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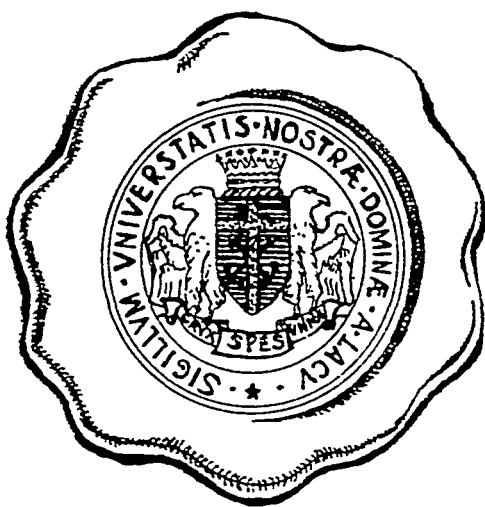
Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII. 6275.2

FEBRUARY 8, 1929

No. 16.

Junior Prom Number



15 Cents the Copy

\$3.00 the Year

TO SENIORS

Who are planning to enter the Business World

What Other College Men Have Done With Kresge

"Graduating from Western Reserve University in 1921, I began business life with an idea that I was fitted for managerial work. I left my comfortable desk work and started in the stockroom. Then I worked successively as floor manager, assistant manager, and manager. I then received my biggest promotion, and today I am happily located in an executive position, with increased responsibilities.

The financial return that has come to me exceeds all that I had expected."

Colby B. S. '15—Wesleyan M. S. 1917—A Phi Beta Kappa man became an instructor until 1920, then assistant head chemist for an Eastern manufacturer until 1922 when he entered the Kresge organization to take the training course. He is now a manager of a Kresge store and claims: "Today I find myself receiving a greater income than the teachers and industrial acquaintances who sought to discourage me for making such a radical change of occupation."

A Missouri University graduate enthusiastically relates the following:

"In June of 1923, just after I had been presented with my much treasured sheepskin, a gray haired gentleman with years of experience said to me: 'Just what the future holds for you will depend largely on the seeds you sow during the next few years. Take my advice and select some good company, begin at the bottom and work your way to the top.'

I followed his advice by starting in the stockroom of a Kresge store on December 8, 1923.

Today I am managing my first store, happy in the thought that I am on the road to success."

AFTER the years of college then there comes to many men the most trying period of their careers. What place does the world have for them? For what niche has their training best suited them? Where do they fit?

It is to these seniors who have not yet fully decided on their future that this advertisement is addressed.

The S. S. Kresge Company has an opportunity for college men who are ambitious enough and capable enough to reach the top — yet who are willing to start at the bottom. These men we train to be store managers and to occupy other executive positions—well paid positions involving a share in the Kresge profits. The men selected are given intensive preparation for their future executive positions, they are instructed in every detail of store management and they are advanced as rapidly as they become familiar with the Kresge policy and the Kresge methods of merchandising. The work is not easy but the reward is not small—an executive position in the Kresge organization which operates 510 stores with an annual volume of business close to \$150,000,000.

If a career such as those described here appeals to you, write our Personnel Department and a Kresge representative will be sent to give you a personal interview.

What Others Have Done You Can Do

A Bucknell College graduate writes:

"After graduating from college with the degree of B. S. and M. A. I accepted a position as Chemistry instructor in a small college. After two years as an instructor, I became dissatisfied and decided to enter the business world.

I became acquainted with an enthusiastic Kresge manager, who gladly explained their system of training men to become store managers. Shortly after that I started in the stockroom, received promotions according to my ability to earn them, and today although a successful store manager I am in line for still greater responsibilities.

I know of no other organization where a man's efforts will be better repaid than with the Kresge Company."

An alumnus of the University of Michigan class of 1922 says: "The most important problem confronting me the last semester in school was choosing a 'job' that would begin when campus days were over. To make the right choice in the business world was my ambition. I turned down several soft snap jobs, a kind that paid fairly well to start but held no future, for a stockroom job with the Kresge Company which paid little to start but offered a definite future. I combined my education with good common sense, and after applying myself diligently I was rapidly promoted to greater responsibilities.

Today I am manager of a good store, and gladly recommend the Kresge Company as a means to a definite future, providing you possess the necessary qualifications and a whole hearted desire to succeed."

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT 2

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1928-29

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The Famous Double Thick
Malted Milks and our Tasty Toasted
Sandwiches are the students delight

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Where style is the ulterior motive and the price is in keeping with the college man's allowance. Our Hart Schaffner & Marx university suits are those worn at leading universities in the country.

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Your Guests

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—in—
The Florentine Room

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*"If it comes from Berman's
it must be good."*



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RADIO

RIFLES



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how to produce . . . and a world of men look
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. . . they look upon the Florsheim crest as
the mark of style authority, a sure guide
to money's worth of wear.**

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Section 1103, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



*Love's abroad to-night, Prom Girl,
Let your troubles fly a-homing,
You won't want them when Love greets you
In the gloaming . . . in the gloaming.*

*Where has Love been till this evening,
Dead? Ah, no. Sweethearts unnumbered
Stop their hearts and hear a whisper
"Love has not been dead—it slumbered."*

*Half a thousand dark disguises
Love will wear while muses play
And you'll never know he loves you
Till he steals your heart away.*

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The Notre Dame Scholastic

497

THE WEEK

This is the new SCHOLASTIC. You probably knew that when you saw the large cover, but I needed to write about it anyway. The type is smaller, and the page is larger, giving us more space to fill, and the necessity of writing about everything. Our editor probably expected me to spout flowery prose over this new edition, but I have decided that it isn't necessary. Too often when a campus scribe attempts to scatter roses and violets with his pen the readers can pick out nothing but pale yellow dandelions. A neat, green lawn is attractive, even if burdened with "Please" signs, and similarly this page is to be without dandelions, purple patches, or pretensions to erudition and fluency. Should the reader want fluency and erudition we recommend the book review column inaugurated with this issue in which our literary editor tells us what to read if we are to develop that "fifteen minutes a day" assurance. The fellow who tipped over the palm trees in the La Salle lobby never read the five foot shelf, for if he had his remarks wouldn't have so startled the porter.

Last Friday night the Lawyers and their friends danced to the harmonious jubilation of a dusky orchestra that played with the hereditary swing of the shoe-polishing race. The music was good, the programs were what the dates called "cute," and the crowd so congenial that even bait dancers were kept smiling—no, Wasmus, not a sheepish smile this time! Lawyers are to be congratulated on that dance, and if their social successes and inclusive hospitality keep abreast the exclusive hall will never accommodate next year's Ball. The social hounds, to be doggy, have been hot on a good many trails of late. The scent they are following now will end with the sorting of allotted spoils at the Palais' doors to-night. Some of our unfortunates are explaining to all unkind inquirers that the particular girl who is their ideal of a Prom date does not look at all like the picture in last Sunday's paper, or the photograph conspicuously perched on a desk. Fingers and finger prints have similarities, photographs and realities should have, and about all that can be advised is that you judge for yourself. The world would be ideal if everyone were satisfied, but that would leave Senator Heflin with nothing to discuss.

This is the time of year when about fifty percent of the student body in every university is convinced that an education is not worth the effort. Between now and summer vacation the percentage will rise rapidly until the week before commencement when there will be only ten percent in favor of continuing school. That ten percent includes mostly those

seniors who have known what it is to hold a job. Not a position, but a job! Semester examinations brought the disease to a climax, and the contagion is rapid. The prefect of discipline administers injections during office hours to those in whom the infection has reached an acute stage.

Popular songs, money, and infatuations, are three rather unimportant things that come and go. We were reminded of that the other evening on the basket-ball court because a Hoosier who was proud of being one wrote a song long ago about the banks of the Wabash. And the Wabash banking was far, far away from the rim last Saturday. Far enough, at least, so that we can appreciate McCarthy's grin, and even risk swapping smiles with him. Smith, too, has well earned an indulgence in pleasantries. Pittsburgh will deserve a trouncing tomorrow night, if for nothing but the elation of those who sit in that section of the stands reserved for the Juniors and their guests.

On a shady street in old Philadelphia a comfortably plump gentleman conducted a little store. He was Benjamin Franklin, and the store was his book shop. Now a much larger store would overflow with books written about the proprietor of that little shop. Among these books is one recently published by Professor Louis Cary entitled, "Benjamin Franklin's Economic Views." Those who know that "Poor Richard's Almanac" isn't a patent medicine publication will find things to think about in this book. Remembering, too, that Mr. Brennan told us the other day that two thoughts a year was a very good average for any individual. I'm still waiting for my first one, and I can't remember of being bothered with any at all last year.

The suggestion is a little tardy, but for those who find conversation with week-end guests difficult the feature article "The Old Proms" will be of assistance. And by June you should be able to point out the Log Chapel, give a historical review of Sorin, or tell something about the memorials scattered around, for we intend to get everybody acquainted with the university through a series of weekly articles—motto. "know where you are." If you consider that you already know, read something of Einstein's new theories, and you'll find that—nobody can say exactly what you will find. Yet Mr. Einstein is perhaps a genius. Real geniuses are too occupied to be bothered with confusing us. They invent airplanes, paint Madonnas, or convert the heathen to two-piece underwear. John Erskine knows that, because he has baffled all the bridge playing ladies who subscribe to the "Boob of the Month Club." The kind of lady whose conceited fourth finger refuses to associate with the other digits when they are engaged in the lowly task of holding a cup of tea. Incubated in select schools, a brood of these fledglings descend upon unsuspecting menkind at every commencement. And that's why Sing Sing is so much more popular than West Point.

—A.H.

Prom Beautiful Tonight

PROGRAM

FRIDAY

❖ Junior Prom at the Palais Royal Ballroom, 10 till 2. ❖

SATURDAY

❖ Indiana-N. D. Track Meet, University Gym, 2 p. m. ❖

❖ Pittsburgh-N. D. Basketball Game, Gym, 8 p. m. ❖

❖ Band Dance at K. of C. Ballroom, 9 p. m. ❖

SUNDAY

❖ Mass, Morrissey Hall Chapel, 10:00 a. m. ❖

To some, tonight may be merely Friday, February 8th, but to the Juniors it is their night of nights—the greatest night of the year. For this evening at the Palais Royale will be held the Junior Promenade of 1929, the “Prom Beautiful.” Freshmen may groan over their studies sophomores may chat idly about the weather, and seniors—those who were so unfortunate as to be unable to obtain tickets—may add several words to their theses, but tonight the Juniors celebrate freely and wholeheartedly their own social event of the season. They can be happy, they should be happy, and they probably will be happy.

The most important part of any Junior Prom is always the guests. This evening the class of '30 will entertain guests from as far west as San Francisco, California, and as far east as Boston, Massachusetts; from as far north as Minneapolis, Minnesota, and as far south as Shreveport, Louisiana. In fact, they will come from all sections of the nation to be guests of the men of '30.

MUSIC

The music committee under the chairmanship of Peter Wacks has selected Freddie Hamm and his orchestra to provide the essential element in the festivities of this evening. Freddie Hamms' orchestra is well known in the mid-west, having played for a number of years in the famous Venetian room of the Southmoor Hotel in Chicago. The committee determined upon this selection only after long and careful study of the various first rate musical organizations in this section of the country. It feels confident that the choice will be thoroughly satisfactory to all those attending the dance. This orchestra is noted for its distinctive interpretation of current hits, its varied and colorful orchestrations, and its individually brilliant entertainers. Freddie Hamm plans to

ROBERT KUHN
General Chairman of Prom



Miss Regina Savage, of River Forest, Ill., who is the guest of Mr. Kuhn.

offer several novelty numbers, and also promises to comply with any requests for particular selections.

The Prom song for this year is entitled “Beautiful Prom Girl of Mine” and was composed by Irvin Corcoran, the well-known popular-song writer. Such prominent universities as Yale, Dartmouth, and Princeton endeavored to secure this song for their own proms, but its presentation at the “Prom Beautiful” will mark its premiere. The words of the chorus of this song are as follows:

*My life-long dream has just come true,
Now that I've danced this waltz with you;
Memories will often recall
This most wonderful night of them all.
And when our promenade is o'er,
I will remember evermore;
Come let us dance,
In our world of romance,
Oh, beautiful Prom girl of mine.*

During the intermissions in the dancing Anthony Kopec, for several years tenor soloist of the University Glee Club, will sing the Prom Song and “Mia Bella Rosa,” while Zeno Staudt and Walter Garrett will offer three banjo-guitar duets. The music will be broadcast from radio station WSBT of South Bend.



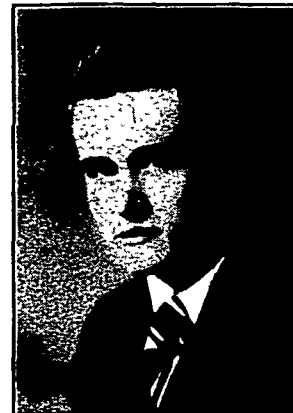
FELIX ISHERWOOD
Chairman of Publicity



GEORGE WEBER
Chairman of Favors



RICHARD DONAGHUE
Chairman of Reception



PETER WACKS
Chairman of Music

To be Gala Affair



Miss Marie Connors, of St. Louis, Mo., who is the guest of Mr. Hellrung.

ROBERT HELLRUNG
President of Junior Class



PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

Patrons and patronesses for the affair include Dean and Mrs. William Konop, Dean and Mrs. James E. McCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. John E. Cooney, Prof. and Mrs. Raymond Schubmehl, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Mills, Mr. Paul Bryne, and Professors Howard Dolmage, Paul Fenlon, Daniel O'Grady, Norbert Engels and Clarence Manion.

Mr. Robert Kuhn, general chairman of the Prom, will lead the grand march with his guest, Miss Regina Savage, a student at Rosary College, River Forest, Ill., followed by Mr. Robert Hellrung, president of the Junior class, and his guest, Miss Marie Connors, of St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. John V. Hinkel, editor of the SCHOLASTIC, will have as his guest, Miss Virginia Dean of Chicago, Ill., a student at the University of Wisconsin, while Miss Helen Holthouse, of Decatur, Ind., a student at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, will be the guest of Mr. Joseph P. McNamara, editor of the *Juggler*. Mr. Manfred Vezie, president of the Senior class, will have as his guest, Miss Mary Louise Miller, of Oak Park, Ill., a student at Rosary College.

DECORATIONS

For over four months Jerome Parker, chairman of the Decorations committee, and his co-workers have labored incessantly to make this promenade in reality the "Prom Beau-

tiful." The decorative scheme in its entirety is the product of Mr. Parker's unique creative genius. Mr. Parker has recognized no precedent and as a result the decorative brilliance of the Palais Royale tonight equals that recorded at any other prom in the history of the University.

