1872--1927

There Are Fish  -  -  Arnold Williams
Could I, I Certainly Could  -  F. C. Miller
Vanity's Savour  -  -  John De Roulet
Yeast Is Yeast  -  -  Bayard Kurth
The Passing Show  -  -  F. C. Miller
The Sea Maids (A Poem)  -  Prospero Image
"Speaking of fine tobaccos
—Have a Camel!"

MODERN smokers find in Camels a nicety of blending, a friendly cordiality of flavor, an inherent goodness that thrills from the first puff to the last. That is why Camels are the favorite of the present age. The warmth of golden sunlight or autumn fields gleams in their smoke. Camels are the modern expression of all that is the finest.

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And wherever modern smokers gather, wherever the conversation turns to tobacco, to the world's best, someone is sure to say: "Speaking of fine tobaccos . . . —Have a Camel!"

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GILBERT'S have anticipated your Spring clothing demands by stocking sweaters, suits, caps, topcoats, shoes, and ties, in the newest patterns.

Golfers will be glad to buy
RADIO CROWNS at forty cents
Welcome Guests of the Class of '27

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BEGINNING SUNDAY, MAY 8

THE BERT SMITH PLAYERS
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"ALL MIXED UP"

With ROY KINSLOW and the 12 CURZON GIRLS

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... This is Our 11th Year of Service
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Swimming
Hockey
Boxing
Debating
Dramatics

COMPLETE REPORTS IN
The South Bend
News-Times . . .

SOUTH BEND CLEARING HOUSE
BANKS

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SERVICE -- STABILITY
LEARN TO SAVE

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Most college men could pass a course in good style without cracking a book—they have an instinctive flair for appearing smartly groomed—without appearing fussily "dressed up."

We've majored in college style for a long time. We've studied the college man's discriminating tastes. That's why we're featuring

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CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

Livingston's
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SOUTH BEND
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MOTHER’S DAY
Sunday, May 8

Gifts for Her
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Jo-don all silk chiffon stockings, $1.50 pair
Beautiful new scarfs
Fragrant toiletries—compacts,
bath salts or perfumes
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The Home of Quality
We Do Our Own Baking

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Ready-made
And Cut to Order
ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

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Suits and Topcoats
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DR. FRANK J. POWERS
UNIVERSITY PHYSICIAN

IF YOU WANT TO LOOK WELL
VISIT THE
OLIVER HOTEL
BARBER SHOP

IN THE OLIVER HOTEL
The Basque

By Hickey-Freeman

Snug-fitting, but not cramping. Broad shouldered without appearing top-heavy. Smartly correct, but not over-styled. In short, a suit designed for the young in years —but also worn by the young in spirit.

That's the Basque by Hickey-Freeman. Carefully fashioned by hand to wear as well as it looks; to render more service with comfort than its same cost can buy anywhere.

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There is

Real College

Character in

These Clothes

That's the thing college men want—Clothes of Character. Well, fellows, they're here. Three buttons properly spaced; straight backs and coined lapels, in all new colors and weaves.

Notre Dame Jewelry and Novelties

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

ADLER BROTHERS

105-107-109 South Michigan St.  108 West Washington Avenue
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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 158, October 2, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men
"My candle burns at both ends;  
It will not last the night.  
But ah, my foes! and oh! my friends!  
It makes a lovely light."

Now there, by all that is unimportant,  
rests a lovely sentiment; one to which the  
men of 1927 will heartily subscribe. Miss  
Millay, who is one of our best living Amer­  
ican poets, (and who refuses to be downcast  
by that fact) must have been a senior in col­  
lege when she penned the carefree lines  
quoted above.

The point? Oh, yes! Well, if you insist  
upon a point in the above entertaining re­  
marks, here it is. The seniors are busy. Now  
if that isn't truly miraculous, and as such  
sufficiently important to talk about, then  
there's not a drop to drink in America.

Having filled that much space, it is now  
time for us to draw our diagram. You see,  
the seniors are burning their candles at both  
ends. There is, first of all, the inevitable  
thesis, fiendish requirement of an ogre-ish  
educational system. Said thesis is now in  
the moments of final retouching, which is  
a painful operation, for both the senior and  
the thesis. There is, secondly, the matter of  
elections. Politics is, while more fascinat­  
ing, also more exacting than thesis-writing.  
There is, thirdly, that little matter of the  
Ball, requiring endless financial manipula­  
tions beforehand, and ingenious financial ex­  
planations behindhand. (There's a word  
that should have been coined long ago. We  
never shirk responsibility, so we're doing it  
own.)

In addition to the little matters of thesis,  
Ball, and politics, there are other things too  
numerous to mention (Also, we can't think  
of them right now) occupying the attention  
of the men of the upper class. So that they  
are busy, very busy. This being proved, The  
Week begs pardon for ever having mention­  
ed it, and proceeds to other things.

There is a rule which The Week is going  
to suggest for observance during election  
time. That is, "Resolved, that none of the  
candidates for office may communicate with  
each other in any fashion during the time  
of their candidacy." Isn't that a sugges­  
tion? Think of the trouble the strict en­  
forcement of that law would prevent. Un­  
der such a ruling, the voters, who are really  
the goats of election time, could with safety  
assure each and every one of their bosom  
friends, "Sure, I'll vote for you! Glad to do  
it!" But as it now is, the man who is not  
running for an office lives in continuous  
mortal fear that his friends who are candi­  
dates will meet and compare notes. In which  
event—catastrophe! It has happened. The  
Week proposes this rule to the S. A. C. for  
consideration. It might provide the Council  
with something to do.

Another little matter. The Week has been  
requested to tender the hearty thanks of the  
student body to the construction company  
for installing the steam shovel in front of  
Washington Hall. Coming at a time when  
boredom is infesting the so-called students  
with its insidious poison, the mechanical  
dirt-eater is little short of a godsend. It  
serves admirably to pass away the time be­  
tween classes—and just a few minutes of the  
class to which the student is "wending his  
weary way." The management of the can­  
dy-store is also grateful. Purchasers, in­  
stead of cluttering up the tiny space, now  
take their between-meals-meal outside and  
stand in awed admiration before the shovel,  
comparing its mighty jaw-work with their  
own infinitesimal capacity. The Week sug­  
gests that the mighty mechanical mole be  
made a permanent fixture. It would be a  
worthwhile morale-raiser. So passeth—.

—J. A. B.
“DOWN THE LINE” RECORDED

The Notre Dame Glee Club was on the air last Thursday evening from eight till nine broadcasting from the Municipal pier, station WCLF, Chicago. Added features included the varsity quartette, tenor solo, banjoists and violinists. Thursday afternoon, at the request of the Brunswick-Balke Collender Company, the Club recorded “Down the Line” and one of the Latin Group. This is the first time that any of the University musical organizations has been invited by the Brunswick people, the invitation coming as a result of the Club’s success on their recent Eastern trip.

WINS STORY CONTEST

Cornell Woolrich, twenty-one years old and a resident of New York City, has been awarded the first prize of $10,000 for the best story submitted in the competition recently conducted by College Humor and First National Pictures. Both the established and unknown writer entered work on an equal footing, although the tyro especially was urged to enter. The contest closed February 1st, 1927, and thousands of manuscripts were considered.

BOY GUIDANCE CLASS ORGANIZES

At a recent special election of the Boy Guidance class of Notre Dame the following officers were elected to carry on the work of the class:

President, Lester Flewelling;
Vice-President, Peter Merlione;
Secretary-Treasurer, Charles Ducey.

