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TABLE OF CONTENTS

1928

The Week	J. F. Mahoney	550
Next Week's Events		551
Washington's Birthday Program	Richard Parrish	553
Music and Drama	Arthur Stenius	555
The Campus Clubs	John Bergan	558
The College Parade	Cyril J. Mullen	559
The Editor's Page		560
Hobnails	Allan-a-Dale	561
Provincial (A Story)	William H. Knapp	562
On Being Small	Francis Crowe	565
April in Hell (A Poem)	Prospero Image	567
Track Men Win Meet	John V. Hinkel	568
Other Sport News		570, 571, 572

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

THE WEEK

Father O'Hara's Religious Survey made its annual appearance during the week. It will not be read as widely as last year, more's the pity, because the Modern Girl is given scant attention, and there will be no reason for enterprising feature writers for the *Herald-Examiner* to interview Northwestern co-eds. On the other hand, it will be invaluable to the members of the clergy to whom it is sent, and who have long ago forgotten what the freshmen thought of the Modern Girl.

The Junior Prom took place as scheduled, and with great show of style. To Messrs. Krieg and Stanton *The Week* extends congratulations, while it mercilessly condemns the low campus wits who persist in calling the affair the Senior Prom. The juniors were actually in the majority, but the seniors were more conspicuous.

The First Degree was exemplified last night for the benefit of what Tom Mahon calls "The-toughest class that ever went in to the Knights of Columbus," and the Second and Third Degrees take place Sunday. By these ceremonies, the fifty-odd candidates become the bosom companions of seven hundred thousand Knights throughout the country, privileged to shake seven hundred thousand hands in friendship and to enter seven hundred thousand homes and help themselves to anything that catches their fancy.

There are several distinct advantages to be gained if the proposal of the University that the Dore Road be closed is accepted by the county commissioners: Residents of the upper stories of Badin will be free from the prying eyes of students who have been catapulted from the bumpers of new Fords; cab-drivers will find it easier to pursue departing fares among the trees than about the academic shades of the library; there will be no danger that Sunday picnickers will despoil Morrissey's new lawn; and the Blue Circle can be restricted to

one-fourth of the student body, as the need for emergency traffic directors abates. Howard hall will doubtless regret that the South Bend girls can no longer drive by with roguish glances, but their wishes must be disregarded for the general welfare.

The Glee Club received its introduction to Service, in the person of the South Bend Kiwanians, when it was entertained at a banquet by these astute business men on Tuesday evening. The Glee Club heard the speeches and the Kiwanians heard the Glee Club sing, thus assuring everyone an even break.

Seniors are urged to order commencement invitations early, in order to give relatives ample time to select gifts. Those within the third degree of kinship will be gratified at receiving handsome leather announcements, while neighbors, old flames and other less promising prospects must be content with the cardboard invitations.

There are two reasons why your mail was heavier on St. Valentine's day: either you are a favorite with the opposite sex or you are a lax Christian, and it may be that both causes functioned. Some of those who were fondly remembered by the Prefect of Religion regarded it with pride, which is rather silly.

We have had, of late, ample proof of the old gambler's axiom, "You can't beat the game." The signs are writ plain enough for all to see—the Foreign Legion in Chicago grows daily. The South Shore trains are crowded with youths possessing one-way tickets. At several halls, trunks await the Yellow Cab Co. truck; our advice to you, if you have disregarded the warnings, and whether or not you have escaped so far, is to cash in your checks and quit.

One statistician opines that if all the borrowed clothing worn to the Prom were placed in one pile, the rightful owners would have a hard time identifying their own.

—J.F.M.

FATHER O'HARA ISSUES RELIGIOUS SURVEY FOR 1927-28

The Seventh Annual Edition of the Religious Survey which was distributed on the campus this week is a publication which should be of interest to every Catholic. The Survey is, we believe, the only periodical which gives one so intimate a glance into the minds of the average Catholic young men of to-day. The pages of this work are made up of the answers of the Notre Dame men to questions of both religious and secular nature. The reader should find these replies interesting because of their frankness, as the men are in no way influenced by the authorities, the questionnaires of which the Survey is composed being unsigned.

The compilers of the Survey have shown remarkable discrimination in the questions asked, all of them being directly applicable to the lives of average Catholics, as well as of interest to the college man of to-day. The questions and answers listed in the Survey are grouped under five headings: The Holy Eucharist, Spiritual Aids, Intellectual Aids, Background and Environment, and Character Development. The answers to these questions are then listed under the titles of frequent and infrequent communions, thus permitting one to observe the difference in the replies of those men who take advantage of their religious opportunities and of those who fail to do so.

The new Religious Survey provides the average individual with some conception of the mental processes of the student of to-day. It shows his opinions on a number of subjects pertaining to his religion and to his idea of morality, opinions which are in no way influenced by the fear of discovery. The Survey is an accurate summing up of the beliefs and theories held by the students at Notre Dame, and, therefore, it should be of no little interest to those who study their fellow-men.

SCHOLASTIC NOTICE

Because of the holiday next Wednesday, the SCHOLASTIC schedule will be advanced one day. Staff members please note.

NEO-SCHOLASTIC SOCIETY MEETS FOR FIRST FORMAL DISCUSSION

On February 13, at 2:15 P. M., the newly-organized Neo-Scholastic Society met for its first formal discussion. Two theses were considered, namely, "The Central Position of the theory of Knowledge in all Philosophy of Note," and "the Two Irreducible Types of Knowledge," sensuous and intellectual.

Vice-President John Robinson presided, inasmuch as president Robert Fogerty engaged in the discussion. Sister Mary Aloysi of Cleveland, who shall receive her Ph.D. degree from Notre Dame in August of this year, presented objections to the Scholastic contentions on these two theses.

Following Sister Aloysi, Mr. Clark presented and developed the theses in a positive manner. Earl Dardes then answered the objections raised by Sister Aloysi. Following him, Mr. Flanagan gave an historical presentation of the problems, noting how they were viewed by prominent Greek and Medieval philosophers, and stating the present tendency to rule out intellectual knowledge, or to identify it with sensuous knowledge.

Mr. Fogerty closed the formal discussion with an ably-developed epitome of an article by Roy Wood Sellars, which appeared in a recent issue of "Mind". Mr. Fogerty showed how Mr. Sellars championed critical realism, a philosophical viewpoint which runs counter to idealism, but does not admit of man's ability to gain a knowledge of the *essence* of objective things.

Following Mr. Fogerty's presentation of a contemporary point of view, the society engaged in informal discussion concerning the matter which had been formally presented in the traditional Scholastic manner.

On Wednesday, February 15, the theses, "Abstract and General Knowledge," and "Several Forms of Intellectual Knowledge," were discussed in the same manner as were those presented on Monday. The gentlemen engaged in this discussion were: Mr. Freitas, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Jones, Mr. Kearney and Mr. Kiener.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EXERCISES

The annual Washington's Birthday exercises will be held next Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 10 o'clock in Washington hall. Michael



JOHN F. FREDERICK

Ricks, chairman of the program committee appointed by John Frederick, president of the senior class, has completed all the arrangements for the exercises.

The Seniors, wearing caps and gowns, will meet in the main parlor on the second floor of

the Administration building at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday morning. They will march from the building to Washington hall shortly before 10 o'clock. All seniors, as well as members of the freshman class, are required to attend the exercises.

The presentation of the flag, always a feature of the program, will be made this year by John Frederick, senior president. The Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., vice-president of Notre Dame, who is acting president in the absence of Father Walsh, will accept the flag in the name of the University.

MULLEN AND CAVANAUGH ON PROGRAM

Jack Mullen, editor of the SCHOLASTIC, is the author of the ode. As is customary, he will also deliver it. John Cavanaugh, prominent student orator, will give some selections from Washington's Farewell Address.

Overtures by the University orchestra, directed by Joseph Casasanta, the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Notre Dame," by the audience and a vocal solo by A. J. Kopecky, popular student tenor, will complete the musical program.

Michael Ricks, chairman of the program committee, was assisted materially by A. Lester Pierce of the school of Education. The members of the committee are Vincent Walsh, Leo Manns, Francis McCarthy, Joseph Hilger, David Krembs and Joseph Montedonico.

DISTRIBUTE CAPS AND GOWNS MONDAY

Caps and gowns will be issued to the seniors Monday, Feb. 20, in the basement of Walsh hall, it is announced by John McMahon, chairman of the Cap and Gown committee. Distribution will start at 10 o'clock and continue throughout the day.

Students who have not paid the full \$3.50 fee will be required to fulfill their obligation when they receive their cap and gown. The outfits must be returned to the basement of Walsh hall immediately following the conclusion of the exercises.

ACCIDENT SADDENS UNIVERSITY

Students and faculty at Notre Dame have joined in expressions of sorrow over the news of the tragic automobile accident in Chicago last Sunday which resulted in the death of one young woman and the injury of six others, three of them being Notre Dame students.

