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## THE WEEK

The complaint has reached our ears, ever sensitive to campus complaints, that Sorin hall is no longer the holy of holies it once was; that that venerated castle is daily invaded by a number of youths who have no business there; that underclassmen in general, and Freshmen in particular, grab the best seats on the front porch, holler out the windows at other underclassmen, and in sundry other ways render themselves unwelcome; that saucy sprouts from less favored halls pass by there without so much as a salaam to the noble traditions; that youngsters with little knowledge of affairs hereabouts become privy to certain mature conversations and discussions, and, to make it worse, proceed to spread the information thus illicitly obtained to the far corners of the campus; that the hall is being desecrated by these same bold underclassmen, who were not reared with a proper respect for the best and proudest of residence halls; and that, unless something is done about it, Sorin will eventually lose all its grandeur and its distinctive air. John Igoe can remember when Freshmen used to crawl by Sorin with eyes downcast, and those whose apparel or attitude earned the scorn of the porch critics sneaked around in back for three years afterward. Which is as it should be. Sorin hall deserves a better fate than to be the hanging-out place for anyone who cares to drop in, regardless of his age or class affiliation. It seems to us that a revival of the old-time goofing parties would serve to warn away those who now profane the hall and would at the same time restore its prestige as the hall among halls.

Notre Dame men the world over filled their jimmy-pipes Monday night and basked in the glory that is hers. We who are not yet (and may never be) alumni, sat down to a first-rate meal and paid due homage to the responsible parties by eating everything in sight. Whether we were here or in China, the most important thing to remember about the Fifth Annual Universal Notre Dame Night is that

Notre Dame is bigger than any of us and that she is probably the most beneficial influence (save our homes) in our lives. The undergraduate tendency is to regard the alumni as old fossils who get the best seats at football games and write checks for building funds. They are nothing of the sort. They are loyal gentlemen who are proud of their Alma Mater and are intensely interested in everything Notre Dame does: they are responsible for a good many of the privileges we now enjoy, and it should be our desire to be as good and faithful servants as they have been.

One of the most hilarious of the pastimes that generally come into vogue at this season of the year is called Douse the Passer-by. It consists in throwing water out of a third story window on those walking below; the more dignified their mien and the more exalted their bearing, the better the sport. After the sidewalk has become so wet as to warn prospective victims of the fate in store, a recess is called while the evidence evaporates. As a variant, we suggest that gasoline, closely followed by a flaming torch, be thrown. This should make the game really good, because it would stimulate accuracy in the Dousters and resistance in the Dousees.

Heresy continues to crop out, even in this fine Spring weather, when men's souls should be at peace. On a wall in Science is scribbled the query, "How can a member of the Notre Dame football, basketball, or baseball teams pass his classes? Or a member of the Glee Club?" And the quite logical answer is written below, "No member of these organizations is as stupid as the man who wrote this." In another place is written: "5 to 1 Holy Cross beats Notre Dame," and a proud Yankee replies, "Don't be so conservative—it should be 10 to 1." Follows a table quoting the odds against Notre Dame when she meets those Eastern colleges which, according to the confession of their supporters, know how baseball should be played.

—J.F.M.



### SENIOR BALL ARRANGEMENTS APPROACH COMPLETION

May eleventh, the date of the Senior Ball of Nineteen twenty-eight, grows in importance daily with the announcements by Jim Shocknessy, general chairman, of further details concerning the affair. If present indications may be taken as a shadow cast by the coming Ball, it should be the outstanding social event of a year notable for the Chicago Club's celebrity banquet, extremely successful class dances, and other important entertainments and banquets.

#### TICKET SALE LIMITED TO 250

More than two hundred men have already signified their intention of attending the Ball by paying the required deposit of five dollars on their ticket reservations. Only two hundred and fifty tickets will be sold, Shocknessy has decided. Consequently, men who plan to attend the Ball and have not made their deposits should buy their tickets immediately. It is now too late to pay the five dollar deposit fee, and tickets can be obtained only by paying the total amount, thirteen dollars and fifty cents, before Tuesday, May 2. Monday is absolutely the last day of the ticket sale.

That the Ball tickets will be completely sold out is now a certainty. The rest of the tickets will go to the men making the first applications. Others will be out of luck when May eleventh rolls around, two weeks from today.

#### SENIORS AND GRADUATES ONLY TO ATTEND

The report recently circulated that all classes will be allowed to attend the Ball has been denied. Seniors and alumni only will be allowed to attend the dance.

By arrangement with Messrs. Coon and Sanders, leaders of the Nighthawks who will play that evening, the favorite dance numbers of the men attending will be rendered. Requests for special selections should be made to members of the music committee.

#### DECORATIONS

W. Hudson Jeffreys, recently appointed valedictorian of the class, and chairman of the Decorations committee promises a com-

plete transformation of the familiar Palais Royale on the night of May eleventh. The George P. Johnson Company of Detroit, nationally known decorators at social functions, will have charge.

Mr. Shocknessy requests that seniors present the names of their guests when making their final deposits on tickets. He also asks that Ball posters be allowed to stand until after the dance.

Invitations are now ready and may be secured by men who have paid their deposits.

### FATHER CARROLL READS PAPER AT MARQUETTE

The Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C., vice-president of the University, read a paper entitled "Tendencies of Modern Education" at Marquette university Monday, April 23. The article is published in the current issue of the magazine *America*, under the title "Educationalism."

Father Carroll's paper was one of a number read at the inauguration of President Magee of Marquette. It is a commentary on modern educational methods. The educator of today is "the personification of formalism," in the opinion of Father Carroll. He declares that "American business methods have entered a world where souls seek freedom and light."

Credits and degrees are the criteria by which the student and the professor are measured today, said Father Carroll. In the same manner there is a deplorable tendency to rate the college by equipment, rather than by accomplishment. The number of teachers, the degrees of these teachers, the number of students, the size of the endowment fund, are the measures by which the school is classified.

### NOTRE DAME LAWYER OUT THIS WEEK

A sixty-four page issue of the *Notre Dame Lawyer* was presented to Notre Dame's potential barristers this week by Joseph P. McNamara, the editor. A new department: "Notes on Recent Legislation" is a feature. It is the first department of its kind in any law magazine.





MUSIC AND DRAMA

When George Dasch, conductor of the Little Symphony Orchestra of Chicago, took his final bow in recognition of the graciously given applause in Washington hall last Friday evening, the concert season of Notre Dame had terminated; but surely, everyone who heard the program will say that the end was in every sense the climax of a year which has brought to the campus many notables in the field of music. As has been the case in the past year's when Mr. Dasch has brought his orchestra here, the program was splendidly balanced, ranging from that light, simple bit of MacDowell, "To a Water Lily," to the third movement of Rimsky-Korsakow's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade." Howard Preston, the assisting soloist for Mr. Dasch, was splendid when giving the prologue to "Pagliacci" and "Danny Deever," and if applause may be used as a standard of judgment, the concert was more than a mere evening of entertainment. The program follows.

PROGRAM

Overture to "The Secret of Suzanne" *Wolf-Ferrari*  
 From Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (Opus 35)  
 - - - - - *Rimski-Korsakow*

Third Movement:

"The Young Prince and The Young Princess"  
 "To a Water Lily" - - - - - *MacDowell*  
 "Scherzo" from "Sonata Tragica" - - *MacDowell*  
 Ballet Suite, "Suses d'Amour" - *Glazounow*

Arranged for The Little Symphony Orchestra by  
 George Dasch

- I. Introduction
- II. Grande Valse
- III. Grand poa des Fiances  
 Duet for Violin and Violincello  
 by Herman Felber and Theodore Du Moulin
- IV. Finale: "La Fricassee"

INTERMISSION

Prologue to "Pagliacci" - - - *Leoncavallo*  
 Song-Ballad, "Danny Deever" - - - *Damrosch*

MR. PRESTON AND THE ORCHESTRA

Spanish Dance - - - - - *Granados-Rasch*  
 Tambourin Chinois - - - - *Kreisler-Dasch*  
 Overture to "Mignon" - - - - *Thomas*

"The King of Kings" which began its return engagement at the Oliver Theatre yesterday afternoon, continues with matinee

and evening performance today and tomorrow at 2:15 and 8:15 respectively. To ask anyone who has seen the picture as to its worth is to be told that the failure to see it is foolishness, for it is, indeed, doubtful if any production has been produced more perfectly. H. B. Warner, playing the part of Christ, portrays the Savior in such a manner that one almost feels as if a bit of the spiritual was injected into the production. That "The King of Kings" is a sermon cannot be doubted, but it is a living sermon and therefore something which may not be had upon every desired occasion. To say that it is highly worthwhile does not do it justice.