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Chairman of Invitations



BERT METZGER
Chairman of Arrangements



JAMES LEAHY
Chairman of Tickets



JOHN MAHONEY
Chairman of Programs

Guests at the Junior Prom

Virginia Dean, Madison, Wisconsin
 Patricia Ragen, St. Mary's
 Helen Callahan, St. Mary's, Indiana
 Inez Lavin, Elkhart, Indiana
 Grace Dalton, Chicago, Illinois
 Ethel Becker, Benton Harbor, Michigan
 Louise Coquillard, South Bend, Indiana
 Jane Wells, Tulsa, Oklahoma
 Marie Purdon, Chicago, Illinois
 Elizabeth Kahl, Davenport, Iowa
 Katherine Dittmar, Chicago, Illinois
 Grace Love, Gary, Indiana
 Elizabeth McDonald, Gary, Indiana
 Margaret Miller, Lockport, Iowa
 Sally McCaffery, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Evelyn Kanly, Omaha, Nebraska
 Agnes Herweg, Peoria, Illinois
 Jean Brady, Winfield, Kansas
 Betty Proctor, Elkhart, Indiana
 Eloise McCarthy, Nashville, Tennessee
 Eleanor Jagers, Chicago, Illinois
 Margaret Skelly, St. Mary of the Woods
 Emma Knotts, El Paso, Texas
 Lucille Wylie, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Virginia Wess, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Mary Robinson, Waterbury, Connecticut
 Elizabeth Meyers, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Thelma Peterson, Chicago, Illinois
 June Hoene, St. Paul, Minnesota
 Clara Kullman, Chicago, Illinois
 Helen O'Donnell, Chicago, Illinois
 Catherine Vendley, South Bend, Indiana
 Catherine Williams, Evansville, Ind.
 Kathryn Bland, Chicago, Illinois
 Mary Virginia Feeney, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Virginia Wise, Peru, Indiana
 Olive Geis, Casper, Wyoming
 Ceal Zimmer, Saginaw, Michigan
 Mary McCarthy, Casper, Wyoming
 Agnes Lennor, Joliet, Illinois
 Janet Crowley, Des Moines, Iowa
 Margaret Van Huisseling, Elmhurst, Ill.
 Jeanette Comley, Fowler, Indiana
 Christena Emery, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Marion Ferguson, Lafayette, Indiana
 Dorothy Braunsdorf, South Bend, Ind.
 Elda Diederich, Chicago, Illinois
 Anne Strelkar, Ladysmith, Wisconsin
 Marjorie Adelsperger, South Bend, Ind.
 Katherine Woolverton, South Bend, Ind.
 Louise Bessire, Louisville, Kentucky
 Leona Buelow, Chicago, Illinois
 Anne Irasky, Richmond, Michigan
 Agnes Duffy, Utica, New York
 Kate A. Tubbs, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Jane Doris, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Emma Beutter, South Bend, Indiana
 Anita Parsons, Wolland, Michigan
 Ruth McBride, Columbus, Ohio
 Frances Murphy, Dixon, Illinois
 Catherine Moran, Chicago, Illinois
 Margaret Kane, South Bend, Indiana
 Frances Katteman, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Nora Farley, Niles, Ohio
 Isabel Brand, Toledo, Ohio
 Alice Casey, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Dorothy Sullivan, Chicago, Illinois
 Eleanor Murphy, Benton Harbor, Mich.
 Catherine Rafferty, Chicago, Illinois
 Marion Vernica, Chicago, Illinois
 Margaret Fitzgibbon, Rochester, N. Y.
 Zita MacScheidler, St. Mary's, Ind.
 Mildred Hazelton, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Patricia Labraico, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Dorothy Marcus, St. Mary's, Ind.
 Mary Farrenko, South Bend, Indiana
 Marion Conley, St. Mary's

Dorothea Mae Huss, South Bend, Ind.
 Helen Ryan, O'Neill, Nebraska
 Margaret Clynes, Pueblo, Colorado
 A. Federico, Hurley, Wisconsin
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 Lenore Callahan, Chicago, Illinois
 Catherine Ryan, Chicago, Illinois
 Marie Healy, South Bend, Indiana
 Martha Hawk, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Cecilia Roach, South Bend, Indiana
 Josephine Anderson, South Bend, Ind.
 Helen Hoelocker, La Porte, Indiana
 Katherine Marwitz, St. Mary's
 Margaret Kehoe, River Forest, Illinois
 Marjorie Donahue, Michigan City, Ind.
 Marjorie Whitaker, Stillwell, Indiana
 Priscilla Haley, South Bend, Indiana
 Geraldine Whitenger, South Bend, Ind.
 Laura Hartless, Chicago, Illinois
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 Josephine Kegan, Long Island, N. Y.
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 Louise Buckley, Chicago, Illinois
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 Marie Winkol, Columbus, Ohio
 Margot N. LaPlace, Swampscott, Mass.
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 Pearl Storbeck, Kenosha, Wisconsin
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 Elizabeth Griffin, Chicago, Illinois
 Camilla Kahl, Davenport, Iowa
 Helen Thomason, Chicago, Illinois
 Marion Bell, Chicago, Illinois
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 Catherine Gillespie, South Bend, Indiana
 Gila Fern Hunkins, Fairbault, Minn.
 Rose Dowling, Houston, Texas
 Rosa C. McNamara, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Virginia Gilmartin, St. Mary's College
 Margaret M. Bergan, St. Mary's College
 Jane McDonald, Flint, Michigan
 Patricia Ragan, St. Mary's
 Mary Bradley, St. Mary's
 Elizabeth Kip, New York City
 Marie Louise Van Etten, Chicago, Ill.
 Catherine Colbert, Kittanning, Pa.
 Isabel Clemens, Detroit, Michigan
 Mildred A. Grant, Detroit, Michigan
 Jeannette Beach, South Bend, Ind.
 Genevieve E. O'Neil, St. Mary's
 Olive Swartz, St. Mary's
 Marion McGuire, Chicago, Illinois
 Helen Phinney, Chicago, Illinois
 Bessie Loucks, Elkhart, Indiana
 Albertine Gagnier, St. Mary's
 Helen Cook, Mishawaka, Indiana
 Kay Keefe, New York City
 Jeanne Culver, Champaign, Illinois
 Eugenia Doan, Lima, Ohio
 Lucille Boyd-Sneed, South Bend, Indiana
 Camilla Rebillot, Canton, Ohio
 Margaret Uprichard, Lakewood, Ohio
 Mary Louise Miller, Oak Park, Illinois
 Virginia Kelly, South Bend, Indiana
 Dorothy Hoban, St. Mary's College
 Margaret Charten, Bay City, Michigan
 Mildred Clark, Toledo, Ohio
 Lola Chartar, Roundup, Montana
 Marie Connors, St. Louis, Missouri
 Barbara Garza, Monterey, Mexico
 Florence Orvis, Chicago, Illinois
 Lucia Casabianca, St. Mary's
 Laura Brooks, Culver, Indiana
 Marjorie Cronin, Chicago, Illinois
 Lucille Hogan, South Bend, Indiana
 Mary Gerarde, Los Angeles, California
 Isabelle Heintz, Joliet, Illinois
 Margaret Storm, Rockford, Illinois
 Charlotta Miller, Wheeling, W. Virginia
 Geraldine Malone, St. Mary's

El Bonito Promenade



EDWARD DEMPSEY
Chairman of Atmosphere



TOM KENNEALLY
Chairman of Requisites



JEROME PARKER
Chairman of Decorations



ROBERT SAVAGE
Chairman Ornamentations



FRANK MOSHER
Chairman of Construction

The soft sigh of a Mediterranean moon tinting high-lights of silver on shimmering sun-dried stucco walls, giant green palms contrasting with the graceful curves of tile roofs, a night of Castilian splendor with the court yards, the fountains, the luxuriant moss of Old Spain bringing the spirit of romance to the Night of Romanticists.—This suggests the Prom Beautiful.

But only suggests it.

One who has visited the workshop of Chairman Jerry Parker over in Organizations Building can almost hear the click of the castanets, the guttural drone of the guitar, see the flash of the multi-colored shawls after viewing the four sets that have been put in readiness for this evening's Promenade at the Palais Royale. The theme of the Junior Formal is Spanish and is being carried out with a greater appreciation for detail than even the most critical could demand.

"Zamara was not built in a day." And so it is here. To catch the charm that is Old Toledo, city of splendor, bro-

cares and tapestry; to suggest Seville, to borrow the serenity and simple beauty that one links with the Court of the Lions of the Alhambra has been the task of a summer, a fall and half a winter.

The decoration scheme has utilized to the best advantage the soft curves of Spanish architecture. There will be four sets, each some twelve feet in height.

To anyone who knows Notre Dame, the sensational feature of the decorative scheme is not the splendor of the sets, the adoption of a particularly fortunate theme, or even the conscientious attention to detail. Rather it is in that the committees have built every bit of the decorative sets themselves, and will install all this in the ballroom on the day of the Prom. Even the main bell tower, the three banked fountain, the luminous drop of the East wall,—all these were built by the various committees working under the direction of Jerry Parker. The "spirit of doing" has been carried to the extent of having the very parchment lanterns made entirely by hand by the men on the working force. Surely this is revolutionary.

The First Junior Prom

The Junior Prom—this year's Prom Beautiful—is of age! Back in the "good old days," when the class of 1909 was in its third year at Notre Dame, the Junior Prom was first held. The momentous date was Wednesday, November 27, 1907, and the place was Melville Hall in South Bend.

Through its childhood, boyhood, youth, and now its age, the Prom has passed through its various troubles, outgrowing, changing, and improving with age. Perhaps some of the old grads still know stories of the first Prom, pleasant and exciting, but the old *Domes* and *SCHOLASTICS* carry the details, with all the difficulties encountered. The *Dome* sympathizes with the committee of the first Prom at the same time it commends them:

"They were handicapped a little in that they were inaugurating a new custom, but the outcome more than proved them capable of the task. For many years to come, the Junior Class of Notre Dame ought to and undoubtedly will have a deep feeling of gratitude to the Class of 1909 for inaugurating the delightful custom of having at Thanksgiving time a Junior Prom."

"Resplendent with tasty decorations, the interior of Melville Hall presented an appearance most appropriate for and suggesting an evening of pleasure. One end of the ballroom was artistically decorated with the national flag and the University colors. The inviting cozy corners, in different parts of the hall, gave evidence of their enticing qualities not a few times during the evening. On the walls of each side of the hall, between the windows, pennants of various colleges were artistically arranged, while the windows themselves were draped with the national and University colors. Enhancing the general effect of all the decorations were yards upon yards of bunting festooned throughout the hall. In the center of the ballroom were four small University banners hanging from the ceiling, encircling a giant pennant suspended in the middle of them. The entire hall was brilliantly lighted by red, green and white lights, and during certain dances a pleasant and novel effect was produced by turning off all the lights but a cluster of green ones, whose soft rays, falling upon the varied and beautiful gowns of the young ladies, produced a harmonious blending of colors—an effect extremely delightful."

RICHARD HALLIBURTON LECTURES TONIGHT ON "THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE"

An evening of fascinating tales of foreign lands is in store for Notre Dame tonight in the lecture to be given by Richard Halliburton at Washington Hall. As the author of *The Royal Road to Romance*, he won popularity as a writer last year; since that time he has added new experiences to his colorful life, by spending last summer in Mexico.

The material for his lecture is based on vivid accounts of his adventures in nearly every part of the world: how he scaled the walls of the Acropolis at night, bathed in the pool of the Taj Mahal and swam the dangerous straits of Scylla and Charybdis; how he ran, walked and taxicabbed the original Marathon course, photographed the guns of Gibraltar and retramped the trail of Cortez's conquest in Mexico. His topic, modern experiences in settings of history or mythology, indicates that he has a novelty in lecture material.

§ § §

FLAVIO PLASENCIA ASSISTS DAILY NEWS ORCHESTRA IN ENJOYABLE CONCERT

The Chicago *Daily News* concert orchestra, under the personal direction of Mr. Joseph Gallichio, assisted by Mr. Flavio Plasencia, baritone soloist, were heard in Washington Hall on January 25 as a pleasant mental assuagement during the period of the semester examinations.

"Cuckoo" by Arensky and "Scenes Poetique" by Godard brought out the unusual qualities of such orchestral instruments as the flute, French horn, and oboe. The overture by the orchestra was Mendelsohn's "Fingals Cave." This orchestra, consisting of fifteen members, has been regularly featured over the Chicago *Daily News*' radio station, WMAQ.

Flavio Plasencia, baritone, sang four numbers in Spanish and a like number in English. The old favorites, "La Paloma" by Yradier, and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" by Ernest Ball were rendered in Mr. Plasencia's most pleasing way. Another of Ernest Ball's selections, "Mother Machree," "Je Vous Aime" by Biner, and "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," a composition of Victor Herbert, were also sung. Mr. Plasencia has made many recordings for both Victor and Brunswick and his superior talents were well brought out in this most enjoyable concert.

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CHICAGO CLUB HOLDS ANNUAL BANQUET

Speeches by prominent Chicagoans and officials of the University formed the program given at the ninth anniversary banquet of the Notre Dame Chicago Club, Wednesday night in the Faculty Dining room.

Guests of honor included the following: Professor Charles Phillips; Byron Kanaley, a member of the class of 1904 and a University trustee; John Poliskey, assistant football coach; Joseph Sullivan, assistant baseball coach; Fred Miller, captain of the 1928 football team; John Law, captain-elect of the 1929 football team, and John Nicholson, track coach.

The toastmaster of the banquet was Alderman George M. Maypole, of Chicago, a former Notre Dame man. The speakers were the Reverend Michael Mulcaire, C.S.C., vice-president of the University; Mark Foote, of the class of 1873, the oldest living Chicago alumnus; Byron V. Kanaley; Norman C. Barry, former football player and president of the Chicago Club last year, Fred Miller and John Law. President Edmund Collins, of the Chicago Club, presided.

Music, consisting of vocal selections by Anthony Kopecky of the Notre Dame Glee Club and music by the Sullivan Syncopators interspersed the program of speeches.

FIVE HUNDRED COUPLES ATTEND LAWYERS' BALL

As typically successful and beautiful as Lawyers' balls of the past two years, the annual formal dance of the Law Club was held last Friday night at the Palais Royale. Novel arrangements in bids and programs with clever musical features made it an unusually enjoyable affair for the five hundred couples which attended.

