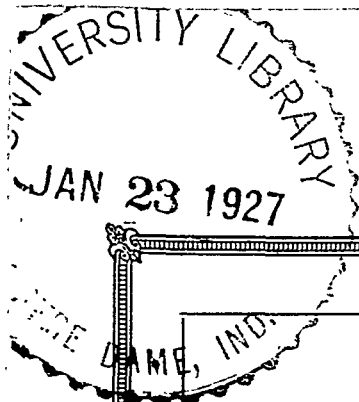




The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

A Literary — News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

JANUARY 21, 1927.

No. 14.

1872--1927

On The Fence
Linus Maloney

Second Letter Of A Letter-Writing Series
Karl Martersteck

Homo Tastes the Nectar
George Kiener

The Study of Poetry
Edward McCormack

Relative Compatibility
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On Being Tall
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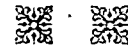
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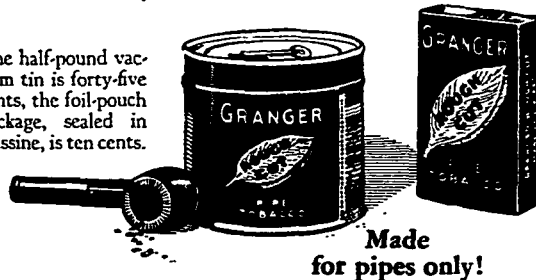
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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



THE WEEK

The Arctic circle moved southward during the past week but in spite of the heavy snowfall and the cold wave the campus men have been making their way through the narrow white trails in pursuit of the usual winter activities. The indoor track season has been inaugurated, there have been hockey and basketball games and over in Washington Hall the aspirants to the Breen medal have been eloquently expressing themselves. Even the leather pushers have paused long enough between rope skips to meet St. Xavier this evening.

The dangerously swift momentum with which the semester examinations have been approaching has been slackened only by thoughts of the Junior Prom. The third year men will find the necessary relief the evening of February 11th. "Turk" Meinert has already announced the choice of his music committee to be the Victor recording orchestra of Fred Hamm. This is a Chicago orchestra of proven worth and should afford music of the highest quality. A limited number of seniors will be on hand and from the present outlook of things on that memorable evening the favorite expression will be "Ticket, ticket, who has a ticket?"

The Cleveland Club, under the presidency of Tom Byrne, honored Rockne with a banquet at Smith's Thursday evening. Rockne returned to the campus Sunday afternoon after a prolonged visit to Hawaii where he conducted a course in football coaching. Rock's return to the campus means a speeding up of things over in the gym and some fast stepping of the Irish when they meet Northwestern at Evanston Saturday night.

The finalists in the Breen medal contest met Thursday night in Washington Hall. Arthur Stenius, John Cavanaugh, James Roy, and William Craig completed a four-

some for the highest oratorical honor the university awards. More interest than has ever before accompanied this contest has been evident this year and a large audience was present.

The final cut in the Glee Club will be made this week and twenty-four remaining members will represent Notre Dame in the Inter-collegiate Glee Club competition. The eastern tour at Christmas time was a complete success and the same men should uphold the university in a creditable way in their national contest.

The Scribblers' meeting on Monday evening resulted in the definite decision of the club to edit a Notre Dame Anthology. All of the contents of their book will be the production of Notre Dame undergraduate writers and promises to be a worthy follower to the Notre Dame Book of Verse which was published by the Scribbler Club several years ago.

McCready Huston appeared under the auspices of the Press Club to address the men interested in writing Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Huston has found success in four fields of writing including journalism, novels, short stories, and humor. His lecture treated of his latest story published in the December Scribblers' Magazine. His analysis of the story and the manner by which he arrived at its present ending was beneficial to all men who hope to write short stories. The visits of Mr. Huston to the campus have been important events in the writers' calendar for many years and certainly cannot occur too often.

The last news before going to press came when the weather made it impossible for the hockey team to meet Michigan State and the small fire in the Brownson and Carroll locker rooms furnished some excitement.—W.H.L.

SCRIBBLERS MEET

Les Grady's Scribblers gathered around the writing table Monday evening, January seventeenth, at eight o'clock. The get-together was held in their room on the third floor, south wing of the Library. It was the first meeting of the society this year.

Secretary Joe Breig gave the meeting its customary eye-opener by reading the minutes of the last meeting.

When the minutes of the almost-forgotten previous meeting had been read and had been passed upon, business was given the floor by President Grady. Business had a great deal to say. It announced that the Scribbler's Poetry Contest had been a great success; in fact, a veritable flood of poems had inundated 331 Morrissey Hall during the last days of the contest. Joe Breig, chairman of the committee in charge of the contest, said that the poems were in the hands of the three judges, Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., Professor Charles Phillips, and Mr. Musser, and that shortly the prize winners would be made known.

Walter Layne, chairman of the Scribblers' Book committee, reported progress. He said that the Scribblers' Book was fast assuming a definite shape and would appear on the campus right after the Easter vacation. He refused to reveal the contents of the book, but assured the members that the book would be replete with novel and interesting features.

President Grady then announced that there were two gaps in the ranks of the Scribblers which he desired filled. It was decided to fill them. Anyone desirous of becoming affiliated with the Scribblers should either send or give a written application for membership to Joe Breig, 331 Morrissey Hall.

After business had finished talking, Joe Breig was called upon to regale the literary sensibilities of the members with one of his brain productions. No, it was not another short story; it was a play this time. Joe declared that it was his first venture into the playwriting field. No one would believe it, however, after he had read the play. The title of the play was "Water," and it

was not dedicated to Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler. Professor Charles Phillips gave Joe some invaluable criticism apropos the play.

The meeting adjourned at 9:05 P. M. The next meeting of the Scribblers will be held Monday evening, January twenty-fourth, at 7:45 P. M.

—L.R.M.

CLEVELAND CLUB BANQUETS

"Hats off to the past, coats off for the future," seems to be the slogan of the Cleveland Club at this time of the year. On January 12 the boys from the Fifth City met in the North Room of the Library to exchange rose-tinted reminiscences, closely bound up with the evening of December 29, when the best college dance in Cleveland went over, a success. However, true to the spirit of up and going, the boys also made a few plans for the future. One of those plans is now part of the past, but has no less of interest for that reason.

Wednesday evening, January 20, the Cleveland boys tasted of an abundance of Smith's good food, and heard many words of value from a man of much value. Coach K. K. Rockne, fresh from the Hawaiian adventure, or "merely a pleasure trip," put forth these words, and judging from the enthusiasm which greeted each and every one, he has lost none of his appeal for men of Notre Dame. Many of the club members consider his presence at the Cleveland Club banquet another step in the march toward city club supremacy.

—G.A.K.

NEW ACTING PRESIDENT

In the absence of Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University, who is now touring Europe and making a study of continental and English universities, Rev. Patrick Carroll, C.S.C., Vice-President, will care for all matters ordinarily coming under the jurisdiction of the President, and all mail intended for presidential supervision should be addressed to him.

Father Walsh sailed recently on the Aquitania, and will land at Bremen, from where he will start on his tour of inspection which will include the most prominent educational centers in Europe and England.

The Glee Club Trip

On the morning of December twenty-seventh the University Glee Club boarded the train for the greatest trip any Notre Dame musical organization has ever taken. They left their train the next morning at Erie, Pa. That afternoon they gave a concert at Villa Maria College. In the evening they sang at the Park theatre. Both of these concerts were benefit performances, given for Villa Maria College.

They spent the next day, December twenty-eighth, in Geneva, Pa., where they gave a concert in the Geneva Armory. From there they went to Syracuse, N. Y. Early the following morning they left for Worcester, Mass., singing that night at Clinton, Mass.

The next three days were spent in Boston. At 4:15 Saturday they assembled in the studio of WEEI, the most powerful radio station in New England, and broadcasted until five. This program was given just before the Stanford-Alabama game went on the air. That evening McCormack sang, WEEI rebroadcasting his concert. When he had finished, the Notre Dame Club went on the air again, being rebroadcasted all over the United States. Andy Mulreany, business manager of the club, has been receiving letters from all over the country, praising the club for their fine concert.

The third of January saw the club at Bridgeport, Conn., where they sang in the Central High School Auditorium. On the fourth they sang at the Belle Vue-Stratford in Philadelphia. The Notre Dame club of Philadelphia sponsored this program. Harry Stuhldreher was general chairman. Huntsinger and Boland were present.

From Philadelphia the club continued to Newark, N. J. On the evening of the sixth they sang in the Newark A. C. This concert was staged by the Notre Dame club of New Jersey. From there the club went to Brooklyn, the concert there being sponsored by the Notre Dame Club of New York City. Edward Byrne was general chairman. After a trip of the city with Mr. Byrne the boys

sang in the Knights of Columbus home at Brooklyn.

Then to Washington. At noon, through the influence of Senator Watson, who, by the way, holds an honorary degree of LL.D. from Notre Dame since 1912, they met the President of the United States. This reception was conducted in a quiet way, the boys having the thrill of shaking hands with the President almost before they realized it. The boys marched along in single file, turned a corner, and there was Calvin Coolidge with his hand outstretched, for each and every member of the Glee Club to take into his own.

That evening the club sang in the auditorium of the elaborate Mayflower Hotel. Hundreds of distinguished men and women were in attendance. Among those present were Senator and Mrs. Watson, Frederick William Wile, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Sanders, Senator David Walsh, Mrs. Zachary Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter, Senator and Mrs. Couzens, Mrs. Marshall Field, Justice Pierce Butler of the supreme court and President Lyons of Georgetown University.

The next day the boys went to Hoboken, where they sang in the Hoboken Auditorium. They returned to Washington that night and sang at mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral the following morning.

The tour finished, the club started for South Bend, through the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains, spent three hours in Pittsburgh, and reached Notre Dame Monday noon, the tenth of January.