The Boy Guidance department of the University is one of the three departments of the Graduate School. The other two are those of Secondary Education and Physical Education. The first class of Boy Guidance was graduated from the University in 1924 and at present there is a class in various large cities doing field work. This class will report back to the school at the beginning of the second semester. The present class will be graduated in 1928.

DONATE PATEN

The University is the recipient of a communion paten donated by Mr. and Mrs. Dockman of Baltimore in memory of their deceased son, William, a former student at the University. It is intended as an accompanying gift to the beautiful ciborium which has already been received. Mr. and Mrs. Dockman have another son, Karl, who is a present student and a resident of Walsh Hall.

JACHYM ELECTED CAPTAIN

Joe Jachym, of Westfield, Mass., Sophomore forward on this year’s Western Championship basketball team, was elected captain of next year’s basketball squad by the eight men awarded monograms this year. The election was held at a banquet given to the players in the Turkish room of the Oliver Hotel Monday evening, May 2. The members of the squad were provided with sweaters and gold basketballs by the Notre Dame Athletic association, and with monogram blankets by the News Times.

BAND CONCERTS SOON

There has been a recent announcement of a series of outdoor band concerts to be held May 18, 25 and June 3. The band will also be present at the Purdue game, May 14th, when the cheer leader for next year will be selected. Al Schlager, who will be remembered by the older men on the campus as Notre Dame’s premier cheer leader, will be present at the game to assist the committee in the selection. Mr. Schlager is at present connected with the Wurzer & Wurzer law firm of Detroit, the senior member of which is a Notre Dame Alumnus and a former president of the National Alumni Association. The band will also take part in the Memorial Day exercises.

EXCAVATION BEGUN

Ground was broken Wednesday morning on the steam tunnel designed to take care of the growth in the University. It is expected that the excavation across the quadrangle will be completed before Commencement.
PHILOSOPHY NUMBER REVIEWED IN COLLEGE PAPER

In the April issue of the Notre Dame News of Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ruth Scherger, '27, reviews the recent Philosophical Number of the SCHOLASTIC, and has this to say:

The "Philosophy Number" of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC, of the University of Notre Dame "undertaken without the guiding hand of precedent," according to an editorial note, is eloquent proof of the wholesome share philosophy has in the life of Notre Dame, and reflects creditably on the calibre and the scholarly achievements of her thinking men.

In "Philosophy," a scholarly article by C. C. M., we are given a general idea of the service of Philosophy. We read: "Science may give to man a grip on experience, and theology a grip on the supernatural, but it is left to philosophy to teach man how to get a grip on totality." Another quotation well worth noting is that a sound philosophy will give man "an insight into the basic unity and goodness, truth and beauty of the Universe of thought and of things and of man. Let him then join to this the illumination of Divine Faith, and he will see life rightly because he will see it whole."

"Philosophy and Science," by Charles Huntington Howard, M. A., stresses the perfect harmony between philosophy and science. Both strive for truth. The scientist broadens our meager knowledge of the universe and makes the forces of nature available for us so that we will have more time for the cultivation of the fine arts. The Philosopher offers us the means to attain the highest wisdom and to derive from life the greatest mental and spiritual satisfaction possible.

The salient feature of "Philosophy at Notre Dame," by George Kiener, is that "Throughout the history of human thought, the necessity for a science which gathers up the loose ends of information and attempts to unify them, has been felt. Philosophy essays to fill this need." The article further stresses the dependence of literature upon philosophy, inasmuch as "Literature as an art is but the concrete means for expressing in a pleasing way abstract truths of philosophical significance."

The relation between "Philosophy and Poetry," by Norman Johnson, holds up the Angel of the Schools, himself, as a fine exemplar of a combined poet and philosopher. As the philosopher "he places Truth upon her throne" and as poet he "crowns her with beauty."

In "The Critics of Scholasticism," John M. Rickord quotes Professor William Sheldon of Yale University, who says "that the democratic Protestant and especially the pragmatist hates the idea of authority." He answers the objection that Scholasticism is a dead issue since the Renaissance, thus, "The best answer to this argument seems to be the futility of the non-scholastic philosophies. Is there new knowledge about the fundamental principles of life still to be uncovered?"

The entire issue of the SCHOLASTIC is in accordance with the spirit existing at Notre Dame and we hold that the University can be justly proud of so excellent and timely a symposition.

JUDGE WOOTEN TO LECTURE AT CLIFF HAVEN, NEW YORK

Judge Dudley G. Wooten, of the College of Law, will not teach in the Summer School at the University this summer, but he has been engaged by the Board of Studies of the Catholic Summer School of America to deliver five lectures at Cliff Haven, New York, during the week of July 18-22. Also, he will deliver Commencement Addresses for two Catholic institutions at Buffalo and Cleveland early in June, and has accepted the invitation to deliver the public address before the National Catholic Educational Association at its annual convention in Detroit on June 29, in the Arcadia, the largest hall in that city.

Copies in pamphlet form of Dudley G. Wooten's articles in the Notre Dame Lawyer on "State and Church in Mexico," can be obtained from him at Notre Dame. They have been reprinted together for better reading and circulation.
A. C. P. A. PROCEEDINGS PUBLISHED

The "Proceedings of the Second Annual Meeting" of the American Catholic Philosophical association, which was held at Notre Dame December 28 and 29, 1926, has been published. It is a book of 105 pages, and contains the proceedings of the meetings and addresses by prominent men.

The membership of this society now numbers 330, and it is constantly growing. The next meeting, the program of which will be announced later, will be held at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., next Dec. 27-28.

CLASS LEADERS NAMED

Cletus Banwarth, Morrissey Hall, has been named valedictorian of the class of '27. William Coyne, Sorin, will deliver the class oration, and Lester Grady, Sorin, has been appointed class poet.

Banwarth is a Senior in Electrical Engineering, and is on the staff of the SCHOLASTIC.

Coyne is a Senior in A. B., was on the staff of the SCHOLASTIC last year, is a member of the debating team, and the Wranglers, and was the winner of the Breen Medal for oratory in his Junior year.

Grady has been editor-in-chief of the Juggler for two years, and is President of the Scribblers.

CHEMISTRY NEWS NOTES

Dr. E. G. Mahin of the Notre Dame Department of Chemistry was the speaker at a meeting of the Michigan State College Section of the American Chemical Society, held May 2 at Albion, Michigan. His lecture concerned metallurgy.

The Catalyst for April appeared on the campus this week. The editors are now at work on the Senior number of the magazine. The last issue of the year, following the usual custom, will contain the photographs of the graduates in chemistry.

The May meeting of the Student Chemists' Club will be combined with the regular meeting of the St. Joseph Valley Section of the American Chemical Society to be held May 25. Students will present the program.

UNIVERSITY TRUSTEE DIES

Solon Ismond Richardson, Jr., of Toledo, a trustee of the University, died suddenly Sunday morning at "The Cabins," his summer home at Grayling, Michigan. He was 63 years old.

Mr. Richardson was for nearly 40 years a leader in the glass industry of Toledo, and was an internationally known yachtsman. He was president of the Fifty Associates Company, a trustee of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, a director of the Commerce Guardian Trust and Savings Bank, and had many other industrial and business interests.

Funeral services were held at the home, 2051 Collingwood avenue, Toledo, Wednesday. The University was represented by Rev. L. J. Broughall, C. S. C.

Notre Dame extends its sympathy to the family.—R. I. P.

WRANGLERS ELECT NEW MEMBERS

Six new members were admitted to membership in the Wranglers Club last Tuesday night. They are: Walter Stanton, Louis Buckley, James Keating, James McShane, George Cowrey and Luther Swyger. All of these men with the exception of Swygert were reserves on the Varsity Debating Team this year. Mr. Swygert is a member of the Law School Debating Team and a finalist in the Law School's Oratorical Contest.

