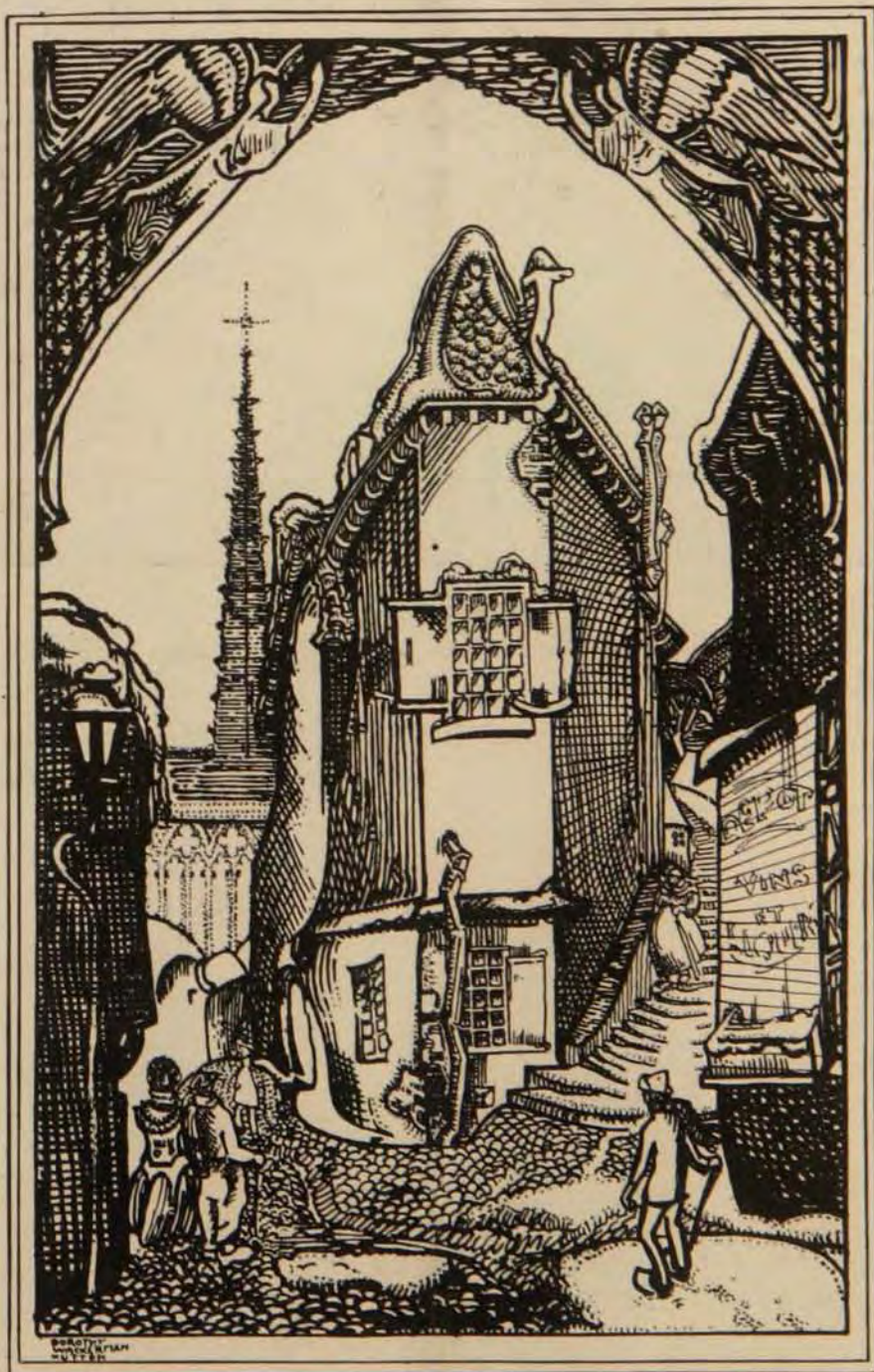


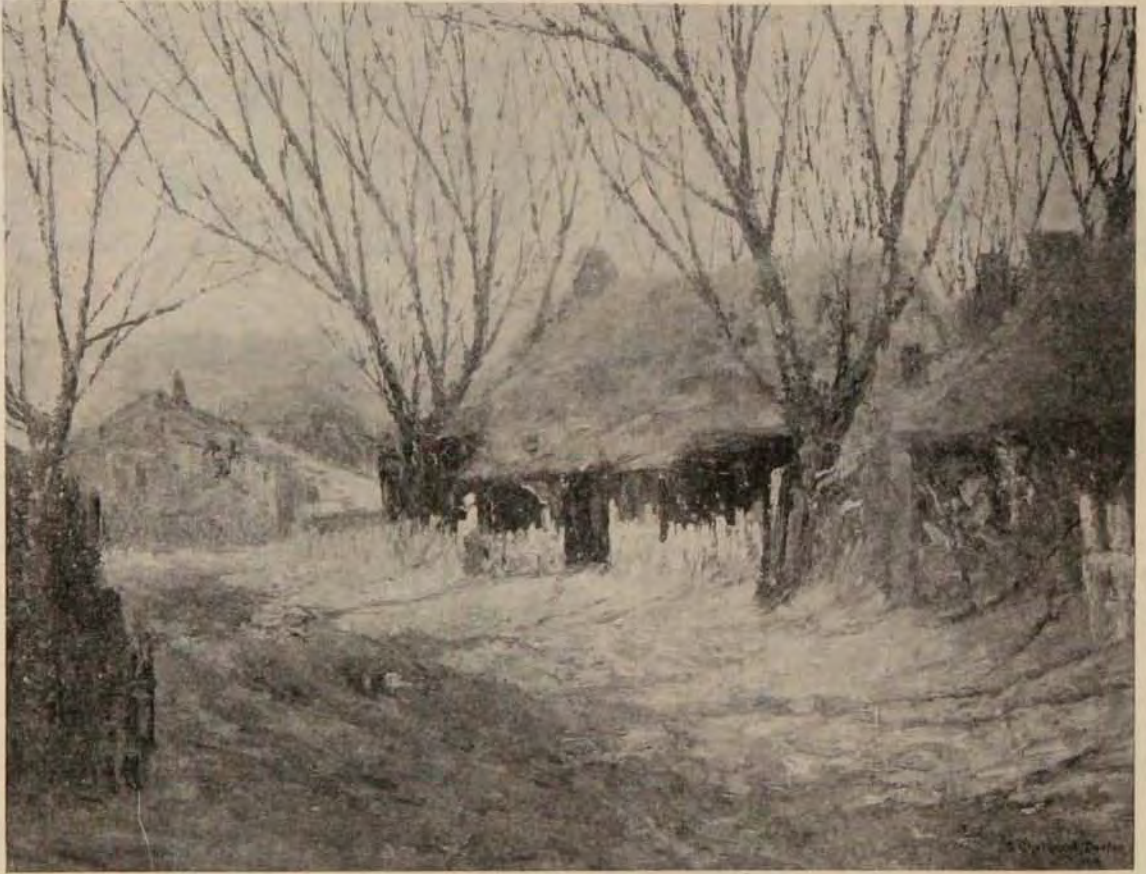
December 19, 1925

25c a Copy

The MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY



Christmas Literary and Book Number



*W*inter on the lowlands
of the Mississippi river across
from the University of Minne-
sota where a picturesque Squat-
ters colony has snuggled down
amongst the trees.

*From an Oil Painting by Professor S. Chatwood
Burton, of the Department of Architecture*

The Minnesota Alumni Weekly



THE GOLDEN MEAN

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

OLD Mr. Ho had the three possessions that one man, so the Chinese saying goes, does not always obtain even by intercession of Buddha the Compassionate. He had a long beard, three score of years, and a son.

Still, there was one important thing lacking to him, and it marred this otherwise perfect constellation of felicities. Far from having attained the philosophical stalemate that is implied in Confucius' Doctrine of the Mean, he had not so much as been able to adjust himself philosophically to the fast-moving spirit of the times. He had effected no compromise with the modern idea. His feet were still in the corrugated paths of his ancestors, and were reluctant to turn upon the slippery thoroughfares of New China. He could not yet perceive the branching of a middle course.

Mr. Nng, the horn-beaked apothecary at the village gate, had offered him, it is true, a classical precept. Stirring together a potion of powdered staghorn, earth worms and honey, as a nostrum for Mr. Ho's lumbago, Mr. Nng had reminded him of the words of Chuang Tzu:

"Outwardly you may adapt yourself, but inwardly you must keep to your own standard. In this there are two points to be guarded against. You must not let the outward adaptation penetrate within, nor the inward standard manifest itself without."

Mr. Ho pondered deeply over this somewhat opaque rule of compromise. He was by no means clear as to how he was to apply it to the affair of a son just home from an American university, displaying visiting cards engraved with a monstrous perversion of his name, which appeared as George Washington Heaux, whereas it had been solemnly recorded before the ancestral tablets as Ho Pei Fu; or to the matter of an intended daughter-in-law who was reputed to have cut short her hair in silly imitation of the American flapper.

What, old Mr. Ho ended by postulating to a strip of incense-blue sky, visible through the windows of the apothecary shop, was the younger generation coming to?

"I am but a crack-pot upon a refuse heap, a regrettable dried cockroach stewing in the afternoon sun," he complained, his voice scratchy with the wheeze of asthma.

"And from what," was Mr. Nng's retort to this scholarly deprecation, "is such unmerited opprobrium to be inferred?"