The accident occurred in Washington park, Chicago. Miss Helen Ferry was killed and the following were injured: Miss Mildred Wendell of Ottawa, Ill.; Miss Della Weber of LaSalle, Ill.; Miss Ruth Heberling of Ottawa; and three students, John Lucey, John Anderson and Edward Denino.

The students involved in the accident were all in high standing at the University, according to the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., prefect of discipline, who hurried to Chicago on learning of the automobile collision.

MONSIGNOR THOMAS VISITS HERE

The Rt. Rev. C. F. Thomas, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., was a visitor at Notre Dame Monday and Tuesday of this week. St. Patrick's is the most prominent Catholic church in Washington and was the first church to celebrate the Pan-American Mass.

Monsignor Thomas visited a number of his many friends during his stay here. The relation between the faculty and students of Holy Cross College and the priests of St. Patrick's Church is a close one. Members of the Community assist at all the ceremonies at St. Patrick's.

FEBRUARY "ALUMNUS" FEATURES ARTICLE ON COACH KEOGAN

Jim Armstrong, the man who is responsible for the *Alumnus*, has brought out another excellent issue of that publication. The magazine, which is attractive in appearance and well edited, contains several articles which are of interest to the students, and doubly so to the alumni.

Joe McNamara's sport section is handled in a very capable manner, serving to keep the graduates informed concerning the success of the basketball teams. The articles which compose this section are well written in a breezy, journalistic style.

Some of the features of the February issue are: "Notre Dame's Current Literature," by Brother Alphonsus; "George Keogan, Coach," by "Pi" Warren; and interesting story of the success of Mr. Keogan since his advent at Notre Dame and of the remarkable improvement in the teams coached by him. Then, there is an article on the prominence of the part played by the alumni in the recent success of the Glee Club. A sketch dealing with Fred Miller, "captain of the Fighting Irish for 1928", is very well done and should help the alumni to feel on terms of greater intimacy with affairs at Notre Dame.

The *Alumnus* is characterized by the excellence and interest of the copy which it uses. It is a well edited publication—one which serves to keep its public in touch with the life which it knew not so long ago.

ALUMNI VIEW CAMPUS MOVIES

Motion pictures featuring the campus and the past football season are now being shown in several cities before the Notre Dame alumni organizations. James Armstrong, alumni secretary, took the pictures, using cameras which were purchased this fall by the University.

The pictures have been presented at a number of Ohio cities including Cleveland, Columbus, and Akron, and at Rochester, N. Y. Eventually, they will be shown to all the alumni clubs.

PLANS TO MAKE BIRD SANCTUARY OF NOTRE DAME PROGRESSES

With the tentative approval of the Rev. Mathew J. Walsh, C. S. C., president of the University, on the scheme to make the grounds surrounding Notre Dame a wild bird sanctuary and breeding ground, plans for the spring work along these lines are going forward.

According to Brother Alphonsus, C.S.C., who is cooperating with D. K. Stevenson of South Bend, originator of the idea, if nothing unforeseen arises the early spring weeks will see the lakes tenanted by ducks and other hen birds of several species.

At present there are no wild life breeding grounds, either state or privately owned, in the State of Indiana, although many other states provide extensive grounds for their winged migratory guests. The location and natural advantages of Notre Dame make it an ideal spot for such a project and it is expected that this will effect the final carrying out of the idea.

ALUMNUS MAKES GOOD

Through the Rev. Patrick J. Haggerty, C.S.C., rector of Morrissey Hall, comes the news of the success of Hugh F. Blunt, A.B., of the class of June, 1924. After leaving Notre Dame this alumnus studied law and for the past year or so he has been engaged in active law practice together with Edward A. Counihan, Jr., in Boston. Now comes the announcement of the opening of a private office. Those wishing to consult Mr. Blunt on local matters will find him in his new quarters at 614 Barristers Hall, Pemberton Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

HOWARD SECURES PIANO

Not to be outdone by the older halls, Howard hall has taken a step forward socially and installed a piano in the recreation room in the basement, and it is rumored more will be accomplished shortly along the same lines. In addition, there is now under consideration a move to form an orchestra from the talent in the hall.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Those who attended the Cleveland Club banquet which was held Wednesday evening in the faculty dining room, witnessed the first formal appearance of the University orchestra since the Christmas holidays. In spite of the brevity of the program given, everyone present was assured that in the orchestra Notre Dame has another musical organization which equals any like organization in the other large schools of the Middle West. With every afternoon one of practice, it is a certainty that the orchestra will have perfected a splendid program, so that their promised concert, which will be given in Washington hall in the near future, will be well worth attending.

Being in as great a demand in South Bend as they are in other cities of northern Indiana, the Glee Club, last Tuesday evening, obliged the local Kiwanis Club with a concert when that organization of business men gave a banquet at the Oliver Hotel. But one concert a week, in the eyes of the club members, is enough, and last night their appearance in Elkhart gave credence to the fact that the number of concerts in no way lessens their quality.

Because of an unexpected change in booking, Robert Mantell and his company, who were scheduled for an appearance at the Oliver Theatre February 23-4-5, come to South Bend the first of the week following February 27-8-9, the week which brings Otis Skinner and Mrs. Fiske here in their successful revival of "Merry Wives of Windsor."

TWO NEW SEMINARS OFFERED

SEMINAR IN EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH
 Wednesday evenings, 7:00 P.M. to 8:30 P.M.
 Room 123 Main Bldg. Two credit hours.

This seminar will be conducted co-operatively by the staff of the School of Education under the leadership of Mr. A. Confrey.

It is restricted to graduate students, and college seniors preparing Bachelor theses. At each meeting two members will present their research problems with tentative solutions for critical discussion by the group.

This course is offered provisionally, it being understood that if the character of the work done in the meetings is below standard, the class will be disbanded.

Students not permitted or not desiring to follow the course for credit may audit with the approval of the one in charge.

THE FACULTY FRENCH SEMINAR

Tuesdays, 8:00 P.M. Community House Recreation Room. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 14th.

The first meeting will be devoted to a discussion of the plan of study to be followed during the second semester.

Instructors at the University having a reading knowledge of French are invited to attend these meetings, but all instruction and discussions will be in French.

"SANTA MARIA" ANNOUNCES SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Santa Maria, organ of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, announces in its mid-winter issue, "The Past Grand Knights' Number," a short story contest open to all students at the University. There will be three prizes of \$10, \$5, and \$2.50 in gold awarded. The contest closes March 21, 1928.

All short stories, whose minimum and maximum lengths should be 1500 words and 4000 words respectively, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the author and the title of his story, should be sent either to Leo R. McIntyre, Box 73, Notre Dame, or Mr. Paul Fenlon, Sorin hall.

K. OF C. EXEMPLIFY FIRST DEGREE

Tuesday evening, Feb. 16, 1928, in the South Bend chambers the first degree was exemplified to more than sixty candidates by the officers of Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus. Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin of the local council, following the exemplification, stated that the second and third degree would be held at the same place Sunday afternoon, Feb. 19, starting at 12:30 P. M.

JUNIOR PROM OF 1928 HELD IN PALAIS ROYALE

The song is ended the Notre Dame Prom of 1928 is now a matter of history; and what a dance it was! The Palais radiantly decorated the orchestra most melodiously sweet girls of every nature five hundred of them in evening dresses of every description five hundred men in, hardboiled shirts and satin laped coats five hundred couples gliding the smooth hardwood floor a thousand people smiling a thousand people having one of the best times of their lives that was the Prom of '28!



PALAIS BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED

According to many competent critics, the Palais Royale never before looked so beautiful. The huge golden basket that drooped from the middle of the ceiling with hundreds of blue streamers running to all parts of the hall combined with the blue and gold fringed walls to give the Palais more than a touch of beauty. A garden with lounges, ferns, flowers, floor lamps and a water fountain made an excellent resting place between dances. The most singular feature of the decorations was a large N. D., the creation of Pat Lawless of the Engineering School. It stood nine feet high and was seven feet wide and four feet thick. It added a touch of oddity to the arch at the entrance of the hall of which it formed a part.

ORCHESTRA GIVEN COMMENDATION

Guests began arriving at about nine-thirty so that when Louis Panico and his Brunswick Recording Band began to play their group melodies at ten o'clock, a most responsive audience awaited them. Louis Panico, billed as the world's premier jazz trumpeter, and his band, proved to be, as they say in the vernacular "hot, very hot." They made you dance, they made you gay, they made you feel as though you wanted the Prom to last on and on and on Especially commendable were

their varied selections: sometimes sweet and again filled with pep. Their rendition of "Make Believe You Are Mine Tonight," the Prom song composed for the class of '29 by Harry Owens, composer of popular melodies, was the biggest musical feature of the evening. Its melody was appealing and its words most appropriate. The entire spirit of Prom time with its girls from near and afar was never, so we believe, more favorably expressed than in the "Prom Song of 1928."

