospero Image  
Friendship Trilogy - - - Jack Mullen

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





MISS MARGARET ANGLIN IN CHARLES PHILLIPS' PLAY "THE DIVINE FRIEND"





## THE WEEK

There is no necessity for traveling to Chicago this week for interesting elections. For three days, and maybe three nights, the campus has been eliminating the youthful political aspirant until now there remain some fifteen or twenty men who would carry the class honors. Tammany Hall can boast of its leaders but if they were running Al. Smith for president of any of the three classes we doubt his chances.

Another Grady-Wilkins production was presented to the campus Wednesday night in the person of the Girls' Number of the *Juggler*. The cover by Harry Cullinay had something to do with a raffle but it convinced everyone that they were certainly taking no chance at all when they bought the *Juggler*. Dick Harrington contributed some of the finest work that has graced a *Juggler* performance and Harold Ruppel's consistent progress makes his latest creations the best ever. Which all reminds us that the *Juggler* with such capable artists should have an exceptional career next year.

Thursday afternoon the Freshman and Varsity teams demonstrated the merit of their spring training in a spectacular game on Cartier Field. The men who will return next year to fill in the ranks by our two captains, our all-American center and Mayer, Boland, McManmon and Wallace did their best to prove that Notre Dame will again have one of the finest teams in the country. With games in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Atlanta, Detroit, and Des Moines it looks as though Rock wants to tell the world all about football, with illustrations.

The Votin' Irish have paused long enough between ballots to attend at least one or two

of the numerous dances which evidently have something to do with a young man's fancy at Springtime. At St. Mary's the Cotillion and Frolic made a rather interesting week for those who wear full dress in a becoming manner. Then the Villagers' dance at the Palais tonight, the Glee Club Concert and Dance at the same place on Monday night and the Knights of Columbus Dance a week from tonight will keep the taxie meters clicking.

The baseball team after one of the most successful of all Southern training trips has returned to exhibit the diamond art to the campus. The pitching staff this year boasts some of the most capable men that ever served horsehide on the plate and with a supporting cast that is far above the college average should keep the opponent's batting eyes looking at nothing but circles on the scoreboard.

The four forty relay team did their best at Kansas and that proved to be good enough to tie a world's record and beat the inter-collegiate one. Della Maria, Elder, Riley, and Reilly carried the baton around the track to the tune of 41.6 and made the stop watches pause permanently before they were supposed to.

Registration notices have already placed themselves before the eyes of the student body and once again we ask where the time goes. Another month and the new officers will have been inaugurated, the seniors will be ready to accept their diplomas, the baseball team's season will have been completed, the Commencement *Juggler* will be out and another year will have been recorded in the pages of the *Dome* of '27.

W.H.L.



### MISS ANGLIN AND THE STUDENT BODY

The student body of Notre Dame, which was deeply interested in the award of the Laetare Medal for 1927 to the distinguished actress, Margaret Anglin, was gratified to receive a greeting from her during the past week. Miss Anglin's letter to the students was addressed to them through the president's office, and when this letter was bulletined last Saturday by the Acting President, Rev. P. J. Carroll, widespread interest was taken in its appearance. Miss Anglin wrote as follows:

Almost the happiest of all the happy things which have occurred during the past few weeks, is the news you send me that the student body of the University rejoiced in my being the recipient of the Laetare Medal. It is a very exciting idea which I like to turn over in my mind whenever I need a little extra stimulation.

As I wrote to their Alumni on the occasion of a dinner to Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, while I cannot hope to achieve a foot-ball record, I am going to do my profane best to see that the boys' enthusiasm will not be unwarranted—it can never be unappreciated or unremembered.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Margaret Anglin.

### WRITING IRISH APPEAR

In several of the current magazines the Writing Irish are represented by Rev. C. L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., Rev. William Cunningham, C.S.C., and Mr. Burton Confrey. Father O'Donnell's "Address to the Crown," appears in *America*, whose editor refers to it as a "splendid poem," and to its author as "probably our foremost living American poet." "All Learning is Self-Activity" is the title of Father Cunningham's practical article, which is published in *Catholic School Interests*. From Mr. Confrey's interesting pen come the following: "Expository Talk as a Class Exercise," in the *English Journal*; "Sharing in the Enjoyment of Poetry," in *America*, and "Reading 'Lepanto' Aloud," in

*The Placidian*, the quarterly of the Benedictine Foundation. Students of English, and of Education 23 especially, will find the last article quite helpful.

### NEW MAGAZINE APPEARS

With a name redolent of the South from which it comes, a new college magazine of impressive content and lively interest has just appeared—"The Palms," published by the students of Our Lady of the Lake College, San Antonio, Texas. Our Lady of the Lake, one of the largest and most influential Catholic women's colleges in the Southwest, is a sort of distant relation to the "Mother University," Notre Dame, being, as it were, a "cousin" as well as a neighbor of St. Edward's University, Texas. A huge and very handsome new administration building, of stone, in Gothic architecture, has recently been completed at Our Lady of the Lake, and in this the greatest pride is taken by N. D. Alumni of San Antonio, who take guests in the southern city to see it as invariably as they take them to see the Alamo.

"The Palms" is a quarterly, most attractively printed, and if the contents of No. 1, Vol. 1, are to be taken as an augury of its future, it will soon attain a high place among student publications. Literary and historical articles of the first calibre are included and among these is one of special interest, "The San Antonio River as a Legendary Source," which naturally suggests what some N. D. student might do with the St. Joseph river. The varied character of the contributions to "Palms" can be indicated by naming a few such articles as "Ancient Roman Libraries," "Child Labor—a Moral Issue," "The Development of the Piano," "The Roman Pronunciation of Latin," "The Ides of March (Income Tax)," "What I Think of Poe," "The Relation of Chemistry to Agriculture;" besides which original articles in Spanish and German, poems and short stories are published.

The SCHOLASTIC welcomes "The Palms" to the ranks of Catholic college magazines and predicts for it a lasting success.



## SPEAKS ON GUIDANCE

Miss Helen Dernbach, director of the Bureau of Vocational Guidance in the Public Schools of South Bend, gave an interesting address to the class in Education 2 just before the Easter recess on "Some Phases of Guidance." An able speaker, Miss Dernbach easily held the interest of the large class as she stressed the need for such guidance in our schools and told how it functioned in South Bend.

## FORT WAYNE DANCE

Ushering in the post-lenten social season of Fort Wayne, the members of the Fort Wayne Notre Dame Club entertained with their annual Easter ball, which proved one of the most delightful dances ever sponsored by the organization. The collegiate spirit prevailed in every detail of the enjoyable affair, with the appointments carried out in the university colors of gold and blue. The Anthony Hotel Ballroom was illuminated with ceiling lights alternately blue and gold. At intervals against the walls were suspended large blankets bearing the university monogram and seal. Potted plants, foliage and palms added a further decorative note.

Upon their arrival at the dance, the guests were presented with programs uniquely designed with blue covers, lettered in gold and tied with blue and gold cords. Enclosed in these by tiny Notre Dame flags also in gold and blue, which sealed the outside cover were favors for the ladies of handpainted white georgette handkerchiefs bordered in scalloped effect with blue and gold and designed with delicately tinted flowers and the Notre Dame letters in opposite corners. The order of dances was listed according to the football schedule of next season.

Mr. Louis Neizer was general chairman of the dance, and was assisted by Mr. Norbert Berghoff and Mr. Michael Hogan. Officers of the Club who assisted in the arrangements were: Thomas McKiernan, President; Patrick Donahue, Vice president; Edmond Bresnahan, Secretary, and George Flick, Treasurer.

Jack Carr's Notre Dame Collegians furnished the delightful music for the dance,

which lasted from nine until three, with an intermission from 11:30 to 12:30.

## WIN LOVING CUP

A huge silver loving cup won at the Kansas Relays by the Quarter Mile Relay Team composed of J. Reilly, J. Elder, J. Della Maria, and C. Riley, is on exhibition in Sorin Hall office. The trophy, awarded each year to the winner, has inscribed the names of former college holders, and their winning time. The Notre Dame team has the novel distinction of tying the world's record in their race.

## CLASS PRIMARIES HELD

Nomination of officers for the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes for the coming year were held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. The offices to be filled are as follows:

1. Sophomore Class:  
President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, one one-year S.A.C. man.
2. Junior Class:  
President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, two two-year S.A.C. men, one one-year S.A.C. man.
3. Senior Class:  
President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer. Representatives to the S. A.C. from the following colleges: Arts and Letters, Commerce, Law, Science, Engineering, Off-Campus.