And that is the diary-like record of the greatest trip the Notre Dame Glee Club has ever taken. The singers were well received everywhere, and they drew record crowds at each performance. Joseph Casasanta and Andrew Mulreany are to be congratulated especially, Mr. Casasanta for the splendid manner in which he has developed the club, and Mr. Mulreany for the trip which he arranged.—J.L.B.

CONCERT ENSEMBLE HERE MONDAY

A novel concert ensemble composed of Edna Swanson Ver Haar, contralto; Margaret O'Connor, harpist; Stanley Deacon, baritone; and Hubert Carlin, pianist, will present a very interesting concert in Washington Hall next Monday night, January 24.

Edna Swanson Ver Haar is one of the most satisfactory concert and oratorio contraltos before the American public. Since her first professional appearance she has steadily grown in popular favor, the increasing demand for her services keeping pace with her remarkable artistic advancement. Ver Haar sang in Sweden as soloist with the Swedish Choral Society of Chicago, and achieved a sensational personal and artistic triumph. Appearing in all the principal cities of the country, she was everywhere acclaimed as one of the brightest stars in the musical firmament.

Miss O'Connor's acknowledged mastery of that most difficult of stringed instruments, the harp, is the more remarkable because of her youth. She has been on the concert stage, however, since the Spring of 1912. Miss O'Connor has appeared in seventy-six cities and larger towns in this country, and was chosen by the government as harpist member of a concert company which made an extended tour of the Panama Canal Zone in 1920.

Born and educated in Chicago, Mr. Deacon began singing in St. Peter's Episcopal Church at the early age of nine years. He was then alto soloist in the choir. Coupled with essential characteristic of personality are an intelligent musicianship and a voice of ample range and rich smoothness. For three seasons he sang as leading baritone with the Boston Opera and for one season with the Century Opera. For three seasons he was "Guest Artist" with the Kansas City Opera Company. His operatic repertoire includes about thirty operas.

Hubert Carlin is a young man, twenty-five years of age, and truly one of the most promising of young pianists on the concert stage. He is talented, with keen perception and technical exactitude. Although not nationally known as a concert artist, Mr.

Carlin has won much favor in all the cities in which he appeared, and it is said that he is destined to be a virtuose. —C.A.R.

M'NAMARA ADDRESSES PRESS CLUB

Joseph P. McNamara, head of the University's publicity department, addressed the members of the Press Club at their weekly meeting Tuesday. His subject, publicity, was one of especial interest to the Club. According to Mr. McNamara, the Press Club is giving Notre Dame the best possible type of publicity through its weekly news letter to the Catholic papers of the country. The system is unique in American schools of Journalism and is receiving the approbation of everyone to whose attention it is being drawn. If the present work is continued, the speaker declared, the Press Club will become an increasingly important factor in spreading good will for and knowledge of Notre Dame.

President Mark Nevils announced that the next speaker to address the club will probably be Mr. Fred Landis, writer and journalist of Logansport, Indiana, a brother of Former Judge Landis.

In the absence of Editor Bill Blewitt, President Mark Nevils gave the assignments for this week's news letter. Most of the stories assigned were unusually interesting and should prove excellent copy for the papers to which they will be sent.—J.A.M.

WRANGLERS MEET

The Wranglers got away to a good start for the coming year at their first meeting last Wednesday evening. Plans were discussed relative to inter-hall debating and the Breen Medal Contest. Mr. McNamara, chairman of Inter-hall debating read a letter that had been drafted to be sent to Mr. Victor Lemmer A. B., '25, the donor of the cup that is to be awarded to the best team in the inter-hall circle. The cup is on display in the cafeteria.

The Wrangler's next meeting will be held in the form of a banquet at the Morningside club next Wednesday. Mr. Jones, a well known South Bend lawyer, will address the club.



STAGE AND SCREEN

Striving hard to give South Bend legitimate stage productions of real worth, the Oliver brings here for tonight and tomorrow Don Mullally's farcical success "Laff That Off." The play which is known as a "true American comedy" comes here directly from New York where three hundred consecutive performances placed upon it Broadway's stamp of approval. We are promised the original New York cast, which is on its way to Chicago where it is booked for an unlimited stay, a fact which should make for a fine show, and an afternoon or evening spent in seeing it will in no way be wasted.

But better yet is the production for which the silver screen will be lifted next Thursday, January 27. Ruth St. Dennis and her husband Ted Shawn are bringing with them their Dennishaven dancers so that we may once more have a chance to enjoy an evening of dancing other than that new distortive "Black Bottom." Those who remember their last appearance here some two years ago, will surely see them again, and we recommend nothing more highly than the spending of next Thursday evening at the Oliver.

The Palace ushers in the week with their annual Syncopation Show. The regular five-act policy is to be discarded for the time, and a six-act bill headed by Bob LaSalle takes its place. Jack Mack's Orchestra will supply the true syncopation, while Zastro White & Co. and Rose Veneer promise to keep one's feet in rhythmic beat. The motion picture "Corporal Kate" features Vera Reynolds as a Salvation Army lass who works her way into the hearts of the soldiers in ways other than making doughnuts.

Jackie Coogan in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut" holds the Orpheum screen for the coming week. Getting away from the usual sob story in which Jackie patters down stairs in the middle of the night and reforms the thief who is about to make away with the

household silverware, we see him more as we remember Wesley Barry when he first broke into feature pictures. It is Jackie's latest picture and the mere fact that we see him with this first real boy's hair cut should be incentive enough to see the picture.

The Oliver is showing "The Show" from Sunday to Wednesday inclusively. Again we are given the chance to see John Gilbert and Renee Adoree together in a picture which gives them ample opportunity for fine acting. Whether or not they have reached the heights attained in "The Big Parade" is yet to be seen; but then, they may fall far short of their work in that great production and still be well worth seeing.

The Orpheum continues with Richard Barthelmess in "The White, Black Sheep," and for those who have not seen Dick as the dashing desert hero we suggest that they forget the slush, snow and other Indiana conveniences with an evening spent amidst swirling desert sands. The bill at the Palace tonight and tomorrow is headed by Jane Johnson and Company who gives one a touch of vaudeville as it really should be. Among the other acts which make up the evening's entertainment is Sandy Shaw, a second Harry Lauder in the minds of many, who gives his last performance just one week after the famous little Scot sang to those who crowded the Oliver to see and hear him. Shaw is a great friend of Lauders and is the only person to whom Sir Harry has given the right to sing his own songs upon the stage, a rather remarkable thing when one considers the fact that "given" and "Lauder" are juxtaposed. Florence Vidor in "You Never Know Women" is the picture, and if we are to learn something new about the enigmatic sex the Palace may be the place to spend an evening.

—A.S.

University of California students are superstitious. Of the 1,385 students who walked across the campus, all but five walked out of their way to avoid going under a ladder.

THE REAL POINT IS WHEN ARE THEY OVER?

A myriad number of students have wondered to themselves, in print and elsewhere, just where the probation slips go after they have been pulled out of their white jackets. A great many other students, however, pass this by as inconsequential, but are concerned over the ultimate disposition of all the overdue book notices, emanating from the University Library, that are thrown away. Such futile rumination is all well and good for those who like it. As for us, give us a big, pulsating question like this: "Who are examinations and why are they?"

Now, there is something vital to solve satisfactorily. And the best of it is that, if you know the answer, you can easily solve the problem.

We did not know the answer. We did, however, know of the whereabouts of Mr. Ghoul Posts. Hence, we went to him for the answer to the enigmatic question, "Who are examinations and why are they?"

"Good morning, Mr. Ghoul Posts," said we, as we thrust our foot quickly into the aperture created when he stuck his head out of the door.

"Get away from here, you pest!" he thundered pleasantly.

He let us in, however, after he had torn the heel off our right shoe in a vain effort to keep us out.

"Mr. Ghoul Posts," said we, "we have been mightily disturbed by a perplexing question, and we felt that you could answer it without any difficulty. Mr. Ghoul Posts who are examinations and why are they?"

"What?" he gasped, as if someone had slapped him on the back with a bag containing a ton of coal.

"Mr. Ghoul Posts," we repeated, "who are examinations and why are they?"

"Oh," said the old fogey, "that's entirely different; why didn't you say that in the first place? Yes, yes, that's different entirely. A very easy question, my dear sir, a very easy question, indeed!"

"Examinations," he continued, "are those heiroglyphics, made by a person with a pen or a pencil, which appear or do not appear

on the pages of those small tablets with the blue covers."

"And why are examinations?" he queried; "for the life of me, I don't know. I suppose they are for the same purpose that Prohibition is, to make fools of ourselves. Yes, to make fools of ourselves."

"Examinations are great trials," he philosophized. "I remember when I was a lad in college we used to have examinations once a year, whether we needed them or not. They are funny, too, are examinations. One may either pass them or flunk them. And if one doesn't pass them, one flunks them. Yes, yes, examinations are funny; odd, in fact."

"Good-day, sir."

We still have our big, pulsating question to solve: "Who are examinations and why are they?" Do you know?—L.R.M.

POST-EXAM HOP NEAR

Final arrangements for the annual Post-Exam dance which is to be given at the Palais Royale ballroom, Friday evening, January 28th, under the auspices of the Notre Dame Villagers, have been completed by the club members sponsoring the affair.

Claire Wilson and his Nightingales, formerly of Benton Harbor, Mich., have been secured to play the program of dances from 8:30 to 12 o'clock. This popular orchestra has won instant favor in the local ballroom, and is preparing special features for the Villager dance.

Tickets for the affair have been placed on sale on the campus, and may be secured at the News Stand, the cafeteria, or in 245 Badin hall, or from any member of the Villagers.

