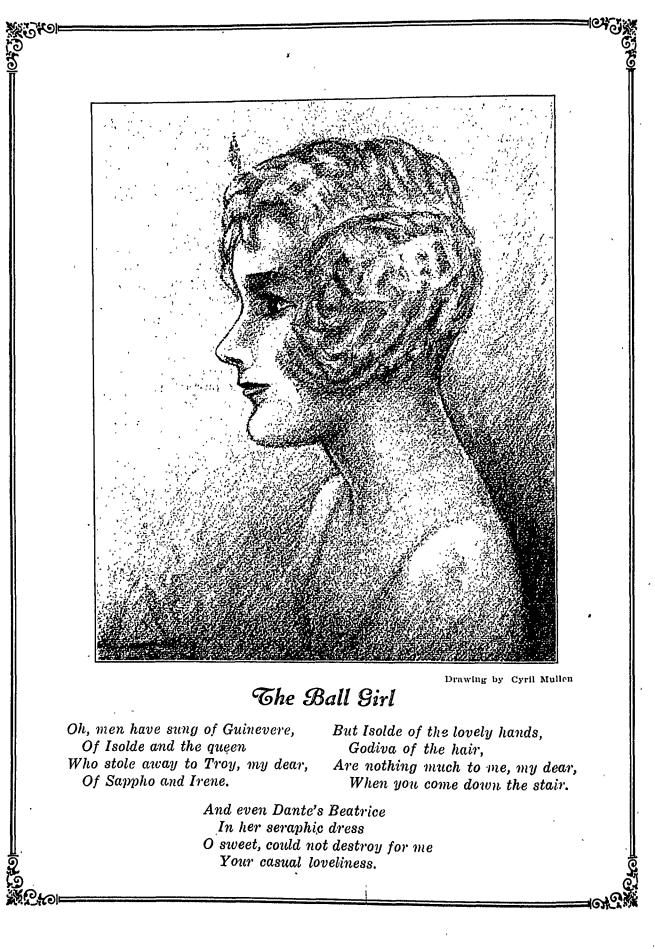
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC



I had thought to be relieved of this page these last few weeks, because Mr. Cullinan, my predecessor and superior at the job, was to have rounded out the year with a grand flourish of humor and gentle irony. Mr. Cullinan has been called home, unfortunately, and I am left to make the flourish. I have nothing whatever to flourish with, and I am willing to believe that had I something worthv of a flourish a la Cullinan, I wouldn't know how to flourish it. My humor is not widely respected, and my irony is rarely gentle; indeed, it is rarely irony. I am left holding the sack. There is nothing in the sack, there never has been, there never will be anything in it. But wait, ladies and gentlemen! I reach into the sack, mutter the mystic words, and bring forth, not a white rabbit, nor a pigeon, nor a guinea pig, nor a silk hat, nor the watch belonging to the gentleman in the fifth row, but the great, the incomparable, the dazzling Senior Ball of 1928!

Even at this stage (Written Wednesday morning) there are a good many things happening all about me which indicate that the Senior Ball will not be entirely free from humor of a sort. There were the rotagravure sections in the South Bend papers last Sunday, for example. If two per cent of the young ladies whose pictures were represented therein were named rightly, or if a third of them are really going to the Ball, I have been There are whispered conbasely deceived. sultations being held in dark corners; high sums are being mentioned, money is changing hands, and it is all very mysterious and Girls are coming from very satisfactory. the four corners of the earth: they are coming by boat and by train, in Packards and in They are coming chaperoned and Fords. otherwise, some with chauffeurs and footmen, some directly from the harvest field or the underwear counter, the daughters of the Revolution, the Hapsburgs, and Tammany

Hall. They are beautiful and accomplished, gracious and charming, and they are all kind to their mothers. Some will find Romance, and others will wait for hours for the boy who went away, tra la. Some have blind dates which will be entirely unobjectionable, amusing, or mediocre. Some will weary of the tinsil sham at midnight, and demand to be taken home, and these will catch the first train Saturday morning. Some will be marooned in South Bend until Monday night. They will all be very gay and very careless, and all glad — secretly — when it is all over.

The young men are busying themselves with elaborate preparations. There are shirts to be washed, studs to be borrowed, haircuts to be got. To go to a formal dance without a fresh haircut and the smell of the barber's lotions clinging about one's ears is unpardonable, comparable only to the greater disgrace of putting one's hands in the pocket of one's dinner coat, or monkey suit, as it is sometimes called. The wiser of the young gentlemen have gone into intensive training these past weeks, for the strain will be great, and by three o'clock of Saturday morning most of them will know how the athletes in the Bunion Derby feel on warm afternoons. The closing hours of Big Affairs have done more to reconcile the youth of the country to the rural life than any other single agent. There is no weariness of soul and body like that of him who has danced (or been at a dance) long after he should have been in bed, fortifying himself for the laborious fun of the morrow. As I recall it, this weariness, accompanied inevitably by dejection and a great thirst, is discernible only in the men. Girls have the faculty of being able to dance all night, and when the young gallants are beginning to remember rather wistfully the comforts of the bunk in Sorin hall, the ladies are yearning with a great yen for fruit salad or a sirloin steak. ----J.F.M.

Partial List of Senior Ball Guests for 1928

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Marguerite Alby, South Bend Irene Hughes, East Chicago Ellen Kay Dovery, Ellwood, Ill. Mary Wacker, Pittsburgh, Pa. Marion Carberry, Syracuse, N. J. Prudence Garrett, Oak Park, Ill. Υ. Prudence Garrett, Oak Park, Ill. Mary Kathryn Stevens, Chicago Mary-Patricia Kane, Chicago Marie D'Amour, Grand Rapids Mary McCarthy, Arminto, Wyo. Katherine Clark, Rochester, N. Y. Elizabeth Kahl, Davenport, Ia. Margaret Hageman, South Bend Erma Jacobs, South Bend Marie Casey, South Bend Germaine Mischker, South Bend Marion Shay. Chicago Marion Shay, Chicago Margaret Berry, Stanley, N. Y. Avalon Frank, Altoona, Pa. Eileen Ewing, Weston, O. Mary Ludgate, Mishawaka Margaret Pierce, South Bend Frances Bov, Hamilton, O. Mary Robinson, Waterbury, Conn. Ruth Helen Gallup, South Bend Agnes Lennon, Joliet, Ill. Irene Kemper, South Bend Rose Stabla, Chicago V. J. Swihart, South Bend Mabel Hayes, South Bend Virginia Mitchell, Cleveland, O. Gladys Leahy, Tiffin, O. Inez Shanahan, Chicago Paula Hoffman, LeMars, Ia. Paula Hoffman, LeMars, Ia. Marian Miller, Chicago Dorothy Kundtz, Cleveland, O. Frances Murphy, Joliet, Ill. Thelma Brengartner, Sandusky, O. Margaret Phalen, Mich. City, Ind. Jean English, South Bend Doris Ann Lawler, South Bend Eleanor Casey, Chicago Dorothy Scherer, Sandusky, O. Mary McCartney, South Bend Rose Hoerstman, Mishawaka Catherine Loughman South Ber Catherine Loughman, Nishawaka Catherine Loughman, South Bend Mary Ann Bov, Hamilton, O. Lelia Rogers, South Bend Mary Cunningham, Winterset, Ia. Mary E. Murphy, Pine Bluff, Ark. Elizabeth Emif, Evansville, Ind. Katharine Smith, Evansville, Ind. Katharine Smith, Evanston, Ill. Katheriné Speice, Columbus, Neb. Clementine Pierce, South Bend Florence C. Kearns, Minneapolis Countess Cox, Detroit, Mich. Helen Colgan, Toledo, O. Lucille Bickel, Mishawaka Mariorie Donohue, Michigan City Marjorie Donohue, Michigan City Doris Stone, Buffalo, N. Y. Margaret Horan, Scranton, Pa. Ruth Kronewitter, South Bend Mildred Chrisholm, Vicksburg,

