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THE WEEK

Certainly, you know Father Doremus, that delightfully newsy prefect of Sorin Hall without whose invaluable tips on the story-gathering market this page would never be written. We met him last night, and having set a precedent inquired: "What's the news, father?"

"There is nothing this week. It has been quiet. You cannot write for the SCHOLASTIC," came the disheartening reply, seasoned with a charming French accent. "Why do you not go to see Father McBride for news?" he asked.

Brilliant suggestion! So we hied ourself to Father McBride's sanctum sanctorum, knocked, and by way of introduction said, "May we borrow your key to the first floor? The janitor locked our door."

"Sorry," said the ex-Registrar. "But I'll put you on the waiting list. There are five ahead of you." And then he recovered himself quickly, blushed, apologized for forgetting that he was no longer passing out rooms, and presented the much needed pass key.

Having gained a moral victory over Father McBride's memory (and when you gain anything over his memory, it is a moral victory), we returned to headquarters, assembled the reporters, demanding a report on campus activities. One jumped up and cried, "Did you know the photographer for the *Dome* has been clubbed to death?"

"No;" cried we with maniacal vehemence, "that was a dastardly act. Pray, tell us, who is under suspicion?"

"Oh, all the presidents of the campus clubs arrayed themselves on the library steps and beat the photographer until he cried out; 'call off your clubs. I regret that I have but one life to give for my country.'"

"You're a malicious punster," we screamed at the reporter. "Furthermore, you're fired on the spot. Die like a dirty dog. March on, gang."

Then up jumped Turk Meinert who modestly said "I was elected chairman of the

S.A.C. last Sunday morning. Isn't that news?"

"No, it's not news. It's politics," we answered. So Turk began to cry softly, because he was not appreciated. But not to be moved by emotional outbursts, we left him crying and at press hour he was headed for the lake determined "to end it all."

A third news-gatherer, braver than the rest, rose on a point of information asking, "Have you written about the Sophomore Cotillion?"

"Sophomore Cotillion?" we shrieked. "Good Lord, man, do you know the war is over. We wrote about the Sophomore Cotillion in November. You're thinking of the Junior Prom."

"Oh, you think so, do you? Don't be so smart. I mean the Cotillion at Saint Mary's of Notre Dame, Indiana," said he in his coldest and most precise manner.

"You mean the dance which was led by Jack Wingerter?" we inquired superciliously. "Wonder who will lead our Senior Ball," mused we as an afterthought.

When he didn't get much time on the St. Mary's socials, our third reporter packed up his sheepskin, gathered his brethren, swearing vengeance in a stage whisper as the tribe left headquarters. We then started out as a lone wolf to discover that the student body moved en masse on Saturday evening with the Oliver Theatre as the destination. "It Makes a Difference," was the opus. Too, the Glee Club is back raving of California sunshine, beautiful orange groves, New Orleans hospitality, Sacramento civic luncheons, the induction into office of San Francisco's mayor, the absence of Hollywood celebrities, and the glories of the Mormons in Salt Lake City.

It is reliably reported that "The Juggler" will arrive this month on time. Walter Layne has promised to refund the extra fare tax if there is a delay of more than one week.

Not such a slow week, Father Doremus.

GLEE CLUB SCORES SUCCESS ON WESTERN TRIP

After inculcating in the hearts of the people of the West and the South a perennial association of beautiful music with the University of Notre Dame, the Glee Club has returned to the campus following a series of Christmas holiday concerts which extended to ten cities and was heard by 20,000 people.



JOSEPH CASASANTA,
Director of the
Glee Club

The 6,000 miles tour through the West and the South was unquestionably the most successful and the most ambitious Glee Club trip ever undertaken by students of Notre Dame.

Acclaimed everywhere they appeared as representatives of the highest type of college men and singers, the Glee Club members and their conductor, Joseph J. Casasanta, are deserving of every bit of praise that has been accorded them.

Discriminating critics of music almost without exception tendered praise of the most liberal sort to the Notre Dame singers. They were compared quite favorably with the Sistine Choir and the Ukrainian Chorus: John C. Kendal, writing in *The Denver Rocky Mountain News*, went so far as to declare that they were in every respect superior to many "much touted professional groups."

The Club program, marked by a pleasing variety indicative of the versatility of the singers, was proportioned in such a way as to keep the interest of the audience throughout. Ranging from the beautiful and moving Gounod's Second Mass, "Gloria," to ballads, popular novelties and college songs, the program was at once artistic and popular.

Joseph J. Casasanta, the director, was the recipient of praise of the highest order. Of Mr. Casasanta *The Times-Picayune* of New Orleans has this to say: "Joseph J. Casasanta, conductor of the chorus, obviously is a splendid musician and a personality as well." The *San Francisco Examiner* terms him "a leader of force and discernment."

Anthony J. Kopecky, tenor soloist, was singled out as "the star of the company" by one critic. This represents the general view of the critics to judge from the reviews. Two articles published in papers in different cities suggested him as a potential McCormick. He "revealed as sweet a young voice as has been heard in New Orleans in years," said *The New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

Alfred L. Meyers, basso; Frank W. Hetteree, tenor; and Fred J. Wagner, baritone, soloists, sang effectively and beautifully on every occasion. These men, in addition to the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., who is the club's faculty advisor. Andrew J. Mulreany, business manager, and H. Jerome Parker, and Bernard F. Ducey, assistants, who arranged the trip in its entirety, are deserving of the highest congratulations for their work.

FIRST CONCERT AT DENVER

The Denver Auditorium, in Denver, Col., was the scene of the first appearance of the Glee Club on its trip. The Club sang there Dec. 28, arriving that afternoon from Chicago. A dance at the Argonaut hotel followed the concert. Mass, celebrated by the Bishop, for the repose of the soul of Eugene Kelley, senior, who died on his way to his home in Denver, was attended by the Glee Club members in a body the following morning.

The Denver concert was commented on in part by *The Rocky Mountain News* as follows:

"To those unfamiliar with the work of the college glee clubs of today the program was doubtless a revelation. . . . The work of the group all through was characterized by shading, superior tone quality, and that which is much to be desired in male choirs, singing in tune. Compared with other much touted professional groups which have recently honored us with their presence, they were as a ray of pure sunshine in all these respects."

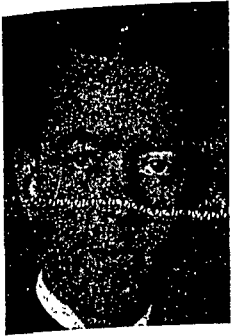
Singing under the auspices of the American Legion in the University of Wyoming theatre at Laramie the following evening, Dec. 29, the Club presented a concert of a quality that indicated that experience was swinging the vocalists into their best form. They left at midnight and arrived in Salt Lake City the following afternoon.

VISIT SALT LAKE CITY

Salt Lake City played host to the Club members for three days. After dining at the New House Hotel as guests of the Notre Dame alumni, the Club gave a concert in the Chamber of Commerce auditorium at which

Governor Dern was present. The concert was sponsored by the alumni.

An organ recital at the Mormon Auditorium, which possesses the largest organ in the world, was attended the next day. The Glee Club sang for the sisters at Holy Cross hospital that afternoon and at St. Mary's of the Wasatch



ANDREW J. MULREANY.
Business Manager of
the Glee Club

college in the evening. This college is conducted by Holy Cross sisters. New Year's morning Gounod's Second Mass des Orpheonistes was sung in the cathedral of the Rt. Rev. John J. Mitty, Bishop of Utah.

At Sacramento, Calif., the Club gave a concert the evening of Jan. 2, in the Memorial auditorium.

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE FOR MISSION

Mayor James Rolph of San Francisco, who is entering his 21st year as mayor of the city, interrupted his inaugural exercises to meet the Notre Dame singers on their arrival at San Francisco. The Club sang that evening at the Civic auditorium before an audience estimated at 4,000 people. The proceeds of this concert were added to a fund for the restoration of Mission Santa Clara.