Representatives to the S.A.C. from the Sophomore and Junior classes will be nominated at the same time as are the class officers. Nominations for representatives from the Senior Class will take place by colleges as follows:

Monday, May 2—Nomination in Colleges of Arts and Letters, Commerce and Law.

Tuesday, May 3—Nominations in Colleges of Science and Engineering.

Wednesday, May 4—Nominations and final election of Off-Campus representatives.

*Final Elections* of all class officers and S. A. C. Representatives, except Off-Campus S.A.C. Representatives, will take place on Thursday, May 5.



## SENATOR WALSH MAKES ADDRESS

Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts was introduced to the student body in Washington Hall, Friday afternoon, April 22, by Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., acting President of the University. Declaring that Notre Dame men should become leaders in national life, Senator Walsh encouraged the students to interest themselves in the affairs of the country. He praised the fine educational advantages at Notre Dame and pointed out that with such a chance to prepare for life there is no reason why the graduates should not rise to high positions in the nation.

In introducing Senator Walsh, who is one of the leading Catholic men in the American government, Father Carroll gave particular emphasis to the Senator's high place in the nation. He also recalled to the minds of the student body that Senator Walsh has been the recipient of an honorary degree from the University.

After an informal beginning, during which he won both the admiration and approval of the audience, Senator Walsh went on to show how men who have been fortunate enough to attain college educations are duty-bound to become idealistic leaders in the country. It is to the college men, he said, that the rest of the nation must look for the highest standards of morals, ethics, and attainments. Furthermore, it is only through the college men, and especially the men of Notre Dame, that America can reach the high goal of liberty, equality and security that she has set for herself.

## BALL PLANS COMPLETED

Senior Ball arrangements have been practically completed according to Michael McDermott, general chairman, and tickets will be placed on sale Friday, April 29th.

Sale of tickets will begin Friday, and will continue until May 6, at which time everyone who wishes to attend the Ball must have secured his ticket. Those who have not made first payments are advised to purchase tickets immediately if they wish to obtain favors. Since it is impossible for the favors

committee to estimate exactly the number of favors needed, they have promised that in case of a shortage those purchasing tickets early will be given preference. All Seniors are requested to order their tickets as soon as possible in order to minimize the possibility of such a shortage.

William Hillenbrand, chairman of the committee on arrangements, has announced that the date for the tea dance has been set definitely for May 14th, the day after the Ball. The committee has succeeded in obtaining the use of the Chain-of-Lakes Country Club for the afternoon, and one of the Ball orchestras, probably Jack Crawford's, will be engaged. The Country Club is sufficiently large to accommodate all the guests, and because of its admirable facilities for an event of this kind, the committee was very desirous of securing it. This is the first time that a class has been able to hold a dance here, and the innovation has met with general approval on the campus.

FATHER CAVANAUGH TO GIVE  
HIGH SCHOOL BACCALAUREATE

Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., former president of the university, and at present a member of the English faculty, has accepted an invitation to deliver the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of South Bend High school. Fr. Cavanaugh will address the class Sunday afternoon, June 5, in the First Methodist Episcopal church, South Bend.

## FIERHER ADDRESSES WRANGLERS

The Wranglers Club met last night in the council room of the library. Marc Fierher opened a very interesting discussion with his paper entitled "The Miserable Failure of the Direct Primary." Mr. Fierher outlined the reason why the primary election had failed to accomplish its purpose and suggested that it be repealed. Whereupon the members of Wranglers fell with hammers and tongs upon the remarks of the speaker, many of them disproving several of his arguments. A discussion concerning new members closed the meeting.



## NOTRE DAME NIGHT OBSERVED

The success of the universal Notre Dame night is evidenced by a number of telegrams received by Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., active President of the University, from various alumni organizations throughout the United States. Messages of devotion to their alma mater were received from alumni associations in Little Rock, Ark., Portland, Ore., Detroit, Mich., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., and Los Angeles, Calif.

The St. Joseph Valley Alumni Club of the University of Notre Dame gathered in the dining room of the Chamber of Commerce on the evening of April 21, to celebrate the Universal Notre Dame Night. Dinner was served to about 150 members. The election of officers resulted in Dr. C. A. Lippincott, Honorary President; M. A. Donahue, President; A. Livingston, Secretary; Ernest McErlain, Treasurer; Paul Butler, Secretary. Mr. Butler is the President of the Villagers Club at present but will graduate in June. Speeches were given by the newly elected officers, the honorary president setting the alumni scholarship fund on the road to prosperity by a donation of fifty dollars. Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, Prefect of Discipline, spoke on the Notre Dame of the past, while Father P. J. Carroll, Acting President of the University, spoke on the necessity of concerted action toward the establishment of sinking funds by the different alumni organizations throughout the country which would enable students to receive their education at Notre Dame. The men of St. Joseph Valley should be the first to give concrete expression to this plan. The meeting was preeminently successful.

## N. D. MEN ASSIST AT DEDICATION

Dedication of the new million-dollar Catholic Community Center of Fort Wayne, Ind., which recently took place, is of special interest to the campus, as James V. Egan, secretary of the center, and one of the leading figures in the campaign which resulted in the erection of the mammoth recreation building, is an alumnus of the University, having been graduated in the Boy Guidance

course in 1925. Since his graduation Mr. Egan has been engaged in community welfare work in the See church in Ft. Wayne.

Prof. Ray A. Hoyer, director of the department of Boy Guidance, was a special guest of the committee in charge of the program. Prof. Hoyer rendered the campaign committee great assistance in arranging their plans for the organization and administration of the center.

## ADDRESS SENIOR JOURNALISTS

Two members of the staff of the South Bend *News-Times*, Sidney B. Whipple, editor, and Walter Wirth, Superintendent of the mechanical department, addressed the members of the Senior class of the School of Journalism Tuesday morning in the Journalism room of the Library. Various phases of newspaper work, including the relation between the editorial and mechanical departments, were considered by the speakers.

## CONCERT DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

The "concert department" of the University has met with unanticipated frustrations this season but every effort is being expended to secure the artists who were booked, before the end of the year. The Barrère Little Symphony gave its annual concert last Saturday night.

The concert was opened with *La Princesse Jaune* by Saint Sæens. The second number comprised a suite by the composer Dubensky. This number was a beautiful study engendering some of the modern harmonies. As a contrast to the music of the Europeans, the orchestra played *The Ballet of Flowers* by Henry Hadley. And then resorting to the heavier type of music, the Little Symphony played a selection from one of Haydn's symphonies. This selection was followed by *Humoresque* by Tschaikowsky. A light and graceful waltz written by Waldteufel, and two Hungarian Dances by Brahms concluded the program. C.A.R.

Word comes from the office of the Director of Studies that the new catalogue for 1927-28 is soon to be released.



## ATTEND COLLEGE COMICS MEET

The Midwest Association of College Comics held their annual convention at the University of Chicago last Saturday as guests of the Chicago *Phoenix*. The Northwestern *Purple Parrot* held the chair as President and was assisted by the *Juggler*, Vice-President, and the *Phoenix*, Secretary-Treasurer. The morning session was given over to new business and the appointment of committees. Luncheon was served in Ida Noyes Hall, on the Midway. Later the delegates, representing twenty midwest colleges, were shown about the campus.

In the afternoon the committees rendered their reports. The representative of a prominent advertising agency gave a talk on "The advertising future of College Comics." He proposed a unique plan which promised to triple the amount of advertising obtainable for college magazines. A permanent Advertising Committee with the *Juggler* as Chairman was appointed to investigate this plan. The *Juggler* was also unanimously elected to the Administrative Board of the Association for the coming year.

The new officers of the Association are: President, Chicago *Phoenix*, Vice-President, Iowa *Frivol*; Secretary-Treasurer, Michigan *Gargoyle*. Next year the convention will be held at Ann Arbor, Mich.

The two posts awarded to the *Juggler* for the coming year are honors which will place the incoming Editor and Business Manager in a prominent position among the College Comics of the county.

