The First Dance  -  -  -  Jack Mullen
Homo  -  -  -  George A. Kiener
Travel for Inspiration?  -  -  George Scheuer

Poems by John McMahon, Henry Stuckart, Eugene Farrell, and Cyrano

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UNDER the careful scrutiny of the Fine Arts Commission, the Board of Engineers, the Building Inspector, various civic organizations, the District Commissioners and Congress itself—the National Press Building is now being built in Washington, D.C., as a monument to the Press, and to serve as headquarters for the National Press and as an office building.

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NOW AND THEN
The open season for banquets was inaugurated Tuesday night at the Oliver Hotel when the managers of the athletic teams met to announce the choice of men for next year. The plan for two managers which was followed this year successfully will be continued next year with Grahms and Burke in the leading roles. John Igoe, Ed Cunningham and Bernie Zipperer were chosen to manage the other major sports.

Joe McNamara and Art Stenius were elected to the offices of president and secretary respectively of the Wrangler’s club for next year. The Wranglers in their second year have had an enviable campus record in promoting debating and oratory.

The Commencement Juggler came out Thursday night with an excellent poster cover by Richard Harrington. With this issue the firm of Grady and Wilkins pass on with the other commencement hosts after two years of jesting for Notre Dame. Under these men the Juggler has gained national recognition in the field of college humorous magazines because of its individuality. Johnnie Harwood has placed his bird in a cage and packed his drawing boards away until the time arrives for him to make new designs.

Room drawings have been occupying the student’s minds during the past week. Those fellows who always rate so highly have learned that the team with the largest score doesn’t always win and that there is always room for low scores. Not that Sorin will be vacant, in fact the rumor has it that every room is already taken, but we wondered whether or not the steam shovel would tend to draw the men over to the new Gold Coast. There are whisperings of new halls to be added in the near future and whether they are true or not it is easy to see that the faculty is building for the ages.

The K. of C. picnic followed a similar affair held by the Commerce college on Wednesday and from the outlook of things it appears that the nearby lakes district is going to be as popular as a new song for a week or two. There was a time, according to tradition, when this form of undergraduate activity was one of the prizes to be looked forward to and history does repeat itself in spite of all that can be done.

New members were elected to the Scribbler’s Club on Tuesday night after the installation of the new officers. The Anthology was discussed and men were appointed to take charge of sales in the individual halls. Even the Scribblers are contemplating a picnic by a nearby waterfall.

The new staff of the Notre Dame Lawyer has been chosen and again we find Joe McNamara with the word editor after his name. Under the guidance of Clarence Ruddy this year the Lawyer has taken progressive strides to perfection and with McNamara at the head next year the publication should continue its exceptional career. Speaking of lawyers, the Student Activities Council man from the law school next year is to be Willard Wagner of way down East fame. The vote was protested on the first count but after due consideration by the present S. A. C. Wagner was agreed upon.

The Commencement number of the Scholastic will be released on the third of June. This will be the last issue of the year and will serve the guests who attend the commencement exercises.

—W. H. L.
GLEE CLUB RECORDS GOOD

That officials of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender company were well satisfied with the showing of the Notre Dame Glee Club when the club made records for that company on May 5 was learned from a letter to the University authorities from Joseph M. Lyon, manager of the recording company.

The songs recorded—Vittoria’s Ave Maria Gounod’s O Salutaris, and On Down The Line, by Joseph Cassanta, director of the Glee Club, have been accepted and will be on sale soon.

While at the plant the club broadcasted over the Brunswick radio station, and received an invitation from the company to return. This they will be unable to accept until next fall.

ROCKNE APPOINTS STUDENT AIDES FOR NEXT YEAR

The appointment of athletic managers for the coming sports season of 1927-1928 at the University of Notre Dame, with the announcement of several important changes in the student director’s program, marked the annual meeting of Knute K. Rockne, Irish football mentor, with his business assistants at 6:30 o’clock Tuesday evening in the Turkish room of the Oliver hotel.

August Grams, LaCrosse, Wis., and E. Bo­land Burke, New Orleans, were appointed manager and associate manager respectively for the football team, in accordance with a custom adopted last year, which provides for the appointment of two men to manage the grid teams. They succeed James Coleman, Orange, N. Y., and William Kavanaugh, Dayton, O., both of whom will be lost to Rockne’s business corps by graduation in June.

Bernard Zipperer, Warren, O., was made baseball manager, to succeed William O’Keefe, Moberly, Mo., the departing business director; Edward Cunningham, New York city, received the duties of basketball manager, formerly held by Andy Sleight, Weston, W. Va., who leaves Notre Dame in June, and John Igoe, Cleveland, O., was appointed track manager, to succeed Paul Beretz, also of Cleveland, who is a senior. The offices of director of the minor sports, formerly held by James A. J. Jones, Allentown, Pa., and Carl Feske, Indianapolis, will be tendered to junior managers, later.

Changes ranging from the serving of coffee and sandwiches in the press box during the half at the Notre Dame-Southern California game in Chicago this fall, to the granting of power on one football manager in precedence over the other, and the proposed appointment of junior managers in lieu of senior managers for the minor sports, were discussed by Coach Rockne during his farewell address to the group.

EDITOR OF LAWYER APPOINTED

Following an election in the Hoynes College of Law, Joseph P. McNamara, a freshman in the Law School, was elected editor-in-chief of next year’s Lawyer. Mr. McNamara, who is Director of Publicity at the University, a member of the SCHOLASTIC, Dome and Juggler Staffs succeeds Mr. Clarence Ruddy who receives his degree this June.

Mr. Coleman in the Law School succeeds L. M. Swygert as business manager of the Lawyer.

LAWYERS ORGANIZE TEAM

The Law Club has organized a baseball team and has issued a challenge to all other colleges on the campus for a game with their pride and joy. The first to take up the cudgel with the legalists will be the Engineers who will play the Judges sometime within the next week. Someone has suggested that as the umpires for these tilts are anything but deaf they will be so engrossed with demurrers, cross-complaints, and other pleadings on the part of the embattled jurists that the fracas will be called on account of darkness. Mebbie so and mebbie not!
**BROTHER BARNABAS HERE**

Brother Barnabas, F.S.C., of New Haven, Conn., Supreme Secretary of the Knights of Columbus, and leader in the K. of C. Boy Guidance movement, will be a campus visitor over the week end. He is here for an important conference with Prof. Ray A. Hoyer, Director of the department of Boy Guidance.

**JOURNALISTS AID IN PUBLISHING NEWS-TIMES**

The Journalism students of Notre Dame, under the supervision of the regular staff of the South Bend News-Times, put out two issues of the paper by working all day last Monday. The students were divided into two shifts, one for the Monday afternoon edition and one for the Tuesday morning edition.

Work was divided among the students as though they were regular members of the staff. There were desk-men, copy-readers, and reporters accompanying the News-Times men on their "beats." It was the first time that the Notre Dame students have performed practical journalistic work on either of the South Bend papers.

Prof. John M. Cooney, head of the School of Journalism, planned the program for the Notre Dame men and put it into action through the courtesy of Mr. Stanley Whipple, editor of the News-Times. Members of the Press Club, under the leadership of President Mark Nevils gave their cooperation to the undertaking.

**KNIGHTS ENJOY PICNIC**

Two hundred and fifty students frolicked at the annual spring picnic held by the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus at Lake Christiana, Thursday afternoon, May 19. Busses left the University at 11 and 12 A. M. Thursday, and transferred the gay crowds to their picnic grounds. After lunch was served the season of games and recreation was begun. Baseball, horseshoes, track and field events kept everyone busy throughout the afternoon. Five prizes of merchandise were awarded to the victors in three hard fought contests. After all had had their fill of fun the most important part of the program was set in operation by Field Marshall John McManmon. A fine chicken dinner replete with all the trimmings was set before the hungry picnickers. For half an hour or so the happy Knights did full justice to King Food. The Knights orchestra furnished melody that many claimed unbeatable. After the repast busses returned the students to the University, a tired but happy bunch.