The music for the dance, traditionally reserved to Southern melody bands, was furnished by Charley Lawson and his Rythm Kings, who hail from New Orleans. Tuneful music of the South mixed with the popular dance numbers of the day, best expresses the musical accompaniment which was of very high order.

The programs were attractive with the usual legal atmosphere present. Gerald Roach, president of the Law Club, and Thomas Traughber, chairman of the Ball committee, were in charge of the dance and were unusually successful in making it an outstanding event.

§ § §

BOY GUIDANCE SENIORS RETURN TO COMPLETE UNIVERSITY WORK

Ten seniors of the Boy Guidance Department of the University have returned after a semester spent at various boys' clubs, camps, and other organizations throughout the country, to complete their work at the University.

The men who returned are as follows: Lawrence H. Brown, Glenwood Manual Training School, Glenwood, Ill.; Cyril A. Costello, K. of C. Boy Life Bureau; Francis J. Culhane, Catholic Boys' Club, 448 W. 56th St., New York; Arthur J. Evans, San Antonio Scouts, 2519 Broadway, San Antonio, Texas; Russell T. McGrath, Kips Bay Boys' Club, 825 Second Ave., New York; Stephen M. Murray, Boy Scouts of America, 37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago; Martin J. O'Phelan, Catholic Community Center, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; John F. Reilly, Syracuse Boys' Club, 410 East Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.; Stephen J. Schneider, Hull House, Chicago, Ill.; George J. Ullrich, 110 Franklin St., Buffalo, New York.

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K. OF C. SUPREME COUNCIL AUTHORIZES BOY GUIDANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus authorized fifteen scholarships in Boy Guidance at Notre Dame for the college year 1929-1930 at their quarterly meeting held in New York several weeks ago.

Notre Dame seniors who are considering the field of boys' work as a vocation can secure information from Professor Ray Hoyer, head of the Boy Guidance department, room 229, Main building.

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BROKALL AND M'FARLANE ADDRESS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

The Notre Dame Academy of Science was addressed by Clair Brokall and Walter McFarlane, members of the Academy and seniors in the College of Science at the University, at a meeting held last Monday night in Science Hall. Robert Schulze, president of the Academy, presided as chairman.

Mr. Brokall spoke on "Gravitation in Astronomy," and Mr. McFarlane took as his topic, "The Advancement of Television." Both speakers held their audience with a clear, concise presentation of their subject matter, and were very well received.

The Reverend George W. Albertson, C.S.C., dean of the College of Science, and moderator of the Academy, also addressed the members. The by-laws committee was ordered to investigate the legality of various claims for Academy keys.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

FRIDAY, February 8—SCHOLASTIC editorial staff meeting, 7:00 p. m., Publications' room, Main building.—Lecture, Richard Halliburton, Washington Hall, 8:00 p. m.—Junior "Prom Beautiful," Palais Royale, 9:00 p. m.

SATURDAY, February 9—Indoor track meet, University of Indiana vs. Notre Dame, University gymnasium, 2:00 p. m.—Basketball, University of Pittsburgh vs. Notre Dame, University gymnasium, 8:00 p. m.—Dance, given by University Band, Palais Royale, 9:00 p. m.

SUNDAY, February 10—Masses, Sacred Heart Church, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00 and 9:00 a. m.—Mass in Morrissey Hall Chapel for Prom guests, 10:00.—Wranglers' meeting, Public Speaking room, Walsh Hall, 10:00 a. m.—Interhall basketball games, University gymnasium, 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

MONDAY, February 11—Scribblers' meeting, Scribblers' room, Organizations' building, 7:30 p. m.—Cleveland Club meeting, Lay Faculty dining room, 7:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, February 12—Meeting of La Circle Francais, Law building, 8:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, February 13—Ash Wednesday, Low Mass, Sacred Heart Church, 7:30 a. m.

THURSDAY, February 14—Meeting of Fort Wayne Club, Badin "Rec." room, 8:00 p. m.

FRIDAY, February 15—SCHOLASTIC business staff meeting, 6:30 p. m.; editorial staff meeting, 7:00 p. m., Publications' room, Main Building.—Movies, "Racket," Washington Hall, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.—Basketball, Butler University vs. Notre Dame at Indianapolis.

SATURDAY, February 16—Indoor track, University of Illinois vs. Notre Dame, University gymnasium, 2:00 p. m.

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FELLOWSHIP IN A GERMAN UNIVERSITY ESTABLISHED

A fellowship of the value of \$1500 has been established by the Germanistic Society of America, Inc., for an American student who contemplates studying some phase of German civilization at a German University.

The fellowship is open to both men and to women. Applicants must be under thirty years of age.

To be eligible a candidate must present proof of:

1. American citizenship.
2. Good health.
3. Good moral character and adaptability.
4. Graduation, at the time of making application, from a college or university of recognized standing.
5. Ability to do independent study and research in one of the following fields: German Architecture; German Art, German History and Government, German Literature and Language, or German Philosophy.
6. A good reading knowledge of German.

The successful candidate will be required to leave for Germany by August 1 or earlier if possible, in order to devote himself to the practice and study of oral German until the time of the official opening of the university (about October 15), when he will be expected to matriculate for the winter and summer semesters.

The fellowship will be administered by the Institute of International Education through its Germanistic Society Fellowship Committee. Application blanks, properly filled out and accompanied by all required credentials, must be in the possession of the Committee by March 1. Awards will be announced by March 15.

Full information and application blanks may be obtained by addressing Germanistic Society Fellowship Committee, Institute of International Education, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

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PITT BASKETBALL GAME "PEP" RALLY HELD

A spectacle reminiscent of the Army game week was enacted last night in the gymnasium when more than fifteen hundred students attended a pep meeting to arouse enthusiasm for the basketball game with Pittsburgh tomorrow night. The meeting was sponsored by the S. A. C. in co-operation with the Blue Circle.

The Reverend Michael Mulcaire, C.S.C., vice-president of the University, together with George Keogan, basketball coach, and co-captain Francis Crowe, and Joseph Jachym, were the featured speakers and their talks were greeted with enthusiasm by the students.

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MONOGRAM CLUB'S "ABSURDITIES" REHEARSALS INAUGURATED

Notre Dame may be a long distance from the theatrical capitals of the nation but she is fortunate in having would-be Flo Ziegfeld's, Ned Wayburns, Webers and Fields, and Pavlowas in the persons of her versatile monogram men. These gentlemen have already gone into an intensive training period of rehearsing in preparation for the annual presentation of the "Monogram Absurdities."

Although the opening date has not been definitely set as yet, Chairman Joseph Abbott and his assistants are hard at work in their efforts to make this year's show among the greatest attractions ever enacted in historic Washington Hall before perennially critical student bodies. Coach Thomas Mills, and Professor Frank Kelly, of the Department of Speech at the University, are in charge of the dramatics, frolics and follies of Notre Dame's brawny athletes.

According to all advance press reports, the 1929 "Absurdities" will surpass all previous successes achieved in the traditional performances of this great campus show. Several clever skits are even now emerging from the embryonic stage. A ballet number, patterned after the celebrated act of the Albertina Rasch girls, is also being arranged. The forensic talents of the more outspoken members of the club will be brought to the fore in a few acts. However, no definite program is ready for publication at this early date.

In accordance with custom in years past, it is expected that four or five showings of the "Absurdities" will be enacted on successive days, one of which will be for the benefit of guests from St. Mary's. Capacity houses will, in all probability, greet each of these performances. In spite of repeated popular demands for tickets, the official ticket campaign will not be opened until a week or two before the opening night.

A meeting of the Monogram Club was held last Wednesday, February 6, at which time plans were discussed for the "Absurdities." Definite steps will be taken at some later date. The members of the club attended Mass and received Holy Communion in a body at 6:30 that morning. The Reverend James Burns, C.S.C., Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, celebrated the Mass.

PATRICK DUFFY WINS BREEN MEDAL ORATIONS CONTEST

During the business session of the meeting, Grand Knight McKeown made known the plans for the next exemplification of the order's third degree. Applications for membership in this next class will be received up to a week from the scheduled time of the initiation, which is set for the fourth of March.

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It is the wish of the department to collect all published news relating to the University. Students are asked to supply the department with all clippings which they might run across in their hometown papers. These clippings may be brought to Mr. Doan in his office on the first floor of the Main building or mailed to postoffice box 107.

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Mr. Corcoran, while at Notre Dame, was president of the freshman class of '26, and a member of the freshman football team.

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❖ The SCHOLASTIC is on sale at the Oliver Hotel ❖
❖ Cigar Stand and in the University Cafeteria. ❖

Other colleges in the State Oratorical contest are Purdue University, Franklin College, Wabash College, Butler College, Manchester, Evansville, and Earlham. The winner will represent his college in the district finals to be held in Chicago; and the winner of the district contest will represent the state in the national contest.

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Literary: Lady Asquith, "The Ghost Book"; Jones, Llwyn, "How to Criticize Books."

SCRIBBLERS ANNOUNCE ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST

Murray Young, president of the Scribblers, announced the annual Scribblers' poetry contest at a recent meeting of the club. Louis Hasley, chairman, Richard Sullivan, and Bayard Kurth comprise the committee in charge. Competition will close March 1, and contestants are urged to send in their poems as soon as possible. Following are the rules:



sandy-haired chairman of the Blue Circle. On the contrary, Larry's many and varied activities have made him very well known around the campus.

Larry hails from Los Angeles, California; but one would hardly believe it, so little does he rave about the supposedly superlative charms of the "Golden State." The California Club elected him treasurer of the organization this year, the last, but not the least of the many honors he bears so modestly.

Twenty-three students were graduated at the close of the first semester by the University, according to the Director of Studies. The degrees were presented at a dinner given in the graduates' honor.

The College of Arts and Letters leads in the number of graduates, presenting the degree of bachelor of arts to eight. The College of Commerce is second with six; four are from the College of Law; three from the graduate school, and one from the College of Science.

The mid-year class is but a fraction of the number who receive their degrees in the summer commencement exercises. It is interesting to note, however, that the total number of graduates only thirty years ago seldom totalled more than the number who received their diplomas this month.

The graduates follow: Graduate School—Sister Amedia, Sister M. Godfrey and Richard A. D. Slavin. College of Arts and Letters—Roger W. Breslin, Lyndhurst, N. Y.; John W. Conboy, South Bend, Ind.; John Carroll, Springfield, Ill.; Charles W. DeGroote, Breedsville, Mich.; Joseph V. Dire, Oak Park, Ill.; Marion J. Heffernan, Louisville, Ky.; William B. Jones, Denison, Ia.; George Leppig, Cleveland, Ohio; and Sister Mary Saint Luke. College of Commerce—William A. Caplis, Elm Grove, La.; Arthur L. Denchfield, Ashville, N. C.; August M. Grams, La Crosse, Wis.; Bernard J. Stettler, Woodlawn, Pa.; M. Raymond Lawler, William H. Murphy, Chicago, Ill. College of Science—Joseph S. Morrissey, Danville, Ill. College of Law—Gerald F. McGill, Superior, Wis.; Herbert J. Nestor, Lancaster, Ohio; Stanley S. Sargent, Ogdensburgh, N. Y., and Charles H. Lynch, South Bend, Ind.

1. Any undergraduate of the University is eligible for competition.

2. Poems must be typewritten on regular 8½x11 inch unruled paper, and on one side of paper only.

3. Three copies of each poem must be submitted. These must be **UNSIGNED**. A sealed envelope containing the titles of the poems submitted and the name and address of the person submitting the same must accompany manuscripts.

4. Prizes will be awarded as follows: First prize, \$15; second prize, \$10; and third prize, \$5. Poems will be judged according to strict literary standards by disinterested judges, whose decision shall be final.

5. The contest closes at midnight, March 1, 1929.

6. Poems should be brought or sent to Louis L. Hasley, chairman, Scribblers Poetry Contest, 425 Walsh hall.

Last year the contest was the most successful yet held. About 150 poems were entered, prizes being won by Jack Mullen, '28, Murray Young, and Dick Elpers, '28. The Scribblers are desirous of making this year's contest still better, both from representation of all undergraduate classes and in number of poems submitted. The judges will be announced in an early issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Mark Nevils, Notre Dame graduate of '27, at present reporter on the "South Bend Tribune", gave a very interesting talk on reporting to the junior class of Journalism last Saturday morning, January 19. His subject included the reporters' "beats" and problems concerning them.

The speaker gave a few personal experiences, one of which was the landing of Mrs. Lindbergh near Edwardsburg, Michigan. Besides giving a few humorous excerpts from various papers, including a country journal, Mr. Nevils also indicated the various styles used in reporting.

Mr. Nevils had a reputation for writing while an undergraduate at the University, being a member of the Scribblers' Club, the Cubs, and the Press Club. He was also prominent on the SCHOLASTIC and "Dome" staffs.

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MARK NOLAN, '24, ELECTED TO MINNESOTA
LEGISLATURE

Mark Nolan, of Gilbert, Minnesota, a graduate of the Law College in 1924, has been elected to the Minnesota legislature, according to reports reaching the Alumni office. In 1923, Mr. Nolan was the recipient of the Breen medal. He had previously won the Freshman and Junior oratorical contests and was a member of the debating team.

Mr. Nolan was an instructor in politics at the University in 1925, and left the following year to take the position as village attorney at Gilbert, Minnesota. In being elected to the legislature, he becomes the youngest member of the group now in office. Mr. Nolan has been appointed to three committees, General Legislation, Public Domain, and Judiciary.

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MRS. BEYER SUFFERS FRACTURED WRIST

Mrs. Mary Beyer returned to her secretarial duties this week with her left arm in supports, after being absent for a week. Mrs. Beyer is still suffering from a fractured wrist incurred in a fall on the sidewalk in front of her home.

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The Alexander company will award a completely equipped Eaglerock, or if preferred, a four-year university scholarship in aeronautics on June 1 to the undergraduate who submits the best four short articles on aviation before May 1. The contest is open until that date. Both men and woman are eligible.

JAMES E. MCCARTHY, B.S.C., *Dean*

In keeping with the usual practice in vogue in the Commerce College for the past seven years, the lectures by prominent men will be confined to the third quarter. The list of well-known experts who will speak to the students includes: Admiral W. S. Benson, Commissioner of the United States Shipping Board, Washington, D. C.; Homer J. Buckley, President of the Buckley-Dement Company, Chicago, Ill.; J. M. Cleary, Sales Manager, Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.; H. J. Cullen, Sales Manager, Charles E. Doule and Company, New York City; William E. Donahue, Advertising Manager, Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.; J. C. Hickey, President, Hickey-Freeman Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Paul Hoffman, Vice-president, Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.; B. H. Kroger, Kroger Stores, Cincinnati, Ohio; Angus A. McDonald, President, Southern Division, Southern Pacific Railroad, New York City; W. P. McPhee, Denver, Colorado; R. O. Morgan, Credit Manager, Oliver Plow Company, South Bend, Ind., and Howard Welch, Export Manager, Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.