DATES FOR ORATORICAL CONTEST

The class oratorical contests will be held on the following days: Freshman contest, May 13th; Sophomore contest, May 16th; Junior contest, May 18th. Speeches must be original, and of ten minutes' duration. Winners of the contests will receive prizes of ten dollars in cash. Entrants must apply to Professor Frank Kelly of the Public Speaking Department.

In place of the Barry medal for Elocution there will be given a prize of twenty-five dollars known as the University Theatre Award. All classes are eligible and the speeches given must consist of an interpretation of some piece of elocutionary literature. Preliminaries will be held May 19-20, and the finals some time the following week.
K. OF C. DONATE TROPHY

The Notre Dame Council, number 1477 Knights of Columbus, is again donating a trophy for the South Bend Parish School that wins the indoor baseball league, which is conducted by the Boy Guidance of Notre Dame.

The league is held every year as a means of training for the Boy Guidance students of Notre Dame. This season nine schools are entered, who will play each other school one game. The first game was played last Monday and the season will close the last of May.

The Knights of Columbus at Notre Dame use this means of participating in Boys Work.

FRATERNITY HONORS BECKER

Dr. John J. Becker, head of the department of music of Notre Dame, who has gained recognition as a composer of the modern school, was honored Monday night at a dinner sponsored by the South Bend chapter of the Phi Delta Kappa fraternity.

The dinner was held in the Rotary room of the Oliver hotel. A feature was a musical program made up largely of compositions of Dr. Becker.

Fay B. Hostetler was the toastmaster. George Beamer, president of the local chapter of the fraternity, explained the ambition of the group to take its place as one of the civic organizations of South Bend. The dinner, he said, was one of its first projects. Mr. Beamer told his hearers that the fraternity felt that in honoring Dr. Becker, it was recognizing real musical ability.

The Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., director of studies at Notre Dame, spoke on behalf of the university. He spoke of ideals in general, and then praised Dr. Becker for setting up lofty ideals, and holding to them.

The last speaker was Dr. Becker himself. He discussed modern tendencies in music, and the merits and defects of jazz.

Rev. Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph's Hospital Tuesday morning. His condition is rapidly improving.

VISIT NATIONAL CAPITOL

Four members of the University faculty, Rev. Charles Miltner, C.S.C., Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, Rev. William Bolger, C.S.C., Mr. Roemer and Mr. Lester Pierce were in Washington, D. C., during the Easter vacation.

Fathers Miltner and Bolger, and Mr. Roemer attended a meeting of the Catholic Association For International Peace, a newly organized association. Father Miltner is a member of the executive committee. Father Bolger read a paper at the meeting which was very well received by the members.

The first preliminary meeting of the Catholic Association For International Peace was held at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago last summer, when a select group of men from many parts of the world who were interested in such a society were present. A second meeting held at Cleveland on October 3, 1926, resulted in the formation of the association whose object is the study of international relations.

Three committees have been appointed in addition to the executive committee: the Ethics Committee on International Relations, of which Father Miltner is a member; the Committee on the Sources of International Enmity, headed by Dr. Thomas Parker Moon of Columbia University; and the Committee on Means and Methods of Promoting Friendship, headed by Dr. Charles G. Fenwick.

Mr. Pierce read a paper to the convention of the Catholic and Diocesan School Superintendents of America on the subject of Boy Guidance.

Students interested in Babson Institute, the school that gives an intensive training in the fundamental laws of business, may meet Mr. Wm. R. Mattson, Assistant to the President, Wednesday, May 11, by appointment at the Oliver Hotel, South Bend.
WELCOME BACK, FATHER!

Rev. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., who has been touring Europe during the past four months, has returned to the University. While he was in Europe Father Walsh made a study of leading continental universities.

Notre Dame is glad to have Father Walsh home again. The University may expect that in the near future, under his energetic supervision, many advisable improvements will be made. Father Walsh must have found in the schools of Europe many suggestions for the betterment of Notre Dame.

The SCHOLASTIC is happy to welcome Father Walsh not only for the above reason but also because he is our respected friend and leader.—J. A. B.

THE BELLOWS PERIL

Only a newspaper man can fully understand what is meant by the “bellow” peril. If there is one business that all the world makes its own, it is the business of periodical publication. No slightest error, no most infinitesimal misunderstanding, can escape the eye (and the roaring comment) of the bellowing critic who reads that he may rant. It would seem that, to these men’s minds, a misplaced printed word is infinitely worse than a blasphemous spoken sentence.

Every newspaper man is only too well acquainted with the carping of the critics who seem to consider themselves divinely constituted to know better. One would think that publications have no rights of their own, and must seek permission from every nitwit before publishing the tiniest news item. People will do things publicly and openly, and then howl if information about their actions is printed.

If editors tried to foresee the interpretations which morons might put upon their writings, the press of the world would soon have for its leaders a mess of raving maniacs. Luckily, however, every newspaper man learns early in his career to disregard utterly the mutterings of the boobs who constitute the “bellow” peril.—J. A. B.

THE HORSEHIDE SCAVENGER

The babies have found a new way to act “goofy,” and they are making full use of the opportunity.

The baseball snitcher is who we mean—the vacuum tube who sits in the stands at a baseball game and pilfers every pellet that comes his way.

Maybe it’s the spirit of youth that causes such exhibitions. If so, let there be beards!

There is no necessity for eighth grade cuteness in the bleachers. Almost everyone has two bits which will admit him to a vaudeville performance. The amateur entertainers should save their tricks for the summer sofa sessions. The kid sister (if she’s under ten) will appreciate impromptu asinity, and even the best girl will excuse it—if she’s sufficiently in love. But at a baseball game the majority of spectators have graduated from grade school and are satisfied to watch the game.

So, laddies, we’d just as soon you wouldn’t.—J. A. B.

The fame of Notre Dame as a producer of dramatic talent, already well established through the successes of Harry McGuire, ’25, not to speak of the renown of such men as J. P. McEvoy, Allan Dwan and Charles Butterworth, is now spreading to Europe. Word has just been received that among this year’s Spring productions at the Art Theatre of Limerick, Ireland, Paul V. Harrington’s play “Light” is to be included. Mr Harrington, former editor of the Chemists’ Magazine The Catalyzer, was graduated from Notre Dame in 1926, and has since been pursuing his scientific studies at Boston Tech. His play “Light” was written here during his senior year and was originally published in the December, 1925, issue of Pan.
There Are Fish
And Some of Them Are Human

ARNOLD WILLIAMS

It flows through the west end of the city. Once, clear blue water filled it, but no longer. The fluid that washes its banks now is brownish and nearly opaque. Little patches of oil float here and there in its surface, their many colors contrasting strangely with the murky water beneath. Like jewels in a gutter. Now and then a bubble slowly breaks the surface and another filmy circle of oil spreads out. Rusty iron pipes and slime-covered concrete sewers pour forth their pollution into the stream. From it arises a sickening odor.

Lining the banks are innumerable buildings, some large, box-like affairs of drab red brick, some small, dingy, rotting frame structures. All house their tens, or hundreds, or thousands of slave-like toilers, daily doing their bit to make the great god of industry more powerful, and to keep a loaf of bread in the house. And a house to keep a loaf of bread in.

There are fish living in that brackish, scum-covered water that fills the little stream—not the kind of fish that one would take from the crystal depths of some lake, but dwarfed, yellow fish that can be seen occasionally as they come to the surface and flop. They put all their force into the flop, as though wishing to free themselves of their sordid surroundings. But they never get more than an inch above the surface. Always after a brief fraction of a minute they fall back in the water.

