1872--1927

Stories

Anachronism and the Beef-Steak  -  Lyle Maloney
Human . . . or Just Divine? - -  F. C. Miller

Articles

Henry James, Expatriate - - - Richard Elpers
Noise - - - - - - Leo R. McIntyre
In Defense of Fiction Reading - - Jack Mullen

Poems

The Singing Girls - - - - Prospero Image
I Like - - - - - The Sentimental Pup

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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 5, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men
Friday the thirteenth? Yes, and it appears that it will be a very lucky evening for the seniors who choose to dance to the rhythm of Ted Weem's orchestra. Perhaps it will be rather an unusual evening for those who have to remain on the campus but Father Carey has taken care of that in part at least by the presentation of the movie, "The Music Master." We haven't seen the picture but we have heard Weems several times and from the outlook there will be two music masters furnishing the entertainment on the campus and at the ball room. There is just a slight suspicion that the girls who attend the Ball this year will never again look upon Friday the thirteenth with skeptical eyes.

Now that the elections are over and the officers of the classes for next year are ready to do most anything to evade the campus spotlight we feel that another successful year for the student body can be recorded. Frank Doan and Tom Hughes are already preparing for the Dome of '28. Les Grady announces an attractive poster cover by Harrington for his Commencement Number of the Juggler and the men on the campus continue to ask "When's the Dome coming out?" Of course this all ready means nothing, except that everything is just as it should be.

After several months of preparation, the Notre Dame Anthology became a reality on the campus last night. The book should be considered from the angle of a college publication edited and written by college men. The printing was handled by Hibberd of South Bend and we could suggest that when Mr. Hibbert tires of the printers ink he should by all means consider the publication field. Columbia University and a few other universities have published compilations of undergraduate and graduate work and the step Notre Dame has taken in this literary field should be of conversational merit. A Notre Dame anthology on the library table at home will convey the message that our pastimes carry us into many fields of endeavor, some of which are productive of enduring thoughts.

The golf team has been holding up under some of the strongest competition possible. Northwestern, with one of the finest university teams in the country, fell some weeks ago and from all reports success has followed every match since. On Cartier Field the baseball team has been playing ball that displays the exceptional training Coach Mills has been able to give. The pitching staff is the strongest in years and the supporting infield and outfield would make any battery confident of victory. The win over Illinois was the most remarkable feature of the schedule so far. The Illini have been leading the Big Ten consistently this Spring and our victory proves that at least we rate well in the Middle West.

The annual rush for rooms and low numbers seems to be the usual thing again. So-rin could easily be written up as the hall where a room has never been vacant. At least not in many years. The new ruling on the campus refectory will not effect the halls much for the cry now appears to be that Notre Dame will be famous for its food. From the outlook of things at the new building the only possible thing that could come out of the new dining room will be exceptional food. And as Napoleon said, an army marches on its stomach but the shoe manufacturers continue to make fortunes.

—W. H. L.
NOVEL DECORATION AT BALL

One of the novel features of the Senior Ball held in the Palais Royal, Friday, May 13, was the decorating scheme worked up by the George P. Johnson Decorating Co. of Detroit, Mich. Working out a futuristic scheme that turned the ball room into a gay phantasy of color, the decorations created a genuine twentieth century atmosphere. Cleverly placed lighting effects and impressionistic trappings transported the dancers into the world to come and ably helped them to forget present cares. The Johnson Co. was the creator of the Submarine Scene for the recent Cornell Hop.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE MEETS

The Notre Dame Academy of Science held the first regular meeting for the month in Science Hall Monday evening, May 9. Three papers were presented by student members. John Foley discussed "Science and Health," with special reference to late studies in dietetics. V. J. Boisvert reviewed events of importance in the scientific world. S. A. Romano concluded the program with a paper on "The Physiological Uses of Inorganic Salts." He pointed out eight vital uses of these salts, explaining and describing each.

The Academy will hold the last meeting of the year next Monday, May 16.

FETED AT BANQUET

The Notre Dame football team was honored Wednesday evening at a banquet given by O. A. Clark in the Clark banquet hall, at which ninety persons, including students, faculty and representatives, and athletes were present.

Knute K. Rockne delivered an address in which he paid tribute to the departing gridmen and outlined plans for next season's schedule.

Among the honor guests at the banquet were George Keogan, coach of the western championship basketball team; Tommy Mills, baseball coach; Hunk Anderson, assistant to Rockne, Rev. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., of the physical education department; Paul Castner, former great Notre Dame fullback, and Arthur Haley, business manager of the athletic office.

The following men, who will graduate in June, were present: Richard Smith, Harry O'Boyle, John Wallace, Joseph Maxwell, Joseph Boland, Tom Byrne, Bud Boeringer, Ray Marelli, John McMannon, Gene Edwards, Vincent McNally, Tom Hearden and Harold McCabe.

BEAT BRADLEY TECH

Ed Walsh, pitcher for the Irish nine which has been mopping up the midwest this season, did double duty Wednesday afternoon by not only pitching airtight ball, but by being responsible for two of the four runs which brought Notre Dame victory in the tenth inning over Bradley Tech, 4 to 3.

It was not until the fifth inning, when Ed Walsh got tired waiting, that the Irish were able to touch Metzger, the opposing flinger. But in that fifth frame Walsh snapped out a single, got second on the centerfielder's juggling act, took third on Yore's sacrifice and came home when Joe Sullivan singled.

Then Dan Moore walked, and he and Sullivan moved up one on the first baseman's error. A squeeze play brought Sullivan home, and Moore rambled over the rubber on the first baseman's wild throw.

Then Bradley Tech started. An inning later, just like that, they procured three runs by mysterious and devious manipulations of bats and legs.

The thing stayed right there 3-3, until Walsh got tired waiting for the second time. That was in the third inning, and the result was Walsh's admirable single which brought Niemic over for the winning run.

The Notre Dame team put up a great exhibition, giving Walsh splendid support throughout. The visitors also played good ball, although they had six errors chalked up against them. When they were in a pinch, they came through with the needed bit of fast play.

The four-sacker which Gingrich put over Harry O'Boyle's head was a mighty wallop for any diamond anywhere.
SANTA MARIA APPEARS

The April issue of The Santa Maria, the organ of Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, has made its appearance on the campus. The contents of the April number include articles by Hugh A. O'Donnell, Harry A. McGuire, Vincent D. Engels, J. A. Breig, Grand Knight Robert Irniger, Lecturer Howard V. Phalin, and seven departments, the work of editor W. W. Smith and associate editor Leo R. McIntyre.

A TRIBUTE TO NOTRE DAME

A striking manifestation of the popularity of Notre Dame in outside circles was made Sunday evening in Chicago, during the banquet of the Chicago Society, at the Congress Hotel. The Chicago Society, an organization of Polish-American professional and business men, was celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of its foundation, and the speaker of the evening was Prof. Charles Phillips of the English Department of Notre Dame. The activities of the evening were greatly enlivened by the leadership of Mr. John Poshaski of Detroit, a few years ago one of the most famous of Ann Arbor's football cheerleaders.

When Mr. Phillips had concluded his address, he was paid the tribute of a standing ovation from the audience. But this was only the beginning of what turned out to be a genuine Notre Dame demonstration. For the famous U. of M. cheerleader suddenly appearing in the gallery, shouted, "Now let's give 'em the Victory March!" and the six hundred men and women led by the orchestra, broke out into the N. D. Song with a gusto and power that made the decorations of the Gold Room shake.