Several new courses are being offered in the college this semester. Two are in the department of finance and two in the marketing department. Finance 7, Graphs and Statistics, and Finance 17, Banking Practice, are being taught by Professor Shores. Professor Bott is conducting the class, Marketing 18, Geography of Europe. Dean McCarthy has a class in Retail Store Management, Marketing 21.

Announcement has been made by William Krieg, chairman of the Student Activities Council of the University, that the Council is preparing a program for reorganizing the campus clubs. The program will be launched shortly.

Irregular schedules of meetings, and poor attendance of members has resulted in the decline of the clubs, some of which now exist for the sole purpose of promoting social activities among the membership. Through the new system, the S.A.C. hopes to infuse new life into the clubs by making them compact units, capable of lending the S.A.C. any support it may desire when needed, and also serve as splendid vehicles to keep the alumni in closer communication with the school.

Under the new program, charters to be issued by the S. A. C. will be in the nature of contracts, which may be revoked if certain conditions are not fulfilled. A definite, active membership will be necessary for a group to obtain a club charter, and the time and place of club meetings will be set by the S. A. C.

Full details of this new program will be announced by the Student Activities Council in an early issue of the **SCHOLASTIC**. The work of reorganization is expected to be completed by Easter.

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A special section in the south side of the gymnasium is expected to be filled with Juniors and their Prom guests tomorrow night at the basketball game between Notre Dame and the University of Pittsburgh.

Several bleacher sections have been reserved for them and the response for tickets prompts a large attendance.

An Agreeable Experience

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04

It is a long time since I've seen my name to an article in the SCHOLASTIC. I was on its Board of Editors over 25 years ago. I had a hard time then getting my articles in, now I'm invited to write one—it's a very agreeable experience.



BYRON V. KANALEY, '04

I've been asked to write a few words on what life has done for me in my own particular line of business—investment banking—since I left Notre Dame.

What follows in this paragraph sounds like a rather extravagant statement, but I've made it many times on many different occasions—so it's the result of careful consideration—practically all the modest success I've had in life I can trace almost in a direct line to Notre Dame training, to Notre Dame men, and to Notre Dame contacts.

It's not necessary to dwell upon the character training given by Notre Dame. Anyone with sense knows that truthfulness, honesty and honor must be present in any enduring success in any field, and it goes without saying among us who have lived, or are living at Notre Dame, that our University certainly fosters and nurtures, or implants, those qualities. Anyone who has been privileged to know any of the Presidents of our University from the beginning—I have known intimately, Presidents Morrissey, Cavanaugh, Walsh and O'Donnell—knows of their great emphasis always on these qualities; they are part of the very fabric of Notre Dame.

I wish I could, but it's impossible in an article as brief as this, tell you from the beginning when I went to Chicago in 1907, how Notre Dame has affected my life in a business way, and indeed even my family life, for I met my wife originally through an introduction from Monsignor Kelly, now Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma, whom in turn I had met at Notre Dame and whom I knew better afterward through classmates of mine at Notre Dame who were closely associated with that brilliant and universally beloved figure of our church. And then I discovered that Mrs. Kanaley's father was a student at Notre Dame in the late '60s and is well remembered today by Mark Foote, the perennial Boswell of Notre Dame men and affairs since 1866.

Either Notre Dame men themselves, or their fathers, or their relatives, or their friends gave me my start, and have done very much for me since.

Debating at Notre Dame—I was on our debating teams for four years under the coaching and tutelage of Father Crumley—this gave me some facility in public speaking which has been a very great advantage to me ever since—it put me in places where to be known and noticed somewhat was a great help in getting started and getting known. I cannot be too grateful to Notre Dame for that training.

Baseball at Notre Dame. I played two years on the Varsity—under the coaching of Notre Dame's father of

athletics, Mr. Frank Hering—this gave me a certain value in discipline, in the ability to take orders—and a certain knowledge of where to "lay 'em down" and when to take a "healthy cut" at the ball that has been of value in business life.

My experience as an editor of the SCHOLASTIC has been helpful in life. It helped—I can see in retrospect—more than I had thought—in moulding expression—and moulding expression is as valuable in the prosaic every day investment banker's life as it is in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

Cultivate friendships at Notre Dame—they will be the finest and most valuable things in your lives—not only for the friendship itself which you will value yearly more and more as you grow older—but because of the immense contacts it will give you after you graduate. It would be interesting, I think, if I had the space to tell you how many instances I could give you where sizeable business transactions in my life have hinged directly on friends I made at Notre Dame—a word, a letter, an introduction, costing nothing to the giver, but which have opened doors that might have remained closed. This is not my experience alone, but I am relating also the experience of many other Notre Dame business men who have told me the same thing.

Notre Dame men everywhere are friendly, helpful, and loyal. That is the tradition of Notre Dame men. So you who are the recipient of this tradition, forget not yourself to hold it high.

I haven't said anything about the details of investment banking. Well, I don't know as it would be particularly helpful if I did. Each man does his own work in his own way anyhow. As Mr. Rockne would tell you, it's the fundamentals that count most, and above I have given you most briefly what I conceive to be some of the fundamentals.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Byron V. Kanaley, of Chicago, Ill., class of 1904, is a partner in the investment banking firm of Cooper, Kanaley and Company. He is a trustee of the University of Notre Dame and was formerly president of the National Alumni Association of Notre Dame. He was editor of the SCHOLASTIC in 1904.

Mr. Kanaley is the founder of the Byron V. Kanaley, '04, annual prize awarded to that monogram man showing evidence of the highest leadership and scholastic standing. He is a member of the debating team at Notre Dame from 1900 to 1904, a member of the varsity baseball teams of 1903 and 1904, and was president of his class.

Mr. Kanaley was recently elected a director of the State Bank of Chicago, the oldest banking institution in that city. He served for three terms as president of the Chicago Mortgage Bankers' Association and was formerly treasurer of the Chicago Real Estate Board. He is a director of the Federal Securities Corporation and the Hamilton State Bank.

Another article by a prominent alumnus of the University will appear in an early issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE WANDERER" by Alain-Fournier, Boston; Houghton Mifflin Co., 1928.—\$2.50.

"The Wanderer" is not an after-dinner book; neither is it an immediately before dinner book; rather, it is one to be read as afternoon gloams, quietly and softly, into evening, and the sun spears of day are mellowed into the mauve columns of twilight.

Alain-Fournier, the author, wrote only this one book; then he plunged into the World War and was as promptly plunged into eternity; but his contribution to the store of quiet beauty in the world is quite considerable.

Ostensibly the plain, unadorned story of a somewhat eccentric character in a French boys' school, it is, actually, the story of youth's quest for the fine and the beautiful, the search of a young man for the shining hills of glory.

His quest is temporarily rewarded, for a fleeting moment he stands on the singing hills of light, but, it is only for a moment, and then, all is over.

True, he finds them again; but the pristine glamour, the wondrous throat turning beauty of old is gone, never to be recaptured in the ever frail nets of mortality.

In briefest outline, this is the undraped framework of the story. But its charm, its gentle murmurous flow of simply symphonic prose cannot be communicated; one must read the book to fully savour the straw-streaked combs of honey that hang round the golden apiary, wrought for us, with incredible skill, patience, and art, by the bees of intangible wonder and longing in the mind of Alain-Fournier.

—M. H. L.

§ § §

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN" by H. W. Freeman; Henry Holt and Co., \$2.50.

For a first novel, "Joseph and His Brethren" is decidedly unusual; firstly, because first novels are, as a rule, less penetrating and less satisfying than this one; secondly, a young Englishman is so apt to be no more than blase in his first novel.

"Joseph and His Brethren" is the story of five brothers, sons of a slave-driving father, who inherit nothing but his love of the soil. The father marries Nance, a very human character, who bears him a son, Joey. Nance later falls in love with a waster and the five brothers stand by until they see that Joey gets his rights.

This is more than a local color story of Suffolk. It is like a transcript from an old folk-tale worked out as it might have happened in reality. So it begins quietly and proceeds simply, until, somewhere toward the middle the reader realizes that he has in his hands a story which is so real that it demands immediate completion. It is precisely the type of story which could be made into a sordid account of frustrated lives by a writer incapable of seeing more deeply into the springs of human devotion and the nature of love.

I would not compare "Joseph and His Brethren" to Hardy's Wessex stories because only in the humor of the minor characters are the two similar. There is no indictment of God, and it has no cosmic complications; in fine, it is a picture of human nature with a timeless quality like the frescoes of quattrocento youths.

—B. K.

FROM FILES OF THE "SCHOLASTIC"

E. L. TELFEL.

ISSUE OF JANUARY 11, 1868

St. Mary's Academy. The day after Christmas was devoted to social enjoyments. The senior young ladies occupied themselves with music, drawing, reading, fancy work, diverting games, and conversation.

Here and there might be seen groups of delightful faces examining the contents of Christmas boxes sent by kind parents and relatives. "Now is not dear mamma very thoughtful to send me a useful present?" "Oh, how beautiful!" "These delicacies—how delicious!" "Now does it not seem homelike to taste some of dear mamma's preserves?" These and similar exclamations of delight prove how easy it is to make affectionate young people happy.

ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 2, 1868

St. Mary's Academy. During the examination of the pupils, their hours of recreation were often intruded upon by the desire felt by all concerned to do justice to each class; as a compensation Mother Provincial promised them a good sleigh ride to Niles. At 10 o'clock a. m. Saturday, eleven fine excursion sleighs were filled with merry young people, and they started off to the tintintabulation of the bells,— "to the tingling and the jingling of the bells." Songs, laughter and exclamations of delight filled the air as they glided over the frozen road. On arriving at Niles the party was divided into detachments, each under the care of a Sister. In this order they visited the stores and confectionaries, where they enjoyed the satisfaction of investing their pocket money in edibles and other desirable notions.

ISSUE OF JANUARY 13, 1872

All the classes are now in splendid working order, and every student is doing his best to make up for lost time.

ISSUE OF JANUARY 31, 1880

"What's your percentage?" was the most common salutation this week.

ISSUE OF JANUARY 8, 1908

Three new shower baths have been installed in Corby Hall.

ISSUE OF APRIL 25, 1908

On last Monday-night, April 20, the Class of 1908 held their Annual Senior Hop at Place Hall, South Bend, which proved to be one of the greatest successes in social functions ever given under the auspices of a Notre Dame class. The fact that the dance was held in South Bend, instead of the University gymnasium, as formerly, has made the success of the event doubly notable, for it was a precedent which more than likely will be kept up by future classes.

Refreshments were in charge of Messrs. G. Hueford, G. Roach, and J. Maguire; while the Punch Bowl was attended by Messrs. T. Dunbar and C. C. Johnson, and to these gentlemen is due the highest credit for the manner and smoothness which they displayed in serving the guests.

Promptly at 9 o'clock the strains of the orchestra announced the opening march, which was led by Mr. John Berteling, president of the class, and Miss Gertrude Myers, of South Bend. From that time until one o'clock the dancers glided merrily over the floor, when the strains of "Good Night Ladies" announced the closing number. The program consisted of eighteen dances and four extras. Fifty-seven couples participated in the hop, which will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to attend.

COLLEGE PARADE

The co-eds at Louisiana State University are versatile in their choice of pets, according to the following paragraph from *The Reveille*, a publication sponsored by the journalism class of the university:

"Pets and Hobbies, seeming quite different, are yet all the same (in some instances) in the co-ed dormitory. A survey shows a variety of pets ranging from live rats to goggle-eyed baby rattlers that hang suspended from the wall and ogle at you ghoulishly if you chance to hit them."

* * * *

Revolutions are the order of the day in China not only in government but also in college. The students at Tsing Hau college have decided to rule their own school regardless of instructors. They have declared that they will not have any teacher whom they do not want; that they will disregard regulations, and will demand that the president meet their approval before he is appointed.

* * * *

Fraternities are useful organizations. When asked why he had joined one, Dr. Glenn Frank, president of Wisconsin university, answered:

"I joined a fraternity because I found that I could run a board bill longer in a fraternity than in a boarding house."

* * * *

The Oxford system will be used in the debate between Missouri and Washington universities which will be held at St. Louis on a date yet to be decided.

This system, as explained by *The Missouri Student*, "means that neither school will have a definite side to defend, but that one debater from each school will be on a side as a colleague of one of the other members of the opposing team. Also, two business or professional men will take part, to make three men on a side. At any time during the debate, the speakers may be interrupted by anyone in the audience who might wish to ask a question. The Oxford style was used when the Australian debaters met Washington, while the Sydney squad was touring the country."

* * * *

There is a sign in the Columbia College refectory, according to *The Lorain*, which reads:

"Our silverware is not medicine! Please do not take it after meals."

* * * *

The Blue Circle has its counterpart on the Creighton campus in an organization known as the Knights of the Bluejay. The charter member group consists of seventy-five Bluejays. Their purpose is to foster school spirit, and take

part in pep demonstrations at all games. They also have charge of all pep programs and parades.

* * * *

From *The University Daily Kansan*:

"Students at the university found an ingenious way to circumvent their profs and studies. Each morning as the doctor began his round through the fraternity houses, frat brothers preceded him down the halls pouring enormous quantities of hot water down the throats of pledges. The number of students reported running temperatures was so startling that college was dismissed for ten days."

* * * *

"Swimmers Show Form in Trials," headline in *The Bison*, student publication of Southwestern University.

Yes, swimmers have a habit of showing their forms.

* * * *

The Inquiring Reporter of *The Oregon Daily Emerald*, the University of Oregon paper, recently asked the question: "How can you distinguish a college girl?"

Some of the answers were:

"By her habit of always borrowing."

"By what Clara Bow calls 'it'—they just have 'it.'"

"College women are either hungry or thirsty or both."

* * * *

Freshmen at the University of Hawaii have to obey not only the regulations common to freshmen at most schools, but they are also required to carry at least two brands of popular cigarettes and pass them out whenever asked.

* * * *

The co-eds must wear grass skirts and, instead of cigarettes, they must furnish their elders with jelly beans.

* * * *

Northwestern University sophomores are now wearing purple vests as a class emblem. The class numerals and an "N" in white felt appear on the two lower pockets of the vest.

* * * *

The Xaverian News of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio, is responsible for an interesting bit of news from Urbana, Ill.