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Helenrose Hillenbrand, St. Mary's
of-the-WoodsMadeline Allen, River Forest, Ill.
Bernice Mason, South BendElise Chauvet, Oak Park, Ill.
Pauline Fleming, Geneva, N. Y.
Marcella Conners, Fort Wayne
Marguerite Alby, South Bend
Irene Hughes, East Chicago
Ellen Kay Dovery, Ellwood IllMadeline Allen, River Forest, Ill.
Bernice Mason, South Bend
Aileen Spitler, South Bend
Helen Callahan, Chicago
Marie Mullaney, St. Marys of-the-
Woods Woods Frances Goeb, Chicago Anna R. Hampton, Louisville, Ky. Grace McGettigan, Toledo, O. Lucile Schafer, Springfield, O. Eleanor Callahan, Hot Springs Juanita Dillon, South Bend Wilhelmine Gaddis, Terra Haute Dorothy Talbot, South Bend Ruth O'Donnell, Detroit Annette Finney, Anderson, Ind. Esther Johnson, South Bend Helen Wall, Chicago Loretta Moates, Ashtabula, O. Anna Merrefield, South Bend Bobby Edstrom, South Bend Geraldine Halpin, Elyria, O. Catherine Haynie, Oak Park, Ill. Rose Florence Riley, Cleveland, O. Louise Sattler, Norfolk, Nebr. Marion Sperry, Sistersville, W. Va. Mary Swords, Nashville, Tenn. Katherine Kiley, St. Marys-of-the-Woods Gertrude Hummel, Cincinnati, O. Elizabeth Glueckert, South Bend Beatrice Belsley, Peoria, Ill. Katherine Krause, Ogden, Utah Corinne Roy, Shreveport, La. Helen Fitzsimmons, Chicago Lucille Amiotte, Traverse City Christine Nagel, Detroit, Mich. Christine Nagel, Detroit, Mitch. Margaret Hansen, South Bend Helen Vaughn, Chicago Clare Kline, Cleveland Heights, O. Katheryn Heringer, St. Mary's Alice Rupel, South Bend Evelyn Kanaly, Omaha, Nebr. Phyllis Whitcomb, South Bend Alice Switzer, Chicago Katherine Stanton, Shreveport, Ia. Eloise McCarthy, Nashville, Tenn. Agnes Schurr, South Bend Martha Weber, Olney, Ill. Pauline Anne Ryan, Chicago Louise Taylor, South Bend Bertha Foulkes, St. Joe, Mich. Alice Erickson, St. Joe, Mich. Esther Hosler, South Bend Rosabel C. Smith, South Bend Louise Nichols, Chicago Natalie Harding, Richmond, Ind. Kathryn Gallagher, Omaha, Nebr. Helen Phinney, Chicago Mary Elise Fogerty, Elwood, Ind. Katherine Church, St. Mary's Nellie M. Driscoll, Kenilworth, Ill. Rosanna Senger, Peru, Ind. Terese Stocker, Chicago Ruth McBride, Ogden, Utah Margaret Mangold, Chicago

Bernadette Lavin, Chicago Marguerite Vander Bossche, So. B. Marguerito vander Bossche, So. B. Dorothy Grede, Chicago Kathrine Bland, Chicago Mary E. Davis, Indianapolis Margaret Storen, Rockford, Ill. Dorothy Newhoff, Nashville, Tenn. Mary Octavia Malone, Toledo, O. Helen E. Connelly, Casper, Wyo. Susan Leen, Cincinnati, O. Susan Leen, Cincinnati, O. Myrtle Kraemer, Minster, O. Philippa Jeffries, Hanging Rock, O. Janet Friday, Chicago Irma J. Long, Cleveland, O. Rosina Roessler, South Bend Marie Chevigny, Hammond, Ind. Helen Pierce, South Bend Mary Volkers, South Bend Marie O'Harren, Joliet, Ill. Marie O'Harren, Joliet, Ill. Marle O Harren, Jonet, In. Anne Janisheska, South Bend Katherine Hicok, Hancock, Mich. Elaine George, Oak Park, Ill. Lilyan Kane, Chicago Anne Wymond, South Bend Lucillo Boyd Hammond Ind Lucille Boyd, Hammond, Ind. Luella M. Hand, Park Ridge, Ill. Lyone Brading, South Bend Lyone Brading, South Bend Martha Thoma, Piqua, Ohio Mary Brannon, Madison, Wis. Mary Briney, South Bend Lenore Kelly, Grand Rapids, Mich. Gertrude Peters, Amarillo, Tex. Marjorie Griffiths, Niles, Mich. Gladys Anderson, Jamestown, N.Y. Olive M. Johnson, Chicago Olive M. Johnson, Chicago Ione Davis, Mishawaka Mary Bauer, Chicago Jeanette Mischker, South Bend Mary Jean Swinsick, South Bend Janet Helwarth, Fort Dodge, Kan. Frances Sullivan, Toledo, Ö. Irma Corbin, Toledo, O. Zella Fisher, Lombard, Ill. Helen Falum, Chicago Florence Farley, St. Mary's Katherine Cleary, St. Mary's Ann Buckley, Chicago Freda Einhausen, South Bend Frances Golden, Chicago Katherine Dittmar, Chicago Dorothy Mohan, Chicago Julia Jaquith, South Bend Rose A. Mack, Chicago Mildred Ronan, St. Mary's Ardelle Roper, South Bend Anna L. Maloney, Gary, Ind. Mary Lahey, Chicago Louise Buckley, Chicago Mary Lou Vail, Chicago Marka Harrington Lafayette Manka Harrington, Lafayette, Ind. Vivian Jackson, Likeston, Mo. Margaret Mangold, Evanston, III. Margaret Bender, Saginaw, Mich. Mary Helen Corbett, Chicago La Reine Schreiber, St. Louis Evangeline Peterson, Chicago Halos Deine Schreiber, Band Helen Price, South Bend Katherine Bland, Chicago

SENIOR BALL TO BE HELD IN PALAIS ROYALE TONIGHT

ENTERTAINMENT ARRANGED FOR GUESTS' AMUSEMENT

Tonight, May eleventh, in the Palais Royale, the Senior Ball will be held—the last and the finest of the class dances of the year.

> Coon-Sanders famous Nighthawks will furnish the music for the affair at which beauty from all sections of the country will be assembled.

J. Carroll Pinkley, chairman of the committee on entertainment, has obtained the services of the Rajahs of Chicago to entertain between dances. In addition, a buffet luncheon will be served throughout the evening.

The Palais has been decorated in a black and white motion which will be superimposed designs *argent*, according to the general chairman, James Shocknessy of Springfield, Ohio. The George J. Johnson Company of Detroit, nationally known decorators at social functions, have had charge.

FAVORS DISTRIBUTED

With the ticket sale limited to two hundred and fifty, the number of guests will be small enough to preclude the possibility of overcrowding the spacious dance floor of the Palais. Crowded floors have almost ruined the enjoyment at other class dances, but The Ball is to be an exception. The limited number of tickets have been completely sold out. Only seniors and alumni will be permitted to attend.

Favors were distributed to the seniors yesterday and today in Sorin hall. They are attractive perfume atomizers, delicately wrought in Spanish gold.

FULL PROGRAM FOR TOMORROW

Tomorrow's program will rival the festivities of this evening for the seniors and their guests. At one o'clock, Mr. Knute K. Rockne, Notre Dame's renowned football coach and athletic director, will trot his ten veterans and new material out on the turf of Cartier Field for the annual spring football game. From the material he will show tomorrow, Rock expects to form the team which will defend the Blue and Gold on the gridiron from Los Angeles to the Polo Grounds, next fall. He promises several surprises in the way of new and skillful backs and linemen.

The seniors and their guests will view the proceeding from a reserved section in the stands. Favorable weather is the only requisite for an excellent football game.

THE TEA DANCE

After the game, the seniors will depart for the Chain o' Lakes Country Club where the Tea Dance will begin at two-thirty. The Coral Gables Bob-o-Links, now on tour of the country, will produce the music. Refreshments will be served to the guests, and the country club grill will be open.

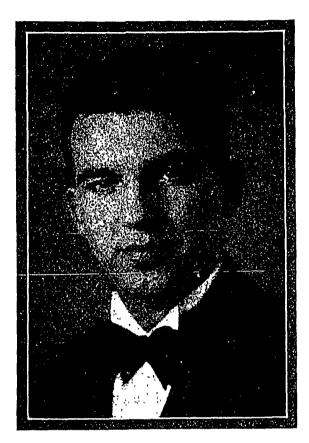
Chain o' Lakes is located between Lincoln Way West and the Division Street Road, west of South Bend. It can be reached from either highway. Shocknessy has requested that seniors observe special care in crossing the dangerous triple railroad tracks that must be passed. John Chevigny is the chairman of the committee.

Tomorrow night, a special subscription dance will be held at the Knights of Columbus ballroom in South Bend. It will be informal, and will have the Coral Gables Bobo-Links playing the tunes. The subscription

THE BALL PROGRAM

Friday morning, May 11—Arrival of Senior Domes
Friday evening-THE BALL, from 10 to 3
Saturday, 1:00 P. M.—Spring Football Game
Saturday, 2:30 to 5:30—Tea Dance at Chain o' Lakes Country Club
Saturday, 8:30—Informal Dance at K. of C. Ballroom
Sunday, 9:30—Mass in Morrissey Hall Chapel
Sunday, 10:00-May morning Breakfast, Lay

Faculty Dining Room



JOHN F. FREDERICK, President of the Senior Class

will be one and one half dollars. William Kearney is chairman of the committee.