"The curious part about it all," Mr. Phillips reports, "is that they knew our N. D. song perfectly. But perhaps that is not so strange after all. The Glee Club, with its popular gramophone records, has made the song known from one end of the country to the other. Besides, those Poles up in Chicago are certainly boosters for our football team."

PATRONS and PATRONESSES OF THE SENIOR BALL

Hon. & Mrs. Dudley G. Wooten.
Dean & Mrs. Thomas F. Konop.
Dr. & Mrs. John M. Cooney.
Prof. & Mrs. Joseph O. Plante.
Dean Charles E. McCarthy
Prof. Paul I. Fenlon.
Prof. Charles Phillips.
Prof. Clarence A. Manion.
Mr. John M. Whitman.

RESULTS OF CLASS ELECTIONS

The final results of the class elections held last week are:

Senior Class Officers:
President—John Frederick
Vice-Pres.—Howard Phalin
Secretary—Louis Buckley
Treasurer—Joe Griffin

Senior Class S.A.C. Representatives:
School of Arts and Letters—Dorotheus Meinert
School of Commerce—William Leahy
School of Law—Protested
School of Science—Andrew Romano
School of Engineering—Lous Carr
Off-Campus—Jerome DeClercq

Junior Class Officers:
President—William Krieg
Vice-Pres.—James Brady
Secretary—James Bray
Treasurer—Butler

Junior Class S.A.C. Representatives:
Two Year—Joseph Jachym—Frederick Miller
One Year—John Law

Sophomore Class Officers:
President—Clarence Donovan
Vice-Pres.—O'Malley
Secretary—William Dew
Treasurer—D. A. Welchons

Sophomore Class S.A.C. Representative:
Donoghue, Richard.
K. OF C. PICNIC SOON

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, held its regular semi-monthly meeting Tuesday evening, May 10, in the Council's chambers in the basement of Walsh Hall. Grand Knight Robert Irmiger presided.

Subsequent to the disposal of routine matters, Lecturer Howard V. Phalin announced from the chair that all members of the Council desirous of attending the Council's annual picnic at Lake Christiana, Michigan, May 19, should submit their names to Chancellor Thomas E. O'Connor, 311 Walsh Hall. The day of the picnic busses will commence to convey the picnickers to the Lake at 10:30 A. M. Luncheon and dinner will be served at 1 and 6 o'clock respectively.

"Big John" McManmon is All-American chairman of the picnic festivities. "Big John" guarantees that Thursday, May 19, will be "the day of days" for the picnickers. He requests the picnickers to take with them, if they so desire, roller skates, kites and bathing suits; baseball equipment will be supplied by the picnic committee.

"Jack" Carr and his K. of C. orchestra played at Tuesday night's meeting. Ice cream and cake, too, caused the minutes to flit by pleasantly. Father Gallagher closed the meeting with prayer at 9:30.

STORY CONTEST IN PROGRESS

The second Catholic short story contest, conducted by a syndicate of Catholic newspapers in the United States and Canada, is now in progress. Altogether $2,500 has been appropriated by these newspapers to be awarded as prizes to the winners of the contest.

According to the rules, stories may be as short as is desired, but must not be over 2,500 words. They must be typed, and half the first page must be left blank, except for the name and address of the writer in the upper left-hand corner, along with the number of words in the story.

The prizes range from first, which is $200, downward. Full particulars of the contest can be obtained from any of the newspapers in the syndicate. No closing date for the contest has as yet been announced.

GLEE CLUB BROADCASTS

Thursday morning, May 5, twenty-eight members of the Notre Dame Glee Club travelled to Chicago to record for the Brunswick-Balke Collender Company under the direction of Joseph J. Casasanta. Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., accompanied the club on its trip.

Two years ago the Notre Dame Glee Club in conjunction with the Band recorded for the Victor Company. The numbers chosen at that time were: "Hike, Notre Dame" by Casasanta, and "The Victory March" by Shea. The debut of the Notre Dame organization was most successful, the sale of records exceeding the highest quotas established by the recorders.

On Thursday evening the club broadcasted from Station WCFL, operated by the Brunswick-Balke Collender Company, between eight and nine o'clock Daylight Saving time. This period during which recording artists are put on the air is termed "The Brunswick Hour." The full program was given, including ensemble numbers, solos by A. J. Kopecky, violin selections by Cecil Alexander, Negro Spirituals by the Varsity Quartette, and popular numbers by the Banjo Boys, Cate and Staudt.

The personnel of those making the trip was as follows:


Second Tenori—W. Irvin Corcoran, James Harrigan, Phillip Lopresti, Terrence O'Malley, Frederick Pfortner, Jack Reidy, and Charles Shelanskey.

First Bassi—Paul Brady, Vincent Ducey, Frank Hagenbarth, Thomas Hart, Robert Kirby, Roland Schlager, and Fred Wagner.


Assisting Members—Cecil Alexander, Bill Cate, and Zeno Staudt.

—C.S.
GRID TICKETS AHOY

J. Arthur Halley, business manager of athletics at the University, has announced the method to be used by students and others who wish to secure extra tickets to next season’s grid contests for their families and friends. According to Mr. Haley the annual rush will commence August fifteenth. On that date the filing of application will start. However, the names of those who desire to make applications for cardboards should be sent in at any time before that date and the application envelopes will be sent to them in time to have them returned to the Athletic office by the fifteenth.

With two big games to be played at home next year this announcement is of added importance to students. It is expected at this time that the Minnesota game will be a complete sell out at least a month before the game and the Southern California pasteboards will no doubt be rara avis some weeks before the big tilt that is to be held in Soldiers Field, Chicago.

Students wishing to have application envelopes sent to friends should send the names of such persons to the Athletic Association sometime before August 15. They can be sent after that date but of course the old rule of “first come, first served” is law, so these tips should be followed.

The student admissions will be taken care of in the usual manner through the media of the traditional “student athletic book.” This announcement is meant only to aid those who desire additional tickets for members of their family or for friends.

EDITs SEAFARING ANNOALS

John H. Van Deventer, Jr., formerly of Notre Dame and now a student on the College Cruse Round the World, the first “University Afloat” has been appointed to the Literary Board of the “Magellan,” the year book of the college.

Van Deventer’s home is in Yonkers, N. Y., 12 Phillips Place.

The year book is to contain pictures of the college in all parts of the world, and is said to be a distinct innovation in college annuals.

JOURNALISTS TO PUBLISH NEWS-TIMES

Members of the School of Journalism, through the courtesy of Mr. Stanley B. Whipple, editor of the News-Times, will publish two issues of that paper next week. They will be the Monday evening and Tuesday morning editions.

The publication of these editions, the first attempt of its kind undertaken by Notre Dame students, will follow a plan which has for some time been under the consideration of Mr. Whipple and Professor John M. Cooney, head of the School of Journalism. The Press Club is offering its co-operation in the project.

In producing the paper, the journalists will take over for a day the jobs regularly held by the editorial staff of the News-Times. The staff will assist and supervise, but the students will do most of the actual work, including feature-writing, editorial-writing, copy-reading, editing, and reporting. It will be an excellent opportunity for students to put to practical use the principles they have learned in class.