**WRANGLERS ELECT**

Joseph P. McNamara was elected president and Arthur Stenius was elected secretary of the Wranglers Club at their last weekly meeting.

Mr. McNamara, Director of Publicity, is a junior in the Law School. He has been a member of the debating team for the last two years and has been associated with the Scholastic, Juggler, Dome, and Alumnus.

Mr. Stenius is a junior in the commerce department. He was the winner of his class Freshman and Sophomore oratorical contests and a finalist in the Breen Medal competition this year.

McNamara and Stenius succeed William J. Coyne and Jack Dailey who graduate this June.

The Wranglers were addressed by Clarence Ruddy, editor of the Notre Dame Lawyer. Mr. Ruddy had as his topic the sterilization of insane and criminally inclined. His lecture was interesting and well received.

The final meeting of the year in the form of a farewell banquet for graduating members will be held this evening.

**WAGNER ELECTED TO S. A. C.**

Willard F. Wagner, Off-campus, whose election to the S. A. C. from the Law School was protested, has been declared elected to the post on a recount. Wagner is a Junior in the College of Law, and his home is in Greenfield, Massachusetts.
ORATORICAL CONTESTS HELD

James Lee, a freshman in the Seminary, won the Freshman oratorical contest held in Walsh Hall last Friday afternoon. Mr. Lee had an excellent oration on the "Value of Catholic Literature."

William F. Craig, speaking on "The Tragedy of Today-Divorce" was awarded the ten dollars in gold as the winner of the sophomore contest. This is the second year that Craig has won the oratorical honors of his class. James Keating, a student in the pre-law department, was awarded second place.

John Cavanaugh, a student in the college of arts and letters won the junior contest. Mr. Cavanaugh had as his topic "Shall America Endure." Mr. Cavanaugh was the winner of the Barry Medal for excellence in elocution last year. Arthur Stenius, a commerce student, was awarded second place. Mr. Stenius won the oratorical contests of his class in both his freshman and sophomore years. Craig, Cavanaugh and Stenius are all members of the Wranglers Club. All three contests were judged by Profs. Cotty, Snyder and Moore.

NEW BOOK OUT SOON

"The Man-God," a life of Christ, by Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, vice-president of the University, will appear in book form during the first week of June. The book is designed to be used by Fourth year High School students and college Freshmen, and is being published by the Scott-Foresman Company of New York and Chicago. It is a book of 360 pages, and is illustrated with maps. The book is characterized throughout by Father Carroll's clear simplicity of style.

SCHOLASTIC HEADS APPOINTED

Jack Mullen, '28, present literary editor of the SCHOLASTIC, has been appointed editor-in-chief of the magazine for the coming year. Mullen is identified by his good work in poetry, having won second place in the Scribblers Poetry Contest, and is represented in the Anthology.

Harley McDevitt has been appointed business manager of the periodical. McDevitt has been associated with the SCHOLASTIC this year on the business staff.

CHEMISTRY NEWS NOTES

The Junior and Senior chemistry students are making a tour of inspection of various metallurgical and chemical plants in the Chicago district this week. This trip is a regular part of the chemists' program of studies. Dr. Mahin and Mr. Robrecht are accompanying the students.

Mr. Robrecht, instructor in Chemical Engineering at the University, has accepted a position with the American Gas and Electric Company of New York. He will serve as chemical engineer in development work in the Atlantic City region, taking up his work in June.

ANNUAL MARBLE TOURNAMENT

Working in co-operation with the South Bend News-Times, the members of the Boy Guidance department of the university will stage the annual spring marble tournament for school children, to be held during the coming week in South Bend. Members of both classes have been assigned to duty as coaches and referees at the various schools.

The spring marble tournament, which is conducted throughout the country each year by the Scripps-Howard newspaper syndicate, is the apple of the eager eye of every school kid. The first prize for the city champion is a trip to Atlantic City in June, where he will compete in the national tournament. Second local prize is a gold medal.

SOCIOLOGY BOOK PUBLISHED

It has been announced that the dissertation of Father Raymond Murray, C.S.C., entitled "The Delinquent Child and the Law" may soon be had by all students interested in sociology. Father Murray spent many years studying the delinquent child and his problems and has prepared a very excellent thesis on the subject. It will be reprinted by the Federal Government Printing Office.
NEW REFERENCE WORK APPEARS

The first volume of Universal Knowledge, a new work compiled by the editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia, was released for sale May 1. The volume is now in the Science library, and in the Chemistry library.

The Universal Knowledge Foundation is publishing the new encyclopedia to fill a need for a strictly modern reference work. The material comes from authoritative sources, and is presented in most approved form. The book is well illustrated, particularly fine maps.

Among the contributors to the first volume are: Rev. F. J. Wenninger, C.S.C, Rev. G. W. Albertson, C.S.C, Prof. H. B. Froning, Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C.S.C. The University of Notre Dame is credited with two memberships in the Foundation.

LAETARE MEDAL CONFERRED

The Laetare Medal, given by the University for excellence in the arts, will be formally conferred on Margaret Anglin next Thursday, by His Eminence Cardinal Patrick Hayes in his reception parlors at New York City.

MONOGRAM WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Names of monogram winners in various sports at Notre Dame were announced this afternoon. Major monograms were awarded in baseball and minor monograms in boxing, hockey and swimming.

Four members of the swimming team received major awards because of their showing in the national collegiate meet. They were Captain Hugh McCaffery, William Cronin, Monte Tennes and Ed Byrkcynski.

Winners of awards are:

Baseball—Yore, Smith, Niemic, Besten, Sullivan, O'Boyle, Colerick, Abbrott, Moore, Schrall, Ronay, Jachym.

Boxing—McGrath, Moran, Loranger, Canney, Garcia, Duquette, O'Keefe.

Hockey—Hickock, McSorley, Martin, McGrath, Stadell, Brennan, Murphy, Boeringer, Holland, Malloy.

Swimming—Rhodes, McLaughlin, Wingerter, McKiernan, Brennan.

MORRISSEY LEADS RENAISSANCE

Morrissey Hall, the new literary horizon of the campus, is again laying strong claim to the writing championship of Notre Dame as a result of the publication of the Scribbler's Anthology. Of thirty-six various writings included in the Anthology, twelve were written by Morrissey Hall residents, of whom seven are included in the Anthology at least once. The off-campus students are second in number of writings with eight.

SCRIBBLERS ELECT LAYNE

A hectic session in the Library Tuesday night was held by the Scribblers for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year and passing upon the qualifications of candidates for admittance.

Walter Layne, Detroit, Michigan, Editor-in-chief of the Dome and editor-elect of the Juggler, a Junior in the College of Arts and Letters, was elected president of the club for next year. Layne compiled the Scribblers' Anthology which appeared on the campus recently.

James Roy, Fort Wayne, Indiana, winner of the Breen Medal for Oratory this year, and a Sophomore in the College of Arts and Letters, was elected secretary and treasurer. Roy is a member of the staffs of the SCHOLASTIC and Dome.

Murray Young, the "Prospero Image" of the SCHOLASTIC, whose poems have attracted much attention during the past year, was elected to membership to The Scribblers. Young is a Sophomore in the College of Arts and Letters.

John DeRoulet, Morrissey Hall, winner of third prize in the recent Scribblers' Poetry Contest, and Barry Mahoney, Corby Hall, writer of humorous skits, were elected to membership.