The favors for the Prom were monogrammed jewel cases engraved with the script "The Prom of 1928." They were made of hammered silver, with a silk lining. The dance programs were of gold leaf with a blue Notre Dame seal.

Judge and Mrs. D. G. Wooten, Mr. and Mrs. William Roemer, Mr. Daniel O'Grady, Mr. John Brennan and Mr. James Hines acted as patrons and patronesses of the affair while Mr. and Mrs. James E. McCarthy, Mr. Paul Byrne and Mr. Paul Fenlon were chaperons.

To William H. Krieg, president of the class of '29, and to Walter E. Stanton, general chairman of the Prom committees, and to the rest of the committeemen who worked most diligently to make the Prom a success, a world of credit should be given. Whether this year's Prom was the best ever or not, this much is certain no more could be expected of any dance, any Prom, anywhere, or anytime. That was the Prom of '28.

BRUNSWICK NIGHT PROMISED

A Brunswick night on the campus is promised for some time in March by the concert committee and Joseph Lyons, manager of the recording department of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. of Chicago, it is announced by the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., prefect of discipline.

Mr. Lyons, who assisted in securing the orchestra for the Junior Prom, spent the past week-end as the guest of both the Prom committee and Arthur J. Haley, business manager of the department of athletics at Notre Dame. Mr. Lyons conferred with the concert committee during his stay here.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

If you regard the short-story as "a cross-section of life," you will admire William Knapp's "Provincial" in its human reproduction of small-town cross-currents. Its author, an A. B. sophomore, demonstrates a happy fidelity in the matter of handling dialogue.

Frank Crowe's "On Being Small" is a sad, sad picture of nature's short-comings. But, to judge from his pugnacity on the basketball floor, it is hard to think of Frank as a step-child of Fate. There is some very good humor in this essay.

That disturbing Prospero Image! His style, that characteristic crystal-sharpness of word and turn, is as elusive as his identity. Who but Prospero Image would write of "April in Hell;" who but he could write of "the nightingales—, who sinned?"

—R.C.E.

NAMED BISHOP OF ROCKFORD

Auxiliary Bishop Edward F. Hoban of Chicago, a close friend of Notre Dame, has been named Bishop of Rockford, Ill. The faculty and students join with the Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., president of the University, in extending their congratulations to the Bishop who has always taken a lively interest in affairs at Notre Dame.

COMMERCE MEN TO HEAR TALKS

Nationally prominent leaders in the field of commerce will deliver a series of lectures to the students of the College of Commerce at Notre Dame during the second semester, it is announced by James E. McCarthy, dean of the college. The first lecture of the group will be given within the next ten days.

Paul G. Hoffman and J. M. Cleary, vice-president and sales manager, respectively, of the Studebaker Corporation; are two local men who are scheduled for lectures. Four other speakers have been secured: B. H. Kroger, Cincinnati, who owns a chain of over one thousand stores in Ohio; Homer J. Buckley, Chicago, of the Buckley,

Dement and Co., specialists in direct mail advertising; W. E. Donahue, Chicago, manager of the local display advertising department of the *Chicago Tribune*; and J. G. Hickey, Rochester, of the Hickey, Freeman Co., manufacturers of men's clothing.

CLUB NEWS

SCRIBBLERS MEETING

The Scribblers held their regular weekly meeting Monday evening, in Hoynes hall at 8 P.M. President Walter Layne presided and business of the club was discussed. Richard Elpers was appointed chairman of the committee in charge of the Scribbler Poetry Contest; he succeeds Frank O'Toole. A one-act play, "Prize Money," was read by Richard Elpers and aroused much spirited discussion on the part of the members of the organization. Honorary president Charles Phillips was present and gave a very interesting criticism and appreciation of the play. The next meeting of the club will be Monday evening, February 20. Cyril Mullen was appointed to read a paper.

MONOGRAM CLUB

The Monogram Club met Monday evening in the Library. After a discussion of business, Fritz Wilson was elected president of the club to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Charles Walsh. Joe Griffin was named vice-president but will also continue to act in the capacity of secretary.

Plans were also discussed on the annual show, the "Monogram Absurdities" which will be given in the latter part of March. John Wallace was appointed director. Chorus practice for the show is now underway.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB

The boys from the "furniture city" met Thursday evening, Feb. 9, in the Hoynes College of Law. Twenty members were present at the meeting. President Walsh of the club announced that the club would hold an Easter Dance in Grand Rapids and that all of the members should work to make it a success. The dance committee and date of the dance will be given at a later meeting.

METROPOLITAN CLUB

Plans were formulated for a banquet to be given in the near future at the regular meeting of the Metropolitan club held Thursday evening in the Library.

President Jack Lavelle conducted the meeting and stated that the Christmas Formal held in the Hotel Biltmore was the most successful financially and socially in the history of the club. A committee for the banquet was also appointed. The place and date of the affair will be announced at a later meeting.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By John Bergan

NEW JERSEY CLUB

The New Jersey Club will hold its first "Get Together" meeting on Monday evening, Feb. 20, at seven forty-five, in the Lay Faculty Dining Hall.

Chairman Joe Abbott and his committee have been working diligently to make this initial affair a success and the result seems most promising.

The blonde executive has secured the services of Tony Kopecky and Andy Hayes as soloists, and Andy Mulrany has promised to have his Glee Club Quartete on hand to furnish a few selections. Jim McShane will do a special number he has been working on, which he has dedicated to the "Jersey Club" known as the "Jersey Walk." The Varsity Orchestra will render the music and will bring with a banjo duo, which they claim is the best ever.

Rev. John Farley, Rector of Off-Campus and the club's Honorary President, will be the guest of honor.

Sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and smokes will be served to make the meeting more attractive.

Chairman Abbott has requested that all club members who plan on attending this affair, should get in touch with the committee as soon as possible.

Assisting Mr. Abbott are Jack Reager, Lyons hall; Leo Hughes, Walsh; John Winberry, Sorin; and Don Ross and Ed. Lea Mond, Off-Campus.

FORT WAYNE CLUB

The members of the Fort Wayne club gathered together Thursday evening in the south room of the Library and held their annual monthly meeting.

The meeting was presided over by Edmund Bresnahan, president of the club. Initial plans were formulated for the Easter Ball to be held in Fort Wayne. Bernard Kearns, chairman of the Glee Club Concert and Dance held in Fort Wayne, February third, gave a report on the success of the venture.

DETROIT CLUB

The Detroit Club held a meeting in the North room of Lemmonier Library on Monday evening, February 13. During the conference the new charter was read and thoroughly discussed; it received the approbation of all the members. One of the most significant clauses in the charter provides that "inactive members are not to be allowed at any of the club's social functions" ("Inactive" includes members not in good financial standing.)

Plans relative to the Easter dance were carefully considered, and at the next meeting all the details will be settled and definite arrangements made.

VILLAGERS CLUB

The regular monthly meeting of the Notre Dame Villagers club was held Monday evening in the Lay Faculty Room of the Dining hall. Burton Toepp presided at the meeting in which plans were

made for the banquet to be given in honor of the Notre Dame basketball team at the close of the present season.

A feature of the meeting was a talk given by Professor Charles Phillips of the English department. Professor Phillips stressed the need of organization in club work. Following Mr. Phillips lecture William O'Neil, a guest of the club gave a short talk.

The next meeting of the club will be held in South Bend, March fifth.

DANTE CLUB

The Dante Club held its first of a proposed series of monthly dinners Thursday evening at the Hotel LaSalle. The success of the affair given by this newcomer among campus organizations has encouraged the members considerably and the future of the club seems assured.

Speeches and musical entertainment were the features of the evening. Mr. Pasquale Pirchio, instructor in Italian and honorary president of the club addressed the guests on the subject of "Dante." Several shorter addresses were given by the officers of the group in which they outlined the plans for the future. Piano offerings by Russ Cefalio and George McNally were well received.

The club which is an outgrowth of the Italian course now being offered to students has taken as its aim the detailed study of the great Italian poet Dante and his works. The officers of the organization are Frank Guarnieri, president; Ella Lionelli, vice-president; Russ Cefalio, secretary and Angelo Galdibini, treasurer.

Entire arrangements for the dinner were under the direction of Elia Lionelli assisted by J. Rocco.

CHEMIST CLUB

The Chemist club held its regular monthly meeting Wednesday evening, February 8, in Chemistry hall. The first official business of the meeting was the election of officers for the new semester. Charles Williams was reelected president.

Sam Romano, B. S., '28, read a very interesting paper on the subject of "Inorganic Salts in the Blood." The subject was treated very well by Mr. Romano and was of interest not only to the chemists but also to the pharmacists and pre-meds who were guests at the meeting.

The club will hold its next scheduled meeting on March 7 in Chemistry hall.