"From words that have been poured into these unworthy ears by the Hope of My House."

"By your son, O Reverential and Sedate?"

"By no other," said Ho.

Mr. Nng interrupted his alchemy to fill the bowl of a water pipe.

"And the words, Venerable and Renowned?" he inquired with an air of gravity, when he had blown aloft three tenuous white clouds of smoke. "What were these words?"

"It is to be understood that there were no syllables of rudeness."

"That is assured."

"For he is a good son," sighed Mr. Ho, "and a good child's heart is a thing larger and more precious than the eighteen thousand pale-blue lotus fields of Buddha. Nevertheless it was intimidated by this returned Flower of Genius — the donkey — that the affairs of his father's household were still regulated as they might have been in the days of the Tartar, Kublai Khan, and that the cultivation of these ancestral acres was no otherwise than in the times of Yao and Shun."

"An hundred generations," murmured Nng, "have passed since that Golden Age. And concerning this, what proposes that Paragon of Immature Virtues, your son?"

"He would bring, into these fields of ripe wheat and tasselling millet, machines constructed of steel and propelled by devils."

Mr. Nng's eyes narrowed until they were like slits in a money box before a Taoist idol.

"And since the coolies would thus be deprived of their work, Father of Justice, they might honorably starve," he marked.

"Or go illustriously to the pulling of rickshaws in Shanghai, where their days would be numbered as those of summer insects."

"This is an event to be avoided."

"But there is worse, thou Dispenser of Pills to the Infirm. This Flower of Wisdom would loose the blind ox that has turned the mill sweep these many years. He would pave pigsties with the stone buhrs that were hewn many gilded generations before the last of the Mings hanged himself on Coal Hill in the Forbidden City of the Emperors."

"Ay yah! And what then?"

"He would bring from America, in junks that smoke, a flour mill of modern intricacies, with tall and impious chimneys, and wheels that purr like the jaguars of Szechuen."

The stem of Mr. Nng's water pipe, suddenly withdrawn from his mouth, left a round orifice of surprise.

"But the Fengshui?" he wheezed.

"The Wind and Water spirits, indeed, will be enraged. There will be bad joss for a generation. This I have made clear to the Hope of My House, yet he is obdurate. He laughs at demons. Among other barbarians, it would appear, there is belief only in the ghosts of men."

A distressed silence ensued. Mr Nng returned to his prescription counter. Among pots of toads' lungs boiled with cinnamon, pink pills made by foreign devils, amulets, and paper plasters bearing holy words, he rummaged absently.