Many colleges run smokers and other social reviews in order that the students may become acquainted with each other, but Loyola University provides "something new under the sun," by running an annual banquet for the purpose of getting the faculty acquainted.
FATHER SCHUMACHER SPEAKS

"The Relation of Science to Philosophy" was the subject of an address delivered by Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C.S.C., director of studies, at the last meeting of the Notre Dame Academy of Science in the law library Monday night.

"No conflict between science and philosophy does or can exist," Father Schumacher said. "It is only when scientists step from their field and discuss questions properly belonging to the realm of philosophy that philosophers offer protest.

"The present reaction of many philosophers," he added, "is not against science, but against those opinions which the average man accepts in the name of science as established fact."

In conclusion Father Schumacher explained that science is concerned only with the immediate causes of things, while philosophy is concerned with the ultimate causes. "Both the scientist and the philosopher believe that there is a meaning to the world," he said. "The former is concerned with the material things of the world, the latter with the abstract."

C. S. Banwarth presided as chairman at the meeting.

LAW CLUB ELECTS

Election of officers of the Law Club held, recently at the College of Law resulted in the naming of Cyprian Sporl, president, Ed McClaranon, vice-president, John Roach, secretary and Michael O'Keefe, treasurer. The new officers are without exception immensely popular among the members of the College of Law and with them the organization is planning another year as replete with activities as the past has been.

PLATFORM EXPERIENCES

The feature article of the May 7 issue of America, entitled "Debating The Mexican Question," is of special interest to Notre Dame readers. It is from the pen of Prof. Charles Phillips, and recounts some of his adventures during the past winter while debating with various Protestant clergymen on the Mexican situation. Mr. Phillips raises the question as to whether the American public in the large is interested in this matter. His article in America draws the conclusion that people of every creed and belief are duly interested in this vital Catholic problem.

VILLAGERS SPRING PARTY

The first annual summer party of the Notre Dame Villagers will be held Thursday evening, June 2, at the Chain-o-lakes Country Club.

Dinner will be served in the clubhouse at 7 o'clock and dancing will be enjoyed by the guests from 9 until 1 o'clock. Art Haerens' orchestra has been engaged to play the program of dances.

This is the first year that the South Bend men have planned such an elaborate affair, and it is the expectation of the club to make it an annual party at the close of the school year. Any students wishing to attend the dinner-dance, or the dance alone, may obtain information in 245 Badin. Tickets for the dance alone will be three dollars per couple, and for the dinner dance alone will be three dollars per couple. Reservations must be made on or before Thursday, May 26.

PREPARE SYLLABUS

A syllabus outlining a course in community recreation, prepared by Charles Ducey and Lester Flewelling, members of the Boy Guidance department, has been accepted and adopted by the Association of Professional Boy Workers of South Bend. The syllabus is prepared specifically for a course to be given at the university during the coming term for people of South Bend.

The regular meeting of the Press Club, scheduled for Thursday, was held Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock in the club's room in the Library. Routine business was discussed, and plans for the annual picnic of the Journalists, to be held Thursday, May 26, at Bertrand, Mich., were completed. Mark E. Nevils, president, presided.
ANTHOLOGY REVIEWED


—By DAVID LEHMAN.

Here is a volume constructed in such fashion as to be really remarkable. At the risk of being considered maudlin, we must bow in acknowledgement of this splendid achievement. For surely from first glance to last word this book casts a definite and a good influence upon the mind of the reader.

That Charles Phillips' introduction was worthy of the book, and that the book was worthy of Charles Phillips' introduction there can be no doubt. Phillips points the way to a good argument against those petty people who bemoan the lack of accomplishment in the modern school system. If the Anthology does, in part, answer the question “What are the colleges doing,” then we must admit that the colleges are doing much if they can turn out such a book.

The short-story section is rather a revelation. The stories reflect credit not only upon the men who wrote them, but also upon the manner in which those men were taught to write. The first story is by Joe Breig. In "The Man Who Saw Himself" we read not so much the almost approach to literature as much as we realize what some of our acquaintances can do. We were pleased with this story. We were pleased that we saw the man who saw himself, and we were very pleased that we saw Mr. Breig, of whom we could say much—if we felt like it. The other stories, "Caprice," by Dave Lehman, "King's Gambit," by Murray Ley; "The Crest of Wannish Fire," by Jay Walz; "Prelude," by C. Everett Michael; "Shadows," by John O'Neill; "A Dollar Eighty-Seven," by Carl Wall; "Poppies in Her Hands," by Frank Miller, and "The Invitation," by Cleitus Banwarth, who, by the way, is valedictorian of the senior class, comprise an unusual collection. The surprising feature of these stories is that they do not savor of the deadly amateurish sentimentalism which usually runs riot throughout the ordinary college collection.

In the poetry section we found Frank O'Toole (Cornelius Shea) mounting once again those heights of poetic simplicity which he has so often scaled. Incidentally, we might recommend "The Thief" as the exponent of Frank's best work. The sense images of Murray Young (Prospero Image) are beautifully turned bits. Jack Mullen's poems climbed out of the dusty road trampled by "Hobnails" into the white highways of the Anthology. They are good. John O'Neill's two contributions are appropriate to the high tone of the book in toto. Bob Hennes prays for poets eloquently, and meditates beautifully on "Contentment." The poetry of Murray Hickey Ley, if we may limit it to one word, is "terrific." Henry Stuckart peeps from a college window and sees life. Wallie Layne talks of plays, besides being an actual editor and poet. Francis Collins Miller speaks poetically of love, which is poetry. Dick Elpers constitutes our idea of what a poet should be by thrusting the serious issues of life into comic reissues, thereby making them quite tragic. Dick is a poet par excellence.

Bill Coyne read the Bible and wrote about it. That he read the Bible in the first place is commendable; that he wrote about it as he did is praiseworthy. Another essay by George Crongeyer regards a window and an easy-chair and regards both accurately and well. Wallie Layne heads the essay section with a portrait. We are sorry that we are not connoisseurs of portraits, but we should judge that this particular one is fitting in such a gallery as is the Anthology.

Linus Maloney presents "Prairie Dread" to open the play section. It is a curtain-raiser that gives us a good indication of the quality of the plays. Lester Grady dips into a South Bend home and emerges with "LaPorte—Friday Night," which is worth dipping anywhere to find. James Jay, whose play, "Out of the River" was presented here recently, is again presented in the Anthology. This play cannot be introduced too often in any form. It would be remarkable in any University theatre. "The Omadhaun," an Irish character sketch, is poignantly witty. Dick Parrish, who wrote "Martha Jeffries' Mother," wrote a drama of the first water.
Father George J. Finnigan, C. S. C., Provincial, Named Bishop of Helena

The Very Reverend George J. Finnigan, C.S.C., provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, has been appointed Bishop of the diocese of Helena, Montana, by Pope Pius XI.

Father Finnigan was elected provincial last summer after serving a year as vice-president of the University. He was born in Potsdam, New York, Feb. 22, 1885. His degrees include Litt.B., Ph.D., and S.T.D. He was graduated from Notre Dame in 1910 with the degree of bachelor of letters. He later received, in Rome, a doctorate of philosophy and a licentiate in theology.

Father Finnigan returned to America in 1915, entered Lavalle University, Quebec, Canada, and there won a doctorate in sacred theology. He was also connected with the Holy Cross mission band for a year. In the summer of 1917 he applied for a commission as chaplain in the United States army, was commissioned in January 1918, and was assigned to the 137th field artillery at Fort Shelby, Hattiesburg, Mississippi. When his regiment came home after the signing of the armistice, Father Finnigan remained in France for a time, joining the 80th Field artillery. He was made a captain in the American Expeditionary force for exceptional service.