NOTED EDITOR TO LECTURE HERE ON SHORT STORY

A treat of an unusual kind will be given the student body next Monday evening, April 30, when John T. Frederick, Editor of "The Midland," will lecture in Washington hall on "American Literature in the Middle West." The lecture will be at eight o'clock. All students are invited.

Besides giving the Monday evening lecture, to the student body in general, Mr. Frederick will spend two or three days on the campus as the guest of the English Department, visiting classes and giving informal conferences on creative writing.

Mr. Frederick, who is the founder and for fifteen years has been editor of "The Midland" magazine, is the author of two well known novels, "Druida" and "The Bush," as well as of a text book "A Handbook of Short Story Writing." He ranks among the keenest literary critics of the time, and has made "The Midland" one of the foremost and most widely quoted magazines of a purely literary nature in this Country. According to H. L. Mencken it is "probably the most important literary magazine ever established in America."

Reports from Indiana State University, Ohio State, Cornell, and other institutions where Mr. Frederick has lectured and given conferences, are to the effect that in every case his appearances has been highly stimulating to the students.

### LAWYERS CONVICT HUGH SWIFT; ET AL

It was all Chief Justice William J. Coyne's fault! It was he who sentenced Hugh Swift, *et al*, a group of musicians from the city of Chicago, who were indicted for maliciously entering the Palais Royale and driving the blues away. And, indeed, they were rightly sentenced. Before the last chime of the town clock told the hour of twelve, the entire Blue family, including their cousin Mr. Gloom, had been driven from the midst of the Lawyers' ball due to Mr. Hugh Swift's varied attacks with such instruments as saxophones, pianos, drums and what not.

At nine o'clock the court crier announced that the lawyers were to open court. The defendant, Mr. Swift, was immediately brought before Judge Coyne who, after hearing his case, sentenced him to three hours at the hard labor of synco-pating popular tunes for the four hundred and thirty couples who gathered to attend the Lawyers' annual ball.

Court de Palais Royale was decorated for the occasion with flowers, a garden, and various colored lights. The court program, listed on a blue leather cover, was most attractive. In fact, it seems that president Sporl and general chairman of the ball committee, William Daily, did not spare either time or expense to assure that those gathered to witness the Court proceedings would not be disappointed. It goes without saying that they were not. Others who were accessories before the fact were chairman Reuben Monsen, James G. Cowles, Robert Mohlman, Edward McGuire, Edmund McClarnon, V. Don O'Meara and Joseph P. McNamara.

### CHICAGO CLUB TO HOLD ELECTION FRIDAY

President Dick Halpin of the Chicago Club has set the election of next year's club officers for next Friday, May 4. All regular members are requested to attend.

### FATHER ELLIOTT PASSES AWAY IN WASHINGTON

The Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., a former Notre Dame student, who was known as the "grand old man" of the American Mission Field, passed away Friday, April 20, in the Apostolic Mission House in Washington. Father Elliott was well known here and was honored with a Doctorate of Letters by the University some years ago.

Father Elliott spent the most of his active life in missionary work. Shortly following the Civil War, of which he was a veteran, he joined the Paulist Fathers. Eventually, he became rector of the Apostolic Mission House in Washington and assumed the task of preparing classes of diocesan missionaries. He is the author of a number of religious books and was a frequent contributor to "The Missionary," the organ of the movement he sponsored.

### FATHER MILTNER RE-ELECTED VICE- PRESIDENT OF CATHOLIC PEACE ASSOCIATION

The Catholic Association for International Peace held its annual convention in Washington, D. C., April 9, 10, and 11, and reviewed the works accomplished by five outstanding committees.

The university was represented at the meeting by Father Charles Miltner, C. S. C., Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, and vice-president of the association, and William F. Roemer, professor of Philosophy at the University.

Both men were signally honored by the association: Father Miltner being re-elected vice-president for the ensuing year, and professor Roemer's paper on the present day weaknesses of the League of Nations eliciting much favorable comment from officers and members of the association.

Today at midnight the Schibblers' short-story contest will close. All manuscripts, to merit consideration, must be submitted to John T. Cullinan, 107 Sorin hall, at or before this time.



## NOTRE DAME COUNCIL HOLDS ANNUAL SPRING FORMAL TONIGHT

WILL INITIATE LARGE CLASS SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN SOUTH BEND COUNCIL'S HOME

*Banquet In Rotary Room of Oliver Hotel To Follow Initiation.*

Notre Dame Council, No. 1477, Knights of Columbus, tonight will be seen promenading over the polished hardwood of the Palais Royale ballroom, South Bend's best and most exclusive temple of Terpsichore. The word "promenading"—taking a walk—is used advisedly; for general chairman McKeown of the formal's committees announced last Tuesday that every available ticket for the affair had been bought up. To quote McKeown: "Every ticket for our eighteenth annual spring formal has been sold. It is gratifying to me to know that I possess so many dear friends, many of whom I had never seen, either down town or on the campus, before the sell-out occurred. Four hundred couples are all we will accommodate. Any cases of men attempting to scalp tickets to the formal should be reported to me immediately and the scalpers will be dealt with summarily."

Benson's Blue Jackets, one of the best of the Benson bands, will supply the "spring" for the Council's annual spring formal. The Blue Jackets are directed by the famous "Johnny" Mullaney, who has supplied the impetus for dancers in all parts of the world, to wit, India, Asia, South America, Africa, Europe, Canada, the United States and Chicago. The grand march will be led on one flank by Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin with his guest, Miss Evangeline Petersen of Chicago and on the other by general chairman Peter Edward McKeown, accompanied by Miss Romona Schroeder of Milwaukee.

### FINAL DEGREES TO BE GIVEN

Sunday afternoon at 12:45 a class of seventy candidates, who successfully passed the first degree Tuesday evening, April 24, will be given the second and third degrees, again in the chambers of the South Bend Council. The conferring of the various degrees of

knighthood upon this, Notre Dame Council's third class for the present year, will establish a precedent. For, so far as it is known, never since its inception in 1910, has the Council initiated three classes in one scholastic year.

### TO HONOR CANDIDATES WITH BANQUET

A banquet, in honor of the successful candidates, will be held in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel subsequent to the exemplification of the degrees.

A ten-course meal has been arranged for and many speakers of note will be in attendance. An orchestra, a vocal quartet and several vocal soloists have been secured to fill the chinks untouched by both the meal and the speakers.

The next regular meeting of the Notre Dame knights will be held Tuesday evening, May 8, in their chambers located in the basement of Walsh hall. At this meeting the prizes, won in *The Santa Maria's* recent short-story contest, will be presented to their respective winners by Grand Knight Phalin.

### RESERVATIONS FOR 1928 IN ORDER

A reservation fee of twenty-five dollars must be paid at the Students' office by all students of the University save the outgoing members of the Senior class and a receipt presented to the registrar at the time of spring registration, according to Father William A. Carey, C.S.C., the University's registrar. This fee, in order to facilitate matters and avoid trouble, should be paid now.

Present members of the Junior class may reserve rooms for next year Friday and Saturday, April 27 and 28. This year's crop of sophomores may reserve rooms Monday and Tuesday, April 30 and May 1 respectively. Freshmen have May third, fourth and fifth to secure quarters in residence halls for next year's battle with sophomoritis.

In pursuance of the policy, adopted two years ago by the University, all students who intend to return next year, must deposit a registration fee of twenty-five dollars at the Student's office and register with the registrar before May 15.

### GLEE CLUB CONCERT AND DANCE TO BE HELD NEXT WEEK

The South Bend-St. Mary's club and the Notre Dame alumni of St. Joseph Valley will present the university Glee Club in its annual concert at the Palais Royale, on Monday evening, May 7. Following the concert, a dance will be held in the Palais Royale ballroom.

Permission has been secured by the alumnae of St. Mary's for the attendance of the students of that institution. Arrangements have been made with the department of discipline and Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., for a special permission for the students.

Tickets for the members of the student body are being distributed by the Notre Dame Villagers, under the direction of a committee headed by Burton E. Toepp, the club's president. A canvass of the residence hall will be made in the near future, and tickets will also be placed on sale with the rectors of various halls.

The first annual concert of the Glee Club under the combined auspices of these clubs was held last year, and its success warranted its continuance as an annual affair.