"And what, Great Elder Brother, have you replied to this foolishness, which is almost of the silliness that is to be expected from 'skirts and Ornaments' of the inner chamber?"

Old Mr. Ho sighed, by way of self-depreciation, then cleared his throat as for a bluster of self-defense.

"I am heavy with years," he rasped. "My feet have not far to go before entering the River of Souls; I shall soon pass out from this generation; and can I deny aught to an only son? It is he, and his sons after him, who must keep green my grave. I have given him much; I have erred even so grievously as to send into the hands of these presumptuous foreign teachers, who are lamentably ignorant of the Four Books and the Five Classics. Must I not now drink the lees of my folly?"

Mr. Nng was silent, though the leathery pouches of skin pendant from his chin trembled to reply. Old Mr. Ho therefore raised his voice to the pitch of defiance.

"I have given my consent. The money has been hazarded to those thieving pawnbrokers in the banks of Shanghai. To-morrow the workmen begin, and we shall hear the screeching of the little devils of the earth."

Mr. Nng sifted his precious powder into a cracked snuff bottle.

"It is written," he muttered, "that a wise and old man must first peer into the nature of things, then widen his knowledge; having widened his knowledge, he must harden his will and control the impulses of his heart."

"May a fish be thy coffin and the sea thy grave if I hear more of these proverbs," quoth Mr. Ho, abandoning for the moment his Confucian disposition and poise. "There is little ink in my stomach, and there are many books I have not read, but this I know well: perfection is to be found neither in this world nor in the next, but only in that harmonious principle of the soul which the Sage calls the Unattainable *Li*."

"Peace, peace!" murmured Nng. "It is the first rule of the Book of Rites that one's face and attitude must be grave and thoughtful; second, that one's steps be deliberate and regular. Has the Hope of Thy House thought left and thought right in this matter? And has he been duly admonished by that Great Man, his father?"

These were not words to engender tranquility, and the choleric Mr. Ho rose again.

"Grandfather of a skillet! And dost thou know so little of western teaching as to suppose that the graduate of an American university can be instructed by his elders? To attempt it is as futile as dragging the lake for the moon's reflection, or painting pictures upon a running stream. It is as senseless as pouring water into the face of a frog; as tethering an elephant with the fibre of a young lotus, or as searching for horn on the head of a cat."

"The expense will be great," suggested Mr. Nng, sticking to the subject. "Machines made by the foreign devil are as lofty in price as the mountain Tai Shan, and they consume heaps of coal as vast as the Great Wall; but grinding-stones are not prohibitive in cost, and a cow eats grass."

"They must go, these ancient things, from all this neighborhood, even as far as Great Melon Hamlet and the Village of Crows. The mill my son builds shall do the work of all."

"That is guileless, Elder Brother, and unworthy of one who was examined for the degree of Budding Genius. Even thy neighbors, who respect thee — except for the quarrelsome Wongs — would not buy, if they could, the services of this belching monster. They are still too much governed by priests who regulate their destinies by blowing upon heaps of sand or tossing into the air painted sticks."

"All this has come to the ears of my son," mourned Mr. Ho. "I have not been remiss."

"Yet he persists in his folly?"

"He promises succulent profits, and a business that shall one day require many mills."

Mr. Nng sighed as he placed the product of his slow toil in Mr. Ho's oily palm.

"That is as Heaven's decrees," he remarked. "But, what, O Knower of Affairs, is this matter of the daughter-in-law who clips short her hair?"

"She is the unlucky offspring of Wu, our neighbor in the Village of Benevolence and Virtue."

"A big-footed wench, like so many of the Stupid Ones of this day?"

"Her feet are not small as the golden lilies of Kwan Lung; but that," sighed old Mr. Ho, "is of no great account when so many, in these times, are grown to the size of junks on the Yangtze through neglect of binding."

"True; but her hair —"

"More than that," interrupted Mr. Ho. "Her cigarettes! She has been seen to smoke the scented white sticks of foreign tobacco even at the door of her father's house."

"Ah! The manners of a courtesan who presumes to smile in public. And have the red cards of betrothal been withdrawn?"

"They shall be recalled, O Ferretter into Secret Matters. Though I yield to an only son's whim in an affair of business, shall I also offend his ancestors by permitting marriage with a woman of unperfumed repute?"

"But thy son —"

"Silence, Great Turtle, is a jewel to the fatigued ear. No more of these questions. Look yonder through the door of thy noisome shop, and have answer to all at once, without waste of more breath."

Beneath Nng's gilded shop sign, bearing the perpendicular inscription, "No credit given; former customers have taught caution," there was, indeed, a vision that replied to much Mr. Nng might have asked.

"The unfortunate daughter of Wu Hung Dao," announced Mr. Ho.

Brushing past her, as he made his departure, there was not so much as a gesture of recognition in his far, silk-tunicked figure.

Mr. Nng, behind his counter, raised to his nose a pair of square-rimmed spectacles, and gazed with unwonted interest at his new customer. Her hair, indeed, appeared to be cut short, so that the jade pendants in her ears hung well below its straight, evenly-cropped ends. Her feet, which could have been judged dainty in an international competition, were nevertheless of far greater caliber than the misshapen stumps upon which the amah, her blue-trousered serving woman, hobbled after her into the shop.

But, this was not all. Mr. Nng's tortoise-framed eyes watered with amazement to observe that Miss Wu wore a costume like that of the ladies in the Episcopal mission, where he had gone one memorable Sunday to listen to a sermon on the "Glad Sounds Record of Ma Kho," which was his rendering of the Chinese ideographs intended to signify the Gospel of St. Mark.

It is true, although of this Mr. Nng could scarcely have been aware, that a modiste in the Rue de la Paix might have found something to criticize in the way the rough tweed skirt hung from an uncertain waist line. There was also a curious ineptness in the girl's somewhat bedraggled picture hat, and a flagrant anachronism in the lace collar that came high up around her throat.