Returning to America in July, 1919, he was made Superior of Holy Cross Seminary, until 1925, when he was made vice-president of the university. Last summer he was elected Provincial of the Congregation of the United States province.

Father Finnigan is held in great affection here, and the entire University unites in rejoicing at the honor he has received.

CHICAGOANS ELECT HALPIN

The Chicago spirit of election moved on the campus Wednesday evening when the Chicago Club held the election of officers for next year. Nominations that preceded the closely contested election placed Dick Halpin, Ed McKeown, and Jack Doyle in the race for President. In the election Dick Halpin won over his closest opponent, Ed McKeown by the narrow margin of three votes. Other officers chosen were: Vice-President, Joe Nash; Secretary, Joe Scales; Treasurer, Eddie Collins.

CONSTRUCTION PROGRESSING

Work on the new buildings on the campus is nearing completion. The final touches are being put on the carvings of Lyons Hall, and the new dining hall is almost finished exteriorly. Renovations in the reference room of the library are now finished, and work is beginning on the study room. The church steeple is being refurbished. The new steam tunnel is being rapidly completed, and it is hoped that it will be in shape for commencement.
Jim walked slowly through the door-way, twice looking back to catch the last reflections.

"Why, yes, you look fine. Aren't you glad you let me pick that suit? It's a perfect fit."

Jim held his tongue. He had a painful feeling that the suit was not a perfect fit; that the trousers should drop to his shoes, at least. The shade of brown which his mother had chosen was not exactly the thing they were wearing either, he thought, but probably that was simply his imagination.

"Straighten your tie, son; that's it. Now go show your father."

Mr. Tompkins looked at his son with an air that Jim recognized as pride.

"Well, Jim, you certainly look like a rich man's boy. Guess there'll be some of them at this party you are going to, huh?"

"Yes. Some of the wealthier crowd from school."

"I wish I looked like you do when I went to my first dance. Why I remember—"

"Father, where are the keys?"

"Here, in my coat pocket. Now, don't drive fast, and say—" Mr. Tompkins drew closer and whispered loudly,—"none of this one-armed driving, understand?"

Jim strove desperately not to appear embarrassed. He hated these parental admonitions with a great hatred. Him to put his arm around Genevieve on his first real date with her! The idea was preposterous.

"All right, Father."

"Now have a good time. And remember, don't drive fast."

"Yes, Father." He kissed his mother good-bye, and then took one lingering look at his reflection. Everything appeared satisfactory. The shoes were shined to a brilliant tan, the trousers properly creased, the double-breasted coat buttoned tightly to give the illusion of a deep chest and broad shoulders. He had greased the black hair enough to obtain the high-lights that looked so attractive in the advertisements.

Jim was content.

"Good-bye, Father." With great dignity, he walked out to the car, fully convinced that the night was to be a success. He would probably become acquainted with the social celebrities among the high-school crowd. It was possible that they would take a fancy to him; they might even ask him to other parties. He wanted to meet that tall, blonde girl, Marguerite Halliday. She was pretty keen, he decided, as he shifted gears and drew away from the house; probably didn't have a personality like Genevieve's, though.

The moon-lit spring evening was too much for his discretion. He roared through the streets at forty, swung around two curves with only the slightest decrease in speed, and stopped the car with a frightful shriek in front of the Langton Apartments. After a moment's mental debate, he blew the horn, with the paralyzing result that bobbed heads appeared at five different windows. Jim decided that he had better go in.
“Hello, Jim,” Genevieve, small, golden-haired, shortly past the self-sufficient age of sixteen, had already come down the stairs. “Er-uh-hello, Genevieve.” He was conscious of a sudden awkwardness as he followed her to the car. “Do you think we’ll be early?”

“No, it’s nine o’clock. Let’s go.”

As he started off, Jim wondered vaguely what one should talk about when taking a girl to a dance.

“Guess it was kind of dumb for me to blow the horn outside that way, wasn’t it!”

“No, that was all right.” Tom McNevin usually does that. Of course, Mamma says the boys shouldn’t, but I don’t care.”

“Oh, don’t you!” Tom McNevin, who the devil was he?

“No, not much.”

Silence. The car moved faster.

“Gee, you look nice in that dress!”

“Applesauce!”

Silence. The car moved still faster.

“Ever been to this country club before, Genevieve?”

“Oh, yes; once with Marty Hickey, and once with Archie Bedell. It’s a big place, but not half as nice as the Edgemore, where I went with Bill last week.”

Jim pressed the pedal to the floor. With a bravery inspired by the empty country road, he was soon making fifty and going up. These other guys might have better cars than his, he reflected, but they couldn’t drive any better. He narrowly missed an unlighted buggy, jolted over a railroad track, glanced at Genevieve and, seeing that she was a bit frightened, looked forward to the road in time to prevent running into the ditch. A resolution to concentrate was quickly broken.

“Did Mary Campbell ask you to this dance?” he asked, as they struck a straight stretch. “I don’t know her, but I heard that she was giving it.”

“Yes, Mary was awfully anxious for me to come. She told me to invite some fellow, and I thought you would like to go.”

“Say, that was great. I was wanting to go, but I didn’t think I’d get a chance.” He wondered why she had invited him. She thought it unnecessary to mention that he was the fourth young gentleman she had called.

“Well, we’re almost there,” he remarked, feeling that he had said an empty thing.

“Uh-huh!” was her enthusiastic answer.

He drove to the door-way of the club, beneath the colonial portecochere, and, jumping out, ran to the other side of the car in order to open the door for her. She was standing on the curb when he arrived.

“I guess you’re hopeless,” he read in her eyes, but he said only “I’ll be right back.”

Returning from the parking space, he pondered the prospects of the evening. They were not so good as he had anticipated. Genevieve was evidently not herself, she was so—well, sort of quiet. She was too nice a girl to be accused of snappiness, and anyway, it was really their first date. Perhaps she still felt strange in his presence.

When he reached the ball-room, Genevieve was already dancing with Archie Bedell who was, according to school rumors, of a very romantic disposition.

“Cheap shiek,” thought Jim, admiring simultaneously the confidence with which Archie swung gracefully though the crowd. Archie’s hair was black and shiny, too, and his trousers were very long and wide. His neck stretched forward at an angle over Genevieve’s shoulder; Jim did not care for the position. He wondered why the girls liked Archie so much.

The dance ended, and the crowd broke up into standing groups, with a few stragglers, mostly “steadies,” sitting upon the lounges, or walking on to the porch. Jim examined each of the gatherings, in search of Genevieve. There was the fast crowd, usually talking and laughing loudly, now pausing in their merriment while one girl demonstrated the Black Bottom. There was the slow crowd, rather quiet. Two of the fellows were discussing baseball and three of the girls were commenting on the poor taste shown by those who do the Black Bottom in public. The rest apparently did not have much of anything to say.

One group, almost entirely male, was gathered around a center which Jim decided must be attractive. He elbowed and stretched until he could see her: Ruth Malone,
black-haired, speaking like a woman, and sending shaft after shaft of repartee at the gathered youths, each of whom hoped to be the butt of her next sally. Jim left; he was looking for Genevieve.

The other group was correspondingly female. Jim saw that the girls were not so interested in the center of attraction as the boys had been; they were inclined to look in a rather exasperated way at the youths who had been drawn by that Malone girl. Archie Bedell was the magnet of this group; Jim saw Genevieve beside him, listening attentively to his loud exposition of a recent party at Edgemore. She looked strangely pathetic, Jim thought, in spite of her flashing golden hair. He resolved to show her that Archie was not the only dancer present.

"May I have this dance, Gen?" he asked.

She glanced at him as though surprised at his presence.

"Oh—uh—surely."

"Shall we go over and sit down?"