Day in and day out they swim in the restricted confines of the little stream. No novelty, no change. Except an occasional flop. Pathetic little fish.

People live in the factories that come up to the water’s edge. Strong men and women, strong with a kind of unhealthy strength. Not ruddy or zestful but quiet and passive—quiet with a monotonous kind of quiet. Just as the whining and grinding machines they tend are quiet, monotonously quiet because they are so monotonously whining and grinding. Not really noisy, for there is not the suddenness, the colorfulness, the discordancy of noise. There is not the startled reaction that noise produces. The sounds the machines make become expected and, if for an instant they stop, one feels that part of life has ceased, an arm or a leg has been chopped off or the heart has stopped beating.

Everlastingly tightening a certain set of nuts or pasting three by seven red labels on brown corrugated paper boxes or fashioning rockers for chairs, the fish that swim in these waters know no different. The same set of nuts to be tightened, the same labels on the same boxes, the same rockers—their life is only one word... same!

The factory is clean and bright. The workers are paid enough. The law compels that. Some even have community halls and recreational buildings. The law does not enjoin that, but it is good business, efficiency experts say, because it keeps the workers satisfied... satisfied with the eternal sameness of things.

"Imperial Envelope Factory" was blazoned over the door. Inside, feeding paper sheets into machines from which they come forth size 61/4 full gummed manila envelopes, are hundreds. Others inspect these envelopes, others pack them into shipping boxes. All work the regulation eight hours a day. Among them Nettie and Mom.
Mom after more than seven years in the factory, was a sort of forewoman. She had twenty girls under her, twenty girls that did the same work.

Nettie had been there only four years. She was young, only twenty. She worked in the shipping department, sorting out orders that came in from a thousand different dealers and agents in all parts of the country. Even from foreign countries.

Merwan and Co., Oshkosh, Wis., wanted 15,000 size 8½ white bond, No. 1437. Wilson, McFarland and Crecy, Frankfort, Ky., ordered 50,000 special pink, size 6¾, No. 3471-B. Link Chain Co., Little Rock, Ark., ordered . . . .

When she first came there she used to wonder what manner of man Mr. Merwan of Merwan and Co. was or if Wilson was fat or if Crecy chewed Mail Pouch like the foreman or what kind of a place Little Rock was. She had quit wondering after the first few months. It was no use. Wilson was not a person, a real live person, nor Crecy, nor any of the others. Not even the agent who signed WMF with all those little curlicues intrigued her any more. They were all of them machines, facts and figures to be card indexed, and numbered, thoroughly efficient and impersonal. They would go on ordering and re-ordering every month until . . . well, they would just keep on, that was all.

Today was Saturday. Just two more hours and then no more work until Monday. No more whirring, growling machines.

The time finally came. Pay day! There was no longer any thrill connected with it. The same check, the same ways in which the money would be spent. Long before Nettie or Mom received it they could accurately predict how it would go. So much for groceries, so much for clothes, so much for rent, so much for various collectors who came every week for payments on a bed or rocking chair, now past youth and approaching middle age yet not paid for,—yes, so much for amusement, for movies, and for chocolate marshmallow sundaes which Mom dearly adored as a luxury devoutly to be purchased and sacredly eaten.

More than a hundred more or less grimy and almost uniformly bedraggled-looking sons and daughters of toil who had burnt their day's incense before the great god of toils, incense that was their life-energy, crowded and jammed the street car that ran from the "B river district" to the downtown.

Still the conductor shrieked, "Move up in front. Plenty of room up in front." There was room in front—in front of the car, but not within it.

Grimy and sweaty, but good natured, for it was Saturday, they jostled one another. There was a perfect babel of noise, everyone talking with his neighbor and nobody hearing a thing. Mom seemed the very spirit of the crowd. Toil was written in the lines of her face, monotony in her stooped shoulders, happiness in the energy with which she repelled the rash invaders who jostled her or stepped on her toes, hope in her eyes, resignation in her drooping mouth. A perfect picture of conflicting colors was there. It was Saturday. A half holiday. Tomorrow was Sunday. The next day was Monday. Away from the shop and back again . . . same as always.

Nettie was reading the placards that lined the portion of the walls above the windows, placards that advertised food or garments, or any of a number of things desirable yet slightly unattainable. Luxuries. Her eye was caught by a display picture of a ham, red and savory, recently baked, decorated with cloves, its interior exposed in a huge cut by an unseen hand. "For Supper" the advertisement read. And the name of the manufacturer. The writers of such things appeal to the masses, the laboring man and woman to whom supper is supper and comes at the end of a long day of hard work. Nettie wondered why they couldn't have baked ham sometime.

It would take a whole ham, though, and that would be too expensive. Baked ham and have Gus over. No, it was out of the question. Perhaps they could get some baked ham sandwiches at the barbecue stand near home. They would be good for supper. Not as good as the real whole baked ham, though. Still, perhaps . . . .

Mom was remembering that she would have to pay the electric light bill while she
was downtown this afternoon. Two dollars and forty-five cents. It was terribly high this month. They would have to make out on less in the future. And the gas, too.

"Pine Street," called the conductor, and the car came to a stop with much jerking and grinding, making Nettie and Mom hold on to their straps tightly to avoid being thrown out.

It was a battle to make one's way from the middle of the tightly packed crowd to the door, for here they transferred to the car that would take them home—a battle from which Mom and Nettie emerged triumphant, even if a little battle-scarred. Nettie's hat had turned around in the melee so that the feather was now in the front instead of on the side where it belonged.

"I gotta go and pay the light bill," were Mom's first words of conversation on alighting safely on the side walk.

"All right, Mom. I'll go right home. We got any meat?"

"No. Stop and git some at Fisher's."

"Steak?"

"Git whatever you want, Nettie." It was the generosity and protectiveness of a mother reduced to its simplest form.

"All right, Mom."

Another twenty-five minutes of pushing and shoving followed, during which Nettie desired to "knock his block off" several times, "his block" referring to any of several returning laborers who unconsciously bumped her or trod on her feet or consciously winked at her.

"Gwan, wreck of the Hesperus," she did say once to a young man gaudily attired in checks and reeking with "Egyptian Passion" who rather too publicly called her "dearie."

"This ain't no park," she said decisively. Nettie was like that. The manner in which she used her compact, the result after she had used it, the shrieking perfume she used, the tilt at which she wore her hat all seemed to say "Come ahead."

And if you came, like as not, you were called "fresh" and a cop was called.

The fish in the pond swim about. Nothing new, always the same—oily, brownish, evil-smelling. Occasionally they came to the surface and flop. But they never get more than an inch above the surface. Pathetic fish! People on the bank are apt to pity them.

Two little rooms above Efroymonson's Shoe Store were what Nettie and Mom called home. The corridor that led from the landing of the rickety steps was always dark, even in midday a gas jet burned, but burned in vain. There was a window but the sign of the shoe store downstairs cut off the light that might have come through its almost opaque panes. The plaster hung down in patches . . . threatening to fall . . . but never falling . . . suspended motion. For many years the hall had not known paint. The only attempt to decorate it was a half dozen pictures done in water colors on manila wrapping paper by some amateur artist who had once inhabited within those walls.

Those four doors led into rooms, the homes of four families. On the right side the first door was that of old Mrs. Gillispie. She must be a hundred now. For twenty years she had been dying, but still lived. On the left was the Joneses. Mr. Jones was a railroad mechanic, when he worked. Also, he was addicted to drink. Mrs. Jones sobered him up when he came in, quarreled with him, forgave him, and sobered him up again, the next time he fell. The last room on the right was inhabited by a queer old gentleman of whom nothing was known save that he had seen better days.