The committee:—Chairman, Burton E. Toepp, Charles Cashman, Raymond Hertle, William Konop, Chester Frankowiak, Robert Holmes, Norman Hartzler, Jack Shively, Francis Jones, Jack Worden.

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### "DOME" MAKES FIRST APPEARANCE MAY 11.

The "Dome of 1928" will make its first appearance on the campus the morning of Friday, May 11, the date of the Senior Ball, it is announced by Franklyn E. Doan, editor of the year-book. About four hundred copies of the annual will be brought here for distribution among the members of the senior class on that day. Tuesday, May 15, is the date set for the issuance of the book to the remainder of the student body.

### CLASS ELECTIONS BEGIN MONDAY; ALL OFFICES TO BE FILLED

Nomination of officers for the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes for the coming year will be held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, April, 30, May 1, and May 2. 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:

Thursday, May 3—Nominations in Colleges of Arts and Letters, Commerce and Law.

Friday, May 4—Nominations in Colleges of Science and Engineering.

Monday, May 7—Nominations and final election of Off-Campus representatives.

Final Elections of all class officers and S. A. C. representatives, except off-campus representatives, will take place on Wednesday, May 9.

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### SPALDING PRESIDENT OF ATLANTA BAR ASSOCIATION

Jack J. Spalding of Atlanta, Ga., the Laetare Medalist for the current year, was recently elected president of the Atlanta Bar association at the annual meeting of the organization. Mr. Spalding, who is considered the most prominent Catholic layman of the South, has been a leading member of the Atlanta bar for 46 years.

## SCHOLASTIC'S HISTORY REVIEWED

Editor's Note—Beginning with this issue, the SCHOLASTIC will print a series of feature articles recording the histories of the Notre Dame publications. The next article will be devoted to *The Dome*.

BY GEORGE McNALLY

Father Sorin was a master of English and it was his fertile brain that developed the idea of a school publication at Notre Dame. His chief aim was to offer a medium for the publication of student writings and the result of his plans was the original Scholastic, called "Progress" at the time.

## THE FIRST STAFF

Those whose efforts were combined to plan and issue the first number of "Progress" were the Rev. C. Bigelow, John Collins, Benjamin B. Barron and John H. Flemming. They had first compiled a paper called the "Notre Dame Literary Gazette," but the only copy turned out was accidentally destroyed.

One evening every two weeks was immediately set aside by the faculty for the public reading of the new paper. The students were gathered in what was then the Sorin Hall study room and the latest literary efforts of their fellow students were read to them. Aside from the few copies used in this manner, circulation was limited strictly to the literary inclined fellows of whom it seems there were few.

## PAPER PRINTED ONLY ONCE

All manuscripts at this time were written out entirely by hand by John H. Fleming, Horatio Colvin, George F. G. Collins, Lucius G. Tong, Orville T. Chamberlin and a few others noted for their penmanship. Only once was "Progress" ever subject to the printer's art. In 1860 a single copy was printed in Chicago and read by James B. Runnion to the graduating class as a feature of the exercises.

Due principally to a lack of interest the little publication languished and in its place came, to quote a writer on the period, "such surreptitious publications as the 'Olympia Gazette' and the 'Weekly Bee.'"

## REVIVAL OF PUBLICATION.

In 1866 the Rev. Father Neal H. Gillespie, vice-president of the University and a former backer of "Progress," returned from France and installed a printing press. Upon Father Gillespie's request, Father William Corby, president, sanctioned a college paper to replace the old one. The "Ave Maria" was well under way and the war over, a literary era set in. With the assistance of the Rev. Father Lemmonier, the "Scholastic Year" made its appearance. Father Gillespie was editor of the "Ave Maria" and so printed both magazines, aided by a picked staff. The first number was issued September 7, 1867, as a fly leaf of the "Ave Maria." In March, 1868, the sheet had reached sufficient proportions to branch out for itself once more and with Father Lemmonier in the editor's chair the first independent copy was in circulation.

## CHANGES

The idea having been well established, now progress was rapid and improvement began. In 1869 the name was changed by Father Lemmonier to the "Notre Dame Scholastic." In September the title was modified by Father Brown to "Scholastic," but lack of color caused it to be given its former title of "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Among the early editors are found the names of Frs. Neal H. Gillespie, A. Lemmonier, M. B. Brown, F. C. Bigelow, Brother Stanislaus, James Rogers, Thomas McNamara, John A. O'Connell, W. A. Maloney and James French.

As founded by Father Sorin, the SCHOLASTIC has always been a willing and ready medium for student efforts and as such has received high praise and recognition from contemporary college periodicals throughout the country. In 1875 there appeared in the "Portfolio" of Wesleyan College, Hamilton, Ontario, the following: "Of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC what shall we say? If there be one paper devoted to college literature that pursues the even tenor of its way, heedless alike of the smiles and frowns of its contemporaries, it surely must be the SCHOLASTIC."

## THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:- By Cyril J. Mullen

A somber post-Lenten reflection in *The Daily Princeton*:

I think that I shall never see  
A thing as lovely as a fish  
For fish is always savory  
Especially as Friday's dish.

I like fish because its wet  
Because it swims all washy-wishy;  
I like it as a household pet;  
I like it most because its fishy.

This could continue endlessly,  
But such a thing is not my wish.  
Poems are made by fools like me.  
But don't let anybody tell you that  
a taxidermist is the only guy who can  
stuff a fish!

My philosophical integrity has received an extreme test in the form of a magazine called *Evolution*, gotten out, as it says, "to combat bigotry and superstition and to develop the open mind. . . ." To avoid contamination, I closed my eyes and read it very carefully. The cover is attractively done after the photographic school of art, with a large representation of a tree sprouting skulls in their various stage of development, from the "Primitive Primate" to "The American." The genial skulls remind one of a somewhat radical dentifrice ad, but the interior of the book leaves no doubt as to the magazine's purpose. Loosely speaking, its thesis is that Rosie O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady are monkeys under the skin. When I was finished reading I absent-mindedly almost reached for my cigarettes with my tail, and then remembered that I have been deprived of the luxury of that appendage, only by the interval of some million-odd years. It is, I suppose, the price of prayers.

"Old Time Dances Delight Students" chor-tles *The Watch Tower*, of Mary-Grove Col-

lege. The article goes on to tell how the old fashioned dance is being exhumed under the patronage of Mr. Henry Ford—the same Henry, I take it, that owns the canning works in Detroit.

Although it is a heartening sign to see that virtue, which is synonymous with anything old fashioned, is back at its business of conquering all, I fear Mr. Ford has made a grave error. Scientific reformers have pointed out that the modern dance, like the movies, and the modern novel, is one of the innumerable causes of contemporary evil. Well, we can abolish the cinema, return to the long-distance prancing of 1890, and for reading matter, revive an interest in biographies of Horace Greely and other poor boys who became famous and grew whiskers. But the automobile, someone has whispered, is another root of all evil. If we are to be logical, then, we must also bring back the horse and buggy. Henry had better either stop this old-fashioned revival, or go into the wagon business.

I take it that there is a nature colony at Utah Agricultural College. On scanning *Student Life*, I found the following invitation: "Look forward to the fun-filled, free frolic Saturday night after the game. You don't need a partner, you don't need clothes, you don't need money. Alley Oop!"

Editorial heading in *The Daily Cardinal*: "Almost 500 students dropped from school—all because of sloth."

A sound moral warning, but wrong again. It was all because of speed.

*The Wisecracker* in *St. John Collegian* says: "It is rumored that several new fraternity men are arranging suicide pacts. Death will be accomplished by drowning in Pond's Cold Cream."



## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

### THE ENGLISH MAJORS AND THE PUBLICATIONS

There is a move on foot to prevent men who are majoring in English from working on campus publications. As such a step, if brought to completion, would in our opinion, be a handicap to the *Dome*, the *Juggler*, and the SCHOLASTIC, particularly to the latter as the campus literary magazine, the SCHOLASTIC takes this opportunity to utter a cry of protest in self-defense.

The argument used against allowing the English majors to take part in the production of the two magazines and the annual, concerns itself with the supposition that a man who labors on publications has not sufficient time to do his class work properly. The supposition, in our belief, is wrong. We are unable to speak on behalf of the *Juggler* and the *Dome*, which could probably show similar figures, but there are nine editorial workers at the SCHOLASTIC'S mast-head, and the general average of these nine workers comes slightly over eighty-seven per cent, an advantage of almost five per cent over the general average in the University. The evidence seems conclusive in favor of those men who are doing laboratory work in the writing of English.

