

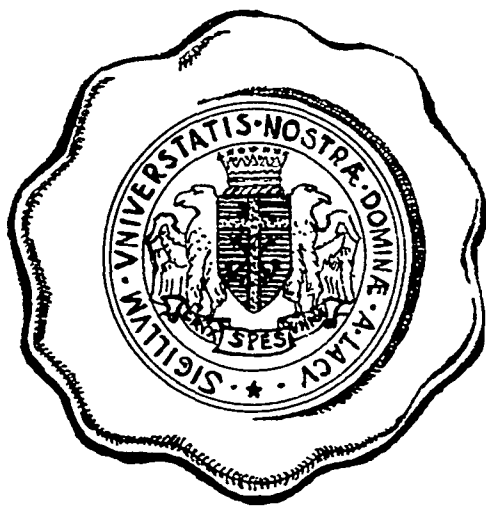
19-20

Notre Dame Scholastic

VOL. LVII.

FEBRUARY 15, 1929

No. 17.



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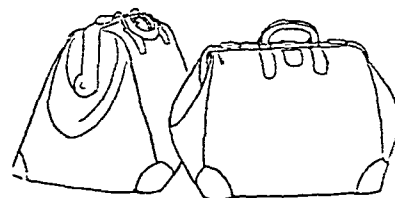
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VOL. LVII

FEBRUARY 15, 1929

No. 17

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|---------------------------------|-----|
| The Week..... | Archer Hurley..... | 532 |
| Winners of Roger C. Sullivan Scholarship..... | John Bergan..... | 534 |
| Music and Drama..... | James J. Walsh..... | 535 |
| Campus Personalities..... | Emil L. Telfel..... | 537 |
| Campus Clubs..... | Thomas A. Cannon..... | 539 |
| College Parade..... | Bernard Walsh..... | 540 |
| Book Reviews..... | | 541 |
| From Files of the SCHOLASTIC..... | Emil L. Telfel..... | 541 |
| The Editorial Mind..... | Gerald Cosgrove..... | 542 |
| The Wink..... | | 544 |
| The Heart of N. D.'s Scientific Collection..... | Paul J. Hallinan..... | 545 |
| Editor's Page..... | | 546 |
| The Role of Catholic Physicians and Scientists in the Advancement of Civilization..... | James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D..... | 547 |
| The Poetry of Mr. T. S. Eliot..... | Murray Young..... | 548 |
| Theirs In Death..... | Louis L. Hasley..... | 550 |
| Evening Psalm (Poem)..... | L. L. Hasley..... | 552 |
| Sports..... | Harry A. Sylvester, Jr..... | 553 |

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

THE WEEK

When one of the Princeton boys takes off his cap and gown, and strips to that next to nothing which a stoker on an ocean freighter finds comfortable, something can be expected of him. Expected, because black coal dust does not get along at all with blood that wants very much to be blue. Richard Halliburton, author of "The Royal Road to Romance," and another book not as good, is the gentleman we are considering; and from the enthusiastic reception he was given in Washington Hall last Friday night it would seem that he is as entertaining as he is courageous. This scholar gypsy has a decided weakness for Athenians, romance, and originality; he would make an ideal Greek teacher if only he could wear laurels and a Phidian kimona to his classes.

El Bonito, with its array of Spanish back-yards, Grand Rapids sofas, Fred Hamm, and other hams, is of history. On Monday morning the decorative remains leaned wearily against the Disorganizations Building, undecided whether to end a blissful existence by overcrowding the candy store, or to start life anew by entering the agricultural course. Like the Prom dates, they had served their purpose, and were relegated to realism in a cob-webbed storehouse, perhaps to be brought out and repainted for another event, perhaps left to the dusts of memory and time. Prom dates have gone through the annual ordeal; the judgement placed some photographs in drawers, some in waste baskets, and a few were thoughtfully dusted and allowed to remain. And as for the girls, one, at least, is going to leave a side of the Prom favor unfilled. That as a consolatory recollection that it was after all a blind date.

Campus clubs, when their presidents can succeed in herding together as many as five members, are beginning to discuss Easter dances. To have, or not to have will be mooted at every meeting from now till Easter, when in desperation for the honor of the home town, all clubs will decide that a dance is indispensable. Not an ordinary dance, but the biggest and best dance ever put on in dear old Kenosha by any college club. We all like to imagine that our particular dance, radio, or track team has the margin on all others, yet someone's umbrella leaks every time it rains.

Father O'Hara's auto-suggestions reached the off-campus men in time to get everyone started through Lent with plenty of gas, yes, and hitting on all eight. If we can maintain a steady pull on that road for forty days the summit will be reached by Easter week, and we can look confidently ahead at a blue skyline. Lent opened with the Mass Wednesday morning, consequently privations and self-sacrifices are in order, some might well forswear "gripping" at fish dinners for a while. Was the Prince of Wales' determination to sell his excellent stable of trotters and jumpers a Lenten resolution brought about by an Anglican influence, or merely a prosaic impulse to accept some of the responsibilities of having one's feet under a royal table?

It's permissible for everyone to get lightheaded in the springtime; indeed, its almost customary. With the birds, flowers, biologists, and marble champions getting all excited man is conceded a few impressionistic neckties, early-morning cuts, and even a little moon barking. The Scribblers, doubtless in a wholehearted effort to influence the climate, are trying to convince the campus bards that spring is so close as to permit of lightheadedness even now, and have announced a poetry contest. Derby's, colds in the head, and week-ends in the infirmary are a restraining influence on lightheadedness and weather disillusionment. Coincidentally, an aeronautical essay contest is opened to the students, the winner to receive an aviation scholarship, or a new plane. Its a matter of choice—to soar in graceful imagery or a new Eaglerock. The flighty should remember, though, that a poet ought to keep at least one foot on the ground.

The University is considering the erection of a new stadium, work on which will start next spring. Also the widening of the Dixie Highway is made possible through the generosity of the school in giving Indiana the land bordering upon that road. This road-widening is probably being done in expectation of the crowds that will cram our new stadium, for it is to hold sixty thousand people. Warren Brown may have to find a new name for the football team, if they are to be kept on the home field most of the season. With the football players tied down to the new stadium and their texts, we will be getting more than our due of the offered fellowships and scholarships in European universities. And after the stadium and the roads are constructed it will be unfortunate, to say the least, if a financier doesn't erect a hotel capable of housing our rejoicing alumni.

The Monogram "Absurdities" are under way; nothing much can be said about it as yet, except that talent is as ever, plentiful. Witness: not so long ago one of our hoofers shuffled out of a Bendola contest, awarded with a cane and a pair of spats. Several performances of the "Absurdities" will be given; one, presumably, for the entertainment of guests from Saint Mary's. Joyce Hawley has sent her regrets at not being able to rejoin the "Absurdities" this season, though she will be with us in spirit.

The eighth annual religious survey came out this week. To anyone who knows Father O'Hara, and his work, as we all do, that survey means a great deal. Hospitals chart their patients' temperature and physical condition; Father O'Hara has charted the spiritual condition, and registered the heart beats of the University's students. And he has done this so that we can know one another, so that outsiders may know us, and so we can, above all, help ourselves. Read the survey; it will not be hard reading, because you helped write it yourself, and there are ideas in it that are good. Ideas that helped other fellows when they were playing the same game, and were playing to win.

—A. H.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

FRIDAY, February 15: SCHOLASTIC business staff meeting, 6:30; editorial staff meeting, 7:00, Publications' Room, Main building.—Movies, "Racket," 6:30 and 8:30, Washington Hall.

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

SUNDAY, February 17: Masses, Sacred Heart Church, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00 and 9:00 a. m.—Meeting of Wranglers, Public Speaking room, Walsh Hall, 10:00 a. m.—Interhall basketball, University gymnasium, 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

MONDAY, February 18: Knights of Columbus, Council Chambers, Walsh Hall, 8:00 p. m.—Scribblers Meeting, Organizations, Building, 8 p. m.—Movie, "The Single Ridge," Washington Hall, 8:00 p. m.

TUESDAY, February 19: Academy of Science, Science Hall, 8:00 p. m.—Concert, Chicago Little Symphony Orchestra, Washington Hall, 8:00 p. m.—Meeting of Detroit club, Badin's "Rec." Room, 6:30 p. m.—Indianapolis Club meeting Badin "Rec." room, 7:45 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, February 20: Benediction, Sacred Heart Church, 7:30 p. m.

THURSDAY, February 21: Movies, "Wings," Washington Hall, 6:30 and 8:30 p. m.

FRIDAY, February 22: Washington's Birthday, no classes; presentation of flag by senior class.—Basketball, Michigan State College vs. Notre Dame at East Lansing.—SCHOLASTIC business staff meeting, 6:30 p. m.; editorial staff meeting, Publications' room, Main building, 7:00 p. m.—Way of the Cross, Sacred Heart Church, 7:30 p. m.

SATURDAY, February 23: Indoor track meet, Northwestern University vs. Notre Dame, University gymnasium, 2:00 p. m.

§ § §

SCRIBBLERS TO HOLD ELECTION OF NEW MEMBERS MARCH 4

President Murray Young of the Scribblers announced today that an election of new members will be held Monday, March 4, at the regular weekly meeting of the organization. Applications for membership should be mailed or brought to the club secretary, Cyril Mullen, Lyons Hall.

All students of the University who have had articles published in any of the campus publications, or in any outside publications, are eligible for membership. Sixteen members comprise the present personnel of the club.

§ § §

MONOGRAM "ABSURDITIES" TO BE PRESENTED MARCH 20, 21 AND 23

The Monograms Club's annual "Absurdities," as usual sans girls, will be presented to the public on three days—March 20, 21, and 23, besides the extra staging for the guests from St. Mary's. If the promises of the production are fulfilled Messrs. Ziegfeld, White, et al, will spend many an anxious moment in the future for the "Absurdities" of '29 threaten to exhaust the present store of revue material.

Besides the usual number of clever skits, the Club this year will present an enticing ballet number and several one-act plays burlesquing the masters of old. The dramatics and the production are under the direction of Coach Thomas Mills, and Professor Frank Kelly of the Department of Speech. Rehearsals for the chorines and other members of the cast are being held daily in Washington hall under the all-seeing eye of Joseph Abbott, chairman of the "Absurdities," who is arranging the show.

NEW STADIUM ASSURED; TO BE COMPLETED FOR 1930 SEASON; CAPACITY ABOUT SIXTY THOUSAND

The University of Notre Dame will build a stadium next spring to cost \$750,000 and seat 50,000 or 60,000 people, it was announced last Tuesday by the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., president of the University, at a luncheon given in his honor by the Notre Dame Alumni club of New York City at the Fraternity club.

Father O'Donnell definitely outlined the building program for the next ten years at Notre Dame to the members of the Notre Dame Alumni club. The new stadium is expected to be completed in time for the opening of the 1930 season.

"We must have the means of playing games at home," he explained. "It is academically not sound to have a band of roving athletes. We're called the Ramblers, but not because we like it."

This step would indicate a complete reversal of the Notre Dame football policy. The team heretofore has traveled sometimes from coast to coast in a single season. This is exemplified in the strenuous schedule carried out by the 1928 team. The schedule carried them from New York, the scene of the Army game, to Los Angeles where they played Southern California, besides making a trip to the south, meeting Georgia Tech in Atlanta, and several other trips by no means short. Father O'Donnell said that with a suitable stadium, as is to be built, the games would draw crowds from Chicago, South Bend and other neighboring cities.

In the course of his speech before the club Father O'Donnell also answered the critics of the Notre Dame football policy.

"We deplore the excessive notoriety that Notre Dame is a place where good football teams are turned out," he asserted. "No one there is fooled by that, at least all of those boys who play. Our boys are not indifferent but they're interested first of all in their books. We insist first of all on a high academic standard, and they accept that."

The President said that he had traveled with the team last fall on numerous occasions and at no time did the men discuss football, but spent their time reading, studying, and playing bridge.

"They know that football eminence is only a bubble," he went on. "Our friends, Red Grange and C. C. Pyle, have taught us that lesson. Grange stands as a monument to his folly."

Father O'Donnell also definitely spiked the persistent rumors that Coach Knute Rockne was leaving Notre Dame. He said, "There is absolutely no truth in reports that Knute Rockne is leaving the institution where he has taught for so many years."

§ § §

SCIENTIFIC FILM, "THE SINGLE RIDGE," TO BE SHOWN MONDAY NIGHT

The Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E. is sponsoring a three-reel, scientific motion picture, "The Single Ridge," which is to be shown in Washington Hall next Monday evening, February 18, at 8 o'clock. All students are extended a cordial invitation to attend the showing.

The film, offered for exhibition through the courtesy of the Okonite Company, of New York City, and arranged by Mr. John J. Donahue, chairman of the Notre Dame branch of the A. I. E. E., illustrates the manufacture of insulated wires and cables. The picture opens with scenes of rubber plantations in South America and follows through to the completed product. The treatment of rubber, drawing off of copper rods, application of compound to copper conductors, and finally the applying of the outer protective coverings, are shown.

Winners of the Roger C. Sullivan Scholarships



ALBION MEADE GRIFFIN



ROBERT LOUIS SOPER



BERNARD MURPHY

The Reverend William H. Molony, C.S.C., chairman of the committee of scholarships and prizes, has announced the winners of the Roger C. Sullivan scholarships for the year. They are: Albion Meade Griffin, Chicago, Illinois, a senior in the Hoynes School of Law; Robert Louis Soper, of Newark, New Jersey, a Junior in the College of Arts and Letters, and the sophomore was Carroll Bernard Murphy, of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, and a student in the same college.

The scholarships were established in June, 1922, by a gift of \$15,000 from Mrs. Leo Sullivan Cummings and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan Brennan of Chicago, in memory of their

father, the late Roger C. Sullivan of Chicago. The income from this fund provides for three scholarships of \$250 each, which is awarded annually to the senior, junior and sophomore who has shown the greatest improvement in scholarship during the year.

Father Malony stated, when announcing the winners of the prizes, that the men have shown exceptional ability and initiative in establishing their rights to the prizes. Unusual interest was manifested in the contest, which was decided by comparing the grades of the second semester of last year with the grades of the first semester of this year.

FINAL MEASUREMENTS FOR SENIOR CAPS AND GOWNS TOMORROW

Charles F. Colton, of Boston, Mass., a senior in the College of Arts and Letters at the University, and chairman of the Senior Cap and Gown committee, announced this morning that tomorrow, Saturday, February 16, will be the last day for seniors who expect to participate in the Washington birthday exercises, to be measured for caps and gowns.

Mr. Colton will be in his room, 126 Sorin hall, all morning to take measurements. A deposit of \$1.75 is required with each order.

Assisting Mr. Colton on the committee are the following men: Joseph Dautremont, Louis Obligato, Joseph Fitzgerald, Thomas Shea, Carl Johnson, and Robert Schultze.

§ § §

SENIOR PREPARATIONS FOR COMMENCEMENT DEMAND ATTENTION

Little has been done so far in regard to the ordering of Commencement invitations by the seniors. It is necessary that lists be handed in no later than February the twenty-fourth. The bill for the invitations can be sent home. Those who desire visiting cards and envelopes to fit should see the display in room 233 Sorin hall this week. Plates are delivered with each order of cards, and are sent with the commencement invitations.

Within the next few days a list of the candidates for degrees will be posted on the Sorin Hall bulletin board. Should there be any mis-spelled names, or names omitted from the lists, Donald Plunkett in room 35, Sorin hall, must be notified of the changes to be made. This must be done promptly if the mistakes which have occurred in previous years are to be prevented.