"Prof. F. R. Watson of the University of Illinois physics department, an expert on acoustics, explains why persons are so often bathroom concertists. It's because the bathroom is such a good reproducer of the voice, and the singer hears it more plainly than elsewhere."

Professor, is that a reason for bathroom singing?

* * * *

If all the students who have eight o'clock classes were hauled out of bed at six in the morning and placed side by side they would stretch . . . —*Montana Kaimin*.

CAMPUS CLUBS

CLUB SECRETARIES, ATTENTION!

In order to maintain the club page it is imperative that the secretaries of the various club cooperate with the club editor. It is impossible for him to attend each club meeting because of the great number of organizations on the campus; therefore it would aid him very much if immediately after each meeting the secretary would write up and hand in an account of what transpired. It is to the interest of the clubs that they receive the publicity due their activities. All accounts of notices of meetings, smokers, dinners, and banquets should be handed in, Monday evening at the latest, to Tom Cannon, 118 Sophomore Hall, or to the Publication Office, Second Floor, Main building.

WRANGLERS CLUB

The Wranglers Club entertained at a banquet held in the Joan Tea room Thursday evening, January 31, for the members of the teams which competed in the freshman debating league of the University.

Reverend Michael Mulcaire, C.S.C., vice-president of the University, was the principal speaker of the evening. He gave a very interesting talk in which he stressed the importance of debating. He pointed out that, although debating is not the most important, it is just as important as any other activity sponsored by the University. He was followed on the program by James J. Walsh, who outlined the aims of the Wranglers. Arnold L. Williams gave reminiscences of his experiences as a coach of a debating team.

At the conclusion of the meeting Thomas A. Keegan, chairman of the interhall debate league, presented the debate trophy to Walter Stanton, coach of the Freshman hall team, which won the championship. Brownson hall had held the trophy for two consecutive years but this year they were forced to relinquish it to Freshman hall, who defeated them.

At the next meeting of the club which will be held Sunday morning, February 9, a new feature will be inaugurated. The club will endeavor to foster the reading of dramatic classics. At each meeting one classic will be read and discussed. In this way the club members believe that a better acquaintance and a truer appreciation will be realized.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB

There will be a very important meeting of the Connecticut Valley Club Sunday morning, February 9, at 10:30 in the Badin Hall "Rec" room. Reports of the chairman of the Christmas dance will be read and important business will be discussed. It is imperative that all members attend this first meeting of the new year.

BOSTON CLUB

Approximately forty members attended the Boston Club smoker held Thursday night, January 31, in Lay Faculty Dining hall. James Murray, Arthur McManmon, and John Moran comprised the committee which arranged for the smoker. President Gerald Crowley was a master of ceremonies for the affair. Besides the usual order of eats and smokes, the members were entertained by several vocal numbers sung by Jack Saunders and a card-magician act performed by W. Michael Brown.

At the conclusion of the entertainment a short business meeting was held. Jack Saunders was appointed chairman of a committee which is to arrange for a banquet to be held sometime before the Easter vacation.

The next regular meeting of the club will be held Tuesday, February 19, at 7:45 p. m. in the Badin Hall "Rec" room.

CALUMET CLUB

The Calumet Club held its first meeting of the new year on Tuesday evening, January 29. A smoker was planned for the near future with eats 'n' everything. President Chevigny is dickering for the services of Tim Galvin as the main speaker of the evening. As soon as Tim is listed the date of the smoker will be announced.

Whether or not to have an Easter dance proved to be the main topic of discussion. It was finally decided not to have one, thereby leaving the field open to the Chicago Club. The date of the next meeting, which will be held before the smoker, will be announced in the SCHOLASTIC.

CLEVELAND CLUB

At the first meeting of the Cleveland Club after the Christmas holidays, activities were discussed for the remainder of the school year. Smokers will be held often as will also banquets. Joe Butler was put in charge of all campus activities of the club and any suggestions to be made would be deeply appreciated by him. The club is drawing up a new constitution but it will be practically the same type as the old one. Art Gallagher, Phil Prendergast, and Harry Gaffney compose the committee in charge of this work.

President Otie Winchester announced that a trophy would be presented to the Catholic basketball champions of Cleveland for the present season. Dick Bloom has charge of procuring it. He has chosen a silver basketball, 24 inches high, for the trophy.

The next meeting of the club will be held Monday evening, February 11, at 8 p. m. in the Lay Faculty Dining hall.

PITTSBURGH CLUB

The first meeting of the New Year was held by the Pittsburgh Club Wednesday night, January 30, in the Lay Faculty Dining hall. At this time a financial report of the New Years Ball was read by Chairman James Dodson. From the report it seems that the dance was as big a success financially as it was socially. The main issue presented to the club at this meeting was whether or not to have a dance during the Easter vacation. After a lively discussion in which every member present participated, it was decided that a dinner dance should be given at one of the down town clubs on Easter Monday night. President Bernard Conroy announced that the various chairmen and committeemen would be appointed at the next meeting. Meanwhile tentative arrangements will be made under the direction of the club officers.

The next meeting of the club will be held Monday evening, February 11, at 7:45 p. m., in the Badin hall "Rec" room.

EDITOR'S PAGE

THE "SCHOLASTICS" NEW FORMAT

With this issue, the SCHOLASTIC presents a new format to its readers. The physical size of its pages has been increased slightly so that the issue which comes from the press today is the largest in this respect since the publication was first founded over half a century ago. It is only a small increase, it is true, but an increase which is the more appreciable as the type used in its composition has been reduced from ten to eight point size.

Coincident with the inauguration of the new page size, the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC has also been slightly altered. Most of the alteration concerns the addition of several new features which are introduced for the first time in this issue. Several other features which are expected to prove of interest to the faculty and students were denied inclusion because of the unusual amount of news carried. These will be inaugurated in the following issue.

The SCHOLASTIC is making these changes for two principal reasons: first, to add more space for news, features, and other articles, and thereby provide undergraduate writers with a greater opportunity for publication than they have previously enjoyed by virtue of this increased space; second, to make the SCHOLASTIC more interesting by the inclusion of more articles from undergraduates, and other features. But a brief explanation of the present editorial policy of the publication will not be amiss.

The SCHOLASTIC is the official news weekly, by and for the students of Notre Dame. It was originally founded to provide a vehicle of expression for student writers whose work merited publication. Through the years it has rigidly adhered to this policy. In addition, it serves as an invaluable and priceless storehouse of information concerning various University happenings throughout the years. During the first fifty years or so of its existence, there was no distinct separation of the news, literary, and sports departments as is the case today in the present publication. It is only within the past six or seven years that a gradual separation of these three departments has culminated in such a definite division.

The SCHOLASTIC is under the authority of the Faculty Board of Publications, but the editor and his staff are left to their own initiative in getting out each issue. The editor is responsible for all errors of commission or omission in the publication, and the members of his staff are directly responsible to him.

Many students are under the erroneous impression that the articles appearing in the SCHOLASTIC, literary articles in particular, are written by members of a certain clique, and that only poems, short stories, and essays from the members of this clique are published. This is an erroneous impression. Of course, the news and sports departments of the SCHOLASTIC are composed by members of those particular staffs. But the material appearing in the literary section is selected from that submitted by professors as the best work in their various classes, or from that submitted by the students themselves. The literary staff of the SCHOLASTIC makes the decision as to what material to run. This staff is composed of five members, headed by the literary editor.

The publication is *not* conducted by a certain clique, nor are its pages open to only a limited number. The personnel of its staff is open to all students of the University with demonstrated ability along literary lines. Like all publications of a similar nature it has had, still has, and will in all probability continue to have, its critics. The SCHOLASTIC is far from perfect, and is most certainly not impervious to error; but its staff does everything within its power to avoid mistakes. However, mistakes will occur.

The SCHOLASTIC is one of the oldest college weeklies in the world. It has had a long, an honorable, and a fruitful existence. Internationally known literary figures have had their first articles printed in its pages. It is part of Notre Dame's precious heritage. As such it will continue as long as the University exists.

J. V. H.

THE WINK

IN VAIN

*I wonder why I'm waiting
For what will never come;
I wonder why I'm longing
For what will not be done.*

*I know you'll never answer,
And know I wait in vain;
I know you'll never offer
To sooth the growing pain.*

*But still I'm always hoping,
Each day I start anew;
I keep on looking, waiting,
But never hear from you.*

—WAZMUS.

* * * *

The prize for the neatest headline to appear during the month of January, 1929, goes to the Ashtabula (Ohio) Star Beacon for this choice bit of journalism:

SHARON CAGERS SEEKING GAMES

Young Men's Bible Class Team Has Good Record.

* * * *

CHANSONETTE

*Never touch her fingers lad—
Fingers cling too tightly,
They will come to haunt you
Though you touch them lightly.*

*Never kiss her lips lad—
You will miss them after
Though it were in careless jest,
Or in quiet laughter.*

*Never tell your love lad
Lest she turn and say
Those few words whose echo
Never dies away.*

—TAO TUEN.

* * * *

WASTED DREAMS

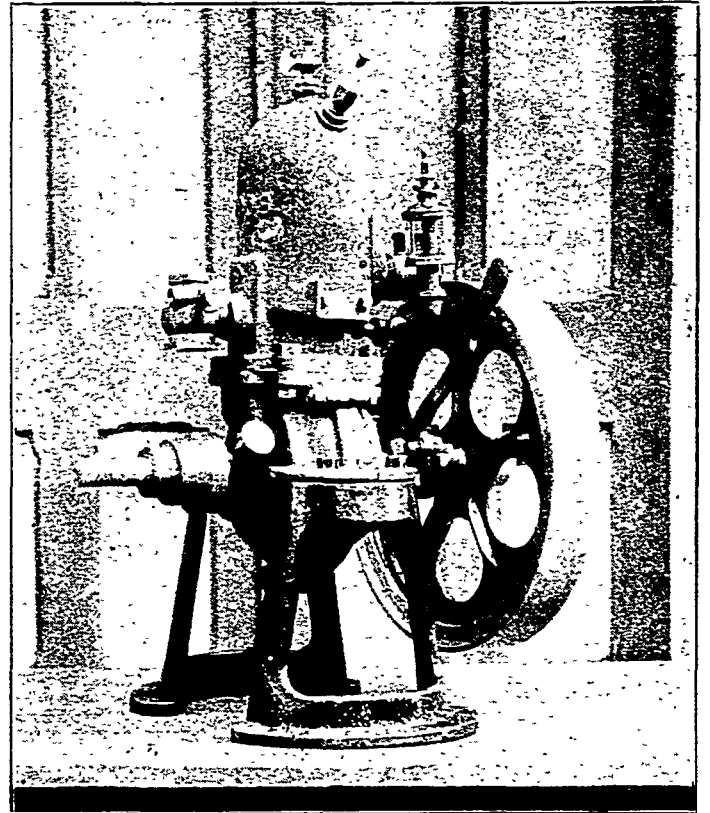
*As lacy smoke, so frail and blue,
Winds from the glowing tip
Of some white slender cigarette,
Or from the smoker's lip.*

*So wind my dreams, and cimb and sway;
And by some wind are cleft
And vanished, all, without a trace
Of their existence left.*

—NUMBER 55.

OUR OWN COLOR ROTO SECTION

This feature is furnished to our readers with the regular Friday issue at no extra cost.



INFERNAL MACHINE SENT THROUGH MAILS

Above is seen an infernal machine which was recently received by Joe Spumoni, Chicago gangster. It was wrapped as a magazine. There was no explosion when the package was opened and after looking carefully at the machine, Mr. Spumoni, who is a competent mechanic, said there is not likely to be.

Well friends, with this we present our new and glorified 1930 model which involves some of the most noteworthy journalistic and engineering advances of the current year (namely a color roto section printed without the use of special paper or colors, something never before attempted) and in addition to this, friends, we present the greatest galaxy of attractions ever to appear before the crowned heads of Europe! In this corner we have a real live Notre Dame man, imported only at enormous expense and danger to life and limb, from the wilds of Indiana, and in this corner we have

But why go on? You can see for yourself what we have to offer, and bear it in mind that we are always interested in obtaining additional attractions and by the way, about this Arthurian atmosphere we spoke of, word has just come from the freight office that we have a shipment on the local siding but there is not time for its delivery before this edition goes to press and so we will have to save it for next week; our advice is come early and bring your friends and here let us say Good-bye.

Good-bye.

The credit for this last belongs entirely to Mr. Corey Ford whose book, "Three Rousing Cheers for the Rollo Boys," is on display at the South Bend Public Library, or will be after we return it.

—YE ERRING KNIGHT.

LITERARY

A Shaken Light

Some Remarks on Dostoevsky.

MURRAY HICKEY LEY

"There are magical names in the history of humanity—names that are like shaken lights or sudden chords of music."

IN THE utterance of the name of that Russian Rembrandt of human emotions, Fyodor Dostoevsky, we do, indeed, denominate a "shaken light," a veritable tossing lamp illuminating the darkened paths of existence, the boggy pikes of everyday Life, the intricate many branched roadways of the human soul, most intangible of all "commodities," yet most freely offered, valued, and most frequently bartered object in all the trading streets of Life. And Dostoevsky was aware of this, aware, too, of the fact that the human soul is also the most precious and delicate of all the things of the World. His heart was a vast inexhaustible well into which went all the woes, all the sufferings, all the suffocated laments of the continually marketed, yet never quite purchased soul of man. And, at the bottom of this well, was a most marvellous substance which transmitted all these vestiges of sorrow into words, words that leap and stumble with the joy and tragedy of Existence, the at times unbearable exaltations and agonies of the bitterly sweet drama for which this Universe is but the stage. And that substance was nothing, more or less, than the amazingly sympathetic genius of the man.

In order to even so much as venture an approach at an understanding of Dostoevsky, we must first know something of his life; a life unique in the annals of Literature, because of its many abysmal undertones and chaotic overtones, its deep and varied experiences.

He was born in Moscow in 1821, his father being a surgeon in a hospital in that city. He came of a good family, but, throughout his life, was afflicted with epileptic fits, which, however, seemed to stimulate his creative powers, rather than detract therefrom.

In 1844, when only twenty-three years of age, he produced his first novel, *Poor People*. The book was given to two prominent Russian critics; they sat up until four in the morning reading it; then, at that somewhat secret hour, went to Dostoevsky's lodgings to tell him how they had enjoyed his work and what a great performance it was. Overnight, (in this case almost literally) the book became a success.

