

The Evolution of the Cake-Eater.

When the cake-eater was a little boy he couldn't understand that he couldn't eat his cake and have it. So his mama gave him another piece. This was his first lesson in mental poise.

When he was promoted to the third grade he told teacher that Willie Jones stuck the chewing-gum on the radiator, and the teacher gave him a red apple. That night he told his mama that six boys called him bad names, and mama told him she would have the six boys arrested. These were his second and third lessons in mental poise.

He ponied his way through high school, and dedicated an ode from Wordsworth to a homely teacher to save a flunk in English. His Kokolised hair made him valdictorian and the homely teacher wrote his valedictory for him.

He came to college to cure the sore eyes of South Bend.

He set the standard for a group of collegiates whose heads had been vacume-cleaned in high school. He gathered his standards from Eugene O'Neil and the inspired novelists of college life.

He became an evolutionist because he knew that human nature reached its greatest perfection in him.

He left school to manage his estate, just one jump ahead of the Committee on notable failures.

Mother helped him burn incense to himself until the incense was all gone; and then he left his cashier goto jail for his embez_zlement.

He was a successfuñ man. Nothing disturbed his mental poise until the last judgment.

Grantland Rice on Mental Poise.

"Rockne.....will have more skill and more deception in his open game, and it is this that broke down the mental poise of any defense."

Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.,
Prefect of Religion.