DONATES MEDICAL LIBRARY

Father B. H. B. Lange, C.S.C., Professor of Osteology and Comparative Anatomy in the College of Science, has donated his personal library to that college of the University. Father Lange’s library is valued at several thousands of dollars and is one of the most complete and modern collections of medical and surgical works in the state. It contains also many very valuable older editions of books on these subjects, as well as volumes on other branches of science. This collection, together with the books gathered by the late Father Alexander Kirsch and the present Dean Wenninger and Doctor Albertson, makes the library of the College of Science one of the best in Indiana.

SORRY!

Cletus S. Banwarth, valedictorian for 1927, is in the College of Science, and not, as was stated in our last issue, in the College of Engineering.
OLDEST ALUMNUS DIES

Final services for Rev. John R. Dinnen, aged 83, the oldest alumnus of Notre Dame, and one of the most prominent Catholic clergymen in Indiana, who died at Lafayette, Ind., Monday morning, were conducted Thursday morning in St. Mary’s church, of which he was pastor for 33 years.

Father Dinnen taught bookkeeping and penmanship at Notre Dame before he became interested in the priesthood. He was ordained by Bishop Lures, July 22, 1869, in Fort Wayne, and celebrated his first mass in St. Patrick's Church, Chicago.

He was graduated from Notre Dame in 1865 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1914 received the degree of doctor of laws. He was present at commencement exercises in June, 1925.

Father Dinnen was born in 1843 near Burlington, Vermont, but moved to Chicago with his parents in 1857. While there, he was an office boy in the Illinois Central railway ticket office, and attended school and business college.

Funeral services for Father Dinnen were conducted by Rev. John Dufficey, of Barrington, Illinois, a nephew of the deceased. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Thomas Conroy, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Ft. Wayne. Six sons of Dr. James M. Dinnen, brother of Father Dinnen, acted as pall-bearers.

The University extends its sincere sympathy to the relatives and friends of Father Dinnen.—R. I. P.

PRESENTER'S BROTHER DIES

The University was shocked to hear of the sudden death of the brother of President Matthew Walsh last Monday evening. The funeral was held Friday morning from St. Mary’s of the Lake Church, the requiem high mass being sung by Father Walsh. Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C., Vice-President of the University, and Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Prefect of Discipline, were present at the service. A mass was celebrated Thursday morning in the Sacred Heart Church for the repose of his soul. The attendance at the mass together with the spir-}

R. I. P.

POEMS BY NOTRE DAME MEN APPEAR IN MAGAZINES


In America for this week appears "Ave Maria," a poem by Norbert Engels, ’26. Recently Norbert has had other poems accepted by America, Commonweal, the Jesuit Weekly, the Wisconsin Magazine, and others.

Norbert is at present teaching music in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Vincent is instructing in English here.
HONOR PAID TO NOTRE DAME

Wilhelm Middelschulte, famous Chicago organist and member of the faculty of Notre Dame University for the Summer session, is at present teaching in Berlin at the invitation of the German government. Among other honors that have come to him abroad is a command to open the new Walther organ at the music festival in Frankfurt on the Main.

The festival, which is part of the Frankfurt Exposition, is international in character. Place on the program has been assigned a famous aris orchestra as well as a great one from Berlin.

NOTRE DAME ANTHOLOGY TO APPEAR TONIGHT

The Notre Dame Anthology, a 244-page book of undergraduate writings of Notre Dame men, comprising short stories, poems, essays and plays, will appear on the campus tonight, when the members of The Scribblers, whose effort the book is, canvass the halls.

The Anthology is dedicated to Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, vice-President of the University and Chairman of the Board of Publications, whose poetry and short-stories have aroused much attention.

Included in the book are literary works by members of every class and every college in the University. Of twenty-four authors included in the book, only eight are Scribblers.

The book is beautifully bound in a blue-and-gold board cover, and is printed in a style of type on heavy paper. Technically, the book will compare favorably with any modern volume, and the quality of the literary work included is unusual for University men.

The publication was edited by Walter Hugh Layne, editor of the Dome, editor of The Week and editor-elect of the Juggler. Material submitted was judged by Professors Paul Fenlon, Charles Phillips, Vincent Engels, and John Brennan, all of the English department of the University. The introduction, entitled "What Are the Colleges of America Doing?" is of special interest, being written by Charles Phillips.

Included in the Anthology are writings by Joe Breig, Dave Lehman, John O'Neill, Dick Elpers, Frank O'Toole, Bill Coyne, Lester Grady, James Jay, Dick Parrish, Bill Vahey, Jack Mullen, Murray Ley, Linus Maloney, George Crongeyer, Bob Hennes, Henry Stuckart, Wallie Layne, Jay Walz, Cletus Banwarth, Frank Miller, Everett Michael, Murray Young and Carl Wall.

OFFER ESSAY PRIZE

A prize of $150 for the best essay on "Springboard," a college novel by Robert Wolf, is being offered by Albert and Charles Boni, Inc., publishers. This novel was called by the New York Times "The best college novel yet written by an American." The essay can be either an affirmation or a denial of affirmation or a denial of this statement. It must not be longer than 3000 words, and should be sent to "Springboard Prize Committee, Albert and Charles Boni, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City." The contest is open only to college students.

NEW FELLOWSHIP AT NOTRE DAME

Professor H. B. Froning, head of the Department of Chemistry, has announced that the Grasselli Chemical Company of Cleveland, Ohio, has established a fellowship at Notre Dame for 1927. The Grasselli organization is one of the oldest and best known manufacturers of heavy chemicals, with seventeen plants distributed over the country. There are about nine other universities that have received recognition through Grasselli scholarship grants, among them Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Ohio State, and Cornell. The fellowship is established at Notre Dame to promote graduate work in the inorganic division of the chemistry department. It amounts to $750 the scholastic year, and is non-teaching. The fellow for the coming year has not yet been appointed.

The DuPont fellowship, which was recently renewed, is to promote research in organic branches.
OTHER said that she wouldn't have another dog, that two pups in a home were quite enough already. But Mildred could not see things that way. She had just been caught in the act of dragging home a dog—the cutest black little fluff that I have ever seen, and being the pet of the family, she insisted on having her own way about keeping him.

"Why not?" she fumed. "Why can't I keep the dog? He doesn't cost anything, you know."

Mother, who had been a maidservant to dogs ever since I can remember, knew only too well that it wasn't a question of cost, but of upkeep; so she remained firm.

"I will not turn my home into a dog kennel."

"But he's awfully clean. I've looked him all over, and he hasn't a flea!"

Mother sniffed.

"If he hasn't, he soon will. And besides, you swore that Bruno and Cassidy were perfectly immune also, but I still have to give them their monthly baths in sheep dip."

"Oh Mother, you're going to like this one so much better than Bruno or Cassidy!"

"Not so fast, young lady!" Mother's eyes were roving restlessly toward the place where the razor strap hangs. "Once and for all, listen to this: I will not train a miserable pup on my brand new French-Wilton."

Mildred must have seen the razor strap glances also, for she immediately changed her line of attack. Her mouth drooped and, as was always her way, she began to cry—quite realistically, if I must say it. She knows very well that Mother's sensitive emotions cannot stand up under the strain of her snivelling.

"Oh, he's starved looking—," she wept softly, but not too softly, "so—so starved for love."

