In the March number of Columbia, James B. Connolly, in "The Literary Ballyhoo," tells bluntly how popular books are put over by publicity campaigns. He gives examples to prove his point. He makes a case against three typical American best sellers, against the reviewers, and against the gullible American public. And he quite goes to town on the subject of alleged realism. The following paragraphs cut the ground out from under the feet of simpletons who still use the threadbare excuse of "knowing life" for their lecherous reading of dirty books:

"These purveyors talk of Realism, Truth to Life and so on. Baloney! Take the smut out of their books and nobody would read them, any more than they read Zola when in later years, being then more comfortably fixed, he relapsed into semi-decency.

"Realism. Truth to Life. The Joy of Living is another stock phrase. The real joy of living lads do not know they are living joyously. Why, one of those clean living, regular confession and Communion going Notre Dame elevens get more joy out of life in about three of their hard fought games than a regiment of maggoty authors ever got or will get in an entire lifetime.

"There is another favorite word - Virility! Fine. It is no close kept secret in the writing world that those base drum beaters are about as virile as a package of seedless raisins. They put in four to eight hours a day for six months, a year, two or three years, manufacturing one of their putrid novels; let any man's imagination, if he has such a thing, be immersed in sensual imagery for that length of time, and does it make for virility?

"And what are the critics and book reviewers doing about all this ballyhooing? Dear Reader, they are helping the game along. There are about twenty reviewers in this country who know real writing, and half of them are reading the publishers' ads while they review. There are hundreds of amateur reviewers. Members of the Wednesday Afternoon Literary Clubs mostly, and they know as much about real writing as the Tuesday Evening Bridge members know about real bridge playing. The Tuesday Evening crowd snort at the judgment of the Fire House gang, but I'll take the Fire House gang myself. They know what they like and they dare to express an honest opinion uninfluenced by ballyhoo."

The collection at the student Masses yesterday netted $65.74 for the Catholic University of Peking, China. It is only a small offering, and it will be lost in the immense deficit of $100,000 or so which the University is facing, but it is important in that it is a contribution from students for a worthy educational cause, and it will hearten the good Benedictines who have charge of the work.

Basketball For Bengal.

Yanigans vs. Seniors is the benefit attraction on the basketball court in the gymnasium tonight. Your quarter will go for the Bengal Mission.

A boy writes: "I am trying to brake all the boys in school of bad words for Our Lady of Notre Dame." (Keep his motive in mind in your vacation conduct.)

PRAYERS: Prof. Maurus underwent an appendicitis operation Saturday. Mike Wiedl's mother is ill. Cleve Carey's grandmother is reported dying. An uncle of Clyde Roberts is ill. Fr. Nieuwland underwent an operation this morning. Jas. Newberry's father is ill.