After his first rapid scrutiny, Mr. Nng turned away his outraged spectacles to search among heterogeneous dried herbs and ginger for a fragment of clove and santol with which to perfume the incense demanded by the young woman's amah. Had he observed more closely he might have perceived a defiant embarrassment among the midnight shadows of Miss Wu's eyes, and a shyness of demeanor that must have convinced him that she had not departed so far as her costume argued from the traditional demureness of the Chinese woman's cloister.

When they were gone it was five minutes by the water-clock before Nng gave over his recital, with a circle of mice for audience, of the opprobrious titles by which women are described in China's lore of musty proverb and maxim.

II.

The fifty-barrel mill of Mr. George Washington Heaux rumbled merrily. It had long since triumphed over the Fengshui, and was gradually conquering all the various other little devils that object so strenuously to western disturbance of their age-long tranquility.

It is true that a certain straw god of revenge, soaked in kerosene, had done its best to eliminate the roof, but this was a matter easily to be remedied. The deity had been installed in an out of the way corner on the day of the formal opening. It was a votive offering from the neighbors, and had been accepted as an emblem of good will. Under the guise of one of the more benevolent of the fifty thousand divinities in the Buddhist hierarchy it had, however, turned out to be a blazing Nemesis. The more vindictive of the neighbors — among them, no doubt, those who struck the incendiary match — made sage allusion to enraged demons; but to this the young proprietor had only polite yet skeptical smiles.

There had been, as well, a contretemps or two of a minor character since the day the American expert sent out by the mill builders had taken his departure. The son of Han who filled his place had burned a few bearings, either through racial parsimony on the score of lubricating oil, or because of an acquired proclivity for the little round ball of sleep that nestles in the petals of the poppy. The cleaning apparatus, presided over by an erstwhile ox-driver in the stone mill, likewise had been erratic in its functions, with the result that qualities of wheat-sized gravel had done the breakrolls no particular good. But these things were merely incidents in a fairly good season of operation.

Young Mr. George Washington Heaux, nevertheless, sat at his desk in a flower-potted corner partitioned from the main portion of the mill,

toying uneasily with a column of figures. He did not appear to be viewing the business in sanguinary vein. The fact was that he had some five hundred barrels of flour lying neatly sacked but unsold in a godown adjoining the mill. Two hundred and fifty barrels were sweating on rat-colonized barges in a canal leading to the Yangtze, and he had just been obliged to part with as much more to an avaricious Shanghai paste manufacturer. That oily individual had gouged him painfully, but there was no help for it. The "New Idea" brand had caused no buyers' stampede on the Shanghai market. As the macaroni factory's purchasing agent verbosely explained in his telegraphed offer, sent collect, cut-throat competition between the big coast mills and the importers from America reduced the market value of flour from an unknown inland grist-mill to an unfortunately low figure; unfortunate for Mr. George Washington Heaux, but no doubt exceedingly profitable for the maker of pastes.

At any rate, considering his carefully computed costs of production, Mr. Heaux was able without even the aid of an abacus, the old-time Chinese counting frame, to observe in his figures an unmistakable aberration from the side of financial advantage toward that of pecuniary loss. Extracting a small folder from a coat pocket in the gray tweed suit cut by a Chicago tailor, he noted with a feeling of unpleasantness that his bank credit was somewhat more than exhausted. Even if the paste manufacturer should remit promptly, which would disclose a trait presumably alien to his nature, financial matters connected with the New Republic Mill, the name with which his enterprise had been christened, would not be entirely wholesome.

This was due to a variety of circumstances, in addition to a paucity of sales. As Mr. Ng, the apothecary, had said, the operation of a steam power mill upon coals, particularly when carried all the way from Australia, was more expensive than providing the grass required to feed a blind ox. Still, this would not have been critical if it had not been for an unfortunate attitude on the part of the comfortable old farmers neighboring upon his father's lands. They would have none of his neatly sacked "New Idea" flour. It was too costly, they alleged, at the price Mr. Heaux felt obliged to ask. Moreover, for an exactly similar reason, they would not fall in with this idea of doing grist-mill service for the surrounding country, "as far as Great Melon Hamlet and the Village of Crows." Even the coolies under his father's roof-tree looked askance upon flour of the "New Idea," as if it contained the pulverized essence of some of the exceedingly evil alien spirits that must have fought to a conclusion with the demons of Fengshui; and in this they reflected the underlying sentiment of the community.

It had been clear, therefore, that if the New Republic Mill was to supply more than the Ho family table, it would be necessary to buy wheat and compete for a market in such great metropolitan places as Shanghai. The old farmers were so reluctant, however, to depart from established custom, that it was only by the payment of a small premium that he could divert wheat grown upon the surrounding fields from its accustomed pilgrimage to the port mills.

Repeatedly, but with a growing discontent, young Mr. Heaux ran his eye over the figures denoting his overdraught at the bank. Without the intercession of his father, he knew, nothing satisfactory could be done to that balance; and, unfortunately, his August Parent was inaccessible. The old-fashioned old gentleman, whose business and social habits appeared to his son to be dated at least as far into the unprogressive past as the Han dynasty, was gone on an indefinite journey to join a group of doddering, stanza-scribbling school mates in the enterprise of inspecting poetical inscriptions on the Hangchow pagodas—and doubtless of cooling wine-warmed cheeks in the classic breezes of West Lake.

The whir of machinery ceased suddenly in the New Republic Mill, and the proprietor arose to anticipate the excuses of his saffron head miller. This time, however, there was an exceedingly simple and undebatable explanation. No more wheat remained to be ground.

Young Mr. Heaux pondered the situation for a moment, then issued an order.

"Tell Ting to draw the fire under his boilers," he said. "And when you have locked up, bring me the keys. Tomorrow you will all give assistance to the head gardener in the matter of cultivating his cabbages. There is no need of you here."

III.

Mr. George Washington Heaux, metamorphosed into Ho Pei Fu by virtue of the abandonment of his gray tweed suit and his assumption of the felt slippers and silk tunic of his ancestors, waited in gathering twilight before the Pavilion of Fragrant Recollections. Here, three days before, he had had the beginning of an adventure, sauced with a bit of the fortuitousness of modern romance yet sufficiently flavored with circumstances mellow and archaic to appeal to some ineradicable instinct of preference within him for the immutable conventions of his race.