VEZIE APPOINTS WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY COMMITTEE

The committee which is to have charge of the activities of the senior class on Washington's Birthday has been appointed by H. Manfred Vezie, president of the class.

Harold A. Bair, a student in the College of Arts and Letters, was made chairman. The following committeemen will assist him: Joseph J. Daigneault, John Vaichulis, Robert Lane, Thomas M. McMahon, James Keating, and Kenneth J. Konop.

§ § §

KREIS, LAUBER AND ZIMMERLY RECEIVE BEAUX ARTS AWARDS

Three students in the Department of Architectural Design at the University have been signally honored during the past week by receiving awards from the Beaux Arts Institute, New York, for drawings they submitted in competition with students from other colleges and universities in the United States. Joseph Lauber and Richard Zimmerly, of South Bend, and Donald Kreis, of Mishawaka, seniors in the department, were the students who were honored.

In the competition for the memorial prize in honor of the late Henry Adams, noted authority on medieval architecture and author of "Mt. St. Michel" and "Chartres," two well-known books of architecture, Mr. Lauber received a second medal, and Mr. Kreis a first mention. The title for the drawings submitted in the prize problem was a design for a Gothic bell-tower.

In addition, Mr. Kreis was awarded another first mention in the competition for a design of a dining room interior for a country house. Mr. Zimmerly received a mention in the same contest.

JAMES J. WALSH

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Joseph P. McNamara, veteran of four seasons, will captain the negative team, while Charles Haskell will lead the affirmative.

FACULTY MEMBERS AND STUDENTS MOURN JUDGE WOOTEN'S DEATH

Death late last Thursday night claimed Dudley Goddall Wooten, professor of law at the University, nationally known jurist, writer, and educator, and a distinguished convert to Catholicism.



DUDLEY GODDALL WOOTEN

Judge Wooten, who was 72 years old, died suddenly at his home in Austin, Texas from the effects of a recent illness. He had been in failing health since the fall when he was forced to relinquish his duties in the Hoynes College of Law and proceed to Austin for a rest. Apparently well on the way to recovery, the suddenness of his death cast a pall over the entire University. Mrs. Wooten was with him at the end, and notified University officials of his death.

Judge Wooten's body was sent to Seattle, Washington, his old home, where funeral services were held yesterday morning. Two Requiem High Masses were also said in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, yesterday morning for the repose of his soul. The 6:15 Mass was celebrated by the Reverend J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., and was attended by students from the various colleges, except members of the College of Law who attended the 8:00 o'clock Mass in a body. The Reverend Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., said this second Mass.

Since 1880 Judge Wooten has been one of the most beloved figures in American jurisprudence. Following a preliminary education secured in Europe, he was graduated from Princeton University in 1875, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts. Three years later he was awarded his master's degree from the same institution, and entered the law school of the University of Virginia.

Soon after conducting his law studies at Virginia, he became actively engaged in the practice of law in Dallas, Texas. In 1884 he was elected prosecuting attorney for Dallas, and acquitted himself so creditably in the execution of his duties, that he was appointed a District Judge in 1891. After serving in this capacity until 1893, Judge Wooten began to write on legal and governmental matters, until the citizens of Dallas, recognizing his worth, sent him to the State Legislature in 1898.

One year later they further honored him by electing him to the fifty-sixth session of the United States House of Representatives. The fifty-seventh Congress also had him as a member. His second term expired in 1903, and soon afterwards he moved to Seattle, Washington, where he very shortly became one of the outstanding legal figures of that section.

For nineteen years, when not engaged as a Special Judge of the Superior Court and other courts in Texas and Washington, D. C., Judge Wooten practiced law in Seattle, winning many notable cases. It was not until 1922, however, that he achieved what is thought to be his greatest accomplishment. In that year legislation was introduced in the Oregon State Legislature to make attendance of all children at public schools compulsory by law. The measure, if adopted, would have sounded the death-knell for all private and parochial schools.

Upon the request of Archbishop Christie, Judge Wooten, although at that time still a non-Catholic, entered the fight to save the parochial schools in Oregon. Undaunted by a temporary set-back at the hands of the Oregon State Legislature which passed the law, Judge Wooten, together with Judge Kavanaugh and the other legal aides on the side of the parochial schools, carried the fight to the United States Supreme Court and had the satisfaction of having that august tribunal declare the Oregon law to be unconstitutional.

Judge Wooten became a member of the Catholic Church soon after this, and in 1924 consented to become a professor of law at Notre Dame. Among his other achievements while at the University, he wrote a brilliant analysis of the Mexican situation which elicited much favorable comment from interested parties throughout the country.

Besides his other honors in the fields of politics, jurisprudence, literature, and education, Judge Wooten had the unusual distinction of being the recipient of three honorary LL.D. degrees, one from Southwestern University in 1888, the second from Baylor University in 1900, and the last from Notre Dame in 1925, all in recognition of his accomplishments as a jurist, writer, and educator.

Immediately upon receipt of the news announcing Judge Wooten's death, Gerald Roach, president of the Law club, called a meeting of that organization which was held early last Friday afternoon. At the meeting, the following resolution was drawn up and made a part of the records of the club:

"The faculty and students of the Hoynes college of law are assembled together now in mournful and respectful cognizance of the death of our faithful preceptor and firm friend, Judge Dudley Wooten. The current of our sorrow is too profoundly deep to find any adequate expression. Here in the classroom where his remarkable life's work was crowned, where his scholarly eloquence so frequently resounded, and where his patient, friendly interest was so characteristically manifested, we, whom he so consistently and devotedly served, can not find voice to speak of him.

"Let us, therefore, stand for a moment with heads respectfully bared and bowed in silent tribute to this great soul and commend it to the goodness and mercy of God, and let us be resolved to extend our sympathy to his beloved wife and son, and to the bereaved members of their families, and as a public manifestation of our great respect for the deceased, and of heartfelt sympathy for his bereaved family, let us resolve to attend the Wooten memorial Mass officially as a body."

§ § §

SEMESTER BULLETINS NOT TO BE OUT FOR ANOTHER WEEK OR TWO

Bulletins giving the semester grades are not expected to be mailed for another week or so because of the fact that some of the grades have not as yet been turned in to the Director of Studies. As soon as all of the professors complete the records the bulletins will be compiled and remitted to the parents of students.

§ § §

PROFESSOR HOYER CONTRIBUTES TO BOOK ON SUMMER CAMPS

As a member of the committee on summer camps of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, Professor Hoyer, director of the Boy Guidance school, has contributed to the booklet on the summer camps.

This instruction book which has just been published contains three chapters by Professor Hoyer. The booklet is an instructive one inasmuch as it covers every phase of camp life.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

EMIL TELFEL



ROBERT P. MANNIX

The active and agile young man whose antics urge you to tremendous vocal feats at athletic contests is Robert P. Mannix, from the pleasant little town of Greenville, Ohio. Bob is Head Yell-leader, a position he is well qualified for, as he has been assistant yell-leader since his freshman year. Those who have seen him perform at games and pep-meetings will enthusiastically agree that Bob is the cheer leader *par excellence*.

Last year, Bob was production manager of the *Dome*. Also in his capacity as chairman of the program committee last year (not "the Prom Beautiful"), he was responsible for the rapturous exclamations of the guests over the "perfectly darling" programs.

Mannix is a senior in the College of Arts and Letters and is also one of Dean Konop's fledglings. Oddly enough, he also lives in Sorin "Sub." One wonders if all the "campus personalities" live there.

§ § §

SEVEN STUDENTS ENTER ALEXANDER AIRCRAFT COMPETITION

Seven Notre Dame students, Walter B. Gildea, Donald McColl, Maurice D. Mulrey, Virgil P. Cline, Fred J. Weiss, Walter F. Kolb, and James R. Nowery, are attempting to win a four-year university scholarship in aeronautics, or an Eaglerock airplane, offered this spring by the Alexander Aircraft Company to the American undergraduate who reveals the deepest insight and practical imagination in aeronautics.

A remarkably close understanding of the new industry characterizes papers submitted by students of 183 colleges and universities. The response indicates that thousands of undergraduates seriously consider the new aircraft industry as their intended vocation.

As an added incentive, seventeen Eaglerock distributors will award free 10-hour flying courses, worth approximately \$300 to the college students in their respective territories who make the best efforts to win the awards. Flight instruction manuals will be given other students who place high. The competition closes May 1.

The Alexander Aircraft Company is conducting the contest as a means of interesting more young men and women in flying and in the aero industry as a field of future activity. Within the last year commercial aircraft factories have virtually scrambled for the services of college trained aeronautical engineers and aeronautical executives. The shortage has forced a number of new companies to import engineers from Germany and England.

CAPACITY CROWD FILLS WASHINGTON HALL FOR HALLIBURTON LECTURE

The realization of romantic dreams of youth was the topic of a lecture last Friday evening that was as fascinating and colorful as the life of the man himself. Richard Halliburton was the speaker and stories of the adventures which have made him popular as a literary vagabond were included in his talk, which was given in Washington Hall before a capacity crowd.

During his undergraduate days at Princeton, Halliburton said, he had longed to get away from the ordinary routine, and to achieve things which are celebrated in legend and history as nearly impossible. The first of these adventures was the climbing of the Matterhorn, the most dangerous of the Alpine peaks. With a mountain guide, a friend and practically no experience, he finally conquered the mountain. His account of one part of the climb, where overcome with dizziness, he swung from a chain for several minutes, was replete with thrills for the fascinated audience.

The original Marathon course held a great attraction for Halliburton; in the role of the famous Euripides he began the run but the heat of the Grecian sun on an August afternoon proved too great an obstacle for him. He finished the course in a taxicab, but failing to find the market-place in which the Greek messenger had fallen dead, he burst upon a group of friends, proclaiming the news of Athens' victory. With his imaginative style the speaker led his listeners along until both he and they pictured him as the original Euripides.

Stories of swimming the Hellespont with only six sardines for nourishment; of swimming the Panama Canal last year, during which he fought off sharks and barracudas, and the story of his visit to the grave of Rupert Brooke in Greece, completed the lecture. Halliburton is the author of "The Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure."

§ § §

SENIOR ELECTRICALS MAKE INSPECTION TOUR OF INDUSTRIES

Twenty-six members of the senior class of the College of Electrical Engineering made an educational tour of the power plants and engineering institutions in the vicinity of Chicago this week. The trip was a three-day affair, from Monday, February 11, to Wednesday, February 13. Visits were made to the Gary steel mills, the Commonwealth Edison plants, and to the Fourth Midwest Power Show at the Coliseum. Professor Northcott of the Electrical Engineering Department of the University accompanied the men.

§ § §

NOTRE DAME OFFERS LAND TO WIDEN DIXIE HIGHWAY

Notre Dame University has offered the Indiana State Highway commission the gift of sufficient land, owned by the University, along the Dixie highway from the South Bend city limits to Roseland, to make the highway a 100-foot roadway.

The present width of the highway is forty feet. In order to permit widening of the highway, the Indiana Bell Telephone Company has moved its cables back from the present roadway.

The state highway, it is understood, will lay a berme on each side of the present roadway in the spring. Hedges along the road already have been moved back in anticipation of the widening.

The new super-highway will start at the present city limits and will go north along the new golf links which will be opened this spring.

FORMER N. D. TRACK STAR INSTRUCTS CLASS IN JOURNALISM

Edward J. Meehan, a graduate of the class of 1920, and at present national advertising manager of the *South Bend Tribune*, has recently taken over the instruction of the class in newspaper management, Journalism 5, in the Department of Journalism at the University.

Mr. Meehan, who was captain of the track team in his senior year at Notre Dame, was one of the greatest middle-distance runners ever to compete for the University. Besides holding the gymnasium record for the half mile, he has many notable victories to his credit over such stars as Joie Ray and others. In addition, he also had the honor of participating in the Inter-Allied Athletic Games held in Paris in 1919 as a member of the American team. During these games he was a member of the famous American 1600-meter relay team which swept to a brilliant victory in that event over the picked runners of each of the other Allied armies. Verle Campbell of Purdue, Eddie Teschner of Harvard, and Tom Campbell of Yale, were his teammates in this great triumph.

During the World War Mr. Meehan served as a Lieutenant of Field Artillery and participated in most of the major offensives of the War. He has been associated with the *South Bend Tribune* since 1922.

§ § §

PROFESSOR THOMPSON'S ETCHING AWARDED FIRST PRIZE IN HOOSIER ART SALON

For the second consecutive year, Professor Ernest Thorne Thompson, director of the School of Fine Arts at the University, has been the recipient of a first prize in the Hoosier Art Salon held in Chicago. Professor Thompson was awarded first prize in the etching division for his effort entitled "Florence," an etching of his wife. The etching has received much favorable criticism and comment from art critics and visitors to the Salon.

Last year in the same Salon, Professor Thompson's woodcuts received first honors in that division, winning the John McCutcheon Prize, a coveted award donated by the famous cartoonist and illustrator of the *Chicago Tribune*.

The Hoosier Art Salon is an annual exhibition of the work of artists from all over the state of Indiana. It is usually held in Chicago, and attendance at the Salon runs into the thousands.

§ § §

FIVE HUNDRED COUPLES ATTEND "PROM BEAUTIFUL."

Over five hundred couples attended the last formal event of the pre-Lenten season, the Junior "Prom Beautiful," held last Friday night in the Palais Royale ballroom, South Bend. Dancing was from ten to two, with Fred Hamm's orchestra furnishing the music. The decorations were thoroughly in keeping with the Spanish spirit of the occasion, and admirably reflected the original taste and artistic touch of Chairman of Decorations Jerome Parker and his assistants. "Beautiful Prom Girl of Mine," the feature song of the evening, written by Irvin Corcoran, a former Notre Dame student, and song by Anthony Kopecky, proved a tremendous hit.

Robert Hellrung, president of the Junior class, Robert Kuhn, general chairman of the Prom, and their assistants are to be complimented upon the success of the affair which is directly attributable to the hard work of these men.

§ § §

THOMAS CURRAN, CLASS OF 1915, DIES

Mr. Thomas H. Curran, graduate of the class of 1915, and former manager of the Oliver hotel drug store in South Bend, was buried Tuesday, February 12, in Belvidere, Ill.

CHICAGO LITTLE SYMPHONY IN CONCERT HERE NEXT TUESDAY

Chief among the coming concert presentations in Washington Hall is the Chicago Little Symphony Orchestra. This nationally known group of artists is to play here on next Tuesday evening, February 19, at 8 o'clock.

The Paulist Choir, of Chicago, known to all music lovers as the outstanding organization of its kind, has been booked to appear on March 16. On February 27, there will be a banjo, accordion, and saxophone trio playing popular and semi-classical tunes.

An attempt is being made to complete the booking for the appearance of Harry Farbman, violinist, and Miss Margaret O'Connor, harpist, on March 6. Mr. Farbman is one of America's younger violinists and has traveled extensively through South America and Europe, where he was received with a warmth indicating the character and extent of his musical resources. Miss O'Connor has been an adept pupil under the tutelage of Signor Enrico Tramonti, one of the most illustrious of harp teachers, and is rapidly rising to the fore in the rank of harpists.

§ § §

OPUS OF CHARLES PHILLIPS IS "CATHOLIC WORLD" FEATURE

"Young Lincoln," the first of the episodes of "Abraham Lincoln," an authentic, sympathetic study of the great emancipator by Professor Charles Phillips of the Department of English of the University, appears in the current issue of the *Catholic World*.