Following short visits at Santa Clara and Leland Stanford universities, the club left for Los Angeles. Concerning the work of the Glee Club in San Francisco, Leonard Hinton of the *Examiner* of that city made the following comment in the course of a review:

"... It was a great pleasure to hear the Glee Club of Notre Dame University open its program at the Civic auditorium last night with two fine sacred selections, the *Emitte Spiritum* of Scheutky-Singerberger, and Gounod's second Mass. This opening was a splendid moment, one which firmly established the club as a group of singers of unusual talent, and their conductor, Joseph J. Casasanta, as a leader of force and discernment."

VISIT MOVIE STUDIOS

A welcome diversion in the form of a trip through the Fox and the Warner Bros. moving picture studios marked the appearance of the club in Los Angeles. The alumni sponsored the concert given at the Philharmonic auditorium in that city.

The Southern trip began when the Club boarded the Golden State Limited Jan. 5, for El Paso. After a brief stay there, the singers left for San Antonio where they gave a concert Jan. 7 at the Municipal auditorium.

Approximately 2,000 people heard the Club sing mass in St. Joseph's church Jan. 8. After viewing the city in the afternoon, the Club gave an informal concert that evening for the students of Our Lady of the Lake College, the second largest Catholic girls' school in the country.

HOUSTON CONCERT PRAISED

Houston was the last of the Texas cities visited. A concert was given in the city auditorium there Jan. 9, following a day of sight-seeing and various entertainments planned by the alumni. Of the concert in Houston, *The Post-Dispatch* said in part:

"The glee club of the University of Notre Dame, appearing in Houston for the first time after a triumphant tour of other American cities, sang its way into the hearts of more than 2,000 Houstonians at the City auditorium Monday night. Part songs and glees by the entire club and solos by youths with surprisingly well-trained voices were so well accepted the audience showed unquestionable sighs of disappointment when continued applause failed to bring added encores."

END SOUTHERN TRIP

The Southern swing of the trip culminated in a concert in New Orleans, La., Jan. 10, in the Knights of Columbus auditorium. The *Times-Picayune* of New Orleans gave a lengthy review of the Glee Club program of which the following is an excerpt:

"An evening of splendid music was offered Tuesday night at the Knights of Columbus auditorium by the University of Notre Dame Glee Club, a musical organization easily comparable in its finer moments to such groups as the Sistine Choir and the Ukrainian Chorus."

The tour was terminated in Chicago, Jan. 12, where the Club gave a concert at the Studebaker theatre. Following this last appearance, the club left for South Bend.

♦
 OUR CONTRIBUTORS
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As Gaar Williams says, something ought to be done about this. One of the Brothers Engels must retire. As long as both of them continue to be so well-known and so active, their names will inevitably be confused, as they were last week in this column. Vince's name was given as the author of "Song of Germaine and Josef;" the work was really that of the other brother, Norb. It was Norb, too, that wrote the libretto for "Lord Byron," the operetta presented at Washington Hall in 1926. As Gaar Williams says—

To the many readers that have expressed their liking for Joe McNamara's straightforward narrative style, we offer a new story of his. "Baldpate" has the same reportorial conciseness that characterized "White Walls," its predecessor in these pages.

"Figurative Language" is one of the series of literary essays of which there have been too few in the past. Francis Moran states his purpose, field and comments so clearly and so fully that we can but read and grow wise. We wish we were a little wiser in personal items about the author; we do not know him.

Jasper Brent continues the Oriental flavor of his fantasy "In Search of the Sea," in his present poem, "After Reading Lord Dunsany." With such success in his vein, Jasper should read Lafcadio Hearn and Pierre Loti and Arthur Waley.

Versatility in dependable writers is always a gratifying consideration. Richard Sullivan offers such a consideration in his "The Decline of Wise Men," which is as good an essay as his "Orange Peelings" was a good story.
—R.C.E.

 ♦ ————— ♦
 NOTICE

Seniors who will graduate in June will report in Walsh basement any afternoon next week. Orders and measurements for cap and gowns will be taken at this time.

SEMESTER EXAMS TO BE HELD

Announcement is made from the office of Father Emiel DeWulf, C.S.C., director of studies at the University, that the semester examinations will begin Friday, January 27 and will conclude Tuesday, January 31.

The semester examinations will cover the work of the entire period since September. Three factors determine the students semester bulletin,—the grade for the first quarter, the value of all class-work over the semester period and the grade received on the semester examination each count one third. The semester bulletin will be arrived at by adding the three grades together, and dividing by three.

It is also announced that there will be no conditional grades given in the Colleges of Arts and Letters, Commerce, Science and Law. Conditional grades in the College of Engineering will extend only to engineering subjects. By a conditional grade is meant any mark under seventy and not less than sixty. Anyone receiving under seventy for the semester bulletin will be required to repeat the subject.

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 BOY SCOUT HEAD ADDRESSES
 STUDENTS

Ray O. Wyland, director of the department of Education of the National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America, spoke to the Boy Guidance students and Physical Education seniors on Monday morning. Mr. Wyland is a nationally known figure in the field of Scouting and his talk on the "Attitude of Scouting Toward the Church" was very illuminating. Mr. Wyland is no stranger to Notre Dame as he directed the Boy Leadership courses held here during the summers of 1925 and 1926.

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 HONOR GUESTS FOR PROM SELECTED

John F. Frederick, president of the senior class, Clarence J. Donovan, president of the sophomore class, Jack Mullen, editor of the SCHOLASTIC, Franklyn E. Doan, editor of the *Dome*, and Walter Hugh Layne, editor of the *Juggler*, will be guests of honor at the Junior Prom of 1928.

The Prom will be held at the Palais Royale Friday evening, February 10.

CAP AND GOWN COMMITTEE
ANNOUNCED

John F. Frederick, President of the Senior class, announced the personnel of the Cap and gown committee today. John F. Mc-



JOHN FREDERICK

Mahon will serve as chairman and will be assisted by the following members of the class of '28.

L a w r e n c e D. White, Vincent F. Carey, James W. Cullen, Augustus E. Jenkins, Robert V. Knox, Silvin P. Duba, Andrew J. Boyle, Maurice G. McMenamin, William B. Jones, Ar-

thur D. Slavin, Joseph L. Brannon, Michael T. Ricks, John M. Carroll, Thomas F. Walsh, and Joseph P. Hilger.

All Seniors expecting to graduate in June will report in Walsh Basement any afternoon next week. Orders and measurements are being taken for the cap and gowns which will be required for the annual class exercises held on Feb. 22.

OBSERVES 136 VARIETIES OF BIRDS
IN YEAR

Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., rector of Brownson Hall, observed 136 different varieties of birds in the vicinity of Notre Dame during the year 1927. This represents his best record in 19 years and was marked by the identification of five new species.

Considered an authority on birds that frequent this section of the state, Brother Alphonsus for many years has been making field trips of observation twice a day. He keeps a careful record of his discoveries that holds considerable interest for bird-lovers.

The five new species which Brother Alphonsus recorded were the mockingbird, starling, bewick wren, hooded warbler and Connecticut warbler. He observed the mockingbird on August 22 and again on Nov.

23. This last date would seem to indicate that the bird is wintering in this region.

Brother Alphonsus recorded the starling more often than any of the other new species. He first saw two of these birds, May 30, and he continued to see birds of this species through the remainder of the year.

The bewick wren, the hooded warbler and the Connecticut warbler were seen but once during the year. The bewick wren was seen May 29. His song was truly melodious, but not strong, according to the Brother. The hooded warbler was recorded Sept. 9, and the Connecticut warbler Oct. 10, when three birds were seen.

CHICAGO ARTISTS GIVE CONCERT
HERE

Harry Farbmann, violinist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Miss Margery Maxwell, soprano, of the Chicago Grand Opera, rendered a delightful musical program before a "full house" in Washington Hall on Monday evening.

Farbman proved an unusually talented artist and played a number of selections from the old masters which were received with a tornado of applause by the audience.