"Moon Beautiful" she was, a term directly translatable from Yueh Woa, the syllables of her name. Her surname he had not asked, desiring to keep this a part of her seductive mystery.

She had happened to him, indeed, in a manner as mysterious and

dramatic as it is possible for anything to happen under the three hundred classic rules of ceremony and the three thousand precepts of behavior. And if she were to keep this crypt today it would be like the compounding of an airy miracle.

The day of their meeting had been that upon which the Mill of the New Republic had closed its doors. Its somewhat abashed proprietor had wandered aimlessly from the bamboo grove within which nestled the curved roofs and gables of his ancestral mansion. He preferred the sleeply solitude of the open fields to the shrewd inquisition of his mother's tongue.

Ho Pei Fu (for he was frankly ashamed, now, of the academic folly of George Washington Heaux) felt himself discredited, if not humbled. He did not quite understand that he was only suffering the inevitable disillusionment of the returned Chinese student. Like others of his kind he had come home from abroad fretting to upheave the old order of things and to shake his venerable country out of its vast inertia.

He recalled, suddenly, the words of Montaigne, describing China's tenacity and its resistance both to change and decay: "All that shaketh does not fall: the contexture of so vast a frame holds by more than one nail. It holds by its antiquity, as old buildings which age hath robbed of foundation, without loam or mortar, nevertheless live and subsist by their own weight."

He was beginning to perceive that China, which had absorbed every conqueror since and even before Genghis Khan without essential change to itself, was not likely to accept even its returned students without bending them back close to the established mould. He felt no longer the irritable impatience with which he had attempted, unsuccessfully, to revolutionize the industry and agriculture of his native province. A sense of his own impotence, even of personal insufficiency for the task, had overtaken him, and through it he was conscious of a new respect for his country's stubborn, old-fashioned virtues.

A blaze of sunlight steeped the aged fields, still fertile after the winnowings of forty centuries. It was a benevolent prospect. Village walls shone dazzling white in the middle distance, and beyond lay glassy serpentines of the Yangtze. Overhead flew a trio of lazy crows, winging their way toward a crumbling monastery set like a yellow jewel among fir trees on the ridge of a hill. The spirit of old China was in the air, odorous, incensed, faintly sounding to the labored ululation of coolies whose moist torsos gleamed bronze-red in the sun. Ho Pei Fu was intimately aware of the soil's sound beneficence, and a pride of birth filled him. His was a part of this inestimable heritage.

His idle feet, as if by subtle intent, had carried him, before he knew, to the stone-arched entrance of the Ho family's shrine. Looking in upon the mossy, weather-worn courtyard, and the dragon-scale tiles of the Pavilion of Fragrant Recollections, Ho Pei Fu felt a twinge of shame. He had outraged his parents, upon his return from America, by refusing to announce his arrival before the ancestral tablets.

It was with no sense of reversion to a heathen practice that he now entered, but rather with the feeling of reverence he had observed in those who lingered, on Memorial Day, in the cemeteries of the United States. He thought, suddenly, of the generations of Hos, here represented, summoning him, the newest link in a long chain, to the immemorial service of "keeping green" their graves. This, he told himself, would be but a decent compromise with the past.

An accent of alarm, in a woman's voice, greeted him as he reached the central hall.

"Yueh Woa! Yueh Woa! Run quickly, Little Lotus!" called a blue-trousered amah to a girl kneeling before rows of ideographed tablets.

The girl rose, in alarm, swaying upon unsteady feet.

Turning to meet him, her rice-powdered paleness blended into the swift color of peach-bloom before Ho Pei Fu's frank admiration.

In the momentary tableau that ensued, he saw that she was a figure as fair as any in the poetry of Cathay. He could not think of her in terms of western images of beauty, but his mind ran ecstatically upon old classical metaphors indelible to the literature of Chinese romance. She was fair as the Great Night Lantern of the Sky: cheeks curved like the seed of a melon, brows silken as the wings of a moth, eyes like twin kernels of the apricot, mouth cherry-lipped, and waist as supple as a poplar that sways in the wind.

Her clothing was that of orthodox Chinese maidenhoods, untouched by the contagion of foreign style. In one respect only was she other than his August Parent might have wished. Her feet were not "lily-cup" small, for they were innocent of the bindings that drown Chinese girlhood in tears.

He spoke to her, and she answered, shyly; but he could scarcely recall what they had said. It was only afterward that he remembered his first wonder as to why she was there. Then he was curiously alarmed lest she should prove to be some cousin of his own name, which would have put her forever beyond the pale of his new and most ardent desire. If she were not, why had she been there before the tablets of his sires? Hers was the act of a daughter—or of a bride; assuredly not that of a woman of some alien clan.

Much, however, had remained unsaid, for amah was impatient of the gathering dusk. As they stole hurriedly away, Yueh Woa had whispered to his entreaty:

"In three days, perhaps; if my Honorable Mother should send me again with quince jam to her favorite priest in the monastery—?"

"You will be here, at this hour?"

The jade pendants danced at the tips of her ears as she nodded a half-doubting consent.

He was disturbed, now, by the thought that perhaps she would not come, after all. He regretted his fancy of leaving her identity a mystery; although if she were, indeed, more than a trick of the imagination, he would have no great difficulty in discovering her even in the teeming population of this Yangtze region.

There had been time to think in these three days. He recalled a brief infatuation, in his university town, for the American-born daughter of a Cantonese laundryman; a girl as vehement and immoderate as any American flapper. He smiled, as well, to think of his August Parent's disrupted matrimonial alliance with the family of Wu. The girl was one whom he had never seen, and the betrothal had been arranged, in the conventional Chinese manner, before she had outworn her cradle. Nevertheless, he had heard with amusement of her public smoking of cigarettes, her cropped hair, and the ludicrous effort to ape foreign attire.