Reports of the holiday dance sponsored jointly by the Villagers and the St. Joseph Valley Alumni of Notre Dame, were given at the last meeting of the Villagers. The affair was held in the Palais Royale ballroom, Tuesday evening, December 28. Dancing was enjoyed from 9 until 1 o'clock, and music for dancing was furnished by Clara and Russ Ebker's entertainers. About 175 couples attended the affair. It is the hope of both organizations to make this holiday dance an annual affair.

PROM PLANS DEVELOPING

"A cyclone of jazz... a tornado of symphonic rythm..." Thus do pale-green advertisement pamphlets announce the synco-pation qualities of "Ha... Ha," Fred Hamm and his Boss' Own Orchestra which the music committee of the junior prom committees is considering for the outstanding social function of the year.

"Turk" Meinert is all for the selection of Fred Hamm for the evening of February 11th, and declares that Hamm and his associated musicians are truly as capable as they are advertized. This after a survey of the many other popular orchestras in Chicago.

This orchestra has recorded several records for Victor and only recently had fulfilled a limited engagement with WLIB, the *Liberty Magazine* and *Chicago Tribune Station*, at the Drake Hotel, WGN.

Anent the remainder of the preparations of the various committees the arrangements committee passes the word to the senior class that only fifty of its members may make the prom. No partiality will be shown in this respect and the policy of "first come, first served," will be adhered to, with the exception of those whose enthusiasm for the prom was such that they made reservations before this official notification had reached the committeemen.

Favors for the ladies are being made by the L. G. Balfour Company, of Attleboro, Massachusetts, and are undergoing a special dye process at the factories of the concern which necessitates a unique color scheme. All this is under the supervision of Arthur Denchfield, who reports this progress.

Also, in conjunction with the publicity end of the prom an appeal is made to all juniors who know with whom they will make the prom. It is the desire of the committee to know the name of the girl, her home address, and the school that she attends at the present time, if she attends any. Likewise all names should be submitted as soon as the respective junior or senior is decided upon whom he is going to take. All such infor-

mation should be sent to Box 82 or given to any member of the publicity committee.

—R.L.N.

CHEM NOTES

The Notre Dame Student Chemists' Club met Wednesday, January 12, for the regular meeting of the month. Two papers were presented on the evening's program. Charles Williams discussed the development of liquid motor fuels. Anticipating the exhaustion of our petroleum supply, chemists are seeking a practical gasoline substitute. Mr. Williams reviewed and explained the research being done along these lines. Mr. Spencer, M.S., spoke on Case Carburization, illustrating his talk with slides. He succeeded in packing a great deal of information into a small space.

The *Catalyzer* for January, distributed this week, contains an article on the liquid purification of manufactured gas, by George Ludwig, Ch. E., '25. Mr. Ludwig is with the Grand Rapids Gas Company, and thus writes with a background of personal experience in this field. Paul Harrington's "A Plea for the Dream," prepared for a Chemistry Society meeting in May, 1926, is also published in this issue. Therein Paul makes a splendid appeal for more vision and imagination in science.

The Chem Club is planning a smoker to be held in the near future.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The following pictures are coming to Washington Hall but the dates have not yet been announced:

Buster Keaton in "The General."

Jackie Coogan in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

Norma Shearer in "Up Stage."

Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor in "Tin Hats."

—C.A.R.

FRESHMAN DIAMOND STAR HERE

Joseph Lordi, a freshman student here, was the leading batsman on the baseball team of the New York Athletic Club for the past season, according to word from Hugh A. O'Donnell, of the *New York Times*, who introduced Lordi to the coach of the Athletic Club and also to Notre Dame.

Lordi's batting average for the season was 520. He hit 13 out of 25 times at bat and scored 10 runs. Lordi is expected to prove extremely valuable to the freshman team this spring.

MAXWELL AND FARBMAN APPEAR

Margery Maxwell and Harry Farbman appeared in Washington Hall, January 7, in the first operatic concert of the season. Miss Maxwell is Prima Donna Soprano with the Chicago Opera Company, and Mr. Farbman is an American violinist of international fame.

Miss Maxwell opened her part of the concert with Gounod's *Ave Maria*, Mr. Farbman playing the violin obligato. This number was rendered very well, the clear tones of the soprano's voice expressing all the solemnity and pathos with which this beautiful work of Gounod is so fully imbued. Mr. Farbman followed with *Prelude Allegro* arranged by Kreisler. The execution and technique with which the violinist played this difficult composition was marvelous; his very soul overflowed with emotion. For an encore he played *Old Black Joe*, a study in double stops. For his second number, Mr. Farbman played Kreisler's beautiful *Caprice Viennois*, and concluded the group with *Molly On The Shore*, an Irish reel by Percy Grainger.

Miss Maxwell's group included a composition of Lily Strickland, *Canzonetta*, and *The Maids of Cadiz*. The latter was very well presented.

Mr. Farbman's second group included *Variations* by Correlli which was very well executed; *Hymn to the Sun* from the opera *Coq d' Or* by Rimsky-Korsakow; *Spanish Dance* by Sarasate; Schubert's *Ave Maria*, very colorful; and *Russian Carnival* by Vineovski, a study in harmonics which was very

well rendered. For an encore Farbman played Kreisler's *Liebesfreud* in a very remarkable manner. The group was concluded with *Prelude* for Violin by Bach.

Miss Maxwell concluded the program by singing *The Cry of Water*, a work of Campbell Tipton; *Sketches of Paris*; *Down Here*; and a selection from the opera *La Boheme*. The encore number was *Love's a Merchant*.

—C.A.R.

HUSTON ADDRESSES STUDENTS

Macready Huston, one of the editors of the South Bend *Tribune*, author of "Huling's Quest" and "The Big Show" and a prominent short story writer, spoke Wednesday afternoon in the south basement of the Library under the auspices of the Press Club. The room was filled with students anxious to hear Mr. Huston.

Because of lack of time, Mr. Huston confined himself to an interesting discussion of the short story. This form is more profitable than is the novel, he said, largely because it is sold strictly on a cash-down basis.

Mr. Huston advised those who would do creative writing to forsake the idea of supporting themselves by such writing alone. As an alternative, he suggested the following of some other business, preferably journalism, for the purpose of earning a living.

To better illustrate the points he wished to make, Mr. Huston read one of his compositions, "The Lamp," which appeared in the December number of *Scribner's*. It dealt with a short but most important period in the lives of a country preacher and his wife. Through it, the speaker explained that a story must have, in addition to mere character-analysis, an interesting thread of narrative. In writing a short story, he advised the listeners to "First, get atmosphere; second, get characters to fit that atmosphere; third, get a plot by simply allowing these characters to do what they would inevitably do; and, fourth, get through."—J.A.M.

NOTICE—Cap and gown measurements for Seniors, Jan. 31, Feb. 1 and 2, Walsh Hall basement. Absolutely required.

 EDITORIAL

THE TYRANNY OF "NO-ONE-WOULD"

During the recent election campaigns, the conscientious reader of political articles was hard pressed to keep himself in good standing as a "real American." A prohibition speech laid down this dictum: "No real American would violate the laws of his country by countenancing the consumption of liquor." In another paper on the same day, a "light wines and beer" candidate set up this standard: "The eighteenth amendment is a violation of personal liberty; no real American would submit to it." We introduce these quotations to illustrate our opinion that there is potential tyranny in the prevalent use of axioms declaring that no so-and-so would do such-and-such. Any reformer or destroyer can put his creed into this sweeping clause, and psychology will help him to "put it across."

Some of these "no-one-would" ultimatums are authentic—they are supported by reliable facts and sound arguments. Most of them, however, are nothing but a nobody's opinion masquerading under a mask of civic virtue. When Jones is challenged to prove his rationality by accepting Smith's religion, on Smith's word, he laughs in his challenger's face. He realizes that he has no obligation to convince every casual questioner of something that is none of his business.

When Jones is in a crowd, nevertheless, and an officious person with an axe to grind proclaims that no one who loves his country would buy Swedish matches, he is overwhelmed by the thunder of the flock after the bell-sheep, and fears to draw attention to himself by questioning the detrimental effect of Swedish matches on loyalty.

The moral is this: No one with any independence of thought would accept another man's general statement without investigating its foundations. Begin your campaign for independence of thought by investigating the foundations of that last statement.

—R.C.E.

DAMNING THE WHITE SHIRT

Percy Marks, author of "The Plastic Age" and happily other more worthy writings than that depiction of college at its worst, deplores the fact that the good old days of wool-shirted, hobnail-shod, unshaven university intellectuals is passing. Which plaint is good and legitimate publicity for Mr. Marks and is fortunately just that and nothing more.

It is an inexplicable fact that in many minds morality and energy are inseparably bound up with roughness in dress and demeanor. Why this should be a rather prevalent notion is a mystery, but the fact remains despite the mystery. Mr. Marks seems to have caught the popular conception—or may he be "goofing" us?

We have no quarrel with those who wish to eat meat raw and sandpaper their desks with their chins; we don't give a sneeze in a cyclone whether they wear corduroy trousers or no trousers at all; it is immaterial to us whether they drink milk or methyl alcohol, and we don't care a snort whether they chew tobacco or trinitrocellulose—which is polite for T. N. T.

No, we're not scrapping with the boys who prefer brick-bats to Boncilla—we fully realize that it isn't safe. But we are wondering why in tarnation a crease in the biceps is considered to be worth two in the pants where college men are concerned. Will someone enlighten us? Why shouldn't a university man tie his shoe-strings and chew on technicalities instead of tobacco if he so wishes? Why should muscle be confounded with morality?

Tell you, Percy, it all resolves itself into this question: do we come to college to develop our backs or our brains?