SUNDAY MORNING

At nine-thirty Sunday morning, Mass will be celebrated in the beautiful new chapel of Morrissey hall for the seniors and their guests. Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., will act as celebrant. After the Mass, breakfast will be served in the Lay Faculty Dining Room to those who have made reservations with Jack Wingerter during the past week.

Chairman Shocknessy makes the special request that men planning to attend the Mass arrive on time.

PATRONS, PATRONESSES, AND GUESTS

The patrons and patronesses for the Ball this year include Coach Knute K. Rockne, athletic director of the University, and Mrs. Rockne; Dean Thomas F. Konop of the Law College, and Mrs. Konop; Judge Dudley G. Wooten of the Law College, and Mrs. Wooten; Dr. John M. Cooney, head of the School of Journalism, and Mrs. Cooney; Dr. Edward G. Mahin of the chemistry department, and Mrs. Mahin; Professor David A. Weir of the College of Commerce, and Mrs. Weir; Dr. Clarence P. Manion of the Law College; Professor Charles Phillips of the College of Arts and Letters; and Professor Vincent Engels, also of the College of Arts and Letters.

Dean James E. McCarthy of the College of Commerce and Mrs. McCarthy; Mr. Paul Fenlon of the College of Arts and Letters, and Mr. Paul Byrne, University Librarian, will be present as guests. Messrs. McCarthy, Fenlon and Byrne constitute the Faculty Dance Committee.

THE BALL COMMITTEES

The following list includes the chairmen and members of the various committees on the Senior Ball, appointed by John F. Frederick, president of the Senior Class:

James Shocknessy, Springfield, Ohio, General Chairman.



MISS MARGARET MANGOLD, The Guest of Mr. Frederick

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Arrangements

William P. Ke	earney, chairman
B. J. Korzeneski	Edwin F. Brennan
Joseph Prelli	Richard T. Trant
Mervyn A. Aggeler	William E. Mahin

Music

George E.	Leppig, chairman
Howard V. Phalin	John P. Cavanaugh
Charles A. Homer	Mark J. Fitzgerald
Thomas J. Bov	Arthur L. Denchfield

Favors

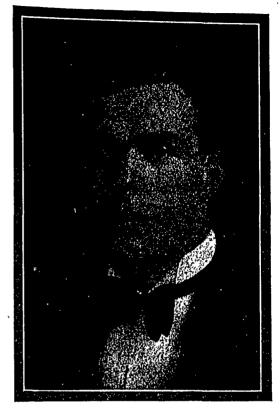
Robert L. Nie	ckells, chairman
Herbert A. Schultz	Louis F. Buckley
Wm. J. H. O'Neill	John D. Igoe
Charles T. Schlegel	Kirwin J. Williams

Programs

Joseph Troy Bonner, chairman Vincent H. Henry Joseph P. Kinneary Joseph P. McNamara Jerome C. DeClercq Joseph E. Morrissey John A. Seiter



MISS HELENROSE HILLENBRAND, The Guest of Mr. Shocknessy



JAMES SHOCKNESSY, General Chairman of the Ball

Publicity

Leo R. McIntyre, chairman

Robert P. Capesius John A. Mullen George H. Kelley Lawrence J. Culliney John W. Rickord Harold W. Ruppel

Tickets

Joseph S. Morrissey, chairman

James T. Morrissey J. William Kirwan Robert M. Ward John J. Wingerter Ulysses J. Rothballer Francis P. Creadon

Decorations

William Hudson Jefferys, chairman Robert F. Evans, Jr. James J. Conmey Henry H. Hudson Leo J. Schultheis Francis H. Strohm Marion J. Heffernan

Entertainment

J. Carroll Pinkley, chairman

William H. Leahy Milton J. Wagner Conley T. Murphy John McSorley, Jr. Vincent A. Stace Louis W. Norman

	ption Tea Dance		
Russell A. I	Riley, chairman	John E. Chevigny, chairman	
William F. Brown John C. Fontana James M. O'Toole	John P. Considine Oskar E. Rust George A. Kiener	Edmund A. Collins Robert H. Stoepler Thomas F. Lavalle	Raymond H. Mulligan John F. Robinson John T. Cullinan
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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS TO HOLD ANNUAL PICNIC

Notre Dame Council, No. 1477, Knights of Columbus, will hold its annual picnic next Wednesday, May 16, it was announced by Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin at the Council's meeting last Tuesday evening. The picnic this year held, as is customary, at Christiana Lake, Michigan, is to be an elaborate one. A chicken dinner, golfing, baseball, swimming, and canoeing are some of the things the picnic's chairman, "Chuckles" Quinn, has provided for.

All members of the Knights of Columbus are invited to attend the affair, which is to be as free as the air one breathes. Knights of Columbus, however, not of Notre Dame Council, must first show their traveling cards either to Grand Knight Phalin or Mr. Quinn as a demonstration of good faith. In order to know how many lunches and chicken dinners to order, "Chuckles" Quinn requests that Knights desirous of attending the picnic give their names to him on or before Saturday, May 12.

Busses will transport the picnickers to the lake every half hour, starting at ten o'clock and terminating at eleven-thirty A. M.

GLEE CLUB HOLDS CONCERT-DANCE

The annual concert-dance of the University Glee Club, which was held at the Palais Rovale last Monday evening, must surely be voted to have been doubly a success. Almost disproving the adage that a man cannot serve two masters, the Club spent the first part of the evening in a concert —that equals any which has been given in South Bend during the year-and this is said with full remembrance of St. Olaf Choir's splendid concert given here during the early winter-while the latter part of the night brought forth a dance which necessarily adds another success to the University's social ledger. Giving the same program as that which was carried on the Easter trip, the Club's concert was in itself a full evening's entertainment, and we are sure that had critics, who once stated that university glee clubs were nothing more than social organizations, been among those present, they would be forced to admit that in spite of the fact that socially the Club is a success, such in no way has permitted anything other than perfection in the concerts given.



J. TROY BONNER Programs

WILLIAM P. KEARNEY Arrangements

ROBERT NICKELLS Favors

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\$	NEXT	WEEK'S	EVENTS	•
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Friday, May 11—The Dome of '28 distributed to seniors.

Movie—"The Phantom of the Opera," for Bengal Mission Benefit, under auspices of the Scribblers—Waşhington hall—6:30 and 8:30 P. M.

THE SENIOR BALL OF 1928—Palais Royale— South Bend—10:00 P. M. to 3:00 A. M.

Saturday—FOOTBALL—Spring game—Cartier field— 1:00 P. M.

SENIOR TEA DANCE-Chain o' Lakes Country Club-2:30 to 5:30 P. M.

Senior Informal Dance-K. of C. ballroom-South Bend-8:30 P. M.

Sunday—Mass for seniors and guests—Morrissey hall chapel—9:30 A. M.

May morning breakfast for seniors and guests -Lay Faculty dining room-10:00 A. M.

Masses—Sacred Heart Church—6:00, 7:00 and 8:30 A. M., Students; 10:15 A. M., Parish Mass. Benediction—Sacred Heart Church—7:30 P. M.

Monday-BASEBALL-Bradley vs. Notre Dame-Cartier field-3:30 P. M.

Scribblers—Election of officers—Publications' building—8:00 P. M.

Neo Scholastics—University Library—2:15 P. M.

California Club meeting-8:00 P. M.-South Room of University Library.

Tuesday—Spanish Club banquet—6:30 A. M.—Lay Faculty dining room.

Wednesday—Knights of Columbus annual picnic— Christiana Lake, Michigan—Busses.leave on half hour, 10:00 A. M. to 11:30 A. M.

Neo Scholastics — University Library — 2:15 P. M.

Tennis match---Marquette vs. Notre Dame---University tennis courts---3:00 P. M.

Spanish Club—Hoynes hall—7:30 P. M. May devotions—7:30—Sacred Heart Church.

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BACCALAUREATE SPEAKER IS NOTED PRIEST AND SCHOLAR

Orator, student, world traveler, a striking figure, the Rev. William B. Martin, D.D., who will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the eighty-third annual commencement June 3, is a man exceptionally well fitted to offer a message to young men about to begin their lives outside college cloisters.

Father Martin is now the pastor of the Church of the Holy Family in New Rochelle, N. Y. Before assuming his duties at New Rochelle, the priest spent about 20 years as first assistant to the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York city. He is the founder of the Institute of Scientific Study in New York and for a time acted as its president.