If only Miss Wu had been Yuch Woa, "Moon Beautiful," this exquisite flower of China's indestructible culture.

The soft shuffle of felt slippers quickened his anticipation. But it was only the girl's amah, who gave him a ribboned missive, then turned away without a word.

In the last glow of sunset Ho Pei Fu read the gracefully painted ideographs:

Jade-Lustrous:

It is unseemly that a daughter of China should permit herself to become unrequitedly enamored of one who, wedded long since to western learning, must wed likewise a woman of western culture.

I am but an unmentionable one of the inner chamber, fit only for the stupid thorn of a river-coolie. For I have erred against the teachings that stand written in the Record of Cultured Women. The four feminine virtues, it is said in the Sacred Edict and in the Mirror of the Heart, are modesty, docility, careful speech and a submissive demeanor. These have departed from me like a phoenix rising from ashes of its unholy self.

Desiring to be more acceptable to the returned scholar to whom I was betrothed, I choked myself with the fumes of tobacco grass, even at the door of my father's house; for it is said by old crones under this roof-tree that that is the way of the foreign women. Binding my long hair close, I wore false short locks to imitate the abominable ones of barbarian culture; and from the holy women of the mission I borrowed garments suitable only to their most austere beauty. Because of this the red cards of betrothal were recalled, and the dowry restored.

Yet have I erred again. Yielding to impulses that spring from the bosom of a silly woman, I have been so bold as to imagine myself a bride kow-towing before the shades of my once-betrothed. For I am Yuch Woa, the unspeakable daughter of Wu Hung Dao. My heart is thy servant, yet I am

Thy Not Wanted.

IV.

Mr. Nng inclined his wizened body, respectfully, over the ginseng root littering his prescription counter. His manner reflected an exact deference to the venerable presence of Mr. Ho.

The old gentleman seated himself meticulously upon a stiff-backed chair of ceremony, and began humming a bar of "Dew on the Garlic," that sprightly air inherited from a defunct dynasty.

"Ten thousand felicitations," mouthed the apothecary, with an unwonted unction. "The wedding, then, takes place tomorrow?"

"Not wrong, O Compounder of Nauseous Potions: the wedding of my son with the daughter of Wu."

"We were deceived by that mischievous damsel, O Benevolent and Sedate, but may her sons be as many as the hairs in thy beard."

"We were as eggs addled by great age."

"Our wit," agreed the antiphonal Nng, "was nimble as the affairs of a turtle. We were as crack-pots upon heaps of dung."

"She was of the old, as he is of the new."

"A young pine of progress and the graceful willow of old culture—a Golden Mean, agreeable to the doctrine of the Sage."

"Ay yahl!" nodded the elder Ho. "They have found the Middle Way, upon which all China must walk when it comes to affairs of the West."

Mr. Nng removed his tortoise-rimmed spectacles and cast a sidelong glance at his customer's complacency.

"But the mill that grinds wheat?" he asked suddenly with a sly accent of provocation. "Is there room for that beside thy August Middle Way?"

"Grandson of Naught!" wheezed irate Mr. Ho. "Does not the smoke belch once more from its chimney?"

"And the flour of the Renovated Idea—does it continue to feed the venerable rats of the Yangtze?"

But old Mr. Ho, with an asthmatic chuckle, had regained his Confucian poise.

"I, also, Great Pill, have found the Middle Course. No money has been lost. Know, that instead of idling at Hangchow over couplets of verse and goblets of wine, I have been in Shanghai arranging the affairs of the Macaroni Factory of Venerable Antiquity."

"Then it is thou—" stammered Nng.

"It was I, Bitter Lotion, that bought my illustrious son's flour of the 'New Idea,' and profit to the house of Ho, rather than unfortunately naught, is benevolently double."

Mr. Nng was not devoid of a kernel of humor.

"And thy neighbors that spurned it?" he asked. "Will they swallow it now that it has become paste of a venerable order?"

Old Mr. Ho looked aloft, serenely, at a patch of incense-blue sky above the apothecary's sign.

"It is a wise chop-stick," he remarked, "that knows the ancestry of macaroni when it has reached the bowl."

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Fantasy Town

BY LAURENCE B. GOODRICH

*Above the spires that crest the town,
Above the roofs of red and brown,
The pigeons wheel, then dropping down,
Among the houses fly.
Tumbled gables, weathered gray,
Lean above each cobbled way,
Whispering dreams from day to day
Of vivid times gone by.
Of old, this was a bustling place
When merchants filled the market space
With crimson shoes and silver lace
And parrots from far shores.
When hawkers cried their precious wares,
While kings, from the cathedral stairs,
Sent up their fervent vows and prayers
For strength in foreign wars.
But now the town is old and still,
Only the rooks, with croaking shrill,
The echoing streets and archways fill
Where soft the shadows fall.
No longer swells the rolling note
From out the organ's quivering throat,
Calm sleep the lilies in the moat
Below the castle wall.
Over roof and spire and dome,
The twilight brings the pigeons home,
While wistful dreams in silence roam
Through empty court and hall.*

Night

BY ELIZABETH DYAR RUSSELL

*On most days, when
The sun falls,
It leaves all things enshrouded
In the purple cloth of dusk.
But tonight, after it was gone,
Long streamers of wonderful green
Came out of the limpid sky
And enfolded the world
Softly and secretly;
Then faded to the loveliest of blue,
Till down swooped the Night
With jewels in her hair,
And dropped a blue-black curtain set with stars.*

WHEN IS A PLAY NOT A PLAY?

By RICHARD BURTON

WHEN is a door not a door had an easy answer; when its a-jar. Would that the reply to the query in my caption were as glib! The answers, alas, are not one, but many; as many, in truth, as are those who respond. A criterion seems to be entirely lacking, and everybody in the meantime "knows what he likes."