Miss Maxwell, a pleasing soprano, thrilled her listeners with the manner in which she sang a number of classical and folk songs. Singing with great feeling and personality, she soon captivated the assembly and was recalled time after time.

The concert was popularly adjudged as the best entertainment of its kind which has been brought to the Washington Hall stage.

LAETARE MEDALLIST HERE

Charles P. Maginnis, winner of the Laetare Medal for 1924, one of America's most outstanding Catholic laymen and prominent Boston architect was a visitor at the University this week.

William Francis Roemer, assistant professor of Philosophy at the University, read a paper to the National Catholic Philosophical Society at its meeting in Washington, D. C., held on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of December, 1927.

NEW A. B. ELECTIVES SELECTED

Electives which began in February in the College of Arts and Letters, for upper classmen, have been selected. The list which follows does not include electives which continue throughout the year. For these, the catalogue may be consulted.

Philosophy 6—Inductive Logic, Father Crumley; Philosophy 9—History of Philosophy, Father Schumacher; Philosophy 11—Problems in Philosophy, Father Schumacher; Philosophy 12—History of Modern Philosophy, Father Schumacher.

Economics 10—The Trust Problem, Father Mulcaire; Economics 12—History of Economic Thought, Father Bolger; Economics 8—Socialism and Social Reform, Father Boland.

Politics 6—American National Government, Mr. Farrell.

History 6—The English Constitution, Mr. Farrell; History 10—U. S. since 1870, Father McNamara.

Sociology 6—Problems of Child Welfare, Father Murray; Sociology 10—Rural Sociology, Father Murray.

Education 6—Principles of Secondary Education, Father Cunningham; Education 8—Principles of Method, Mr. A. Confrey; Education 13—History of Education, Mr. Wall; Education 25—Philosophy of Education, Father Cunningham; Education 28—High School Administration, Mr. Wall.

Astronomy—General Astronomy, to be arranged.

K. C. SPRING FORMAL COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED

Grand Knight Howard V. Phalin of Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, has announced the personnel of the committees for the Council's annual formal dance, to be held shortly after Easter. Edward P. McKeown is general chairman of the affair. The date of the dance and the ballroom are still held in abeyance, awaiting the sanction of Father J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., prefect of discipline at the University.

The personnel of the committees is as follows:

Edward P. McKeown, general chairman.

Music—Robert Kirby, chairman; James T. Conners, John Mahoney, George Brautigan.

Tickets—John Dorgan, chairman; John Fahey, Fred Rahaim, Robert Cooney, LeRoy Conway, Joseph Friel, Thomas Mahon, John McMahon, William Leahy, Harry McKeown, John Cannon, John Manning, Bart McHugh.

Arrangements — Phil Quinn, chairman; Michael Ricks, Louis Buckley, J. R. Murphy, Joseph Hilger, Leo Schultheis, Charles Short, Lawrence Master, William O'Malley, Frank Hegarty.

Reception—Joseph Morrissey, chairman; Joe Daigneault, John Frederick, John Brannan, Charles Swartz.

Programs—William P. Dowdall, chairman; Bert Korzeneski, Don Molloy, W. H. Murphy, Joe Nash, John Chevigny, George Leppig.

Decorations—James Shocknessy, chairman; William P. Kearney, Joe Scales, Daniel Cannon, Judge McBride, Bill Bresnahan, Maurice Goodeve, John Leitzinger, Ed Garrity, Walter Hart.

Publicity—Leo R. McIntyre, chairman; William Duffy, George Kiener, Dick Novak, Henry Massman.

LIBERTY PRINTS ALUMNUS STORY

Frank Wallace of the class of 1922 broke into magazine ranks under his own name this week in a special feature article in "Liberty." The article is entitled "Rockne-Coachmaker." In the article, Mr. Wallace points out the numerous graduates of Notre Dame throughout the country who are acting as football coaches, all using the Rockne system of coaching.

NOTRE DAME AT ST. MARY'S

Approximately 150 students of the University were entertained at St. Mary's Tuesday evening, the occasion being the annual Cotillion given under the auspices of the Sophomore Class of St. Mary's College. A good time was had by all present. Al Steimer's orchestra of Elkhart, Ind., furnished the music.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By J. D. Murphy

CHICAGO CLUB

One of the most notable banquets ever held by a Notre Dame organization has been planned for February 2, by the Chicago Club, President Dick Halpin told the members in the Lay Faculty Dining Room last night. The banquet is to be held in that room, and will be attended by Chicago men who have received honorary degrees from the University, including Former Governor Edward F. Duñne, Samuel Insull, Ernest R. Graham, and Judges Marcus Kavanaugh and Kickham Scanlon, who will be guests of honor. The Glee Club will entertain those present.

Because of the volume of business to be handled, last night's meeting was a long one. After the reading of the minutes, a report on the Christmas Dance was made. Next, a new constitution, giving social memberships to those living within fifty miles of the Loop and in the State of Illinois and voting privileges to Chicagoans and those living in adjacent suburbs, was accepted.

Tomorrow morning, at a Mass beginning in Sorin Hall Chapel at 6:25 A. M., the club members will receive Holy Communion for deceased members and deceased relatives of members.

Dick Halpin also announced that the Easter Formal will be held on April 9, (Easter Monday). Place and orchestra will be obtained later.

Refreshments were served to close the meeting.

DETROIT CLUB

The Detroit Club of Notre Dame held a meeting on Monday evening, January 16, in the North room of the library, for the purpose of re-organizing.

Those elected to office are: Henry Houghton, president; John Stackpoole, vice president; Guy Lorranger, secretary; Walter McFarlane, treasurer, and William Smith, technician.

Plans for an Easter dance received special attention and suggestions concerning a banquet in the near future were considered.

The Detroit Club will meet on the first Monday of each month.

TENNESSEE CLUB

The men from the Volunteer State began the New Year right by holding their initial meeting for 1928. A very delicious banquet was enjoyed by all in the Turkish Room of the Oliver Hotel. The dinner was served in Southern style especially prepared for the club members. Future plans of club business were discussed and several talks were enjoyed. The officers for the club are the following: Jos. D. M. Montedonico, President; Thomas Traugher, vice-President; J. Troy Bonner, Secretary-Treasurer.

TRI-STATE CLUB

Joseph L. Apodaca, Las Cruces, New Mexico, was elected president of the Tri-State Club at a meeting held Tuesday evening in the South room of the Library.

Other officers elected were: Edward G. Conroy, San Antonio, Tex., vice-president, and George Coury, Oklahoma City, Okla., secretary-treasurer. Kirwin Williams, temporary president, acted as chairman of the meeting.

A. I. E. E.

Dr. Kenneth Faiver, a Notre Dame graduate in Electrical Engineering, will address the A. I. E. E. in their second meeting of the year to be held Monday, January 23.

Dr. Faiver, in his address, will outline in a general manner the conditions which the young graduate in Electrical Engineering will find confronting him in the electrical world.

Laurence Wingerter will present a paper, "Side-lights In the Life of Alexander Bell." Refreshments and smokes will be enjoyed as usual.

The organization held their first meeting of the year on January 9, at which time Bernard Loeffler gave an instructive and interesting discussion on, "The General Aspect of Railway Signaling," using slides to illustrate various points. Another interesting paper delivered at this time was, "The Characteristics of Transformers In Radio Circuits" which was given by Elmo Moyer.

EAST-PENN CLUB

There will be a meeting of the East-Penn Club Friday evening, January 20, in the south room of Lemmonier Library, at eight o'clock. Plans will be discussed at this time apropos of the club's contemplated mammoth smoker, to be held shortly after the semester examinations. Moreover, reports will be heard from the various committees responsible for the success of the organization's Christmas formal.

All club members aware of the illness of any fellow member, or of anyone else at the University from Eastern Pennsylvania are urged to get in touch with "Nick" Maureillo, Morrissey hall, chairman of the sick committee or any of the officers of the club.