BUFFALO CLUB

The Buffalo club will meet in the South Room of the Library Sunday morning, Feb. 20. The meeting will be called at ten o'clock sharp and Prexy Ryan urges all members to be there. Plans for another get together dinner and for the summer activities will be formulated.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By Cyril J. Mullen

The University of Wisconsin, *Daily Cardinal* apropos our N. D. basketeers:

"In spite of the loss of his veteran team of last year, Coach Keogan has developed a quintet that has been beaten only twice this year and has played some of the best teams in the East and the West. The defeat of Notre Dame by Michigan State, although taking some of the prestige of the Irish, is far from a disgrace." And later, "A delayed offensive which the Badgers were unable to cope with last year, is again used by Keogan's slow motion wonders."

There is a considerable amount of male indignation at Northwestern University. As usual, the indignation has to do with certain indiscretion, of the feminine tongue. Reporters from Chicago, it appears, broke down the maidenly reserve of a hundred coeds, and got them to confess their reasons for coming to college. And the coeds, with that pleasing candor and hatred for hypocrisy, that is, I am told, one of the virtues of modern youth, admitted that they hadn't the slightest idea. A few, of course, had to spoil an otherwise blank record, by giving the following legitimate reasons: "I am here to get a man," and "I am here to have a good time." In short, some were there for business reasons, and some were there for pleasure. One reply stands out and should be investigated. The lady seems to be completely disillusioned: "I didn't come here for a man. Northwestern's a poor hunting ground anyway." Such is the pernicious effect of having too many huntresses at once.

The gentlemen student, stung I suppose, by the knowledge that only some of the girls had the good taste to pursue men, also went loquacious. Tom Goodrich, editor of the *Scrawl*, lays bare the data that he has painstakingly gathered after years of observation: "I know of only two coeds that are altruistic scholastically; one is a married graduate, and the other has a face that would stop a vinegar bottle." Three other masculine campus celebrities were equally vitriolic, and, I

think, unwisely. If the coeds became intellectual, athletics would wither and die for want of worshipers; rendezvous would be held at the library instead of the tea-room; and death compacts by intellectual couples, who, finding that everything is nothing plus a vacuum, would be every day affairs. If, because of indifference, the girls flunk out, so much the better. With a migratory coed population, the men would have an opportunity for greater variety, and the ladies, wider fields for hunting.

An editor at St. Olaf's College, Minnesota, makes two startling discoveries. In *The Monitor Messenger*, he terminates his editorial thus: "Yes, there are times when we felt like howling in utter disgust at a bad decision, but then again officials are only human and can't see everything." This is included in *The Parade* so that ambitious freshmen may have a little lesson in the rewards for he who studiously watches for unusual phenomena. I suggest as a helpful axiom for a starter: "Day is light; night is dark; cement is hard; pillows are soft," etc.

It would seem that Tulane has signed up Lionel Strongfort—or someone who has copied his matchless style—to inveigle innocent freshmen into the joys of wrestling. "Thru your own efforts" runs an article in the *Tulane Hullabaloo*, "you can make a T and become a Southern Champion. You need not be a strong man to be a wrestler! Just come out and receive some pointers, do some training, and enter the Southern Championship Matches, and besides making a name for yourself, you may enter the Olympic try-outs which will be held about the middle of May. Thru force of habit I looked at the foot of the articles for a coupon with which, plus ten cents and a self-addressed envelope, I might get a booklet containing all the wrestling tricks, the way to strength, and the various other things essential to manhood. To my disappointment I found that the column was signed by the captain of the team.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE MORE SUBTLE OF THE SPECIES

Alfred Smith, governor of New York, is at present easily the strongest candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States. And Al Smith happens to be a Catholic. Although most persons, even rabid Republicans from the New England provinces and the wilds of the Indiana prairie, are willing to admit that Mr. Smith would make an admirable candidate for president, and even that he might be a better occupant for the White House than we have enjoyed for some years, there is at present much excitement and, it seems, not a little fear that he will be both before the year of 1928 is over. The reason has already been stated: Mr. Smith is a Catholic. Therefore, according to the usual Anti-Anything psychology, everything possible must be done to show the citizens of this great nation that Catholicity is in itself undesirable, and that, if represented in the presidential chair, it would become nothing less than an abomination.

For many years, in the United States, the anti's have been content to use all types of physical force and to stoop to such mummery as the late lamented Ku Klux Klan, the American Protective Association, the Know-Nothings, and others of like ilk in order to put the proper brakes upon American Catholics. For the most part, this bludgeoning method has failed, a fact that is really a rather favorable commentary upon the much-maligned American mentality. The Anti-Catholic crusades have left only a few minor results, among them being the uproarious myth that every time one man says to another "Hello, Mac," he is using a mystic word whose actual significance is "Hello, Make America Catholic." And some people believe the myth.

As we said, however, the bludgeoning method has been unsuccessful. The Church refuses to be bludgeoned. Consequently, we now find that the anti's are turning to more subtle means of attack.

The Atlantic Monthly, once one of the leading mouth-pieces of intelligence in this country, has taken the lead in the propaganda forces, and other lesser lights are falling in behind it. A series of articles, purporting to be written by some "priest who is a professor at a Western University" but who is otherwise unknown to the reader, is now appearing in the *Atlantic*. The first number appeared in January, a second in February, and others are to follow. The magazine makes all the outward motions of sincerity. The entire business seems authentic until the Catholic reader begins to read.

Then, if he has been educated to his religion, he will discover that the "priest" who is writing the articles apparently knows less of Catholic theology than himself, and much less of the Catholic school system. He will find that Father Anonymous uses such typically Protestant expressions as: "admitted to the Communion." And in connection with the same phrase, he will learn that a Catholic may be refused "admission to the Communion" if he does not send his children to Catholic schools. More than that, in the February article, he will discover hundreds of words of positively mawkish sentimentality over the hard fate of children who are sent to parochial schools, hard fate because of the evil effects such schools will have upon their minds.

Such unreasoned and poorly expressed propaganda against the Church can be laughed at by any intelligent Catholic; the *Atlantic* is publishing it for the benefit of its non-Catholic readers, many of whom, no doubt, will take it at face value. Furthermore, it is probably only a beginning to a concerted anti-Catholic movement in current literature. "Al Smith is a Catholic and therefore must not be elected" may become a sort of watchword. The Movement will have at least one good effect: it will reveal the homes of bigotry in the high seats as well as in the low.

—J.A.M.

HOBNAILS

WERE I BUT—

Ah! love, were I in life as I am in dreams,
 Were I the one I am in make believe—
 Thy every wish would flow as e'en the streams,
 Flow down the mountain side their paths to cleave.
 Could I but make "suppose" reality,
 Or catch the words night's fakir whispering stings;
 Thy voice would be a sylvan melody,
 As soft as fallen snow the winter brings.
 Thy cheeks now glowing, would much fairer seem;
 Thine eyes, still pools, would clearly mirror all;
 Thy goodness grown within, a living dream,
 I'd dare the lark to waft a sweeter call.
 Ah! dear, what treasures far I'd bring to thee,
 Were I to solve this magic word—Sesame,
 Would thou the world, the stars, the very sea,
 Aladdin would I be, in word and name.
 But here I've stumbled off at even-tide,
 And now the waking hour on me beams;
 The sun, upon the dreamer now has spied,
 And left me blinking after vanished dreams.

—A LASSIE IN BALTIMORE.

SURE; ALL WRESTLING MATCHES

DEAR AL: Hark ye! Were our A. A. books good
 for admission to the Junior Prom? Heigh-ho!

—THREE TROUBLED FRESHMEN

NO WONDER TITANIA DOESN'T WRITE

DEAR AL: I hereby make haste to enter the
 race for the fair hand of Vampire. I am as yet a
 bachelor, and at least partly eligible. Titania has
 not written me for several weeks. My only re-
 quirements for the Vamp to fulfill are as follows:
 she must be small, red-haired, blue-eyed; read in
 Conrad, Robinson Jeffers and Edgar Guest; able to
 talk philosophy without raising her voice; able to
 dance not too distantly; ready to laugh at accepted
 shams; not given to bridge parties or gossip; look-
 ing like Diana, and acting like a human being. In
 other words, I hate women.

—NICK BOTTOM

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

Her auburn hair with glints of gold wreathes her
 fair head,

Her cheeks like apple blooms, her pretty lips so red,
 Her slim white throat, her slender legs, her lovely
 face—

But why say more? You know that she has every
 grace

Her eyes, they are so clear, and deep and blue as
 sea

But I don't talk to her, and she don't speak to me.
 What's that, old pal? You'd like to see her photo?

Oh well, I only saw her in the color roto.

—DEPUTY SHERIFF OF GREATER NOTTINGHAM

ODE ON A GREEK'S URN

A friend of mine, for whom I feel,
 Has troubles gastronomical.
 He asks of me "What good's a meal
 If followed by a tonic?"