Yet is it reasonable to maintain that while various forms of theatrical entertainment are called "plays," they can only be so styled by a carelessness of nomenclature destructive of the best interests of the drama. In spite of the lack of agreement upon tests and standards, there must be some central principle to settle the question, to distinguish a stage story from the other forms of fictional art. Otherwise, how were it a separate art form at all? And this principle is to be found in the fact that a play must have a plot culminating in a scene towards which all the action converges, along with such clear-cut handling as shall demonstrate it to the satisfaction of an audience. A plotless play is a contradiction in terms; a play without this culminating scene may be half a dozen other agreeable things, but is not sound drama. And a handling so muddy as to obscure this fundamental necessity and result, is by so much the poorer dramaturgy.

I am aware that of late years a school of plotless, non-dramatic drama has been developed, like some of the plays of the Russian Tchekof, and been hailed as of finer art and subtler manifestation of life. One hears talk about "atmosphere dialogue," for example, when dialogue that does not reveal character and advance plot is a misnomer. Excellent as it may be in a play to study the social milieu, such an aim should wait on the primary business of telling a story in the peculiar, terse manner of telling which makes a play differ from a novel. The stage demand alters the story-telling technique and no art fad of the day can change that persistent fact. Dramatic authors really called to their profession and trained therein, know this both instinctively and by experience, and hence obey this law of method and accomplishment.

An uncritical audience may not consciously blame the playwright for his lack of plot and skillful handling of it, it may not have reasoned out the need of growth to a definite end, increasing tension and that explosive, fascinating moment we call a climax; but be assured it will stir uneasily in the seats and be likely, as a rule, to show the validity of these requirements by the most practical of all affirmatives,—by staying away from the piece that fails to illustrate them! To be sure, small, special audiences can be and are found for plays that-are-not-plays, according to my definition; but the stage life of dramas with this quasi appeal or substitution of undramatic attraction, languishes, as a rule, and at the best is but brief. If some one wishes to contend that it is perfectly legitimate to seek in the theatre a pleasure derived from some play wobbly in construction, spineless and of a static rather than dynamic nature, the right can be conceded. Persons there are who seem to feel that detached brilliance of dialogue or the endless discussion of some absorbing social theme, is ample com-

pensation for the lack of plot, progress and crisis. All that is here maintained is, that such virtues, however bright, are not dramatic virtues. They are virtues properly belonging to fiction, and foisted onto the stage where they do not belong. Moreover, the confusion between fiction and drama, thus created, does harm to the comprehension of both these two forms and ways of telling a story. Fiction can use a method not for a moment suitable to the stern condensation and heightening of effect proper to the stage. The encroachment of the technique of the novel upon the true province of drama is a sign of the day not to be cheerfully accepted by those who have at heart the real welfare and mission of the theatre. Unless the distinction is made, and sturdily held to, confusion will continue, and harm enough has already been done through the attempts of an "advanced" group of play-makers or critic theorists who seem to feel that a play is only good in proportion as it tells its story in a non-dramatic manner.

Two recent illustrations may be cited. One such is that piece of muddled nonsense, "The Bat," as bad a melodrama in all that goes to make sound art of the kind as has been witnessed of late years. The story is in itself far-fetched, at the best; but it might have had a handling to make it a good play. Not so. Instead of a close-knit, terse, culminating stage manipulation, we get a well-nigh chaotic presentation of numerous things which by tradition are assumed to mean melodramatic excitement when exploded into an audience. Go home, after seeing it, and try to state clearly, succinctly, what this drama is, and where it comes out (always a test) and you will at once discover how hopelessly confused a jumble it is—mumbo-jumbo could no further go! Character after character, to your sad bewilderment, takes the center of interest for a moment, only to be displaced by somebody else. Of dramatic motivation, there is next to naught. Interest that steadily converges to a central point is absent. You follow the alleged plot along, with an irritable sense of missing something, you don't know what. The kind of guessing you are asked to do is not the pleasurable kind you experience in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," or "The Thirteenth Chair," or "On Trial," or any other good melodrama, but rather the kind that befuddles the mind in a wearisome way and leaves the puzzle unsolved at last.

But the defenders of "The Bat" (whose name is legion) are ready with the one fatal remark—"Look at the box office statistics, see the piece triumphantly start on its second year." Meekly I grant it, and behold the result in a melancholy maze of wonder. Explanation lies beyond my powers. I can only suggest that such enjoyment as is derived from a play like "The Bat" cannot be that based on the appreciation of a sound, well-constructed piece in its particular genre. Pleasure is pleasure, and we may begrudge it to no one. But let us perceive the difference. In the realm of action, incident, adventure and mystery, Much Ado About Nothing is a dangerous motto. But Much Ado About Something is worse yet—when you never quite discern what the

Something is!

An example still more striking, because of the author's standing, was presented by Shaw's drama seen several years ago in New York, "Heart Break House." The present writer is a staunch admirer of G. B. S. and has proved it by his book on this dramatist's work. But when a bad play is made by a good, not to say, great dramatist, the judicious have all the more right to grieve. And there is a double reason for recognizing it as bad; first, because the good can only be appreciated by contrast with the bad; and second, since it is destructive to the cause of good drama to have the mantle of a distinguished name cloaking poor work, and so darkening counsel as to be-muddle folk incapable of independent judgment upon plays, good or bad.

The plain truth is that "Heart Break House" is not only a bad play, but no play at all. This has been said of sundry other Shavian dramas and said unjustly; for most of these plays, and all the confirmed successes, are fine examples of expert dramaturgy, with technique and to spare, albeit hidden under an apparent ignoring of the supposed rules of the game. But emphatically they have far more than the mere brilliant talk that has been alleged of them; just as in the past the same imbecile remark used to be made of Wilde's solidly constructed plays. Nothing is further from the truth than the oft-repeated twaddle about Shaw being undramatic. He is an essentially modern dramatist in being tensely dramatic in the psychologic way, which is the modern way, and the best way of all. He does not make a noise on the stage by the overthrow of tables and the letting off of guns; he gives us the drama of mind and of human motive, with the clash, contrast and climax called for in such a presentation of life. It is the distinction of modern drama to get its thrill in this fashion. But of "Heart Break House" it can assuredly be said that it lacks the drama thus secured. Not only is the story not dramatically handled, but there is no story. It moves nowhere, gets nowhere. If its purpose be to show the social entourage prior to and leading up to the War, with Russia in mind as the best example of paralysis and decay, a picture of people shocked into action who before were frittering away their time and energy, no one will deny that here is a possible subject for a play. But to exhibit on the stage this intellectual and moral bankruptcy, you must have a story; and this composition is completely static, with no progress, direction, culmination or sense of end. It would be perfectly safe to offer a hundred dollars to anyone who would make a propositional statement of the story value of "Heart Break House;" your money would lie untouched in your pocket. We get, to be sure, some amusing character sketching, and of course, (else it were not Shaw) numerous scintillants of dialogue. But these do not make a play — and never will.