## LECTURES ON WASHINGTON

The interest taken by the general public in Notre Dame activities was again illustrated during the past week by some reactions to the work of Prof. Charles Phillips in writing and lecturing on George Washington. The recent defense of Washington made by Mr. Phillips against the defamatory biographies of certain sensational writers, has served to call renewed attention to the fact that Catholic publicists and Catholic schools are in the forefront in fighting to preserve American ideals. Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, for example, Dean of American

historians, head of the History Department at Harvard, and Historian of the United States Commission on Washington, has written a long letter warmly commending Mr. Phillips' recent *Catholic World* article on Washington. At the same time the Indiana State University, at Bloomington, has invited Mr. Phillips to give his lecture on Washington before the University Convocation of February 22, 1928. The Daughters of the American Revolution have likewise made a request for this lecture.

## EDMOND GLADE MEMORY HONORED

A large golden ciborium has been presented to the University by Mr. and Mrs. George Glade of Batavia, N. Y., as a memorial to their son Edmond who died October 24, 1925, while in his Sophomore year at Notre Dame. The ciborium bearing the inscription "In loving memory of Edmond G. Glade, 1907-1925, Presented by his fond parents," will be used for distribution of Communion in the Basement Chapel. Rev. John McGinn, C.S.C., received the gift, and bestowed his blessing upon it.

## K. OF C. MEETING HELD

The Notre Dame Council of Knights of Columbus held a short business meeting in their Council Chamber, Walsh Hall, on Monday evening, April 25. Grand night Bob Irmiger and Lecturer Howard Phalin were chosen as Delegates to the State Convention to be held at Vincennes, the latter part of May. Herb Jones and Clarence Ruddy were chosen alternates.

Plans for the K. of C. Formal to be given May 6 were completed. Tickets may be obtained from Jerry McGinley, 330 Sorin Hall. Each member is entitled to two tickets.

The annual picnic will be held at Lake Christiana, May 19. After the business had been cleared away the eats were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Fifteen volumes, dealing principally with metallurgical subjects, were recently added to the Chemistry Department library.



## FATHER DUFFY VISITS SCHOOL

Rev. Francis P. Duffy, of New York City, famous as the "fighting chaplain" of the Irish Sixty-ninth Division in the World War, was a recent campus visitor, stopping on the way to Chicago to see several old war-time friends, including Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., Rev. Edward Finnegan, C.S.C., and Rev. George Finnegan, C.S.C., all of whom saw service in France.

Father Duffy, who was able to remain but a short while, due to the pressure of other affairs, stated that he has wanted to visit Notre Dame for more than thirty years; and promised his reverend friends to return soon for a longer period. He is now rector of Holy Cross Parish, Broadway and 42nd streets, New York City.

## PRESS CLUB MEETS

The regularly scheduled meeting of the Press Club was held Thursday noon, April 28, in the club's room in the library, with Rupert A. Wentworth, vice-president, presiding in the place of Mark A. Nevils. Routine business was discussed. The next meeting will be held Thursday noon, May 5.

## MITCHELL ADDRESSES CHEMISTS

The 48th regular meeting of the St. Joseph Valley section of the American Chemical Society was held in Chemistry Hall Wednesday evening, April 20. The speaker was Dr. W. M. Mitchell of the Central Alloy Steel Corporation, Massillon, Ohio. His talk concerned "Stainless Iron and its Application in Chemical Plant Construction." Dr. Mitchell, formerly with the DuPont Company, was well qualified to discuss the new developments in stainless metals. The talk was of a practical nature.

Prof. Ray A. Hoyer, director of the department of Boy Guidance, has returned to the University after attending the dedication services of the new Catholic Community Center, of Fort Wayne, Ind. The services, which were marked by impressive ceremonies, lasted four days, April 21 to 24.

## FATHER NIEUWLAND READS PAPERS

Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C.S.C., presented three papers before the Organic Division of the American Chemical Society at the national meeting held in Richmond, Virginia, April 11-16. At the business meeting he was placed on the nominating Committee of the Division. He also presented a paper to the South Jersey Section, at Penn's Grove, N. J., before returning to Notre Dame. Father Nieuwland's papers dealt with his researches in acetylene.

## PUBLICATION HEADS APPOINTED

According to an announcement issued recently by the Board of Publications through Rev. P. J. Carroll, chairman, the following appointments have been made:

*Juggler*, editor, Walter Layne; business manager, Joseph Doran. *Dome*, Franklyn Doan, editor; Thomas Hughes, business manager.

## GLEE CLUB BACK FROM WEST

The Glee Club returned to the University Sunday evening following a western tour that included concerts in Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Moline, and Milwaukee. Thirty two members under the direction of Prof. Joseph J. Casasanta, made the trip.

Press reports from the cities visited, as well as the accounts of the club, testify to the good impression made by the singers on the first westward swing of their history. The usual program of four groups, consisting of lyric, operatic, serio-comic, sacred and campus numbers, was presented. Solos by Anthony Kopecky, tenor, and the "Italian Salad," a tenor solo by John Butler with a chorus ensemble, made particularly deep impressions on the audiences. Cecil Alexander, violinist, and Cate and Stout, banjoists, relieved the vocal program with instrumental selections.

Receptions were given in honor of the Gold and Blue singers in each city. While in Omaha the entire cast were guests of the Junior class of Creighton University at the Junior Promenade.



# HOBNAILS

## THE SONG OF THE BOOTLEGGER

*Over the long white highway  
I trundle my five ton truck,  
Cursing night's blackness, and praying  
For bootlegger's paltry luck.*

*The wind presses on the wind-shield,  
The motor throbs, and the rain  
Makes a bright haze in the head-light's glare  
And spatters the shivering pane.*

*Hi-jackers wait for my passing,  
Big black Lincolns and red  
Watch for the chance to follow my steed  
And to spatter the load with lead.*

*So I have known the spit of the pistol,  
The shot-gun's destroying blast,  
The rat-tat-tat of the multiple gat  
When the hi-jackers skidded past.*

*But the Mack still roars beneath me,  
(No bus for a guy without nerve)  
And the bottles clink a drunken tune  
As we rumble around a curve.*

*Over the long white highway  
I trundle my five ton truck,  
Cursing night's blackness, and praying  
For bootlegger's paltry luck.*

—KOPI.

Editor's Note: We want it understood that this bootlegger was a poet before he turned to more lucrative fields.

## THE ANTHOLOGY IS COMING

We note in a news story in last week's SCHOLASTIC that a number of our contributors are represented in the *Scribbler Anthology* which will be out this week. There's the irrepressible Blind Beggar, there's John O'Neill, Dick Elpers, Cornelius Shea, Marlboro, Henry Stuckart, Porphyro, and Aristotle II. And, of course, there's Prospero, who has neglected us of late. Any Notre Dame Anthology would be a complete flop without Prospero.

We advise you to buy that book. It's worth more than two bucks right now, and some day, unless we make a great mistake of judgment, it will be extremely valuable as the earliest representative of a young new school of Catholic writers.

## GUESS CHI ISN'T SO BAD, AFTER ALL

DEAR CY: You didn't miss much by not staying in "Dear Old Morrissey" during the vacation. I was here, and never had such a dull time in my life—the only thing that moved around here was the barns. Socially, the vacation in South Bend was a glorious flop. We would arise about noon, and go to town, trying to console each other by

saying that we were having a great time. Some one was forever leaning on the bell about six in the morning, and bells always did bother me. The whole town was desolate; Hullie & Mike's was as vacant as a morgue in Utopia; the movies nearly went broke. As a matter of fact, I was first in line at the Palace Thursday afternoon and only had to buy eighteen tickets. Queer, was it not? There were quite a few boys left around here; Seniors who were still trying to get started on their compulsory "waste-of-time" commonly known as their thesis: Juniors in love with South Bend girls, and thinking that they could have a better time there than in Chicago; Sophomores who had intrusted their allowances to the lure of Dame Fortune; and Freshmen who didn't have enough brains to vacate when they had the chance. Mix those four together and you can readily understand why we had such a splendid time in South Bend.

—LALLY.

## HUSH! THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET!

CYRANO: I must ask you a very personal question: has the Vamp ever seen you? I noticed some time ago that she has a soft spot for tall Chicago men. Doesn't that let you out? —HALITOSIS III.

"Have you met the supreme optimist?" asked my friend the Literary Ed, when we met him the other day after successfully avoiding him for weeks.

"No," we answered warily, fearing a trap. "Who is he?"

"Really, you must. He's the chap who brought his tennis racket back to the campus after Easter vacation."