And we've been wondering whether Marks' outburst may have been caused by a suppressed hatred of his given name? A complex of some sort is what the psychologists call it. Let it go at that.—J.A.B.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

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By John T. Cullinan

The Carroll News of John Carroll University prides itself upon its record of never having run a contest. They believe that the "mental energy consumed is enough to solve the farmer's problem and to figure out three income taxes correctly." We wonder how they explain the popularity of these contests, even though, as they say, the contestants are subjected to so many hardships and disappointments.

What are our colleges coming to? Mr. Percy Marks, author of the "Plastic Age," claims that the "virile, knock-em-down, sweat-shirted college man is being supplanted by a languishing lily out of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera." He says that the aesthetes are ruling now, and calls for a return to the other extreme. In reply to a letter from Mr. Marks, the "Dartmouth" claims that he does not know what he is talking about. "Students at Dartmouth do not walk about town with tiger lilies between their teeth and green carnations pinned to their jackets." Emotion and school spirit are more controlled and not so spontaneous.

Butter for the Greeks. In the eyes of the law of the state of Illinois, incorporated fraternities at the University of Illinois are manufacturing establishments. All incorporated fraternities who color oleomargarine for table use are liable to a tax of ten percent and an annual license fee of \$600. Non-incorporated fraternities are not liable to this tax as the law regards them as private families who purchase supplies through appointed members of the group. Stewards of incorporated fraternities who saved money by serving oleo are facing a dilemma—to save the fraternity money and take a chance with the law, or to obey the law and incidentally make the members pay the added cost.

An investigation conducted by the psychology professor of the University of Arkansas showed that one fourth of his students cheated in examinations. Confessions

were made by secret ballots. The students also stated a preference for the "honor system" instead of the police system. And then the other three-fourths would need confession.

At Tulane University women have been denied the privilege of membership on the debate team. First a debate was held on the subject to amend the constitution so that it would admit to membership all students of the university, and the negative side was victorious. Later a vote was taken on the same question and it was defeated unanimously.

Speaking of debating, Lafayette wants something different in the way of topics. She claims that everyone is fed up with the League of Nations and the World Court. Also she asks who cares whether we recognize Soviet Russia. Questions of national or international importance are too involved for the average audience to grasp. She suggests topics of this particular type: "Resolved: That ignorance is bliss;" "Resolved: That we envy our grandchildren." The reason set forth for selecting such questions is that they are simple, different, and will appeal to the intelligence of the majority. But Lafayette is premature. Who said anything about having grandchildren to envy?

"The Polytechnic Reporter" contains a column entitled "Campus Questions." This week's question is: Do you think it advisable to make engineering courses co-educational? What advantages do you see in such a system? The answers vary. One man claims that only the male student would benefit from such a course. Another says that in such a co-ed engineering institution the men would be distracted by the presence of the fair sex and their concentration would be zero. But a third ventures a brilliant contribution. The engineering courses would be benefited if the system were made co-operatively educational, that is, if enrollment were made by couples. Oh baby!

HOBNAILS

RONDEL

*Were I struck dumb, I still might sing;
But I could never, were I blind.
The tender sentiments that spring
From deepest feeling cannot find
A pure expression so refined
As those sweet hints that glances bring.
Were I struck dumb, I still might sing;
But I could never, were I blind.
No poet's word on lyric string,
No serenade upon the wind,
Can voice my spirit's whispering;
My eyes alone reveal my mind.
Were I struck dumb, I still might sing;
But I could never, were I blind.*

—RICHARD ELPERS.

WE'RE NOT BOW-LEGGED, EITHER

Whoa there, Vampire—

Go easy on that Delilah stuff. Just think—with you putting notions in poor Cyrano's head, what do you think will become of *Hobnails*? Shame on a great big girl like you! Look at Theda Bara and Valeska Suratt—they used your line, and where are they now? You'd better turn over a new leaf before the Grim Reaper nips you in the bud.

Still, poor kid, I guess you must have had a lot of bad breaks, how about letting up on Cy and giving me a chance? I'm a white American, too, and I'm not bow-legged or anything because they wouldn't let me walk before I cut my eye teeth. Answer soon. The supply is limited, and this offer may never be repeated. And say, Vampire, you don't happen to look anything like Greta Garbo, do you?

—DORIAN GRAY.

THE CRIMINAL SOARS TO NEW HEIGHTS

The condemned murderer said his last farewell to his kinsfolk and coolly stepped up to the scaffold. The noose was slipped around his neck. He was already lifted a foot in the air when the knot came untied, letting him drop rather heavily to the ground. The executioner seemed to be off from that day; three more times he prepared for the hanging, but every time the knot came untied. At length the foreman, with an angry glint in his eye, came upon the platform, took the rope, and securely fastened it about the convict's throat.

The prisoner, who at first had seemed resigned and collected, was visibly cracking under the strain; his fingers twitched, his brow was ashen. He moaned, and was heard to say:

"This suspense will kill me!"

It did.

—AFRICANUS.

Before I begin, a word of explanation is in order. In this hall, heated arguments are held as to what would be the result if the date of everyone's death were made known at the present time. The following is my conception of how a newspaper would read if such were the case:

"Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Mellon bid their friends and relations adieu. They will die Thursday at 11:45 A. M."

"The reason for the breaking of an apparently happy engagement of Miss Mary Lou and Mr. Sandman was given to the papers late this afternoon by the father of Miss Lou. He stated that Mr. Sandman's death was to take place 2 years before his daughter's and he did not want her to be a widow that long because she could not stand the strain."

"Reports that Jimmy Touchdown will enter the pro ranks after his football career were blasted when it became known that he would be dead before the beginning of the Football season."

"Bets on Bubbling Under fell today and the odds were raised to 100-0 when the news that the horse would die two weeks before the running of the Kentucky Fedora was made known."

"Mayor Hunky of South Curve said he would not run for his 14th term. He will die 13 days before the election."

"Mr. Mortis of the Skid Tire Company will take his vacation in two weeks; his death will occur before the end of the month." WON-NEYEN-THREA-OH.

CONSOLATION

*For Death is not the terror that it seems,
A stopping of the ever-flowing tide
'Tween joy and sadness. If Heaven has not lied,
There must be spring days there and tinkling
streams,*

*And friends of old, whose voices have a ring
That is the sweetest music to my ears.
For me, I hope that no one must shed tears—
I would not care to live but for one thing.
So if, perchance, tomorrow I should lie
Beside an ugly hole in the earth,
The nervous voice, the beating heart then stilled;
The spirit that was hot forever chilled
And quieted the sounds of youthful mirth,
Remember that I was content to die.*

—PORPHYRO.

The judgment will soon be upon us; the profs are cranky because of the weather; prospects are terrible; everyone whom we have consulted is going to flunk; some are already pop-eyed with ramming; hooineell invented exams, anyway?

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

LITERARY

*On The Fence**A Disillusioned Woman Comes Home to More Disillusionment.*

LINUS MALONEY

AS the slow train crawled convulsively over the prairie and leaped hysterically among the cornfields and uttered choked cries of joy at being in its own element, Mad Deacon wondered what crazy motive had prompted her to leave the comforts of a huge city for—for all this. Tired she had been—tired of the city noises and city lights. And fool that she was, instead of forgetting her momentary despondency in the Maine woods or on a yacht or in a Virginia mountain cabin, she had boarded the first train for the Middle West—for Darnby.

Darnby! That was the place she was returning to, after ten long years; that was the place she had left in disgust ten years ago. Her dear mother, the only person that had held her to the small town, had died, and she, Madeline Deacon, just out of her 'teens and fired with the rosy visions of youth, had left that town, despite the ominous warnings of her snoop relations and neighbors, who had monotonously repeated the old story of the young girl and the big city. Madeline had laughed at them, as she had laughed at Arthur, poor Art who had continually begged her to marry him and to settle down with him in Darnby. Darnby, of all places!

She had gone to the city and had received the usual disillusioning blows. But Mad was proud. She would rather stay in hell than return to the town of her birth. A few letters, mainly from Art, came, begging her to return, to forget her wild ideas. She had smiled, answered a few of them, and then disconnected herself entirely from Darnby.

Mad became successful, acquired a somewhat unsavory reputation, and proved excellent newspaper material; thus Darnby

heard of her and bowed its righteous head in shame. But she heard nothing of Darnby and cared not a whit. Nor was she ashamed of anything. Her conscience was pushed back into dark obscurity with her morals. Everything had gone smoothly with her: she had wealth and all its accompanying luxuries, she was really happy (thus destroying all Christian teachings to the contrary); and she had refused countless offers of marriage. Mad was, perhaps, more unmoral than immoral.

Everything had gone smoothly until Mad decided to return to Darnby. She forgot all of her former distaste for the town. The years and the distance had given the place a sort of sentimental glamor. Mad was no sentimentalist; the moment that the train had reached Chicago she realized her mistake, but the noise and bluster of that Western metropolis left no room for further realization or thinking. With a sigh, very bored and Eastern, she resolved to stick to her original purpose.

The slow train suddenly leaped forward and then came to an abrupt stop with much groaning. Madeline looked out of the window, saw a farmer going by in a rattling wagon, and turned away in disgust. She became aware of the stares of the travelling man that had tried to pick up a conversation with her all the way out from Chicago. His little pig-eyes, shiny blue serge suit, and tan shoes annoyed her. What did he take her for? His worldly air, she thought, might stun a Swedish waitress, but it didn't even amuse her. Madeline laughed at herself. Had her nerves reached such a state that such trivial things bothered her? She hoped not.

Late that evening the train pulled in at Darnby. Mad got off reluctantly, praying fervently that the town had a hotel by now. She looked around the ill-lit station and discovered that she was the only passenger that had left the train; then she shuddered. There *was* another passenger; a coffin was being unloaded, while a group of mourners stood about in dazed fashion.

"Another visitor taking advantage of Old Home Week," she thought grimly. "Well, he came the right way."

She turned abruptly and nearly bumped into a shy-faced youth.