The baccalaureate speaker is a product of the Catholic school system. He attended a parochial school and later St. Francis Xavier's College in New York city, from which he was graduated with the bachelor's degree. He pursued his graduate work at the Catholic University which awarded him the M. A. degree. After concluding his studies at the university, Father Martin retained his interest in study and this, coupled with his wide travels, has produced a scholar.

Father Martin is considered one of the finest orators in the New York diocese. Possessing a striking personality, his words make a deep impression on his audience. He has delivered many lectures on literature, in which he is deeply interested.

ARMSTRONG VICE-PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL

James E. Armstrong, alumni secretary, was elected third vice-president of the American Alumni Council at the fifteenth annual convention held in Minneapolis last week. Mr. Armstrong was retained as director of district 5, a district comprising seven states, and he was speaker at a dinner held in the Minnesota Union building.

The Minneapolis convention was a decided success. Over one hundred delegates from every part of the country were in attendance at this meeting of alumni secretaries and alumni magazine editors from the leading colleges and universities of the United States. It was determined to hold the convention in Toronto next year.

The fast growing movement to promote closer intellectual relations between the students and alumni of the schools of the country was favored by the delegates at the convention. A resolution was passed urging cooperation with this movement on the part of the alumni secretaries and the alumni in general.

Very incongruously in this season of open hilarity and careless joy, the literary department of this issue seems to be a mystery number. All of which might be made to point some moral on the divorcement of eternal literature from occasional life. "We wear no man's collar," etc.

No matter. "The Mysterious Cat" is the bid of the SCHOLASTIC to the class of readers that is making Mr. Fletcher a very wealthy man. Or perhaps it is a throwback to the Gothic thrillers. This last theory is probably unfounded because there is nothing Gothic about Brooklyn, and that is the home of the writer of this story, Arthur J. McCann, A.B., 2.

"Magic—Scarlet and Black" is a legitimate sort of mystery—the uncertainty of defining that unearthly quality that makes the writings of Arthur Machen literature. The treatment is one of sympathetic enthusiasm, the authentic consideration that we can always except of Murray Ley's literary criticisms. Murray is one of the new members of the Scribblers.

The awesome element in Murray Young's "White Cold Mask" is the poet's uncanny facility in the expression of abstract themes in the freshest of figures, and in words that exhibit most admirably the stark coolness of the modern school. —R.C.E.

BENGAL MISSION MOVIE

A Bengal Mission benefit movie will be shown Friday night, the evening of the Senior Ball, in Washington hall. The movie to be shown is "The Phantom of the Opera," with Lon Chaney. It has been one of Chaney's most popular starring vehicles.

Admission is twenty-five cents and tickets may be obtained either at the door of Washington hall or from the rectors of the residence halls.

The benefit is to be given under the auspices of the Scribblers. Cyril Mullen is in charge of arrangements.

FAVORS MAY BE HAD UNTIL MAY 16

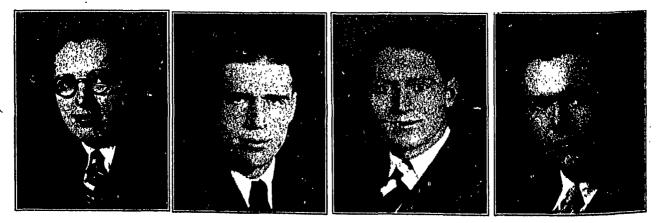
General chairman Shocknessy of the Senior Ball of 1928 has announced that Ball favors may be purchased from him at 205 Sorin hall up to and including Wednesday, May 16. The purchase price is \$5.50.

EXAMINATION DATES ANNOUNCED

Senior examinations will be held during the regular class periods that immediately precede the regular examinations, which are scheduled for Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, May 28, 29 and 31. The dates for the senior examinations are, therefore, Friday and Saturday, May 25 and 26. A number of the senior exams may be held Thursday, May 24. All examinations will be concluded by noon Thursday, May 31.

Because of the large number of club writeups submitted, a few had to be left out of the club page. They will be run next week.

(Ball Chairmen Continued)



LEO R. MCINTYRE Publicity

JOSEPH S. MORRISSEY Tickets

RUSSELL A, RILEY Reception W. HUDSON JEFFERYS Decorations SENIOR BALL ORCHESTRA



SENIOR BALL INFORMAL DANCE OPEN

The informal dance, to be held Saturday evening, May 12, in the Knights of Columbus ballroom, South Bend, as part of the program of the Senior Ball of 1928, will be open to a limited number of men from the University's three other classes. Members of these classes desirous of attending the dance should make reservations either with Joseph S. Morrissey, chairman of the ticket committee, 105 Sorin hall, or with any member of his committee. The Coral Gables Bob-o-Links' orchestra, Coral Gables, Florida, will play at the dance. Dancing is scheduled to begin at 8:30.

DECORATION OF MORRISSEY HALL CHAPEL COMPLETED

The Byzantine style serves as the motif in the decoration of the walls and ceiling of the chapel in Morrissey hall. Work on this chapel, which is devoted to St. Teresa, was recently completed and it is the general view that Morrissey now possesses one of the most impressively beautiful places of worship on the campus.

The decorations follow the symbolism of

Byzantine work, in conformity with the plans of Professors Francis W. Kervick and Vincent Fagan, of the Department of Architecture of the University. The walls are finished in two colors a deep blue and gold. Blue is the color generally dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, while the gold is in perfect harmony with the blue and gives texture to the walls.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HOLD MEETING

Notre Dame Council, No. 1477, Knights of Columbus, held its regular semi-monthly meeting Tuesday evening, May 8, in its chambers in Walsh hall. Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin conducted the meeting.

When the business of the meeting had been transacted, Grand Knight Phalin presented the prizes, won in *The Santa Maria's* recent short-story contest, to the respective winners, to wit, Basil Gerald Rauch, John F. Burns and Bernard A. Garber. Phalin complimenteed the fortunate men on the excellence of their stories and pointed out that *The Santa Maria's* short-story contest was the first ever held on the university campus by a student publication.

Joseph Casasanta's University orchestra, under his personal direction, caused the waning minutes of the meeting to flit by pleasantly. Cake and ice cream were served. Chaplain Father James H. Gallagan terminated the meeting with prayer at 10:15 P. M.

THE OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS



From left to right: John F. Frederick, president; Joseph Griffin, treasurer; Louis F. Buckley, secretary; Howard V. Phalin, vice-president.

CLEVELAND CLUB

The Cleveland Club met Monday evening in the South room of the Library. Plans were discussed for the banquet which will be given in honor of John E. Murphy, president of the Notre Dame Alumni and a resident of Cleveland. The banquet will be held on May 31. Much enthusiasm is being shown in the Club baseball league by the various members, the club is now in first place in the B Division league.

The farewell banquet and election of officers for next year will take place on May 21. At this time further plans will be made for the first annual summer party to be held on June 13 in Cleveland. The committee in charge of this affair include: Pierce O'Connor, chairman; Chris B. Wilhelmy, Martin J. Rini and William Bambrick.

NEW JERSEY CLUB

The New Jersey Club held its final business meeting of the year Sunday morning at ten o'clock in the south room of the University Library. President Russ Riley conducted the meeting. The first business taken up at the meeting was the election of officers for 1928-29. They are: President, Jack Reilly; vice-president, Joe Abbott; secretary, George Hewson; treasurer, Leo Hughes.

Plans were also announced for the farewell banquet for the seniors which will be held in two weeks. The club will also sponsor its annual "Spring Dance" this year in Newark at the close of school. At the close of the meeting the outgoing officers were given a vote of thanks by the members present.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB

Mr. W. R. Mattson of the Babson Institute, was the principal speaker at the annual banquet of the Connecticut Valley Club, held at the Green Parrot, Saturday, May fifth. Mr. Mattson, who is a graduate of M. I. T. is in the mid-west at present in the interests of the Babson organization. His listeners were enthusiastic over his optimistic portrayal of the future prosperity of New England. Also, he stressed the fact that her future lay with the young man of today, who possessed initiative, foresight and courage to exploit her numerous possibilities.

Rev. Father F. T. McKeon, C.S.C., Chaplain and Honorary President of the Club, delivered an impressive talk on the progress and future possibilities of the Club as an enterprising campus organization, founded on the intense loyalty and spirit of cooperation shown by the members. Music and entertainment was furnished by Messrs. Farmer, Strong, Rahaim, Mangan and Wood.

The Victory March, joined in by the entire gathering, accompanied by Gordon Salmon at the piano, marked the close of this highly successful banquet. The committee in charge of the affair consisted of Messrs. Frank Kelly, Thomas Ferriter and Richard Lacey.