The trick worked. Poor Mother's nerves cracked under the strain.

"Get the milk and the old blue bowl," she said simply, and we all knew that Mildred was victorious—once more.

All throughout supper that night our little newcomer was much interested in Mother, and although she herself was secretly much interested in him, in true woman's style she passed him up like the proverbial cold potatoes. It was only when we discovered her smuggling a contraband sausage under the table to him (much in underground railroad fashion) that we knew that the ban on black puppies had been lifted.

Just as the family council was entering into the serious business of naming the new member, Uncle Jerry came for one of his long "week visits." For once we failed to turn our eyes heavenward in disgust. We were open to suggestions, and as far as suggestors went, there was none better than Uncle Jerry.

He pondered for a long time when we asked him for a name, and we knew instantly that he was thinking up one of those dirty big words—not so dirty as big—that would chill us into obedient respect for his wisdom.

As he thought, we all conferred and speculated. I had been all for suggesting the appropriate name for Blackie, but Mildred boed that into the Neverland. She had
been studying first year German at school, and insisted on calling him Weltschmerz or Auf Wiedersehen or something equally gur- gly. Dad was noncommittal. Conservative names of Rover or Wolf were good enough for him. And Mother, still loath to admit defeat, referred to him—the dog, not Dad—with the most impersonal terms. When there was need for a name, she took anyone she could think of—Snoozle, Gertrude, Mutt, anything regardless of taste or gender.

After much thought, Uncle Jerry came to the fore. By the glint in his eye we knew that he had something good up his sleeve.

"Why not call him Anacronism?" he said, and then paused for the reaction.

The result was very gratifying—to him. The whole party choked up; everything grew as quiet as a classroom in Utopia. It was easily seen that no one knew what an anachronism was. We even had doubts about Uncle Jerry’s knowing.

"Uh—what does it mean?" asked Mildred very stupidly. Some people are like that. They can’t be clever like the rest of us, and conceal their ignorance by wise, all-knowing smiles or supercilious sneers. Instead they have to come right out and show up their lack of intelligence. But then, it was her dog; I suppose she had the right to investigate and see that he wasn’t damned with a name, unfitting and improper.

Uncle Jerry settled down for an all night’s explanation, now that he could speak freely.

"Well," he began, placing his hands in gable formation across a wide, watch-chain-ed expanse of stomach, "an anachronism is something that is out of time and out of place. For instance, an example ... lesee? ... for instance, Virgil had Aeneas driving Dido all around Carthage ... in a Ford, I believe it was." (Uncle likes to be funny, but it is so helplessly and hopelessly rare that he is, that he is a bit out of practice.).

“But the dog?" This from Mildred who had committed the mortal sin of ignoring Uncle’s joke.

“Oh yes, the dog, the dog! (You shouldn’t interrupt me, Mildred; where are your manners?) Well, this little poodle, thinks I is nothing if not an anachronism. He’s thoroughly out of place. Why, he’s quiet and mild and well-mannered whereas the rest of you are all blow-ups. That makes him somewhat, as it were, an angel among devils."

We were all a bit thunderous at being referred to as devils, but we had to admit that the newcomer was an anachronism, much as we hated to do so. Despite its length, the name stuck; and before we were through with it, our little friend was answering to the call of "Nacky" for short.

As days flew by, our little Nacky became more lovable than ever. He was really quite mentally dull, but by abusing his great, un-selfish patience, we taught him how to shake hands and how to walk two steps on his hind legs, but outside of that, he was just dog. Each week found him the spotless, flealess little gentleman that he was the week before. In fact, he was too good to be true. Even Mother exhibited him with great pride to the neighbors. She fed him lean pieces of steak while Bruno and Cassidy were hurled pathetic strips of fat. But well she might favor him. Had not the French-Wilton remained as perfect as the day she got it—outside of blonde colored dog hair which obviously was not Nacky’s? Had not the old blue bowl been cleaned meticulously by a velvety pink tongue at every meal without a whimper for more milk? Had not the fringe on the bedspreads remained as intact as ever—certainly not the case when the other two were pups?

Yes, Nacky was an anachronism!

Now Bruno and Cassidy were just the opposite—refreshingly spankable, to say the least. Hardly a day passed but what they didn’t upset the overloaded cigar tray or completely demolish the magazine in which was the serial that Mother had not got around to read as yet—and apparently never would, now. They were always barking to get in and to get out—something working the traffic both ways at one time. They were never satisfied with the common joys of life. Instead, they had to chase cars, or de-feather the neighbor’s hens, or start scratching fleas in the front room just as Mother was telling a visitor what a clean housekeeper she was.
Nacky sat and watched all these social blunders with prim disgust. He was a good bit like the student who sees cheating in examinations as only a piece of foul immorality, and not as the cheerful, invigorating game of hide-and-seek that it is. Ten chances to one, he would have gone to his death, and been canonized in wof- heaven had not something happened.

The something was this:
Mother was getting supper, and we were all beastly hungry. She had just frosted a cake, leaving Mildred and me to fight over which one should lick the frosting off the egg-beater. The cake was put away, and Mother had just gone to pound the beef-steak. As she opened the lower ice box door where the steak was, we heard a loud crash and an equally loud scream.

In the excitement, I forgot the egg-beater contest, but the sly Mildred carried the popular utensil along with her, combining business with pleasure.

The cause of the scream and the crash was Miss Ella Shrewsbury, just returning from the ladies' aid. She was holding a tray in one hand and her pet cat in the other. Around her, especially at the feet, were draped (quite artistically) broken blue bits of chinaware, old fragments of food, and divers descriptions of silver... from soup spoons to nut crackers, you might say.

Miss Ella forgot her Christian breeding and was saying to Mother: "I'll kill those damned dogs of yours if I ever get the chance."

"Why what did they do?" we all asked, much in Gilbert-Sullivan chorus fashion.

"What did they do?" Ella was sputtering, and the cat was too, for that matter. "I was coming along, cat in one hand and borrowed dishes in the other, and what did your dogs do but "sic" each other on poor Kitty."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

"And Kitty, to protect herself, crawled up on my hat. Here I walked for fully half a block, balancing cat and tray. Then that dirty brown louse of yours snapped at me, and I let go of both."

Mother looked very broken up about the dishes, but we could see by her eyes that she was tickled to death. You see, she still remembers Ella for the time that she had a bridge party, and purposely forgot to ask Mother.

After learning that we "certainly could not pay for the dishes," we trailed back into the house and had a good laugh. We left Ella gathering up what was worth gathering up, spending the remainder of her energy in mental damnation of Bruno and Cassidy.

Mother said that we really shouldn't laugh, but she made no efforts to control her giggles... until she went to the ice box.

For a second time we heard a distressed screech that quieted us considerably.

"The beefsteak's gone!"

Five minutes later, we discovered that not only had the beefsteak disappeared, but so had Nacky. Now no one stopped to consider such a preposterous idea that they had departed together. Nacky wasn't that kind of a dog.

Mother made a pretense of looking for the steak, but it was rather hard to make us believe that when we found her hunting behind the piano and under the lounge. No cook would have been so absent-minded as to misplace a porterhouse where Mildred never bothers to dust.

Mildred and I (and Dad later when he came home) made no efforts to conceal the fact that we were hunting for Nacky, and for Nacky only.