Professor Phillips is a recognized authority on Lincoln and his work is undoubtedly of considerable value both as a faithful delineation of character and an absorbing account of nineteenth century frontier life. In the latter sense is its value particularly significant, because the usual romantic embellishments have been painstakingly excluded from it.

The work will later be published in book form and copies of it will be obtainable at the University book store.

§ § §

UNIVERSITY THEATRE TO PRODUCE "JULIUS CAESAR," MARCH 17

Preparations have been begun for the first production this year of the University Theatre, which will take place March 17. The play will be the first full length drama presented by the University Theatre since its foundation in December, 1926, and will likewise be the first classical production undertaken by the organization. Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" has been chosen.

Since its foundation, it has been the aim of the University Theatre to present one classical drama each year, in addition to its presentation of original plays written by students of English 25, the Playwriting Course. With fifteen of these original student productions now to the credit of the University Theatre, it is felt that the organization is now sufficiently developed to enlarge its scope.

Professor Frank W. Kelly of the Department of Speech and Drama began this week casting the "Julius Caesar" production and within a few days will inaugurate rehearsals. A carefully arranged acting version of the play has been made from the original text, calling for one of the largest casts ever presented on the stage of Washington Hall. Special efforts are being also put into the building of an impressive mounting by Professor Kelly and his assistants.

The cast will be announced in a later issue of the *SCHOLASTIC*.

CAMPUS CLUBS

WRANGLERS' CLUB

At the regular weekly meeting of the Wranglers held Sunday, February 9, Edward Connor, a newly elected member, spoke on the "Abolishment of the Jury System." Mr. Connor gave a very well prepared speech in which he pointed out the defects and criticized the present system. Following his talk the discussion was taken up by Mr. Keogan and Mr. Frank Noll. This topic proved to be of great interest to all present as it will be the topic of a debate between the Wranglers' debating team and one representing Kalamazoo College on Saturday night, March 16.

The next meeting of the club will be held Sunday, February 16, at 10 a. m. At this meeting Mr. Walter Stanton, of Gary, Ind., will address the members on "Government Control of Water Powers."

DETROIT CLUB

There will be an important meeting of the Detroit Club Tuesday, February 19, at 6:30 p. m. in the Badin Hall "Rec." room. At this meeting the report of the chairman of the Christmas dance will be read. Plans for the club's annual Easter dinner dance will be discussed and the committees that are to carry out the arrangements for the affair will be announced. It is imperative that all members attend this first meeting of the new year.

VILLAGERS CLUB

Judge Orlo Deahl of the St. Joseph County Circuit Court was the principal speaker at the regular monthly dinner meeting of the Villagers' club, which was held Monday evening, February 4, in the College Inn of the Hotel LaSalle. Judge Deahl gave a talk which proved to be as amusing as it was interesting.

Following the talk by Judge Deahl business of the club was discussed. Norman Hartzer gave a financial report of the Christmas dance which showed it to be very successful. Initial plans for the third annual banquet to be given by the club in honor of the Notre Dame basketball team were made. The date of the banquet is yet tentative, but it will be given immediately following the close of the season.

President Francis Jones conducted the meeting at which approximately forty-five members were in attendance. The next regular meeting of the club will be held Monday, March 4.

A. I. E. E.

The Notre Dame Branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers met Monday evening, February 4. The principal speaker of the evening was Mr. A. M. Corliss, refrigeration expert from the Schenectady Plant of the General Electric Company, who gave a very enlightening lecture on Modern Refrigeration. His talk was followed by three reels of descriptive movies. A sectioned unit of the General Electric Company's latest machine, the D.R.-2, was on display.

There were over one hundred men in attendance at the meeting, among them being several prominent members of the faculty.

CHEMISTS' MEETING

The Chemists' Club held its first monthly meeting of the new semester Wednesday, February 6. The business of the

evening opened with the election of officers for the coming year. The following executive committee was installed: Professor W. E. Sturgeon, honorary president; T. G. Murphy, president; T. B. Dorris, vice-president; E. Walters, secretary-treasurer, and W. Terre, member at large. The question of a club insignia was discussed and a committee appointed to obtain suggestions for a final selection later.

William Hamill presented a paper, "A Modern Sewage Disposal Plant," which was well received. Mr. Froning concluded the program with a brief talk in which he stressed the necessity of maintaining the high scholastic standard which has always been held by the members of the Chemists' Club.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB

The Indianapolis Club will hold its first meeting of the new year Tuesday, February 19, at 7:45 p. m. in Badin Hall "Rec." room. John Rocap, who acted as chairman of the Christmas dance, will give his report at this meeting and much new business will be up for discussion. The club is planning a banquet to be given in the near future, and all members are requested to attend this meeting in order to aid with the plans for this affair.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB

One of the most important meetings of the year for the Connecticut Valley Club took place in Badin "Rec." room Sunday, February 9. Richard Lacey, chairman of the Christmas dance, read a very favorable report of the affair. In line with its policy of always being one of the first of campus clubs to act in the promotion of activities, a committee was appointed by President Shea to concur with Mr. William Kreig, chairman of the S. A. C., regarding the reorganization and rejuvenation of campus clubs. Messrs. T. J. Toomey, Vincent Hurley and James O'Connor were appointed to the committee. A special meeting of the club will be held the latter part of February for the purpose of acting on the report of this committee. President Shea also spoke on the coming selection of officers for the school year of 1929-30, to be held at the April meeting of the organization. Tentative plans regarding a summer social gathering of the club will be discussed at the next meeting.

PHARMACY CLUB

An interesting meeting was held by the Pharmacy Club Monday night, February 11, in Chemistry Hall. Two papers were presented by members of the club. Mr. E. Draves gave a detailed account of the life of the malaria mosquito. His instructive discourse was well given. His paper was followed by one given by Mr. P. Cony. It dealt mainly with the life of Karl Scheele, the pharmacist-chemist. In this biography the advancements he made in the field of chemistry through his pharmaceutical pursuits were clearly shown.

President Tompkins appointed a committee, consisting of R. Shultze, chairman, James Coram, K. W. Scherer, and B. Uulrich to arrange for a club smoker. It was definitely decided to make a trip of inspection to the Eli Lilly Company at Indianapolis, Ind., in response to the invitation tendered the club by this company.

COLLEGE PARADE

The Juniors, after their experiences of last week-end, will undoubtedly appreciate the advice of "the Blarney Stone" in the *Michigan State News* to those who expect to attend State's 1929 J-Hop.

"In giving last minute pointers for the Hop may we suggest:

1 box aspirin, 1 extra collar, a new pair of shoes, 2 straight jackets for the week-end.

Check up on your studs and links in time.

Remember, heroes are born, not made.

Black coffee has always been found trustworthy.

Don't wear your pin—it's not proper and besides you might get foolish along about 1 o'clock.

About 2 o'clock think of your brothers who saved 12 bucks and are enjoying the bliss of sleep and freedom.

Don't forget to tell her how much better the Hop was last year—if smart she'll tell you all about the Michigan Hop two years ago.

* * * *

Under the caption "Protect the Women" *The Daily Princetonian* quotes the following from *The Vassar Miscellany News*:

"Few of our innocent readers know that the *Miscellany News* has refused to conduct a cigarette blindfold test. As usual we are on the alert to protect the purity and wisdom of our readers, and keep them out of the back pages of the less serious magazines."

* * * *

In the January issue of *The Laurel*, St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, New York, appears the item:

"The annual flag rush was held on the feast of the Immaculate Conception and it provided innumerable thrills to the large crowd that witnessed the struggle for supremacy between the freshmen and sophomores. The odds were too great for the newcomers to overcome and it was the same old story of the sophs maintaining the flag. The rush lasted for ten minutes and there was not a dull moment throughout the struggle."

* * * *

The University of Tennessee students believe in having special attractions at their dances. At the next dance they are going to give, they expect to have Joan Crawford as their guest of honor.

* * * *

From the *Ignatian News*, a bi-weekly publication of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, California:

"When Professor T. V. Smith of the University of Chicago calls his philosophy class together at 8 a. m. all that is required of the students is to be in bed and listen. Appreciating the fact that it is a trifle early for student philosophers to arise Professor Smith now broadcasts his lectures and members of the class may attend by simply turning on the radio."

Griff, who conducts Breakfast Bran, a new column in the *Indiana Daily Student*, has drawn up this platform:

"1. Complete abolishment of eight o'clocks.

"2. No classes on Mondays and Fridays.

"3. Three weeks for registration and enrollment.

"4. No classes, no tuition, for Seniors.

"5. Abolishment of Freshmen. They clutter up the place and always are flunking and getting homesick.

"6. No blind dates. (We are not so sure about this point since we stepped out a la blind last week-end.)

"7. No finals. This is our strongest plank. Think how many good boys and girls have left school on that account. It is appalling.

"8. A class in campusty wherein the student would receive credit for each formal dance rated, and wherein election to an honorary social fraternity would entitle a student to an A."

* * * *

Oxford university has bowed its head to modernism and another tradition has fallen. For years some of the colleges within Oxford have been without bath tubs, but now tubs have been installed, despite protests of residents and faculty. One of the chief objections, according to a party of students, was that students were there for only two years at a time. —*The Minnesota Daily*.

* * * *

The Northeastern News of Northeastern University, Boston, Mass., is responsible for the following:

"A number of our sedate seniors had lots of fun last Sunday when they went to the studio to have their pictures taken. They got into the elevator and then they couldn't get out. Up and down they rode for about fifteen minutes until they finally found the key hanging next to the control."

* * * *

Spats are taboo on the campus of Pennsylvania University if this announcement in the University newspaper means anything:

"Anybody wearing spats on this campus does so at his own risk."

* * * *

From *The Columbiad*, published monthly by the students of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon:

"At last the college men have a "rec." room. Monday night was the formal opening and Fathers Fogarty and Muckenthaler acted as hosts. Most of the fellows played progressive "500," but there was a goodly crowd gathered around Brother David at the piano, and singing. My gosh! and how they were singing. All in all the evening was a huge success."

* * * *

Rip Van Winkle tottered home after his twenty-year absence: "Well, my dear, did you finally get registered for the courses you want?" asked his wife.—*The Purdue Exponent*.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA," New York, 1928;
Viking Press—\$2.50.

Arnold Zweigs' book, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" is unusually opportune. We have forgotten the horrors of the World War to a great extent and in the meantime some of our statesmen would seem to be slowly preparing for another holocaust which can only be averted by education. In the four hundred and fifty pages which treat of a few months of existence of Sergeant Grischa we have at hand the means of educating ourselves. Of course, I do not mean that this book is didactic propaganda directed against any nation. It is a dispassionate, clinical survey of the World War through the actions of three types of people; Grischa, the escaped Russian prisoner; Schieffenzahn and von Lychow, the German generals; and Bertine and Winifred, the Red Cross sisters, and the soldiers of the garrison post.

The fatalism of the book is almost Hardian; the technique is modern. It will indeed be interesting to read "Education Before Verdun" and the "Crowning of a King," which precede and follow, respectively, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" in the trilogy which has not been translated in full from the German.

—B. K.

§ § §

(Catholic Book of the Month.)

"THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM," Peadar O'Donnell,
New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons—\$2.50.

The sea sings plaintively in scarcely audible undertones through this stark saga of the Irish coast. Want, and poverty, and privation haunt the cold, gray rocks and chill the mist-laden air. Yet, throughout this tale of desolation and poverty, there is a subdued though ever-present aura of beauty, moving as a faint light in distant places.

"The Way It Was With Them" is one of those books which, in a quiet manner, portrays life at its ugliest, yet which casts over the sordid picture a half-light which leaves one breathless with the beauty of the work. The style reminds one faintly of Synge, for the same soft speech, the same delightful idiom is used, and the same quaint appeals to God's Justice or Mercy or Help brighten the dialogue.

The scene of the story is laid in the home of a poor Irish family. The tiny cottage is literally over-run with children, semi-clothed and semi-starved. Surely, no family has ever offered a writer less beautiful material with which to work. Mr. O'Donnell, however, has woven about these illiterate, crude people a tale of rare loveliness. He has taken his characters from the lowest stratum of society, he has placed them in abject pauperism, and he has clothed them in rags; yet, they are beautiful because of the quiet strength and fortitude with which they accept misfortune.

The story which Peadar O'Donnell tells is one of extreme simplicity. It might be the tale of a thousand other families in that wild region. Handled by a less capable artist, the novel might prove drearily photographic. It might be a tiresome bit of propaganda, or a cry for social reform. "The Way It Was With Them" is none of these. It is a simple story which holds the reader breathless, tensed with interest. He suffers with these peasants, is concerned for fear they will be unable to purchase a sack of flour, rejoices when good fortune permits them to buy a pound of tea and a pouch of tobacco. In short, the tale is interesting because it is peopled with characters who are real, human, and, in their strength, beautiful.

—J. D'R.

FROM FILES OF THE "SCHOLASTIC"

E. L. TELFEL.

ISSUE OF SEPT. 21, 1872

No wonder there are no homesick Juniors. Take a peep in their study hall. The arrangement of the pictures, hanging baskets, et cetera bella, speaks highly for the artistic hand that arranged them.

ISSUE OF OCT. 19, 1872

Chairs in the refectory . . . a comfortable improvement.

ISSUE OF DEC. 14, 1872

Calisthenics are receiving their due need of attention. Great improvement can be seen in the dances at the play hall.

ISSUE OF DEC. 28, 1872

Christmas was celebrated in a becoming manner by the inmates of Notre Dame.

ISSUE OF FEB. 8, 1873

Having felt somewhat inclined towards amusement the other morning we wended our way to the Seniors' play hall, and on entering, the graceful movement of the jovial dancers and the strains of a mouth organ attracted our attention.

ISSUE OF SEPT. 16, 1876

The orchestra will soon begin their regular weekly practice. We expect that every member of that organization will do his whole duty this coming year.

ISSUE OF SEPT. 16, 1876

In the Junior Refectory the readers are engaged with "Excelsior"; in the Senior they are occupied with Rollin's Ancient History.

There is a certain species of dwelling in which there may perhaps be no great sin to reside, but from the nature of things, when persons have made such a choice of abode it is a matter of proverbial prudence that they deny themselves the recreation to be derived from the unnecessary projection of offensive missives. Should their mental and physical constitution be of such a character as to preclude the possibility of their refraining absolutely from indulging in this peculiar pastime, it would be at least advisable for them to enjoy their diversion as privately as circumstances permit.

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 28, 1872

The climate of a Western state is said to be so healthy that if you cut your finger you have only to hold it out of doors in the air a while and the hand is healed.

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 5, 1872

Persons who go about to the private rooms stealing pencils and other small articles will get their fingers burned sooner or later. Shame on such small pilferers!

¶ ¶ ¶

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

The Editorial Mind

GERALD COSGROVE

Associate Editor, South Bend Tribune

ALL available textbooks: in fact, all sources of material open to the student who is interested in the newspaper editorial: present the first and last words on the editorial as a journalistic entity, but offer little, when they offer anything, on the mental qualifications for editorial writing.

If you were to ask what a student who has editorial ambitions needs, above all things, I should reply without hesitation that the paramount requirement is the proper mental perspective.