"I don't care."

Flustered, he walked beside her to one of the lounges.

"How is the music?"

"Pretty good." She seemed preoccupied. The music had started again, and Archie was dancing with the blonde Halliday girl.

Jim was uncertain as to what to do next. Why was she so bent on making him uncomfortable? Or was she really! He resolved to attempt nonchalance.

"Well, let's step."

She acquiesced without enthusiasm. They started off slowly; Jim was surprised at how easily he was dancing. His previous experience had been limited to victrola music and parlor floor. They bumped into another couple, there were mutual apologies, and they danced on. More bumps and more apologies.

"Floor's terribly crowded."

"Yes."

"Music's good, though, isn't it?"

"Yes." Cold water.

He wondered what to say next, marveling, simultaneously, at her amazing ability to follow him. She was pretty good!

The encore: he clapped loudly. Why did she look so kind of annoyed? She was going to say something, and he smiled, hoping to appear friendly enough without being too intimate. None of this movie shiek, Archie Bedell stuff for him, he decided.

"You haven't danced much, have you!" she asked.

His castles tumbled loudly. Didn't she think he was a good enough dancer?

"I didn't think so." She looked at her satin slippers, which were soiled.

The music struck up again. "A hot number," he thought. "Got to do better this time. I'll try something fancy."

He attempted a side-step. She missed the lead, and they had to start over. He ran into Archie, who scowled and then said something very funny to Marguerite.

After a few more minutes, Jim came to the conclusion that every one was trying to run into him. It seemed that no matter what he did, he pushed Genevieve into someone with crushing force, or he bumped someone himself, or someone tripped on his foot, or a stray elbow dug into his back. There were more elbows in the hall than he had known existed, and they were singularly sharp.

Genevieve was flushed and breathless when the dance ended. Plainly, she thought he was terrible. He decided that probably he was, but what did she expect? Wasn't this his first dance?

He followed her to a group that had gathered near the porch, wondering if she would introduce him to the rest of the crowd. Apparently, she intended to do so.

"Ruth, Marguerite, this is Mr. Tompkins. Miss Malone and Miss Halliday."

"How do you do?" he managed to say.

"How do you do." Marguerite evidently was not interested.

"Hello, Jim!" Ruth looked at him appraisingly, smiled her lovely smile, and turned once more to her satellites.

He wondered what to say next, marveling, simultaneously, at her amazing ability to follow him. She was pretty good!

The encore: he clapped loudly. Why did she look so kind of annoyed? She was going without confidence.
"Surely."
He felt relieved. To his tremendous dis­may, the orchestra began a waltz. He could not waltz; he knew that he could not waltz; but he was willing to try to waltz.
He decided that he had better say some­thing.
"I hate to do the regular waltz step."
She was silent. He wondered why.
"I'd rather just walk and keep time." A series of collisions of varying intensity took his mind off the music temporarily. The music stopped.
"Will you excuse me for a moment?" asked the tall blonde girl, quietly.
"Certainly."

She walked from the floor and disappeared, leaving him near the cen­ter. A new number started before he realized that she was not coming back. He left the floor, dodging the smiling dancers.

His hopes blasted, he wondered if it would be possible to leave quietly. No, that was out of the question. He'd have to stay to take Genevieve home. At the end of the dance, he sought her out, determined to en­joy himself for the rest of the evening.

Four dances later, he was once more without a partner. Genevieve was going to dance with Willie Hollister, and he had neg­lected to ask anyone else. Looking around the walls of the ball-room, he spied Margue­rithe sitting with Archie Bedell. They would be dancing the next one. His eyes shifted to several quietly dressed, rather plain girls, who sat silently at one end of the room. They were, he decided, wall-flowers, and he did not want to dance with a wall-flower.

There was no one else to ask, however. He approached the most attractive one.
"May I have this dance?"
"Why, yes." She did not seem at all su­perior, and he felt suddenly loquacious.
"Pretty nice dance, isn't it?"
"Yes, I suppose it will do."
"Why, aren't you enjoying it?"
"Oh, yes." She sounded tired.
"Say, maybe I shouldn't have asked you at all. We haven't been introduced."
"Oh, that! Well, my name's Mary Camp­bell."
"Mary Campbell! You're giving the dance, aren't you?"

"Yes."
"Well, Genevieve told me that you asked Archie. I haven't seen you dancing—" the sentence trailed off as he suddenly realized that Mary did not enjoy the subject.
"'Black Bottom.' Hot stuff! Let's go!" He tried to cover his embarrassment.

She couldn't dance. He felt a great sym­pathy for her, without considering that she, perhaps, had a similar feeling toward him. But the dance was really terrible. It was like pushing a log over the polished floor, a log that was momentarily endowed with the ability to be contrary.

Between the encores, he tried to be gay, but he failed miserably. She was such a friendly little girl, and her big party had evidently been a complete failure for herself. The popular girls were as popular at her dance as they were at any other; the popu­lar boys had forgotten their hostess when they arrived.

"Tough luck," thought Jim. "I'd really like to dance with her again, but it's too much work. Probably Archie will come over soon."

So he left Mary, and looked for Margue­rithe. He wanted to dance with that blonde girl again.

Ah! There she was, still sitting with Archie, and apparently quite content in his company. Jim decided to ask her for the next. He would ask her boldly this time; he would show her that he was a better dancer and conversationalist than she had thought. There had certainly been some im­provement during the course of the evening.

When he was about twenty feet from them, she suddenly glanced up and saw his approaching. Her eyes widened and quickly narrowed. She turned to Archie in deep dismay:

"My God! Look what's coming!"

The words just reached Jim's ears. He walked toward her in a daze. A dozen pos­sibilities presented themselves, but he decided to pretend he had not heard. Archie was looking, and laughing silently.

He gulped, realizing that his smile was fatally sick.

"Uh—may I have this dance?"

Her smile was startlingly gracious. "Why,
I'm awfully sorry, but I'm not dancing this time."

"Sorry." He sat down near-by; heard a new dance begin; saw Marguerite and Archie, after covert glances his direction, get up and slide away. Suddenly, he wished he were at home.

He danced no more that evening. Everyone else seemed to be having a splendid time; even little Mary Campbell danced by, ecstatically happy in the arms of a very patronizing Archie.

When the last number was about to begin, Genevieve approached him solicitously. She had been having a most enjoyable evening; she had even heard someone say that she looked better than Ruth Malone.

"Why so down-hearted, Jim?"

"I'm not down-hearted."

"You don't look as though you are enjoying yourself much."

"Oh, I am, though." He was surprised at his own lie. It was so unreasonable.

"Aren't you going to dance this last one with me?"

"No. Don't feel like dancing."

"All right. Oh, Jimmy, I wanted to ask you something." She was smiling prettily. "Shoot!" Perhaps she didn't think he was so bad, after all, if she was willing to call him Jimmy and to ask him something.

"Archie—" his heart sank. "Archie has no car. Can we take him home? Be a nice boy, Jimmy."

"Why, of course," he declared, with a pretense of enthusiasm that deceived her not at all.

"Get our coats during the dance, will you?"

"Yes." What did she take him for, a servant?

But he got the coats, and, while Archie helped Genevieve to don hers, he got the car, too.

The three of them sat in the narrow front seat. At first it was a little crowded for Jim, but Archie soon slipped an unconscious arm around Genevieve's shoulder and pulled her away from him. Jim was angry, with all the anger of impotence. He considered making Archie get out; he considered driving into the ditch; he even considered telling both of them to go to hell. He did none of these things, however; he merely listened to the steady murmur of Archie whispering in Genevieve's ear.

He took Archie to a little frame shack on a side street, and then drove, in absolute silence, to the Langton Apartments. He did not trust himself to speak, and Genevieve apparently had nothing to say.