"Beg pardon," he stammered. "I'm a reporter from the *Star*. Are you—"

"I have nothing to say," she began firmly, and smiled over the familiar words that had greeted many a reporter. This fellow was not searching after the usual facts; he could not be put off with a few words.

"My name is Ellen Jones," she lied glibly. "I have just arrived from Minneapolis for two days and am selling corsets." She caught sight of the hotel bus. "I'm staying at the hotel," she concluded. "Good night."

Madeline Deacon awoke the next day at twelve o'clock and immediately smelled a beefsteak smothered in onions. With her train journey still vivid in her mind, she arose, telephoned for ice water, drank it, and took a shower. Her mind and body were refreshed, so refreshed that she went down and ate a hearty meal, hardly conscious of the gazes of the other diners.

Mad was in an agreeable frame of mind when she descended the hotel steps and stood upon Main street. How little the town had changed! Like vague dreams of the night before, the stores and houses found responses in her mind. The unpleasant noises of the city had vanished; everything was quiet and peaceful. She even discovered herself mentally applauding the wisdom of her return. Mad wondered if anyone would recognize her (and hoped a little that someone would), but she knew that that was barely possible. Ten years ago she was a young, inexperienced girl, with long black hair tossing about her shoulders; today she

was an experienced, well-groomed woman of the world; her hair was bobbed and blonde. Besides, the people of Darnby must have easily changed; they could forget much in ten years; newspaper photographs would tell them nothing.

Madeline laughed at the evidence that she had produced, and accused herself of being sentimental. Sentiment she dreaded above all things; she always resorted to mockery and laughter to cover up any traces of it. So she swung down the street and she carried herself so jauntily that passersby turned to watch her. Mad was happy—happier than she had been for a long, long time. Each step she went, some little thing would thrill her memory and throw her mind into a confusion of recollections.

In such a mood she walked for several blocks, absorbed in her own thoughts. Then she gasped and stopped short before a house.

In that instant Mad knew why she had returned to Darnby. All along there had been some intangible force that had drawn her on. It had vexed her, as did anything that she could not understand. But now she knew. It was her pilgrimage, and she was the penitent pilgrim. No! that sounded nice, but she could hardly be called penitent.

Mad stood before the house in which she had been born, in which she and her mother had lived, and in which her mother had died.

And she wanted—wanted above all things in the world—to go into that house, the only worldly thing that was linked with her mother. But what could she do? Go boldly to the door, state that she was Madeline Deacon, and enter the house? That would not do; it would betray her identity and probably bar her from the home.

A small boy was going by; she seized upon him.

"Sonny," she asked, "who lives here?"

"Uh, Gus Strom."

"And Mrs. Strom? Is she home?"

"Oh sure! She just came from Sioux City. Visitin' relations."

Madeline had got what she wanted. She slipped the surprised youngster a quarter, went up the steps, and boldly knocked on the

door. An over-dressed woman came to the door.

"Mrs. Strom?" said Mad, wondering if the woman would react to her plan.

The woman beamed and assured her that the lady was the same.

"Well," Mad began, feeling her way, "I have just come from Sioux City—"

Mrs. Strom seized the bait. "Oh, do you know the Olsons?" she cried.

"Yes," Mad did. "They told me to stop in to see you if I should ever go through Darnby."

Mrs. Strom effused. She led Mad into the parlor and talked continually. Mad made polite utterances and smiled weakly, but she knew that it was a horrid mistake to visit this woman and her home. The last link that connected her with her mother had been broken. She looked around in disgust at the stuffed furniture, the stuffed bird under the glass, the beaded portieres, the ubiquitous evidences of bad taste. Mad smiled bravely and complimented Mrs. Strom on her beautiful home. Had they, the Stroms, supervised the building?

"No," cried Mrs. Strom. "It belonged to a Mrs. Deacon and her daughter. Haven't you ever heard of the daughter? She always was a roughneck, so I hear, and she went away from home and—"

She chattered on. Mad felt sick all over; she wanted to strangle this woman who so maliciously and so glibly told about her own life. Instead she simulated a flattering interest. Mad had suddenly remembered her mother's own little room, where she had died. It was her last hope and she searched about for a ruse.

"Oh, Mrs. Strom," she murmured. "Have you a powder puff? My nose is so shiny!"

Surely, Mrs. Strom had a powder puff. Hadn't her own nose been shiny? She led Mad up the stairway and went straight to the room where Mrs. Deacon had died. "This is my own boudoir," she giggled as she threw open the door.

Mad entered the room. How changed it was, with its hideous wall paper! She choked suddenly. Mrs. Strom was solicitous.

"It's a slight cold," Mad explained. How

could she use this terrible person's powder puff? Somewhere a clock struck the hour of five. She must be going. No, thanks, but she could not stay for dinner. Yes, she would stop again if she ever returned to Darnby.

She escaped into the cool air, followed by Mrs. Strom's giddy farewells. Her head was burning. She was conscious of disappointment after disappointment. Tears dimmed her sight. She was very, very tired, but she walked on and on.

The last rays of the sun were hanging over the horizon. The masters of the homes were returning from their work; their children greeted them wildly. The aromas of evening dinners and a few laughing bits of conversation floated out upon the air. Dusk set in. Several stars were struggling for the premier honors of the evening. The trees stirred uneasily.

Madeline Deacon stopped before a tall building of red brick. She could not see the red, but she knew that it had not changed; the old school was the same as ever. Here she had gone to school and here she had met Arthur. They *did* have good times, she insisted to herself. Those lovely old days seemed to blend in with the peaceful evening in an effort to soothe her mind. She was thinking clearly now.

An ever recurring phrase was mingled with her thoughts, a phrase that her teachers used to use when one truant member of the class was in danger of not receiving a passing grade. Occasionally that member was herself. "Madeline," she could hear the words again, "you'll have to work hard; you're just on the fence, ready to topple over one way or the other."

On the fence! That was her precarious perch now. She had returned home; now it was entirely up to her to decide the direction of toppling. She could stay, could perhaps marry Art, for Mrs. Strom had hinted that he had never married; or she could return to the East, with its lights and noises and merry parties. It would all be very restful to marry poor Art, to have a little home of her own, to atone for the sorrows she had caused him. But would it last? She knew

that it wouldn't. The people of Darnby would either look down upon her or she would look down upon them. She would grow tired of the town again as she had done ten years ago; her old friends would beckon to her again, and she would answer. She was sure of that.

On the fence! What a pretty little analogy! She smiled cynically. She thought of Mrs. Strom's terrible home that had dispelled every memory of her dear mother. It wasn't her fault that she was disillusioned; Darnby was a hateful little town; she had gone half way to meet it, and it had stood there in all

its complacent priggishness. Art! he was probably fat and stupid by now. She was never intended for this God-forsaken town of the Middle West. Darnby be damned!

But she turned to the schoolhouse. "Good-bye, old school," she whispered. "You didn't disappoint me." She was crying again. "Poor little Mad.... on the fence.... toppled over...."

Early the next morning the shy-faced reporter from the *Star* wondered why the corset-seller was leaving so soon. But he saw the funny look on her face and didn't dare ask why.



The Study of Poetry

An Inquiry Into The General Aversion For That Subject

EDWARD J. M'CORMACK

WHY is it that the majority of college students have an aversion to the study of poetry? Surely it is not because they lack an appreciation of the beautiful. The mere fact that the average student cared enough to come to college shows that he is a seeker after truth and beauty. And really good poetry shows the beauty of commonplace truths of life and nature. But still there seems to be a general distaste of this study.

Ask the average Senior at any university just what he has gained from his study of poetry and he will probably reply: "Oh, the poetry itself was pretty good stuff, but the course was a lot of blah." Why this summary of the course? Simply because of the method of teaching poetry at most universities.

There is generally a tendency to emphasize the man rather than his works. And his works—the products of his God given imagination—are all that really count. What does the student care if Horace Longhair ate zwieback instead of the usually accredited matzoos for breakfast? Or that his beloved

was really not a blonde at all, but secured that hair that was "yellow like the ripened corn" by a weekly application of Peroxide?

Yet these are the facts that are usually emphasized, while Longhair's poems seem merely to furnish an opportunity to argue whether he wrote such-and-such a lyric while under the influence of his beloved's charms or under the influence of lager beer.

Doubt these assertions? Then ask an ordinary A. B. student from any university how much poetry he can actually quote. He will know either "Is this a dagger I see before me?" or "The boys were whooping it up one night"—probably the latter. And yet he can tell you that our friend Longhair was an inveterate pinochle player and that he usually sported a flower in his jerkin after he had attended a funeral.

Thus it is that because of the emphasis on the man rather than on his works, that the average college man has not the wit, the truth, and the beauty of the centuries to console him in his old age, or after he has returned from a hard day at the pickle factory.

The Appearance of The Letter

An Important Phase of Letter-Writing.

KARL MASTERSTECK

AN examination of data showing how the average person spent his time could yield results far from uninteresting. In such an investigation it is particularly interesting to note the time spent making the person neat and presentable. This could be compared to the time the subject spent making his letters appear well, for the one is, I think, of not much less importance than the other. While in our conversations we can adjust ourselves to the moods of others, letters must have an appeal universal enough to make up for the lack of this chameleonlike adaption.

The other day, in a big rush, I addressed an envelope, and was looking all over for a blotter when suddenly I became aware that the desk on which I was writing was covered with one. It was so obvious that I couldn't see it. In the same way in our desire for distinction many of us overlook the opportunities awaiting us in our correspondence. The discriminating writer first chooses a form—the echelon is preferred for personal letters—and adheres to it rigidly. He uses open punctuation, that is, avoids it at the ends of lines in the heading and address. This does not, however, encourage a lack of punctuation. Have you ever had the experience of having a friend receive impressions vastly different from those you intended? A comma or a period which wasn't where it should have been might explain the trouble. We must make our meaning clear, and few aids are more helpful than logical punctuation.