Writing ability is important, very important; so is a natural or cultivated interest in mankind and in current events. Those two qualifications can not be dispensed with. But most important, I believe, is the faculty of harmonizing one's mentality with the policies of the newspaper for which one writes editorials.

It is not that the subject is entirely neglected by the authors of textbooks on editorial writing. In examining several textbooks recently I found that the distinguished authors informed the seeker after information that a certain type of mind—one that differs markedly from the types that are necessary to success in the news room—is needed for editorial writing.

That is true. A person cut out for a brilliant career as a reporter, or a city editor, or a managing editor may be utterly unable to be a capable editorial writer. By the same token, some of the best editorial writers would fail if they attempted news writing or tried to be news executives. I must say, however, that a majority of the successful editorial writers have had news room experience and found it invaluable.

But there is a difference, a fundamental difference, between the news room and the editorial room in spite of their surface similarity. However, this difference is stressed so effectively in the textbooks which you use in class that I shall not discuss it today.

I am here to talk about the editorial mind—or, to be specific, that part of the editorial mind which is not discussed freely in the textbooks. Many intelligent people seem to believe that an editorial writer is a person who has a mind but who chooses to forget that important fact in order to draw a salary from a newspaper.

In fact, some people evidence deep sympathy for editorial writers, who, they reason, are slavish beings who write countless opinions for publication in the editorial columns of newspapers, not because they are the writers' opinions, but because the writing is done at the command of heartless persons pictured as wielding lashes on editorial writers' mentalities. These Simon Legrees are, of course, the editorial chiefs who dictate newspaper policies.

Those people's attitude is not incomprehensible. They are in professions of making their livings in fields wherein the mentality is held to one channel during working hours. So long as they entertain orthodox opinions on the bond market, the price of flour or whatever their business activities are centered on nobody cares particularly what they think about the innumerable extraneous issues, national and international, that are featured in the news columns. They are free to think on the issues or not to think on them, as they see fit. Thus they tell themselves that they have intellectual freedom.

I readily admit that the editorial writer's position is different. He is expected to burden himself of prolific comment

on everything under the sun. Moreover, his comments are preserved in hard, cold type which gives them a degree of permanence; and they naturally assume some authority.

Candor dictates the statement that most editorial writers need no sympathy. They are not held in leash by strong-minded editorial chiefs. They are not nursing grudges because they are not permitted to publish their personal opinions.

Now you may be impelled to ask whether I am attempting to convince you that every word that I set down in an editorial is exactly as it would be if I were accountable to no one but myself for all that I write. No; that is not my purpose. I confess that my opinions, when I hold any on editorial topics, are not permitted to acquire weight. In other words, I cheerfully concede that my editorial word is not a law unto itself.

Then, you may ask, can I write sincerely? Am I not guilty of intellectual dishonesty at times? How can I write editorials, as strong editorials as my ability permits, on the great variety of topics that arise, without conflicting with my newspaper's policies on one hand or sacrificing my self-respect on the other?

That is a pertinent question. You, as students in journalism should ask that question because it covers a problem which might trouble those who have editorial ambitions.

My reply must of necessity be somewhat lengthy and involved. First, let us analyze the relationship of the editorial writer and the newspaper by which he is employed. When I say editorial writer I mean, of course, a person who is paid to write editorials which are submitted to an editorial director before publication. All editorial writers are not in this category. Some editorials are written by men whose personal opinions are, in a measure, the newspaper's policies. For example, sometimes newspaper owners are also editors. For the present purpose, however, I am going to ask you to consider the editorial writer as an ordinary employee holding a position comparable to that of a reporter or sub-editor. In many cases, particularly on newspapers published outside of the metropolitan areas, the editorial writers are important personages whose ranks and salaries are considerably higher than those of members of the news staffs, excepting the managing editors.

To resume: The newspaper is admittedly more important than the editorial writer. Whitelaw Reid, of the *New York Tribune*, once said that "every great newspaper represents an intellectual, a moral and a material growth; the accretion of successful efforts from year to year until it has become an institution and a power."

You will recognize the truth in this statement. In a sense, the newspaper is timeless; it goes on and on mirroring current events and, if wisely directed, acquiring more and more public confidence. It undergoes evolution in keeping pace with the spirit of the times, but, in the final analysis, it is comparable to a motionless boulder in the midst of a torrent. The city in which it is published undergoes physical changes; generations of citizens come and go; but the newspaper remains, presenting and interpreting the news. Even the founder of the newspaper dies; so do his associates; editorial writers flourish and pass from the scene; but the newspaper outlives mortal man.

Thus the newspaper is an institution. Men and women leave their imprints on it, of course, but it exists after they are gone. The mere fact that it persists from generation to

generation is conclusive proof that its opinions are considered trustworthy, that each generation is interested more in the newspaper than in the persons who exercise temporary editorial influence. In the face of these facts it requires an excess of egotism for an editorial writer, an employe, to believe that his personal opinions are sounder than those embodied in the newspaper's policies.

But what of the editorial writer? He has a mind of his own. He has free will. He may recognize the institutional value of the newspaper and the power of collective opinion which is exemplified in its editorial policies and yet find it difficult to write forcefully and intelligently at all times without being treasonable to his own intellect. That difficulty, I assure you, is subject to over-emphasis; and it is over-emphasized.

In the first place, I want to urge the student who is thinking seriously of an editorial writing career to make every reasonable attempt to realize that the mental processes are more or less fluid. I mean simply this: That we are prone to overestimate the importance of our personal opinions.

I think it is safe to assert that every person in this room has found many times that cherished opinions were erroneous. In most cases the fault has been our own. We hear something or see something and form an opinion. Later we learn that we had not heard all or seen all and are forced to abandon or revise the opinion which seemed attractive and forceful, perhaps even worth fighting for.

Now, please don't think for one moment that I am counseling you against use of your mentalities. On the contrary, I urge you to think things out to the best of your ability. But the point that I am trying to make is that narrow thinking is worse than no thinking. An open mind should be cultivated. The fact that we err so often in forming opinions denotes a tendency to narrow-mindedness. If we shunned opinions which are not supported by apparently incontrovertible evidence; if we reasoned everything out to the best of our ability, we should have fewer opinions and sounder ones.

When you are editorial writers you can work harmoniously and conscientiously, even under conditions resulting from personal idiosyncrasies and newspaper policies which baffle the outsider, merely by admitting the truth of that old saying: There are two sides to everything.

This is a propitious moment to remark that you can find more than two sides to most topics that you are called on to discuss editorially. Never have I encountered a legitimate editorial topic that had but one side; and few are limited to two sides.

It simmers down to this: To be a good editorial writer you must cultivate a judicial mind. The judge on the bench, as you know, would be unfit for his high place if he did not put aside personal feelings, sympathies and various sentimentalities, and administer the law impartially. The lawyer who is not capable of thorough analysis of a given case is in dire straits, for a lawyer may be on one side of a point of law today and another side tomorrow. As debaters in this and other schools you have learned by experience that every case has an affirmative and a negative point of view and that either is conducive to sustained argument. More, you have learned that an accomplished debater must be prepared to attack or to defend on short notice no matter what his personal opinions may be. In learning that you have gone far in your training for editorial writing.

You will agree that it would be nonsensical to contend that the judge on the bench, the lawyer, and the debater sacrifice self-respect when they perform the tasks assigned to them by society. Why, then, should it be contended, or even inferred, that an editorial writer deserves censure when he does not accomplish the impossible—make each of his per-

sonal opinions conform in the minutest detail to the policies of his newspaper?

So if there are any in this class who have qualms about training for editorial writing because they fear that newspaper policies might conflict with their personal opinions and that it necessarily follows that they could not write editorials without perpetrating grievous wrongs, I can assure them that they are taking a narrow view, one that is unfair to themselves and to the people with whom they will come in contact when they have left school.

Again I urge you to cultivate the habit of going thoroughly into every topic. Examine the topic from all angles. Do not be content to make one case; persevere until you have made two or more cases. It will be a broadening experience, the sort of training that makes you fair-minded. There is no more desirable citizen than a fair-minded person. Most of the injustices in this world are inflicted by persons having single-track minds who refuse to concede the validity of opinions entertained by others.

Here is what you will be called upon to do in every case when you are editorial writers. You will be asked to criticize or applaud a proposal, a system, a person or a condition. Criticism, as you know, can be described broadly as the placing of emphasis on what appear to be flaws. Defense or praise, by the same token, is conducted or bestowed by emphasizing what appear to be good traits.

By way of illustration I am going to analyze briefly one of the foremost topics of the day—Prohibition. Millions believe prohibition is indispensable; other millions contend that it is incompatible with American principles. On one side we have the extreme wets who hold that nothing good can be said of prohibition; on the other the extreme dries who contend that nothing bad can be said of it.

What is the truth about Prohibition? Is it all good and no bad? Is it all bad and no good? The truth—the self-evident truth if the subject is surveyed dispassionately—is that Prohibition is good and bad. The elements supporting this statement are too plain to need elaboration here. It is possible to support prohibition and still believe that it has created evils while eliminating evils. Again, you can oppose Prohibition even while you are admitting that it has merits. In brief, you need only common sense and a desire to be fair-minded to discuss Prohibition intelligently from at least two points of view.

I have touched briefly on Prohibition because it is a prominent, perhaps the most prominent, domestic issue at this time. If you were to begin writing newspaper editorials tomorrow you would be forced to write about Prohibition. If there is a newspaper in this country which is neutral on Prohibition I have not heard of it. Analyses of this type could be undertaken with the same results on virtually all of the national and international issues which are featured in the newspapers today. Try it yourself: Take today's newspapers or tomorrow morning's and analyze the news items from a disinterested point of view just as if you were editorial writers and those subjects had been assigned to you with the stipulation that you formulate two sets of policies.

In conclusion, I shall reiterate that you will find life a happy experience if you combat your prejudices instead of yielding to them. If you strive to be unprejudiced, to avoid the single-track mentality as you would shun a pestilential state, you will be better editorial writers, better citizens and better Christians. Of one thing you can rest assured: No reputable newspaper editor will ask you to write anything contrary to the morality that is exemplified in your religion. The Ten Commandments are as potent in the editorial rooms of newspapers as they are elsewhere.

THE WINK

SUMMER INCIDENT

*You stood at the break in the hills . . .
Your hair a tawny gold
Brushed by the wind . . .
You stood where the green fields
And blue skies meet . . .
Your head held high,
Proud, and joyously alive.*

*I watched from the blue shadow
Of a twisted apple tree . . .
I lay on the tangled grasses
And watched you
In the wind and sunlight . . .
Then you walked on and I was sorry
That you had not turned your head.*

—BLACK KNIGHT.

* * * *

THE WINK: The other day two freshman day dogs moved upon the campus and took the former landlady's bedroom slippers with them. She called up the chief of police and requested a search for them. I believe that that is a striking illustration of "pedal larceny."

—ROBIN HOOD II.

This gives us an idea. We will award a suitable prize for the worst pun to be sent in to us this week. The rules of the contest are as follows:

- a. All puns must sound original.
- b. All remarks about "puns and coffee for breakfast" will be summarily dismissed and their perpetrators subject to a fine.

The winner of the contest will be awarded all fines collected during the week.

* * * *

To the *Saturday Evening Post* goes our award for the neatest serial story installment ending to be turned out by an American magazine during the month of January, 1929. The *Post* was the winner by virtue of the following:

"Good night," murmured Addie.
Veith, as she spoke, once more crushed her in his arms.
(To be continued.)

* * * *

SONG OF A PSUEDO BLIND MAN

(To be sung with the evening repast.)

*Every night I come to this grimy lunchroom,
Every night I come here to have my supper
And chat a bit with Joe (who shuffles plates).
Every night I come here and over a cup of bitter coffee
Think that I will join the army to see the world.*

—THE PSUEDO BLIND MAN.

OUR OWN COLOR ROTO SECTION

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



UNOFFICIAL PROM PHOTOGRAPH

Above is seen an unofficial photograph of the Junior Prom, taken by our unofficial staff photographer, Otto Graphick, who leaped up to the balcony of the Palais Royale last Friday just as the gay young couples were leaving the floor. Mr. Graphick pointed his camera, shouted "Stick around!" and fired his flash-light. The Juniors misunderstood him to say "Stick 'em up!" and expecting gun play, they stood in front of their fair guests who are consequently not seen in the picture. Shortly after this picture was made, Mr. Graphick was taken for a ride by a group of Chicago gangsters who mistook him for a prominent member of The Crook of the Month Club. It was only due to his presence of mind in quickly sewing the plate inside the lining of his coat that we have this picture today.

* * * *

VALENTINE TO LILA FERN

*Somebody cares where you are
And what you do;
Somebody worries about
And dreams of you;
Somebody loves you,
Calls you "Mine";
Somebody wants you for
His Valentine.*

—WAZMUS.

* * * *

Well Friends, here is the second edition of the new *Wink* and in addition to our color roto section we herewith present another big feature, our worst pun of the week contest, which should be of the greatest interest to all Notre Dame men . . . and about that Arthurian atmosphere that was reported as being on the siding last week, further investigation revealed it to be a shipment of laundry (yes, we like fudge). We are sorry to disappoint you, but you might drop around next week and see how things are going.

—YE ERRING KNIGHT.

The Heart of Notre Dame's Scientific Collection

PAUL J. HALLINAN

SET far apart from the vicissitudes of campus life—back on the third floor of the University Library, are three rooms which contain the heart of Notre Dame's scientific collection. Here, plant life has been taken from its woodland or meadow setting and preserved in careful and systematic arrangement for study. Here are shelves upon shelves of books, practical and rare, many of them pleasures to either the botanist or the philologist. Here, scholars of science from all over America come to read, to study and to copy. And yet, the collection—a tribute to the genius of Notre Dames' premier botanists, the Reverend Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., and Dr. Edward Lee Greene, LL.D.—is almost unknown to the undergraduate students of the University.

The death of Dr. Greene in 1915 ended the career of one of America's outstanding scientists. His complete collection which was left to Notre Dame contains 3,000 volumes in its library and over 70,000 plant specimens in its herbarium. Father Nieuwland, nationally recognized in scientific work, began his collection in 1907. It now includes 1,500 volumes and 20,000 specimens.

Volumes in Latin, Japanese, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Polish, and Belgian are found in Father Nieuwland's library, in the form of books and bound periodicals. Some date back as far as 1492, recording the researches and discoveries of famous botanists of that time; important books of later publication include the "Flora Americae Septentrionalis," one of the earliest cataloguing works, treating of North American botany exclusively, and "Pursh's Flora of North America," edited in 1814. New methods and constant discoveries never allow the science to grow old. Today, a naturalist may find a new plant, prove that its identification has never been made before and publish its discovery. A plant of this kind, an original, is known as a "type specimen."

The problem of a systematic classification of plants as well as of animals, requires a universal method of naming. Linnaeus developed this "binomial nomenclature." By excellent books on nearly every phase of plant life, especially on classification, he merited the title, "father of binomial nomenclature." All of his works, most of them first editions, are in both libraries. His "Species Plantarum" in two volumes, published in 1753, has generally been recognized as the starting point of species classification. "General Plantarum," an earlier work by Linnaeus, is considered one of the best in the collection.

Mendel, an Austrian monk, published a book in 1878 regarding his famous Mendelian law, concerning the hybridization of plants and animals. The original copy is in the Nieuwland library. There are many others, valuable to the botanist, and significant because of their worth, to even the layman.