ROCHESTER CLUB

The Rochester Club has been very active since the inception of the New Year. The club's energetic president, Don J. Corbett, contemplates holding a banquet shortly after the semester examinations. Banquet plans are pending awaiting the publication of the semester bulletins. President Corbett urges all bona fide members of the club to be on hand for the *Dome* picture, to be taken on the steps of Lemmonier Library, Monday, January 23, at 12:40 P.M.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

-:-

By J. F. Mahoney

How Freshmen entering fraternity life at Minnesota are basely deceived by the upper-classmen during rushing season:

Thirty-one Fraternities Urge Members to Wear Clean Shirts and Talk Politely while 1,000 Men are Discussed Behind Drawn Blinds.

Contribution to medical science from Mr. Chick Meehan, football coach at New York University:

"Any sane and adult person, who wants to keep his health, ought to know enough to wear his hat out of doors. If these other lads want to plaster themselves up with bear's grease and look like comic-strip shieks, we can't stop them. But you can't do it and stay on this team."

A professor at Ohio University says that honesty cannot be expected from collegians. In an experiment he conducted recently, 63 per cent of a class of women received aid of some sort during an examination. The other 37 per cent were probably short-sighted and hard of hearing.

From "A Study in Blue" in the *Daily Princetonian*:

Don't you remember, dear,
That night when you forgot to put the key
Outside, and we came home at three
('Twas in December, dear)
And I climbed in the window
Just for you, and in so doing,
Got shot in the act,
Which has been sore ever since?
Don't you remember all that?

Sinister warning to underclassmen who would keep up with the times at Michigan State:

"Just as a subtle little point from which to get a perspective, we would like to warn

several freshmen, sophomores and juniors that the day of the hard hat has not yet arrived for them, and that, therefore, derbies are taboo."

From the *Daily Texan* of Texas University:

"A freshman at the University of Missouri fell from a three-deck bed when his alarm clock went off at his ear and was fatally injured." Ah me, there is nothing more pathetic than the sight of a dying alarm clock.

Headline in the *Butler Collegian*:

Sandwich Club Elects
Harrold as President

I have never eaten a Harrold sandwich, so my vote would have gone to Hamburger, or maybe Combination.

At the University of Texas an English professor remarked that he would admire the man who had the moral courage to come to school with a garter taking the place of the conventional necktie and the necktie taking the place of the conventional garter. That would be all right for the men, but I imagine it might be trying for a girl to use a pearl necklace and a garter interchangeably.

The *Daily Kansan*, commenting on the new field house at the University of Minnesota, says "The field will be 416 feet long and 208 feet wide and will be high enough so that it will not hinder putting or passing to any noticeable extent." My putts are generally high enough to miss the cup, but they're not as high as a forward pass.

There are two very popular sayings which appear to me to have no place in the scheme of things. One is "To go to town," and the other, even more invidious, if that were possible, is "And how!" (Great applause, with an occasional Columbia Birdie thrown in.)


 THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE PLIGHT OF THE SCRIBBLERS

It is now over five weeks since the Scribblers of Notre Dame, the campus writing organization, have held a meeting. Discounting Christmas vacation, there have been three successive Mondays without meetings. From the opening of school until the present time, a period of sixteen school weeks, there have been half-a-dozen occasions on which the club members gathered. A poetry contest, planned in September, has not as yet been announced to the student body; an outlined campaign to put Notre Dame material into national publications has died the death; and one member, elected last October, has not yet been introduced to the club.

The blame, of course, rests nowhere. It always rests nowhere in campus organizations. But whatever the cause, it is pity that the Scribblers should have come upon a period of prolonged and unexpected lethargy. Nothing is being accomplished. Six papers have been read by the members, two at each of three meetings, but not a single outside speaker on literary subjects has addressed the club. By way of contrast, at this time last year the poetry submitted for the contest was in the hands of the judges, and definite plans had been formulated for the Notre Dame Anthology.

As a consequence of the present irregular and not particularly enjoyable meetings, many of the older members are losing interest in the club. The eventual result will probably be a year totally ignored so far as any organized literary endeavor is concerned.

Harry McGuire, Joe Breig, and Les Grady would find little of their old inspiration in the present state of the Scribblers. Harry founded the club, and, with Joe and Les, he brought honor to it through his ability for organization and writing. He thought that the Scribblers would progress even to national prominence; instead, the club has become a spiritless group, a once active body on the verge of rigor mortis.—J.A.M.

THE TRACK TEAM

Tomorrow night the Track season at Notre Dame opens officially when the Northwestern trackmen meet the men of Notre Dame in a dual meet. This year of all years should be given to enthusiastic support of the team. It has every reason to ask it from the men who so ardently support the football, baseball, basketball, and other combinations which represent the school in various types of athletic endeavor.

This year finds a new coach at the head of the trackmen. This year he deserves the support of student body as much as the trackmen themselves. We all know that Coach Nicholson is a determined man who is capable and worthy of the position, but he needs the approval of the student body to prove that Notre Dame does not let her men go unrewarded for their efforts. "The team that can't be beat is the team that won't be beat," and the team that won't be beat is the team that has the wholehearted support of the student body.

It is beyond our comprehension what applause means to the athlete who sets himself to give his best on that last spirit-breaking stretch. It robs a man of his spirit and sense of sportsmanship. Encouragement is half the battle won.

Track at Notre Dame has declined to some extent in the last few years. It was the same with basketball until the time when the game began to become popular with the students. From then on Notre Dame has taken championships and honors in basketball as well as in football. Track is equally deserving of attention. In this field Notre Dame has produced champions. Without a doubt she will again produce the equals of Gus Desch, low hurdler; Gene Oberst, Javelin thrower; Tom Lieb, discuss thrower; and Paul Harrington, pole vaulter; but these coming champions must be lifted from obscurity by the backing of the men of Notre Dame.—J.V.H.

HOBNAILS

IN YOUR TRIP TO DREAMLAND

Someone said you went to dreamland,
 To that pretty star-lit seem-land,
 To that dreamer's paradise beyond the sea.
 As you left the world adrifting,
 On a cloud someone was lifting,
 Did my dream girl waiting there, ask for me?
 Did you find my dream girl pining,
 As on clouds she lay reclining,
 Did she tell you that her heart was broke in two?
 Is my fair one there asighing,
 Is she waiting; is she crying
 Did she tell you that her love is ever true?
 Did she say that in my dreaming,
 Her sweet face is always beaming,
 Did she tell you all these things while far away?
 When the dawn came up, appearing,
 And she drifted from your hearing,
 Did you tell her that I miss her thru each day?
 When you left this land of roses,
 Where the one I love reposes,
 Did she tell you that my love was a.l in vain?
 As your dream-boat started sailing,
 Back to earth, the dream-winds failing,
 Did she tell you I would see her once again?

—A LASSIE IN BALTIMORE.

A PROPHET HATH NO HONOR, ETC.

DEAR ALLAN-A-DALE: How fickle is fame! How insufficient is man's memory! How—but of course you probably know all about that as do I, now. But consider the shock I received during the late-lamented Holidays. There I was, a popular and widely-known member of the community, returning, after an absence of four months to reassume my place in its affairs for two weeks. That's what I thought until I met a friend that I had known for years. "Hello George," he said, "where've you been the last few days?" Ah, the injustice of it all!

—GEORGES RIANT.

INADEQUACY

Sweet, let's have done with talking,
 And let's not be so wise;
 O, let's have done with walking,
 With cleverness and lies.

Come, let me have your hand, sweet,
 There can't be any harm—
 Come, sit upon the sand, sweet,
 And rest against my arm.

And kisses are no crime, dear,
 When stars are flung above.
 (O, that's the only rhyme, dear,
 That I can make with "love.") —CYRANO.