Then, in 1849, he was arrested and condemned to death, along with twenty-one others, for participating in the mildly revolutionary talk of a mere debating society! With his companions, he was led into the public square, stripped to the waist, (in Russian December weather!) and made to listen to the twenty times repeated reading of the death sentence. The first batch of three men was then led to the death poles; the three were tied to them, bags were put around their heads, and the soldiers lifted their rifles; when, across the square, an officer came riding with a pardon from the Czar! The sentence reading and all the elaborate preparations had been calculated to act on the minds of the con-

demned unfortunates as a "lesson not to be forgotten." But one man went mad, another developed a cold that led into consumption, and all were seriously affected, physically as well as mentally; thus, "the lesson!"

In one of his letters Dostoevsky vividly describes the scene just before the arrival of the pardon; "A sheriff appeared on the scaffold and read out our sentence of death; it was to be executed instantly. 'Twenty times the fatal words were repeated: 'Sentence to be shot!' And so indelibly were the words graven into my memory that for years afterward I would wake in the middle of the night fancying I heard them read. But at the same time I distinctly remember another circumstance: the officer, after having finished the reading, folded the paper and put it into his pocket, after which he descended from the scaffold. At this moment the sun broke through the clouds, and I thought, 'It is impossible, they can't mean to kill us!' and whispered these words to my nearest companion, but instead of answering, he only pointed to a line of coffins that stood near the scaffold, covered with a large cloth."

"All my hope vanished in an instant, and I expected to be shot in a few minutes."

But, although the twenty-one men had been spared their lives, they had by no means received a full pardon; rather, they were sentenced to "eight years penal servitude in Siberia."

In Ostrogg, Siberia, Dostoevsky lived in daily contact with the very dregs of Russian society; the lowest types of criminals; the most depraved and abandoned of men; and yet, from this horrible experience, he took only a vast lesson of love and pity for his fellow men. Though reserved and aloof from the human brutes surrounding him, he nevertheless attained to an unbounded capacity for sympathy. Meier-Graefe has remarked that Ostrogg was indeed a turning point in his life; but more of this later.

In 1857 he married Marie Issayev, who died only seven years later. The married life of the couple, short as it was, was quite unhappy.

In 1866 he married again, this time his-bride being one Anna Gregorevna, whom he met first as a stenographer taking the dictation of his novel, *"The Gambler."*

In the following year Dostoevsky and his wife went abroad travelling on the Continent for a period of four years, returning to St. Petersburg in 1871.

Ten years later, in 1881, he died, and forty thousand people followed to his final resting place a man, who, not long before he died, had been forced to pawn his overcoat and his last shirt to obtain money for the necessities of life for himself and his family!

Such, in barest, unromantic outline, is the story of the life of this man, a man who is (according to Arnold Bennett

in England and Andre Gide in France) the author of the greatest novel ever written—"The Brothers Karamazov."

Dostoevsky was a prolific creator, but four of his works, in particular, are generally accepted as his greatest; they are "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Idiot," "Crime and Punishment," and "The Possessed." Of these four "The Brothers Karamazov" is usually termed "the best."

This essay purposes to venture a few speculations regarding these four works, in particular "The Brothers Karamazov" and "The Idiot"; to draw some conclusions (let us hope not altogether unwarranted) therefrom; and to trace, in certain writers of the day, the probable influence of Dostoevsky.

"The Brothers Karamazov" (the book Bennett and Gide have hailed as "the greatest") chronicles the lives of Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov, and his four sons, Alyosha, Ivan, Mitya, and Smerdyakov. The external plot depends upon the solving of the murder of old Fyodor; the internal, and real plot, hinges upon the expositions of the mental lives of the sensual Mitya, the intellectual Ivan, the saintly Alyosha, and the epileptic Smerdyakov, each brother being the very incarnation of the abstract noun denoted by the adjective prefacing his name.

The ostensible question of the book is, "Who killed Fyodor Pavlovitch?"; but the real, the vital question might be said to be "What of this existence of ours? What does it mean?"

After the mystery is solved, the book ends on a note of hope, with Alyosha Karamazov telling little children (of whom Dostoevsky was especially fond, both in life and in his books) of the wonderful powers of Love.

But, although critical opinion seems to exalt "The Brothers Karamazov," I would place "The Idiot" at the top of all of the works of Dostoevsky.

"The Idiot" was the Slavic master's supreme declaration of faith, his consummate achievement in the delineation of a character who would go through the world clothed always in purity and innocence. He must have written this novel in a feverish burst of enthusiasm, for it was the theme nearest to the heart of the essentially Christian Dostoevsky; his ideas and his ideals, his hopes and his aspirations, must fairly have streamed onto the paper. He set down, that all might see, the record of a pure soul venturing through a life where none was so pure and simple as he. Into the character of Prince Muishkin ("The Idiot"), Dostoevsky put himself, all of himself, even to the extent of his epilepsy; but, once finished, he *had* to hearken unto the critics of his own mind, he *had* to give ear to those carping cavers within his brain that kept insisting, "Yes! You have shown a simple innocent soul journeying through a cruel world. You have put much of yourself on paper, you have delineated what you would have all men do. Very fine! But, what of the intellect and its denial of God? What of the flesh and its passionate assertions of itself? What have you to say to these? Will you turn your back on them and cling to your simple, pure Idiot? Are you afraid to listen to us, fearing lest you may lose faith in the goodness of mankind, in the power of Love, that you have talked so much about in 'The Idiot?' Are you afraid?"

And so, Dostoevsky, as I see it, was *forced* to write "The Brothers Karamazov" to make answer to the critics of his own mind. In this latter book, he gives pure flesh and pure intellect full play; yet they all shatter into their essential littleness when confronted with that incarnation of goodness, that continuation of Prince Muishkin—Alyosha Karamazov.

But, in order to understand such an occurrence as this, the spectacle of a man replying to the criticisms of his own mind, one must first realize that Dostoevsky is, perhaps, the most perfect example in all Literature, of *Everyman*. In him were fused all the multi-coloured passions and feelings of Humanity. One has only to contrast a Stavrogin and a

Muishkin, a Svridrigailoff and an Alyosha, to see the undebatable truth of this. Dostoevsky was at once petty and great; cruel and gentle; hateful and, above all else, loving; in him the Universe was shattered into pieces and the bits were the informers of his genius.

He is a perfect illustration of Russian mysticism; a mysticism, however, that was cosmically centripetal, in that it turned inwards towards the nub of Humanity, the everyday practical existence that constitutes that nub, and, to this pith, addressed its doctrine of Love, the doctrine that found such simple expression in a single sentence voiced by an outcast in "Letters From the Underworld"; "It is sufficient to love steadfastly and work becomes a pleasure."

Dostoevsky, in all of his works, made a supreme attempt to cosmicise his mysticism, to surround and suffuse that nub completely with all the implications latent in the single word, "Love." Though his thought was typically Russian, though its roots were deeply grounded in Russian soil, nevertheless, he visioned Man as One; he would make all Russia into the World and all the World into Russia.

He tore out the minds and hearts of his characters that others could see wherein they might lead better lives; no retiree from the strife of daily life, he; rather, he immerses himself in the steady world-roar occasioned by the never ending exigencies of Life, and catches, in his rushing prose, long strips of that very blood and iron clotted roar itself.

In "The Idiot" he caused a practitioner of the good life to end in hopeless epilepsy; he must have wondered (prompted by the questioners of his own mind) if such an existence as that led by Prince Muishkin might be feasible in everyday life; and he stopped short, with a somewhat inconclusive ending; in Alyosha Karamazov he went the full route; he demonstrated just how another "fool" might satisfactorily compromise with the demands of an ever practical World. But it is in "The Idiot" that we see his banners flying at full mast; here is the greatest Dostoevsky, because the most real and essential Dostoevsky; the "Karamazovs" sees the same banners flying more safely in a lower position, with the critics of their first flaunting (that were ever, essentially, Dostoevsky's other selves asking questions of his pure Muishkin self) effectively answered. Dostoevsky is in triumphant possession of his faith; Ivan and Mitya, his altera egos, had surrendered before the Muishkin-diminutive, Alyosha—the one in tragedy, the other in joyous resignation to his brother.

Shortly after the appearance of Literature's most poignant rebuttal (poignant because a rebuttal of self) Dostoevsky died. The book appeared, in its entirety, in 1880; he passed away a year later.

Hippolyte, the consumptive, in "The Idiot," gives us, in his Confession, a document whose true meaning has, I believe, been overlooked by Dostoevsky's commentators, including Meier-Graefe. It reveals the manner in which a far less resolute Idiot (and, we must say, a more human one) might conduct his life. It reveals an Idiot stripped of faith, but, nevertheless, an Idiot.

A few years ago Eugene O'Neill gave theatre-goers a new source of amusement in his "Hairy Ape"; strangely enough, no two men could be more alike in their fundamental outlook upon life, though their modes were vastly different, than the "Hairy Ape" and Hippolyte; both realizing that they "don't belong"—that they are, somehow, cast off from society, and different from their fellows.

In the December, 1928, issue of the Forum Magazine there appeared a long poem, "The Return of Christ," by one of the most prominent of the younger poets, Arther Davison Ficke. Its likeness to "The Grand Inquisitor" chapter in the "Karamazovs" is quite marked. Both dwell on the second coming, and both have much in common in the matter of their meanings.

Ivan Karamazov, the composer of "The Grand Inquisitor," seems to be almost a prototype of the protagonist of "The Women at Point Sur," one of the long narrative poems of Robinson Jeffers, America's new dramatic poet. Ivan is one with the Rev. Dr. Barclay in his proclamation that "everything is lawful." But Ivan was only one phase of his creator's mind; while Jeffers lacks the broad humanity that might give rise to an Alyosha.

Henri Bergson, the French philosopher, might seek confirmation in the Russian when he (Bergson) asseverates (to paraphrase the Nobel prize winner): "Intuition sees life in the whole. It sympathises with one of the rhythms of reality. The intuitive effort is extremely difficult, can be sustained for only an instant, but, nevertheless, pierces the obscurity in which intelligence leaves in regard to subjects of great importance."

The descriptions of the moments preceding the epileptic fits of Prince Muishkin (which were but the "moments" preceding Dostoevsky's own attacks set down on paper) bear out, admirably, Bergson's statements, and would seem to offer some refutation to those who contend that the Frenchman is "absolutely" wrong here.

One of the best short stories of an admitted master of the genre, Anton Chekov, entitled, "The Darling," is almost startling in its actual resemblance to its predecessor, Dostoevsky's "Gentle Maiden."

I have mentioned, earlier in this essay, that Dostoevsky "found" himself during his exile in Ostrogg. Julius Meier-Graefe phrases this succinctly when he says, "Dostoevsky laid in Siberia the foundation of his moral and spiritual existence. Could he have had such training in the outside world? Certainly not. A Crusoe discovered his island in Ostrogg. Tolstoy never found and underwent an Ostrogg. From Siberia Dostoevsky discovered Russia."

Just as truly, today, one might say of a man ineptly referred to as the "Dostoevsky of America," Theodore Dreiser, that he has never found an Ostrogg, and, as it seems now, never will. Had he found an Ostrogg, had he known pity, he would never have ended his "American Tragedy" as he did. Dostoevsky saw and felt far more deeply; he felt convinced of God's mercy and he wished to exhibit that compassion in tangible form, so Raskolnikov and Mitya are spared; and, while Stavrogin kills himself, so fundamentally incapable is he of purification (though, in his final act of self

destruction we have a pathetic, negative attempt at a personal lustrum) that his case is quite beyond the point.

Were Dreiser to find God, he would also find Ostrogg; and, in so doing, find himself.

Both Sophocles and Dostoevsky have turbulent sons killing scarcely less turbulent fathers; however, the Greek dramatist saw Man distraught because he was human and could do little more than beat his head against the inevitable, whereas Dostoevsky envisaged Man troubled because he could not reconcile himself with God; but where Sophocles laid down his pen with his own tears gushing for eyeless, defeated Oedipus, Dostoevsky keeps on writing to depict Mitya and Raskilnikov reaching God through Love. The Greek stops, wondering at it all; but the Russian keeps on, and voices, over and over again, his tremendous affirmation of Life.

When the genius of a country is intensely national, all the forms of artistic expression in that country are likely to be avatars of the one fundamental conviction, and so, in music, Tschaikovsky's "March Slav" might almost be taken as a description, in tone, of Dostoevsky's life. The first yearnings after a sense of World-brotherhood; a period of polite political endeavor; the reckoning at Ostrogg, and then the final consummate realization, "God is rising in the hearts of mankind." The Idiot marches through this piece as surely as ever Dostoevsky marched through Life. The "March Slav" is a musicalized biography of Dostoevsky.

And, in like manner, does the spirit of Dostoevsky go marching on through the minds and hearts of men; he has something to say to everyone, to even the most prosaic of creatures; he has a message for whomsoever falters in Life; he has one word for all.

It is Love! Love! Love! And yet more Love! He has set down in his books the actions of very human people, and very inhuman people, who find and lose themselves through finding and not finding Love: and all this he does that others may see the way.

Still he stands in the middle of the market place, and ever and again do those glorious words of Alyosha Karamazov come ringing, like bells of silver, over the hosts of Life: "Ah dear friends, don't be afraid of life! How good life is when one does something good and just! Certainly we shall all rise again, certainly we shall see each other and shall tell each other with joy and gladness all that has happened!"

On the South Shore

WALTER M. LANGFORD

HE may have been Bohemian. Perhaps he was Hungarian. Or Polish. I'm positive he wasn't Irish or French or Italian. It was hard to tell just what he was. I think he was Bohemian, partly, at least.

Anyway, he came puffing into our crowded car at Michigan City. The seat beside me was, for the moment, vacant, and he paused uncertainly as he came alongside. He carried a cheap, rather ancient suitcase.

"Kin I sit here?" His voice was not exactly thin, but neither was it deep. He spoke almost timidly.

"Certainly, sir. Sit down."

He laughed, as old people do when there is nothing at all funny to laugh at. You know how I mean. It isn't hardly a laugh, for it is almost noiseless. Yet it must be classed as a laugh, though the volume is weak, for the mirth and the motions are there.

He was undoubtedly a kind, honest old fellow. You could

decide that by looking into his face, which was weather-beaten and dried, though not terribly wrinkled. The area between the end of his nose and the tip of his chin seemed to form itself into a semi-circle, an effect that was created in large measure by a complete absence of teeth and the consequent sunkenness of the cheeks and lips. A typical old-man's mustache clung disconsolately to the upper lip.