The remaining room, of rooms (there were two) was that of Nettie and Mom. They had not always lived there, only since Pop died, eight years ago. There had been no insurance, and Pop had been an independent tinner owning his own shop, so his case was not covered by any workman's compensation laws. Nettie was only eleven, too little to work. So Mom moved in here. It had become a part of their life. Just like whirring machinery or crowded street cars.

Inside the door the incongruity of the furnishings hit one's eye. A red plush sofa which had been brought from a second hand dealer, a couple of straight chairs and two rockers of the style of 1905 with paper bottoms and wooden backs, a little table and
a folding bed, a framed marriage certificate, old and yellowing, hanging over the bed. Nettie’s diploma which she had received on graduation from the eighth grade, the school colors of Public School No. 41, cerise and pea green, draped across it. Mom was always proud of that. Nettie had an education, she would say. They had planned to send her to high school, too, but then Pop had died and money was scarce . . . .

Nettie had gone one year to high school—she couldn’t go to work until she was sixteen, because the state law forbade it. The pressure of life had long ago robbed her of anything she had learned, though. Latin verbs and algebra do not thrive in envelope factories.

The decorations of the room were completed by two flaming lithographs, one the picture of General Pershing with the legend “General John J. Pershing, leader of the American Expeditionary Forces” underneath it, the other a picture of what might have been a pretty girl had not the cheeks been too red, the eyes too blue, and the dress too green.

A Bible was on the table, also a photograph album, remnant of a past age, its celluloid splendor strangely out of place. There was a paper bound novel “Parted at the Altar” and a copy of “True Story.” Literature . . . . the literature of the moiling millions.

In the kitchen there was life. Nettie had just come in. She had not removed her hat yet. She wore no coat—not in July.

It was hot in the kitchen, hot and disorderly. The breakfast dishes had not been washed and still lay dirty in the sink. By the time Mom got home, Nettie would have dinner ready. Usually Mom got the meals, but Nettie could cook, too.

All their meals had a sameness about them. For dinner today they would have steak and potatoes, both fried. It took long time to roast or boil anything, and Nettie and Mom were usually tired as well as hungry. This was the standard supper also, but tonight they would have something different. Pork chops, maybe. Pork chops were a change.

Soon Mom had arrived. She looked tired and worn. Like a work horse that has pounded on the hard pavement of city streets all the day long. Mom always looked tired. It was perpetual with her. So did all her clothes, even when they were new. Tired!

There was a contrast between Mom and Nettie. And a similarity. Mom was old, at least she looked it. Nettie was young. Neither ever got far enough away from the cares of their humdrum life to be carefree or gay. Neither was often unhappy. The stamp of industry was on both of them. Branded.

“How much did you pay for this steak, Nettie?” were Mom’s first words after she had arrived.

“Twenty-eight cents, Mom. Gee there’s the hottest lookin’ fella that works in Fisher’s now. He—”

“Things is awful high. Seems like they ain’t never goin’—”

“He ast for a date, Mom.”

“Now, Nettie, don’t start runnin’ around with other fellas. What’s the matter with Gus?” Nothing was the matter with Gus? “He was “real cute” in Nettie’s estimation; he was her “steady.”

“Well, I didn’t give him one, Mom.”

And then after a little pause during which both thought over the merits of Gus, “Mom, we’re goin’ to Swansee tomorrow. In the afternoon and we’ll take our lunches.”

“Gus is a nice fella, Nettie. Him and you oughta—” This by way of approval. It was all right for Nettie to go to Swansee . . . . with Gus.

“He wants you to go along, Mom.”

“Now, Nettie, you know I don’t like to tag along. You young folks jest go ahead and have a good time. Don’t mind me.”

Mom was visibly pleased. A smile, wan and worn, played across her wrinkled face.

“Dinner’s ready,” suddenly announced Nettie amid a sizzling noise which denoted that she was taking up the steak. Then the potatoes which she dumped out on a slightly cracked dish. Both sat down. Mom took the bread from the box on the kitchen cabinet and cut a few slices.

Then the conversation returned to its former status.
You won’t be taggin’ along, Mom.”
So Mom consented to go.
There was marketing to be done that
afternoon. Cold ham to be bought for sand­
wiches, as well as pickles and all those oth­
ering things that are found in picnic lunches.
“Young people will have their times,”
mused Mom, “and it does a body good to
watch them.”

Standing on the shore one is apt to pity
the fish that swim in the brackish, scum-
covered water. But even the fish have their
diversions. Occasionally they swim up near
the surface and flop. Although they never
get more than an inch above the surface, it
is a break in the dread monotony of exist-
ance. Something new!

Gus was a mechanic. He made “swell
money” Mom would tell you. Big, bra­vany,
boyish, he was always meticulously clean
with a hard-scrubbed sort of cleanliness, his
face newly shaved and powdered with a
strong scented talcum, his hands, like huge
hams, pinkish white, nails broken and self-
manicured, clothed in a tight-fitting suit.

He had a Ford coupe, the pride of his
life, equipped with every imaginable kind of
device from a water pump to a trick cigare-
ette lighter. He always had his car running
in perfect order. Gus was a mechanic.

In the car the three, plus a basket, made
for Swansee, the amusement park where so
many people went on Sunday afternoon dur­
ing the summer.

The place was thronged with a hurrying.
excited rabble. Barkers barked, venders
cried their wares, “thrillers” rattled down
their swift decline, like noisy lightning, to
the staccato accompaniment of the shrill
cries of the occupants.

Like a surging, boiling river rushing on­
ward in a frantic haste, with its numerous
eddies and whirlpools and its driftwood and
leaves caught in the torrent was that crowd.
The millions of fish swam peacefully all
week and flopped on Sunday. Color and
noise was everywhere. Red and green, blare
and shouting; Flopping. And they loved it.
It was life. Hurly burly . . . . excitement

Nette and Gus and Mom were soon part
of the crowd, a small part like every other
part moving onward half blindly, stopping
every once in a while at some concession
stand where a tall, unshaven man with
strong lungs incessantly shouted, “Hot dogs,
get your hot dogs here! Hot dogs . . . .

The Skyrocket! They would go on it. It
was like the thriller only worse. It was
new—and Nette had been looking forward
to going on it all summer. Mom wouldn’t
go.

“That’s no place for an old body like me,”
she said.

“Hold on tight,” Gus was saying as they
embarked on the perilous voyage over its
hills and dales. “This is whole lots worse
than the thriller. No curves. Just straight
up and down.”

“I will,” Nette said as she affectionately
put one arm around Gus’ waist and placed
her other hand in his. She was secure.
Nothing should harm her while Gus held
her.

“All ready. Go.” They were off. Up one
steep incline and then down it with a pre­
cipitatedness and rapidity which took ones
breath away. It seemed as though the heart
would break or the lungs before it reached
bottom. Then up another and down before
any one caught his breath. Nette held on
to Gus. It was exciting . . . . mechanical
excitement.

They went on the “Old Mill.” It was dark
when the boats went through the “caverns”.
Lovers flocked there. It was dark. Gus
kissed Nette twice during the ride. Love!

Mom wouldn’t go on anything. “I’d rather
jest watch you young folks,” she would say.

The caterpillar, the scooter, the crazy-
house . . . . they took in everything.

They saw the zoo with the sickly and for­
lorn looking animals, purchased from cir­
cuses after they had no further use for
them. They were like the fish. Pathetic,
always pacing from one corner of the stage
to the other. Ever the same restricted
world. Only they never got to flop.

After that they ate supper.
“Grand” they were unanimous in pronouncing it.

Presently it was time to return. Sunday was gone. Tomorrow was Monday. Sunday with its pleasures was going, Monday with its toil coming. They would have to get home to bed for there was work tomorrow. Monday!