"A beefsteak rare, and apple pie,"
 He wails in tones laconic,
 "Will simply not digest but LIE
 Unless I take that tonic!"

"The pleasure of a royal meal"—
 His plaint is not ironic—
 "Is robbed of all its rich appeal
 By thoughts of bitter tonic."

—DU JAX.

TO SHADOW MAN FROM POLLYANNA

FRIEND ALLAN: Too bad poor "Shadow Man"
 finds my bit so reminiscent of his yesterdays! He
 surely paints his picture of life in dulled tones; a
 bitter past, discouraging present and a darkened
 future.

What can I do to alleviate his "blues" except to
 leave him with this thought—

*Today is his rainbow,
 Tomorrow is vain—so
 Be smiling, the songbirds still sing.
 While life's in its springtime,
 Smile, smile with the sing-time,
 Tomorrow, there may be no spring!*

—BALTIMORE LASSIE

P. S.—May the Powers that be kindly keep the
 "Cynic" off my trail—for, in the event that he
 should decide to do a mean "Sherlock"—yours for
 a peaceful and speedy exit!

—B. L.

FOR SALE: ONE BRAND NEW BEAR-ROOST

OH AL: I can't wait much longer. Every time I
 hear heavy wagonwheels or smell saw-dust, I think
 that at last Lyons Hall is getting its new bear de-
 livered. If they don't hurry up, that nice bear-
 roost with the sawed-off limbs that they have in
 their front yard won't bear up under the Indiana
 elements.

—THE ALBINO BOY

Oh Boy! When we look at all the feverish pro-
 posals that have come in since we announced our
 eligibility for the great leap year raffles, we just
 don't feel like bothering about this column any more.
 It's a sure thing—good men are at a premium now-
 adays. And since all Notre Dame men are good
 men, here's an opportunity for every man around
 the place. Pick a good future for yourself; there's
 no need to be lonely; announce your intentions and
 qualifications as we did through the Hobnails Happy
 Hearts Headquarters.

—ALLAN-A-DALE

LITERARY

*Provincial**The Story of a Tacit Initiation*

WILLIAM H. KNAPP

MARY LOUISE MELVIN sat before a happy little wood fire. A warm comfortable glow went dancing about the room, brushing lightly over dark polished surfaces and driving all gloom before it. But it could not banish the gloom from Mary Louisa's face; she felt unwanted and out of place.

She had never before experienced failure like this one that was dissipating her newly found happiness. It was bitter to think of the happy times in Europe and in New York, when she had been single and an artist of some reputation. Now she was respectably married and stuck away in Moira, just one of the many small towns in northern New York. She was proud of her success in keeping Tom at his novel writing but this first failure loomed dangerously in the foreground.

She arose and turned as she heard Tom come in from his workshop. Without waiting for any question she broke forth impetuously.

"It was awful. When those women filed in here late with such looks of astonishment on their faces I just went mad. I guess they won't call again for a while."

"But, my dear, you will have to impress them favorably if you are to live here for any length of time."

"Well then, Mr. Man, will you tell me how to do it?"

This final demand left the successful young novelist bewildered.

A short distance away the Dorcas Ladies' Sewing Society was "callin' on" Mrs. Stebbins who had been unable to attend the party for some vague reason.

"Well I never in ALL my born days," gasped Mrs. Ed Rice, wife of the town butcher.

"Sech a mess I never did see," began Mrs. Rockwell, chiefest of the town scandal-mongers, irreverently known as "Eye and Ear, See and Hear."

Myra Melvin, a sister-in-law of the husband of Mary Louise, felt that it was her place to enumerate the shortcomings of this renegade member of the family.

"In th' fust place they wan't a respectable piece of clothes on her! Why, she had on silk stockin's and op'ry pumps and a skinny little silk dress. And sech a meal! Heavens! A self respectin' woman'd ought to be ashamed. Th' least she 'a' done would 'a' been to apologize fer it, but no, as brazen as anythin', she serves up them cheese sticks, dainty little bits o' sandwiches and tea fer supper! I guess Tom don't know about such goin's on. And furthermore, I feel it's my bounden duty to ask the Reverend Stebbins to remonstrate with her over them pictures she had on the wall. Any woman that'd put up sech things as those . . . why, Mis' Stebbins, they wan't a stitch of clothes on any o' them women, and she painted 'em herself . . . she bragged about it! And them four pictures the only ones you could see. Not a thing in the settin' room and she called Mother Melvin's parlor the drawin' room."

Such desecration and violation of custom, Mrs. Stebbins knew, had been heard of before in Moira but this was the premier first-hand experience for the town. She herself had caused quite a ripple of small talk when she had come to her then young husband's first charge. Mrs. Stebbins was herself a college graduate and knew that the Sewing

Society would mistake tea for early supper. Through friends she had learned about Mary Louise's career from college until her marriage to Tom and her removal to Moira. She had privately resolved to help the young woman in her attempt to break down the wall of reserve which had sprung up the day that the newlyweds had moved into the old Melvin home.

Myra, of course, felt that it was her duty to see Mary Louise and tell her just what was expected of her, but, as she told the Dorcas Society:

"I wouldn't go there 'thout Dave after last Tuesday. Why, do you know, I was never so mad! I went 'round to the door expectin' to find her bakin' or ironin' and there was a furriner settin' up to the table eatin' her breakfast. I looked her over as much as to ask her what she was doin' when she up and says, 'We bane't want annyting dis morning.' She thought I was a peddler! Well, I said I was Mrs. David Melvin and she says, 'Miss Olcott' . . . Miss Olcott mind you . . . 'bane having her bath . . . Mr. Tom . . . he bane in breakfast room.' Well, I guess things is in a pretty pass when it comes to that!"

Several heads nodded mournful assent. Secretly each one felt that she ought to do something to help out this newcomer. It would make a very good opportunity to practise the golden rule and none of them knew when she might want to exult with an "I told you so!"

Mary Louise knew nothing of the incident until Mrs. Stebbins called one afternoon to solicit aid in making the coming church fair a success. Mrs. Stebbins made a habit of prolonging these calls, for each one meant a rare chance to renew her contacts with modernism. Here she had a chance to learn of the latest novelties and poets, to listen to modern music. Cabell, Anderson, Erskine, Dubensky, Ravel, Debussy, Lowell, and Kreymborg became something more than names over which to cluck one's tongue.

As time went on the women became accustomed to the presence of Mary Louise, but never was she admitted into the weekly conferences of the Dorcas group. The church fair had been postponed so as to take place during a convention of "visiting ministers

and wives." Naturally, each woman was to make her contribution her accepted specialty. Miss Pierce would bake beans, Mrs. Maxwell would bake some Scotch shortbread, Mrs. Rice would boil the coffee. Doughnuts, pies, salads, cakes, cookies, and candies would be offered by the women whose specialties they were. All in all every one would make this an affair of affairs which would give the "visiting ministers' wives" something to talk about.

Myra Melvin offered one of the justly famous Melvin Magna Cakes and although every woman knew her own contribution would shrink beside this one, each was, nevertheless, glad to have her own little share in its reflected glory. A Magna Cake was magnificent . . . it was huge. Four layers of the lightest, most delicate cake . . . each layer a different kind of cake . . . were held together and covered completely by a smooth icing which in its perfect whiteness surpassed any other baker's product in Moira.

Since Mary Louise had never been heard to mention her contribution, Myra and Mrs. Rive formed a committee of two to ascertain this important bit of gossip.

When Mary Louise understood the purpose of their call, she offered one or two of her rare books, but, at the look of horror on their unfriendly faces, she withdrew her offer.

"Well, one of my paintings would bring a good price."

"Not here, it wouldn't!" snapped Myra. "Say," she continued, "as long as Aunt Polly Farmer has done all your cookin' sence you come, why don't you have her bake you somethin'? She makes awful good cookies an' heaven knows we can use a few more. Even if she is busy she'd be glad to make 'em for you."

Mary Louise rejected this idea rather thoughtfully.

"I might give five dollars in cash, might I not?"

"My land yes." Mrs. Rice was treasurer for the affair and thought it wise to follow up this lead, "dunno but what five dollar'd be better'n most anything."

"And," added Myra, "you could give some of them plain guest towels you got so many of when you was married."

"Oh, yes," Mary was seeing light. "And I'll bake a cake."

"A cake?!" Neither woman could maintain her composure.

"Why, yes, a cake. It will be acceptable to Moira, won't it?"

Neither of the committee answered. They found it necessary to move quickly and to spread the news.

From then on Mary busied herself at the task of being a housewife. She bought flour and sugar in enormous quantities, which fact was duly reported to the Society. Then she found that she had no recipe for the Magna Cake. She and Tom had decided that no other cake would do, so she spent the better part of one day in a freezing attic, searching through great, old trunks until she came across a yellowish copy of the recipe.