The old fellow wore neither hat nor cap, but instead some queer sort of headgear. I do not know what it is called. We have no such things in the South. Anyway, the device, or whatever it was, was of black fur and had no bill or the like. There were flaps to be pulled down over the ears when advisable. Surely all natives of the North must understand what sort of covering I attempt to describe. My fellow-Southerners must resort to their imaginations if they do not recognize what kind of headgear this old man wore. Or else they can sally forth in search of someone with a top-piece of this type.

The old fellow laboriously extracted a small purse and drew forth from its depths a paper dollar. Pennies and nickels and dimes were visible in the bottom of his purse. He laughed again, the same mirthful, almost soundless laugh.

"I didn't have no time to get no ticket." His queer pronunciation made it rather difficult for me to understand him.

"Didn't you?" I answered.

"No, I nearly miss the train."

"That would have been too bad, I'm sure."

We fell silent. For a moment he seemed interested in the other passengers. I simulated interest in my paper. Then I saw that he wanted to talk, yet hesitated to begin. Now, may it never be said that I prevented or even discouraged an old man from having his way.

"Pretty cold out," I ventured.

He brightened. "Sure it is. Pretty cold."

"Colder'n I ever see it at home," I pursued.

"Sure," he agreed.

"No, it don't get this cold where I live."

"Yah."

He was still timid, but I was determined to give him his say.

"You see, I live in Texas."

He was surprised. "Ah, in Texas."

"Yes," I said, "in Texas."

"I was to Texas once," he began.

"No fooling?" The particular tone of voice I used was calculated to urge him on. But he needed no urging.

"Yah. Sure. In 1903 it was."

"Before my time," I interjected, but my perfectly true and even sane statement received no recognition.

"I went there to get a crook," he pursued.

"Oh, you wanted a crook?"

He pulled his little laugh on me at this. "No, he was a prisoner."

"Sure, they sent me to bring him back."

"Then you merely represented someone?" I asked.

"No, I brought him back to jail."

"Ha! So you are an officer of the law," I brilliantly deduced.

His eye glittered—no, I guess that was supposed to be a twinkle.

"No, I was an officer of Kankakee County."

He spring a full-fledged laugh on me this time and thumped himself lustily on the knee. I reached over and chalked up one for him on the vapory window. He seemed to be a facetious old codger.

"He come near getting loose at St. Looney," he resumed.

"Not really!" I shot back, thoroughly aghast.

"Yah. Sure." He held out his left hand and pointed with pride to a scar on the back of it. "See here how he got me with the knife."

"Well, I'm darned if he didn't!" I gasped.

"Sure. But he don't get away," he boasted.

"No, of course not," I agreed.

"I never loosed a prisoner when I was Sheriff for twelve years."

"Oh, aren't you Sheriff any more?" I was visibly disappointed.

"No, I been farmer near Kankakee for eighteen years." He called it Kank-kee.

"Ah, an honest tiller of the soil, you might say."

"Yah. Sure. But I don't work no more like I used to."

I bit. "And why not?"

He glowed. "And sure I'm not so young like I used to be." He threw a penetrating glance at me; I quailed. "How old you think I am?"

I rallied and replied, after carefully scrutinizing his well-worn visage from several angles, "Oh, about seventy." Then, fearful lest I had offended by an over-generous estimate, I

hastily added, "But perhaps only about sixty, or maybe fifty, or less."

He beamed and radiated, precisely as I had wanted him to. In fact I had been trying to make him radiate. Radiation was just what we needed in our chilly car.

"I be eighty-one next month," he gloated.

"Not you!" I gasped incredulously.

He regarded it as a great victory to fool me so completely.

"Yah. Sure. I don't look it, don't I?"

"Not by a whole lot," I assured him. "Why, friend, I'm telling you, you could almost pass for my older brother. And how old do you think I am?"

"Maybe twenty," he hazarded.

"Check. How did you guess it?"

His elation was immense. "Oh, I just guessed."

The conductor interrupted.

"Tickets, please."

I held out my pasteboard. Our train (no tittering, please) lurched violently,—listed heavily to starboard, you might say—and the hapless conductor snatched at my ticket like the traditional drowning man clutches at the straw. He missed cleanly and my buddy burst forth into another full-grown laugh as Hon. Conductor landed heavily in the lap of the fat lady opposite.

With the ultimate departure of the conductor we resumed the discussion.

"I been to see my boy in Michigan," he contributed.

"So you have a boy?" I pressed.

"Yah. Sure. He is a police there in Michigan City."

"He is, is he? Taking right after his old man."

"And I get off at Gary to see my other boy," he added.

"Is that right? Another boy. Well, well. And is he too a police?"

"No, he works in the factory there."

I was silent for a moment. The fact is that I had not recovered from the shock his last statement had handed me. I had always been of the opinion that there were several factories in Gary, maybe as many as four or five. But now I knew my mistake. My friend had just said that his son worked in the factory in Gary. That could mean but one thing, namely, that Gary has but a single factory. Just one. And I had expected several to be there. But such is life.

Eventually I recovered my composure. "I suppose you come down here often to see your kids," I remarked.

"Yah. Sure. I've traveled this train quite a few often."

"How was that?" I stammered, certain that my ears had played me false.

"I say I've rode this train quite a few often," he repeated.

"Yes, yes, of course. Quite so."

My companion gazed down the aisle. A couple of young ladies, rather restful to look upon, were standing and could not ogle any of the young scoundrels up there into relinquishing their seats. The old boy sitting with me thrust a knee out into the aisle and patted it fondly. As he did so he remarked in a voice not intended to carry far, "Here's a good seat, lady."

This necessitated a third vigorous laugh on his part. I marked up several more points for him on the window.

"Gary!" screamed the conductor.

My friend jumped as if he had been sitting on a tack all the time and someone had just told him about it.

"Well, good-bye," he said, as he grasped his suitcase and fled.

"So-long, friend," I called after him.

I looked out the window and saw him step out upon the platform. He turned and waved to me and then went on his way. And as he went I dare say he gave vent to that soundless little laugh of his.

Crepuscle

MURRAY YOUNG

I.

*THE bells shake out their silver on the air
As dusk becomes a strange design in rose,
And cats begin their trembling vesper chants
Among the shadows as the day light goes.*

*What dark arcanum has the fading light
That brings entelechy to cats; to men
Gives purple and the marble brow of grief
And sobbing elegies for futile sin?*

*By what wild ardency of changing light—
Of burning gold that turns from gray to black—
Are we confounded by the songs of cats,
And men who rise above their bric-a-brac?*

II.

*Our afternoons die slowly in the streets
With intimations of a strange baroque
Behind the ogives of the blackened stacks
Where scarlet clouds are eaten by the smoke.*

*Across the dimness of the changing light
Falls quietly the anguish of a bell
That gives to us (now standing by the door)
A sorrow, and the time we know too well.*

*Occasionally a star will take the sky
And we shall see it with our weary eyes;
But there have been so many dusks with stars
Why should these touch us with a new surprise?*

SPORTS

Notre Dame Again Defeats Wabash--Score 26-23

With the memory of a crushing 47-19 defeat previously suffered at the hands of the Blue and Gold to spur them on, the Little Giants from Crawfordsville hied themselves northward last Saturday to see what could be done about evening



CAPTAIN JOE JACHYM
Forward

matters with Coach Keogan's men. They didn't make much headway the first half against a Notre Dame team which played brilliant basketball, and finished on the short end of a 17-7 score at the intermission. Taking the floor at the beginning of the second twenty minutes of play, however, the visitors seemed to have imbibed quite freely of Coach Vaughn's proverbial fight, and for the rest of the game made one of the most courageous attempts ever witnessed on the home floor to turn an apparent defeat into a brilliant victory. They failed by three points of accomplishing their objective, and the Notre Dame cagers captured the final decision, 26-23, but not until after they were forced to the limit by their scrappy opponents.

Coach Keogan started McCarthy and Jachym at the forward berths, Colerick at center, and Bray and Smith, guards. With

McCarthy and Smith leading the attack, the Blue and Gold hung up an 8-0 score before Coach Vaughn's charges broke into the scoring column. Bewildered by the suddenness of the Notre Dame attack, the visitors concentrated on a five-man defense for the rest of the period, scoring but two baskets from the field during the entire first half.

Coach Keogan experimented with various combinations throughout the game, not once having his entire first team on the floor at the same time. Taking advantage of this fact, as well as that peculiar phenomena which has become well-nigh a tradition—that no Notre Dame team is at its best when enjoying a comfortable lead, Captain Brooks and his men opened up the second half in whirlwind fashion, dropping in field-goals from all angles. Three times the boys from the banks of the Wabash came within three or four points

of the Blue and Gold score, in this final period, and once with but a few minutes to play they came within two points of the Notre Dame count. John Colerick's successful foul shot gave the home team a three point lead as the final gun sounded.

There is no need to fear that Notre Dame is in a slump or in danger of going into one on the eve of the Pittsburgh game. The poor showing of the players in the second half was due primarily to the wonderful comeback efforts on the part of their visitors, and secondarily to an ever-shifting lineup. Each individual played good ball; it was as a combination that they were sometimes weak. Coach Keogan saw an opportunity to try out some new combinations under fire and he took it.

Jachym's floor work for the Blue and Gold was outstanding, while McCarthy and Smith also turned in exceptional games.

Brooks and Howell stood out for the visitors in their closing rush. The lineup:

Notre Dame (26)			Wabash (23)		
	G	F PF		G	F PF
McCarthy, f	3	1 1	Adams, f	1	0 0
Jachym, f	0	0 2	Chase, f	0	1 1
Colerick, c	2	1 2	Groves, c	1	1 1
Bray, g	0	0 2	Brooks, g	4	0 2
Smith, g	3	2 1	Howell, g	2	4 1
Newbold, f	0	0 1	Cummings, c	0	1 0
Moynihan, g	0	0 0	Edwards, f	0	0 1
Busch, c	0	1 2	Eilson, f	0	0 1
Gavin, f	1	0 0		—	— —
Crowe, f	0	1 0	Totals	8	7 7
Donovan, f	1	0 0			
Teders, g	0	0 0			
	—	— —			
Totals	10	6 11			

Referee—Schommer, Chicago. Umpire—Feegel, Indianapolis. Half time score—Notre Dame, 17; Wabash, 7.

§ § §

PENNSYLVANIA AND MICHIGAN STATE SUCCUMB TO FLASHY PASSING ATTACKS; NORTHWESTERN REGISTERS ANOTHER VICTORY.

January 19—Notre Dame, 31; Pennsylvania, 19.

Before what was probably the largest crowd that ever witnessed an intercollegiate basketball game, Coach Keogan's fast-travelling quintet swung into its proper stride and achieved its most glorious victory of the current season over Eddie McNichol's Penn team, 31-19. A capacity crowd of 10,000 jammed the confines of Pennsylvania's famous Palestra, while almost the same number clamored for admission on the outside.

The Quakers had previously hung up an unbroken string of eight consecutive wins over representative eastern rivals,

including Navy, Princeton and others. Captain Joey Schaaf and his rangy Red and Blue tossers were held in high repute and were conceded better than an even chance to triumph over their visitors. But the Notre Dame team rose to meet the occasion, the entire line-up playing a brand of basketball greatly in excess of any they have demonstrated so far this year.

The game was rough and hard-fought throughout. In fact this was the chief factor contributing toward the home team's defeat. Fifteen of Notre Dame's thirty-one points—approximately one-half the total—were scored from the free-throw line. Penn, on the other hand, failed to capitalize its opportunities for free tosses, sinking only seven all evening.

Captains Jachym and Crowe led the Irish attack, while Ed Smith excelled on the defense. Jachym was the outstanding performer of the evening, coming through in the pinches when points were needed; although Crowe, with eleven markers to his credit, was high-scorer. Ed Smith hounded Joey Schaaf during the entire game, and held the celebrated Penn star to two baskets. Summary:

Pennsylvania (19)			Notre Dame (31)		
B	F	P	B	F	P
Brodbeck, f	0	0	0	Jachym, f	2 5 9
Noble, f	1	0	2	Crowe, f	3 5 11
Schaaf, f	2	3	7	McCarthy, f	0 0 0
Peterson, c	0	2	2	Colrick, c	2 1 5
Bonniwell, c	2	0	4	Smith, g	0 1 1
Lobley, g	1	1	3	Donovan, g	1 3 5
Lazar, g	0	1	1		
Totals	6	7	19	Totals	8 15 31

Referee—Kearns, DePaul; Umpire—Rumsey, Philadelphia. Score at half: Notre Dame, 13; Pennsylvania, 11.

January 23.—Notre Dame, 29; Michigan State, 24.

By way of drawing the minds of some three thousand undergraduates away from the tedious work of preparing for semester examinations to more pleasant reflections, the Notre Dame five turned in a splendid victory over Michigan State, 29-24. The contest was every bit as close as the score would indicate—in fact the visitors enjoyed a 17 to 13 margin at half-time.

The forty-five hundred followers of the court sport in attendance, who expected to see a repetition of the thrilling battle which the same two teams waged into three extra periods last year, were not disappointed. At no stage of the game did either side enjoy any decided advantage. The final decision was in doubt at all times until the last few minutes when Crowe let loose a barrage of baskets and cinched the game for his team.

Except for these closing minutes, the game was a pretty exhibition of scientific basketball—deceptive offense and air-tight defense on the part of both teams. Donovan and Smith excelled at the guard positions, while Haga was the best back-court player for the visiting quintet. However, as a whole, the Spartans were unable to check satisfactorily the scoring propensities of Keogan's men, fully twenty-four of the total twenty-nine points being acquired by the Blue and Gold from the field. Every player on the court seemed to be alert and active, playing "heads-up" basketball at every moment.

The loss of Den Herder, State's star pivot man, was a decided handicap to the Green team. The lanky center was removed from the game during the last half when he sustained a gash on his head in the course of one of the many scrambles for the ball under his own basket. Herder's floor work was brilliant and his all-around play served as an inspiration for his team.

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Captain Frank Crowe went on one of his many scoring orgies, sinking eight baskets from the field and one free throw, for a total of seventeen points. The diminutive forward proved to be the greatest enigma of the evening for the Spartans. He was fast and elusive, frequently slipping by his rangy opponents to sink one-hand shots which brought the crowd to its feet. The team-play of Jachym and Colrick was also highly commendable, these two making possible many of Crowe's spectacular tallies. Donovan was particularly adept at dropping in long ones; and at the same time, he and Smith kept the visiting forwards from doing any great damage in the way of scoring. Summary:

Michigan State (24)				Notre Dame (29)			
	B	F	P		B	F	P
D. Grove, f.....	2	2	0	Crowe, f.....	8	1	3
R. Grove, f.....	0	0	3	McCarthy, f.....	0	0	0
Van Zylén, f.....	1	0	0	Jachym, f.....	0	0	3
Dickison, f.....	0	1	0	Newbold, f.....	0	0	0
Den Herder, c.....	0	2	2	Colrick, c.....	0	1	2
Totten, c.....	1	3	1	Smith, g.....	2	1	1

Scott, g.....	0	2	2	Donovan, g.....	2	2	2
Haga, g.....	3	0	1		—	—	—
Russo, g.....	0	0	1	Totals.....	12	5	11
	—	—	—				
Totals.....	7	10	10				

Referee: Land, Cincinnati; umpire, Feazle, Indianapolis.
Score at half: Michigan State, 17; Notre Dame, 13.