When they stopped in front of the building, Jim did not jump out; he simply leaned across and pushed the door open.

"Good night, Jim," she said, sweetly. "I had a lovely time."

"G'night."

He drove off without waiting to see whether or not she was able to get in. In ten minutes, he was quietly opening the front door to his home.

There was a slight stir upstairs.

"That you, Jim?"

"It's me."

"Have a good time?"

"Wonderful time, Father. It was great."

"Well, good-night. Don't forget to turn out the lights."

"I won't. Good night."
Homo

In Which The Literary Editor Takes An Awful Beating

GEORGE A. KIENER

Homo thanks Mr. Mullen sincerely for the latter's evidence of having read his diatribe on modern fiction, and of having taken the trouble to really think about the matter presented in said diatribe. This is a courtesy not often conceded to articles which appear in our esteemed college organ of "thought," and the fact that Mr. Mullen wrote a refutation of Homo's contentions proves that he at least took cognizance of them and did a bit of constructive thinking with them as a basis.

To begin with, Homo will admit a flippancy, a generalizing, and an attitude of dogmatic certainty in his article on modern fiction. This was, more or less, a means to an end. If it succeeded in getting men to take issue with him and to wait for what he has to say in reply, it has served its purpose. For, modern men must be dealt with in a modern way. To say things to people, one must have people to say things to. So, of Homo's original article served as a bit of dynamite, to blast down the walls of self-satisfaction that surround the intelligentsia, and allowed Homo to enter into the sanctum sanctorum of these men's attention, it again has served its purpose.

Therefore, with the original bit of publicity work out of the way, Homo enters the lists with Mr. Mullen and those on his side of the field, and will use the weapons of clear logic and basic philosophy against the slightly stained spears of subtle sarcasm and some not so subtle, wielded by his opponents. Who shall be the ultimate victor remains to be decided by those impersonally interested in the matter.

As a first point, Homo would like to observe that his article was on modern fiction and the fiction addict, both understood in the usual sense that men concede to these phrases. Homo, therefore, wishes to stress the point that he is speaking not of contemporary but of modern fiction. He believes that everyone reading this article will admit that the word "modern" today carries with it a slight tinge of the undesirable. When we speak of the much-discussed "modern girl," we do not mean that ideal woman whom we shall ask to be our life's partner. No. We mean the superficial, flighty, cigarette-smoking, gin-drinking maiden whose ideals in life are no higher than a "good" time, much money and a few husbands in succession. Similarly, when we, in our general language of literature, speak of modern fiction and modern fiction writers, we do not refer to the carriers-on of Victorian ideals, and the champions of objective excellence in literature. Of such are Conrad, Hardy and Galsworthy. Hardy is truly a Victorian, his active career in the matter of fiction having ended some years ago. Conrad, never having been affected by the Materialism of his reading public, wrote in his own artistic fashion. Galsworthy is the only one of these three who has been subjected to the truly modernistic tendencies which Homo is criticizing. To him, and to the American writers who have persevered in their ideals in the face of these tendencies, Homo presents his sincere admiration.

Therefore, it appears to Homo that Mr. Mullen miserably misinterpreted his meaning. However, admitting his generalization, Homo realizes that a literal-minded gentleman of the Twentieth Century is quite liable to fall into this error. Again he welcomes the opportunity to make lucid that which was vague to the man who will not infer.

Secondly, Homo wrote about the fiction addict as he defined him. Mr. Mullen commits the unpardonable crime of giving his own definition of the fiction addict, and applying to this definition all that Homo said in reference to his own fiction addict. Homo did and does comment on the man who reads too much fiction and whose fiction is not well-chosen. He did not condemn all fiction. If Mr. Mullen can find any statement which either says or implies that, Homo will pre-
sent him with four bound copies of this refu-
tation, done in silver and decorated in gold.

Homo implied in the passage which is to
follow, that a man may read fiction to good
advantage if he does not overdo. Also, it
might be observed that the abnormality of
Homo's fiction addict is again stressed in
this passage. Homo has no discussion with
men who read to really create thought, or
who read to find a temporal relief from
fact. To quote the passage:

"The true reader may be likened to the
ascetic athlete who eats just enough to keep
his physique in perfect condition. The true
reader reads just enough to create thought.
The fiction addict is as the glutton whose
overeating does little more than make him
clumsy, murky-minded, and of little value
when anything of worth is to be done."

Mr. Mullen will, no doubt, admit that the
glutton in the matter of food is to be de-
spised. Homo contends that the glutton in
the matter of reading modern fiction is as
much to be despised. Mr. Mullen again ob-
viously misinterprets Homo's quite clear
meaning. Seemingly, he is a gentleman who
will infer when his interests are furthered
by the inference, and will close his eyes of
thought when the inference does not fit with
his pre-conceived ideas on the matters pre-
ented.

With regard to Mr. Mullen's statement
concerning Homo's contention that "the fic-
tion reader imbibes other men's distorted
views," Homo said nothing of the kind. He
did, however, say that the fiction addict is
imbibing other men's distorted views when
he is reading most of the fiction of the mod-
ern school. This school includes, (to assuage
Mr. Mullen's sincere solicitude concerning
Homo's knowledge of fiction and its writ-
ers), John Erskine, Michael Arlen, Sinclair
Lewis, James Branch Cabell, Waldo Frank
and Theodore Dreiser.

This is a school of fiction which is modern,
and which stresses impressionism, or sub-
jective interpretation of the objective world
and its meaning. It makes man his own
god, and gives to one man's view of truth
the same value as the opinion of another. It
destroys norms of truth and really leads to
the "dissatisfaction, resentment, and a feel-

ing of the general futility of our efforts" which Mr. Mullen quite dogmatically states
as the usual outcome of thought.

To quote Henry Seidel Canby, (to whom
Mr. Mullen will very likely concede much:
he being a god in the literature which Mr.
Mullen obviously places above philosophy),
"So far as literature is concerned, the six-
teen-year-old censorship is dead and gone;
the bars are down; Americans, for the time
being, are as free to write what they please
of sex in literature, short of pornography,
as the Elizabethans or the Augustans: in
religion and politics they are freer. An
impartial survey of the books published by
the literati in the past two years will abun-
dantly prove my point. Writers have all the
liberty they need; they are drunk with liber-
ty. If there is to be any more quarreling, it
must be over the limit of expression. It is
out of date to attack puritanism. We need
a few virile, up-and-coming champions to
defend art and the American reader. The
question has become 'Where do we stop'?
("Definitions," H. S. Canby, pg.22).

Quite obviously Mr. Canby does not con-
sider fiction all that it should be. He stress-
es the fact that writers have too much liber-
ty today in the expression of their views;
Homo stressed the distortion of the views
of modern writers. Homo spoke of soporific
slush; Mr. Canby speaks of too much sex
in literature of today. Can Mr. Mullen see
Homo's point? Homo sincerely hopes so.

Homo will now present a justification for
the novel which he considers a bit more
lucid than Mr. Mullen's defense. He will
consider the novel from a philosophical view-
point. Before entering into this, it might
be well to note that Homo said nothing of
the imagination in his article. He stressed
intellectual thought, and considered how
much of intellectual value men addicted to
modern fiction really receive. For, as Mr.
Mullen very likely knows, man's mental en-
dowments are divided into the sensuous and
intellectual. The intellectual is the higher.
The imagination, which is included in the
sensuous, is the lower. Unless Mr. Mullen
wishes to jump the traces of sensible psy-
chology, he will concede these points. By
way of observation, it might be noted that
it is a philosophical truth that happiness resides in the intellect. Hence, Mr. Mullen's contention that a great amount of thought is not conducive to happiness is truly a marvelous discovery. However, we hope he did not mean this. His Scholastic philosophy must have taught him differently. We hope he is neither a Spencer nor a Hume. Very likely he merely confuses the true happiness to be gained from philosophical considerations, whether one's face be screwed up or not, with the superficial stimulation to be gotten from the passing chimerae of the imagination. However, to proceed to Homo's justification:

"The novel is a relief from fact and reason; a bit of mental diversion wherein we may roam the field of fancy and sip the nectar of the gods. In a good novel we make our own world. We do only the things we want to do, and meet only the folks we desire to meet. We are the arbiters of the amount of reality we will concede to the incidents and characters of the novels we read, and in doing this we make ourselves gods in our own universe.