A few words might be said here of the method of preparing a herbarium. A complete specimen contains all the parts of the plant—the root, the stem, the leaves (in all their forms), the flower and the fruit. The specimen is artificially dried and prepared in such a manner that it is secured against destructive activities and insects. All the specimens of a certain species are placed in a species folder; all the species of a certain genus are then grouped under a genus heading and placed in a larger folder.

The large number of type specimens already referred to is the reason of the importance of Dr. Greene's herbarium. There are 5,000 of these originals discovered and named by him in the course of his travels and studies. From the South, from the Pacific coast, from central and mid-west

America, plants were gathered by Dr. Greene; others were obtained from various parts of North America by exchange with other botanists. Because of a wise provision in his will, no specimen is permitted to be removed from the University. Botanical scholars come, consequently, from East and West to study his collection. On account of the knowledge and delicate handling required in the preparation and preservation of the plants, only graduate students of botany may use the herbaria.

The life of Dr. Greene can almost be visualized as one looks over the rare old books in his room. As a Union soldier in the Chickamauga campaign of 1865, he carried in his knapsack his first botanical textbook, "Wood's Class-Book of Botany." While the army marched along through the Old South, stopping and camping at times, he sought out new plants and placed them between the leaves of his book for later identification. Many of these are still in the book which is displayed in the room.

Again, we see Dr. Greene browsing over dusty volumes in a small Philadelphia book-shop. Suddenly his eye notes a group of artistic hand-colored illustrations of plants. Eager to discover any important works in this field, he examines the book. A study of their origin proved that the plates were made by John Eatton Le Conte to accompany a text-book which he wrote on botany. The plan was neglected because the author found the cost of the plates to be prohibitive. Because of this, they were lost to the botanical world until Dr. Greene, realizing their value, bought them at the bookstore and later had reproductions of the plates made for study. The originals are in the Greene collection.

Other important works which are included on the shelves of Dr. Greene's collection are those of Asa Gray and Valerius Cordus. Gray, who was a contemporary of Dr. Greene, was one of the greatest botanists that the scientific world has known. Valerius Cordus excelled in plant description and his work, which was published by Dr. Conrad Gesner after his death, abounds in colorful as well as technically perfect details of plant appearance.

A mind so fertile and active as Dr. Greene's could not be content with merely collecting and classifying. A short while before his death he began an ambitious work—the writing of his "Land-Marks of Botanical History," a treatise of this subject since the beginning of time. The first volume was completed and was readily recognized as an excellent work. The second part, however, was in manuscript at his death and has never been finished. It is now in the Smithsonian Library at Washington, efforts made at various times to complete it, having been unsuccessful. Probably this can never be done, because the treatment and data used by Dr. Greene in his work render substitution almost impossible.

Among the other works edited by the famous botanist are the numerous *Flora* from various sections of the country in which Dr. Greene had traveled and studied; and his Botanical Leaflets in two parts. He combined in his writings, scientific data with perfect style, the two essentials of a botanical author, and thereby made his writings not only of tremendous interest to botanists, but also to the average layman as well.

Facts and incidents such as these are numerous, full of that personal element which makes the life of Dr. Greene so interesting—the love of the man for his work. He was a worthy pioneer of botany at Notre Dame and his successor, Father Nieuwland, is carrying on this project of botanical research and classification in the same way, constantly meriting the praise of the scientific bodies all over the country.

EDITOR'S PAGE

CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

The month of February has been set aside by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, for the purpose of increasing the attention paid the Catholic press by laymen. That there is need for such an appeal for the support of our religious press, there is no denying. The influence and the power of the printed word in combating the intolerance of the enemies of the Church is evident.

The disgraceful conditions existing in Mexico today affords a powerful example of the fate the Church will endure when bigotry comes into control. And the most efficient weapon to combat this bigotry and intolerance is the turning of the searchlight of the press into the dark corners of ignorance where bigotry lurks.

More than likely, if Catholics in the republic to the south had a means of publishing the atrocities practised against the members of religion, more general public feeling would be aroused. If the world had been given an uncensored and unbiased account of the true state of affairs, common decency and humanity would have impelled Catholics and non-Catholics alike, whatever their nationality, to rise in protest at this travesty on justice.

Aside from the natural advantages resulting from the heeding of the Holy Father's call there is also the cultural benefits to be gained. As Bishop McDevitt, Chairman of the Department of Press and Literature of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, says, "The response to this appeal should be prompt and hearty, not only because of the high mission to which the Catholic Press is dedicated, but also because of the intrinsic merits of our Catholic publications which in excellence suffer nothing from comparison with the secular papers and stand far above the vast majority of sectarian periodicals."

—D. W. S.

DUDLEY GOODALL WOOTEN

Dudley Goodall Wooten is dead. Catholicism has lost one of its most ardent champions; America one of its most distinguished men; the bar one of its most able jurists. Notre Dame grieves his passing.

The University first saw his tall, distinguished figure in 1924, immediately after the successful culmination of his brilliant efforts on behalf of the Church against the discriminating Oregon school law. The University last saw him one day during the past fall when he was assisted to a waiting automobile for the last time, an enfeebled figure, but with his indomitable courage still burning high. He had asked to once more see "his boys," as he affectionately termed his students in the Law school, before his doctor's orders sent him to Texas for a much-needed, long-deferred rest. From the first time to the last, Dudley Goodall Wooten endeared himself to all Notre Dame men because he exemplified in the flesh all those ideals which they cherish the most.

A Southern gentleman in every sense of the word; a man gifted with a quick mind and forcible eloquence; a brilliant judge; a powerful writer; a born educator; and a staunch defender of the Church which he embraced in 1922, Judge Wooten was ever the protector of the weak and the champion of the oppressed. In his almost forty years of public service as Prosecuting Attorney, as Spécial Judge of courts in Texas and Washington, D. C., as Congressman, and as barrister, he gave himself unstintingly to his work. Not once did he forget his tremendous responsibilities. Not once did he forget that there are always two sides to a question, and that the opinions of the other fellow should be respected. Not once did he equivocate or attempt to dodge an issue, but always squarely faced the opposition, graciously accepting his few defeats, and modestly accepting his numerous victories. His public career was above reproach, and as the years of his life mounted, so did the esteem and the regard in which he was held by all classes.

Dudley Goodall Wooten is dead; but the high ideals of honor, fairness, and justice that he has in-
eradicably inculcated into the hearts of his students, friends, and associates remain as imperishable, living monuments to an outstanding American.

—J. V. H.

The Role of Catholic Physicians and Scientists In the Advancement of Civilization

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.

LAST November the program committee of the History of Science Society which was to meet during the Christmas vacation in conjunction with the New York Academy of Medicine and Section N of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, asked me to write an article on the topic that is the title of this paper. I need scarcely say that I was glad to respond because for about forty years that subject has occupied more of my attention than any other.

A great many people who have heard much about its being the policy of the Church to suppress science as far as possible or at least to permit only the cultivation of such phases of science as might by no possibility interfere with faith, would probably be very much inclined to think that an article on this theme, would not occupy very much space or time. Some might even be inclined to think that like the famous chapter on Snakes in Ireland which an indignant Irishman turned to only to find that it was comprised of a single sentence, "There are no snakes in Ireland," this chapter in the history of science might be dismissed very briefly.

As a matter of fact, instead of an article of 5,000 words, it would take a book of 500,000 words to give any adequate idea of the contributions to the advancement of science and with it of civilization that have been made by Catholic scientists. A great many of these were actually Catholic priests. If you take the modern sciences in alphabetical order, beginning with anatomy, anthropology and astronomy, through biology and botany, and down to zoology, there is not one of them that does not owe the great pioneer work in research which laid the foundation of the science to Catholic clergymen. That might not seem to be true with regard to a science like anatomy, but as soon as something is known about the history of the science, the truth of the proposition is evident. Anatomy developed down in Italy and for five centuries all the best work in anatomy was done in the Italian peninsula. The ecclesiastical heads of universities secured the privilege of using the bodies of paupers for dissection purposes. One of the first great Italian surgeons, and it was the surgeons who developed anatomy in the early days, was a bishop. A number of the others were in minor orders, some in major orders. There is no science that owes so much to the Church as anatomy. A great many of the papal physicians, Eustachius, Varolius, Malpighi, have structures in the human body named after them because they discovered them.

In anthropology all the greatest names are those of priests. The pioneer a hundred years ago was Father John MacEnerny who found human remains alongside those of ex-

tinct animals, the reindeer and the hairy mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, in England. A hundred years later the two greatest names in anthropology were Abbé Breuil and Father Obermaier, whose work upon the cave man has given them world-wide fame. Professor Osborn, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its recent meeting, and director of the American Museum of Natural History, has mentioned the names of more than a dozen of priests who have in the interval done magnificent work in anthropology.

As regards astronomy, the greatest names in the older time are those of priests. Father Johannes Müller, who is known from his birth place, Koenigsburg, as Regiomontanus, was invited to Rome to correct the calendar. The deepest thinker in astronomical matters in the fifteenth century was Cardinal Nicholas of Cuba who declared that the earth is a star like the other stars and cannot be at rest and is not the centre of the universe. Copernicus revolutionized astronomy in the modern time, made his studies in mathematics and astronomy down in Italy, and was the canon of a cathedral. We are not sure whether he was a priest or not, but we know that he helped his bishop, keep his diocese in the Catholic Church when dioceses all around were falling away into Lutheranism. One of the greatest astronomers of the end of the nineteenth century was Father Secchi, the Jesuit, who received so many prizes and distinctions from foreign governments because of his successful astronomical research.

And so, one might go through the list of the sciences. All the greater pioneer work in the science of electricity was done by priests. The first history of electricity was written by Priestley, the English discoverer of oxygen, who was in this country for some time. He named half a dozen of priests as the pioneers in electricity. The Leyden jar was made by Canon Von Kleist, a Catholic priest; the first electrical machine was made by Father Gordon, a Benedictine monk; Father Diwisch, a premonstratensian, rivalled our own Franklin in his studies of lightning and electricity; Father Reccaria attracted the attention of the English Royal Society for his work on electricity; Abbé Nollet studied the influence of electricity on plants and animals; and Abbé Haüy is the founder of pyro-electricity.

Some time or other we shall come to realize that instead of needing apology, we have a glorious chapter in the history of science as it was fostered by the Church. The Catholic Church was, and is, as great a patron of science as of art in all its forms and of education and literature.

EDITOR'S NOTE: James J. Walsh, A.M., M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., is one of the foremost medical authorities, authors, and lecturers in the United States. He was educated at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., the University of Pennsylvania, and the universities of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. He has been Medical Director of the Fordham University School of Sociology, and Professor of Physiological Psychology at Cathedral College, New York, since 1905. He is a member of many medical societies and other organizations, and has received many decorations and honorary degrees.

Dr. Walsh has appeared on the lecture platform at Notre Dame on numerous occasions. He has always been a close friend of the University, and expresses his feeling for Notre Dame in a few lines appearing in a letter accompanying the above article:

"I have always felt very close to Notre Dame and have among the faculty some of my dearest friends. I would do anything in the world I could do for the dear old place to which I feel I owe only just a little less than to my Alma Mater, Fordham."

LITERARY

The Poetry of Mr. T. S. Eliot

MURRAY YOUNG

BASSANES: No noise? dost hear nothing?

GRAUSIS:

Not a mouse

Or whisper of the wind.

The Broken Heart—Ford
Act III, Scene II.

NOW that Amy Lowell is dead, Harriet Monroe's "Poetry," a respectable institution, the ragged ends of free verse all nice and smooth again, and the "New Poetry Movement" dated, signed, and laid away in somber anthologies, we can at last survey what was done in those somewhat exciting years between 1910 and 1920 with more calmness than was possible during the excitement, and with resultant judgment that in those days would have seemed shocking. That the imagists, the vorticists, and the rest did bring a new life, a new vocabulary to poetry no one could justly deny. But now we can see that we did not get much beyond Walt Whitman in technique, and that we did not even approach him so far as genuine achievement is concerned. We can see now that perhaps Eliot was right when he said of free verse "that there was no revolution, no movement, no progress, there was only Ezra Pound with a fine ear."

But out of the many names once so bright in the swirl of the excitement there are a few, perhaps one or two, who, as we have come to see, have left something new, original, and important. And of these the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot easily comes first.

Mr. Eliot is not widely known, has never been, and probably never will be; his subject matter is too limited, and his method is too difficult to make for popularity. Yet his influence is easily seen in the poetry of the younger people who are just now appearing on the horizon. Perhaps too easily seen for at times the echo of Eliot is so evident as to spoil any claim for originality on their part. Read the poetry of men like Archibald MacLeish, Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, and others in their group and see how often they are writing and thinking like Eliot.

Why his influence has been so significant to such a variety of intelligences is a question at once difficult and interesting. Does it mean that all the poets who have responded to his influence, as their work shows, possess a kind of "type-mind"? A closed examination of their poetry would hardly confirm this. Could it mean that he has, by the power of genius, broken a new and welcome path in the always too conventional field of poetry? Or does it mean, as one critic has said, that Eliot's poetry has brought about a "change of sensibility" which has been variously experienced by these young writers?

The answers to these questions lie, of course, in this limited group of poems, and more indirectly in his brief critical articles. To examine his poetry for answers is difficult, for

Mr. Eliot is in every case a difficult poet. To a great host of people he is merely an involved and nonsensical versifier who parades his erudition in a lamentable fashion through a series of original but unimportant poems. For a less numerous group what has been achieved in these poems of his stand as the highest poetical attainment in contemporary verse writing. To say that the taste for Mr. Eliot is acquired is not strictly true for if you accept him at all the reaction is immediate and definite. Intuitive as the reaction usually is it is only after a repeated reading and (quite often) a laborious study that your liking takes on the form of reasons and explanations. But once he has penetrated to the mind of the properly intuitive reader his rhythms, his images, his whole intellectual attitude, becomes curiously imprinted.

Mr. Eliot's first poems were written, I believe, while he was still at Harvard or immediately after having left there. These early poems fit, but uneasily, in the classification of *vers de societie*. They are for the most part oddly humorous bits in an entirely new and striking form. "Mr. Appollinax" who when he

"visited the United States

His laughter twinkled among the tea-cups."

Or "Cousin Nancy Eliocot" who

"Strode across the hills and broke them".

Or "The Boston Evening Transcript" whose readers

"Sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn."

Slight as they are they indicate a wit and irony quite new in American poetry.

Two longer poems which seem extension of the same method, written as their settings would seem to show, after he had removed to England, have a more lasting worth and are capable of inciting a more sustained attention. These are "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "The Portrait of a Lady." Outside of the interest of their subjects which is naturally limited, their principal appeal lies in the unusual rhythmical patterns, and in their intense and disillusioned wit.

The "Love Song" is the introspective maunderings of a dilettante who has "Measured out his life with coffee-spoons." There is a slight incident of a meeting with a woman which serves merely to show in greater relief Prufrock's general sense of inadequacy for love, for art, for life, and to bring about his fierce and self-mocking epitaph:

"But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought
in upon a platter,
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid."

The "Portrait of a Lady" deals with a kind of feminine counterpart of Prufrock who sits "serving tea to friends," and recounts her rather vague love affair with a young man through whom the story is told.

Here is a passage from "The Portrait" that illustrates the unusual quality of his rhythms:

"I keep my countenance,
I remain self-possessed
Except when a street piano, mechanical and tired
Reiterates some worn-out common song
With the smell of hyacinths across the garden
Recalling things that other people have desired.
Are these ideas right or wrong."