Of all the men in the University who would normally be considered as capable to fill the classes of those majoring in English, the SCHOLASTIC believes that the publication staffs should come first rather than last. We are writing. We may not be doing as much theorizing as some of our less active brethren, but we are doing the thing that one would naturally believe an English major should do. It is possible that not all of our sentences are periodic; we may even make an occasional "only" error; but at least we are trying to learn to do by doing, not by sitting in an easy chair in our respective quarters and thinking about it.

Furthermore, if discrimination must be made, it is unfair to single out the staff members. Athletes, S. A. C. men, and secretaries are all required to do outside work, most of which has nothing to do with writing. Give the publications a chance. —J.A.M.

### THE CAMPUS POLICE

Probably the most notable change that the students noticed upon return from the varied relaxations offered by Easter Vacation was the presence on the campus of a squad of uniformed policemen. The police were observed with a wide diversity of feelings—changes are usually observed with a diversity of feelings—but any men who thought the uniformed gentlemen might be brought into contact with the student body were mistaken.

The new squad, under the command of Chief Kennedy, is here solely for the protection of property belonging to the students and to the University. Their uniforms now act as direct discouragements to automobilists along the Dore road, which have been a menace both to unwary and famished students on their way to the Dining Halls, and to unwary and satisfied students returning from their meals. With two officers acting as traffic regulators at meal-times, there is little danger of repetition of the accidents which have occurred so far this year. If they are not sufficient warning to hurrying drivers, another gentleman fitted out with a star and a motor-cycle will be present daily for purposes of pursuit.

In addition, the officers will guard such campus treasures as the master-pieces in the Art Gallery. They have been put on watch for strangers loitering around the residence halls, a precaution which has been necessitated by the rifling of student rooms in recent years. In brief, they are here as a help rather than as a hindrance to the undergraduates, and should be treated with the respect their positions deserve.

—J.A.M.

# HOBNAILS

## REALIZATION

Isn't it sad to awake from a dream—  
Just to find you've been dreaming again;  
To find dreamland's pleasures,  
The girl and the treasures—  
Were rainbows, but now—on'y rain?

Don't you feel blue when morn steals away,  
Every scheme that you trusted was real;  
To find all the flowers  
Just bloomed for dream hours—  
When day calls you back to the wheel?

Don't skies seem grey when you find you're the  
same,  
After dreaming that you owned the moon—  
And now with the dawning,  
The day finds you yawning—  
Too bad that you woke up so soon!

—BALTIMORE LASSIE

## THANKS, BUT HE'S A GOOD KNIGHT NOW

DEAR ALLAN: While perusing Mr. Webster's latest publication I came across the name of Allan-a-Dale. My curiosity was aroused and I looked further. Here is what I found:

"In English ballads a youth who (aided by Robin Hood) breaks up the wedding of his sweetheart and marries her himself."

In selecting this cognomen who influenced you? You surely had some motive behind it, am I right? Let me know who this mean old knight was or is and I will rush to your aid. —ROBIN HOOD II.

## WANDERLUST AND LOVE

(As Seen From a Snowbound Pudka)

Ivan the Terrible roams these woods tonight.  
A Tartar tribe sweeps through the pines—the fight!  
A herd of hoofs that dash toward the foe;  
A slow retreat across the bloody snow.  
Orion rushes up from Oral heights,  
Scattering his hounds among auroral lights . . .

We are alone,  
The pass is blocked—well I knew it.  
No oxen team will answer us till morning.  
You cannot cross these drifts; so cease your scorning.  
You are cold, I fear.  
Lean close and feel the subtle electric currents  
That fill me when you are near.  
A myriad of kisses, for just one night,  
Give to me—I, with my heart-ache sore  
Will be healed and bother your life no more.

—GEORGE ROBERT CONNORS II.

## RECIPES

(Concerning Pineapples)

CRUSHED PINEAPPLE—(To July).  
She passed—like a red rose  
Dying young,  
Like a beautiful song  
Left unsung.

She carried to her grave  
The undying past;  
Of all her kin on earth  
She was the last.  
Alas, Poor kitty!

## PINEAPPLE HIGHBALL.

All right,  
Go ahead!  
Tell me you don't love me.  
I guess I can love someone else  
As well as you.

## FRAPPE.

With sorrow my heart should be laden  
For the love of one I had,  
For that beautiful rose-lipt maiden,  
Who walked off with another lad.

I thought she was mine forever,  
She wasn't at all, you see;  
The bonds of our love she would sever,  
And now, thank God, I am free.

## SOUFFLE.

People don't know it,  
But I'm not a poet . . .  
I couldn't write verse if I had to.  
If you have expectation  
Of a great publication,  
I'm sorry I had to deceive you.

## CANNED.

Do not let any man read  
this verse  
it is for no one  
And after that no one and his descendants  
The time comes when our  
hearts sink  
utterly, when we  
Remember reading better things and lift  
our eyes from this.

—THE UNHAPPY ENDING.

Oh, the magnolias are putting out buds—the worms are putting out their little heads—the robins are putting out the worms—the gardeners are putting out tender seedlings—the gardeners' daughters are putting out on the greens—and the weatherman is putting out snow-bulletins. Spring has come—tra-la! Spring has come—hey! hey!

—ALLEN-A-DALE.

## LITERARY

*Currents of Life**One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison—German Proverb.*

ROBERT M. DINKEL

IN the heart of the city, standing as an intruder upon the activity of the business district, there is a plain two-story building, square and of no pretensions. Surrounded in front and on its two sides by a high picket fence, it fits snugly into the little niche so condescendingly afforded by its neighbor skyscrapers. Its only entrance is a side one, to which a cement drive leads from the street. Two windows face this street. They are large and are well curtained with oriental materials, the like of which are never seen except in the most prosperous of establishments. From the street, one sometimes notices an elderly gentleman with sparse gray hair, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a dignified appearance reading a newspaper, his chair pulled close to a window to get as much of the daylight as possible.

Strangers comment upon this building—it is so obviously out of place. Upon inquiring, they are informed that it is the Union Club, a club, it is said, in which to secure membership, an application must be put in at the time of birth. It is familiarly known as the "Millionaires' Club."

The sombreness of this building had no effect on the bright April day. It was such a day as winter memories like to dwell on—a shining sun serenely giving out rays of warmth from a background of pale blue sky. The softly stirring breeze had no other effect than to make one conscious of the cool freshness of the air.

The people of the street expressed their thankfulness for this April day—with animated faces they jauntily walked their ways, swinging their arms to give vent to the surging spirits of spring energy that possessed them.

From the steady stream of the avenue

traffic, Jim Wraydon disengaged himself, and slowly followed the cement drive to the entrance of the Union Club.

When entering, he observed by the tall "Grandad" clock over the desk in the north end of the room that he was early for his luncheon engagement. He turned to his right and entered a side room.

The lounge into which he came was in sharp contrast with the drab outside of the club. While plainly furnished, everything in it was not only of the best quality, but also in the best of taste. On the four walls hung oriental draperies, whose surfaces absorbed some of the light given off by the beautiful glass chandelier suspended from the center of the ceiling. A thick rug lay on the floor; among other purposes, it preserved quietness by making inaudible the steps of those who entered the room. In the center of the lounge there was a mahogany table, the top of which was littered with the latest periodicals. Scattered about the room were many inviting lounges and chairs.

It being shortly after the noon hour, Jim had no trouble in finding an unoccupied chair. Immediately, his thoughts turned to the man for whom he was waiting. He could still vividly remember Joe Bradford rushing into his room in Brown Hall to tell him, "Jim, old man, I've just met your twin. Come along, I want you fellows to meet each other."

Ed Marshall and he certainly did look alike, but, Jim reflected, what a big difference in their lives! Jim himself, ever since his parents had died nine years ago, had worked hard—during his four years in high school, he had helped "Dad" Jenkins every afternoon in the grocery store; at college, he had waited on tables in the dining hall, and

had helped in the library; and even after finishing college, there had been no change—the firm that employed him demanded intensive work from their junior engineers. Ed's parents also had died some time ago, but on their death they left him an estate of two million dollars, the income from which had made it unnecessary for him to work an hour in his whole life; everything he wanted was his. Small wonder that Ed had made the golf team since he had been able to play from the time he was large enough to swing a stick.

Their introduction at Wisconsin University was the beginning of a friendship which lasted not only through their four years in the engineering course, but which was now, a year after graduation, being kept alive by their weekly luncheons.