"A novel should be read, not in an attempt to make over the world in which we live, but rather to afford us a bit of relief from fact, so that we may more ably deal with it when the necessity presents itself.

"Occasionally the novel does more than give a man relief from fact. Sometimes, in well-executed novels of purpose we note our concepts undergoing fundamental changes, and we are stimulated to a bit of intellectual activity. This type of novel is of much value when it is well done. And, when it is well done, it is usually about fifty percent fiction and fifty percent essay. As an example, note 'Vanity Fair,' Thackeray.

"However, how often do we find a well-written novel of purpose in modern fiction? So few times that we are almost justified in saying that the legitimate field of the novel is that of affording diversion, and beyond these limits it should not presume to go. Read the essay and the article for the facts. To the novel leave the fancies. Reason appreciates facts; imagination, fancies. Hence if you desire to develop as a rational man, read more things of direct appeal to the intellect, and fewer things of appeal to the imagination."

In the above, Homo quite ably justifies the existence of the novel, and fiction in general, and truly shows that it has its field. However, its field is not of such value to the thinker as the field of the essay or the article. And, he wishes to contend further, that when the novel uses this field to inspire in men distorted concepts of facts through clever use of imaginative stimuli, it is not even playing its part in the dramatis personae of literature. Modern fiction, of the school which Homo is considering, does just this. It is a literary mongrel, neither a stimulus of thought nor an artistic representation of the world of fancy. It is impressionistic, subjective and superficial and the man addicted to it cannot fail to become the same.

Homo finds it quite easy to reply to Mr. Mullen's observation on the fact that neither H. L. Mencken nor Arthur Brisbane has written any fiction. The fiction addict must have "convictions" on other matters than those presented in the novels he consumes, if he desires to maintain his place among his clever associates. Therefore, he turns to men of the type of Arthur Brisbane or Mr. Mencken for his ideas on matters of fact. Homo did not wish to imply that these men have written anything in the nature of fiction; but does wish to contend that when the vacillating minds of the modernists wish to learn about things outside their fiction, they will turn to the "clever" essayists who deal with facts in much the same manner as modern novelists deal with fancies. A re-reading of this passage will show Mr. Mullen that the fiction addict considers these men when he wishes to make a decision. Decisions are matters of fact.

When Homo says that men of the type of Brisbane and Mencken think for the moderns, he means that when decisions of the intellect, and not pictures of the imagination, are in order, the fiction addict is so out of practice in original intellectual activity, that he grabs wildly at the most ostentatious and superficial thoughts presented by shallow essayists, because he is, in his essence, ostentatious and superficial.
In reference to Mr. Mullen's observation on Chesterton's having written poor fiction, Homo replies that he was not considering a catalogue of Mr. Chesterton's works, but just his "Orthodoxy," a masterpiece of intellectual stimulation. Homo's beloved G. K. has written fiction, and poor fiction at that. But, to Homo's knowledge, it was written as fiction should be written; as a relief from fact and not a substitute for it. Homo again wishes to stress strongly one of his primary contentions; that in his original article he considered modern fiction in its relation to intellectual stimulation, and not in its relation to fanciful roamings. He will admit to anyone that he thinks not a great deal of Chesterton's "Father Brown" stories as pieces of literary art; and neither does Gilbert K. They essayed not to make over a world of fact with a flight of fancy, but rather to gain relief from fact with a bit of fancy. So, Mr. Mullen will very likely note that he assumed something which was neither said nor implied; namely, that Gilbert K. Chesterton is an artist in every field of literature. Homo contends in his article that he is an artist in the field of the essay, a stimulator of thought, and beyond that he does not presume to go.

In conclusion, Homo desires to offer this faint possibility for Mr. Mullen's consideration. Perhaps Homo's conclusions in regard to modern fiction have resulted from a fair knowledge of the field of fiction, and an evaluation of it in the light of common sense and fundamental philosophy. Homo may have been a fiction addict in the earlier years of his career of education, and through the able guidance of his intellectual superiors, and the actualizing of his intellectual potentialities, have arrived at the conclusion that modern fiction is essentially superficial and of little thought value. Indeed, Mr. Mullen knows nothing of the reading habits of Homo. However, he infers again that which cannot be inferred, and quite didactically informs his readers that Homo admittedly knows nothing of modern fiction, or of fiction in general. This is obviously a meteor of cleverness, designed to blind the mind of the reader with its blood-colored flare, and make him quite willing to admit the pedantry of Mr. Mullen.

Homo considers himself quite able to discuss with Mr. Mullen the inferiority complex of "Lord Jim," the fatalistic philosophy of Thomas Hardy, the climatic change in the character of Myra Henshawe, or the theory of planting young Englishmen in the colonies of Great Britain, promulgated by John Galsworthy. Possibly, Mr. Mullen, that because Homo knew a bit about the novel, its essential nature, its legitimate field, and its relation to thought of value, he considered himself qualified to make a few observations on the modern novel and the fiction addict.

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Upon A Student's Desk

There on his desk  
Were many things,  
Ripe apples—and notebooks  
With gleaming silver rings.  
A quill pen  
With a green feather—  
Resting on a book  
Bound in red leather.  

—H. J. S.
GRANTING that travel does aid the writer, we still may question the ability of the literary novice to travel with his eyes open. If he cannot write where he is, it is very probable that he will write no more for having climbed the Alps or drifted down the Rhine. In fact, he is very apt to throw aside his pen in despair.

There are two great classes of matter to write about, the familiar and the unusual. Of the two the latter is, of course, the more romantic and the more likely to attract the beginner. He passes over the familiar as being beneath him. He feels that anyone can write of what is under his nose, but that his mission is higher.

He should try it. He should try to express, in a new and interesting way, the joys and the sorrows of our everyday life. If he succeeds he will be hailed as great.

An odd result of travel is the appreciation of home. How many, many of our tourists tell us that their second sight of the Statue of Liberty was their greatest thrill. Then the writer does get something out of travel and something extremely worth while, even if he continues to write only of his old home town. He realizes wherein his town is different from all the rest of the world. He sees what makes it home to him. He sees the similarity and the contrast and he is then better able to present his community to the world as something individual in fiction.

But, of course, he cannot forever write of the old home town. He should not so limit himself. When he finds that he can present it as it is, then should he move on. Travel is what he will need, and plenty of it, but it must not be the hurried rushing from place to place, merely to say he has “been there.” It should be a serious attempt to catch the atmosphere of every striking place that he visits. Moreover, he cannot and should not write of everything he sees. He must learn to evaluate. But even so, he should not be too businesslike about it. He should enjoy every step of the way.

Tarkington once found, while traveling in Australia, that he was more intent on getting to the next hotel and putting up for the night than in observing the customs of the people around him. That discovery roused him to the appreciation of much that he had nearly missed.

So too, must the younger writer, when he starts to travel, be careful that the endless novelty does not dull his sensibility. Ask an ex-naval man. He will probably say, “Kid, this world is all the same, no matter where you go, to Buenos Aires or Kokomo.”