"Pretty as a picture" is common enough as an expression, but letters can be made to

appear as attractive in reality. Poor handwriting can be compensated for by using care in framing the writing with a margin of at least three-quarter of an inch all around; and it is interesting to see just how much this one precaution adds to the tone of the letter.

The paper we write on and the ink we write with are of as much importance in a letter as the material in our clothes. Nothing brands the writer as ill-bred quicker than cheap, gaudy paper. Needless to say the paper and the envelope should match, and the ink should be black or blue. The tone of the paper should be soft; and although it is best to use pure white paper, light shades of gray are often used when the writer uses the one shade exclusively. Only those who lack poise and who try to attract undue attention use brilliantly hued ink, envelopes odd in shape, decorations, colors, or any material suggesting ill-breeding.

In his *When You Write a Letter* Dean Clark of the University of Illinois puts the matter thus:

"A newspaper always gives particular attention to the make-up of its front page, because that is what first catches the eye. First impressions are frequently the most lasting ones. A pretty girl is even more attractive if she is well dressed, and a good dinner is made excellent if the table is tastefully arranged and the courses are carefully served. So a letter is presented in the most effective way only if the materials upon which it is written are carefully chosen, and the form into which it is thrown is well considered."



Homo Tastes The Nectar

GEORGE A. KIENER

HOMO SAPIENS, the lad who is at college for an education, keeps a diary. He allowed me to glance through it the other evening, and inasmuch as it is written at great length, and the matter treated quite sufficiently, a reprint of what I found will be of great interest to my readers, I believe.

A particularly interesting passage reads as follows:

December 1, 1926. Afternoon:

"Entered the North room of the Lemmonier Library with high hopes of finding fields of fancy in which to roam and browse. I met reviews. Quarterly reviews. Yearly reviews. Semi-annual reviews. Weekly reviews, ad infinitum. Here were planted usual facts, dates of births and deaths, faithful accounts of famous speeches, details of great battles. Yes, here was a huge mountain of cold, hard and musty fact, seemingly presenting little field for fancy's roaming.

"About me were men dilligently gleanng facts from references, transplanting them faithfully and sighing relievedly when another duty joined the ranks of those that were. Was constructive thinking a part of their work? Well . . . who cares? The facts are there and the references supply them, so the work *must* be authentic.

"Stop! Here is a book that halts my ocular roaming—a book of old and dignified binding, with its gilt stripes grown mellow with age. It reads "Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. LV, 1839." I find this interesting!

"Glancing through the volume, I note an article, 'Christopher on Colonsay,' written in a verbose, sonorous and balanced style, such as Miss Barbara Pinkerton might have been teaching Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp at Chiswick Mall. I feel and see the perfect propriety and stilted elegance of the early Nineteenth Century. Pompous colored coach-

men, driving befrilled and be-ruffled ladies of fashion to the shops, are a part of the picture, and in sharp contrast to the beauty of the ladies, I see the puffy red face and bell-covered hat, not forgetting the ample paunch of Joe Sedley, as he struts the Strand, alone.—A dandy in his own mind, a gull to those who give him a thought.

"I picture separate numbers of this magazine on the tables of perfectly proper families in London and thereabouts, with "everyone who is anyone" reading it. Then to America, where it reaches the home of the stately Virginia planter a few weeks after its publication, and takes a place of honor in his library. He reads it assiduously, for he must keep in touch with the culture of London. His sons and daughters peruse this magazine with much interest, are able to understand the Greek inscriptions heading Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianae", and are not at all baffled by the Latin heading of many of the essays and articles. Of such were the days of classic learning and true excellence!

"The simplicity and quality of this magazine, the tone of which rings true, impresses me. It seems that only the truly educated could read it with full understanding. No attempt is made at popular appeal, and excellence does not suffer.

"I leave this volume with regret. It seems to hold within its covers, on those age-yellowed leaves, the treasure that is the atmosphere of true learning and leisurely contemplation, so rare in these days of efficiency and hurry.

"So, resuming the quest for fancy's inspiration, having tasted the nectar and thirsting for more, we see again, rows of journals, reviews and compendia. There *are* cases of thought in this arid desert of information, but still the men about us transplant facts with efficiency and speed. Perhaps they get

the connotations, perhaps they even think constructively, but in the Twentieth Century it's much easier to consult reviews and journals and get the facts."

Thus ends this particularly interesting

part of friend Homo's diary. My breath is rather taken away by the subtle indictments of modern men and their thoughts. Is he right? Well...MAYBE.

Relative Compatibility

Meditations on Our Much Envied Youth

HARRY F. SCHUBMEHL

I AM in my youth, that period of life which makes me the envy of people in all other stages of existence; for old age glowers at me, middle age peers at me, and puerility stares at me with eyes of longing. Those who have left my rank and fortune would like to join again, those not yet eligible for membership hope for a speedy passage of years; but the former class would especially like to swell the ranks of youth: it would wish to lower the standard so that its members might return for one last year under the flag to remodel a character which is nothing in particular. A member of this class would indeed be delighted, if after having received a blow from the world, he could step back to youth to iron out the dent. But he cannot do that, and the dent remains to reproach him for having permitted the years of youth to flit away unnoticed except for a vain desire to "know more and more about less and less." So the dent remains, the standard is not lowered, and the banner waves merrily and airily in the breeze.

It is my place, however, in the scale of humanity, not myself, which is the cause of universal chagrin and discontent to maturity when it watches my course of action. While I am at recreation, people view my antics with smiling eyes; and since they do not often see me while I am at work, they comment upon the irresponsibility and the

freeness of my life. "This is youth," one hears. "How happy he must be, for as a college boy he is living his happiest moments!" I must take their word for it, those critically offensive sages; but why cannot I realize the possibilities of my state in life? Here I am leading a desultory existence, living from one day to another, always waiting for something to happen, not particularly aware of any exultance; and yet the much abrayed sages call youth the playground of life. Why am I flighty, so ignorant, so stubborn in regard to their viewpoint of me; why do I not recognize my potential felicity? Perhaps it is because I am not wise enough to stop to think about the things that are happening to me at the present time.

When I become an old man, however, I shall think about the things I neglected to meditate upon when I was young. My previous life will then marshall itself before me to fix in my mind the belief that I had a better time in my youth than I really did. My dimmed eye cannot but misrepresent and overemphasize the joy of the youth spent long ago; and the matured eye of my soul will reach into the distance in an endeavor to actualize it again, when it is too late. I would like to spend my youth when I am seventy years old in order to enjoy it fully.



On Being Tall

The Opinion of One of Our Elongated Seniors

BY ONE WHO IS

HERE'S a great big tall fellow! Such seems to be your description for life if you measure six feet or over. Darn it, why describe one as great big tall? Why not say he's a tall fellow or he's quite tall, or he's pretty tall. The motive for this article is to voice a strenuous objection to two classes of people who use the above ridiculous phrase. The first class includes all women of every size, shape, age or description, and the second class includes men under six feet tall or weak minded individuals six feet or over. It's embarrassing enough to know that few are taller than yourself without hearing one being described as a great big tall fellow.

Why not compromise a bit? Seldom, if ever, is a five footer described as being a little bit of a fellow. Neither do we hear of a woman who is not blessed with the qualities of an aphrodite described as terribly homely or by a similar qualifying phrase. Why not say that a man who is not so tall is a little bit of a fellow or that he is a "shrimp." Why not embarrass him just as the six footer is so often mortified?

It seems to be human nature for men to think the other fellow is all wrong, that the other fellow is a "goofy" sort of a chap and not an "ideal" one such as they are. Needless to say there's where they are all naught. Every human being, no matter how long he may be, has at least some qualities which go to make an ideal man. Why don't our professional criticizers come back to earth

and be square with themselves; at least why don't they give us tall fellows an even break and call us just simply tall? The case should not be made worse than it really is by adding *great big*. Think of the meaning of those terms, *great big*. Big does not express height—why don't these people get out of the vocabulary of the nursery and mature mentally with their age? Members of the nursery often say *great big*; so do most individuals who describe a tall fellow as *great big*.

To our brethren, the people who weigh more than the ordinary individual, an even break should also be given. Don't say he's a big fat man! Oh, how crude such words sound! Why not say when describing a man who weighs over the ordinary weight that he is robust or a hearty being? That's what they are, they are perfect specimens of health and of ideal vitality. It must be embarrassing and displeasing to a robust man's ear to hear himself described as a great, big fat man. Again such language is that of the nursery; it is childish and only reflects the mind of the speaker.

Nursery language such as that referred to above is not uncommon among Americans. The majority of people are guilty of it but the tall fellows and the robust men usually guard themselves against its use and maybe they are better off in being tall and robust just because they commonly are not guilty of stealing from the nursery the language of the children.



To Thaliarch

HORACE, ODES I, 9

*You see how crystal manna stands
On high Soracte's brow so white,
And how the straining trees whose hands
Outstretched are conquered now by bands
Of flakes, in all so heavy, each so light,—*

*How rushing rivers raging once
Are now congealed with ice and snow.*

*Dispel the cold, pile high the wood
And let the flames that leap in air
Burn down the door of strength that stood
So that your heart now cold yet good
Could from your mind not drive despair;*

*Bring out old Sabine wine from jars
Filled full of mirth, O Thaliarch.*

*Let Fate possess all other care;
For battling winds on seething seas
Are still, and neither cypress fair
Nor stately mountain ash now bare
Is swayed by gusts from 'cross the leas.*

*Ask not dawn's fate; but take the gifts
Of Fortune, spurn not dance nor love.*

*Seek campus free and circus gay
As is their due, and whispers will
At night renew what lovers say;
A lilting laugh now does betray
A girl in ambush sweet and still;*

*A forfeit sought is snatched from her
Who fights that he may victor be.*

—ARTHUR A. MITIGUY.