For a fraction of a second the fish appears above the water. Then he falls back in again and disappears. His flop is over.

“Could I, I Certainly Could”
A Short Short-Story
FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

NEWSPAPERMAN live in the atmosphere of pressure. They fight time... time, the perpetual enemy of the daily press. The city room is a hurly-burly, a riot of confusion, yet at the same moment a model of orderliness. The newspaper is a paradox. It is born in confusion and at the moment of birth becomes sedate and judicial. Editorials, written without forethought, become in print models of logic.

Dick Clayton had been with the Chronicle a week. About the most important assignment he had had so far was laboriously copying birth, divorce, and marriage notices out of the annals in the County Clerk’s office. He chaffed under this subjugation. It stripped him of his self-estimation. How could a man be expected to make good if he got no opportunities?

Clayton was a whispy, blond youth. He had blue eyes that dreamed, eyes that made love in an innocent but dangerous sort of way. In the week’s association at the Chronicle office he had assimilated some of the hectic initiative peculiar to the newspaper office.

He had heard, for instance, the City Editor yell for a copy-boy, and then call in the press foreman and composing room foreman in the same breath. He had learned, too, that 42 point black Gothic bannnered page one and that all drops were in Chelt italics. He learned that a “3” head was twelve to fifteen units a line single column.

Let it be known, further, that he had mastered the hunt and miss system of the typewriter and found out that adjectives had no place in a newspaperman’s vocabulary.

He worked on the morning edition. One evening as he was lounging at his typewriter the C. E. looked up and then glanced down at a yellow slip in his hand.

“Clayton,” he called, “An assignment for you. Polish celebration at St. Stanislaus. Cover it pretty big. We got a lot of subscribers out that way.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Clayton.

As he went out of the door the C. E. called him back.

“Clayton,” he smiled, “this is your first real assignment. I don’t know whether you know anything about Polish big times or not but sometimes they have liquid refreshment. So watch your stuff!”

Clayton promised to be cautious and went on his way.

The hours passed. Twelve o’clock came. The C. E. worked away at his desk. Finally the 1:30 edition began roaring from the presses in the basement below. The C. E. yawned. One might fancy one saw a smile flit across his face.

In a few moments the C. E. heard a step outside the door and in staggered Clayton. He waddled up to the C. E.’s desk.

“Have thas story for ya, chief. Sure had a wonerful time. Wonerful party.”

“All right,” grinned the C. E. “Punch it out.”

While Clayton tried unsuccessfully to massacre the keys of his typewriter the C. E., whose hair was a light grey around the temples, smiled and permitted his memory to reflect on the time when he covered his first Polish Blow out in the Bronx. He recalled a vivid parallel as he watched Clayton struggling with the “e’s” and “z’s” on his Oliver. From a nearby public dance hall the C. E. heard faintly the jazzy syncopations of “Could I, I Certainly Could.”
It was raining. Rain is cold, soft, damp-like rain. James Parker was sitting in the smoking car, thinking and smoking. He was coming out of the west like Haley's comet, coming into Chicago in a real plush smoker. Sparks, cinders, smoke, popcorn, peanuts, and crackerjack—all—all added to the impression of comets. Why? That is life! He scribbled a line of free verse on the sooty window pane—"footsteps on the sands of time."

The train pulled into the station—smoky, smokier, smokiest—in short, very smoky. Good Lord! Chicago streets! Dirty, dusty, grimy. James Parker felt depressed, scourged by the dust and grime. He felt like Francois Villon in the dirty streets of Paris. Would God that Chicago had—a Villon?—no, a street cleaner.

The sistine madonna behind a cigar counter in the depot. He loved her—he was lost. He could not speak—pour out his love. He felt poor, lowly, weak—like an airedale with distemper. The rain continued to rain. His heart beat. The sistine madonna sold another copy of "True Stories." (Note the short, terse sentences. I've heard that they increase tension.) "Don't!" cried James Parker. The madonna continued to chew her gum, and sold six Robert Burns panatelas.

"I love you!" screamed James. He rolled on the floor and penned a sonnet. Like Scipio before the gladiators he skipped.

"Have youse got a car?" muttered the madonna.

"No," James gasped and staggered out of the depot—hailed a cab—"the Blackstone, the stock yards, the Oak Street Beach" he pleaded and the stone walls echoed—"the Oak Street Beach." . . . And still the rain rained, the thunder thundered, and the lightning—well, we'll waive the lightning.

I love her, thought Jack (Van Vechten does not use quotation marks either) as he chanted "Vo do-do do do do de oh do do" or some other aria from L'Africane, and watched Chicago's sky scrapers, tall stone buildings—short brick buildings—what have you in the line of buildings—whiz by. I love her but—I can't tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet.

(Thousands of dashes, commas, exclamations, and odds and ends of the printer's craft.)

He was in her arms—her hair was soft, silky, hennaed, bobbed, blonde, curled, shingled, and her head was seventeen cubic centimeters in diameter—quite an everyday occurrence in Chicago. By the by, her shoes were size six, and one held E, and she had had sinus trouble when a mere child . . . .

"I can't marry you," he chortled as he kicked the cat, broke two vases and a mirror. "I have a widowed mother who died three years ago, an orphan sister, Anne by name (if you want to reach her call Maine 5508 and ask for Pete)—she was lured from home by a travelling man with a gold tooth. Ah, gold, gold, gold, gold-plated at any rate—Medusa eating gold apples; and the janitor is in a fashionable finishing school on Long Island. So you see, dear, I—I must keep the home fires burning." And he put a bullet in his brain.

"You should have taken it with a grain of salt" she giggled. "But after all, 'honesty is the best policy.'"

Honesty . . .
Joseph munched his salt cracker and drank his morning glass of warm water in which was dissolved his morning cake of yeast. He laid down his morning paper and picked up his Saturday Evening Post. Yes, there it was, and there was his picture too. Right there just like life, right in the upper hand corner of the big Fleischman's yeast ed. There was no doubt about it, and there was his letter too. At one time he (Joseph, of Portland, Oregon,) had been nervous and run down with tire tracks all over his face and body, but after taking his morning cake of yeast in warm water (which had been recommended to him by a friend) he had felt like a new man. Yes, that was it, all right. That was something of which to be proud.

But wait, what was that in the middle of the page. . . . Gee, she was beautiful. Those flashing black eyes, those stray sunbeams in her hair, in Portland too, and right in the middle of the page. . . . Gosh, she was a wonderful girl. He lay back reflectively for a moment. Yes, he would have a Camel. He lit one of R. J. Reynolds best efforts and lay back again. Gosh, she was a wonderful girl. . . . too wonderful for him, and in the same city, too. An idea slowly crept across his consciousness. He sat bold upright. Yes, he would do it. He would sit down right then and there to write her a letter . . . .

Mary munched on a piece of raisin bread toast, pulled her negligee a little closer around her, for it was a cool morning in early spring, and sipped her morning glass of warm water in which was dissolved her morning cake of yeast. She laid aside her morning paper and picked up her Saturday Evening Post. Yes, there it was, right in the center of the page. She sighed contentedly and pulled her negligee yet a trifle closer, for, as has been previously mentioned, it was a cool morning in early spring. Yes, she must be a pretty girl to have put that across. . . . it seemed almost too good to be true, yet there was her picture, just as vivid as the day it was taken on the beach in the warm sunlight. And there was her letter, too. She (Mary, Portland, Oregon) had been troubled by chronic digestive disorders, her complexion had been dull, she was nervous and run down, then a friend (God bless her) had recommended Fleischman's yeast. And now she was more beautiful than ever before. There it was, all right. That was something of which to be proud.