USE CHICAGO'S PROHIBITION BAND— IT'S ELASTIC

DEAR AL: I've just heard that the jolly old King of England is planning to send a bloomin' fortnight in bally old Chicago. He plans to spend a ripping week-end at the home of Sir Bull—I mean Bill—Thompson. The King says he'll make Sir Bill a bally old Knight of the Garter if he can find a bloomin' garter big enough for Bill, the jolly old blighter.

—TOMMY.

SMITH, SMITH, HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM? RAW, RAW, RAW!

News Item: Smith College girls object to Harvard Athletes taking their tea publicly in running-trunks, jerseys, and raccoon coats.

What ails these women? Do they want the poor boys to freeze?

—CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

JUDGMENT

If I could have charge of the heavens
 And hold the sesame,
 I'd wait till your life was closing
 To take my post that day.
 And when you came to my kingdom,
 Though you loathed and ranked in sin,
 I'd open to you the portals:
 "Amicus true, step in."

But

If you could have charge of that region
 And grasp the olympian keys
 And that were the time of my sailing
 Across the celestial seas.
 Now when I came to your kingdom,
 And you knew that I'd wallowed in clay
 You'd treat me with sublime justice:
 "'Begone friend, on thy way."

—GEORGE R. CONNORS II.

READ AS YOU RIDE

Sign in Notre Dame street-car:
 South Bend Public Library
 90,000 Books to Loan

WITHOUT INTEREST.

Yeh, that's how we feel about them, too.

—THE ALBINO BOY

The other day we ran across a wise, wise word: "Chase your shadow and 'twill flee; spurn it and 'twill follow thee." You see, there's nothing there about contribs, but we're smart as a whip at putting two and two together. So from now on, there'll be no more begging for stuff. Keep your old contribs: you're spurned.—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Baldpate**A Story of Circumstantial Evidence*

JOSEPH P. M'NAMARA

"WELL, doctor, I really don't think Bob Gavin did it. And I might add that I've been pretty much on the inside in this case anyway. Tell you the reason why I'm sure he wasn't the man, though I can't say that I'd want it repeated. You'll understand when I'm through, I imagine.

"I suppose you remember that everyone wished Bob all the success in the world when we graduated from the old place, doctor. That was . . . Gosh, it doesn't seem fifteen years, does it? Well, no one could ever help liking the chubby little red-head when he was around here, and that went when he got out, too.

"Don't know whether you knew it or not, but he used to stand a lot of razzing from the fellows in Gorin his senior year because his hair began to fall out and he insisted on using mange cure. I never will forget the time he spilled some of it on my tux the evening of the Senior Ball. When he got out, that sorrell-top of his went in a hurry I'm told, and soon he was a bald-headed old man.

"He went up mighty fast in the Creasote company down in Indianapolis; but that baldness always seemed to worry him. As people do they kidded him a lot about it, and because he stood it so gamely and laughed with them I suppose none of them ever knew how much their light talk galled. I knew him back here, and at that time he wrote me every once in a while; so I could notice that the baldness was getting the best of him.

"It did look rather ridiculous though, and I must admit that I almost burst out laughing when I met him for the first time in several years that night out at Craig's. I had a quip about it on the end of my tongue that evening but suddenly I sort of sensed that

all wasn't right with 'the most successful man in our class' as the Alumnus described him.

"I had run up when I saw him at the veranda on the other side of the house and as I pounded him on the back and called him an old pirate he looked at me glassily and said—Lord I'll never forget the pathetic look in his eyes—anyway he asked me if he looked old.

"Somehow I didn't catch the idea,—you couldn't expect one to without knowing the facts—and of course I told him that he looked like a hard old business man. I wasn't sincere, just joking, but Bob didn't seem to get me.

"That's right then. That's what she said.'

"Well, to make it shorter it developed that Bob had fallen in love with Dolores Craig. I was all for congratulating him and I suppose it hurt him all the more to have to tell me that he'd just been turned down.

"For a fellow that hasn't a baldpate; I don't blame her much, Joe,' was the way he put it.

"Well, for a moment I was flabbergasted myself and I suppose I acted sort of dumb. But I saw that the only way around it was to try to cheer him up so I told him that Doll was probably kidding, and anyway what did he mean by proposing before the moon came up. No girl with good sense would accept a man who left the moon out of his proposal and all that sort of thing.

"Bob seemed to come out of it a bit, but you could see that it hurt still as we walked around the Craig place talking about our doings, of the old gang and all that.

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"I realized that my actions weren't really polite so I tried to get Bob to go up to the

house with me. You see, I hadn't seen a person inside as yet and, well, I had rather a duty to let Mrs. Craig know that I was around. I knew she'd be looking for me, and perhaps I was a bit anxious to boast about my trip. Anyway I went in, but Bob begged off. Said he'd like to think things over and promised to follow in at least fifteen minutes.

"Bob didn't come in, Doctor. I supposed you could guess that;—anyway he didn't do it in time. It must have been a half hour later when Doll's mother left us, though I couldn't exactly approximate the time. When she came back she was as white as a sheet.

"Come."

"Well, we did, to the south sun-parlor which is raised a few steps from the level of the rest of the house and then Mrs. Craig turned on the lights. Before that we could make out something like a bag crumpled up in a chair by the window . . . Yes, it was McMorrow, whom Bob had told me Doll was to marry.

"There wasn't much to be done except call a doctor, the coroner, and the police. Mac had been stabbed and was probably dead when Doll's mother first saw him.

"Well, as you know if you've read the papers about the case, Bob was sent to the chair for the murder of McMorrow. The two pieces of evidence that sent him there were first, a watch belonging to Doan, the novelty man's son, which he is said to have borrowed that afternoon, and the testimony of Mrs. Craig who testified that when she first looked into that sun-parlor she distinctly saw Gavin bending over Mac's dead body, and she was certain of this because she recognized his bald head. He hadn't moved while she looked on and she could clearly see that bald pate shining up through the darkness. Then she fainted. That's the story that she told the jury.

"It was almost three months later before Bob finally exhausted the law's guarantees and the executor swung the switch.

"The opinion of most?" Well, doctor, I'd say that almost everyone, including Doll herself, believed Bob guilty. Somehow I couldn't reconcile Bob as I knew him, to the crime, but there were plenty of little things that

pointed his way. I suppose I was about the only one who felt that there might be a mistake; and even at that the testimony that I gave about our talk before going into the house didn't help him any.

"After the trial—no, I guess it was during the trial—Doan began seeing Doll a lot. Everyone thought it was nice of him to comfort her in her troubles; so it wasn't much of a surprise when they announced their engagement along about October of that year.

"I was down there just about a month ago. Craig, who graduated from here the year after we did, a track man, debater and all that, you know, has always been a rather good friend of mine. It happened to be the anniversary (that may be blasphemy) but anyway it was the same night a year previous that McMorrow had been killed in that house.

"Things went along so smoothly that at first I imagined that I was the only one thinking of it, but soon I could see that the others were just putting up a brave front much like myself.

"We had dinner rather late and then talked for quite a while—I'm as much at home at Craig's as anywhere on this earth and later we all started in toward the side veranda. The sun-parlor,—the scene of Bob's weakness,—was to the left. When Mrs. Craig came opposite it she screamed and sort of fainted. Doll and Craig stopped to care for her, and Doan rushed into the parlor where it was evident she had seen something. I lingered long enough to hear her say that it was Bob's ghost . . . a bald head bent . . . just as it was that night!

"Then I followed Doan.

"He was a bit shaken and was fumbling with a blind when I came to the door. He assured me that everything was all right and asked about his mother-in-law. He seemed to think that we should leave the room and we did; although I slipped back in—I don't know why I should have—to look about for myself.

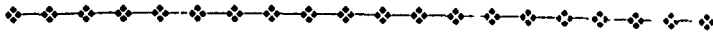
"I lit a cigar. A turn of the room showed that nothing was there. I went over to the window and looked out. There was a moon coming up over the shrubbery; a pale, washed-out disk of old gold . . . More like a bit of

cream cheese than anything else, and yet it did remind me of something else. I turned and walked quickly to the door and down the steps, and turned to see if my idea of things might be right.