MONOGRAM CLUB

The Monogram Club met Monday evening in the North room of the University Library. Fritz Wilson president of the club conducted the meeting at which plans were discussed for the Monogram Formal which will be held in the Knights of Columbus ball room, South Bend, on the evening of May 22. This dance is limited to the members of the club and their guests. Other business decided at the meeting was the plans for the spring initiation of new members into the club. At this time new men will be taken in the club.

SCRIBBLERS

The Scribblers met Monday evening in the Scribbler room of the Board of Publications building. President Walter Layne conducted the meeting. After a discussion of business matters, Professor Charles Phillips, honorary president of the club addressed the members. He spoke chiefly of prominent people he had known in the fields of religion, music, literature and drama. Some of the persons mentioned were: Monsignor Ratti, now Pope Pius XI, Mme. Modjeska, Paderewski, Joaquin Miller, Otis Skinner, Maurice Francis Egan and others, and he showed how a thread of circumstances connected him with each.

The next meeting of the club will take place on Monday evening, May 14. At this time new members will be chosen and officers for next year elected. Men wishing to join should send applications to James Roy in Walsh hall.

CHICAGO CLUB

The final meeting of the year for the Chicago Club was held Friday evening in the Lay Faculty Room of the Dining Hall. The chief business of the meeting was the election of officers for next year. Those elected are: president, Eddie Collins; vice president, Michael McGeaghehan; secretary, Jack Houlihan and treasurer, Thomas McNichols.

This meeting closed the activities of the club for the year.

FORT WAYNE CLUB

Election of the officers for next year and plans for the annual summer party was the chief business decided at the meeting of the Fort Wayne Club held Thursday evening, May 10, in the North room of the University Library. The new officers elected are: President, Fred Schoppman; vice-president, Frank Corbett; secretary, Art Vogelwede; treasurer, Paul App.

The summer party will be held on June 20 at the Elks Country Club, Fort Wayne. The various committees are working to make the dance this year the most successful in the annals of the club. $\mathcal{L}_{\mathcal{L}}$

A notice in the Daily Princetonian: "Owing to lack of interest, it has been deemed inadvisable to have a Freshman Prom."

If this report becomes widespread it is going to ruin Princeton for scenario writers. There is a tradition venerated by high school boys and romantic shop girls—specially those west of Chicago—that Princeton men prefer dancing to anything except class rushes; the latter of which they religiously attend all day, and the former all night, with time out Sundays for instruction in the niceties of distillation.

"An interesting program" says The Purdue Exponent has been arranged for the Freshman Egg Roast. Besides a baseball game between two picked teams, there will also be horseshoe games in which the champion of the day will be decided." A good enough program I admit, but what about the eggs?

The Indiana Daily Student tells a poignant story of mistaken identity resulting in the indisposition of an instructor and a student. Their joint misfortune was caused by munching toadstools, which they had innocently mistaken for mushrooms. The faculty member, by the way, is an instructor in Botany.

"No other 200 square mile tract in the United States has greater possibilities than has Kansas" states *The Daily Kansan*. The opinion is not as dogmatic as it sounds. A discussion of "possibilities"—like philosophical arguments—is a good, safe sort of battle. There may be unlimited verbosity, the most impressive of solemn noises, and as many different conclusions as there are participants. As a pleasant diversion it is as vital as the innumerable speculations about the location, complexion, and sex of the late lamented missing link.

It is my prayer and hope that the motives of the student-dentists at the University of Southern California are not tainted with

utilitarianism. Boxing has been inaugurated at the College of Dentistry as a recognized sport.

In announcing future campus events, *The Minnesota Daily* mentions that the Swedish Literary Society will celebrate "Valborgsmessoafton." As I feel distinctly uneducated in the presence of an eighteen-letter word that might mean a medicine, a breakfast food, or a secret sin, I have decided to appeal to Pat, the celtic guardian of Mr. Konop's Law School. Pat can probably give me a twentyletter word from his motherland that will look like an inebriated alphabet, and sound like the wrath of God. I'll print the word in *The Parade*, and feel revenged.

Another notice in the same paper tells that one may become a Big Sister by a simple process of enrollment. That is, I think, a vast improvement over the old-fashioned method that is less certain and more prolonged. Besides it takes the matter out of the hands of the parent and may well be considered another step toward the emancipation of modern young womanhood.

Such a thing as loyalty, honesty, sincerity, integrity, character and experience are rife on the various College campuses just at present. For spring is not only the time for birds and young men's fancies, but also for the annual process of sanctification that is politics—national, or merely campus. I should be less surprised if the praise of the various aspirants were more like: "Vote for Joe Whistle for Class President; he knows his gin;" or "Elect Willie Wabble, Editor; he may not be able to write, but he sure has a line with the ladies."

I must make it clear, however, that my surprise is one of edification rather than regret. It is consoling to know that honesty, character, et al, are still placed under a candidates picture; it makes a nice appearance, it pacifies faculties, and it shows that campus politicians are, even at a tender age, well versed in the beautiful secrets of successful vote-getting.



MEMOIRS OF MOTHER MARY AQUI-NATA, O.P., First Mother General of the Dominican Sisters in Grand Rapids, Michigan; BY SISTER MARY PHILOMENA, O.P. The James Bayne Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

This modest volume of a hundred odd pages tells the story of the coming of the Dominican Sisters from their New York foundation to Michigan and their subsequent establishment in that State. And because it was Mother Mary Aquinata who led the little company of five religious pioneers out West, very properly much of the book is taken up with the life and labors of this remarkable woman. It is not easy to combine biography with what may properly be classed as history. And certainly the establishment of the Dominican nuns in the diocese of Grand Rapids in 1877, and their very notable expansion since then belong more to history than to biography. Yet the difficult task of holding a twofold narrative in a unified story has been accomplished with notable success. There are times, indeed, when one is conscious of passing from one form of writing to the other, but the cumulative effect, which is the chief one in this case, is inescapablea record of spiritual pioneering and adventuring in quieter tones without any flourish or trumpeting.

One almost of necessity does not attempt a synopsis or a divisional study of this book. Those who are interested in how five whiterobed women careered across half a continent with God's love in their hearts and only a slender Rosary beads at their girdle to keep them company will not care for an outline of what may be read so quickly in its appealing entirety.

These religious pioneers extended their labors to Traverse City, Muskegon, Saginaw, Bay City, Grand Rapids, and other Michigan towns, thus fulfilling the prophecy of their New York Superior, Mother Mary Augustine, "Somewhere in the West a peninsula will be dotted white with Dominican foundations." Do not the words read like a sentence from the memoirs of some abbess of the middle ages? Into this record of Dominican endeavor are bits of religious history of the dioceses of Detroit and Grand Rapids, brief sketches of some of the more important religious figures of Michigan in the later nineteenth century, little glimpses of the life of those almost pioneer days.

Altogether a well-written record of worthy achievements is this graceful, slender volume of Sister Mary Philomena. We comment it heartily to such as like a story of sacrifice, religious adventuring and great courage. Students who hail from Michigan should procure it as a matter of pride that they have so much to glory in; students from other states in order to make a study in religious pioneering. Indeed all who like the quieter religious heroisms, which are recorded only after the doers are gone to their rest and reward, will secure this small volume and will hold it as a keepsake.—P. J. C.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC



The Mysterious Cat What Happened in the Old Stone House

ARTHUR J. M'CANN

"HEY say it's haunted."

As I am a hound for mysteries, these words of a fellow occupant of the Pullman interested me. My question brought a delightful reply. My companion told me the following details as he had heard them.

"The Stone House, overlooking the Hudson River had been for generations the family home of the Smiths. The last of the Smiths, Emma, had married George Simon; penniless, but of high repute in his home The marriage proved a failure and town. Simon separated from his wife. Shortly after his departure the village was rocked by the report of Emma's suicide. The paper boy, finding the papers for several nights where he had left them, alarmed the neighborhood. The police forced their way into the house and discovered on the dining-room table a note written by Emma. The note read:

"'To my lawful husband.

When you find this, George, I shall be furnace ashes. May my possessions content you, as I could not.

Lovingly, Emma.'"

I was more than interested in what I had heard and I begged my companion to tell me the outcome of the whole affair. He simply told me that there was nothing else except the fact that Simon received all his wife's possessions but he did not live at the house any more.

I told my companion that I had a strong desire to rent the house for a short time just for the sake of adventure and he explained, "Don't be a foolish man. Not a few people say that Emma's ghost haunts the scene of the suicide. A neighbor, passing one night, was startled by two eyes shining in an upper window, the window of Emma's bed-room. Also, the house has been vacant for a long time, since Emma requested in her will that the house should not be sold and Simon has respected his dead wife's request until the present day."