SPORT NEWS

Franklin Breaks Irish Winning Streak: 34-22

After trotting along in faultless fashion for some six weeks, Dr. George Keogan's knights of the maple floor found their tartar in the form of the tricky Franklin College five at Franklin, Indiana, last Friday.

Having swung along in front of the race for the greater part of the first half, the Irish saw two luminaries in the form of Lyons and Coy enter the Franklin line-up, proceed to register field goals from any part of the floor and finally established a lead that Notre Dame could not touch. The final score was 34 to 22.

Southern Indiana basketball fans, who take their basketball with their meals and often use it for pillows when they sleep, received a severe blow by the Irish defeat for they saw a wonder team, without the services of its leader, bow to a clever five.

It has been a year since the Keogan quintet romped to the dressing rooms on the wrong end of the score and Friday's game was just a gentle poke in the ribs that the best of 'em are liable to get brushed across the brink now and then. Nineteen straight victories, seven of which had been registered on the 1926-27 schedule, had been piled up by the Notre Dame crew.

Perhaps the inactivity of Captain Johnny Nyikos was a determining factor in the tilt. Nyikos sat on the sidelines throughout the game, a twisted knee hampering him. And Irish net customers know that Nyikos does not linger in the scoring business, once he gets his eye set.

Notre Dame started with a rush that bode no good for the Franklin team. Coleric and Newbold, sophomore stars, did heavy scoring in the first few minutes and enabled Notre Dame to lead with a 13 to 8 score. Lyons, Franklin's rangy center, kept the downstate boys in the running with his clever pot-shots under the Irish hoop.

The injection of Coy, a clever running guard into the Franklin line-up, was the turning point of the game. The diminutive Franklin athlete lopped three field goals in as many minutes and put "Griz" Wagner's quintet into a 14 to 13 lead. Lyons registered again and Coy sunk a foul shot, but "toes over the line" being a breach of etiquette as far as basketball is concerned, the half ended 16 to 13.

Inspired by their three point lead the Wagner five offered a tighter defense than it had shown in the first half and continued its rapid-fire scoring work.

Frequent substitution enabled the Notre Dame five to keep within range of the Franklin team during the earlier part of the second half but toward the end of the contest the Lyons-Coy combination sunk them with irritating regularity.

Franklin will be remembered as the club that spoiled Notre Dame's winning streak last year, when the Irish seemed well on the way to a perfect season. Too, it seems that 22 is the Irish jinx number for "Buzz" Wagner's five triumphed 33 to 22 in the 1926 fracas.

The lineups and summary of Friday's game follow:

NOTRE D.	FG	FT	PF	T	FRANKLIN	FG	FT	PF	T
Jockym, lf.	0	0	0	0	Scott, lf.	2	1	0	4
Newbold, lf.	3	0	1	6	McQ'ston, rf.	0	0	0	0
M'Nally, lf.	1	0	2	2	Ibooden, rf.	2	4	1	8
Crowe, rf.	3	2	3	8	Lyons, c.	3	1	3	7
Bray, rf.	0	0	1	0	Coy, rg.	3	2	1	8
Coleric, c.	3	0	2	6	King, rg.	0	2	1	2
Vogelwide, c.	0	0	1	0	Skinner, lg.	2	0	0	4
Dohman, rg.	0	0	1	0					
Conroy, lg.	0	0	4	0	Totals	12	10	6	34
Mocy'han, lg.	0	0	1	0					
Totals	10	2	16	22					

Referee—Young, Chicago.

Umpire—Ibestover, Indianapolis.

INTERHALL BASKET BALL SCHEDULE, 1927

GAMES			PRACTICE		
Jan. 23	10:00 A.M.	Sorin—Corby	Jan. 18	6:30	Feb. 28
	11:00 A.M.	Badin—Morrissey		7:30	
	1:30 P.M.	Soph.—Lyons		8:30	
	2:30 P.M.	Brownson—Carroll	Jan. 19	6:30	Mar. 2
	3:30 P.M.	Walsh—Howard		7:30	
	4:30 P.M.	Fresh.—Howard		8:30	
Jan. 30	10:00 A.M.	Corby—Lyons	Jan. 20	6:30	Mar. 3
	11:00 A.M.	Soph.—Morrissey		7:30	
	1:30 P.M.	Sorin—Badin		8:30	
	2:30 P.M.	Brownson—Walsh	Jan. 21	6:30	Mar. 4
	3:30 P.M.	Day—Carroll		7:30	
	4:30 P.M.	Fresh.—Howard		8:30	
Feb. 6	10:00 A.M.	Brownson—Fresh.	Jan. 25	6:30	Mar. 7
	11:00 A.M.	Day—Howard		7:30	
	1:30 P.M.	Walsh—Carroll		8:30	
	2:30 P.M.	Sorin—Soph.	Jan. 26	6:30	Mar. 8
	3:30 P.M.	Morrissey—Lyons		7:30	
	4:30 P.M.	Badin—Corby		8:30	
Feb. 13	10:00 A.M.	Badin—Lyons	Jan. 27	6:30	Mar. 10
	11:00 A.M.	Corby—Soph		7:30	
	1:30 P.M.	Brownson—Howard		8:30	
	2:30 P.M.	Walsh—Day	Jan. 28	6:30	Mar. 11
	3:30 P.M.	Sorin—Morrissey		7:30	
	4:30 P.M.	Carroll—Fresh.		8:30	
Feb. 20	10:00 A.M.	Sorin—Lyons	Feb. 1	6:30	Mar. 14
	11:00 A.M.	Badin—Soph.		7:30	
	1:30 P.M.	Corby—Morrissey		8:30	
	2:30 P.M.	Carroll—Howard	Feb. 2	6:30	Mar. 15
	3:30 P.M.	Walsh—Fresh.		7:30	
	4:30 P.M.	Brownson—Day		8:30	
Feb. 27	10:00 A.M.	Fresh.—Corby	Feb. 3	6:30	Mar. 17
	11:00 A.M.	Day—Lyons		7:30	
	1:30 P.M.	Howard—Morrissey		8:30	
	2:30 P.M.	Walsh—Badin	Feb. 4	6:30	Mar. 18
	3:30 P.M.	Carroll—Soph.		7:30	
	4:30 P.M.	Brownson—Sorin		8:30	
Mar. 6	10:00 A.M.	Day—Sorin	Feb. 7	6:30	Mar. 21
	11:00 A.M.	Fresh.—Lyons		7:30	
	1:30 P.M.	Soph.—Howard		8:30	
	2:30 P.M.	Brownson—Badin	Feb. 8	6:30	Mar. 22
	3:30 P.M.	Walsh—Morrissey		7:30	
	4:30 P.M.	Carroll—Corby		8:30	

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INTERHALL BASKET BALL SCHEDULE—*Continued*

Mar. 13	10:00 A.M. Carroll—Lyons	Feb. 9	6:30	Mar. 24
	11:00 A.M. Brownson—Morrissey		7:30	
	1:30 P.M. Walsh—Soph.		8:30	
	2:30 P.M. Howard—Corby	Feb. 10	6:30	Mar. 25
	3:30 P.M. Fresh.—Sorin		7:30	
	4:30 P.M. Day—Badin		8:30	
Mar. 20	10:00 A.M. Howard—Lyons	Feb. 15	6:30	Mar. 28
	11:00 A.M. Fresh.—Soph.		7:30	
	1:30 P.M. Day—Morrissey		8:30	
	2:30 P.M. Walsh—Sorin	Feb. 16	6:30	Mar. 29
	3:30 P.M. Carroll—Badin		7:30	
	4:30 P.M. Brownson—Corby		8:30	
Mar. 27	10:00 A.M. Walsh—Corby	Feb. 17	6:30	Mar. 31
	11:00 A.M. Brownson—Lyons		7:30	
	1:30 P.M. Howard—Sorin		8:30	
	2:30 P.M. Carroll—Morrissey	Feb. 18	6:30	Apr. 1
	3:30 P.M. Fresh.—Badin		7:30	
	4:30 P.M. Day—Sophomore		8:30	
Apr. 3	10:00 A.M. Brownson—Soph.	Feb. 22	6:30	
	11:00 A.M. Sorin—Carroll		7:30	
	1:30 P.M. Day—Corby		8:30	
	2:30 P.M. Fresh.—Morrissey	Feb. 23	6:30	
	3:30 P.M. Walsh—Lyons		7:30	
	4:30 P.M. Howard—Badin		8:30	

IRISH PUCKSTERS BEAT

MICHIGAN STATE SIX, 3—1

Our puck chasers showed that they had come back to form with a bang when they beat the Michigan Aggies at Lansing last Saturday 3 to 1. Better co-ordination marked the work of the Blue and Gold men at all times, and Irish supporters feel that Notre Dame will be put on the hockey map before the season is over.

Outside the one quick dash by Michigan's captain and center, which resulted in the Lansing boy's only goal, the game was decidedly Notre Dame's at all times. This does

not mean that the Wolverines did not fight for so impressed were our boys with the scrapping ability of Michigan that they sought a return game with them at Notre Dame.

Our first score against the Wolverines came as the result of a thrilling, spilling dash down the ice through the whole Michigan squad by Stadell. This occurred in the second period, and in the middle of the last canto the same Irish puckster shot another home on a pass from Bud Boeringer.

Stocky little Pinky Martin got his shooting eye working in the third period for our other marker. His score came as a result of a pass from Captain Hicok.