But wait, what was that in the upper right hand corner of the page? Gosh, he was handsome. That sturdy bronzed face, those steel gray eyes, in Portland, too, and right in the upper right hand corner, why, that must be one of the best positions on the page. She lay back reflectively for a moment and munched a second piece of raisin bread toast. Gee, wasn't he a handsome man. . . . much too handsome to be unattached. He was probably engaged, possibly married. She lay back again. . . . way off in a corner of her mind an idea slowly calling for her attention. She sat straight up. It seemed such a silly thing, but she would do it. She would sit down that very instant to write him a letter. . . .

There have been romances and romances, but none quite like theirs. None had ever loved quite so truly, none had ever been quite so happy. Nightly they dined together at quite little places where the lights were not too bright and the music not too insistent. He liked his coffee with one lump of sugar. She liked her coffee with one lump of sugar. He smoked Camels. She did so like to see a man smoke a cigarette. They were happy as they munched their evening cake of yeast together. It seemed like Heaven to them, nevertheless it was on this earth, and as earthly things have a habit of doing, it came to an end.

One afternoon a friend of Mary's remarked that she had seen Joseph walking with a pretty young woman down town. It
happened to be his sister, but Mary was unaware of this and it cast a faint shadow across her serenity.

That evening Joseph was to call for Mary at her house and take her to a dance. That evening his car broke down, he tinkered with it until it was far too late to come. In the meantime, as it grew late, Mary, like most mortals, unused to great happiness and suspicious, when it occurs, that it is suddenly to be snatched away, began to think of what she had heard in the morning. The more she considered it the surer she became that there was more to the story than she had heard. And as it grew yet later this thought crept into her mind. Perhaps Joseph had gone out with this other girl instead of with her. And as it grew yet later this thought grew into a conviction, and when Joseph phoned at twelve o'clock to explain, it seemed that he was merely trying to hide his guilt, and, without giving any reason, she said that she did not want to talk to him.

Joseph munched his salt crackers. He laid aside his morning paper and picked up an old Saturday Evening Post. He opened it to a certain page. Gosh, she was beautiful. He lay back reflectively for a moment, scarcely longer. He did not have a Camel, and he had not taken his morning glass of warm water in which was dissolved his morning cake of yeast.

Mary munched a piece of raisin bread toast, pulled her negligee a little closer about her, for it was a cold, rainy, morning in April, laid aside her morning paper, picked up an old copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and opened it to a certain page. Gosh, he was handsome. She lay back reflectively for a moment, scarcely longer. She did not munch on a second piece of raisin bread toast and she had not taken her morning glass of warm water in which was dissolved her morning cake of yeast.

The Passing Show
An Estimate of the Reality of Realism.
FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

FICTION, whether realism or romanticism, whether primarily good or essentially faulty, is never an accurate progressive photograph of life. At best fiction is a caricature, a cartoon, where the complexes of life are stretched on the gibbet of the imagination.

The "love story," or any story in which love forms the mainbeam of the narration, is the nearest approach to realism in the literal sense. Love, although most mysterious of the emotions, is comparatively easy to deal with in a story. It is intangible and therefore not so easily misconstrued in fiction. The passions of anger, remorse, revenge, hate, are all defiant of interpretation. The fictional character may frown, he may beat his breast, he may gnash his teeth, which is very well, and the writer may put that down; but when he turns from the material to the psychological the author wavers. The mental reaction back of exterior revelation is difficult to make clear.

We are given to over-reading. It has trained us to ignore the passing show of life, the shimmering circus that day by day parades gorgeously through our mind. We would rather taste life's second hand in the dry pages of a novel. In a sense we are uncreative critics who have no original thoughts and choose only to tear to bits the vapid concoctions of others. Critics have no lasting fame.

It is pitiable that literary slavery, literary hod carrying, should be the dismal task that it is. For the critic, the thinker in values, there is no niche in the hall of genius. He is a judge, not a friend. He can not associate with the jury or the prisoners; he is a man apart.

I read an interesting comment on Brander Matthews recently to something of the same point. The writer said that "Matthews will die fighting and he will die with the respect of the younger generation, for his sincerity is undoubted and in spite of criticism the younger men revere sincerity. But he will not be taken seriously, since he never possessed any value as a constructive thinker. His literary animosities rather reveal this
deficiency. The tocsin of revolt peals in the streets of the mind as he rushes forth; but he is neither trampled upon or thrust aside by the impatient youngsters who follow the alarm of that bell. They merely dart past him and far up the street. Farther than Professor Matthews eyesight carries, he may hear the shouting of the young warriors."

Brander Matthews is a teacher and a scholar first, and a critic as a natural consequence. Whatever death may leave him as a heritage will be earned by plenty of perspiration.

People are curious. From the cradle to the grave they have a constantly changing personality, often altered by environment and associations, but more frequently changed by the stagnation or germation of themselves. Men laugh when they are not joyous, they weep when they feel great happiness. So, for the fictionist, delineation of acts is a poor cinema of mental reaction.

Someday someone will write a novel that will be hailed as the apex of realism. But it will only be a muddy picture of a country road. The characters will tumble along in an entanglement for a while and then crawl out. That is what they call realism.

This leads one to think, along with William McFee, that fiction to be meritorious ought to be reporting, without a meager pretence at being analytical.

A. S. M. Hitchison is a fine example of the experimenter. His synthesis of life in If Winter Comes, and a little later on in This Freedom, fortifies the fact that he is a good artist. He is majestic as long as he is not elegant. Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt was a mistake, his Elmer Gantry is the colossal blunder of a further misguidance in judgment. Lewis claims realism; he has only painted an atrocious, insipid, immoral cartoon. Lewis claims interpretation of life; he is only a clown interpreting a few tricks.

One may pluck many flowers from the window box. They are of profuse shapes, colours, and varieties, yet they are all beautiful. There are wide vistas between a violet and a rose. But who will think the less of the low blooming beauty for the thorny proud one?

To cry down fiction is folly. Fiction was early in the development of civilization. But fiction is, for all its yellow cover, a dry thing. It reeks of being handled, it is already rotting like a vegetable.

Life itself is far too vivid to shape into words. We can not define life, we can not express it. Life is too deep to be put on paper, too still and powerful to know limits. We can live it, we can know it, we can associate with it, but we can not say: "Now this is what it is all about!" Impossible.

Hugh Walpole is a prolific and polished writer. For years his novels and stories have poured from his typewriter with no seeming sag in vitality. Here is a quotation from The Crystal Box that is fairly sparkling:

"Like Thanet, in my story, I can not remember a time when I had not a library. I learned to read at a very late age—I was eight at least before I mastered the intricacies of 'Stumps,' my earliest love—but long before I could actually read I carried books about with me, fingering the smooth gentle leaves and scrawling pencil marks all over their pages.

"My first deliberate conception of a collection of books was, I think, in about my tenth year when a kind godfather asked me to London to stay with him for a week at Christmas time. A queer murky candle-greasy kind of London it seemed to me, I remember. My godfather had a church near the Tower and I used to fancy as I lay in bed that I could hear the waters of the Thames swishing up against the walls of our rectory that the Beefeaters of the Tower all crimson in their coats rowed up and down the river searching for prisoners. I went in that week with my godfather's cook to my first Pantomine and saw Dan Leno in 'Dick Whittington,' and all the house rocked up and down because he had taken a drop too much. I was taken to hear Corney Grain and I laughed until I burst two trouser buttons and went home in an omnibus with one hand on my side and a feeling of gross indecency in my heart."