Fortunately, I am a man of considerable means and a bachelor, therefore able to do nearly as I please. I got off the train at Richford, the station nearest to the house. It was a small town and after a few inquiries I found out that the house was for rent. After having dinner I walked about the town and finally visited the real estate broker who hald the contract for the house. When I left him I had rented the Stone House for a weeks' time. Late in the afternoon I set out for the house.

Before leaving the town I decided to buy some provisions for the next day and while doing so it started to rain. In an attempt to find a cab I was drenched to the skin.

Having arrived at the great house, I paid the cab driver and looked at my new home. It was a massive building facing the river and backed by a dark impenetrable forest. The formidable walls, the great cobblestone chimneys, the doors built of solid oak made it look as impregnable as a medieval castle. With some misgiving, I watched the cab fade out of sight in/the rainy twilight.

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As I opened the door "I felt a strange foreboding of disaster." Many times I had gone in quest of adventure but never before had I experienced just this sensation. Had I been wise to come to this house alone?

• By the time I succeeded in getting upstairs and making myself at home in the numerous, irregularly placed rooms that I entered, my nerves were firmer.

An hour after, as I was going back to my room, a shaft of light from the lamp in my hand cleft the darkness of an open doorway and gleamed on the cold steel of an evil looking dagger. Again that ominous sensation of impending danger seized me.

I hurried into my room, lit a fire in the open fireplace, and tried to determine what my next move should be. Should I leave the house immediately or should I bravely remain? Finally I decided to remain, hoping that drowsiness would soon force me to fall asleep when I could soon forget my fears.

The storm, however, steadily engaged my attention. It had been constantly increasing till it seemed as if it would burst the heavens. At intervals I heard the faint far-away hoot of an owl. It began to get me. My glance came fearfully back from the blackness outside to find that the fire had dwindled to a few feebly glowing embers, which were casting odd shadows around the darkened room. Suddenly by the action of a sixth sense I had that terrible, uncanny feeling of being watched by an unseen thing. I forced myself to turn around to the doorway. Staring at me from the hall were two huge round blazing green eyes.

Terror so paralyzed my sight that for some moments I could perceive nothing but the fiery eyes. In time, however, I made out an enormous black cat, the most monstrous creature I have ever seen.

The beast entered the room, approached the bed, and rubbed her back against the post, keeping time to this motion with loud and energetic purrs. Then she uttered a decisive mew, sprang upon the bed, and straightway settled down for a nap.

Now, as a rule, I pay little attention to cats, but this one was different. In the first place she must have been hidden somewhere in the house for she appeared absolutely dry, an impossibility had she been outside. I felt her fur. It was dry. Certainly this was an extraordinary cat seeing that she ignored me entirely just as if she were alone in the house. Seeing the cat trying to sleep brought to mind the fact that I needed sleep also. I attempted to push her off the bed. Never shall I forget the strangely human, pleading look in that cat's eyes as she looked at me. Reluctantly I drove her from the place that she seemed to regard as her own.

It was now midnight, so I went to bed. No sooner had my head touched the pillow than the cat began scratching at the door and uttering plaintive cries. A prolonged session of this would drive me mad, so I jumped out of bed, lighted the lamp, and opened the door. At once the cat entered, sprang upon the bed, and again settled down to sleep. Enraged at this performance, I seized her firmly and locked her in a room across the hall.

Just as the clock struck one, the moaning and scratching began again, less audible but as disturbing. Again I got up, carried the cat downstairs and put her out of the house. To no avail! She yowled under my window until I was forced to go down and let her in. Up the stairs she sprang, soaking wet, and when I reached the room she was again stretched out on the bed. In sheer desperation I decided to sit up and read for the rest of the night, firmly resolved to rid myself of this nuisance in the morning. Towards dawn I fell asleep and when I awoke the cat was gone.

After breakfast I made a thorough search of the house but failed to find her. Just as I was giving up, I unwittingly opened the cellar door and in a creepy state went down slowly in a cold, clammy, vault-like underground. Almost the first thing to confront me in the dim light was a huge furnace! Horror stricken, I gazed at the scene of the suicide.

But this was nothing compared with my next sensation. Something moved inside that yawning aperture. For a moment my heart stood stock still. Then those weird yellow eyes shone at me out of the open furnacemouth, and immediately the cat jumped out. Though I was dizzy and my legs were unsteady, I managed to seize her—I really did and to get up-stairs. Next I tied her securely in a sackcloth bag, weighted the bag

with a few stones and in spite of the rain carried it down to the river and dropped it overboard. Tremendously relieved I returned to the house.

As I reached it, impelled by an unknown influence, I glanced fearfully upward. The open windows of Emma's room mocked me with their secret. One was half open as if grinning widely. I dashed into the house and rushed up to my room. A window in it was half open. In an instant I realized the truth; I had chosen Emma's room.

What force was at work here? First, on entering the house, that strange foreboding of evil! Then the shaft of light on the dagger and again that sense of impending danger!! The cat in the cellar!!! Now the very room!!!!

In the evening, I began to feel a little bit more reassured and I again 'seated myself before the fire to read. As the clock on the mantle chimed hour after hour, a second storm increased until it far eclipsed the little thing of the night before. The rafters croaked and groaned. Fierce gusts of wind shook the great stone house to its foundations. Out on the water sounded the mournful sob of a foghorn. So tense did my brain become that I would have started violently at the rrop of a pin. I again became creepily conscious of being watched. I slowly turned. There were those same merciless shining eyes, now quite human in their expression. The effect upon me was terrible. The cat en-With a wild cry, I fled tered the room. from that room until completely out of breath I collapsed on a kitchen chair.

In time, when I had become calm, I tried to reason the thing out. I did not believe in the supernatural but how else could I account for the cat? To be sure there was a possibly it had escaped drowning, but the more I thonght of it the more improbable it seemed. Blithely I had come in search of adventure but this was more than I had bargained for. There was something here that was too much for me. All I knew was that I could never return to the dread spot favored by the cat, so, much more dead than alive, I chose a room on the ground floor. As luck would have it I chose the very room in

which I had seen the dagger! How flustered I seemed to be!

The dagger! It may have been Simon's and the room most likely was used by Simon as a sort of a den. Removing only my shoes I lay down.

I do not know how long I had been asleep when I was awakened by the fall of a stone on the cellar floor, beneath my room, it seemed, followed by the sound of scraping gravel. I resolutely attributed the noise to cellar mice and closing my eyes I suddenly heard the sound of splintering wood, under my very bed, this time! A series of groans and gasps! I sprang up, secured a light, and armed with the dagger made for the cellar.

Dampness oozed from the walls and floor. In the dim light I stumbled into great pools of water made by the flooding of the cellar from the heavy rains. Finally I reached the corner under Simon's den. There was nothing amiss. Absolute silence everywhere, broken only by my footsteps. The falling stone must have been the result of the loosening action of the waters; and the sounds of scraping gravel and splintering wood, the work of the mice.

I was about to turn away when, with a mighty crash, the section of wall in front of me collapsed and out of the dark hole shone two blazing yellow eyes. By superhuman strength of will I approached the inky aperture. Lo and behold! On a small table a coffin was set and through a large rip in the side I saw the body of a woman.

Something snapped in my head. My brain reeled. Blindly I stumbled out of the cellar, out of that house. On and on I staggered through the pouring rain.

When the case came up in court, Simon confessed. With the aid of subtle drugs he had forced Emma to write the note. Then he had murdered her with the dagger and placed her body in the cellar tomb. Taking advantage of the clause in his wife's will in which he was requested to keep the house from sale, he had trusted the murder would forever remain a secret.

I am told on good authority that no one ever saw the cat again after the execution of Simon.

Magic—Scarlet and Black

An Introduction to the Work of Arthur Machen

MURRAY HICKEY LEY

"A ND the awful thing about beauty," says Mitya in *The Brothers Karamazov*, "is that it is mysterious as well as terrible."

All unwittingly, Mitya sums up, in fifteen words, the artistic credo of Mr. Arthur Machen, craftman *sans pareil* in various chromatic magics, not the least of which are scarlet and black.

It is, indeed, quite difficult, in this Fordized, Crane-bathroomized era to conceive of a man believing firmly in the existence of shaggy fauns and horned satyrs, believing that the Great God Pan stalks the tuliped bypaths and passion flowered highways of this, our world, and, believing, weaves tales like streams of stars around his cherished conception.

It is quite easy, of course, to cry, "Fool," "Maniac," "Madman," "Insane Atavist," but such Schmaltzian epithets in no wise account for Vincent Starrett's "novelist of ecstasy and sin"—Mr. Arthur Machen of St. John's Wood, London, England.