We hunted... and hunted... and hunted. We turned everything inside out, and what was already inside out (most of the house came in this class) we restored to its natural rights. Mother said that if she knew we were going to be so thorough, she would have given each of us a dust mop, thereby killing those much-killed two-birds-with-one-stone. But this was no time for humor. The darker the night became, the darker did our hopes become, and we were brought to a realization of just how invaluable poor Nacky really was.

The search continued far into the night. The neighbors... all except Miss Ella who is "off" us for life... were quite helpful. The men folks formed little posses and
scoured the neighborhood, while the women folks offered helpful suggestions as to where we might find poor Nacky.

Just as we had about agreed that someone had cruelly shoplifted him, a flashlight turned for the second time under the back porch showed a black and blackened Nacky, sleeping a painful sleep, garnished with grizzle and undigestible fat.

Dad picked up the cuddled form of the stupefied Nacky and carried him, his little belly suffering from a now-almost-chronic case of beefsteak, into the living room.

The family gathered in solemn conclave around the fallen saint. Mother appeared the most distressed of us all. No longer could she point to her little black friend as an example which we should strive to imitate.

"If he had only asked for the steak instead of stealing it," she lamented, forgetting that dogs haven't much power of dictation. To console her, we cited instances of Anthony, the devil on the mountain, and so on, to convince her that even the best are tempted as was Nacky and the open ice box door.

As we talked, Nacky opened dizzy eyes, and smiled broadly at us—a veritable picture of "How I Became Famous in Two Lessons."

And for the world of us, nobody dared to scold the little devil.

That unfortunate incident happened a week ago, and since then we have noticed a great change in Nacky. Not content with one bite of the forbidden fruit, he must needs eat the whole apple—or better, the whole beefsteak. He has become one of the boys, and if he could, I am sure that he would be rolling his socks and smoking ill-smelling cigars.

Why only this morning we heard a crash and a splash, and here was Nacky standing in the living room, drenched but triumphant—the pedestal overturned, the fish bowl irrecognizably shattered, and the gold fish in their last throes, much to his malicious delight.

If Nacky is to be canonized, it will not be in heaven.

And by the way, we are seriously considering changing his name.

Human? ... Or Just Divine!

A Short Short-Story

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

LOVE is a silent thing. It grapples suddenly. It is a gigantic force working toward an apex. It is a reinvigorator under whose conjuring tricks drab things become lovely, the commonplace glittering. Love is not bizarre. It is a quiet thing: it may be the worship of a smile, or the passion for blue eyes.

Arthur Wells thought he had never seen a town so unlovely as Marion. The decadent brick buildings, the frowsy windows, the mock appearance of bustle on the public square sickened him. As he poised on the curb to cross Branson street he felt very much like throwing himself in front of the next car that came along. Not that he wanted to commit suicide; just for excitement. A town is dull, the people are dull, the atmosphere is dull. No glitter, no zest.

Furthermore, it was raining, an absurd drizzle, that was hateful to Arthur. He was young and his April seemed very old in spite of spring.

As he started to cross the avenue during a lull in traffic he saw something that interested him. It was something done up in a chic red shower-coat and a small felt hat. Beneath the coat he saw well moulded legs sheathed in flesh coloured chiffon. Life assumed new aspects.

When Arthur came up almost beside her a muddy green roadster rolling into a rain filled chuck hole, sent a spurt of dirty water
over the dainty chiffon calves of the girl ahead.

Chivalry is born of an instant.

“What do you think you’re doing, you damn bum,” shouted 150 pound Arthur at the fellow in the green roadster. “It’s perfectly terrible the careless way they drive,” Arthur said turning to the chagrind girl. She was dripping and he felt almost how badly it hurt her. He looked under the hat and saw the countenance of an angel. Was she human? ... or just divine!

She took his arm confidently and they walked to the intersecting sidewalk.

Meanwhile the big man in the green roadster had parked his car and came back looking for the impertinent Arthur. The big man’s face was ragey and dangerous.

“What did you mean when you yelled at me like that, you little shrimp?”

“I meant what I said. You splashed this young lady through your carelessness. You are a big, lubberly bum,” Arther said with dignity, and the girl pressed his arm with assurance.

The big man said not a word. He let fly a barnyard swing that lifted Arthur off his feet and left him cold on the sidewalk. The big man walked quickly away before anyone scarcely knew what had happened.

When Arther came to he was lying across a desk in Patterson’s Realty office. His head was billowed in something infinitely soft and silky. There were dainty arms around him. He looked up into her eyes.

“You were wonderful,” she said, smiling down at him.

It took a moment for Arther to recollect events. Then he said slowly:

“Well, I didn’t know he was so tough.”

Then after a silence he asked:

“What’s your name, honey?”

“Carlotta,” she answered.

“Oh, hello, Carlotta,” he grinned.

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Henry James, Expatriate

A New View on the Novelist’s Character

RICHARD ELPERS

THE story of Henry James’ expatriation from the United States is too well known and too well understood for any further treatment. The merest reading of a sympathetic commentary on the Continental influences exerted on the young James by his brilliant father, by his delightful years in Europe, by his foreign-language teachers, by his reading of London and Paris papers—an appreciation of all these will convince even the most inexorable American that James did no wrong in withdrawing his nominal citizenship from a country that his heart had already abandoned.

This much is clear. Now, it is my conviction that James was by nature an exile from every nation—that his only patriotism was a burning allegiance to beauty, which is international. Henry James lived in a kingdom of his own mind, observing the ancien régime of aesthetic culture idealized by the Greece of Lysippus and Phidias. He sought in country after country for some national actualization of the elegant refinement that was to him the staff of life, the standard of conduct, the truest religion; but he found that people are too engrossed in living to care how they live.

To be sure, he recognized in every land of his acquaintance some one element of real beauty; he showed his appreciation of that feature by endowing some favored character in his novels with it. But in every instance, this same national virtue violated good taste by running to extremes, and his displeasure with extremities of qualities that he admired is equally apparent in characters that receive no sympathy in his novels. In the plainest words James believed that every country has some beautiful traits; it is the invariable exaggeration of these good qualities that offends aesthetic sensibilities. Furthermore, since all extremes are ugly—and the ugly was both painful and
nauseating to the man—he could not establish his Penates under any flag and truly say "Here I am one with the people about me; here is my heart and this is my home."

Proof for my theory is not lacking, drawn from his own expressions of national criticism as put into the mouths of his characters or indicated in his judgment of national habits as personified in his characters.

Let us take Italy. Tourists from Grand Rapids often marvel on finding an able-bodied Neapolitan, for instance, lying on his back beside a fountain, watching the play of its waters in the sunlight, totally oblivious of the portmanteau he has been commissioned to deliver. Such Chamber of Commerce types deplore the economic inefficiency of a race that notices beauty during business hours. This Italian love of beauty endeared the country to James, but he objected to the laziness that in most cases accompanied it. Having been born to a level of society unconcerned with the problem of poverty, James did not consider that the ugliness of poverty is often irremediable. But he did believe in the gentility of keeping occupied and in the restraint of emotionalism, both of which essentials the Italian lacked.

The French property of cleverness and polish pleased him; but he censured the looseness of French morals in the character of the Count in "Madame de Mauve," and censured the Gallic loudness in the "Europeans."