"They were, doctor. That moon looked exactly like the baldpate of a man bent over a chair, that is, had there been a chair there.

(I noted now that it had been moved since that night.) Just like Gavin's haldpate, doctor . . .

"Course, I wouldn't say anything and I suppose it's of no value, but I've always wondered why Doan never wore that watch since the trial . . .



Figurative Language

A Study of Effectiveness in Writing

FRANCIS MORAN

IN this paper we will consider figurative language in a somewhat broad way, for the subject is of such a large compass that to do more than define and discuss it generally is impossible here. Our aim then will be to point out the uses and possibilities and also the abuses of figure. Modern rhetoricians give but little attention to this phase of expression, their treatment, if they do treat it, being perfunctory. Doubtless they feel that, like the aged warrior, the device merits some mention because of a former glory. In the past, authors made extensive use of imagery: Shakespeare's work, for instance, is full of metaphors. Nor do present-day writers neglect it entirely, though they use it more sparingly than did their predecessors. The natural writer, however, the man with imagination, will always call to his aid the figure, for he thinks in this way, the objects that he perceives about him naturally suggesting to his imagination resemblances that may escape the ordinary mind. But it is not for the genius that this article is written. We study imagery that the ambitious young writer, lacking perhaps the spark of genius, may learn to cultivate so invaluable an aid to clarity, brevity, and vitality in expression.

In the grades or in high school you probably learned the definitions of the most common figures such as the simile, the metaphor, personification, metonymy, synecdoche, and hyperbole, with a pet example of each, which you could recall without difficulty for exam-

ination purposes. But ordinarily so superficial is the treatment given in the secondary school that only the exceptional student makes any use of figurative expression in his writing, with the result that most themes, even when mechanically correct, are vapid, lacking in artistic distinctiveness—in short, they invariably give the impression of having been written under pressure for class credit. Our effort henceforth then will be to study carefully the value of imagery and to gradually work into our writing apt figures. Before going further, however, we must have some definition and explanation unless we are to vaguely pursue a phantom.

What then is this figurative expression that has been so important a part in the makeup up the world's literary classics? Gould Brown defines it as "an intentional deviation from the ordinary application of words." Such a definition is correct, but a trifle too concise to help us much. Let us examine it. By the ordinary application of words we understand the use of terms to denote the objects they name or, as we say in rhetoric, the denotation of words. A deviation or turning away from denotation must therefore mean applying a name to an object or idea other than that belonging to it. This, of course, could mean that we might call a potato a peach, or a shovel a bun, but if such a liberty were permitted, figurative language would be meaningless, a mere jumble of words. There must then be some law on which the deviation is based if the device is

to be used intelligently. The basis is the law of association or resemblance by which, because of a generally recognized likeness of attributes or relatives between two objects or ideas otherwise different we can suggest the one by naming the other.

The use of this device without common-sense reasons would be to make language a game, which it certainly is not. The psychology underlying the use of figure is identical with that underlying all pedagogy: the effort to make the less known intelligible by associating it with the more known, or to make the abstract vivid by associating it with the concrete. You have heard philosophy called dry reading. Why? Because it deals with the abstract. It appeals not to the imagination but to the intellect. It is concerned with concepts rather than with pictures. But the style of the philosopher is not our style. We must employ every means that can help us to present our thoughts with a clarity and color that will command interest. No one will deny this to be a very practical use of figure.

Many have affirmed figurative expression to be ornamental. Rightly used, it is neither ornamental nor artificial. That the primitive languages are highly figurative is ample proof of the second part of this assertion. What tongue was more full of poetic imagery than that of the American Indian, or of the Anglo-Saxon who spoke of the sea as the "swan-path," his boat as the "wave-house of warriors" or "the sea-steed." Every primitive tongue is proof of the naturalness, the spontaneity of figure. As to the assertion that this kind of expression is mere ornament, it need only be pointed out that so soon as it becomes overfanciful it is detected by its very grotesqueness. And herein lies the danger of the young writer that would make use of figure at any cost. He will attempt to call up to the imagination of the reader relations and associations that his subject does not suggest even to him. A nice discretion must be exercised if the writer is to use figure successfully. He must bear in mind that no figure is good that has not the naturalness of spontaneous suggestion, that does not arise naturally in his imagination in consid-

dering his subject. Any attempt to drag in a relation by force must fail.

Even supposing, however, that the figure is natural, there is still a need of discrimination. He must observe the sober mean, which amounts only to keeping his reader in mind and in remembering that this reader is only ordinarily. The writer's imagination may be so lively that his subject will suggest resemblances that to the ordinary reader will seem far-fetched and fantastic; they may even be entirely lost on him. Browning provides striking examples of this far-fetched imagery. Obviously such expression defeats its own purpose by making complex material even more so. Then, there is the other extreme: the use of a figure that has become so common, the association so close, that the imagination instead of being surprised into activity, receives it with a passivity that negates the effect; it is read as literal expression. For example we speak of "pandemonium" meaning a din; it no longer connotes the palace of demons and capital of Hell as it did to Milton. The danger of using too common figures is not fully understood, perhaps, until we realize that a great part of our language is fossil figure, that is, figures so faded and worn as to be thought of as literal. A word like "keen" applied to the mind, or "edify" as applied to a sacred service, is no longer considered a metaphor. We do not, unless we are beginners in Latin, call to mind the star when told that a certain young lady is named Stella. These examples not only warn us against an abuse but also make us see how our language has literally been built up of figures that, like the coral, lived for a time, then petrified to become a part of the foundation.

Another possible abuse of figurative language is the use of it in an inverted way. It has already been mentioned that it is valuable in making the little known clearer by association with the better known. Therefore, when we are so determined to call upon figure that we associate the well-known with the less familiar, we are subverting its practical use. There is only one excuse, and that a rare one, when this inverted figure may be successfully used, namely, when we wish to

impart to our subject a vagueness or haziness of outline that will lend it the impression of magnitude or unreality. We have in Milton examples of this inversion, known as the "Miltonic vague" and by means of it Milton's figures take on a grandeur they would otherwise lack. Only the supreme artist, however, can handle such forms with safety. Of this same kind of abuse is the association of the sublime with the commonplace, always bad unless we use the device purposely with a humorous purpose. Thus F. L. Lucas says: "It is somehow possible poetically to liken a mountain peak to a horn . . . ; but not to compare it to a screw-driver or a toothpick, even though it be more like those than anything else."

It may be well to conclude our introduction to figurative language by summing up the points we have touched upon. We opened the discussion by considering the lack of imagery in the writing of students, secondly, we gave reasons why it should be used: to render our expression clearer, more concise, and more vivid, therefore more effective; thirdly, we defined figure as "an intentional deviation from the ordinary application of words"; fourthly, we pointed out the principle on which it was based, association of relations and qualities; fifthly, we proved it to be natural and not mere ornament; lastly, we showed how figure could be abused by extravagance, by a lack of originality and spontaneity, and by inversion.

After Reading Lord Dunsany

*He builds again old temples and old gods,
And cities hewn of marble and of gold;
Through Babelkund and Yann, in dreams he plods
The streets of purple shadows, and the bold
Heroes of lands with strange and distant names
Live in his words. Where priests' eternal fires
Have burned to dust and ashes, bright new flames
Leap upward with old hopes and old desires.
But only for the brief life of a tale:
And then, to women's shrieking and lamenting,
The towers tumble, and a sandy gale
Envelops ancient shrines. The gods, repenting
Their hopeless battle, crumble into slime,
Slain by the swift, unerring sword of Time.*

—JASPER BRENT.

The Decline of Wise Men

The Divorce of Learning and Culture.