Arthur Machen was a young, eagerly listening author in the flamboyant London 90's. The decadently instrumented orchestra of English writers had its eyes fastened on the sunflower baton of Oscar Wilde; the macabre symphonies were battered down to black and white in the ascetic grotesques of Aubrey Beardsley.

He took careful note of the comets and meteors in the literary heavens; and then, having seen all, cut stranger patterns still, in prose like the drip of black wine on yellow diamonds, from the astounding cloths of Life. But for years no one noticed. And then.....

Perhaps it would be wise to introduce, at this juncture, our expatriate friend (resident in Poictesme) Mr. James Branch Cabell, as his Delphic oracle, John Charteris, vouchsafes, in passing, the following: "I wonder if you are familiar with that uncanny genius whom the London directory prosaically lists as Arthur Machen? If so, you may remember that in his maddening volume *Hieroglyphics* Mr. Machen circumvolantly approaches to the doctrine I have just voiced ... that all enduring art must be an Allegory... But here in a secluded library is no place to speak of the thirty years' neglect that has been accorded Mr. Arthur Machen; it is the sort of crime that ought to be discussed in the Biblical manner, from the house top."

And Mr. Paul Jordan-Smith, erudite West Coast Machenite, "Mr. Arthur Machen has been writing beautiful things for over thirty years. He has done more than a dozen precious volumes, written with the grace of a Pater and the inventiveness of a Poe. . . . They suggest the richness of old heady wine in the ruby depths of which hides a kind of high intoxication."

So much for the critics. Let us glance at some of Machen's work and see in just what manner he is what these foregoing gentlemen proclaim him to be.

In the early years of the *fin.du siecle* period already mentioned, there appeared a little tale called "The Double Return" in the London St. James Gazette. It "fluttered the dovecotes"—Oscar Wilde thought it "very good" —ergo, Arthur Machen became, for a brief space, the cynosure of a few English literary groups.

Then, shortly after, appeared his "Great God Pan." Comment, in the main, was adverse, and yet the story is one of the finest ever to come from Machen's pen. It concerns a mortal who has seen beyond the veil, has seen "The Great God Pan" as the Greeks called it, and, having seen, communicates her knowledge to her progeny. It is an exquisite gem of a tale gleaming with suggestive beauty, and rich with the smells of the forest under dazzingly sunned high noons.

In Machen's own words the "bee" in his

"bonnet" is "an acute relish of the infinite differences of life even from the heights unto the depths," and the cardinal point in his apologia is this: "that great things can be and are before the eyes of men for countless ages and yet are not perceived."

To him everything has a symbolic meaning; the trees and birds have a language of their own as surely as do the bushes and stones. And all these speak to man, who, safe in his system of astigmatic nomenclature, regards them only as trees and birds and bushes and stones—nothing more.

The style of the book is one of the marvels of present day literary composition. The story is a perfect illustration of the author's wisdom-drowned definition of Literature as "the sensuous art of causing exquisite impressions by means of words."

But Machen is not only an artist in the sable, though Elysian, fields. In "The Chronicle of Clemendy" the fruits of his Rabelaisian apprenticeship are charmingly and hilariously evident. It is as titilating, untitivated a collection of medieval raconteurings as has graced the shelf of the nictitating connoisseur in many years.

"Ornaments in Jade," his most recent collection of short stories, is a bouquet of black roses cast in blown gold, each hinting at that lying beyond the enormous tapestry on which mountains and men, seas and animals are all but imperfect symbols.

Such an author is Arthur Machen. When working in black magic he is diabolically effective, when engrossed in incarnadine realms he is diabolically effective, when engrossed in incarnadine realms he is a worthy pupil of the great Francois.

To say that his works will live is anything but rash prognosis. Why? Because in them the flaming sacraments of Beauty find classic presentation; because in them, Pan in the chariot of Life drives the red horses of the sun and the amber horses of the Moon, straight to the doors of men; and finally, because Beauty and Pan, spite all evil, will never fade from the minds of heart of mankind.

The White Cold Mask

Did Lazarus with quickened eyes survey The world with laughter and a wild surprise, Or did he turn and wearily behold The too familiar color of the skies?

The thought of his possesses all my mind, For I have known the coming of a death, Have had the lids close downward on the eyes, And felt the slow withdrawal of the breath.

Now hands are here to quicken me, and yet I hesitate and fiercely long to ask Of Lazarus the aspects of the world When he had cast from him the white cold mask.

-MURRAY YOUNG

SPORT NEWS

Wabash Tenth Straight Victim: Score, 11-2

BENNETT SOLVED FREELY—LITTLE GIANTS ERRORS COSTLY

Knocking the underhanded curves and hooks of Bennet, star Wabash pitcher, to all corners of the lot, and affording "Tank" Donohue, Notre Dame hurler, brilliant support, the Irish ball club had little trouble subjugating the Little Giants from Crawfordsville last Tuesday on the Cartier Field diamond by a 11-2 count. The triumph was the 10th in a row for Coach Mill's ball tossers.

Donohue pitching his second game for Notre Dame was touched for but seven scattered safeties by the visitors, walked only one, struck out eleven, and in general turned in a fine account of himself.

^{*}Led by Schrall, who has set a tremendous pace of late with his bludgeon, the Blue and Gold hitters knicked Bennett for eleven safeties, practically all of which figured in the scoring. However, in direct contrast with the excellent support handed the home pitcher, Bennett was accorded miserable assistance by his mates, seven miscues behind him getting him into all kinds of trouble.

The Irish annexed their first markers in the second when singles by Lordi, Moran, and Bray, coupled with Niemiec's walk, and several Wabash errors, chased four runs across the plate. Then after Schrall and Feehery had hit safely to give Notre Dame another run in the third, the Blue and Gold landed on Bennett again in the fifth, a onebaser, a sacrifice hit, two walks, and two errors producing four more tallies to swell the Irish score. Niemiec's triple to left center, Moran's free ticket to first, and Hart's single, with a couple of fielder's choices thrown in for good measure, gave the home team a final pair of markers in the seventh.

While his mates were amassing their huglead Donohue was holding the Wabash outfit to but a single brace of runs, both coined in the fourth when safeties by Coffell and Fisher, a walk, and an error, scored the first two named.

Schrall, Feehery, and Moran, led the Blue and Gold offensive operations, while Niemiec and Danahue fielded their positions in fine style.

Captain Casey and Coffell were easily the outstanding players for Wabash.

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NOTRE DAME (11) AB	R	H	0	Â	\mathbf{E}
Schrall, ss5	0	3	1 '	2	1
Sullivan, 2b3	1	0	0	2	1
O'Keefe, 2b1	0	0	2	1	0
Feehery, 1b4	2	2	7	0	0
Lordi, c3	2	1	11	1	1
Niemiec, 3b2	2	1	1	2	0
Moran, lf3	3	2	2	1	0
Griffin, cf2	0	0	1	0	0
Hart, cf2	0	1	0	0	0
Bray, rf4	1	1	0	0	1
Donohue, p4	Ó	0	2	1	0
			—		
Totals33	11	11	27	11	3
WABASH (2) AB	R	\mathbf{H}	0	Α	\mathbf{E}
Casey, 3b4	0	1	1	1	1
Geraldeau, lf4	0	0	1	0	۰ O
Coffell, cf3	1	2	2	0	0
Adams, 2b4	0	0	1	2	1
Fisher, rf4					0
	1	1	1	0	v
Cox, 1b3	1 0	1 0	1 8	0 0	1
	-	-			1 0
Cox, 1b3 Hendricks, ss4 Taylor, c3	Ō	Ō	8	0.	1 0 3
Hendricks, ss4	0	0 1	8 2	0 ·	1 0 3 1
Hendricks, ss4 Taylor, c3	0 0 0	0 1 1	8 2 8	0 [.] 0 1	1 0 3
Hendricks, ss4 Taylor, c3 Bennett, p4	0 0 0 0	0 1 1 1	8 2 8 0	0 · 0 1 2	1 0 3 1 0
Hendricks, ss4 Taylor, c3 Bennett, p4	0 0 0 0	0 1 1 1	8 2 8 0	0 · 0 1 2	1 0 3 1

Summary: Two-base hit—Coffell. Three-base hit, Niemiec. Sacrifice hit, Niemiec. Stolen bases. Schrall, Feehery, Moran (2). Struck out—by Donahue 11—By Bennett 4. Hit by Pitcher—by Donahue, Coffell. Double Plays—Cox (unassisted) Casey to Cox to Casey. Umpire—Con Daley (Michigan City.)