Jim looked up to find his friend standing at the side of his chair. He arose and momentarily grasped Ed's hand.

"Shall we eat now?" he inquired, "I'm nearly famished."

"Yes," answered Ed, "but wait until I hang up my topcoat. I don't know why I wore the thing; it's such a warm day."

On entering the dining room, Ed beckoned a waiter, who led them to a table, took their orders, and, before he left, saw to it that everything was satisfactory.

Having eaten, the two lingered over their coffee. "You know, Ed," remarked Jim, a shadow of a smile flitting across his face, "I was thinking how fortunate you are in not having to work."

Ed paused in the act of lighting a cigar.

"How's that?"

After a minute's hesitation, Jim went on, "You have enough money to do as you please, your time is all yours, and you have everything you want. Look at me, now, I have to work or starve."

"No," protested Ed thoughtfully, "of the two of us, I would consider you the more fortunate. You are doing the work of a man, accomplishing something that is worth while. Don't you find satisfaction in that?"

"If there's any satisfaction in that, I haven't had it yet," retorted Jim, making a little grimace. "What I call satisfaction is

being able to sleep until eleven, ringing for breakfast, then a round of golf, or, possibly, a matinee." Jim seemed contemplating such a life, for a smile of contentment spread over his face; but his smile of contentment turned to one of derision at Ed's quick rejoinder.

"You'd soon tire of that. Why, man, I have the toughest time in the world trying to pass away the hours; I don't know what to do half the time. You, now, surely must have happiness in doing honest-to-goodness work, in doping out the problems that confront you, in controlling machinery, in—"

"Bunk, pure bunk!" declared Jim vehemently, no longer able to restrain himself. "You don't know how well off you are. The only happiness comes from being able to do what you want."

"But Jim, you can't imagine how tiresome life is for me. I've often thought of making it impossible for me to use my money for a time, and then getting a job."

"Say! That gives me an idea." Eagerness shone out of Jim's face. "If you think you'd like to work, I'll tell you what—let's change places for—for, say—a year; you can do honest-to-goodness work, dope out problems, and control machinery—there's plenty of that down at the plant."

Ed was startled. It hadn't occurred to him exactly in that way before. But, judging from the way his eyes sparkled, Jim's suggestion wasn't far from his desires. After a minute the sparkle disappeared, and he started to reply, "It can't—"

"Oh yes, it can," insisted Jim, sensing the objection; "we look alike, don't we? You're as good an engineer as I am, aren't you? The question is whether you want to do it."

Clouds of smoke from Ed's cigar as he took swift and deep puffs. He said at length.

"I would like to—no doubt of that; but you stand the chance of losing your job."

"Never mind that," pressed on Jim eagerly; "I have an offer from some firm out west; besides, as long as the plant is running all right, I'm never bothered by any of the higher-ups. My two assistants started working just last week, and they'll never know the difference. If you want to, it can be done easily."



Ed looked at Jim and then back at the ash tray on the table. He flicked his ashes carefully, and continued to stare at the tray. Suddenly, he put out his hand.

"Shake, Jim. That's a go. Here, pull your chair closer; we'll have to arrange this."

Twenty minutes later, they pushed back their chairs and got up, curious little gleams of anticipatory satisfaction in their eyes.

"That's settled then," said Ed as they were leaving the club; "it's for a year, and we can't change back. Don't forget, we're to meet here every other month."

Up the steps of the Union Club hurried Jim. He was a few minutes late for the first of the bi-monthly meetings agreed upon by Ed and him, and he didn't want to keep his friend waiting. But Ed had just arrived too, for he was checking his straw hat as Jim, upon entering, caught sight of him.

Ed, seeing Jim, waited.

"How's the boy?" was the greeting he gave.

"Pretty good, Ed," answered Jim as he handed his hat to the check girl. "I was afraid you would be waiting for me."

"No, just got here. Let's eat right away; I've only an hour."

"Find a table then; I'm with you."

Their meal finished, they both lit cigars. After taking an initial puff, Jim concernedly asked, "Been fired yet?"—a question which had been uppermost in his mind for some time. Mistaking Ed's silence for reticence, he continued, "Go ahead, spill the dope. I'm anxious to hear what's happened."

His fears were dispelled by Ed's response.

"No, not the least suspicion. Everything is running, smoothly; in fact, so much so that I'm beginning to believe that we're going to be able to carry our plans through; but tell me how you're enjoying yourself."

"I'm having the time of my life—up at eleven, breakfast, and then out to the Country Club. I've told your friends that I've met there that I'm your brother. They noticed the resemblance and asked me about it—at the time, it was the best explanation I could think of."

"That's all right," hurriedly put in Ed, smiling as he said it, "as a brother you could be a bigger disgrace." Jim being silent, he went on, "By the way, do you remember the 'B' dynamo that wouldn't run?"

"Yes."

"I've fixed her up, and she's going as smooth as a top. I've given her half the load of 'S' plant, and will shift the whole of it to her as soon as I'm sure she'll stand the strain."

"Good work, Ed. I'm glad, though, that you're the one that has to worry about dynamos. Right now, I'm interested in this golf game. Charley Bray—a friend I've picked up at the Country Club—is giving me the low-down on the technique. Do you know Bray?"

"A little."

"Well, he tells me that he'll have me driving two hundred yards before next month. I've met his sister, too, and she's invited me to the dance she's throwing next week. Not so bad, eh?"

"Gosh, Jim," said Ed looking at his wrist watch, "It's after one! I didn't realize that we had been so long in eating. We'll have to cut this short; I have to get back. Is there anything you want me to do for you?—it'll be two months before I see you again."

"No," replied Jim getting to his feet with Ed, "I'm all set. How about you?"

"Same here. See you later then."

Four months had made a difference in Jim. It was noticeable as he and Ed were lunching for the second time since their agreement to change places. He was nervous and fidgety—he showed it when he ate, alternately playing with his spoon and making bread balls. It irritated Ed, and he frowned slightly as he finished his desert.

"How's the job coming along," Jim said; finally breaking the silence in which they had eaten. "I'm wondering if you had any trouble with that 'B' dynamo. You probably—"

"Some," interrupted Ed, his frown becoming more perceptible, "but don't let's talk of dynamos. I have to think so much of them as it is that it's a wonder I don't dream about them; in fact, I did dream last night

of one that wouldn't run. Tell me of that dance you said you were going to. How was it?"

"Rotten!" replied Jim, making a wry face. "I hope that girl never invites me to another."

"Why? What happened?"

"Well, in the first place, she goes around with the silliest crowd—not a bit of sense in the bunch; all they want to do is dance, dance! I've had enough dancing to last me for years. When I started to say something about the new power plant—"

"Ha! Ha!" Ed laughed heartily for a few seconds. "You don't mean to tell me that you said anything about a power plant?"

"Yes, but I didn't get far. Hey!" exclaimed Jim, with a look of bewilderment. "What's the big idea?" he asked when Ed continued laughing, "I don't see what's so funny."

"All right, then," Ed said, controlling himself, "I'll talk about golf—that oughtn't to irritate you. I'm just aching to do nine holes; but I've no time for it. How's your drive by now? Getting two hundred yet?"

"Nope," answered Jim shortly.

"What's the difficulty?"

"Haven't played for a month. I'm sick of chasing miles after a golf ball—hope I never see one again."

Ed looked at him in amazement. "I can't imagine anyone getting tired of golf. Boy! The thrill of a three hundred drive—there's nothing like it." He paused, his fingers clenched as if gripping an imaginary driver.

Jim evidently wasn't interested, for, at Ed's pause, he abruptly changed the subject. "Did you put the whole load of 'S' plant on that dynamo?" he asked.

"Oh, can it!" Ed scowled fiercely, and stared straight ahead. "Didn't I ask you to stop talking about that stuff," he grumbled. "Good Lord! I'll dream about it again tonight; that is," he added, "if I get any sleep."

"What's up?"

"Nothing, except that I'll have to work until two o'clock to-morrow morning. Work! Work! Work! No time for anything else. I wouldn't mind telling the superintendent either—the big goof; he thinks that I'm able to get along with two assistants. The next

time he says something—"

"No! No!" broke in Jim, raising his right hand in a forbidding gesture." The intensity of Ed's voice had alarmed Jim. "Don't do that—Whew! Ed!—you scare me. I surely wouldn't want to lose that job; there are possibilities—"

"Yeh, possibilities of work," returned Ed, his good humor coming back at seeing Jim's anxiety. "I'll be good though," he promised. "How are the servants?" he asked, thinking it a safer topic to discuss.