## GIRLS

*I think that I shall never see  
A thing so dumb as girls can be,  
A girl whose only thought in life,  
—To land a man: to be his wife—*

*A primping shallow piece of clay,  
So garrulous but naught does say,*

*A girl that does in winter wear  
Scarce clothes enough for summer air,*

*And in whose head no thought has lain  
Because there's not a single brain,*

*Now men are creatures heaven sent  
While girls are just an accident.*

—THE DRIFTER.

What does the sales-lady do when the dark brown baby asks for flesh-colored stockings? Address all answers to —CYRANO OF CHICAGO.



## LITERARY

*Philanthropy*

JOHN V. LEDDY.

A BOX-CAR is at best not the acme of comfort. In fact there is usually great discomfort to be experienced by its occupant no matter how he distorts his anatomy in efforts to settle himself, dog-fashion, into the most suitable position for rest. He will inevitably discover that cramps and kinks are the result of his painstaking endeavors. On a winter's night, however, the worst shelter is better than none. Beggars (or tramps) can not be choosers.

After this brief soliloquy and about ten minutes, Tommy Burton, ragged and thinly clad, big and burly, and with features that belied acquaintance with either soap or razor, fell into a peaceful slumber.

Some ten minutes later while he slept, the side door of the freight car was noiselessly slid open from the outside. Lights in the distance showed the silhouette of a man enter. With hands outstretched before him, he took a step forward into the darkness, tripped over a cloth sack on the floor and fell heavily to his face. The noise instantly awoke Tommy, but he lay perfectly still. The newcomer lighted a match and swung it about the interior of the car until it flashed into the glaring eyes of Tommy Burton.

"Shut the door, kid. It's not exactly spring out, and the janitor ain't turned on the head today."

At this rather friendly greeting, the stranger, whom Tommy had instantly and correctly judged to be one of his own kind, grinned, gave vent to something closely akin to a sigh of relief and did the bidding of his new acquaintance.

"I suppose you thought I was a brakeman at first, huh?..." he addressed Tommy.

"Yeah, till I lamped that mug."

Good-naturedly, the other grinned again.

"I suppose this beard did kind of give me away."

Tommy Burton was sitting up now and was looking very carefully at the other.

"What's your name, kid?" he asked.

"Sullivan,——er, Johnny."

"French, huh? Well, I'm Tommy Burton, a general in the Grand Army of the Unemployed."

Sullivan was by this time much at ease and having squatted on the floor, was lighting the last third of a cigar.

"You look prosperous, kid. Where did you get the Robinson Crusoe?" This last said with a jerk of the head in the general direction of the cigar.

"The what?" Sullivan asked. "Robinson Crusoe?"

"Sure. Ain't that a castaway?"

They both grinned in appreciation of this.

"I wish I was as good a man now as I was when I first heard that crack," said Sullivan, slowly looking away.

Tommy Burton sat up and elbowed his new friend in the ribs. He leaned over and said out of the side of his mouth, "What's the matter, kid? Down on your luck?"

Sullivan straightened up and looked wistful. "I dunno, Burton, now and then I wish I hadn't started out in this sort of game. It's easy enough, but it don't get you anything. I ain't no sob-sister, but there's times when I think this life's the bunk and right now is one of them times."

"Aw, sure, kid. It's not exactly rosy all the time, but don't get the idea that any road is a cinch. Lookit here, we got nothing to worry us at all. No boss, no family,



no property—nothing. You can't beat that."

"You hit my idea right on the head, Burton, but not the right way. You say no family, no property,—nothing. But look,—everyone else has those things and they sometimes seem to be lots happier than us. Look, Tommy, there's over a hundred millions is fools and that only you and me and the rest of us bums got any brains? Are we the only ones who have the right dope on life? Nossir! Lately I been thinking we're the boobs and the other guys is right. No foolin' now, Tommy, how about it?"

After this oration the young man seemed to grow wistful again, but in the dark he carefully scrutinized the face of the other to mark the effect of his words. Did they take? Or was he to receive nothing but harsh rebuke and ridicule for his efforts?

Perhaps a full minute elapsed before Burton spoke. "Well, kid, this is the funniest thing that ever happened to me. I sure never expected to find myself sitting in a box-car taking a lecture on morals from a youngster, but the part that gets me most is the fact that you put it across. I never looked at it that way before; but, Hell's Bells, you know, kid—I used to wonder why it was that when I saw a man with a pretty little wife and maybe a cute kid or so, that it made me feel almost jealous of him. I think you struck it just right, Sullivan. It's not the natural sort of life for us, this living off other people and grabbing whatever we can without doing anything for it. When I look at it that way I wish—I wish I was a younger fellow—like you, kid. Why you ain't hardly begun your stretch of life yet. Why in hell don't you chuck it and get yourself a job; learn to live right while you have the chance, huh? You can—"

"Where do you get that old man stuff, Burton? You're no grandfather. I bet you ain't more than forty yourself. If I can start over, so can you."

Burton appeared to ponder deeply on this idea. He caught his lower lip between thumb and forefinger and sat staring ahead. Suddenly he looked sharply at young Sullivan.

"Sullivan," he said, "I'm willing to make a bargain with you. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will give me your word that

you'll quit this game before it gets a grip on you, why I'll promise you that from now on I'm going to be a different man. No more hobo—a good job and a better life for both of us. What do you say? Will you give me your hand on that, kid?"

In silence the two clasped hands.

At this moment there rang out a startling cry from the darkness outside. Burton sprang to his feet and swung open the door of the box-car. He looked out in the direction from which the cry seemed to come and then calling to young Sullivan, "Come on, kid!" he jumped down and ran.

The pair came upon a scene, about two hundred yards away, which would inspire one to bravery and heroism no matter how faint be his heart. A large surly ruffian was attempting to snatch a purse from a young girl; she was obviously the one who had screamed.

Burton grasped the thief by the collar, while the impetuous Sullivan besmeared the features of the victim with his two fists. The man fell to the snow, but jumping up, ran as fast as his legs would carry him. Sullivan was for pursuit, but he was stayed by the hand of Burton, who was pointing to the young girl. She was now standing under an arc light trying to find breath to thank the two men.

And then the unexpected happened. Burton and Sullivan both saw the girl's face under the light and before she had a chance to see either of them, each took to his heels, in opposite directions.

\* \* \* \* \*

In her town home, situated in just the place which her wealth justified, Mrs. Arthur Pennigbrook Morton was giving a costume ball in honor of her daughter.

The girl, Eloise, was unique. Contrasted with her friends, (who were also what Eloise termed "absurdly rich") she was something to marvel at, while they, the friends, spent their time and their parents' money in amusement, somehow Eloise had acquired the desire to do charity work in the slums. She would not waste her time on mere dances except, of course, if they happened to be for some worthy "benefit."

This sort of things exists so commonly,



no doubt. But the wonder of it was that Eloise was beautiful! There was no other word for it; even those who criticized her actions could not but admit this. Her intimate friends could not understand why Eloise, who might have chosen the most desirable young man of her set, declined them all (speaking literally) because they were what she called "wasters." They had not done anything worth while; they had not earned the money they spent so lavishly. There was, however, one exception.

At nine o'clock, Mrs. Morton stood just inside the large entrance to her elaborate ballroom. She greeted the guests as they entered and observed with approval the already large assemblage. Eloise appeared in a dress of dainty pink which gave her the impression of floating as she walked. Her cameo features, surrounded by jet hair, seemed to radiate light. As she approached her mother she smiled and rays of sunshine beamed. "Do you like my friends, mother dear?" she whispered, standing on tiptoes. (Mrs. Morton was tall, of course).

"Certainly I do, Eloise. What makes you ask such a question?"

Mrs. Morton was seldom enthusiastic.

"Why, I don't know, mother. Only sometimes you frown and seem to look upon them as though you disapproved of them."

"Nonsense, darling," said Mrs. Morton. "They are all lovely. It may be that compared to you they seem to be just children. You were always older than your years, Eloise."

Ignoring this, which from her mother might be considered a compliment, Eloise went on:

"There will be someone here tonight of whom I know you will approve, mother. Do you remember my telling you of our charity director and his wonderful methods? No? Why, he is the man who goes about the slums dressed as a tramp and meets real tramps, gains their confidence and then tries to convert them to better ways of living. He has done some wonderful work."

"Oh, I didn't tell you about my thrilling experience today, did I?" Eloise had taken her mother's arm and led her to a large

cushion-covered divan where they sat down. "I was really frightened at first, but when I started to think it over it became as exciting as a melodrama. I was coming home from Mrs. Murphy's place. I had taken some things down to her baby. It was getting dark so I decided to take a short cut through the railroad yards over to the avenue where I could get a taxi. As I hurried along I had the most unusual sensation of being followed.