And to further illustrate his rhythms and to show his power of sudden and lovely images quote the concluding lines of the "Love Song" which astonishingly end the involved mutterings of the poem:

"I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

"I do not think that they will sing to me.

"I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black."

"We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us and we drown."

Among his early work are the "Sweeney" verses. These poems have as their central figure the man Sweeney, who would seem to symbolize what is crude, vulgar, and common in life:

"The lengthened shadow of a man
Is history, said Emerson
Who had not seen the silhouette
Of Sweeney straddled in the sun."

They are filled with an intense and intellectual wit that would hardly merit their inclusion in a selection of humorous poetry; they are a little too cruel for that, a little too cold. Besides they demand from the reader, as all of Eliot's poetry, a little too much. In these poems Mr. Eliot's method seems to be that of contrasts. We are first presented a prosaic, ugly scene with exact, astringent touches; then without warning a contrasting scene or an opposing condition full of beauty and wonder is given. The result is an effect startling, confusing, and unforgettable.

"Sweeney Among The Nightingales" is a good example of this method. We are given first a scene in richly conceived images, a scene vulgar, lecherous, pathetically absurd (once we have realized the truth behind the refraction of the images); then suddenly after these statements comes the unexpected one of the two concluding stanzas:

"The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
Where Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid droppings fall
To stain the stiff, dishonoured shroud."

The effect is extraordinarily striking; the two statements, so irrelevant to one another as to seem beyond the scope of even the most extended imaginative play, thrown thus to-

gether produce an intellectual as well as an emotional response that is rare indeed in poetry.

In his four "Precludes" Eliot has managed to catch a certain aspect of modern urban life in such a perfect balance of rhythms, images, and mood, that whatever else may be written on the same subject can only be repetition. If poetry should heighten the experiences of every day life as many people have said, then these preludes are surely poetry; but not quite in the way those who preach the dictum mean. There is an immediate recognition of the exactness of the images and the rightness of the phrasing:

II.

"The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street
With all its muddy feet that press
To early coffee-stands.

With the other masquerades
That time resumes,
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

It is from the later poems that Eliot's influence seems to have most directly issued. It is in them that we find the note of dryness, futility,

"Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season."

that has come to be so peculiarly his own. And it is into this arid, starved state of futility and agonized emotion that the younger poets have followed him. Perhaps they find this sense of despair and waste which he has so brilliantly defined, so inevitably their own that they must inescapably enter and speak of it. Or on the other hand the impact of Eliot's definition of his own impoverished intellectual and emotional state may have so impressed itself upon their poetic sensibilities that they have come to believe his definition to be their own, which not being the case, when they write under its inspiration they are merely echoes of the "old man in a dry month," Tiresias, and the other distinct Eliot characters.

"Gerontion" is the first "drouth" poem. It has been called an intellectual drama, which at least classifies even if it does throw but poor light on our understanding of the poem. There is however one thing in it that is clear enough, and this is the awful mental agony which prompted it, an agony that strips aside all verbiage and decoratives of flattered emotions and speaks in bare, suffering lines like these:

"I would meet you upon this honestly.
I that was near your heart was removed therefrom
To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.
I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated?"

There is a feeling in these lines and in their expression that immediately throws the mind back to some of the Elizabethans, Webster especially. A few lines from "The White Devil" will serve to show a striking similarity between Webster and Eliot, both in temper of mind and in quality of expression:

"I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me;
No, at myself I will begin and end.
While we look up to Heaven, we confound
Knowledge with knowledge, O, I am in a mist!"

The Elizabethans have been a special study of Eliot's, he has written concerning them, and a great part of his quota-

tions, (and he quotes frequently) are from them. He seems to have found in the fierce directness of their lines, and in their rich, eccentric conceits a peculiar sympathy. He too employs odd conceits for purposes of wit and intensity, and they are not the least of the factors which add to the difficulty of his poetry.

The most important single work of Mr. Eliot's so far has been, of course, "The Waste Land," a long poem of some four hundred lines. On the first appearance of the poem it was variously hailed as a wonder of erudition, as a brilliant hoax, and as an astonishing master-piece. So far as I know there has been no authoritative explanation of it. Those who have attempted an explanation have made it clear that what they have to say concerning the poem is a personal exegesis and to be taken as such. Mr. Eliot has himself appended notes to the poem, but they seem to add to the confusion rather than to clarify it. The theme of the poem would seem to be the agonized cry of an intellect stricken with its own sterility. The Latin quotation which prefaces the poem tells of the Sibylline prophetess, who, worn out with prophecy and asked what she wished, replied, "I want to die." This quotation is, likely, meant to give the key to the curious labyrinth which it precedes. But there is such an interplay of symbolism, such a confusion of contrasted moods and ideas, that even after one has grown to delight in the poem the maze of its several parts is too complicated for complete comprehension. With its theme of futility, its extraordinary cleverness, and the wealth of its erudition it is at one with what seems more and more to be the intellectual temper of the period in which it was written. It has been called the best expression of the modern mind.

Although the "Waste Land" is a long poem there is no story, there is merely a series of emotional states compounded of sparse beautiful lines which are Mr. Eliot's own, and a multitude of quotations ranging from Ezekiel and St. Augustine, through Dante, Shakespeare, and Spenser, down to Baudelaire and Verlaine, with a kind of comic chorus of parodies and satires.

There is much that is beautiful in it, much that is strange, and much that is confusing. There are scenes in it drawn from modern life, scenes from mythology, from history, from a curious timeless world, and all placed in the poem in contrasts, juxtapositions, and in odd harmonies, as the sensibility of a modern man would play back over the scenes of modern, mythological, and historical life, and bring them to bear on the centre possession of his own mind—agonized sterility.

The whole poem is obscure, and amusing, and beautiful from the first lovely opening lines:

"April is the cruelest month breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain."

through the pathetic:

"The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon
the door."

to the surprising introduction of the jazz theme:

"O O O that Shakespearian Rag—
It's so elegant
So intelligent."

through the strange, equivocal beauty of this passage in the fifth part:

"A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted
well."

to the magnificent lines in the closing section:

My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retrace
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms."

Which passage is Elizabethan in a truly exciting and beautiful way, and yet a perfect expression of the period in which it was written.

At present Mr. Eliot's interest seem to be turned away from poetry into the field of criticism; perhaps he will not again write poems, but whether he does or not he can at least rest secure with the knowledge that he has made a fine and distinguished contribution to American poetry.

Theirs In Death

LOUIS L. HASLEY

IT was the second day after the death of Mrs. Dever's husband. Ever since the body had been placed in the coffin, the widow had sat through the interminable hours beside the bier. She was dressed from head to foot in deep black. Occasionally she crossed or uncrossed her feet, or changed the position of her wearily-clasped hands which lay in her lap. Her heavy eyes alternated between following the contour of her husband's cretaceous face and staring vacantly at the multitudinous sprays and wreaths of flowers that were piled thickly in all parts of the room. And yet their fragrance was stern, leaden, melancholy. The air in the room was stiff and overladen with the confused scent of a great variety of flowers, in which pink roses and white car-

nations seemed predominant. Her head was dull, and sometimes she would unclasp her hands and brush back the wayward strands of the weak black hair that now seemed suddenly to have become streaked with slate.

Mrs. Dever had neither eaten nor slept during the two days, and all the pleadings of her friends, and of Henry, brother of the deceased man, were in vain. At irregular intervals she went to her room and cried, for she found that crying helped to soothe the anguish that weighed so despairingly on her soul. But always she would dry her tears and resume her vigil.

It was chiefly the thought of the funeral that was exercising such a depressing influence on the mind of the wid-

owed Mrs. Dever. The fear that she could not keep the services from being a public affair became so great that it would not be dispelled. Telegrams poured in from governors, judges, and various public officials all over the country. Floral offerings were almost as numerous. Early the second day, flowers had been placed in every available spot in the spacious room, and Mrs. Dever was glad that the flowers that were sure yet to come would have to be put in another room. Now she would not be disturbed so much with the inconsequential questions of Henry, her brother-in-law, concerning where to place them. As if it mattered!

But there was the funeral. Was the whole world coming? Her heart seemed to swell almost to bursting at the thought of the endless crowds that would mill at the church. How did they all know he was dead? "Beloved Bob" Dever, the nation's greatest diplomat and statesman," the St. Helena Tribune had called him. But he wasn't any more. Why, oh why, couldn't people forget him and leave her alone in her sorrow?

The previous day it had not been hard to keep the crowds from viewing the body. She had simply instructed the servants and the people about the house to admit no one but relatives. The small crowd that gathered outside well understood why they should not be permitted to enter the house so soon after "Beloved Bob" had died. And so she had hoped and fervently prayed that the funeral could be private and quiet. There was no law compelling a woman to make public her sorrow at the death of her husband. The relatives and a few close friends would be enough.

But on this the second day things were different. She reluctantly allowed several deputations of prominent citizens from fraternal organizations and one from the bar association to view the body and to offer their condolences.

Condolences! Always condolences, empty, meaningless. She was tired of them, and of insincere sympathy.

In the afternoon, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people gathered outside in the hope of being allowed to view the body. Henry Dever came to the grief-stricken woman and told her of the crowd and of the requests of prominent people that they be permitted to look upon the remains.

"No," she replied. "I'm sick of it all. Why should I?"

"Because," returned Henry a bit caustically, "Bob was no more yours than any one else's in this country. He belonged to the public."

The blood surged to her cheeks and an angry retort rose to her lips, but a sharp pain in her heart checked it. Her head dropped disconsolately.

"Did you arrange for a quiet funeral, as I asked?"

"Quiet? You didn't mean that? God, I'd like a quiet funeral as well as you. But think of the thousands of people—Bob was their champion. You can't rob them of their right to pay him a final tribute."

He laid a tender hand on her shoulder.

"There now, Edna. You're upset. Better go to your room and get some rest. The people will be coming in shortly."

"I want to watch them, Henry," she choked.

The line of people seemed endless, eternal, as it filed slowly past the black casket. Men, hats in hand, were stoic of countenance, and in the eyes of a few one could read mental comparisons regarding his appearance in life and in death. Women usually took one good look and turned quickly away. And as she sat on the opposite side of the coffin, Mrs. Dever saw them all steal surreptitious glances at her own face, and her heart became bitter. Oh, they needn't show her any sympathy. She had got along without it thus far.

Then suddenly she remembered Henry's words, "Bob was no more yours than anyone else's in the country. He belonged to the public." Was it really true? Dully she reviewed their life together. She hadn't married him until he

was thirty-four, a rising young lawyer who was then already assistant general counsel for one of the largest railroad systems in the country. The honeymoon had been short—a week in the Adirondacks, and then back to his mansion in St. Helena that had been empty since the death of the elder Devers some years before.

Soon after, his brilliant negotiations as a member of a trade commission specially appointed to settle a dispute with the Canadian government gained him nation-wide prominence. She recalled that he didn't take her along when he went to Ottawa knowing that he would probably be gone for several weeks.

Up to the time of his sudden illness and death, Bob Dever was ever an indefatigable worker. In recognition of his adroit dealing with the Canadian government, he was offered the post of assistant secretary of state. At a great reduction of salary, he accepted. She remembered that he had begged her to remain in St. Helena until he could get a house ready; and it was three months after he left for the capitol that he finally wrote her to come. But in her pride over the place her husband was gaining in the world, she hadn't noticed his indifference to her. Then four years later when the new President took office, Bob was appointed secretary of state.

Followed eight years in that office that now, although just ended, seemed already like a nightmare. Bob was never at home. Always something political: meetings, appointments, or conventions. A trip to Mexico, and one to France. She accompanied him on the latter and when the treaty was signed, her husband was anxious to get home. The country was in wild acclaim of Bob Dever, now "Beloved Bob," when they landed. A mammoth parade up Broadway, receptions at the capitol, and the newspapers of both political parties praising him extravagantly. Now just when he had retired from public life, he was suddenly gone. She hadn't thought that he might some day die.

Her's? Her heart hung like lead in her bosom. Henry was right, she decided sadly. He hadn't really been her's. He belonged to the public. . . to those mucky politicians . . . and the newspaper. But at least he ought to be her's in death.

"He's mine now," she repeated vehemently to herself over and over.

The line moved endlessly past the casket. There they were, people who had never really loved him. Curiosity seekers. Wanted to say they had seen him. Doubt if he had known half a dozen of them. Should be her's now, at least.

Sometime, it must have been several hours later, the last of the line had passed the bier and was gone. Henry reappeared with a telegram.

"Read it to me," she said wearily.

"It's from the President," he explained. "It says, 'I shall arrive by special train to-morrow for the funeral. Benjamin Eldridge.'"

"The President?"

Then the real import of the message struck her.

"The President?" she cried wildly. "The newspaper will have it to-night. That means—oh, how many more thousands at the funeral?"

Henry Dever nodded sadly. It was true. He turned slowly and went out.

Mrs. Dever sat staring at nothing, unable to see through the mist that shrouded her. The thousands upon thousands who would be at the funeral. And at least half of them to see President Eldridge, not to honor the mortal remains of her husband. She, the one real mourner, and the rest, curiosity seekers.

It was early evening and the shadows had begun to take positions about the room. She arose somewhat impulsively.

Hesitating, she turned and looked upon the face of her dead husband. He seemed cold, formal, indifferent, in the semi-darkness. Had he ever been otherwise to her? Had there ever any affection shone in those eyes? Lord God, she couldn't remember it if there had. When had he ever treated her with any unusual consideration? Like other husbands. When? She was his wife because it was advantageous for a politician to have one—to entertain his friends.

She jerked her head away and walked decisively to her room. Hastily she took off her mourning clothes and retired.

The next morning Mrs. Dever arose and dressed herself in a light blue chiffon dress. When she appeared for breakfast, the maid gasped.

"Why, Mrs. Dever—you aren't goin' to wear that to the funeral?"

"Never mind, Anita," she replied sharply. "Bring me some fruit salad and an egg on toast."

Others of the household were similarly startled, but she steadfastly refused to give an explanation.

The President arrived half an hour before time for the procession to leave the house. Mrs. Dever received him privately. Ten minutes after they had met, the President came from the house. It was not hard to see that he had

been crying. He returned immediately to his private car, while the pall-bearers transferred the body to the hearse.

The vast crowd filled all available space for several blocks, while the cars, four abreast, must have reached for more than a mile. By the time the casket was in place and the pall-bearers in cars behind the hearse, it was time to leave for the church. Yet it was evident that all was not right. The procession failed to move.

A buzz of speculation swept through the crowd. Then all was quiet. The President was standing in his open car. He motioned to the starter and although he attempted to keep his voice from being audible to the great crowd, the silence was so profound that he was heard hundreds of feet away. The multitude strained to hear him.

"We need not wait for Mrs. Dever," he said sorrowfully. "She told me that we should bury him with all the honors his public life has earned."

The President stood for a moment, as if there was something further he would have liked to say, then sat down.

Upstairs, through a tiny parting of window curtains, Mrs. Dever watched the silent cortege roll slowly down the avenue with the body of her husband. He had been their's during his lifetime; he was their's in death.

Evening Psalm

*I sing of the moon, of the sun, of the stars,
Of the patter of ten million raindrops,
But nothing is peer to the song that I sing
With the looping and swooping of swallows.*

*At sundown when nature's winged symphony rests
And the day softly blends into twilight,
My heart soars aloft and it sings on the air
With the dipping and flipping of swallows.*

*And why should my song come the sweetest at dusk,
And my heart swing on high when you've left me?
But love, your singing I hear when I fly
'Mid the whirling and twirling of swallows.*

—LOUIS L. HASLEY.