RICHARD SULLIVAN

ONCE upon a time, there flourished upon this famous earth of ours a glorious age, when wisdom was its own excuse for being. In that era of wise men, scholars were supreme; all others paid them tribute. Rich princes would have decked these sages in velvet robes, and fed them with rare foods and snow-cooled wines from the royal banquet tables. But the wise men, being wise, tendered gracious thanks and kind refusals, and smiled wisely among themselves. Only for a simple sustenance did they depend upon their opulent benefactors; and they did this only because they lived for wisdom, and had no time for making an ordinary livelihood.

These wise men were well versed in the sciences and arts. They understood philosophy and mathematics, and the ancient languages and fairy lore, at which the uninitiated now scoff. They knew metaphysics, and solved the problems of economics, including those which hinged on the theory of marginal utility. They understood, moreover, why the acorns dropped from the oak trees; and what song the winds sang through the dead branches of the mountain ash; and why the green frog had brown spots, which color they knew to be complimentary to a frog because it was complementary to his back—for with all their learning, they had no disdain for the lowly pun.

In that faded age, scholars bowed themselves over dusty tomes for the joy of the experience. With gentle fingers they caressed the gold-tooled bindings; they inhaled the musty smells of old parchment; they pored over grayed letters on yellowed pages, brittle from long disuse. And when they came upon a beautiful thought, their eyes glistened, and their fingers twitched with delight. For these wise men thrilled at the

proximity of knowledge. And what may be incredible to our present rarity of idealism, they disregarded money altogether. They pursued their studies because the matter gave them pleasure, not because of some future gain that loomed up enticingly before their eyes.

Now I should, indeed, be a sorry villain were I to turn ingrate upon the world that feeds me and gives me shelter. Gratitude is a by-product of love; and love, I understand, makes the world go round. You would not have me to stop the world? But without thought of such motionless calamity, I have still no desire to let my pen berate the existing order of human efficiency.

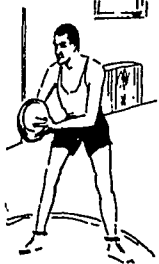
Yet, without scorning our modern world, I may certainly (and without giving offence) contrast it with former days. Our poets no longer have time for philosophy; our artists have ceased to be poets; our philosophers are become materialists. Our scholars now apply themselves to books, but only to those that afford them rich returns for their industry. Our wise men work, not for love, but for lucre. They have carried selection too far, for they select only those studies that fatten the purse. They are all specialists; and though I deem it not to their honor, they are well-paid specialists at that. Gone is the day of real wise men.

I propose no brilliant scheme for a reversal to former days. Indeed, this present world (which is still made up of five continents and seven seas) is by no means an unbearable place. For myself, I have fared well in it. But I suppose that it is only human weakness to bemoan what is, and to sigh for what was, or what might have been. And although such longing may be idle, still, it holds, like any indulged weakness, a lot of personal satisfaction. Behold, I am satisfied!

SPORT NEWS

Hoosier Fives Wilt Before Notre Dame Attack*Wabash Beaten in Spirited Contest, 30-19**Franklin Humbled, 36-24*

Pete Vaughn, renowned in the famous Notre Dame-Michigan goal post episode of some score years back, and at the present time head basketball coach of Wabash College, returned to the scenes of his former college labors last Tuesday evening. As usual, he brought with him a well-coached, evenly balanced, and high-spirited Wabash cage machine which forced the Keoganites to extend themselves to the limit in order to send their scrappy visitors back to Crawfordsville on the short end of a 30-19 count.



The Little Giants presented a tall, rangy, hard-playing five which of late has been a stumbling block to many powerful collegiate cage teams around this part of the country, for the edification of the comparatively large crowd in attendance. In spite of the eleven points which separated them from their conquerors at the end of the regulation forty minutes of play, they put up a game fight throughout in a desperate but fruitless attempt to trounce their fast-travelling hosts. Led by Groves and Brook the Red and Grey matched Notre Dame point for point in the early stages of the battle, weakened slightly towards the fag end of the first half to enable the Keoganites to run up a comfortable lead, and then came back strong in the last twenty minutes of play for a spirited finish.

The game opened with a splendid exhibition of passing by both teams. Barely five minutes had elapsed though, when the Gold and Blue players, inspired by the example of Captain Joe Jachym who collected a pair of beautiful two-pointers, jumped into a substantial lead after their guests had tied

things up at five-all. Crowe and Bray, together with Jachym, took prominent part in this scoring spree which netted a total of seventeen points for the home crew to seven for the Little Giants when the halfway mark was reached.

Wabash borrowed some of their host's proverbial thunder at the beginning of the second half, and the Vaughnmen came back with a rush. Play seesawed up and down the floor with neither quint having the advantage for the first few minutes of this final period, until Thorneberg electrified the assemblage by tossing two sensational field-goals from near mid-court in quick succession. Groves tallied a little later, and the Crawfordsville aggregation drew up to within four points of their hosts.

Their threat was short lived, however, when Notre Dame rallied, and increased its lead considerably when Newbold converted a free throw, and Crowe and Colerick helped matters along with double deckers. From this point on the gallant visitors could do little against a powerful Notre Dame defense which was considerably strengthened by the injection of fresh men.

Both coaches made frequent substitutions during the battle. Coach Keogan's second-stringers wound up activities for Notre Dame after playing the best portion of the second half.

Frank Crowe, sterling Gold and Blue forward, carried off high-scoring honors for the conflict, with a quartet of field-goals nearly all of which came at times when they were needed. His floor play too was exceptionally commendable, as was the exhibition of Bob Newbold, who ran him a close second for scoring honors with a pair of two-pointers

and a trio of foul tosses. Captain Jachym, Bray, and Colerick also showed to good advantage for the Gold and Blue.

Thorneberg, Brook, and Groves, were the satellites for the Wabash five, and the men who did the most to make things interesting for Notre Dame.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME [30]			WABASH [19]				
B	F	P	B	F	P		
Crowe, f	4	0	0	Ellison, f	0	0	2
McCarthy, f	1	0	1	Thornburg, f	2	1	0
Jachym, [c] f	2	2	0	Nylan, f	0	1	2
Vogelwede, c	0	0	0	Groves, c	3	0	0
Newbold, f	2	3	0	Harbison, c	1	0	0
Colerick, c	2	0	2	Brook, g	1	0	3
Moynihan, c	0	0	2	McCorkle, g	0	0	2
Bray, g	1	1	1	Weist, g	1	1	0
Donovan, g	0	0	0	Coffell, g	0	0	2
Kizer, g	0	0	0	Viner, g	0	0	0
Smith, g	0	0	0				
	—	—	—	Totals	8	3	11
Total	12	6	6				

Officials: Nick Kearns, DePaul, referee; Schommer, Chicago, umpire.

"NEWS-TIMES" DONATES NEW SCOREBOARD

The thanks and appreciation of the entire school are more than merited by the unsolicited and praiseworthy action of *The South Bend New-Times*, in generously donating to the Notre Dame gymnasium the new basketball scoreboard recently erected at the Eastern side of the enclosure.

The affair is the latest and most modern of basketball scoreboards and embodies several new and distinctive features. The board is rectangular in shape and provides places for the names of the competing players, their numbers; the number of field-goals secured by each; successful foul shots; and personal fouls. The amount of time left and spaces for the team totals are also provided.

The board is operated by three persons, and is in direct telephonic communication with the official scorers and timekeepers.

FIRST YEAR CAGERS AND TRACKMEN OUT

Winter sports for freshmen started on a large scale last Monday with the first practise for the frosh track squad and the premier workouts for yearling basketball. The freshmen turned out approximately 75 strong for the indoor track season, sending another record down on the books as the largest group of men ever to sign up for first year track. The aspirants for fame on the polished surface was also extremely large Coach Keogan handling about 200 men prior to the first cut. After observing these men in action, the varsity mentor reduced their number to 40, and after giving each one of these men an opportunity, he further cut the squad to 18, these members to be retained during the season to scrimmage the varsity.

Many schoolboy stars are numbered in the lists of the two groups. The sporting elite of noted prep and high schools are represented in the squads of Coaches Keogan and Nicholson, and both outfits bid strongly to give the varsities keen competition.—R.F.C.