The next morning Mrs. Melvin arose and began her task with the greatest cheerfulness that her husband had seen since the disastrous tea. She paid off the Swedish girl, told her to take a vacation, and then started to work in the large, silent kitchen.

"Cream, butter and sugar together with a bit of lard. Use both hands, not a spoon." The lard smelled horrible to Mary's unaccustomed nostrils, and the feeling of the mixture as it shushed through her fingers was revolting to her.

"Beat eggs swiftly until arm tires. This will make a light batter." She beat until both arms were thoroughly tired and then, with a sickening crash, the bowl fell, the sticky mixture spattering upon the spotless floor.

Mary Louise, unfortunately she thought, did not know what the difference between saleratus and baking powder. Consequently she found it necessary to ask Mrs. Rockwell the necessary information. Although the answer was given rather coldly, Mrs. Rockwell decided that Mrs. Melvin couldn't help it, and thus Mary Louise, unknowingly, had two champions.

One afternoon Mrs. Stebbins called to find an odor of burnt cake about the house, and was confronted by a disheveled Mary holding a burnt wrist.

"Soda will take the pain right out, and you really shouldn't have your oven so hot.

The cake will spoil every time." She left behind her a very grateful dabbler in domestic science.

For the next two weeks, the garbage can would have revealed, upon close inspection, sugar, butter and flour in varying quantities, underdone cakes, cakes that appeared perfect but would have tasted flat, and cakes that were burnt. Mary Louise's hands bore mute testimony to her labor, in the form of blisters, calloused spot and angry burns. Mary Louise herself began to look worried as the day for the fair drew closer and closer.

Finally the day of the fair came. Mary Louise was up with the animals in the barnyard. This day she could not afford to sleep. She cloistered herself in the kitchen and went to work busily. After working an hour and waiting a bit, she extracted a light delicate layer of cake from the oven. She hummed happily as she started on the second layer. When it was done it was slightly burnt, but it would do. As long as it tasted all right, the icing would cover the other faults. She could hardly believe it of herself. It was only nine o'clock and she had already baked two presentable layers. The third layer was ready in another hour and she placed the fourth in the oven with a feeling that all was well on the earth. When she removed the top layer a few minutes later her spirits fell. What should have been the crowning glory of the cake, a slightly rounded layer, was a flat dejected looking mass. Thoroughly disgusted, but still invincible, Mary threw the cake into the final resting place of so many others.

She valiantly started another and by three o'clock Mary Louise had completed a second cake. Nothing had gone amiss. There was a layer of deep rich brown, then a layer of golden brown, a layer which resembled newly minted gold and to surmount it all a layer of snowy white.

Now came the task of boiling a smooth icing for the cake. She took great pains with this final step because it meant success or failure, and she could not fail now. Mary Louise fairly melted over the hot stove while the sugary concoction was boiling itself into a thick sweetness. She would finally have the friendship of the Dorcas Society; she

would give 'supper' to cement it; she would be in on all their intimate little chats and once more life would mean happiness.

She began to spread the smooth mixture over the layers of the cake when a myriad of lumps appeared from nowhere. She banged the dish against the table and blindly sought the sanctuary of her own room. It did not seem possible that after all her trouble the cake could be a failure. She sobbed wildly in her momentary grief, so loudly that she did not hear the kitchen door open and close.

Mary Louise Melvin was her gayest at the fair. She captivated every one of the "visitin' ministers' wives," who were too prone to criticise. But the ladies wondered where the long-awaited cake might be. No explanation being offered, they concluded that Tom would bring it when he came.

Mary Louise was trying her best to appear interested in what some monstrosity in green velvet was saying when, to her horror, Tom advanced through the door bearing aloft the ruined cake. She hoped hysterically that

he would fall, or, at least, trip so that the cake would be a broken mass.

She rushed blindly to where the women had gathered about Tom.

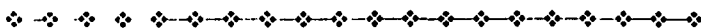
"Don't touch it, please. I didn't intend to bring it because it didn't turn out right. I left it half-frosted because I was mad, and then Tom . . ."

"Why, jewel, I didn't know . . . it was standing there all frosted and ready to bring; so I thought you'd left it for me."

"Why, if it don't beat all." Myra was speaking. "I declare if I'm not jealous, and this her first try."

"I don't know but what I'd ruther the frostin' was a bit lumpy, it kind o' takes the sickishness out of it." This from Mrs. Rockwell.

All the women were now gathered around. It was true that the wives of the visiting ministers did not entirely comprehend what was passing but, as Mary looked up at Mrs. Stebbins, they added their hearty superlatives to those of her . . . friends.



On Being Small

Memoirs of a Bitter Bambino

FRANCIS CROWE

NAPOLEON was of small stature—and powerful; but he was an exception. Powerful men of huge build seem to over-rule. Just as the runt pig is shoved out of the trough by the rest of the litter, so is the small man abused from every side. Pigs will be pigs, but oftentimes men deserve to be called little more than old boys who have never grown up. A stunted growth, with its resultant inferiority complex is a constant sorrow to the man who is built small. Whatever his endeavors may be, he is at a disadvantage that is often well-nigh unsurmountable.

One need not be an expert mathematician to figure out that the bigger a man is, the more physical power he is able to exert in manual labor. Nor does he have to be versed in the principles of logic to reason that labor demands big, broad-shouldered

men, and that the pigmies must look to less exhaustive means of livelihood. A small man can chop ice off the sidewalk with far greater ease than he can balance a hundred-pound cake of it on his shoulders; and as he cannot stand much of a blow on the jaw, he must give up all hope of ever becoming a Red Grange or a Gene Tunney. His best alternative is either to become a school teacher or join the street cleaning brigade. If he has a little intelligence and an abundance of nerve, I would advise the former; for in the class-room, the atmosphere will be more pleasant, if not quite so invigorating. Furthermore, he can be assured of some protection by the faculty board, which, I am sure, is appreciated by a number of our small, but honorable professors. If he is a good-natured, human sort of person, he is likely to find favor with the students, who at least

will have no fear of physical violence from him. And believe it or not, we do find, now and then, one of the very sort—a fellow most agreeable, though small—or perhaps because he's small. If intelligence is lacking, however, then he had better substitute a broom for a class book, and become a member of the street-cleaning department. Here, it is true, he will be an outcast in the streets, at the mercy of the world. But a small man is lucky to be at the mercy of anything; much more so at the mercy of such an immensity as the wide, wide world.

As the small man goes about his daily routine, he must take care not to insult his neighbor. The least little word that is said out of the way may be grounds for a challenge from some big bully; so the mere hundred-pounder must do one of three things: be sure that his joke will be accepted jokingly, refrain from joking entirely, or reserve his jokes for lighter weights than himself. Conversely, however, he must accept being the center of attack from every burly brute; he must acquire a relish for insults, and be a generous compromiser. With all these qualities fully exercised, he may get along fairly well with his fellow-men.

But, at best, it will be only fairly well. His existence will be fraught with never-ending difficulties. If he has the courage to venture into society, his trials will be begun. When he wishes to dance, he must select as a partner some mere little mite of a thing, in order to avoid being completely overtowered. Or if the mere little mites have all remained at home on the particular occasion, he must try his luck with some girl taller than himself. Then, as he cannot see over the young lady's shoulder, he must trust to luck to keep from bumping into the bliss of every couple that comes within colliding distance, and the sad part of it is that he always gets the worst of the shake-up.

He is lucky if he can survive three of these dances with anything less than two heel-scraped shins, a bruised back, and an entirely new crop of corns. Hopeless, dejected, tortured, both in body and spirit, he seizes the first opportunity to slip from the dance hall, and limp achingly home. As he crawls into

bed, he gives a cynical sneer and utters, "What a brawl!"

If the undergrown man is a fiasco at the effete art of dancing, what chance has the poor fellow among guards and tackles? Who takes more knocks, or stands out more as an object of violence than the diminutive athlete? I know from hard-earned experience. If the opposites desire to get rough, the baby quarter-back is the most logical player to take the abuse. They will close in on him at every opportunity, jamming him in the ribs with their knees, or gouging him in the eyes with flying elbows. To offset his size, he must take advantage of cleverness and speed. In football, as elsewhere, the small man must avoid much of his trouble by running away from it.

Then there are the mental sufferings he must endure from the coach, his fellow students and players, and newspaper writers. Some smart alec of a reporter gets the statement into print that the chubby quarter-back of Dartvard College played a bang-up game. Another goes so far as to call him the runt of the team, and by that time the diminutive quarter-back is ready to call thumbs down. From then on, he is addressed by his schoolmates and fellow-players as "chubby," "runt," "the midget," or any other conceivable name to express minuteness and insignificance. But his endurance is taxed to the limit when the coach inquires with motherly tenderness about the health of his baby. At this point the baby gives up and gives in, and like Rip Van Winkle, shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head, throws up his hands, and says nothing. What's to be said, anyway? He's only a runt. What does it matter? Let them call him a runt, a babe, a bead, an atom, a minus—zero. Who-in-ell cares?