MOUNTAINEERS DROP DOUBLE-HEADER: SCORE 4-3; 14-2

Notre Dame and West Virginia hooked up in a double header last Saturday afternoon on the Cartier Field diamond. Oskar Rust pitched the Blue and Gold to a 4-3 triumph in the first attraction, and eighteen base hits battered Coach Mills' proteges to a well-deserved 14-2 decision in the nightcap. By capturing both ends of the bill the Irish sluggers ran their consecutive victory string to nine, and incidentally duplicated their performance of last year when they also defeated a Mountaineer combination in a twin-attraction.

Rust hurled his usual type of consistently splendid ball in the first engagement. Limiting the opposition to but a quartet of scattered safeties, he would have received a shutout in all probability had not his mates erred at critical moments behind him.

Harsanyi, Black and Gold slab artist, also pitched a brilliant game, but a bad start in which he allowed a trio of runs in the initial frame proved his ultimate downfall. While neither hurler issued a free ticket to first base throughout the encounter, Harsanyi was solved for twice the number of hits that Rust allowed.

The contest was featured by the spirited defensive exhibitions of both nines, a lightening Notre Dame two-ply killing in the ninth which averted a threatened deadlock by the visitors, and a long home run off the bat of Lordi in the first round.

The Irish lost no time in fathoming the slants of Hersanyi; Schrall's single to left, Sullivan's sacrifice, and Niemiec's safe rap to center shoving the first-named across with the inaugural tally of the game in the initial round. Lordi then stepped into the picture and slammed one of Hersanyi's offerings over the centerfield's head for an unmolested trip around the sacks to increase this advantage.

Harsanyi tightened up perceptibly after this for the next six innings and it was not until the eighth that the Blue and Gold were able to register another marker. Schrall again singled to left in this frame, pilfered

second, and counted when Lordi poled a safety over second base .

West Virginia could do little with Rust until the seventh, when Harrick got on via an error and scored on LaRue's two-base smack to the left field fence. Then in the ninth; two errors, Phillips' double, and a couple of fielder's choices gave the Mountaineers a pair of runs and put men on second and third with one out to make prospects particularly bright for an extra-inning session, until Sullivan Lordi and Niemiec collaborated in a smooth double-erasure to avert the danger.

Joe Jachym on the mound for Notre Dame in the second battle, was in fine fettle and pitched a splendid game throughout. Spotted to a ten run lead compiled in the first four innings by his mates, he coasted along under raps and was never in serious danger at any point during the battle. Throughout his nine inning trick he walked but one man, struck out eight, and allowed but seven safe blows.

Meanwhile his mates made free with the offerings of a trio of Mountaineer hurlers which Coach Rodgers trotted out in a vain attempt to stem the Irish base hit bombardment, and slammed the selections of each all over lot to ring up eighteen clean safeties.

Schrall and Niemiec collaborated to give the Blue and Gold a one run lead in the first round, and presaged what was in store for the Black and Gold players. However, it was not until the second session that the Notre Dame heavy artillery really swung into effective action, a quintet of safe raps, interspersed with a pair of stolen bases, being instrumental in the manufacture of five runs. From this inning on it was just a question as to how big the final Blue and Gold score would be.

The Mountaineers fought hard in a fruitless but nevertheless game attempted to stem the rising tide of Irish base hits. Every man in the Notre aDme lineup except a substitute collected at least one safe blow during this second game.

The batting and fielding of Schrall was the shining light in both engagements, the Blue and Gold shortstop rapping out an even halfdozen safe blows in eight trips to the plate. Lordi, Rust, Moran, Feehery, and Jachym also showed well for Notre Dame.

Harsanyi, Phillips, and Vascheresse were the backbone of the West Virginia play.

IRISH FIGHT IN VAIN: ILLINOIS TRACKMEN IN 88½ TO 28½ WIN

Competing in a dual meet with perhaps the finest collegiate track team in the country, Coach Nicholson's Notre Dame trackmen were forced to bow in defeat before the determined efforts of Coach Gill's brilliant Illinois cinder delegation, Saturday, May 5, on Cartier Field, by a 881/2 to 281/2 score.

An idea of the caliber of the visiting Illini trackmen may be gleaned from the fact that no less than three Cartier Field track records were broken and two tied by the Orange and Blue representatives during the course of the afternoon's competition.

Dan Lyon, national intercollegiate weight champ, fractured two of these records when he hurled the shot 47 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. to surpass a mark he made on the same field in 1926. His toss of 142 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. in the discuss also exceeded by little over a foot the mark hung up by Tom Lieb of Notre Dame in 1923. Dave Abbott, a teammate, manufactured the third new record when he ran the two mile affair in 9 min. 39 2-5 sec. Simon, of the Orange and Blue, leaped 23 ft. 11/2 in. in the broad jump to equal the mark made by another Illinois man, Wallace, in 1926; and Rogers negotiated the 120 H. in 15 2-5 sec., the same time Chet Wynne topped them in in 1921 when he established the record.

Jack Elder provided one of the thrilling features of the meet by running away with both the 100 and 220 yard dashes. The Notre Dame star won by yards in each race over his nearest Illini competitors. By winning these two events the fleet-footed Kentuckian tied with Lyon of the visitors for high point honors of the meet.

Joe Abbott scored Notre Dame's final first place when he outran Nichol and Chambers, Illini stars, in the 440 to win by several yards in a brilliant race.

SUMMARY

100-yard dash—Elder of Notre Dame, first; Timm of Illinois, second; Hale of Illinois, third. Time-:10.

One mile run—Stine of Illinois, first; W. Brown of Notre Dame, second; McElwee of Illinois, third. Time—4:26.80.

220-yard dash—Elder of Notre Dame, first; Hale of Illinois, second; Timm of Illinois, third. Time-22.20.

120-yard high hurdles-Rodgers of Illinois, first; Johnson of Illinois, second; Griffin of Notre Dame, third. Time-15:4. (Ties field record.)

440-yard dash—Abbott of Notre Dame, first; Nickol of Illinois, second; Chambers of Illinois, third. Time—50:4.

Two-mile run—D. Abbott of Illinois, first; Fairfield of Illinois, second; J. Brown of Notre Dame, third. Time—9:39.4. (New field record.)

220-yard low hurdles-Rodgers of Illinois, first; Stace of Notre Dame, second; F. Simon of Illinois, third. Time-25:4.

880-yard run—White of Illinois, first; Hamlett of Illinois, second; Bunning of Illinois, third. Time -2.

Pole vault—Barnes of Illinois and Heinson of Illinois tied for first; Johnson of Notre Dame, and White of Illinois, tied for second. Height—12 feet 10 inches.

Broad jump—J. Simon of Illinois, first; Enright of Notre Dame, second; Sibbitt of Illinois, third. Distance—23 feet one and one-half inches. (Ties field record.)

Shot put—Lyon of Illinois, first; Kimmell of Illinois, second; Repetti of Notre Dame, third. Distance—47 feet six and one-half inches. (New field record.)

Discuss throw—Lyon of Illinois, first; Kimmell of Illinois, second; McCracken of Notre Dame, third. Distance—142 feet, six and one-half inches. (New field record.)

High jump—Miller of Illinois, first; Carr of Illinois, and Wachowski of Illinois, tied for second. Height—six feet two inches.

Javeline throw—Gerard of Illinois, first; Glass of Illinois, second; Lavelle of Notre Dame, third. iDstance—181 feet five and one-half inches.

NOTRE DAME PLAYGROUND LEAGUE OFFICIAL STANDING

CHICAGO CLUB

	w.	I.,	PCG
Badin	∴_ 5	0	1.000
Corby-Sorin		0	1.000
Freshman		1	.750
Morrissey	3	1	.750
Lyons	3	2	,600
Howard	1	ູ່ 3 /	.250
Sophomore	1.	່ິິ	.250
Walsh	1	4	:200
Off-Campus	0	4	.000
Carroll-Brownson	0	ธ์	,000

DIVISION A

w.	L.	Pct.
Law7	1	.875
Tennessee6	1	.852
Monogram4	1	.800
New Jersey5	`2	.710
Cincinnati3	2	.600
Calumet4	3	.568
Akron4	4 '	.500
Band3	3	.500
Pittsburgh3	5	.360
Buffalo3	5	.360
Iowa2	4	.333
Rochester2	4	.333
Metropolitan2	5	.284
Minnesota0	8	.000

DIVISION B

w.	L .	Pct.
Toledo7	1 -	.840
California6	2	.720
Cleveland6	2	.700
Badger5	3 ·	.600
Connecticut5	3	.600
Detroit5	3	.600
Grand Rapids5	3	.600
Indianapolis3	4	.426
Engineers3	5	.360
Boston3	5	.360
East Penn4	4	.500
Missouri2	5	.284
K. of C1	7	.125
Memphis1	7	.125



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