"Naturally I turned around to look behind me and there I saw a big dirty-looking man and he was certainly following me. I became so frightened that I started to run. When I looked around again the man was right near me. I stopped, frozen with fear and I guess I screamed.

"At any rate, out of nowhere there came two shabbily-dressed men who scared the ruffin off. While they were fighting him in the dark I leaned against an electric light pole to get my breath. Well, then the strangest thing happened, mother dear. I started to thank them when all at once they saw my face in the light—I couldn't see theirs—and it was almost as if they recognized me. They must have thought I was someone they knew, because as soon as they saw my face they started to run as fast as they could go in opposite directions. And there I was left, bewildered. Now isn't that the funniest thing you ever heard of?"

Mrs. Morton, who had been extremely attentive throughout the narration, now sat up straight and her mouth became firm.

"I don't see anything funny about it at all, Eloise," she said. "It might have been very much the opposite. I hope it will be a lesson to you not to go into the slums alone."

Eloise laughed and took her mother's hand in hers. "Oh, it wasn't as bad as all that, dearest. I would just like to know, though, who it is that I look like that those two tramps were so startled at seeing me."

"Well you may be sure it was no one you would be proud of," concluded Mrs. Morton. "I must go now and greet some of the guests. There is Jack looking for you."

"Why, Jack!" Eloise held out both hands to a young man who approached her after







floor to the second ticket window where an attractive young lady calmly dealt out dance passes, twelve for a dollar. He smiled and she smiled. For you know how love is. Jerry began whistling under his breath:

*"O, There ain't no maybe  
In my Baby's eyes."*

Young Mr. Harry "Tough" Thomas was overdoing the Black Bottom, it seems. His extreme movements were out of character with the elastic policy of the place.

Jerry touched him on the shoulder:

"Cut the hot stuff, young fellow. We don't allow that Black Bottom here."

Though gave a severe grimace and kept on dancing.

"If you didn't hear me you'd better open your ears. You understand that we don't have no Black Bottoming here. See?" informed Jerry.

"I paid a dime for this dance, Mulligan, and I'll dance as I damn please," enlightened Tough Thomas.

Whereupon the brawny Mr. Mulligan picked up Tough Thomas, carried him kicking to the stairway and bodily threw him down stairs. That was all there was to it.

Later in the evening when Jerry and Mary Taylor were leaving the front door, after locking up the cash, Tough was waiting. He stepped up to Mulligan and gave him an uppercut to the chin before Jerry knew what was up. Then Tough proceeded to lay Jerry out proper. He had poor Jerry outclassed. Tough Thomas was a plugger, with some experience with light-heavies. Finally he put Jerry to sleep. But he found he was not through with Jerry and *Company!*

Mary was an old fashioned girl and she carried an umbrella. With a fierce squeal she bashed Tough over the cranium with it. She clawed, she bit, she scratched, she tore, until Tough, giving a final moan, rolled over in the gutter and lay still.

"How big and strong and handsome you are!" she whispered consolingly to Jerry as he limped home.

## *Homo On Modern Fiction*

*Nailing Another Modern Tendency*

GEORGE A. KIENER

HOMO Sapiens, who has been considered by some as a campus notable, and by others as an aspirant to notoriety, has lapsed from vitriolic viciousness to constructive criticism. Homo himself has always meant to be constructive, but those who stamp him as the aspirant to notoriety assume a viciousness that Homo has never intended. However, in my last conversation with him, he said he would place the commendation of the many against the indictment of a few, with little fear as to the outcome. Incidentally, he has written a rather interesting article on modern fiction, a bit of work which he believes will be quite in line with the renaissance of thought that seems to be slowly but surely coming about among our fundamentally-minded college men. Again, on to Homo!

that modern life has produced, has come the fiction addict. The man who evaluates all things by the shifting standards of the novels he reads is truly a mentally weak gentleman, hardly of real university caliber.

"Many would-be educated young men place great trust in modern fiction, and seem to consider whatever appears between ostentatious covers, on expensive paper, as quite worthy of their attention, and representative of thought or value.

"This brings the question, 'What is thought of value, and how may one acquire the ability to evaluate it as much?' True thought, of course, is the result of mental stimuli. It consists in the creative and constructive activity of the mind, passing opinions, making judgments, and gaining concepts of matters of truth. It is fundamentally philosophical.

"Along with the many freaks of nature

"To be able to evaluate true thought as



such, one must *think*. To my mind, ten minutes spent in original thought; in analysis of matters of experience, and in the placing of proper value and stress upon them, is worth ten hours of avid imbibition of other mens' distorted views of these same matters. And, what is modern fiction, in its essence, but highly subjective interpretations of a world that should be learned as objective, and evaluated by the norms of objective principles?

"Modern fiction gluts the mind with a sort of soporific slush. It causes the reader to think that he is thinking, while he is truly in a mentally passive state. He imbibes the potions nicely mixed and accurately measured by a commercially successful pragmatist, and sighs lazily as he downs another. Most modern fiction is a narcotic to a man's thinking ability, rather than as a stimulus.

"The true reader may be likened to the ascetic athlete who eats just enough to keep his physique in perfect condition. The true reader reads just enough to create thought. The fiction addict is as the glutton whose overeating does little more than make him clumsy, murky-minded, and of little value when anything of worth is to be done.

"Most fiction addicts fear to voice their own opinions. They become so used to read-

ing other peoples' thoughts, and to evaluating things and thoughts in a subjective "it's being done" manner, that their own opinions and convictions amount to little. They must turn to good old H. L., Sinclair Lewis, or even Arthur Brisbane, when they wish to make a decision. These men think for the moderns, and we have mental sheep who really think they are lions in disguise. Quite tragic, not so?

"For mine, I should prefer a man whose reading during the past year has been nothing more than Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," to the 'clever' modern who has gone through all the fiction that presses, pregnant with utilitarianism, have borne in the past year. For, the first man has *Thought*. He has fully digested this gem of objective truth and has gained the fruition of thought that the mental stimuli here presented make possible. The second man has thought that he has thought, and has been terribly goofed. Perhaps last month he believed in Platonic love, and a week later read that suicide was very clever. He doesn't know whether to embrace every woman he meets, or to kill himself at the frown of refusal from the first one. So, to settle the question, he will read the newest novel, and perhaps learn that we don't live at all, but only think so. He has a bad time of it."

## Poetry In One Short Lesson

*With Suggestions and Examples*

J. F. MAHONEY

THERE appears to be a great deal of discussion going on at the present time about poetry and the poets, and I believe a few words to the novices would be timely and acceptable. I've been experiencing a little difficulty myself, and perhaps if I explain some of the points which I found bothersome, I can be of service to another beginner.

Rhyme is the most important thing. Here's a lovely bit, but it doesn't rhyme, hence it's unacceptable:

*Roses are red;*

*Violets, I'm led to believe, are blue;*

*Meals are expensive,*

*And so is underwear.*

You see what the absence of rhyme will do to a poem. There's a poem that's almost perfect, except that it doesn't rhyme. There are flowers in it, it's just about the right length for light reading, and the wearing apparel mentioned lends a touch of homely comfort to the piece. This should be a lesson to beginners.



Love is a splendid subject for a poem, and in writing of, to, or for your girl, it's easy to find words that rhyme. For instance, "dear," always rhymes with "dear," "Dearie" with "cheery" or "bleary" or "dreary," "soft" with "oft." You see, it's easy to find the right words. Some of those expressions have been a little overworked, but if your girl doesn't read much, like mine, you can get away with it. Imagine a man who has been sent to jail for breach of promise or something writing these lines:

*If it were not for you, dear  
I might not be here, dear.  
If I'd never met you, dear,  
I'd be somewhere else, dear.*

That's a stirring theme, but under the circumstances strong language is excusable.

Civic or national pride offers a wide field for the poet. I found it easy to get off these lines in almost no time:

*I come from Douglas, Wyoming,  
Where I love to walk in the gloaming.*

You can see what a good start I have there. The local Chamber of Commerce would probably be overjoyed to see the rest of that, and if I had time I'd finish it. Here's another beginning that could be made into an epic:

*From the city of Chicago I hail,*

Chicago doesn't need the advertising as much as Douglas, but with a start like that someone should be able to fashion a great poem. It seems to me that the line

*It's there I get most of my mail.*

would fit in rather nicely.

