

Mass Wed. of St. Casimir,
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Father Hoff preaches to-
morrow night at 7 and 7:30.
--One special intention.

Sophomorosis.

It has always been my contention that the circumambient pedagogical exposition of the entire science of metaphysics must be reinspired for a new interpretation.

The great Russian, Shietieveviev, while patently a curmudgeon amongst cogitators, seems, nevertheless, to faithfully intuit the necessity and the trend.

I plan this summer to visit the great Smasha of ancient India the even more satisfying El Eel of Persia, and the almost equally erudite Sah Gah of Egypt. Then I shall feel quite justified in presenting my views to this miserably deluded world.

Constraint, my young friends, is the unholy bludgeon smashing the new thought. If only I could free myself from all boundaries of time and space and from all limitations of place and purpose! Sometimes my poor weak corporate entity shivers under the very violence of my ratiocination! There is a new mysticism.....but why mention that?.....You would not comprehend, and, therefore, it would be highly illogical and inconsequential for me to proceed.

Atmosphere.....ah atmosphere.....the five-o'clock tea.....the sweet-burning incense.....the soft-lighted rendezvous in an ancient hostelry.....the heavy-wooded groves where one might perambulate in secluded and exalted thought.....the quiet, shaded porticos of an isolated villa.....How I miss them all in this raw land of grain and groan!

And what do we encounter? Regimentation.....convention.....tradition! Like an out-Omared Khayyam, we bow to it all. The peripatetic spirit has moved off noiselessly like an evening mist. Professors ask me to incarcerate concept in written word, to fix mood at the point of a pen. Better try to print the rampings of a strapless colt, or express in bar and circle the soundless symphony of the far-flung heavens!

Comraderie! Sympathie! Ah, at what late hour will they soften life's cruelties? Some fair day, my young friends, I shall open your eyes to a new moral and religious synthesis. But hush! tish! I must hie me to my study. Is not that a shallow pre-
fect upon the toe and heel?

pride.
(by Don Marquis)

boss it is funny to me
the things that people get proud of
i met a flea today
who was all hopped up
with self importance
he said he had been
up to the zoo and had bit
a lion you should have heard
him roar said the flea
when i sank my teeth into him
plenty of fleas have bit dogs
but i guess i am the only
flea who ever licked a lion
little fellow
i said to him
don't get proud

probably he never knew
you existed more than likely
he thought you were only
a measles breaking out on him
boss i have known
some human beings who were
just as foolish as that flea
they thought they were heroes
when they were only cinders
in the eyes of humanity
too many creatures
both insects and humans
estimate their own value
by the amount of minor irritation
they are able to cause
to greater personalities than themselves
archy

(--From Literary Digest; Jan. 25, 1936)

PRAYERS: (1 c. as d) Mrs. John Mahoney, Rawling, Wyo.; Ill, mother of Harold Gilday,
(11th); wife of Jo. Mansfield (How.); E. E. Houser, '28; Mrs. Niouwland and Brennan.