"Servants!" Jim uttered the word as if a wave of suppressed feeling surged over him at the mere mention of it. "It's a wonder you don't fire the bunch of them," he added. "Whenever they're around, I feel like a silly ass." Seeing Ed's look of surprise, he explained, "They don't let a fellow do a thing. Only yesterday, something went wrong with the electric heater, and when I tried to fix it, one of them insisted on getting a man from the company. He thought it terrible for me to even pick up the monkey wrench."

"I'll bet that was Dan Grady," interrupted Ed, smiling. "Good old Dan—always was careful of me. He'd have a fit if he knew what I'm doing now; he'd think it a disgrace to the ancestors."

"Well, I had to let him have his way—it seemed to be a crime, the way he acted. But I did want to fix that darn thing. I haven't had a tool in my hands for ages. I'll go crazy if I don't do some work—"

"Ed!" There was a startled look in Jim's eyes as he sat bolt upright. "Ed!"

Without waiting for an answer, he continued, slowly, as if searching for the right words, "I'm sick of the whole business. Will you—" he paused, not knowing how to go on.

"What is it, Jim," inquired Ed quietly.

At the sound of Ed's voice, he blurted out, "I can't do it any longer!" he paused again, his eyes anxiously searched Ed's face—what he saw there gave him courage, and he managed to ask, his voice husky, "Ed, I've had enough; will—will you—change again?"

"Jim! Do you really mean it?" Ed also sat upright. "Why, surely, I'll do it—I was just about ready to ask the same thing."

## Simple Bitterness

*I had found a new friend—I who have so few.  
I must make a present; good friends always do.*

*I have scanty substance, my estate is slim;  
Not too slim and scant, though, to have one gift for him.*

*One consummate offering for that friendly lad;  
I must give it up now; it was all I had.*

*All my inner heart was in this little book.  
Oh, the years of living that its writing took!*

*All my breathless dreaming, all my constant fear,  
Every shy elation—all, all were here.*

*That was what I gave him, knowing he would love it,  
Seeing half my heart go, making little of it.*

*Oh, my foolish loving, making much of men;  
Ah, but I will never be a fool again—*

*Never let the new years soothe the pang that smote  
My heart at hearing scoffers quote the words I wrote,*

*Never forget the horror of that fellow's laughter,  
Never trust another, never—after.*

—RICHARD ELPERS.

## Beards

*Back to Nature and Mustache-cups*

VERNON J. KNOX

WHY have men given up wearing beards? That is one of the unsettled questions of facial fashion among men. Beards today are, of course, not rarities; they are not so uncommon as to frighten babies, or even to attract the attention of small boys. Yet in the cities they are unusual, and even the farmer generally shaves on Sunday. Why?

The Civil War was fought mostly by men under twenty-five, but they all wore beards. Our soldiers in France were likewise mostly under twenty-five, but nearly all of them shaved, even under difficulties. Yet a beard has its advantages.

A beard in the first place is a badge of masculinity. Women can vote, attend dances unchaperoned, smoke cigarettes, drink, and wear trousers. They have practically crowded us men out of our superiority, but we can still sit in the underbrush of a beard and they can't. Now and then a formidable female cultivates a trifling mustache, but a beard—no.

Beards are inexpensive, from the point of view both of first cost and of upkeep. They are less unresentful and more sanitary than

woolen underwear. But the great advantage of a beard, properly developed and tended, is the sense it gives of emotional privacy. Behind a beard a man may feel as he likes without the self-consciousness that comes from knowing he has to control his features. A beard is a sort of a private office, into which the owner may retire when he wants to be himself with no restrictions.

Why then don't all men wear beards? Probably on account of egotism, or on account of the dominating factor in modern life—the influence of women. Still it may be that every man suspects that to grow a beard on his particular face would be to deprive the world of something pleasurable.

However, it seems that the real difficulty in having a beard arises from the finicky attitude of women. 'Women boss us in everything outside the day's work, and women do not like beards; and the moment when women assumed the stage management of modern life they declared thumbs down on the masculine scenery.

*"'Tis true, 'tis a pity,*

*And pity 'tis, 'tis true."*

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### *The Moving Window*

*Friend after friend, they come, they pass away.  
 What sadness, what thin bitterness is here  
 That steals the brightness of another year,  
 That dulls the stinging color of a day  
 When two had come together? What new way  
 Will open for a parting? Now I fear  
 All is a moving window on the sere  
 Prairie whose rare, keen beauties will not stay.  
 O dark tomorrows and bright yesterdays,  
 This I have learned from you: if they must go,  
 All these I love, and into cold, grey stone  
 Will come warm memories of all the ways  
 I travelled with those others, then I know  
 That it is better to go on alone.*

—JASPER BRENT

## On Cheerful Rising

*There Should Be a Law*

PAUL J. MAC AVOY

IT was only with great difficulty that I was recently restrained from committing murder. I had a friend of mine as a guest, an otherwise good fellow, who rose cheerful. On the very first morning of his visit he turned on the bath and an aria from "Aida" at the same moment. I am a reasonable being, and do not object to cleanliness before coffee, but I do object to singing before breakfast.

Breakfast itself is an odd meal, and the laxity allowed is an admission of the normal state which precedes it. "Luncheon at one," or "Dinner at seven thirty," we say. But, "come down to breakfast any time you feel like it." At luncheon or dinner, too, a guest is expected, and expects, to eat what is placed before him. Not so at breakfast. His individual tastes are carefully consulted, and no two ever concur. One has tea, another coffee. One has cereal, another never touches it. Some quaint appetites demand meat. Now and then comes a kindred spirit who understands the art of dipping doughnuts into a coffee cup. But at breakfast one and all must be allowed to get into a rut of habit, as if the day could not be begun unless that initial track were taken—as indeed, it probably could not be.

Why should this not be so? To spring lightly out of bed, wide awake and cheerful, is an act only for characters in stories. What task is more difficult than getting up

in the morning—unless it be getting to bed at night? Who can blame anyone for not being cheerful before breakfast, and wanting to be left alone, to drink one's coffee in silence, and thus slip into the chains of habit?

It is not lack of hospitality which makes me dread the coming of visitors; it is the fear that some of them may be sincerely, or politely, pleasant before breakfast. What is harder to endure than the guest who comes beaming down the stairs with a cheery, "Well, how are you all this lovely morning?"—unless it be the guest who actually goes out of doors before coffee, and comes in to tell you how perfectly heavenly everything is with the dew fresh upon it—as if it were not much fresher at eight o'clock the previous evening! Even the guest who discusses Bolshevism at breakfast is preferable to this sort, because nobody is cheerful on this subject, either pro or con.

I have a thought that I believe would save much trouble for people. It is this. Place prominently somewhere in the house a neat sign reading to the effect, that guests are requested not to be cheerful before breakfast. I really believe people would be grateful for this brave abolition of the social tyranny of politeness. The mere fact of their being told they could be glum, I believe, would have the effect of making them cheerful at the prospect.



## Not Even Women Are Different

A Page From a Diary

RASPER DENT

(The following page was found in the effects of an erstwhile sophomore. He attended Siwash way back in 1909 and it seems that not even women are different. It is a relic of those days when a man kept a diary in the hope that it would some day be a beautiful autobiography . . . a monument to his life.)

JANUARY 31, 1909.

Well, diary, old chap, I guess women are hypocritical after all. I never thought my Eloise would be . . . but listen to this letter I received this evening:

Dearest Tom,

I was pleased to see your letter on my secretary after a very pleasant week-end spent at Cambridge with Winnie. I shall not attempt to tell you of the sights I saw . . . Bunker Hill, the old South Church, Longfellow's home, and Harvard College. The young gentlemen at that institution are, it seems to me, very well-behaved and not at all the vandals the periodicals would try to make them out to be.

By this time you are wondering why I wrote immediately, since that act is very unladylike, but you must have guessed from the salutation that there was something amiss.

Tom, I beg of you not to think of me, but a very nice young gentleman from Harvard College has turned his affections full upon me and I am forced to respond in some degree. I met him at dear Winifred's home and he is a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity. He affirms stoutly that it was I who attracted his eye in Rector's the last night we were there and so it must be, since he

described to a "T" the dress I wore and you, who were my escort. The other young men at the fraternity house say that they are glad to think he has met me since that will cause him to discontinue his mad ravings.

You know I'm not conceited. I'm telling you this because YOU are YOU. He asked me to wear his little pin and I could but take it. In return he is wearing my little Castle School pin. I feel unclothed without the little thing and told him that if I might obtain my ring from MY SISTER I would give it to him.