American straightness appealed to James' sense of that firmness and quietness necessary to culture; he praised this attribute in "Daisy Miller" and "The American." As always, however, he shrank from the extreme development of this "straightness" into heartless practicality on the one hand—pilloried in "The Reverberator"—and Puritanism on the other. This last "intellectual dulness and emotional poverty," as Stuart Sherman calls it, was being established in James' time by Emerson and the New England school, and was perhaps the chief reason for the former's lack of sympathy with the contemporary life and letters of this country.

England alone remained of the countries with which James had come into contact. He admired the British saneness and their characteristic of respecting the upper classes for the sole reason that they were upper classes. His only dread was the English stolidity. But, since the impassive people were not likely to move in the upper classes which he accustomed, he had little to fear from the coldness of their association. And Henry James spent most of his life in England, not at all satisfied that he had found Utopia, but aware he was too innately fine to discover a kindred soul, except, perhaps, Walter Pater.

So I say that Henry James throughout his life gave his allegiance to no standard but that of beauty, and died in the kingdom of his own mind, still a citizen of no country.
The Singing Girls

The singing girls came strolling by
A-calling to their lutes,
In voices that were thin and high,
Like piping silver flutes.

They sang of something strange called love
That caused one many ills,
Yet caught one to the stars above—
Their song spun crystal trills.

As they passed down the promenade
All clothed in gay tatters
A-singing of their serenade
That only love matters,

I wondered what this thing could be
That was both sad and sweet.
In hopes that they could tell it me,
I followed their slow feet,

Until I came to where they sang
Amidst a rain of notes.
Their voices were glass bells that rang
Within their magic throats.

"Oh, tell me, please, of love," I plead
"This sad and gladsome thing."
They strummed a note and smiling said,
"It's just a song we sing."

—PROSPERO IMAGE.
Noise
A Study Done in the Caf

LEO R. M'INTYRE

BOOM! Boom! Crash! On two. Four in.

It was noontime in the “Cafe.” The day was May nineteenth. The year—it did not matter. The only thing that mattered was the “Cafe” exuded noise. It was, in fact, as noisy as a boiler factory working on piecework. Noise! Noise! Noise! The monarch of the “Cafe” was not its manager,—though he put up a strenuous fight constantly for the title,—it was Noise. The monarch Noise ruled with a roar, exacting tribute from all who entered his domain.

A long, multi-colored snake, possessed of at least two hundred heads, squirmed its way around to the cafeteria counters. The snake’s motion forward was hardly perceptible. Nevertheless, it moved by fitful jumps. The jumps were fitful because the snake sprouted heads up in front from time to time without any warning, causing its heads farther from the front to move from side to side, but not forward.

“Well, it won’t be long now.”
“No, it won’t be long now.”
“This is an awful dump, eh Jim?”
“Yeah. I can’t wait till I get home to eat some real food.”

“Just about this time back home the folks are sitting down to an honest-to-goodness roast beef dinner with French filling, cocoa-custard pie, n’everything—every Thursday, you know,—gosh!”

The pusher of the wagon, Roy, was clearing off a table littered with dirty dishes, crumpled newspapers and paper napkins, and cigarette butts. Momentarily his hands were stayed in the clearing-off process by the sight of an Ashtabula newspaper. “The old town,” he mused, “it’d be great to be back there right now!”

Smash! Roy had let a plate slip through his fingers. Smash! Roy had dropped another plate. Smash! Smash! Smash! A plate, a glass, a cup went down for the final count.

“Ro-oy!” roared the “Cafe’s” manager, actually pausing in the act of mutilating a meal ticket. Roy disappeared from view, swallowed up by the door which led to the kitchen. Another Roy, whose name undoubtedly was Tony, came out of the side door leading to the kitchen and commenced to fulfill the duties of a pusher of the wagon.

“He musta been drunk.”
“Naw, just one of the regular employes—dumb!”
“Well, it won’t be long now.”
“No, it won’t be long now.”

Boom! Boom! Crash! On two. Four in.
In Defense of Fiction Reading
An Answer to Homo's Recent Diatribe

JACK MULLEN

When a man finds himself classified as a new kind of dope fiend, a creature without either thought or the ability to think, a follower of Arthur Brisbane, a mental sheep who believes himself to be a lion in disguise, clumsy, murky-minded, and of little value when anything of worth is to be done, his feelings are likely to be a trifle lacerated and, if he is of a particularly vindictive nature, he may even experience some slight resentment against his accuser. I am such a man. I have committed the unforgivable sin of reading a great deal of fiction and liking it. My attacker is none other than Homo Sapiens "The Wise Man," and I suppose that I should consider the matter settled forevermore. Being, however, obstinate by nature (perhaps that is another characteristic of the readers of fiction) I object to seeing myself and a great number of my friends knocked down and trampled upon without giving the slightest squeak of objection.

Homo's attitude is hardly that of a good sportsman. He fires a series of gratuitous and somewhat holier-than-thou broadsides at the poor fiction lovers in spite of the obvious fact that he knows very little of fiction himself. Far be it from me to pretend any knowledge of the gentleman's reading habits; I know nothing of them. Taking the evidence which he furnishes himself at face value, however, I am forced to the conclusion that he either does not read fiction, or is something of a hypocrite.

Take a look at the evidence and judge for yourself. If Homo is sincere in his diatribe, he cannot be a consumer of that which he condemns when consumed by others. That in itself should be proof positive; if you are not satisfied, observe the unique and (I hope) original views of our philosopher concerning modern creative writings. They are stated in a succession of damning generalities which would be much more convincing if they but had the promises which one would naturally expect a philosopher to furnish.

He speaks of the fiction reader imbibing "other men's distorted views." With unstated evidence, he apparently concludes that the viewpoints of all fiction-writers are necessarily distorted. Such a conclusion would be his last if he had really read any of the good moderns. There is of course the interesting possibility that Homo's views are a trifle off square themselves, a condition which would make all else appear distorted to him.

I fear that Homo has a protective complex which makes him wish to guard his fellows, and at the same time causes him to see danger for them in almost anything. Look at his tragic picture of the fiction reader going to his ruin: "He imbibes the potions nicely mixed and accurately measured by a commercially successful pragmatist, and sighs lazily as he downs another." One would almost think after reading that sentence which, I will admit, sounds very nice, that the writers of fiction were a diabolic lot.
bent on the complete degeneration of the young American mind.

"Soporific slush" is one of Homo's labels for modern fiction. Rather a strange name, don't you think, for an artistic picturization of the lives of human beings who, if not real, at least have the appearance of reality? If Homo had said that some of the moderns make the reader think too much, leading him along the devious paths of introspection, I might have agreed with him, but when he calls a Conrad, or a Hardy, or a Galsworthy soporific, as far as thought is concerned, I am forced to smile at his lack of knowledge of these masters. As for the "slush," he does not say what he means by the word. Perhaps he does not know.

Homo goes on to say that fiction readers "think that they think." That is a phrase calculated to inspire one of the ten-minute periods of meditation which he seems to regard as a panacea for the ills brought on by reading. Just exactly what it means, I do not know, but I have a suspicion that it refutes Homo's whole argument. The fiction readers "think that he thinks!" I wonder if any of us do more than just that. After all, Homo, too, thinks that he thinks, and so do I, but what proof have we or anyone of the process?