There is a great variety of miscellaneous subjects for the use of the poet, if he will but look about him. Something like this would be novel:

*Note the strong and silent cop,  
As he stalks about his beat.  
Even if he had no uniform,  
You could know him by his feet.*

This poem makes use of the well-known flatness of the policeman's feet. Familiar topics make the best poems.

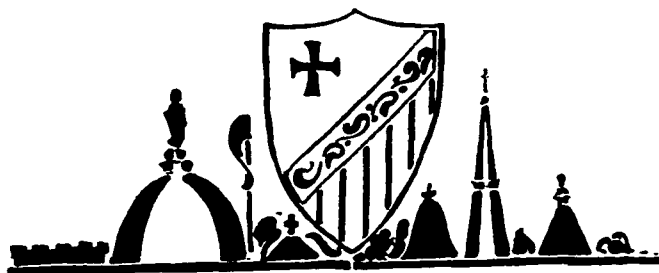
The sight of an airplane always moves me strangely, as you will see from this next stanza:

*Watch the airplane whizzing by,  
It makes a most agreeable sound.  
I wonder if that guy up there  
Wouldn't rather be upon the ground.*

The limerick is important enough to warrant separate consideration. Of late the taint of commercialism has been creeping into the limerick field, due to the rewards offered by newspapers and large corporations for clever limericks. The news that some enterprising drinkers have turned to canned heat for the latest in alcoholic thrills inspired this limerick:

*For example, take Blank's Canned Heat,  
There's a product that's hard to beat.  
As a heater it's grand  
(So I understand)  
But as a beverage it's far from complete.*

With the limerick, my knowledge of poetry is exhausted.





## Night

### PROLOGUE FOR A PLAY

(To be spoken by a black, impersonal figure silhouetted against a huge silver gong.)

The figure strikes the gong three times with his hands then speaks:

*Night has fallen  
Like the petals  
Of a black flower  
Shattered by the sun's  
Hard bright hand  
And night's wind,  
A weary spectre,  
Stalks through the darkness  
Murmuring unhappily.*

*Silence like a soundless rain  
Pours everywhere,  
And the earth becomes  
A deep, black pool.  
A pool in whose depths  
Lie exotic horrors  
For unsleeping eyes—*

*Terrors  
Like a pack of fleet-footed hounds  
Pursing the victim down  
An endless corridor of mirrors;  
Fears  
Like clawing hands;  
Distorted dreams and fancies  
That flee through the brain  
Like frightened bats;  
And frigid pain  
Like a sword of ice  
Thrust through the body;—*

*The aching mind becomes  
A mad carnival  
Where horror and fear  
Dance an endless saraband  
To pain's unholy screams.*

*Only the white birds of the dawn  
Loosened from the cage of night  
Will bring upon their curving wings  
Relief from pain and fear.  
Only the swift white birds of the dawn  
May close the aching eyes.  
On'y they may bring  
Tranquillity and peace,  
The swift white birds of the dawn.*

—PROSPERO IMAGE.



## The Philosophy of "Chesterbelloc"

ALFRED DUFFY

ONE evening, some years ago, Hilaire Belloc and Gilbert K. Chesterton were arrayed in debate against their common philosophical foe, George Bernard Shaw. During the course of the evening Mr. Shaw, in a half serious, half jesting manner, referred to his opponents as the "Chesterbelloc." This designation has since assumed the role of a *nom de guerre*.

The "Chesterbelloc" is a singularly happy combination. Though both men are entering upon their fifty-seventh year, they still retain much of the vigor of youth. Chesterton is a convert to Catholicism, a man who first built up in his own mind what he conceived to be a perfect religion and then to his amazement discovered that it was Catholicism. Belloc has always been a Catholic. He is partly of French extraction, a fact which may account for his clear and forceful logic, a characteristic of the cultured Gallic mind. There are some critics who think that because the style of these men is so different, it is a mistake to mention them as one. This is, however, the error of the modern mind that views style as the subordination of matter to manner; that judges literary merit not so much on the basis of what is said as according to the way in which it is said.

Chesterton and Belloc deal with different phases of the same thing. The very substance of their writings is militant philosophy of religion. Chesterton traces out the roots of the Faith; Belloc displays its fruits. Chesterton will explain and defend the most elementary point of Catholicism. He is sympathetic towards his opponents. He is not surprised to hear of a logic professor who says that two plus two might equal five on the moon, for he himself has gone through all the vagaries of modern thought. He is prepared to discuss anything philosophical, from the principle of contradiction to the proofs for the Real Presence. Belloc, on the other hand, is scornful and withering to his opponents. To him, a man who doubts the

freedom of the will, or the immortality of the soul, is simply foolish. Belloc is as intolerant of error as the Church for which he stands. Being thoroughly familiar with her history and her constructive influence on Western civilization, he is convinced that she develops men and safeguards all that is best in human life. In "Europe and the Faith" he tells us: "We are Europe; we are a great people. The Faith is not an accident among us, nor an imposition, nor a garment: it is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh: it is a philosophy made by and making ourselves."

Belloc is a rationalist, Chesterton a mystic. Belloc is a Catholic because he can find no weakness in the theology, philosophy, or ritual of his Church. Chesterton reaches his conclusions more by intuition than by reason. No one but a mystic could attain the Faith simply by observing the fallacies of Huxley and Spencer. Each differs from the other in regard to his attitude toward opponents and in his method of reaching conclusions. Regarded in this light, they are Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, but when it comes to philosophy they are simply the *nom de guerre*, "Chesterbelloc."

Europe is the Faith, and the Faith is Europe, is the slogan of the Chesterbellocian. The "Chesterbelloc" purposes to heal the moral and social ills of the world by bringing back mediaeval Catholicism with its lofty conception of family life, and its condemnation of usury (taking interest upon an unproductive loan). The Chesterbellocian waxes joyful over the thought of large families and many freeholds, and jubilant over the thought of a money lender being driven from town, or a financier who deliberately attempted to corner the wheat market being burned with his own wheat as the fodder.

Their aim is explained in these words of Belloc: "A state of society in which the families composing it are, in a determining number, owners of the land and the means of production, as well as themselves the human



agents of production (that is, the people who by their energy produce wealth with those means of production) is probably the oldest, and certainly the most commonly found of all states of society." It is called by Belloc the "Distributive State" and is popularly known in England as "Chestertonian Democracy."

It has been observed as a historical fact that wherever Christianity weakened or completely lost its hold upon the minds of men, property began to centralize itself into the hands of the few or, as Chesterton says, "when the mass of men lost their hold on heaven, almost at the same moment they lost their hold on the earth." The great mass of men are shut out from that independence, that pleasure, that security which the possession of property alone can give. Our modern efforts at reform are directed towards the sufficiency and security of the wage earner, that is, toward raising wages and making employment regular, but maintaining that the wealthy possessors of the means of production must be left secure, guaranteed about in proportion to their wealth. This is the modern tendency, and "Chesterbelloc" offers us not a compromise, not a palliative, but a complete change of the social order.

Their doctrine, though astounding in Protestant countries, is taken for granted upon continental Europe. There it is called Christian Solidarism. It presupposes the Scholastic system of ethics and is a by-product of the Catholic view of life.

The economic order founded upon robbery, usury, and the inherent selfishness of liberalistic ideas must be undone, and the pleasures and responsibilities of property given back to the mass of human beings. That extreme humanitarianism, so prevalent to-day, is but a palliative and does not go to the sources of social disorders. It is not "Chesterbelloc" doctrine and assuredly played but little part in mediaeval Christianity.

The possession of property naturally leads to gaiety, for it is the foundation of the legitimate pleasures of life. Our modern attitude toward pleasure is paganistic and vicious in the extreme. It is the doctrine sung by Horace centuries ago: *Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero*. Professor Clery has made this keen observation: "In the modern world asceticism is confined to athletics." You will notice that in those societies where asceticism is least practised athletes are most worshipped. This was true in ancient Greece and Rome; it is true to-day. Such overemphasis is a form of madness. We are living in a mad world. In any well-ordered society the social system, or custom, should provide those things necessary for bodily health and the exercise of normal virtue. Such a society brings about happiness and mental health. "A man in our day," says Chesterton, "often gains the reputation of being a very sensible and rational person by passing perpetually from one form of insanity to another. To-day this man is going in for the missing word competitions, to-morrow playing ping-pong, the day after composing limericks, the next day buying rubber shares, or learning to dance the 'camel-walk'—the forms of lunacy are sufficiently varied."