SPORTS

Notre Dame Scores Over Pittsburgh

Brilliant Gold and Blue Play Results In 33-23 Triumph

Playing what was perhaps its greatest game, a fighting Notre Dame basketball team decisively trimmed the Pittsburgh Panthers last Saturday night by the score of 33-23.

We say perhaps because they tell us that the team played a great game against Pennsylvania. We did not see that game, but if they played any better than they did last Saturday night they must have done some playing. It is seldom that one sees such consistently brilliant basketball for the entire duration of a game as was displayed by Dr. Keogan's charges then in their own gym.

The Panther drew first blood when Zehfuss sunk a foul, but from then on the Irish basketballers were never headed. Thinking to break up the Irish delayed offensive at its inception, Pitt sent its two great forwards after the Blue and

minutes after the final session opened Crowe took a pass from Jachym to open the scoring. Baker dropped a pair of fouls in, and John Colrick again got loose to sink a couple of field goals. Zehfuss scored on a close shot, but the Panther was bothered and threw caution to the winds, Captain Wunderlich leaving the game on four personals. Hyatt began to make things hum by sinking two buckets to bring the score to 27-23, but it was the Panthers last spring, and the Keoganmen had increased their lead to 10 points when the gun sounded.

Hyatt proved to be as good as the press has hailed him, but even this wonder man only got loose at times so close did the wearers of the Blue and Gold guard him. Three of his five baskets were scored from well beyond the foul-line. The Irish came as close to playing perfect basketball as any college team ever will. Crowe's eye was as good as it ever has been and his guarding of Hyatt early in the game was a revelation. Joe Jachym's floor work was superb and Donovan and Smith played as fine an all around game as any pair of guards have ever played in these parts. But it was Long John Colrick who came into his own last Saturday night. Handicapped by injuries which prevented his playing earlier in the season and which later on kept him from performing in his usual outstanding manner, Colrick turned in one of the greatest performances of his career. His floor work was the best he has ever displayed and his fourteen points speak for themselves.

Handicapped by injuries and sickness throughout the season which prevented last year's great combination from functioning as it is able to do, this year's team had difficulty in getting under way, but last Saturday if ever a team peaked for a hard contest it was this year's basketball team.

The lineup:

NOTRE DAME

PITTSBURGH

| | | |
|---------------|--------|----------------|
| Crowe | F..... | Hyatt |
| Jachym | F..... | Zehfuss |
| Colrick | C..... | L. Cohen |
| Donovan | G..... | (C) Wunderlich |
| Smith | G..... | Baker |

Substitutions—M. Cohen for Zehfuss, McCarthy for Crowe, Crowe for McCarthy, Zehfuss for M. Cohen, Anderson for Wunderlich, Ferraro for Anderson, McCarthy for Jachym, M. Cohen for L. Cohen.

Field goals—Crowe 4, McCarthy 1, Jachym 2, Colrick 5, Hyatt 5; Zehfuss 2, Baker 1.

Foul goals—Crowe 3, Colrick 4, Donovan 2, Hyatt 3, Zehfuss 1, Wunderlich 1, Baker 2.

Referee—Schommer, Chicago; Travnicek, Chicago, umpire.



CLARENCE DONOVAN, Guard

Gold guards, which was just what the Keoganmen wanted. Playing coolly and deliberately, Donovan and Smith passed easily to Colrick or Jachym and in a short time had Pitt hanging on to the short end of a 7-1 score. Colrick made it 9-1 on a pass from Crowe before Charlie Hyatt, Pitt's great forward, dropped in two beautiful shots to make the score 9-6. This was the closest Pitt came to equaling Notre Dame's score during the entire game. Once, later in the contest, they came as close, but generally the Panther was five or six points behind. The half ended with the Irish leading 18-14.

Dr. Carlson, the Pittsburgh coach, changed his team's tactics just before the half ended and instead of playing an aggressive offensive which allowed Donovan and Smith to pass all around them, the visitors took a page from their host's book and dropped back, hanging under their own baskets. They employed the same tactics for the entire second half. Three

MARQUETTE FALLS BEFORE SUSTAINED ATTACK, SCORE 29-17

After being held to a 14-10 score in the first half, Coach Keogan's cage artists returned to the game for the final session to gradually draw away from their hosts, finally emerging with a 29-17 victory over Marquette. The contest was typical of the brand of basketball played by the Notre Dame five this year against teams of lesser renown—uninspired, almost sluggish play in the earlier parts of the game, only to be followed by a sweeping, well-organized offense in the later stages. The game was played Tuesday, February 5.

The Hilltoppers played remarkably well during the initial half, guarding their opponents closely at every moment and displaying some clever floor work which made the fray a most interesting one to watch. Captain Gebert, the veteran guard, was in the thick of the struggle at all times and was instrumental in keeping the score as low as it was. Andrew, with three baskets to his credit from the field, was high-point man for the home team.

From the time when Ed Smith dropped a free throw through the basket in the opening minute of play, Notre Dame was never headed. At certain intervals, the Jesuits threatened to overtake the Keoganites, but their efforts to find the basket were relatively ineffective. Colrick was the outstanding player of the evening, accounting for fourteen of his team's twenty-nine points. Captain Jachym played his usual fine floor game, and in addition succeeded in sinking two baskets of his own. Co-captain Crowe was held scoreless, evidently because he had been a marked man before the game started, but his all-around playing attracted much attention. Coach Keogan made liberal use of his reserve players, eleven men in all being injected into the contest.

As usual, a capacity crowd witnessed the affair. The confines of the Milwaukee Gymnasium were jammed to the doors by enthusiastic spectators, eager to see their team check the winning streak of the Notre Dame quintet. The lineup:

| NOTRE DAME (29) | | | | MARQUETTE (17) | | | |
|--------------------|----|---|----|--------------------|----|---|---|
| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
| Crowe, f (C)..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | O'Donnell, f | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| McCarthy, f | 1 | 2 | 1 | McElliott, f | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Newbold, f | 0 | 0 | 0 | King, f | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Jachym, f (C)..... | 2 | 0 | 3 | Ruehl, f | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Gavin, f | 0 | 0 | 0 | Andrew, c | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Colrick, c | 5 | 4 | 1 | Gebert, g (C)..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Busch, c | 1 | 0 | 0 | Schutte, g | 0 | 1 | 3 |
| Donovan, g | 1 | 1 | 2 | Goyne, g | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bray, g | 0 | 0 | 1 | | | | |
| Smith, g | 0 | 2 | 2 | Totals | 12 | 5 | 7 |
| Moynihan, g | 0 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| Totals | 10 | 9 | 11 | | | | |

Officials—Referee, Schommer (Chicago). Umpire, Kearns (DePaul). Score at half—Notre Dame, 14; Marquette, 10.

§ § §

COACH ROCKNE TO TEACH AT WITTENBERG SUMMER COACHING SCHOOL

Coach Knute K. Rockne, Director of Athletics; has been engaged to teach in the summer coaching school at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, June 17-29. Dr. Walter E. Meanwell, of the University of Wisconsin, will teach in the course at the same time.

Tom Lieb, late coach of the Notre Dame linemen, later of Wisconsin and now back at Notre Dame, conducted the summer coaching school at Wittenberg in 1927. Sam Willaman, new head football coach at Ohio State, assisted Mr. Lieb that year.

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS INDIANA IN OPEN- ING TRACK MEET; SCORE 47-39

Before the largest crowd which has ever witnessed an opening meet, Coach John Nicholson's Blue and Gold track men defeated the cinder representatives of the University of Indiana last Saturday afternoon in the University gym by the close score of 47-39. Ability at annexing first places won for Notre Dame, Coach Nicholson's proteges copping seven out of ten first places on the afternoon's program.

The performances of Captain Elder in the 60-yard dash featured the meet. Twice within twenty-five minutes the Kentucky speed merchant raced to victory in his event in world-record equalling time of 6 1-5 seconds. Off to a fast start each time, Elder easily breasted the tape ahead of his nearest rivals, Gorden of Indiana, and Boagni of Notre Dame.

John O'Brien, participating in his first varsity track meet also distinguished himself by topping the 60 yard high hurdles in the remarkably fast time of 7 4-5 seconds. Hatfield and Parks of the Crimson pressed him closely all the way, but lost out in the last fifteen yards.

The Brown brothers, William and John, as usual, showed to advantage in the meet. Bill captured the mile run from a fast field in the time of 4:33 1-2, after Pete Morgan, a teammate had set the pace most of the way. Morgan finished second. John Brown took the two mile by virtue of a strong finish from Clapham of the Hoosiers, and Vaichulis of Notre Dame, who finished second and third respectively. His time was 9:50 6-10.

Bob Walsh's heave of 43 feet, 8 inches in the shot put was almost 3 feet better than the effort of Todd of the visitors, his nearest competitor.

Stephan of the hosts took the quarter in 2:02 2-10, and Slattery hoisted himself 11 feet 6 inches into the air in the pole vault, to capture the other two first places for N. D.

The one mile relay quartet of the Crimson flashed to victory over Notre Dame four in 3:24 and 8-10. Running in the order named, Pierre, Wading, Abramson, and Smock romped to victory by several yards in an exciting conclusion to the afternoon's cinder program.

A complete summary of the meet follows:

Pole Vault—Won by Slattery (ND); Todd (I); Beecher (I); Fishleigh (ND); Oulette (ND) tied for second and third. Height 11 feet, 6 inches.

One Mile Run—Won by W. Brown (ND); Morgan (ND), second; Fields (I), third. Time—4:35.5.

60-yard Dash—Won by Elder (ND); Gorden (I), second; Boagini (ND), third. Time—:06.2 (Equalling world's record.)

60-yard High Hurdles—Won by O'Brien (ND); Hatfield (I), second; Parks (I), third. Time—:07.8.

High Jump—Won by Gebhart (I); Welchons (ND), Reiman (ND), Ayres (I) and Beecher (I), tied for second and third places. Height—5 feet, 10 inches.

440-yard Run—Won by Stephan (ND); Bildine (I), second; McConnville (ND), third. Time—2:02.2.

Shot Put—Won by Walsh (ND); Todd (I), second; Hoffman (ND), third. Distance—43 feet, 8 inches.

Two Mile Run—Won by J. Brown (ND); Clapham (I), second; Vaichulis, (ND), third. Time 9:50.6.

One mile Relay—Won by Indiana (Pierre, Wading, Abramson, and Smock.) Time—3:34.8.

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MANAGERS CAPABLY HANDLE LAST SATURDAY'S FEATURE ATTRACTIONS

One of the busiest days in the history of campus organizations occurred last Saturday when the Indiana track meet and the capacity attendance at the Pittsburgh basketball game was handled by the University managers' organization. From noon until ten o'clock Saturday evening managers were carrying out assignments necessary to the successful staging of both events.

§ § §

INTERHALL RACE NEARING HOME STRETCH —HEAVIES IN FOUR-WAY TIE—FRESHMAN "C" TOPS LIGHTS

As the interhall racers sweep up towards the finish line the heavy situation remains as complicated as at the opening of the season. The fall of Walsh while Morrissey, Badin, and Off-Campus were winning, threw the four into an apparently hopeless tangle. Freshman "C's" clean slate leaves the honors of the lightweight division unchallenged at the moment, but Morrissey "B" and Sophomore "C" are separated from the leader by but a single game, so the outcome is far from assured.

The results Sunday, February 10,

BADIN, 15; WALSH, 13

A spurt at the opening of the third quarter that cut Badin's half-time lead of four points away almost proved to be the margin of victory, but long range gunning by Medland pulled the chestnuts out fo the fire just in time and Badin walked off with a two-point triumph.

| WALSH, 13 | | | | BADIN, 15 | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|----|--------------------|---|---|----|
| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
| Sullivan, f..... | 1 | 2 | 4 | McDougal, f..... | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Daley, f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | McCarty, f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, c..... | 1 | 1 | 3 | Madland, c..... | 3 | 2 | 8 |
| F. Dailey, g..... | 2 | 2 | 6 | Gilbertson, g..... | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Horka, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | Purcell | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| — — — | | | | — — — | | | |
| Total..... | 4 | 5 | 13 | Total..... | 6 | 3 | 15 |

LYONS, 2; CORBY, 0

Forfeited to Lyons when Corby failed to appear.

SOPHOMORE, 22; SORIN, 14

A basket from the tip-off put the two-year-olds into the lead as the game opened and their fine defensive work kept them safe as the sharpshooting of Dorshel and Kosky continually widened the gap between the two teams.

| SORIN, 14 | | | | SOPHOMORE, 22 | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|----|-------------------|---|---|----|
| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
| Sidenfaden, f..... | 2 | 2 | 6 | Ackers, f..... | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Markey, f..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | Dorshel, f..... | 3 | 2 | 8 |
| Leach, c | 0 | 0 | 0 | Kosky, c..... | 2 | 2 | 6 |
| Dittmar, g..... | 2 | 0 | 4 | MacDonald, g..... | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Reager, g..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | Coughlin | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| — — — | | | | — — — | | | |
| Totals..... | 5 | 2 | 14 | Totals..... | 8 | 6 | 22 |

MORRISSEY, 14; FRESHMAN, 11

After a listless first half both teams awakened to play real basketball and the nip and tuck second period left little to be desired. Morrissey's first half lead proved the deciding factor, however, for the yearlings could do no more than break even the second frame scoring.

*"The sun never sets
on Chesterfield's popularity!"*



"*Globe trotters*", we can imagine Dr. Freud as saying, "are people whose nurses dropped them onto an escalator in early childhood. They buy a sun helmet, a guide book, and a first-class passage to the Pyramids, and are never heard from again."

Nevertheless, the most confirmed *voyageur* owns to a thrill at finding a carton of Chesterfields in a tiny cafe on the Left Bank,

or a package of the same on a card table at the Army Club at Simla, or on meeting an Arab camel-boy whose only English is "Sooch popular mos' be deserve!"

For Chesterfield's popularity never saw a sunset; travel as far as you will, this cigarette will always be somewhere ahead, ready to bring good taste and good tobacco home to you.

Such popularity must be deserved—and it IS!