CAGERS JOLT FRANKLIN, SCORE 36-24

Franklin, arch-rival and nemesis extraordinary of Notre Dame in Hoosier championship cage circles, and one of the outstanding quints of the Midwest, fought a game but losing fight in the Gold and Blue gymnasium last Friday evening and went down under the determined attack of their hosts by a 36-24 score.

Coach "Griz" Wagner's players, the only basketball aggregation to triumph over Coach George Keogan's 1925-26, 1926-27 Western Championship fives, were out to accomplish the same achievement again for the current season, but Captain Joe Jachym and his men thought vastly different—so different in fact that they ran their victory string to eight in thwarting the winning hopes of their visitors from downstate, and administering a thorough trouncing at the same time.

The contest was the rubber game of a series stretching over three seasons and made Notre Dame one up on the Baptists, each team having won one and lost one to the other in the last two years previous to this get-together.

The Franklin cage-artists flashed their usual high-gearred, smooth-going, court machine, and matched their hosts almost point for point in a closely-contested first half. The Notre Dame players also performed in fine style, especially during the last twenty minutes of the battle when they solved the play of their guests and tossed a monkey-wrench into the Franklin outfit in materially halting the visiting scoring while practically cinching the tussle with an avalanche of two-pointers.

Notre Dame started with a rush, successive baskets by Bray, Crowe, and Colerick earning a 6-0 advantage for the Keoganites before Shirley looped a field-goal to inaugurate the Franklin tallying. From then on the scoring was nip and tuck with the home team clinging tenaciously at all times to a small advantage, until the intermission found Notre Dame on the long end of a 16-14 count. Crowe, Bray, and Smith were the backbone of the Gold and Blue's play during this initial half, while Freeman and Greene kept the Baptists in the running with their sensational long shots.

Inaugurating the second half, Notre Dame opened up in whirlwind fashion and field-goals by Donovan, Crowe, and Smith coming in quick succession, were the beginning of the end for the downstaters. Holding their visitors to a quartet of two-pointers and a pair of successful charity heaves, the Keoganites stepped out and rang up nine field-goals and two foul shots to more than assure a victory during this last twenty minutes of play. The majority of these points in the waning moments of the game were secured by Notre Dame substitutes who played nearly the entire final half, as substitutions were made with great frequency by Coach Keogan in giving virtually every man on his team a chance to display his wares.

The all-around performances of Donovan, and the sharp-shooting of Crowe and Colerick who found the iron rims for a quintet of

baskets apiece, featured the Notre Dame play.

Greene, Freeman, and Coy performed in splendid fashion for Franklin, in a vain but praiseworthy attempt to lead the rest of their mates to a victory.

Lineup and summary:

NOTRE DAME (36)			FRANKLIN (24)		
	G.	F. P.		G.	F. P.
Crowe, f	5	0 1	Freeman, f	2	3 0
Jachym, f	1	0 4	Greene, f	2	0 0
Colerick, c	5	0 1	Andrews, c	0	0 0
Bray, g	0	2 1	Shirley, g	1	2 2
Smith, g	1	0 3	Reed, g	0	1 1
Newbold, f	0	0 1	Coy, g	2	2 1
McCarthy, f	2	2 0	Combs, c	1	0 0
Vogelwede, c	0	0 0			
Donovan, g	1	0 0	Totals	8	8 4
Moynihah, g	0	0 0			
Kizer, g	0	0 0			
Hamilton, f-c	1	0 0			
Totals	16	4 11			

Referee—Fred Young, Illinois Wesleyan. Umpire—Guy Lowman, Wisconsin.

Free throws attempted—Notre Dame 9, Franklin 15.

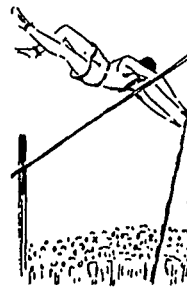
GOLD TRIUMPHS OVER BLUE IN ANNUAL INDOOR TRACK MEET

The track squad, divided into two divisions for competitive purposes, the Blue and the Gold, staged its yearly indoor classic in the gym last Saturday afternoon. It was scheduled primarily to prepare the men for the on-coming season which opens tomorrow with Northwestern here, and secondarily, to acquaint Coach Nicholson more fully with the weaker and stronger points of his team.

The Gold division came out on top at the end of the struggle with a score of 59 points to that of 45 for the Blue.

Not all the candidates for cinder honors were able to participate in the events, however, due to a few unfortunate injuries which some of them are still nursing. There was little lacking, however, and although there were no exceptional performances, the meet as a whole was successful from all angles.

The pole vault opened the program and



Bov placed first with a height of twelve feet. The Notre Dame veteran had excellent form and managed to maneuver gracefully over the bar at that altitude. Johnson placed second and Bannon third. Enright featured the broad jump with a distance of 20 feet 3 inches. Repetti, Lavelle and McSweeney formed the shot put trio and made their mark somewhere within a radius of forty-one feet.

In the distance runs of a mile and two miles, the Brown brothers kept the honors in the family by each leading the field in his event. Bill Brown took the mile jaunt in 4 minutes 36 seconds, and John won the two mile travel with a good lap around the track to his advantage. His time was 10 minutes and 2 seconds. After a series of heats for the sixty yard dash, Elder crossed the finish line in 6.8 seconds, closely followed by Chevigney and Morrissey whose prowess can achieve fame in more than one field. Elder jumped into the lead at the start and although closely pressed all the way, was never headed.

Joe Abbott, who has been holding down the 880 for the last year or so, struck out in his usual stride and led Ladner home in 2 min. 5 sec.

McGauley won the 440 yard run. He had Reidy on his heels for practically the whole trip, and turned a time of 54.8 seconds. Incidentally these two, together with Quigley and Kelly constitute a relay team whose potential power ought to bring renown to Notre Dame in this phase of athletic endeavor this year.

Griffin breasted the tape in 8:06 seconds in the hugh hurdles. Griffin, like Elder, seems to be one of the outstanding men of the squad. Doan, who came in second, has been stepping right along this season too, and it looks as though he will be Griffin's chief assistant in furnishing stiff opposition to competitors. Konop placed first in the high jump with Meyer a close second. The bar was set at five feet ten inches when their valiant efforts ceased.

Thus ends the accounting of the preliminary exercises. Tomorrow the real test occurs when a powerful Northwestern outfit will visit for a dual meet.

The Wildcats will be represented by a strong aggregation of tracksters, and in addition to meeting them on the home battle grounds, Notre Dame will also have its traditional fighting spirit to maintain. It should be a well matched meet.—R.P.D.

INTERHALL CAGE PLAY OPENS

The Interhall Heavyweight Basketball League swung into action last Sunday with the following results:

LYONS 11—BROWNSON 4

Led by Joe Nash and Lordi the Gold Coast-ers came out on top of the Arabs from Brownson in the first game of the newly organized Heavyweight League. Both teams showed up well defensively, but neither offensive seemed to be able to function. Callahan and Murphy (not a movie title) starred for the losers.

SOPHOMORE 19—SORIN 12

In one of the best games of the day the two-year olds showed the way to the dignified seniors. Sophomore has one of the fastest quintets in the circuit and bids high to become a leading contender for the crown. The guards, Logan and Vik, looked particularly good, as did McKinney for Sorin.

CARROLL 14—FRESHMAN 7

Mr. Nichols, of Carroll, after watching innumerable shots go to waste, decided to start something and his efforts did not go for naught. The game was very loosely played throughout. Ruppe and Koski did the scintillating for the Pasteboard Palace.

WALSH 13—HOWARD 11

Following in the wake of the inimitable Gene Grogan the Walsh aggregation was returned the winner over the one from Howard. The boys kind of whooped it up during the second half but it was all in the spirit of gentle levity and jest and no harm was done. Wozniak did the best work for the yearling combination.

CORBY 20—MORRISSEY 15

Making a great comeback in the second period Corby came from behind to win from Morrissey. After they once got started