It is futile for the small man ever to hope for an even break. He is out of place, every place; and what good is anything where it doesn't belong? In the theatre he is unable to see over the fellow who sits in front of him. Only by constant straining on tip-toe and stretching his neck to giraffe-like proportions is he able to see even a part of the show. And what price movie, when he has

to spend the following three days doping himself with Tiz and Tonsilene?

If a circus should parade down the street, or if Lindbergh should drop out of the sky, what chance would our little Bambino have of getting a glimpse of either the dromedary's hump, or the Spirit of the Missouri Metropolis? By the time that he could have won a battle with a mob of school boys for a place of vantage on a telephone pole, or the crotch of a tree, the show would be over, and the crowd would have scattered.

Lo the poor runt! He always has to hold the sack. He gets what is left, and it usually isn't. Is it any wonder that he sometimes gives up in despair, or goes to reckless extremes in his vain endeavors to rise out of the depths to which he is fatally sunk? It is no wonder that so many men are trying for time records at setting atop flagpoles. If statistics were available, they would, no doubt, reveal that nine-tenths of these airy fame-seekers are less than five feet six—in other words, undersized, small men, runts.

April In Hell

Persephone comes back to hell

And brings with her the spring

And everywhere the nightingales,

(Who sinned) begin to sing.

With dewy feet she runs along

The avenues of fire,

Enkindling some to shining dreams,

And some to old desire.

An April mist lies in her hair,

Cool flowers in her hand.

She brings a quickening breath to stir

This hot and static land.

She runs by all the burnt facades,

And cindered parks of hell;

Among these black obscenities

A little shy gazelle.

And all along the smoky street

Down to the burning sea

Parched throats send up a frantic shout,

"Welcome Persephone."

—PROSPERO IMAGE.

SPORT NEWS

Trackmen In Decisive Victory Over Marquette-- Score, 65 2-3--38 1-3

Scoring slams in two events the shot put and broad jump, in addition to capturing a majority of first, second, and third places in the other events, the Notre Dame track team was but little extended to decisively defeat the Marquette cinder artists from Milwaukee last Saturday afternoon in the Gold and Blue gymnasium. The score was 65 2-3 to 38 1-3 and just about shows the difference in dual competitive ability between the two squads.



The Notre Dame trackmen clearly showed the beneficial results of the careful tutelage of Coach Nicholson in completely subjugating their guests throughout the afternoon's pastiming.

There were no gymnasium records broken or equaled during the meet. However, there were some extremely meritorious performances nevertheless by individual trackmen of both teams. Pflieger, Marquette star distance runner an able successor to the departed Schimek, captured both mile and two mile runs in excellent times for each; Elder, Notre Dame speed merchant raced to victory in the 60 yard dash with his customary brilliance; Thompson, of the Jesuits shone in both hurdle events, winning the low hurdles and placing second in the high; Captain Griffin of the hosts, also performed meritoriously in the hurdles, and in addition captured the high jump for good measure; and Bov, Blue and Gold pole vaulter cleared the bar at 12 ft. 6 in.; to mention perhaps the most prominent individual exhibitions.

Pflieger with two first places to his credit, for ten points, was high point man for the meet. Thompson, a teammate, nosed out

Captain Griffin of Notre Dame for second high-scoring honors with a first and a second, in addition to running on the winning relay team. Griffin had a first, second, and a third for nine points as his contribution to his team's point total.

Bov inaugurated the meet in fine style from a Notre Dame viewpoint when he cleared the bar in the pole vault at 12 and a half feet to outclass his nearest rival, Glazer of the visitors, by several inches. Bov's triumph was especially commendable as Glazer is rated among the premier pole vaulters of the Middle West. Johnson and Bannon of the hosts tied for third.

Pflieger, Marquette's smooth-running distance performer, and John Brown of the Blue and Gold waged a merry battle in the mile grind before the former was able to capture a well-earned victory over his stout-hearted Notre Dame rival. Brown set the pace for the major portion of the run, but Pflieger's reserve strength was too much for him to overcome, the Marquette ace sprinting beautifully at the finish to win by half a dozen yards in the exceptionally good time of 4 min. 30 3-5 seconds. Brennan of the home team was a close third.

Pflieger and Brown were also the dualists for first honors in the two mile race several events later. Once more the reserve power of the Milwaukeean enabled him to nose out his grimly battling rival in 9 min. 50 sec.—another noteworthy time. Vaichulis of Notre Dame ran a fine race to finish third.

Jack Elder, Notre Dame's sensational speed star, breasted the tape a yard ahead of Treps of Marquette in the 60 yard canter. Elder employed his usual driving finish to advantage to be timed in 6 2-5 seconds. Boag-

ni, a teammate of the winner was inches behind Treps for third honors.

The 440 yard run was perhaps the most closely contested race of the day. McGauley of the Blue and Gold led for three-fourths of the distance only to weaken slightly towards the last, but enough to enable Kelly, of Notre Dame and Loftus of Marquette who had trailed him from the start, to pass him near the finish in a dead heat for first honors, Kelly ran superbly to come from behind in the last few yards with a desperate spurt to tie his opponent. The time was 53 3-5.

Vince Stace of Notre Dame, negotiated the 60 yard high hurdles in 8 2-5 seconds to win over Thompson of Marquette, and Griffin of Coach Nicholson's team, his closest competitors who finished second and third respectively. Stace got off to a good start and was never headed.

Joe Abbott of the home crew was but little extended to capture the 880 yard run from Morgan and Sweeny of Marquette, and Sylvester a teammate. The Blue and Gold half-miler started strongly and finished with a pretty spurt yards in front of his opponents. Abbott was clocked in 2 min. 1 4-5 sec.

Captain Joe Griffin of the hosts gave Thompson of Marquette a fight all the way in the 65 yard low hurdles before the Jesuit barely nosed him out at the tape. Stace of Notre Dame came in third. Thompson's winning time was 7 4-5 sec.

The Notre Dame leader came through with a victory in the high jump though. His leap of 5 feet 10 1-4 inches was enough to beat Konop and Welchons his mates, and Gitler of Marquette who tied for second.

Cullen, Enright, and Rigney, all of Notre Dame outclassed the opposition in the broad jump and finished in the order named to score one Blue and Gold slam. Cullen's winning jump was well over 21 feet.

Repetti, McSweeney, and Lavelle of Coach Nicholson's team secured the other clean sweep for Notre Dame when they staged an individual competition among themselves to collect every place in the shot put. Repetti's heave of 41 ft. 1 1-2 inches proved to be the winning one.

Marquette captured the last event on the program, the mile relay. Tom Kelly was the

only Notre Dame regular to start however, Reidy, O'Bryan, and Dockendorf being second-stringers. At that though, this combination courageously battled Heineman, Thompson, Treps, and Morgan of their guests the whole route, before they were forced to bow in defeat.

Summary of the meet:

Pole vault—Won by Bov (ND); Glazer (M), second; Bannon (ND) and Johnson (ND), tied for third. Height—12 ft. 6 in.

Mile run—Won by Pflieger (M); W. Brown (ND), second; Brennan (ND), third. Time—4 min. 30 3-5 sec.

60-yard dash—Won by Elder (ND); Theps (M), second; Boagne (ND), third. Time—6 2-5 sec.

Broad jump—Won by Cullen (ND); Enright (ND), second; Rigney (ND), third. Distance—21 ft. 4 in.

440-yard run—Won by Loftus (M) and Kelly (ND), who tied for first place; McGauley (ND), third. Time—53 3-5 sec.

60-yard high hurdles—Won by Stace (ND); Thompson (M), second; Captain Griffin (ND), third. Time 8 2-5 sec.

880-yard run—Won by Abbott (ND); Morgan (M), second; Sweeney (M), third. Time—2 min 1 4-5 sec.

Two-mile run—Won by Pflieger (M); J. Brown (ND), second; Vaichulis (ND), third. Time—9 min. 50 sec.

Shot put—Won by Repetti (ND); McSweeney (ND), second; Lavelle (ND), third. Distance—41 ft. 1 1-2 in.

65-yard low hurdles—Won by Thompson (M); Griffin (ND), second; Stace (ND), third. Time—7 4-5 sec.

High jump—Won by Griffin (ND); Konop (ND), Gitter (M), and Welchons (ND), tied for second. Height—5 ft. 19 1-4 in.

One-mile relay—Won by Marquette (Heineman, Thompson, Treps, Morgan). Time—3 min. 35 2-5 sec.

Referee and Starter—Haggerty, Chicago.