Homo's suggestion for substitutes that would take the place of fiction reading are hardly satisfactory. He begins with "ten minutes of original thought" for ten hours of fiction. With customary lack of definition, he fails to state when thought is and when it is not original. I imagine, however, that by "original" thought, Homo means that which one attains when he locks himself in his room, sits in a corner, screws up his face into a frightful picture of concentration, and begins to consider the false values of those things after which most students are striving. The other substitute is the reading of Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" instead of an unlimited amount of fiction.

Perhaps these substitutes would be unalloyed joy to a superman, such as Homo appears to be, but for ordinary human beings, I hardly think that they would click. In the first place I believe that Homo has forgotten to consider the object for which (ignoring our immortal destiny) we are supposed to be in the world. Happiness is said to be the ultimate goal, and it is difficult to imagine that any great amount of thought is conducive to happiness. It usually leads in the opposite direction, toward dissatisfaction, resentment and a feeling of the general futility of our efforts.

Fiction, even if it cannot be read with an appreciation of the art involved in its production (an appreciation evidently unknown to Homo), will at least furnish the reader a means of escape from the punishing consideration of existence, and a means of partaking in experiences which, although they would be delightful to him, are forbidden by the sly will of circumstance.

Gilbert K. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" is a book of which I know nothing save that neither it nor any other single volume would be of greater value to me than all of my fiction reading during the past year. Homo ignores the fact that his beloved G. K. has done his share toward feeding the "utilitarian presses" with fiction which, in some cases that I have seen, is quite bad.

There was one more slight discrepancy in "Homo on Modern Fiction" about which I am rather curious. Homo speaks of the fiction addicts reading fiction and nothing else, yet later in the paper he mentions them turning to H. L. Mencken and Arthur Brisbane for their ideas. If either Mencken or Brisbane is a fiction writer, the knowledge of it is new to me, and probably to the gentlemen involved. Homo will, perhaps, explain away the contradiction.

In concluding this answer to Homo, an answer that may at first sight appear uncalled for, I would remark that it is difficult, at times, to remain quiet when a man holds forth dogmatically on a subject of which he admittedly knows nothing. I will not feel that it has been written in vain if it should arouse Homo's torpid curiosity to the point at which he will read one novel by Conrad, Hardy, McFee, Cather, or John Galsworthy.
I Like
(A Song of the Soil.)

I like to see the "fields of waving grain,"
   To hear the gentle rustle of the corn leaves
   in the light hot breezes of July.
I love to watch the falling drops of rain,
   To watch the little streamlets form and run
   with water fresh from out the clouded sky.

I like the prairie and I like the hill,
   I like to stand up just a little to watch
   them roll away in distant view.
I like the harvest and I always will,
   Yet not alone because it is the part that pays
   but just because it is so true,

That "As you sow, so also shall you reap;"
   For we are paid in higher coin; the joy
   of watching and of helping things to grow.
We are not crowded, and fresh air is cheap.
   Not only that, but daily do we see
   art that the Master of all art does show.

We see his sunsets and his clear blue sky,
   Which looks so deep and true, with here and there
   a little cloud, so fluffy and so gay.
Houses,—no! Homes! nestled in the hills so high
   Around them stand the trees—God's backdrops
   here upon the stage He's set for life's great play.

—THE SENTIMENTAL PUP.
Irish Shut Out Illinois; Big Ten Leader, 3-0

The mighty Illini, Big Ten leader and pace-maker, and one of the outstanding collegiate diamond combinations in the Middle West, proved mighty tame when stacked up against a fighting nine from Notre Dame, Wednesday, May fourth, and were completely whitewashed by the masterful twirling of Elmer Besten, Irish ace, under a 3-0 count. The game was played on the home grounds of the Illini at Champaign, and a large crowd of Illinois supporters watched their strong aggregation of diamond athletes, crumble under the invincible hurling of Besten, and the invulnerable support, both defensively and offensively, accorded him by his mates. Incidentally, the setback was the first defeat suffered by the Illini on their own grounds in several years.

Outhit, but far from being outplayed, Notre Dame was determined to win from their highly-touted hosts, and taking advantage of every break, made every hit count when hits meant runs. The Irish were credited with only five safe blows throughout the entire nine innings of play, but included in this quintet of slams were a two-bagger by Coleric, Smith's rousing triple, and O'Boyle's terrific four-ply wallop, all of which came at extremely opportune moments.

Andrews, and Desmond, the home pitchers, turned in creditable performances also, although receiving the short end of the decision.

The famed Illini batting attack was completely subdued by the curves and fast balls dished out by them by the Celtic hurler, and at no time during the contest did they seriously threaten to score—a fine tribute to both Besten's pitching and the defensive ability of the Irish.

The first four innings of the game resolved themselves into a pretty hurling duel between Besten and Andrews, the starting moundsmen, with the honors about even.

With the advent of the fifth session however, Notre Dame decided that it was about time to inaugurate the scoring. Schrall opened this round with a free ticket to first. Nie-mic dumped a sacrifice bunt in front of the plate and the Irish shortstop took second. Andrews then walked Coheric, and Besten, the next batter, came through with a clean single to right, scoring Schrall. Both he and Coheric were left however, when the Illinois hurler tightened up and prevented further counting in the session by forcing the next two hitters to fly out.

Run number two, was coined in the succeeding frame, the first, when O'Boyle leaned on one of the home pitcher's fast-balls and sent it soaring way beyond the centerfielder's head for an unmolested trip around the sacks.

Sullivan tallied Notre Dame's third and final counter in the eighth, when he singled pilfered second, took third while Dan Moore was beating out an infield hit, and was propelled across the rubber when Red Smith sent a sky-high sacrifice loft to Gribble.

Besten, Schrall, and Smith performed in fine manner for Notre Dame, while Einn and Radford turned in the best performances for the Illini.

—J.V.H.

IRISH DROP PITCHING DUEL

TO MICHIGAN STATE, 4-1

A fighting Michigan State ball team came to Notre Dame last Saturday, and largely through the efforts of one "Lefty" Tolles, bespectacled hurler, had the signal honor of being the first diamond aggregation in the Middle-West to trounce the Irish this year. The score was 4-1 which just about tells the true story of the contest. Incidentally, the defeat was the third suffered by the Celts in seventeen starts so far this season.

Notre Dame was brilliant even in defeat
fighting hard until the last man was out in the ninth, against the losing verdict which was her lot. But the Wolverines were not to be denied and backed up the masterful hurling of their star with well-nigh perfect support.

Steve Ronay, on the hill for the home clan clearly deserved a better fate, for the stocky Irish dependable completely subdued the visiting aggregation for the initial six innings of the battle, granting them but a solitary single, and except for an unfortunate let-down in the eighth, might have been returned the final victor.

Tolles, though, gave one of the prettiest hurling exhibitions, ever witnessed upon the time-worn Irish diamond, and the mixture of curves, inshoots, and fast-balls, interspersed every now and then by a tantalizing slow drop, that he served up to the home crew, completely baffled probably the hardest hitting collegiate ball club in the Middle-West. Niemic, Notre Dame's Sophomore star seemed to have the Indian sign upon him though, for of the quartet of safe raps that he permitted during the course of the afternoon's action, the Irish third sacker hammered out three for a perfect batting average for the day.