Chesterton and Belloc are, perhaps, the keenest observers of our society, now living. The philosophy which they preach is the hope of the modern world. If their doctrines were realized we should have healthier and happier men and women. Society would be sound at its core and it would take a tremendous upheaval to shake it. We should have men and women reasonably clothed and fed, and conscious of a responsibility which would result in a normal self-respect. There would be no industrial problem, no child labor problem, no problem of international peace. The world would be free to move forward.



## *Friendship Trilogy*

### AVE

*While in the west, the purple shadows died,  
And in the east the sun arose again,  
Upon a wind-swept hill, I once descried  
The figure of one gazing at the plain  
Of Heaven. Wondering at the hopeful glance  
In those dark eyes, I closer drew to ask  
If east of westward gave the better chance  
For finding Happiness behind its mask  
Of scarlet, bitter life. And while a song  
Arose from woods near-by, the figure stared  
At brightening skies. If it were doing wrong  
To break this dream, I neither knew nor cared.*

*The figure turned; I saw that it was you:  
The voices of your eyes told me you knew.*

### SALVE

*Then at your word, together we turned west,  
For you had said that if, with quickened strides,  
We westward tramped, perhaps we two could best  
The sun; that, while on other days he hides,  
This day should never end for us, and we  
Could hold him with us; night should never come.  
But he pursued us and while joyfully  
We talked of golden dreams, the growing hum  
Of noon-day struck our ears; you dropped my hand  
And silently we hurried lest the sun  
Soon overtake us and destroy the band  
That momentarily of us two made one.*

*The sun is passing; voices of your eyes  
Say that within you friendship fades and dies.*

### VALE

*The sun, behind the silhouetted trees  
Is setting, and the purple of the east  
Advances, while the light, caressing breeze  
That carried but today a song has ceased  
To blow your hair. The night, with soundless feet,  
Comes on us while the golden hopes of day  
Slink off to darkened tombs. The pounding beat  
Within me has become a spectral play  
And life is now a weary, futile show,  
A mockery of wishes that are dead.  
We turn, we go to meet the silent foe  
Which sombrely pursues the light that fled.*

*The voices of your eyes I hear to say:  
The morrow is a thousand years away.*

—JACK MULLEN.



## SPORT NEWS

### *N. D. Four Ties World Record at Kansas Relay*

One of the greatest relay teams that ever flaunted the colors of Notre Dame, weathered the chilly climate of Kansas Memorial Stadium at Lawrence, Kansas, last Saturday, and when it had won its victory left the track with one of the greatest triumphs fortune has ever given to an Irish track four.

It required just :41.6 seconds for the epoch-making events to take place but it would take 41.6 columns to portray accurately how phenomenally Knute K. Rockne's great sprint relay performed.

Two records were shattered and a third one, the greatest of all, was tied by the mercury-footed Notre Dame team, composed of Captain Joe Della Maria, Jack Reilly, Charley Reilly, and Jack Elder.

The Kansas Relay and American collegiate records for the 440 yard relay were shattered by the Irish runners. The former standard of :42 flat, which was set by the Kansas University team of 1923, gave way to the fast time of the Blue and Gold dash men.

#### TIE WORLD MARK

Most brilliant of all is the fact that the world's record time of :41.6, set by a team representing the New York A. C. in 1925, was equalled by the Irish team.

To win the race, the Irish team defeated such flashy teams as Kansas and Texas who finished second and third, respectively. Charley Reilly, who carried the baton from the start line for the Irish, passed the stick with a slight lead. Elder and Jack Reilly held the margin intact and Captain Della Maria, Irish anchor-man, breasted the wire a stride ahead of the Kansas runner.

The record-breaking performance of the

Notre Dame team was the most brilliant feature of the official opening of the outdoor collegiate track season. More than 1500 athletes from eastern and middle-western schools took part in the Kansas and in the Ohio Relays, which were held at Columbus, Ohio. It was the fifth resumption of the former classic, the fourth resumption of the latter.

The same Notre Dame team covered itself with another bit of glory when it finished in a dead heat for second place in the half mile relay. Iowa won the race and Texas and Notre Dame tied for the second.

An Irish medley team finished fourth in the two mile medley relay. Iowa State won the event in rather easy fashion.

#### IRISH SQUAD AT OHIO RELAYS

At Ohio, the Notre Dame squad did not do so well. In the individual events, Bov and Barron, did well in the pole vault and high hurdles, but did not cop any of the high places. None of the Irish relay teams at the Ohio games were in the money.

Saturday's performances are said to be out-of-the ordinary, considering the earliness of the outdoor season. Cooper, of Michigan, won both hurdles at Ohio, clipping the high stiles in :15.8 and the low barriers in :24.8. Burg, of Chicago, won the high jump at Ohio with a leap of 6 feet 5  $\frac{7}{8}$  inches.

Lyons of Illinois, hurled the shot 46 feet 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

The final set of relays is set for today and tomorrow at Philadelphia and Des Moines, the Penn and Drake Relays. They are the most celebrated of the college relay meets.



## IRISH BALL PLAYERS CLEAN UP IN TRIP THROUGH SOUTHLAND

Sunburned and tanned, fifteen members of the Notre Dame baseball nine, accompanied by Thomas E. Mills, head coach and Ed. Walsh, pitching coach, returned to the university early this week with the most pre-tentious spring training record ever made by an Irish nine.

Nine games were played by the Notre Dame club and of these, seven were returned as victories and only two were lost. Mercier and the University of Georgia were the only clubs who could penetrate the Irish defense, although each team lost the other games of the series to the Notre Dame team.

Both good and bad results came from the trip. A majority of the players were whipped into nearly perfect condition for the intensive schedule which the team will carry out in the next five weeks. Dan Moore, veteran outfielder, had two ribs broken in the Georgia game, and his play will probably be affected for a while.

Harry O'Boyle, regular center gardener, was unable to accompany the club and members of the pitching staff alternated in the outfield.

Most noteworthy of the team's play during the trip is its excellent hitting and fine fielding. The Irish bludgeons cracked out hits consistently in each game. Their average for the trip was an even dozen hits per contest.

Behind effective pitching by Walsh, Besten, Ronay, Abbrott and Jachym, the Notre Dame defense performed with few faults.

## CHAMPION RELAY TEAM TO COMPETE IN PENN RELAYS

Possessors of an American collegiate record and joint holders of the world's standard in the quarter mile relay, Notre Dame's great sprint four, Della Maria, Elder, Riley and Reilly, left Thursday for Philadelphia where they will compete in the historic Penn Relays.

The Irish team, since its brilliant showing at the Kansas Relays last Saturday, has been pointed out to as one of the most phenom-

enal developments of the present track season.

Teams from the east and middle-west will be entered in the meet and expert opinion says that the Irish might be pressed so hard that they will shatter the present world mark. Teams from Georgetown, Harvard, Syracuse and Cornell, the best track schools in the east, as well as clubs from the Big Ten schools will nominate sprint relay teams for the race.

While their team-mates are at the Penn Relays other members of the Irish track squad will compete in Drake Relays which have come to be recognized as the outstanding early-season track event in the middle west.

It is probable that the Irish medley team composed of Masterson, Judge, McGauley and McDonald will race at Drake.

## FROSH PREPARE FOR MEETS

More than 50 freshman trackmen are working out daily at Cartier Field, under the direction of Assistant Coach John Wendland, in preparation for spring meets.

Besides meeting the Varsity squad in the usual handicap meets and practice tests, the yearlings will have their usual dual meets with the Culver (Ind.) Military School squad and with Western State Normal College, of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Both meets will be held on foreign tracks.

Coach Wendland says that the freshmen are showing eagerness in all the events. A well-balanced team is expected.

## TENNIS PLAYERS WORK

Aspirants for the varsity tennis team are practicing daily on the courts in the rear of Cartier Field. Several members of the 1926 freshman squad are bidding strongly for regular places, since the varsity squad was depleted considerably last spring by graduation.

## GOLF TOURNEY BEGINS

Announcement has been made that first flights of the annual university golf tournament will begin May 2. The tournament will require eight flights and 24 prizes are to be offered.



### NOTRE DAME GOLFERS MEET NORTHWESTERN, ARMOUR TECH

Notre Dame pasture-pool artists begin one of the most intensive schedules ever offered to an Irish golf team, Monday, when they meet the Northwestern squad at Olympia Fields in Chicago. On Tuesday the team will meet the Armour Tech team at the same club.