“BIG ED” WALSH RETURNS

“Big Ed” Walsh, famous Chicago White Sox hurler of a decade ago, returned to the University Thursday, to aid in coaching the baseball team during the early practice. Mr. Walsh will aid Tommy Mills in that he will train the moundsmen until the first of March when he will join the Chicago White Sox as a coach.

This marks the second year that “Big Ed” has come to the University as a coach. This year he will train two of his own sons, Ed., Jr. and Bob Walsh.

NOTRE DAME-PITTSBURGH CAGE BATTLE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

East meets West tomorrow night at Pittsburgh in perhaps the outstanding inter-sectional basketball engagement of the present season. The University of Pittsburgh, already hailed as potential national cage champions, will risk an unbeaten record against the powerful thrusts of a fighting Notre Dame team in a game which is expected to go down in the books as one of the hardest fought on record.

Interest in the hardwood proceedings will be nationwide in scope, primarily because of the vast importance of the result. Both teams boast an enviable record, fourteen victims being appended to the victory string of each. However, the Smoky City outfit goes into the class with a clean slate while their Hoosier visitors have twice succumbed to desperate rallies by opponents whom they thrashed in previous games, namely Northwestern and Michigan State.

The Panthers in manufacturing their brilliant winning streak have compiled undoubtedly the best collegiate cage record in the country. Representative teams of both East and West have been met by Coach Carlson pupils and each in turn has fallen before a withering attack. Numbered among these fourteen victims are, Michigan, Northwestern, Ohio State, Iowa, and Chicago in the Big Ten, and Syracuse, Army, West Virginia, Dartmouth, Penn State and several other strong quintets in the East.

On the other hand, the record Coach Keogan's men have compiled while not quite as imposing as Pitt's, is notable and worthy of comment nevertheless. Some of the more important triumphs rung up by the Blue and Gold are those over Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Iowa, Northwestern, Minnesota, Butler, Princeton, Wabash, Michigan State and others.

Last year the Panthers trekked West and were completely overwhelmed in the Notre Dame gymnasium by a 33-14 score. Captain Sykes Reed, and Wrobleski, guards, are the only members of this losing team but they have succeeded in instilling into the rest of

their mates a very earnest desire for atonement. Wrobleski and Reed are both seniors, and Coach Carlson has used them as mainstays around which he has built a team which is the sensation of the East. Three capable Sophomores complete the first-string five. Hyatt, and Zehfull are at the forward berths, and Wunderlich is taking care of the tip-off job. Sufficient to say that in a span of barely two-thirds a season the members of this trio have blossomed forth as three of the smoothest players in collegiate ranks today.

One characteristic which has dominated every Panther engagement thus far is their fight. On the short end of the score for the major portion of at least half their games, the Pitt performers have crashed through to a win each time when the finish loomed very close.

In size of players, stamina, fighting spirit, and ability to play basketball, the two quintets are about evenly matched. Their methods of play differ, however. Pittsburgh employs the standard long-passing type of play, while Notre Dame uses the faster short-passing Western brand of action.

Coach Keogan and his players left last night for the Smoky City where they will meet Carnegie Tech on the Plaid's floor, before tackling the Panthers tomorrow night. While little trouble is expected from the Techites the Westerners will be prepared for any sudden eventuality which may occur with their hosts. The Pittsburgh attraction will be played in the home gym of the Panthers and a record crowd is expected to witness the battle of battles.

Pitt's record thus far follows:

Pitt. -----	49—Michigan	-----39
Pitt. -----	36—Chicago	-----26
Pitt. -----	39—Northwestern	-----34
Pitt. -----	44—Iowa	-----40
Pitt. -----	62—Dartmouth	-----33
Pitt. -----	50—Ohio State	-----32
Pitt. -----	45—Syracuse	-----24
Pitt. -----	67—Carnegie Tech	-----28
Pitt. -----	51—W. Va. U.	-----26
Pitt. -----	42—Army	-----36
Pitt. -----	48—Colgate	-----37
Pitt. -----	50—Carnegie Tech	-----28
Pitt. -----	48—Penn State	-----25

BUTLER HUMBLLED BY KEOGANITES;
SCORE, 32-24

Before a galaxy of Prom guests Saturday night Notre Dame battered and raced its way through the Butler defense to a 32 to 24



JIM BRAY, *Star Guard on the Basketball Team*

victory. The Indianapolis aggregation came highly touted as a quiet par excellence but the cleverness of Crowe and his mates proved too much for the Capital City five.

Several times during the course of the evening the contest assumed the aspect of a football game. Knees, fists, flying tackles, all were used to more or less advantage at one time or another. Almost before echoes of the opening whistle had died away Fran Crowe had to take time out because someone massaged his nose with his knuckles.

Soon after play had been resumed, Ed Smith took the ball down the floor and sank it. This evidently made someone sore with the result that Smith, too, had to ask the referee for a rest period to enable him to recover from a knee being placed none too gently in his stomach.

By that time the feelings of the Irish began to be aroused and the spectators began to thank their stars for coming to the game. But the Keoganites didn't relax their smothering defense or their deceptive offense. Up until the last ten minutes of the first half Butler had made only one basket, and that was a free throw.

Chandler and White, the Butler forwards, brought the ball down close to the Notre Dame basket time and time again only to have Smith, or Donovan, or Crowe take it away from them. The Irish were very adept at this game of obtaining possession of the ball and then working it down within scoring distance. Also, they were just as clever in scoring after they had worked it down.

Finally, in the closing minutes of the period, Butler sifted through and sank three baskets, bringing the score up to 19 to 8 with Notre Dame leading as the half ended.

The second period was a repetition of the battering tactics of the first but the Gold and Blue defense still remained unbroken. Butler was also playing airtight basketball. Neither team was able to get one through the hoop for the first six minutes of play. Chadd, Butler forward, broke the spell at last by taking the ball in mid-floor and dropping it in.

This was followed in quick succession with tallies by Smith and Hamilton. Incidentally, Hamilton played a whale of a game at center, scoring five field goals along with one free throw and being a nuisance generally to the Butler defense.

As in the first period Notre Dame gradually began to pull farther and farther away from its opponent and victory seemed inevitable. With the timekeeper anxiously looking at his watch every few seconds Coach Keogan substituted an entire second team with Jim Bray in charge. This aggregation was also able to keep Butler in check and meanwhile score a few for themselves every now and then.

Captain Joe Jachym was a demon on the defense throughout the game much to the dismay of the Indianapolis quint. He made his presence felt in every play as did Crowe, Smith, and the rest of his mates.—D.W.S.

NOTRE DAME (32)			BUTLER (24)		
G. F. P.			G. F. P.		
Crowe, rf	2	3 1	Chandler, rf	1	3 2
Jachym, lf	2	1 2	White, lf	1	0 3
Hamilton, c	5	1 1	Hildebrand, c	0	0 0
Donovan, rg	0	0 3	C. Chr'er, rg	1	1 3
Smith, lg	3	1 2	Bugg, lg	0	0 1
McCarthy, rf	0	0 0	Chadd, lg	1	1 1
Newbold, lf	1	0 0	Holtz, c	4	2 1
Vogelwede, c	0	0 0	Hosier, rg	0	1 0
Bray, rg	0	0 0	M. Ch'er, rg	0	1 0
Moynihan, lg	0	0 2			
Total	13	6 11	Totals	8	8 11

Officials—Referee, Schommer; Umpire Kearns.
Score at half—Notre Dame 19, Butler 8.

Free throws scored—Notre Dame 6 out of 12.
Butler 8 out of 12.



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**Chicago South Shore &
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INTERHALL BASKETBALL LEAGUE

Varsity practice again interrupted the interhall schedule to the extent of cancelling three games in each league till later in the week. The scores:

Heavyweight League

FRESHMEN 16—SOPHOMORE 14

The traditional rivalry between these two quintets was again in evidence Sunday; Freshman walking off with what had been anybody's game when Tunney sank a two-pointer to give the yearlings a last minute lead and the battle.

BADIN 15—HOWARD 6

Holding Howard to a lone basket, the Badinites played fine basketball throughout. The Gold Coast boys fought gamely but the strong Badin defense proved too much for them.

CARROLL 17—BROWNSON 7

Carroll won the dormitory championship by handing Brownsong the worst beating they have received this year. The Arabs were completely outclassed, Carroll winning just about as it pleased.

Lightweight League

BROWNSON 15—CARROLL 11

Led by Raycraft, the Arabs took a fiercely contested game from Carroll when their last quarter rally yielded five points and victory.

SOPHOMORE 17—FRESHMEN 13

With both quintets displaying a fast and shifty attack the reserve scoring punch of the two year olds decided the issue and gave Sophomore a well earned victory.

HOWARD 17—BADIN 10

Both aggregations missed shot after shot, but Howard clearly showed that they were masters of the situation. Led by Kay, who collected thirteen of his teams points, Howard was never in danger and earned as clean cut a decision as the score indicates.