For six innings the engagement was featured by the beautiful pitching of Ronay and Tolles, the niftiest duel that has been witnessed upon the Irish diamond in many a day. Both hurled practically hitless ball, and both were backed up by air-tight support from their teammates behind them. The break came in the seventh. Reinhart, State outfielder, fresh from a beautiful catch of Sullivan's near Texas-Leaguer in the sixth, added still further to his laurels by greeting Ronay with a three-base wallop to right field which sailed far over O'Boyle's head. Tolles was tossed out by the drawn-in infield, but Reinhart scored on a perfect squeeze play at the plate when Baynes dumped a neat sacrifice bunt in front of the rubber.

In the eighth, after two were down, Davis was propelled to first via base on balls, and continued all the way to third when the next batter Rowley, cracked a one-baser to right. Zimmerman then connected for a double to left and two runs scampered across home plate. Zimmerman also tallied when Reinhart lined a single over Coleric's head. Further scoring was averted by the third out, but the damage had been done.

Notre Dame came back in her half of the same round, determined to pull the game from the fire, but again, Tolles and his supporting cast had something to say about it. Niemic opened the session with his third successive hit, a single over second. Coleric then advanced him all the way round to third by lining a Texas Leaguer to left. Besten, batting for Ronay, hit to the visiting shortstop and while he was being retired on a close decision, Niemic crossed the counting-block. Further Irish scoring threats proved unavailing, and Tolles was in complete control the rest of the route.

Ronay, Niemic, and Coleric were bulwarks in the Irish defense, while Tolles, Reinhart, and Zimmerman carried the punch for the Wolverines. —J.V.H.

IRISH GOLFERS WIN THIRD STRAIGHT

Notre Dame's golf team, playing over the Plym park course at Niles, Saturday, defeated Loyola university's crack golf foursome, 15 to 8, to win their third consecutive golf match this season.

Charles Totten of Notre Dame turned in the low score for the day, 76-74-150. Lee Bradburn of Loyola had the second best card with 77-78-155.

In the morning round, Notre Dame had the best of the singles matches, 11 to 0. In the afternoon doubles, however, Notre Dame lost, 8 to 4.

Notre Dame was represented by Captain Norb Seidensticker, Charles Totten, Jack Roach and Dominic Terreri. Loyola colors were carried by Captain Lee Bradburn, Josua D'Estisito, George O'Neil, and Emmett Morrissey.

The Plym park course, greens and fairways were in excellent condition for the match, and inviting weather conditions aided the players all day. Notre Dame has also defeated the golf teams of Northwestern university and Armour Tech this season.
ILLINOIS TRACK SQUAD
WINS FROM IRISH 85-40

That Harry Gill, veteran Illinois track coach, has not forgotten any of the formula which has enabled him to beat the Irish track team repeatedly in the past seasons, was evident last Saturday afternoon in Illinois Memorial Stadium when the Gillmen trounced the Blue and Gold 85 to 40.

Despite the fact that the Illini have pulled up ahead of the Irish so many times in their track encounters, Saturday's meet was particularly significant for it was one of the severest beatings the Irish have taken in a long time.

It was the same old story. It is always the same old story with the veteran Gill. The tall track and field seer of the Illini institution figures very simply to win in so many meets. If you've got one good man in every event you'll come close. If you've got three or four good men in every event you'll win handily. And Gill had three or four good men in each of the fourteen events carded.

Illinois has always been noted for its well-balanced dual team and this years' Illini combination will not detract from the reputation already piled up. In all except four of the events the Orange and Blue finished first and grabbed their share of the seconds and thirds.

The Notre Dame squad connected with only three blue ribbon places and tied in a fourth event for major honors. A few seconds and thirds were registered by the Irish, but not nearly enough to keep in the running. DellaMaria, Bov and Griffin were the only Irish athletes who managed to stand off the swift rush of the Illinois athletes.

DellaMaria sprinted in his usual unbeatable fashion to win the 100 and 220 yards dashes. Jack Elder, heir-apparent to DellaMaria supremacy in the short dash field, finished second in both races. "Frosty" Peters, famous sophomore halfback of Bob Zuppke's Illinois football team, battled the two Irish dashmen in each event but proved far unequal to the task. Bov defeated White in the pole vault while Griffin tied with Meislahn in the high jump.

Concentrated strength in several of the events allowed the Illinois men to score heavily. In the broad jump, half mile, javelin throw and low hurdles, the Gillmen copped all the places, thus gaining a margin which the Irish could not hope to equal.

The work of the Illinois team in the middle and longer distances was particularly brilliant. Captain "Spike" Rue pulled the biggest upset when he opened up a hard sprint in the last lap of the mile and beat out Charley Judge, veteran Irish miler. Fairfield defeated Young in a spectacular two mile race, each man leading the field at various times throughout the race. Sitting emerged from abundant 440 yard dash field with only a hundred yards to go and sprinted down the stretch to win the event in 50.8-5 seconds.

GOLF TEAM ADDS LOYOLA TO LIST

Continuing in the nerve-racking pace that has made it the most talked about college golf team in the middle west, the Notre Dame mashie team defeated Loyola University 15 to 8 at Erskine Park, Saturday.

Having tasted victory twice in as many starts, the Irish team was not inclined toward yielding any of its glory and used the same consistent and brilliant brand of golf that gave it wins over Northwestern and Armour Tech.

The Notre Dame squad got off to an unbeatable start in the morning play when it won five of the six matches, the other one being halved. The matches were twosomes and the individual ability of the members of the Blue and Gold team was clearly evident.

O'Neil, Loyola captain, and Morrissey broke into the scoring column when they won their foursome match, 6 to 0. The Irish won the other afternoon foursome, 4 to 2.

Again it was Charley Totten, the "Bobby Jones" of the Campus, who shot the brilliant golf. Totten, who won the ten year old championship of Staunton Heights Club, Pittsburgh, quite a few years ago because he could drive a couple of hundred yards, was
in the same form Saturday as he was the previous week. His score for the 26 holes was 150, three strokes better than the best Loyola score made by Lee Bradburn.

NOTRE DAME RAQUETMEN BEAT CULVER CADETS, 10-0

Culver tennis players succumbed to the fast serving and dazzling lawfords of Notre Dame netmen, 10 to 0, on the Culver courts last Saturday.

Eight Irish tennismen played in the singles and four of them paired up for double teams. Despite the game attempt of the Cadets, they were unable to win a single match.

Tavares, Stadell, Markey, Griffin, Murphy, Burns, O'Brien and Cianci won single matches. Captain Stadell and Tavares and O'Brien and Murphy won the double events.

The first five named went to Columbus, Ohio, Monday, where they were billed for a dual meet with Ohio State on Tuesday.

GOLFERS WIN FIRST MEET FROM NORTHWESTERN

Led by Captain Norb Seidensticker, Notre Dame golfers won their first dual meet of the season at Evanston, Illinois, Monday, when they outshot the Northwestern team, 16 to 5. Only one Northwestern golfer was able to take a match.

The feature of the meet was the low scores of Charley Totten, Irish golf ace. Totten shot a 72 in the morning round. In the afternoon he went out in 36, came back in 37 and had a 145 for the day's play.

POSITIONS OPEN

R. S. Branch of Chicago will be at the Hotel LaSalle tomorrow for the purpose of interviewing men interested in obtaining positions for the summer months. A limited number of Notre Dame men will be accepted.
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