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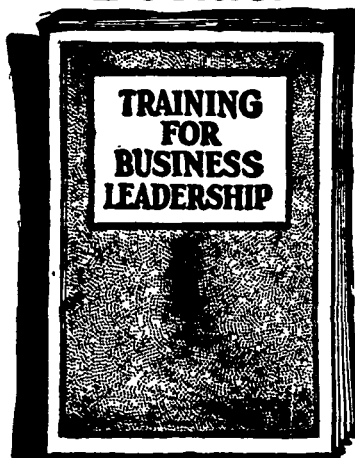
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BLUE DEFEATS GOLD

IN FIRST TRACK MEET

Track activity for 1927 got away under a full head of steam last Saturday afternoon when Notre Dame varsity freshmen athletes, divided into Blue and Gold squads, battled for three hours in some dozen events, the former winning out by a 44 to 31 score.

Led by Charley Riley, veteran Irish dash man and star pilot of the 1926 football outfit, the Blue team piled up a startling majority on the track and maintained enough of a balance in the field to carry off honors comfortably.

The Gold standards, under the leadership of Captain Joe Della Maria, raced closely with Riley's Blues until the latter part of the meet when Gold strength wavered in the closing events.

Times or distances in the various events were not of a sensational nature because the practice season is not yet two weeks old and the kinks are not fully worked out. Still some thrilling races took place in a majority of the track events and not a few of the field spectacles were marked by keen competition.

Coach Johnny Wendland, who has been tutoring the Irish scanticlads in the absence of Knute Rockne, track coach, who just returned to his squad early in the week, got a good line on his material and will use Saturday's results as a first indication of what strength the Notre Dame runners can be expected to show this year.

Veterans, greenhorns and freshman competed in Saturday's meet and not a few gave good accounts of themselves. With several seasoned runners in line for varsity positions a strong squad should represent the university this winter and spring. Too, many promising candidates have come up to the varsity squad from the freshman ranks of 1926.

A blanket finish in the 40 yard dash, one of the most thrilling races ever held in the Notre Dame gym, was the feature of Saturday's meet. Jack Elder, the flying Kentuckian who began his sensational running as a freshman, breasted the tape an instant ahead of Della Maria and Riley, who fin-

ished second and third, respectively. Riley and Della Maria got off to a brilliant start but Elder caught up at the 30 yard mark and gained a slight advantage with a terrific burst in the last few paces.

Another spectacular event was the mile run in which "Scrapiron" Young and Dick Phelan, both cross-country luminaries, paced ahead of the entire field. Young took the event in 4:38. The Brown brothers classic, deadlocked during the cross-country season, was not nearer settlement after Bill had spurted on the last lap to run a dead heat with his brother, John, in the two mile event. The time was 10:19.

Joe Abbott, the sophomore half-miler of parts, had little trouble in leading an 880 pack to the wire in 2:07. Abbott set a moderate pace at the outset and never gave up his position. The running of Lahey, Quigley, McGauley and McDonald in the quarter mile and mile relay events, attracted favorable comment. The hurdling of Griffin, Barron and Lloyd was brilliant.

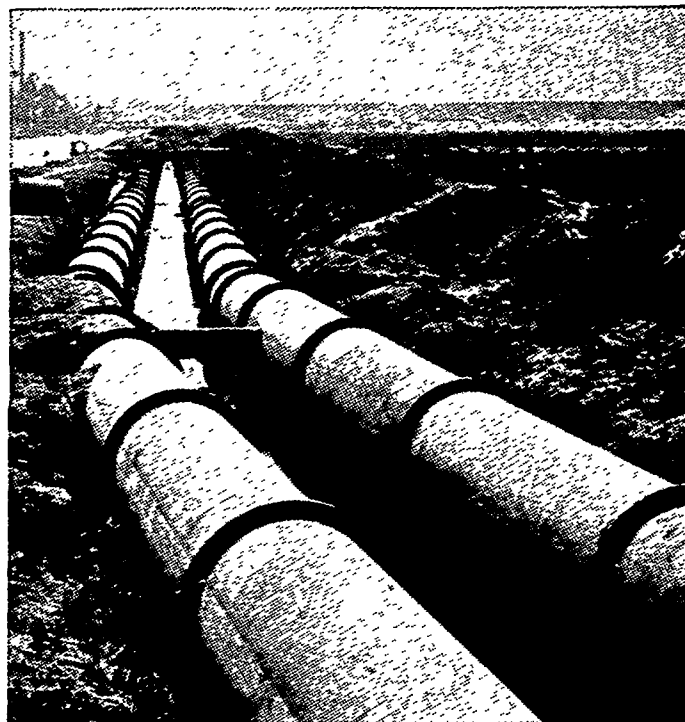
IRISH RUNNERS TO

FACE NORTHWESTERN

Notre Dame trackmen will meet their first inter-collegiate test of the 1927 season Saturday night in Evanston when they compete in a dual meet with Coach Frank Hill's Purple scanticlads.

After a week of intensive training under coaches Knute Rockne and John Wendland, the Irish runners have begun to round into usual form and may be expected to give the strong Wildcat squad a close race for high honors.

Around a few veterans who have returned to the squad and a few promising sophomores, Coach Rockne will build his 1927 outfit and on paper it looks like a well-balanced team. Captain Della Maria and Riley, sprinters, Masterson, Ryan and Nulty, Lahey, McCoughlin, in the middle distances, Phelan, Bill Brown and Young in the long distances, Bov in the pole vault, Mayer in the shot put and Griffin and Barron in the hurdles, are the experienced athletes who will run under Irish colors. Elder, a dash-



Resists Corrosion

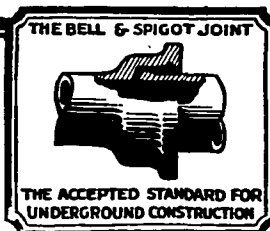
THIS picture, taken in the salt marshes near Kearny, N. J., shows two lines of 30-inch Cast Iron Pipe replacing pipe made of other material. The alternate exposure to the action of salt water and air is a severe test.

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man, Abbott, a half-miler, Brown, two-miler, and Murphy, high jumper, are the sophomore scantyclads who may be expected to develop into point winners.

Hill's Northwestern squad is not lacking in ability. Garby and Furrey are middle distance runners of repute while the work of Tannehill in the dashes and Kelly in the hurdles has always been of the highest order. Bagge, a high jumper and hurdler, is a Purple mainstay.

Saturday's meet marks the beginning of an intensive indoor schedule for the Irish.

IRISH RINGSTERS TO BE IN INAUGURAL TONIGHT

Notre Dame's 1927 fistic competition will get under way this evening when Coach Tommy Mills' leather pushers will swap punches with the St. Xavier mittmen from Cincinnati.

Little is known of the visitors' prowess with the exception that they have practically the same team which administered a 5-2 licking to the Irish last year in the concluding match of Charlie Springer's disastrous Eastern tour.

Thought of that defeat still rankle in the minds of the Blue and Gold ringsters, and they will have an added incentive to send their guests back on the short end of the score tonight, both literally and physically.

Coach Mills has practically a veteran team to send against the invaders and from all appearances it seems that the boys from the banks of the Ohio will be in for an extremely exciting evening. Guy Lorringer, the peppy little Bantam will open the Irish side of the program with his St. Xavier opponent in that event, while the dependable Mike O'Keefe will uphold the honor of the Blue and Gold in the next event, the featherweight class. Coach Tom has a serious proposition on his hand when he attempts to pick the Notre Dame representative in the very next event, the lightweight, because he has a wealth of material to choose from. Either Manual Garcia, "Goose" Goslin, or Jimmy Moran will get the assignment.

Duquette, a very promising newcomer will do battle in the welterweight division, and Canny will trade blows with a Buckeye op-

ponent in the middleweight. Harry O'Boyle, Notre Dame's star fullback will attempt to transfer some of his famous gridiron leg-driving ability into his arms, when he will represent the Celts in the Light-Heavy class. The Notre Dame side of the bill will be completed when Jack McGrath, the beefy youngster who slammed the Naval Academy heavyweight all over the ring in his sole intercollegiate bout of the season last year, will again don the gloves in the heavyweight class against his opponent from the Jesuit school.

Several promising mat artists will display their wares in a trio of wrestling bouts in an exhibition before the fistic engagements start, as a sort of curtain raiser to the main go of the evening. It will be only an intersquad competition but even at that some real snappy wrestling is looked for. The three bouts will be between Smith and Spiller, Kelly, and McTrailer, and Tully and an opponent to be selected later.

ROTARY TO ENTERTAIN ST. MARY'S AND NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame students and St. Mary's girls whose fathers are members of Rotary will be entertained by the South Bend Rotary Club at their regular luncheon meeting at the Oliver Hotel on Wednesday, February 16th.

The practice has been followed by the Rotary Clubs of a number of cities throughout the country where colleges and universities are located. This will be the first time, however, that the St. Mary's students have been invited although two years ago Notre Dame men were entertained at a similar gathering which proved an enjoyable occasion. An attractive program is being arranged for the affair and every eligible student is urged to attend and help make it a success.

Students who have not already handed in their names to Prof. Ray Hoyer, Room 229 Main Building are requested to do so at once so that the South Bend Rotary Club may know at an early date how many guests to expect. If you do not know whether your father is a Rotarian or not, just drop a line home; at least that is the plan being followed by the St. Mary's girls.

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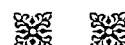
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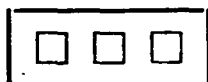
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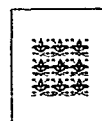
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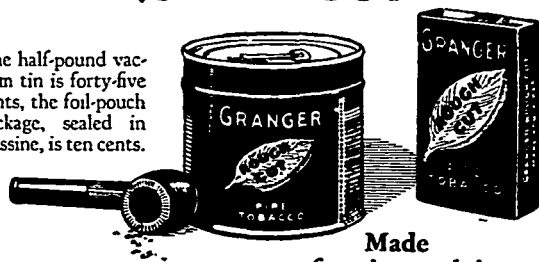
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