Manager Al Diebold announces that a match has been scheduled for each Saturday in May with some of the representative golfers in the middle west. Wisconsin, Indiana, and Marquette are to face the Irish during the month.

Captain Norb Seidensticker will lead the Notre Dame squad this year. Charley Totten, a veteran from last year, has played consistently in practice flights.

### WEST VIRGINIA HERE FOR TWO OPENING GAMES

Fresh from a successful southern training trip and the first regular game of the year, that with Wisconsin Tuesday, Notre Dame ball players will meet West Virginia at Cartier Field Friday and Saturday. Both games are to be called at 2:30 p. m.

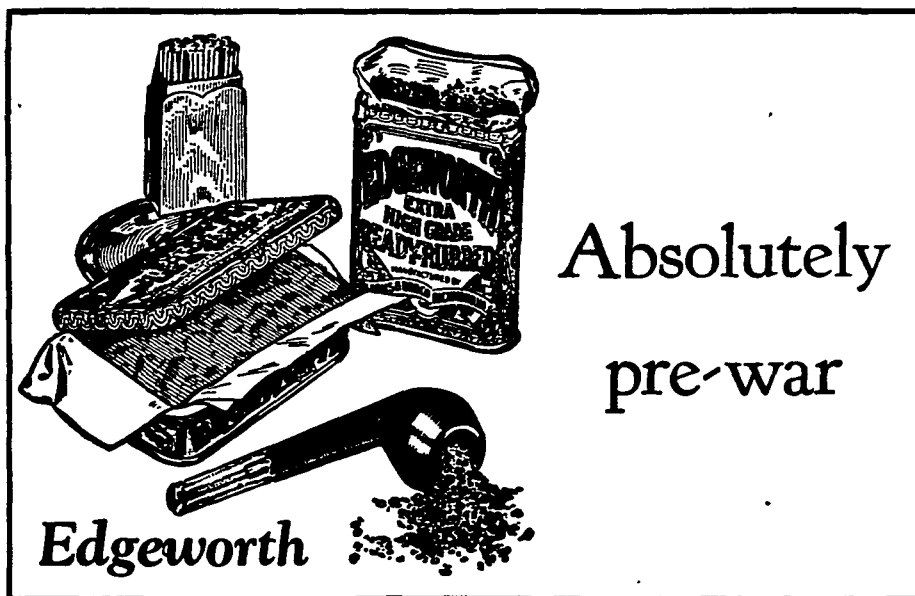
Rated among the best college nines in the country, the Notre Dame club will need to show its prowess in the two opening home games for the Mountaineer team is far from weak. It successfully met the invasions of many eastern college nines when the latter took their southern jaunts.

Ed. Walsh and Ronay or Abrott are slated to get the pitching assignments for the week end.

### GLEE CLUB CONCERT-DANCE

For the second time during the school year the student body will have permission to remain away from the campus until one o'clock in the morning, providing, of course, that each man staying out that late, has in his possession a ticket to the Notre Dame Glee Club Concert Dance which will be given next Monday at the Palais Royale. The double shebang begins at eight and ends at one. Another feature of the entertainment is that the St. Mary's girls are allowed to attend. There is nothing about this affair; the two impossibilities have been arranged by the Notre Dame Club of St. Joe Valley and the South Bend St. Mary's Alumnus Club. These two organizations put their heads together and arranged for this special dance and concert which will allow the Notre Dame men and the St. Mary's girls to go to a dance together and stay until one. And they have arranged for special cars. It is to be an informal dance and the tickets sell for two charlies a couple.

William L. Foohey, B.S.Ch.E., '26, M.S., '27, has been appointed to the DuPont Fellowship in chemistry for the coming year. The fellowship, established at Notre Dame last year, was recently renewed by E. I. DuPont de Nemours.







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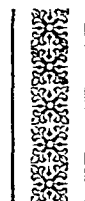
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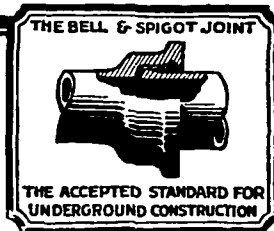
**T**HIS picture, taken in the salt marshes near Kearny, N. J., shows two lines of 30-inch Cast Iron Pipe replacing pipe made of other material. The alternate exposure to the action of salt water and air is a severe test.

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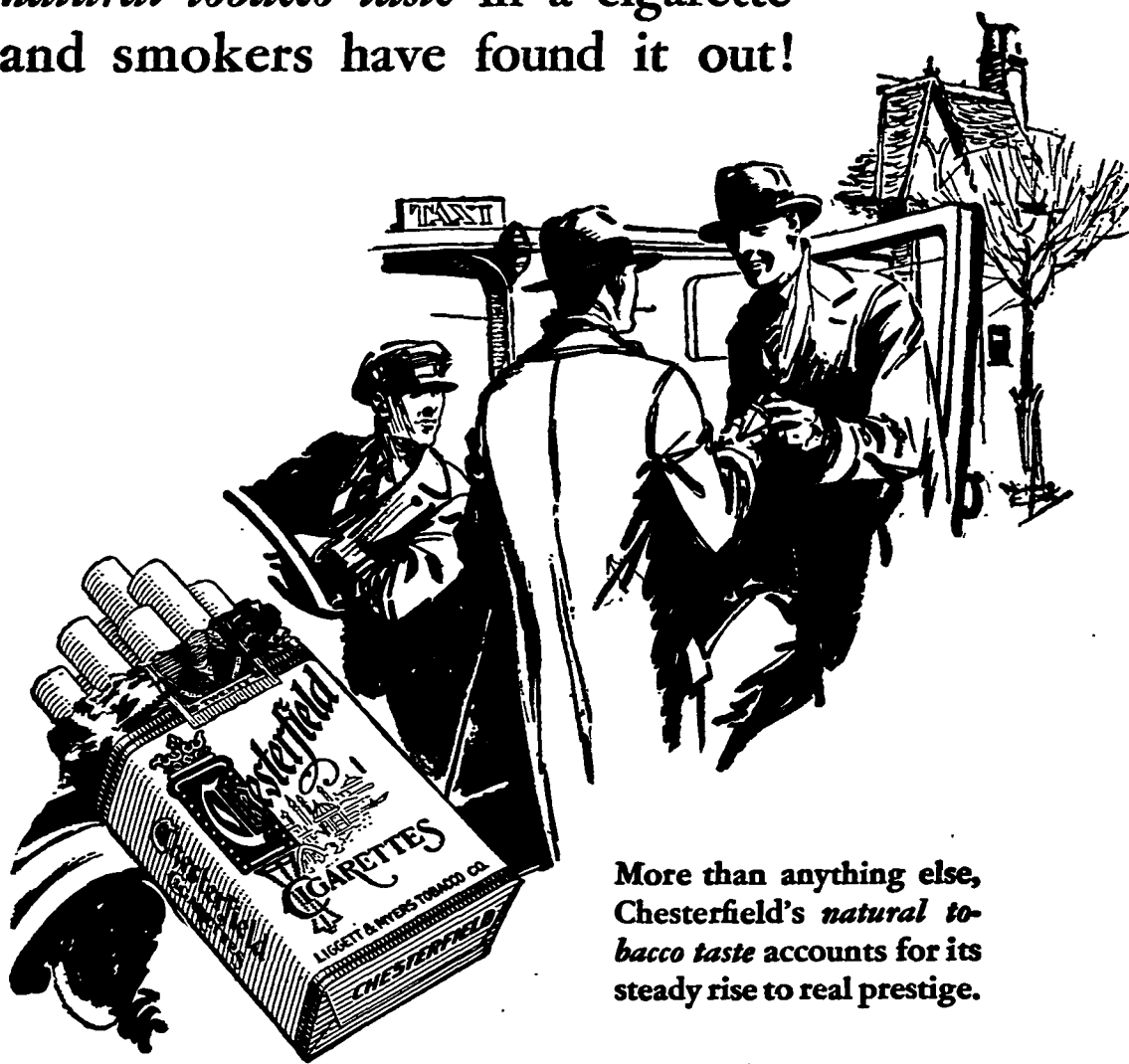


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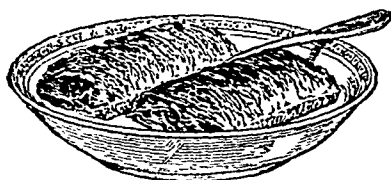


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