That is because he had no foundation for his experiences. The writer must prepare for travel, by learning all he can about the countries he expects to visit, and then checking up on his idea of them when he gets there. He must remember that the more he takes to a country the more he can bring out of it, and the more he can get, the more he can give.
REMORSE

Into the whiteness of a lonely rose
I crushed my eager, honey-hungry lips
And stole the flower’s fragrance with sweet sips,
When trustingly her petals did unclose.
Yet all men know that every rose which blows
Must some day fade beneath a burning sky;
Or, failing this, is merely left to die
Amid the whiteness of the early snows.
What matter then? I crushed a flower in bloom;
I stole her sweetness while she trusted me;
Still I had saved her from a cheerless doom
By making of her death an ecstasy.
But curse your logic with its cold hard way,
I would my rose were pure as yesterday.

—E. FARRELL.

VESPERS FOR THE DYING SCHOOL YEAR

Quiet shades roll o’er the campus,
Early summer stars are twinkling,
Lo, the college year is ending;
Footsteps to the gates are wending,
While the bells are softly tolling—
Vespers, for the dying school year.
Twilight chimes have ceased their ringing,
Now the vesper hymns are sung.
Darkness thickens in the towers
While the virgin moon is smiling,
On the halls and grounds and spires.
Corridors are all forsaken,
Care-free youth his leave has taken;
But elusive playful phantoms
Scampering in the strips of moonlight,
Smile and say, “they’ll come again.”

—J. F. M’MAHON, ’28

CYRANO’S FAREWELL

To bow, to speak a line, and then to go
Is not, perhaps, fulfillment of the dream
That brought about our effort; yet we know
That sadness has too often been the theme
Of farewell sonnets. Laugh at our black hearse
But when we’ve gone, if there’s a vacant space
In which you hoped to find a limping verse,
A sonnet, or a joke of doubtful grace,
We will not feel that Hobnails lived and died
A total loss of ink, and space and time.
The Bearded One has never been denied:
We bow to His advance, and with this rhyme
Will close an episode and, laughing, tell
That Cyrano now makes his last farewell.

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

Editor’s note—Cyrano disappeared mysteriously about two weeks ago. This verse was found among his effects.
Michigan State Trims Notre Dame Track Squad

Unable to score in many of the track events in which they were figured to pile up points, Notre Dame trackmen lost their second dual meet of the 1927 season Friday afternoon at Cartier Field. Michigan State, one of the keenest track rivals of the Irish, swung a victory by 68 to 58.

Always desirous of routing the Irish but never quite strong enough to come through, the Michigan State squad threw aside its jinx on Friday, the thirteenth, and eked out a comfortable win.

The Michigan State team that confronted the Irish last week was far different from any Aggie team that has ever matched strides with Coach Rockne's men in years past. Well-balanced throughout and especially strong in the sprints and weight events, the Green and White clad trackmen showed strength that was not to be denied.

ALDERMAN SHINES

It remained for a slim, quiet individual with the name of Fred Alderman to take the leading role in the taming of the Irish. Alderman, captain of the Michigan outfit, was in the thick of the fight at all times and contributed heavily to his team's scoring total. After winning the hundred yards dash, the Michigan captain rested a few moments and then trotted the 220 in :21 seconds, just three-fifths of a heat faster than the time set by Martin, of Notre Dame, some seventeen years ago.

Alderman was more than a track man, he was a track and field man combined. Having completed his work on the cinders, he leaped to a first place in the broad jump and placed second to Lavelle in the javelin throw. Alderman's 18 points helped the Michigan crew considerably.

At the outset of the meet, it looked as if the Green and White would win by a comfortable margin. Firsts and seconds in both the century and the furlong dashes and a first in the mile run set off the Aggie scalps to a good beginning.

The Irish came back with heavy scoring in the two mile run, high hurdles and middle distance events but the Michigan State team always held the upper hand. They scored heavily in the shot put and discus throw.

With only two events to be run, the low hurdles and the javelin, the Notre Dame squad was in a threatening position. However, the Michigan spear-throwers headed off an Irish slam in the low hurdles when they split even in their event.

GRIM PULLS IRON-MAN

Alderman was not the only individual who heaped upon himself a portion of glory. Bohn Grim, his running mate in the dashes, totalled eleven points when he placed second in the furlong and the century and ran a beautiful race to take major honors in the 440 yards dash. His time was :50 flat.

"Barney" Barron, Irish hurdler, was the light of the Notre Dame squad. Barron led the way in the high hurdles and took a second in the low barriers for a total of eight points. Joe Boland, star shot-put of a year ago, was back in competition for the first time since the Minnesota football game of last fall. He earned a second place in his favorite event.
GOLFERS WIN AND
LOSE DURING WEEK

Another victory and a first defeat came to the fast-winning Notre Dame golf team last week when Marquette was shut out by the Irish team and Wisconsin won a close match. The scores were 14 to 0, and 12 to 11, respectively.

After winning four straight contests, the Irish slipped into a rut and were forced to watch a brilliant Wisconsin squad edge out a one point win.

In the morning matches the Irish were quite successful for they pulled up ahead of the Badgers, 6 to 5. When the first foursome of the afternoon's play had been completed, the Irish still led by a one point margin. On the second foursome the Wisconsin crew played brilliant golf and won the match to take the whole meet by a single score.

Marquette fared less luckily at the hands of the Notre Dame squad than did their Madison brothers. The Hilltoppers failed to score a single point against the uncanny Irish who swept everything from match play to best ball and foursome play.

Captain Norb Seidensticker came into his own during the two meets when he played golf that smacked of real excellence. Seidensticker had low score for the Marquette meet, a 152. He was one stroke above this total for the Wisconsin meet, having traveled the links in 153.

Only one more meet, that with Indiana, remains on the Notre Dame schedule.

NORMAL TRACKMEN
DOWN YEARLINGS

Capturing twelve of the fifteen first places on the afternoon's program, the Western State Normal thinly-clads defeated Coach Wendland's freshmen tracksters at Kalama-zoo last Saturday afternoon by a 84-43 count. In spite of the big majority of the winners the score does not tell the true story of the meet as the Irish youngsters tried hard, and gave everything they had against their more experienced opponents.

Supremacy in the sprints and hurdles was the secret of the Normal victory as the Celtic frosh more than held their own field events.

The meet was featured by the beautiful performances of Ferguson star who captured both the hundred and the two-twenty in good time. Boagni of the freshmen pressed him closely in each event though.

Scheffle of the Irish also ran a good race against Fisher of the Teachers in the four forty yard run, losing out by less than a foot.

Vaichulos, Notre Dame distance man walked away with the two mile run, Vanner and Brown his two opponents being far behind at the finish.

Celeya's performances in the field events also were more than meritorious, his first, second, and third, in the discus, javelin, and shotput respectively, helping to swell the Irish total considerably.

Walsh's activities in winning the shotput, and placing second in the javelin also deserves praise.

Whelchens first place in the high jump and thirds in the low hurdles and pole vault should stamp him as a worthy varsity candidate next year.

FRESHMEN GOLFERS BEST CULVER

Notre Dame's freshman golf foursome journeyed to Culver last Saturday afternoon, and opened their season with a 6-5 triumph over the Culver golfers. The match was played on the Cadets' own nine hole course which was in excellent condition considering the cold, rainy weather which has been sweeping this section of the country the past few weeks.

Culver's number man, Smith, had low score for the day, his 79 topping the card of Boyce of the yearling's by three strokes. Sullivan, of the Irish employing his famous long drives to good advantage, captured his match with Morris of Culver, with a card of 80. Moller, Yearling captain and outstanding performer went out with a 45, braced, and came in with a 37 to win over Culver's number one man by a big margin.
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