I think you have had the heavy old thing long enough and if you return it to me I shall send you my portrait soon. The ring doesn't mean much to me and it is not nice enough for you. Someday I shall send you a little token by which you may always recall my appreciation for the sympathy, love, and understanding that have carried me over many difficult situations.

I do love you, Tom, dear; you're the sweetest, best-hearted person that ever lived.

My best love always,

Yours Eloise.

Well, Diary, what can a fellow do? I sat down and wrote the hypocrite just how badly broken up I was. I think all women are terrible hypocrites, Diary, so when I finished the letter I sprinkled water judiciously over the surface of the paper to cause her to think I had cried over her. Ruth is announcing our engagement to-morrow. Diary, I am the happiest man in the world.



## SPORT NEWS

**Western State Defeated In Biting Cold; Score, 13-11**

FIELDING OF BOTH TEAMS ERRATIC—

McCarty and Olendorf Clout Honors

The Western State Teachers who have been regular Spring visitors in this vicinity for a good many years, spent another afternoon on Cartier Field with the Blue and Gold as their playmates last Tuesday. Over a thousand death-defying fans watched the two teams performing lethargically in a see-saw contest in the bitter cold. The Teachers took the lead several times during the frigid encounter, but the Irish took the ball game with a hectic 13-11 score.

Weather conditions which were ideal for ice hockey prevailed throughout the battle, and were, in the main, responsible for the mediocre exhibition of baseball put up by both combinations. Errors of both commission and omission, together with the wildness of the pair of hurlers trotted out by each team, served to make the engagement one of the most listless and loosely played contests ever staged on the Cartier Field diamond.

It was the occasion of Bob Walsh's mound debut for Notre Dame and after five innings of toil he was excused in favor of Joe Jachym, with the count standing at 7-all. Costly home runs by McCarty and Olendorf of the opposing nine, and mediocre assistance rendered by his supporting cast behind him, were the main factors involved in his removal. Jachym, too, seemed to be affected by the cold and proceeded to mix brilliant pitching with erratic wildness during the four innings he worked. He managed to get along safely, however, until a threatening ninth inning rally by the Teachers almost sent the contest into extra innings.

Western State too, had recourse to a relief hurler, Hagan relieving Maas in the seventh.

## WESTERN STATE SCORES FIRST

The outfit from Kalamazoo lost no time in settling down to work off the slants of Walsh, an error, a base on balls, and a single being productive of two runs in the initial inning. Notre Dame got these markers back in the same frame, however, and in addition assumed a one-run lead. Schrall's single, Maas' error on Sullivan's grounder, Poliskey's sacrifice loft, and Colerick's triple manufacturing three counters.

The scoring then seesawed back and forth with neither team possessed of more than a one run advantage over the other until the seventh, when the Irish batsmen got down to effective business off the slants of Maas. Two were down when the fireworks started. One-basers by Lordi and Colerick, Schrall's lusty two-bagger, two free tickets to first, an error, and two stolen bases chased five runs across the rubber for Notre Dame before the side was retired.

The visitors died gamely and would not accept defeat until they had dented the plate with three more runs in their last turn at bat as a result of the same number of hits, a walk, and an error.

Leo Schrall and John Colerick solved the Western State hurler for three safe blows a piece out of five official times at bat. Colerick also carried off the Notre Dame fielding honors with several sensational stops of hard hit balls.

Nestor, with a pair of hits, McCarty, and Waters carried the brunt of the Western State attack.

Score by innings:

Western State Normal .....	210	311	003	—11
Notre Dame .....	302	201	50x	—13

Summary:

Errors: Schrall (2); Poliskey, R. Walsh, Jachym, Muma, Olendorf, Cornell, Waters, Maas, (2). Home runs—McCarthy, Olendorf. Three base hits—Colerick. Two-base hits—Schrall, Lordi. Sacrifice hits—Niemiec (2). Bases on balls—Off Maas, 4; off Walsh, 4; off Jachym, 4. Struck out—By Maas, 4; by Walsh, 4; by Jachym, 6. Wild pitch—Walsh.

### ELDER WINS 100 AT KANSAS RELAYS

The brilliant performance of Jack Elder, Notre Dame sprint star and Olympic prospect, who captured the 100 yard dash from a fast field, was one of the shining accomplishments in the annual Kansas Relays held at the University of Kansas at Lawrence, Saturday, April 21.

Elder easily outclassed some of the finest dash men in the Middle West and South in annexing his triumph. Off to a fair start, the Blue and Gold ace took the lead at the half way mark and materially increased his advantage the last thirty yards or so to the tape. His time was ten seconds flat. Easter of Nebraska, Parks of Drake, and Alf of Doane College, finished behind the winner in the order named.

Notre Dame was also represented by a two mile relay quartet composed of Stephan, Lahey, Bill Brown, and Quigley, in the competition, but in spite of determined and courageous efforts, it did not succeed in placing.

### ARMY LEADING ROUND ROBIN ENTRANTS; HAS MAINTAINED CLEAN SLATE.

With all but eight of the scheduled thirty games comprising the Round Robin Tournament being played by teams composed of candidates for the 1928 Rockmen already run off, both the tournament and spring training are rapidly near-

ing their end. Approaching hand in hand with this finis is the increasing interest of the student body in the tournament and its probable winner. At the present writing, the powerful Army eleven with three wins and no defeats or ties, is leading the field but has hard going ahead of it as the pseudo cadets have not met either the Wisconsin or Southern California aggregations which are as yet, undefeated. Both have been tied once; this blemish on their records alone keeping hem from making first place a three-way tie. The remaining three teams having already played the leaders and having yet to win a game are, barring some miraculous happening, quite out of the running for the steak dinner, as their future contests will be played among themselves leaving not one of them even a fighting chance to gain a commanding percentage. As things shape up now, the winner will be either Army, Wisconsin, or Southern California with the odds in favor of the first named due to its present commanding lead.

As it was the contests of the past week that created the fireworks, a short resume of each game seems appropriate:

#### WISCONSIN 7—CARNEGIE TECH 0.

A steady march down the field that could no more be stopped than onrushing water contributed the only action and likewise the only score of an otherwise listlessly played game. The Wisconsin aggregation from somewhere within its shell brought forth a tremendous amount of power, scored its touchdown, kicked goal, and then replaced it to show it no more during the fray.

#### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 12—NAVY 6.

Navy though outclassing their opponents, were denied the breaks and emerged on the short end of a score which should have, in justice, read the other way. The affair was marked by hectic scoring—Southern California scoring once on a sixty yard run by Acers and again a few minutes later on a blocked punt. The Navy's lone score came as the result of a recovered fumble.



ARMY 7—NAVY 0.

A beautifully executed forward pass as subtle as its designer, spelled disaster for the Navy after the defensive power of both teams had apparently precluded all scoring. Evenly matched, neither team could gain either around ends or through the line, so the cadets, being more resourceful, took to the air, with the result that an apparently hopelessly deadlocked game blossomed into a Mule victory.

GEORGIA TECH 7—CARNEGIE TECH 7

Too evenly matched for either to gain anything but a momentary advantage, the game see-sawed back and forth; the final whistle finding the ball in midfield.

WISCONSIN 0—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 0

The old story of the irresistible force and the immovable object best illustrates this game. Both teams several times threatened to break the tie, Southern California being stopped once on the one foot line, and Wisconsin also making serious threats to score.

ARMY 12—CARNEGIE TECH 6.

A pass snatched out of the air and a recovered fumble followed by a thirty yard dash, turned what was to have been a Tech celebration into a Tech wake. Scoring early, Tech players held their advantage till the last quarter when the events narrated above deprived them of the fruits of their toils.

ROUND ROBIN STANDINGS

	Won	Lost	Tied
Army -----	3	0	0
Wisconsin -----	1	0	1
Southern California -----	1	0	1
Georgia Tech -----	0	1	1
Navy -----	0	2	0
Carnegie Tech -----	0	2	1

—J. H. ZUBER

FINAL FRESHMAN-VARSITY CUT  
MADE

Coach Culhane has made the final cut in his Freshman-Varsity baseball candidates, and has officially announced that the following men will comprise the permanent squad; Beaupre, Ouelette, Bartley,

McNerney, Askew, Callahan, Maloney, Cushwa, Jordan, Brazell, O'Connor, Kosky, Davis, Deegan, Nash, Maggerall, Manix, Smith, Lisicki, Romanin, Starchak, Wallace, Connelly, Carrideo, and Salmon.