CHESTERFIELD

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

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

FRESHMAN, 11

MORRISSEY, 14

| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
|----------------------|---|---|----|-------------------|---|---|----|
| Tunney, f..... | 3 | 0 | 6 | Kay, f..... | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Jones, f..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | Sullivan, f..... | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Hitzelberger, c..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | Bloom, c..... | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Dolan, g..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | Cavanaugh, g..... | 2 | 1 | 5 |
| Waterson, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | Hilger, g..... | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Totals..... | 5 | 1 | 11 | Totals | 6 | 2 | 14 |

HOWARD, 17; CARROLL, 12

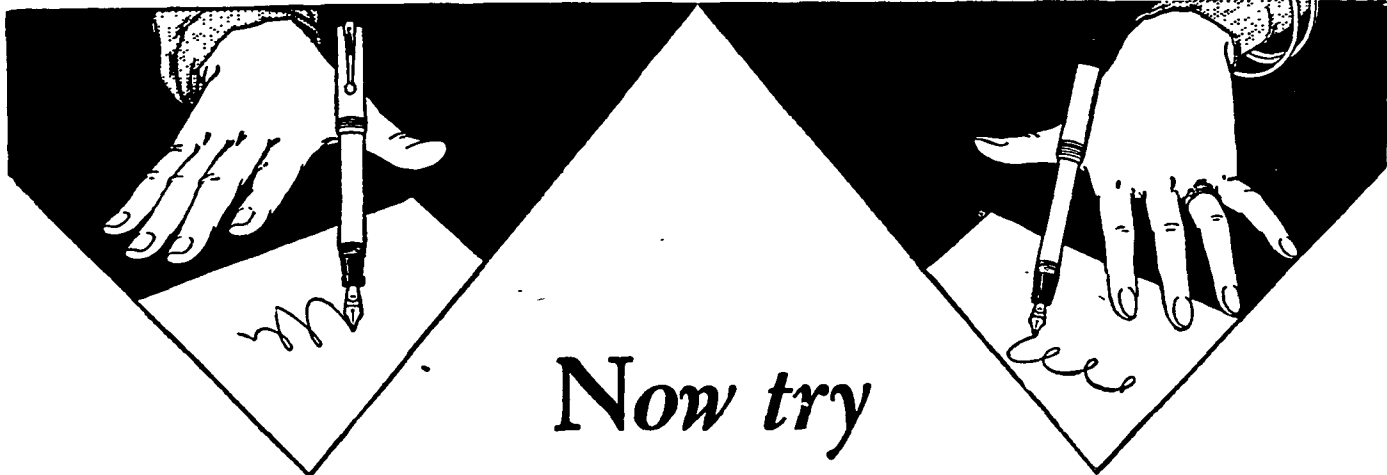
The honors of the all frosh battle went to the Gold Coast

when Howard pulled steadily away from her Main Building rival after a close three quarters. The two squads fought on fairly even terms till the opening of the last period when Howard's delayed rush swept them on to victory.

CARROLL, 12

HOWARD, 17

| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
|--------------------|---|---|---|-------------------|---|---|---|
| Svete, f..... | 1 | 1 | 3 | Dinowictz, f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Conti, f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | McLeod, f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Gorman, c..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | Oelrich, c..... | 2 | 1 | 5 |
| Cunningham, g..... | 2 | 0 | 4 | Whalen, c..... | 1 | 1 | 3 |



Now try Pressureless Writing

in taking notes and writing themes

This is the student's pen par excellence.

The Parker Duofold's polished iridium-tipped point glides gently over paper. Ink flow starts immediately and continues evenly at any speed with merely the feather-light weight of the pen itself to bring it into action.

Finger-pressure is relieved. No effort. No strain. No interruptions, no intrusions by the pen. The track is cleared for THINKING, so you do better work.

Action so responsive that pen can be made 28% lighter than rubber (though non-breakable) and still require no weight from your hand.

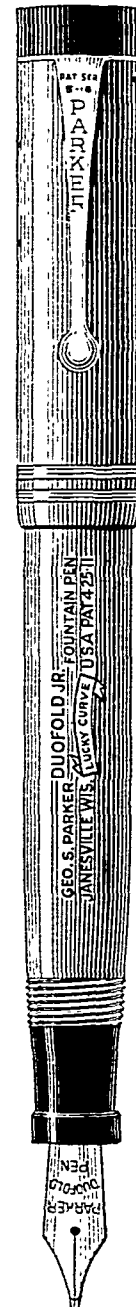
To please you even more, we offer in the Duofold five flashing colors and a new Modern Black and Pearl—the latest mode—from which to select.

Then we add a *guarantee forever against all defects, to make these better features everlasting.

Don't take a lesser pen. See the Duofold at your nearest pen counter today.

See "Geo. S. Parker — DUOFOLD" imprinted on the barrel to be sure you have the genuine.

THE PARKER PEN CO., JANESVILLE, WIS.
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
BUFFALO • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND



Special
Senior Duofolds
for men, with
24% greater ink
capacity than
average

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

Parker Duofold

\$5 to \$10, according to size and finish

Duofold Pencils to Match Pens, \$3, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5, according to size and finish

The Easy Way to Chicago



A train every hour to Chicago means something to more than it seems, particularly to students. Classes have a way of running over ordinary train times, and then it's wait for the next train, possibly an hour, possibly ten. But with South Shore Line service, it is never more than an hour, just time to get ready and hop a street car to the station. And the Big City, with its shows and hotels, its friends and feature events, is only a short, pleasant jaunt away.

When you want information about this easy way to Chicago, (and we all know that most of you know all about it) see Walter Eggert, Ticket Agent in the South Shore station, or call C. W. Veach, Passenger Representative, at 2-5764.



CHICAGO SOUTHSHORE
& SOUTH BEND
RAILROAD

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|----|-----------------|---|---|----|
| Max, g..... | 0 | 1 | 1 | Meyers, g..... | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| Rogers | 1 | 0 | 2 | Ryan, g..... | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| | | | | Bradley, g..... | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Totals..... | 5 | 2 | 12 | Totals..... | 7 | 3 | 17 |

OFF-CAMPUS, 18; BROWNSON, 6

Completely outplayed the Arabs died gamely, but their fight availed them little against the machine-like precision of the Day Dogs. Scoring just about at will the Downtowners ran up a big lead in the first half and then rested on their laurels to win by an easy margin.

| OFF CAMPUS, 18 | | | | BROWNSON, 6 | | | |
|----------------|---|---|----|-----------------|---|---|---|
| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
| Law, f..... | 2 | 3 | 7 | Murray, f..... | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| Kline, f..... | 1 | 1 | 3 | Barnes, f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hertz, c..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | Reidy, c..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Doerr, g..... | 2 | 0 | 4 | Stehman, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Pacini, g..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | Bresson, g..... | 0 | 2 | 2 |
| Totals..... | 7 | 4 | 18 | Totals..... | 2 | 2 | 6 |

FRESHMEN B, 25; MORRISSEY B, 17

Freshmen B and Morrissey B played on even terms until the final period when the former's forwards sank a pair of field goals and a foul to give them a safe margin and finally the game.

| MORRISSEY B, 17 | | | | FRESHMAN B, 25 | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|------------------|----|---|---|
| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
| Reaume, f..... | 3 | 1 | 1 | Hall, f..... | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Flynn, f..... | 3 | 0 | 2 | Parrissi, f..... | 5 | 1 | 1 |
| Belton, c..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | Heitz, c..... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Brazil, g..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Cowlyn, g..... | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Wetle, g..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | Tomasi, g..... | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Totals..... | 8 | 1 | 5 | Totals..... | 10 | 6 | 4 |

SOPHOMORE C, 16; SORIN B, 6

Sophomore C team worked nicely in gaining a 16-6 victory over the Sorin B team and successfully held in check the scoring efforts of the Seniors at every stage.

| SOPHOMORE C, 16 | | | | SORIN B, 6 | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|-----------------|---|---|---|
| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
| Cooney f..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Schultz, f..... | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Snyder, f..... | 2 | 2 | 1 | Burns, f..... | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Thompson, c..... | 2 | 1 | 2 | Lyons, c..... | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Maxwell, g..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Bittner, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| McManus, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | Bird, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total..... | 6 | 4 | 3 | Totals..... | 2 | 2 | 4 |

HOWARD C, 14; FRESHMAN B, 11

Howard C team managed to eke out a victory over the Freshmen B group only after a bitter struggle. The lead see-sawed back and forth until the closing minutes of play when Fogarty and Chevalier each sank a shot to put Howard on top.

| HOWARD C, 14 | | | | FRESHMEN B, 11 | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|------------------|---|---|---|
| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
| Gorman, f..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Torrel, f..... | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Conway, f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | Hall, f..... | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Dunleavy, c..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | Heity, c..... | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Fogarty, g..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | Parsissi, g..... | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Chevalier, g..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Tomasi, g..... | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Riley | 1 | 1 | 1 | | | | |
| Totals..... | 6 | 2 | 2 | Totals..... | 5 | 1 | 5 |

CARROLL B, 5; BROWNSON B, 18

Thirteen points was the difference in ability of Carroll B and Brownson B teams. The latter spurted into the lead at the beginning of the clash and retained its lead throughout.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---------------------|---|---|---|
| Pohlmeyer, c..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | Roche, c..... | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Perone, g..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | O'Shaughnessy, g... | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| McCarthy, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | Graham, g..... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 2 | 1 | 4 | Totals..... | 8 | 2 | 4 |

CARROLL B, 5

BROWNSON B, 18

| | B | F | P | | B | F | P |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---------------|---|---|---|
| Watson, f..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | Holke, f..... | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Smurthwaite, f.... | 0 | 0 | 2 | Clark, f..... | 1 | 1 | 1 |

MORRISSEY B, 12; HOWARD B, 11

Howard went into the second half with a comfortable 9-5 lead but as the period lengthened her grasp weakened until the final whistle found the first-year men on the short end of a 12-11 count.



Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

**PAUSE AND
REFRESH
YOURSELF**

ONE SOUL WITH BUT
A SINGLE THOUGHT-
TO PAUSE AND
REFRESH HIMSELF
AND NOT EVEN A
GLANCE FROM
THE STAG LINE

Enough's enough and too much is not necessary. Work hard enough at anything and you've got to stop. That's where Coca-Cola comes in. Happily, there's always a cool and cheerful place around the corner from anywhere. And an ice-cold Coca-Cola, with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, leaves no argument about when, where—and how—to pause and refresh yourself.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

CD-1

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

MORRISSEY B, 12

| | B | F | P |
|----------------|---|---|---|
| Cowens, f..... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Blatt, f..... | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Flynn, c..... | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Brazil, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Veth, g..... | 0 | 2 | 1 |

Totals.....4 4 3

HOWARD B, 11

| | B | F | P |
|----------------|---|---|---|
| Conway, f..... | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Gorman, f..... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Conway, c..... | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Fogart, g..... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Riley, g..... | 1 | 1 | 0 |

Totals.....5 3 3

FRESHMEN C, 14; SORIN B, 4

Sorin B was unable to get going against the Freshmen C team and as a consequence dropped a loosely played game by a 14-4 count.

FRESHMEN C, 14

| | B | F | P |
|------------------|---|---|---|
| Hall, f..... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Torrell, f..... | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Heitz, c..... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Fabrycki, g..... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Cyr, g..... | 0 | 1 | 0 |

Totals.....6 2 0

SORIN B, 4

| | B | F | P |
|-----------------|---|---|---|
| Loughran f..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Schultz, f..... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Bittner, c..... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Bird, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hughes, g..... | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Totals.....2 0 0

Brownson C, 2; Carroll C, 0; (Forfeit)

Sophomore B vs. Sophomore C (cancelled)

Brownson B vs. Brownson C (cancelled)

INTERHALL STANDINGS

HEAVIES

W. L. Pct.

| | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|------|
| Walsh | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| Morrissey | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| Badin | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| Off Campus..... | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| Howard | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Carroll | 4 | 2 | .600 |
| Sophomore | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Sorin | 2 | 3 | .400 |
| Lyons | 2 | 3 | .400 |
| Freshman | 1 | 5 | .200 |
| Corby | 0 | 5 | .000 |
| Brownson | 0 | 5 | .000 |

LIGHTS

W. L. Pct.

| | | | |
|------------------|---|---|-------|
| Freshman C..... | 5 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Morrissey B..... | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| Sophomore C..... | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| Sophomore B..... | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Freshman B..... | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Howard B..... | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Howard C..... | 2 | 3 | .400 |
| Carroll B..... | 1 | 4 | .200 |
| Brownson, C..... | 1 | 4 | .200 |
| Brownson B..... | 1 | 4 | .200 |
| Sorin, B..... | 0 | 5 | .000 |
| Carroll C..... | 0 | 5 | .000 |

ENERGY and vitality are all-important in college life. But careless meals often bring about constipation—that thief of health and strength.

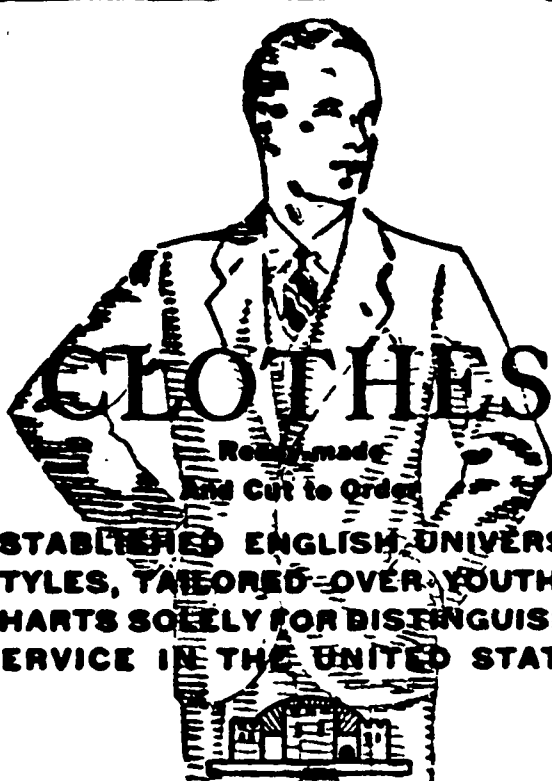
You can prevent constipation or secure prompt relief from it by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. This delightful cereal provides all-important bulk because it is 100% bran.

Eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN by itself with fruit and honey or sprinkle it over other cereals. Order it at your campus cafeteria or in the fraternity restaurant.

Kellogg's
A L L - B R A N

The most popular cereals served in the dining-rooms of American colleges, eating clubs and fraternities are made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. They include Pep Bran Flakes, ALL-BRAN, Rice Krispies, Krumbles, Corn Flakes and Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit. Also Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep.





CLOTHES
 Ready-made
 and Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
 STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
 CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
 SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Charter House
 Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

**BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
 OUR STORE IS THE**

Charter House
 of South Bend

The character of the suits and
 overcoats tailored by Charter House
 will earn your most sincere liking.

MAX ADLER CO.
 South Bend, Indiana

Dr. Frank M. Powers
 University
 Physician

OFFICE 3-6978
 RESIDENCE 2-6741

Dr. Leo J. Quinlan
 DENTIST
 SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

*Don't Experiment
 with your Appearance*



AT THE BEST MEN'S SHOP

**Free Trial
 "Sells" Man
 This Smoke**

Chicago, Illinois,
 July 12, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.,
 Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Replying to your circular letter of June 29, be informed that your sample packages were received. With them I received the pamphlet describing your product, which I was able to enjoy reading because there was not in the circular matter the usual distasteful sales talk which makes the recipient of a sample package feel obligated or uncomfortable.

I believe your practice of giving your prospect a sample and then letting him make up his own mind will gain you many more customers than will the usual modern sales practice of pushing the product down the prospect's throat. As a matter of fact, since receiving your sample and your advertising matter I smoked up the sample package and have since purchased a number of cans from neighborhood dealers, all of whom carry this tobacco in a city of this size.

I have found Edgeworth to be a satisfactory blend at a very reasonable price, and although my past acquaintance is brief, I look forward to a long membership in the Edgeworth Club.

Yours very truly,
 Jeff Corydon

Edgeworth
Extra High Grade
Smoking Tobacco

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

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 the 'Job' that would, begin when campus days were over. To make the right start in the business world was my ambition. I turned down several soft snap jobs, the 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 sized store, and gladly recommend the Kresge Company as a means to a definite end, providing you possess the necessary qualifications and a whole hearted desire to succeed."

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT 2

S · S · KRESGE CO

5—10—25c STORES . . . 25c TO \$1.00 STORES

KRESGE BUILDING DETROIT