Autobiography is the only realism. Why do authors persist in worshipping the clay image of realism in the fruits of mediocrity and flabby imaginative power?
The Sea Maids

Three pale maids rose up from the sea
And turned their cold slant eyes on me.

They were like three sea flowers there
With coral lips and long green hair.

The wave broke round them like white lace,
And bright drops fell on arm and face.

Their slender bodies were soft white,
Like marble in the sea's green light.

They beckoned me with their wan hands,
But I was safe upon the sands,
And stood there stolid as a rock.

Across their eyes each drew a lock
Of emerald hair, and then they sang
With blinded eyes a song that rang
Across the jade waves like a bell
A-swinging in some drowned hell.

It froze my brain with icy dread,
And strange wild fancies racked my head;

I saw myself laid in their arms
And lulled to sleep with chanted charms,

And thrown down in the sea alone
To waste away to whited bone—

Yet all my body cried to go,
(Oh, but the bell called full and slow.)

I longed to kiss the coral pink
Of their strange lips and with them sink

Beneath the waves that leaped up high—
Forgetting the sand and the sky.

But my cold mind did stay my feet,
And turning I ran swift and fleet

Along the shore line etched with spray
Until their singing died away.

—PROSPERO IMAGE.
Irish Trim Mountaineers Twice, 10-9—8-6

Displaying the same clever brand of "heads-up" baseball which has characterized their play in every game thus far this season, Coach Tommy Mills' aggregation of Irish ball-tossers inaugurated their home stand last Saturday afternoon on their own diamonds in rather edifying manner, by administering a pair of decisive set-backs to the husky Mountaineer outfit from West Virginia. The scores for both tilts were 10-9 and 8-6 respectively, which more than indicate by their closeness, that the Celts had an extremely tough proposition on their hands to subdue their scrappy visitors.

The under-dogs for the major portions of both battles, the Irish tossers came from behind in the latter stages of each conflict to cop the final verdict, both times, and by a singular coincidence it was eighth inning rallies in each engagement which accomplished these very favorable results for Notre Dame.

Of the quartet of pitchers who were trotted out to start the games, only one, Bernie Abbott of the home clan, was able to survive the base-hit bombardment which eventually greeted his slants, and to last the whole route. In justice to the pitchers though, it must be stated that miscues by their mates behind them paved the way for their ultimate exits in favor of relief hurlers.

Timely hitting when hits meant runs, coupled with errors of both commission and omission at various times, were the main factors involved in the production of runs by both teams. On the whole though, both combinations put up a snappy game afield, in spite of the rather numerous bobbles.

Captain Red Smith of the Irish was the soul of the Blue and Gold attack, hammering out no less than five hits during the course of the afternoon's festivities in ten official times at bat. Included in this quintet of blows by the Red headed mauler were a two-bagger and a triple, both of which came at critical moments.

West Virginia drew first blood in the opening engagement when Harrick stopped one of Walsh's fast ones in the ribs, and scored all the way from first a moment later when Niemic tossed Breneman's roller over Coleric's head. The Irish assumed a short lead in their half of the same stanza when an error, a base-on-balls and hits by Schrall and Niemic sent a pair of runs chasing across the counting block.

The Mountaineers hopped on Walsh in the third round and under a barrage of four hits, with several home errors thrown in to help the cause along, increased their total to six, before the side was retired.

Coach Mills' nine began overhauling their opponents again in the sixth session, creeping up to within two runs of their visitors, in sending a pair of markers across the counting block by virtue of Smith's double, O'Boyle's sacrifice fly, Schrall's Texas-leaguer to center, and an error by Morrison, to bring the home total to four. The Mountaineers came right back to assume their former lead once more in the very next inning, their "lucky session" driving Walsh from the mound and necessitating the advent of Jachym in the role of a relief hurler. Jachym effectively put the brakes on the Celtic guests for the remainder of the game.

Things looked kind of dark for Notre Dame until the eighth inning when the Irish sent Lopinski, the visiting pitcher who had pitched creditable ball up to this point, to the showers under a savage bombardment of base hits, interspersed with a hit batsman, and a sacrifice fly which all told were instrumental in giving Coach Mills' proteges a one run lead at the start of the final frame. Scarcely had the fans settled back in their seats however, after this sensational
rally, when Phillips, West Virginia third baseman, assumed the hero roll by sending one of Jachym's fast breaking curves away out in centerfield for a free, unmolested trip around the sacks, incidentally tying the score.

Notre Dame came back in her half of the same session and emerged on top of the heap when Jachym won his own ball game by scoring Serrall from third with a clean single to left. The Notre Dame shortstop was perched on the hot cushion by virtue of being hit by a pitched ball, and advanced along by a sacrifice and an infield hit respectively.

West Virginia lost no time in getting down to earnest business upon the slants of Abbrott the Celtic hurler in the night-cap, and again opened the scoring, this time in the very first inning by touching the home pitcher for a brace of runs on Phillips' base on balls, Hodge's single, and Morrison's double.

The Mountaineers increased this lead to six in the next two rounds as a direct result of a trio of one-basers, two free tickets to first, a balk and several Celtic errors. Abbrott tightened up after this last tally though, and losing his stage fright, pitched masterful ball the remaining innings to hold his opponents in complete check the rest of the way. Meanwhile, Notre Dame after scoring a single marker off Harsanyi in the second seemed to be completely curved to death by the stocky Mountaineer pitcher until the sixth, when they at last solved his deliveries for two runs. Moore doubled to inaugurate this inning. Smith brought him home with a clean smack to left, and the Irish captain himself scored when Schrall met one of Harsanyi's offerings on the nose for a screaming triple to center.

The visiting pitcher was greeted with a tattoo of base-hits in the eighth again when Niemic inaugurated the new assault by belting a one-baser to left field, took second on the overthrow, and third on Coleric's rap to the same place, and scored ahead of his mate on Abbrott's sharp crack to center. Incidentally, Notre Dame's lanky first baseman exhibited some nifty base-running to count. An alien error, Sullivan's Texas-Leaguer to short right filled the hassocks once more and put the issue squarely up to Red Smith. The Irish captain came through with a clean rap, and Abbrott and Sullivan trotted across home plate with the winning runs for Notre Dame as Abbrott completely baffled the Mountaineers their last frame.

The efforts of Red Smith, Leo Schrall, and Joe Sullivan were consistently brilliant throughout both games, while the performances of Abbrott, Jachym, and Walsh also deserve praise. The remainder of the Irish performers were not far behind these teammates in contributing to the final verdicts in favor of their school.

Harsanyi, Hodges and Morrison, were the main cogs in the West Virginia machine.

—J. V. H.

BLUE AND GOLD TRACKSTERS
DO WELL AT PENN.-DRAKE MEET

Notre Dame trackmen held their own with the best of the universities and college scan-ticlads in the two major relay meets of the year, the Pennsylvania and Drake Relays, Saturday.

The champion quarter mile relay team, suffering from injuries to one of the star baton-carriers, finished fourth in its favorite event at the Penn Relays. Pennsylvania, Syracuse and Penn State breasted the tape ahead of the Irish, the first named team winning its section handily to equal the unofficial world mark of :41.6.

First in their own section, the Irish were not pushed so much as they might have been and the three teams who ran in the first section placed in the prize positions. Too, Jack Elder, to whose efforts much of the credit for the tying of the world record a week ago at Kansas goes, was suffering from an injured leg and could not step at his highest pace.

In the Drake games the mile team and the medley four showed to advantage. The mile team, composed of McGauley, McDonald, Lahey and Quigley, finished third in its section after it had driven Iowa and Indiana to the tape in a terrific finish. The finish was exceptionally close and Iowa won the event but the best place the Irish could get out of it was fifth.
Not a tongue-bite in a ton of it!

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