January 26.—Northwestern, 27; Notre Dame, 24.

The Wildcats proved to be a jinx for the Notre Dame team for the second time this season, when the big Purple quintet won again, this time by the score of 27 to 24. It was one of the roughest and hardest-fought battles in which Keogan's men have been engaged this season, and the Wildcats were forced to employ their claws occasionally in order to maintain their lead in the scoring column.

The scintillating playing of Marshall was directly responsible for the defeat of the Irish. That gentleman guarded his opponents closely, hanging on like a leech, and thus prevented

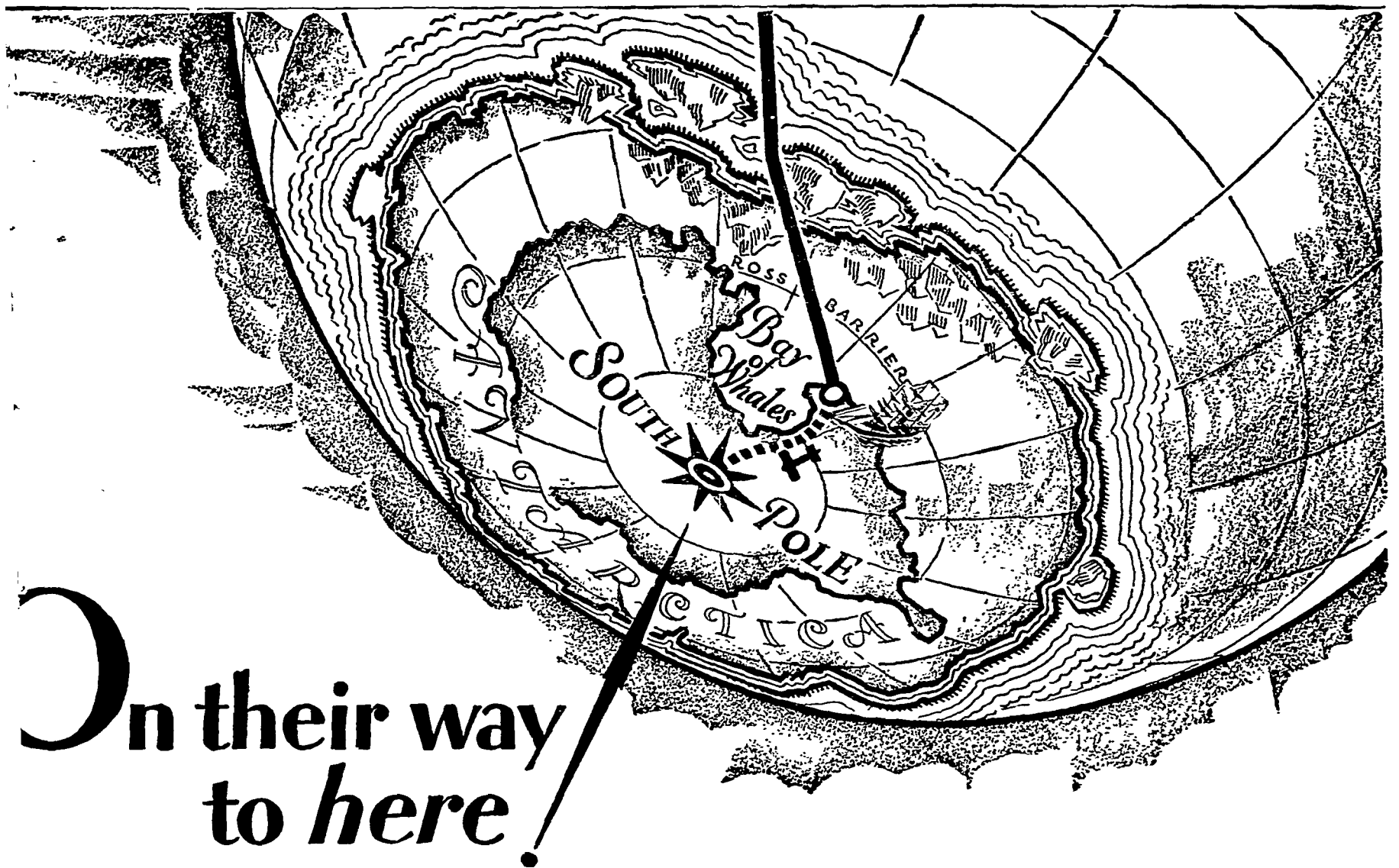
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It is another of the many proofs piling up that the surest way to earn popularity is to *deserve* it!

CHESTERFIELD

MILD *enough for anybody.. and yet..* **THEY SATISFY**

any of the Notre Dame players, with the exception of Colerick, from securing more than one field goal. In addition, he accounted for five baskets and two free throws for a total of twelve points, or nearly half his team's total. The big guard was right in the thick of the fray at every moment and proved to be the hero of the engagement.

Colerick was perhaps the outstanding performer for the Blue and Gold. He was the only Notre Dame man on the floor to score twice from the field, besides playing a good, hard-fighting, all-around game. Crowe and Jachym, that brace of high-scoring forwards, showed some fine floor work, but their renowned scoring ability was held in check by the close guarding of their Purple opponents. Coach Keogan sent in two full teams in the course of the evening, in an effort to stop the scoring tendencies of the home five; but although the substitutes tried hard and indeed were almost as effective as the regulars, they were unable to put the Blue and Gold out in front.

Patten Gymnasium, the famous lair of the Wildcats, was packed to its capacity by 6,200 excited fans. Thousands more were turned away at the doors for want of more accommodations. It would appear that Notre Dame's basketball team is beginning to rival her celebrated football aggregations in the matter of drawing crowds. Summary:

Northwestern (27)			Notre Dame (24)		
	B	F	P		
Gleichmann, f	2	3	0	Crowe, f	1 2 1
Kiel, f	2	1	2	Jachym, f	1 3 2
Bergherm, c	1	1	2	Colrick, c	2 0 1
Schultz, g	0	0	4	Smith, g	0 0 2
Marshall, g	5	2	2	Donovan, g	0 0 2
Mundy, g	0	0	0	McCarthy, f	1 0 1
	—	—	—	Newbold, f	0 1 0
Totals	10	7	10	Busch, c	1 2 0
				Bray, g	1 0 0
				Moynihan, g	1 0 1
					— — —
				Totals	8 8 10

Referee, Kearns, DePaul; umpire, Schommer, Chicago.
Score at half: Northwestern, 18; Notre Dame, 10.

§ § §

VARSITY BASEBALL MEN MEET; DAILY PRACTICE INAUGURATED

Forty-two candidates for the varsity baseball team reported to Coach Mills at the Badin "Rec" room in the first baseball meeting of the year, last week. Plans for the coming season were discussed and nothing will be spared in the effort to produce one of the best teams that Notre Dame has ever had. The material this year, while promising, has by no means taken definite form and the daily practice which started on Monday of this week and to continue every day until the squad leaves for the south, should bring out some keen competition as there are many positions open. By the time the southern trip begins the squad should be in excellent condition, although handicapped somewhat by weather conditions as far as practice is concerned. John T. Colerick, of Newark, New Jersey, is captain of the team this year and William Wilbur, of Panesville, Wisconsin, is manager.

—D. H.

§ § §

Big Ed Walsh, one of the greatest pitchers of all time, is back at Notre Dame for his yearly visit before going west to Catalina Island to coach the Chicago White Sox. Every year for several years past the old master has done yeomans' work in developing a competent pitching staff at Notre Dame.

—WEEK OF FEBRUARY TENTH—

SUN., MON., TUES.

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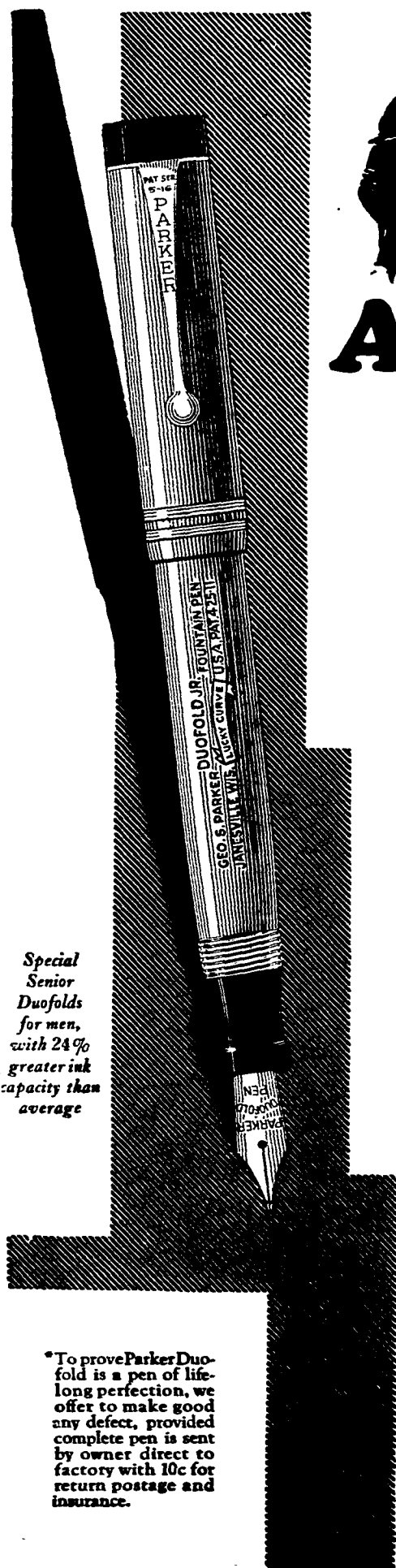
ECHO OF ARMY GAME

Rev. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., received a letter from a Dartmouth alumnus, expressing unusually well the impression which Notre Dame's team made upon non-Notre Dame fans this year, at the Army game particularly. Extracts from the letter follow:

"... I say the Army-Notre Dame game of 1928 was the greatest game of football I have seen, this or any other year, nor am I alone in this thought. I have talked with a Dartmouth man who voted for Hoover, one who thought the Pope

was ready to sail for Washington on November 6th; with a Princeton man who thinks there are only three universities in this Country, and Old Nassau is all three of them; with a Yale man who thinks that blue blood is better than red;— and all of them agreed that they had never witnessed a more thrilling, well-played game than that glorious victory.

"As George Trevor of the *Evening Sun* put it in his pre-game write-up, 'Notre Dame has become the alma mater of our non-college football fans. It has supplanted Yale of years gone by as their ideal. The college they attend in spirit.' This is perhaps the greatest of all your victories."



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SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

Captain Jack Elder will compete in the Meadowbrook Games in Philadelphia next Tuesday night in a special sprint race which will be one of the feature events of this classic meet. Among others the Kentucky Colonel will have as his opponents Percy Williams, Olympic sprint champion, and Karl Wildermuth of Georgetown, one of the greatest indoor runners to ever compete.

* * * *

Tom Lieb, who returns to Notre Dame as line coach this coming spring, once held the world's record for the discus throw. His field record for Cartier field stood until last spring when Lyons of Illinois broke it in the Illinois-Notre Dame dual meet.

* * * *

Captain Jimmy Reid of the Harvard track team has a chance to join the ranks of those who have held three inter-collegiate titles at the same time. He won the outdoor two-mile title at Philadelphia last spring and this fall lifted the cross-country title from Bill Cox of Penn State, twice inter-collegiate champion. If he wins the indoor two-mile title next month he will join the ranks of the immortals at whose head strides the long-legged spirit of John Paul Jones of Cornell, whom many believe to have been the greatest runner to ever compete in college. Only three men have held three titles at the same time since the war: Verne Booth of Johns Hopkins; Willard Tibbetts of Harvard; and Bill Cox of Penn State.

* * * *

Max Schmeling, the new German heavyweight sensation, must have the goods, as no less a personage than W. O.

McGeehan, usually the most ironic and severe of critics, especially in regards to the present crop of the exponents of the "manly art of modified murder," has labeled him the most dangerous "foreign menace" since Luis Angel Firpo.

* * * *

Pittsburgh tomorrow night, and the Keogan men will have their hands full. There is little doubt in most people's minds as to who is the best basketball team in the east; tomorrow night it appears here and once again a Notre Dame team will be the underdog. One wonders if the Army game performance will be duplicated. Incidentally the track team meets Indiana in the afternoon, which same is anything but a set-up.

* * * *

Percy Williams journeyed down from Canada to Boston last Saturday and showed the natives in particular, and people in general, just why he is the Olympic sprint champion, when he raced through a crack field to a victory in the Briggs Trophy 40-yard dash, a feature of the meet.

* * * *

When Pittsburgh plays here tomorrow night they will number among their ranks one Charles Hyatt, a junior, who is recognized as the best college basketball player in the game today, if not the greatest of all time, by competent critics. Great as young Mr. Hyatt is, we seem to recall a certain Clarence "Ooney" Donovan, who succeeded in holding him quite well in last year's epic struggle while garnering a few points for himself. Mr. Donovan will be in the Blue and Gold lineup again this year.

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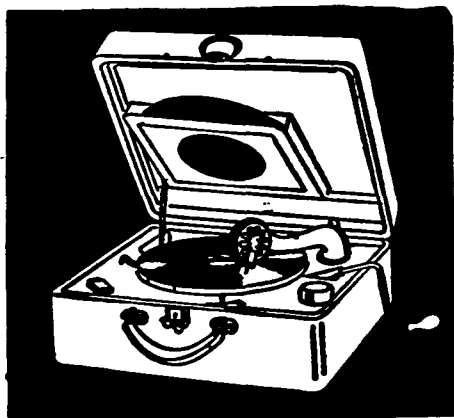
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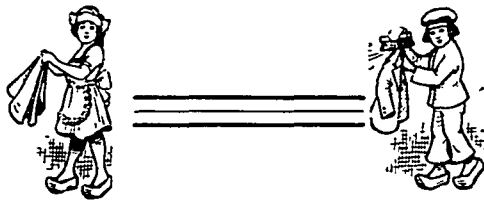
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