Uniforms have been issued to each of these players and practice will continue as usual on diamond No. 1, south of the gym. This playing field has been put in tip-top shape, and with the recent erection of a suitable backstop compares favorably with the regular varsity diamond.

INTERHALL BASEBALL DIVISIONS  
SWING INTO ACTION SUNDAY

Notre Dame will have organized Interhall baseball competition for the first time in several years this Spring. The various halls have been evenly divided into two divisions, and play will start in each next Sunday, April 29th. Freshman, Carroll, Brownson, Walsh, Howard, and Off-Campus will be represented in one division, and Badin, Sorin, Corby, Sophomore, Morrissey, and Lyons in the other. The winning teams in each division will meet for the Interhall championship at the close of the season.

A complete schedule has been drawn up for both divisions and competent umpires will be assigned for each game from the Physical Education Department of the University. Twelve diamonds have also been made available for practice by the various halls.

The schedule, and the assignments to the practice fields follow;

INTERHALL BASEBALL SCHEDULE

APRIL 29th—

Freshman vs. Walsh -----	Field No. 6
Carroll vs. Howard -----	Field No. 5
Off-Campus vs. Brownson -----	Field No. 4
Sophomore vs. Morrissey -----	Field No. 3
Sorin vs. Badin -----	Field No. 2
Corby vs. Lyons -----	Field No. 1

MAY 6th—

Freshman vs. Carroll -----	Field No. 5
Walsh vs. Off-Campus -----	Field No. 4
Howard vs. Brownson -----	Field No. 3
Sophomore vs. Sorin -----	Field No. 2
Morrissey vs. Corby -----	Field No. 1
Badin vs. Lyons -----	Field No. 6

## MAY 13th—

Freshman vs. Howard	Field No. 4
Walsh vs. Brownson	Field No. 3
Carroll vs. Off-Campus	Field No. 2
Sophomore vs. Badin	Field No. 1
Morrissey vs. Lyons	Field No. 6
Sorin vs. Corby	Field No. 5

## MAY 17th—

Freshman vs. Off-Campus	Field No. 3
Walsh vs. Howard	Field No. 2
Carroll vs. Brownson	Field No. 1
Sophomore vs. Corby	Field No. 6
Morrissey vs. Badin	Field No. 5
Sorin vs. Lyons	Field No. 4

## MAY 20th—

Freshman vs. Brownson	Field No. 2
Walsh vs. Carroll	Field No. 1
Howard vs. Off-Campus	Field No. 6
Sophomore vs. Lyons	Field No. 5
Sorin vs. Morrissey	Field No. 4
Badin vs. Corby	Field No. 3

NOTE.—All games will be played at 2:00 P. M.

## THE FOLLOWING FIELDS ARE AVAILABLE

1. South of Gym	Freshman Varsity
2. East of Law Bldg.	Sorin and Corby
3. South of Chemistry	Off-Campus
4. South of Chemistry	Brownson
5. South of Cartier	Howard
6. South of Cartier	Sophomore
7. South of Cartier	Freshman
8. South of Cartier	Walsh
9. South of Cartier	Carroll
10. Front of Badin	Badin
11. West of Lyons	Morrissey
12. West of Lyons	Lyons

## PLAYGROUND LEAGUE UNDER WAY

Spirited action has marked the first few games played in the Playground League competition sponsored by the Chicago Club. Each attraction has been run off as smoothly and as orderly as possible, and from present indications has tended to prove that the unique venture of the Windy City group is well worth while.

Scores for the several games played at the time of this writing follow;

## INTER-CLUB LEAGUE

## DIVISION A

## CHICAGO LEAGUE

## THURSDAY, APRIL 19—

Howard 14; Corby-Sorin 13.
Badin 5; Freshman 2.

Sophomore 6; Walsh 5.  
Morrissey 5; Off-Campus 3  
Lyons 7; Carroll-Brownson 5.

## FRIDAY, APRIL 20—

Akron 11; Pittsburgh 10  
Monogram 12; Rochester 10  
Calumet 17; New Jersey 6  
Buffalo 14; Band 6  
Metropolitan 12; Iowa 5  
Tennessee 7; Cincinnati 5

## DIVISION B

Cleveland 10; K. of C. 1  
California 10; Toledo 8  
Grand Rapids 12; Badger 10  
Detroit 9; Boston 4  
Connecticut 9; Engineers 0

The remainder of the schedule for both League follows;

## STATE CLUB LEAGUE

## DIVISION A

## FRIDAY, APRIL 27—

	<i>Field</i>
Pittsburgh vs. Iowa	8
Tennessee vs. Rochester	9
New Jersey vs. Minnesota	10
Band vs. Monogram	11
Law vs. Akron	12
Buffalo vs. Metropolitan	13
Calumet vs. Cincinnati	14

## MONDAY, APRIL 30—

Pittsburgh vs. Metropolitan	1
Iowa vs. Rochester	2
Tennessee vs. Minnesota	3
New Jersey vs. Monogram	4
Band vs. Akron	5
Buffalo vs. Cincinnati	6
Law vs. Calumet	7

## TUESDAY, MAY 1—

Pittsburgh vs. Cincinnati	12
Rochester vs. Metropolitan	13
Iowa vs. Minnesota	14
Tennessee vs. Monogram	1
New Jersey vs. Akron	2
Buffalo vs. Calumet	3
Law vs. Band	4

## WEDNESDAY, MAY 2—

Pittsburgh vs. Calumet	8
Cincinnati vs. Rochester	9
Metropolitan vs. Minnesota	10
Iowa vs. Monogram	11
Tennessee vs. Akron	12
New Jersey vs. Band	13
Law vs. Buffalo	14

## FRIDAY, MAY 4—

Pittsburgh vs. Buffalo	1
Calumet vs. Rochester	2
Cincinnati vs. Minnesota	3

	<i>Field</i>	
Metropolitan vs. Monogram .....	4	
Iowa vs. Akron .....	5	
Tennessee vs. Band .....	6	
Law vs. New Jersey .....	7	

MONDAY, MAY 7—

Pittsburgh vs. Law .....	8
Buffalo vs. Rochester .....	9
Calumet vs. Minnesota .....	10
Cincinnati vs. Monogram .....	11
Metropolitan vs. Akron .....	12
Iowa vs. Band .....	13
Tennessee vs. New Jersey .....	14

STATE CLUB LEAGUE  
DIVISION B

FRIDAY, APRIL 27—

Cleveland vs. Missouri .....	1
California vs. Detroit .....	2
East Penn vs. Engineers .....	4
Badger vs. Toledo .....	3
K. of C. vs. Memphis .....	5
Grand Rapids vs. Indianapolis .....	6
Boston vs. Connecticut .....	7

MONDAY, APRIL 30—

Cleveland vs. Indianapolis .....	8
California vs. Missouri .....	9
East Penn vs. Detroit .....	10
Toledo vs. Engineers .....	11
K. of C. vs. Badger .....	12
Memphis vs. Connecticut .....	13
Boston vs. Grand Rapids .....	14

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2—

Cleveland vs. Boston .....	1	<i>Field</i>
California vs. Indianapolis .....	2	
East Penn vs. Missouri .....	3	
Toledo vs. Detroit .....	4	
K. of C. vs. Engineers .....	5	
Badger vs. Memphis .....	6	
Connecticut vs. Grand Rapids .....	7	

THURSDAY, MAY 3—

Cleveland vs. Connecticut .....	3
California vs. Boston .....	4
East Penn vs. Indianapolis .....	5
Toledo vs. Missouri .....	6
K. of C. vs. Detroit .....	7
Badger vs. Engineers .....	8
Memphis vs. Grand Rapids .....	9

FRIDAY, MAY 4—

Cleveland vs. Grand Rapids .....	8
California vs. Connecticut .....	9
East Penn vs. Boston .....	10
Toledo vs. Indianapolis .....	11
K. of C. vs. Missouri .....	12
Detroit vs. Badger .....	13
Memphis vs. Engineers .....	14

MONDAY, MAY 7—


Cleveland vs. Memphis .....	1
California vs. Grand Rapids .....	2
East Penn vs. Connecticut .....	3
Toledo vs. Boston .....	4
K. of C. vs. Indianapolis .....	5
Badger vs. Missouri .....	6
Detroit vs. Engineers .....	7

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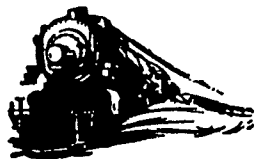
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