Again, the objector may be imagined as remarking: "But it was liked, many went to see it, enthusiastic praise was forthcoming, both from critic in print, from persons perhaps as critical in private. The piece persisted for several months."

True enough. It is a mystery, more or less. New York supports good things, and fails to support them. And it supports very bad things, often. But in this case I treasure a dark suspicion that Shaw, being regarded as a criterion of "culture," many who wish to be grouped with the mentally alert and aware, and to avoid his own category of these "mentally overtaxed,"— wishing, in short, to be in the intellectual swim — found seeming appreciation to be an easy way to set up such a claim. To like Shaw, is still to be in the van of theatre culture; this is always an element in the Shaw following. Those who enjoyed a pseudo-drama like "Heart Break House" must have found their pleasure in some other than dramatic cause. To enjoy a moment of eccentric characterization, or some squib of the mind let off by a master of such mental fireworks; or even to get your reward in a stage setting showing a living room rigged up as a ship's cabin, is quite all right, so long as it is not confused with the primary business of the play itself. Since pleasure that is innocent is always desirable in a world not over freighted with the commodity, it may be applauded as a result — if only, as I said before, we bear in mind when a play is not a play! There are those, no doubt, who consider a play (as Mr. Granville Barker puts it) as anything which interests an audience for two hours or so of time. If this be so, it is hard to see how a circus differs from a play, except that it is not given on a platform. Mr. Barker, having the courage of his convictions, puts this theory into practice in a drama like "The Madras House," and produces a piece that rivals Shaw in the absence of all that makes drama — however stimulating it may be as literature and thought.

It is by a stern insistence upon what is and is not drama that our playwright in the long run (a truly dramatic figure) will prosper. No great name should be allowed to confuse the issue. I, for one, cannot for the life of me decide whether the incorrigible, unpredictable Shaw, who so dearly loves to go to Donnybrook Fair and with his Celtic shillalah crack the pates of numbskulls, is laughing in his sleeve at a Public which eagerly swallows a "Heart Break House." It is comforting that in his later piece, or drama series, "Back to Merhusaleh," he has shown us his better and more brilliant self, and in his very latest,

Saint Joan, which crowded the New York Empire Theatre several seasons ago, he becomes the Shaw we believe in, handling a great historical theme with superb dramatic unity and force.

When is a play not a play? When it is something besides drama. All the world's a stage, yes, But to get any of the world into a theatre, you must handle life in a way to demonstrate that dramatic art is actually an art,— not a hodge-podge of so-called entertainment.

And the plays that refuse to be classed among the ephemera, always illustrate the claim.

The Seasons

BY MARION E. LE BRON

SPRING

*Spring is just a fairy's child,
Dancing, dancing, free and wild.
Yellow skirt and paper wing
Like a daffodil is Spring.*

SUMMER

*Summer is a barefoot boy,
Quieter, calmer in his joy,
Lying lazy on the hill
With his bag o' dreams to fill.*

AUTUMN

*See the lady Autumn there,
Letting breezes through her hair;
Skirts a-blowing, gold and red;
Oak leaves dancing round her head.*

WINTER

*Winter, very plump and old,
Is too jolly to be cold;
Snowy beard and furry coat,
With a muffler round his throat.*

"Mr. Wind, Take Off Your Hat!"

BY MIRIAM CLARK POTTER

*Mr. Wind, take off your hat,
Let us see your hair!
Is it white and snowy soft,
Is it gold and fair?
Are you young and like a prince,
Old, and like a king?
Of the looks of you we see
Not a single thing!
Magic scarf and cloak and shoes
Hide you from our sight.
Wrap you all away from us,
On your busy flight.
Just your hair, please, Mr. Wind,
Let us look at that!
Is it curling, swirling gold
Underneath your hat?*

SILVER, SILVER

By MIRIAM CLARK POTTER

MRS. POGGELTY, an old woman who lived alone, was sweeping her little kitchen floor for the night. She brushed very slowly and very thoughtfully, and as she brushed she hummed a solemn tune.

Then she put the broom away; and going quietly down her wiggly, squeaky cellar stairs, she took a loose stone out of the wall and dragged forth a clinking black bag. She sat down on the lowest step and counted the money in the bag; it smelled damp and cellarish down there, while Mrs. Poggelty counted.

"Thirty, forty, fifty—" she went on, till all the pieces were numbered and the bag tied up and put away again.

As Mrs. Poggelty climbed the stairs she said to herself; "How very pleasant, that no one knows about my silver! Hidden away it is, where no prowling robber could ever find it."

She crossed her neat kitchen and stood in the little window, leaning out, looking at the garden. The moon had begun to rise; round and beautiful it looked, like a magic, cream-colored cookie, baked for a giant's birthday party. The things it touched were all smoothed with a velvet, milky light; the barn, and the chicken coop, and the trees in the orchard, and the beehives, and the rambling, funny fence, all were soft and dream-colored, in its quiet glow.

Mrs. Poggelty saw the barn, and thought; "I must give the cow some salt to eat." She gazed at the orchard and said to herself; "I must make some apple butter, to sell at the fair." She looked at the fence, and sighed; "It is breaking down, over there in the east corner."

The brook made soft music, but she did not hear it; the trees were turning to lovely silver, but she did not see them; deep, perfect silver was coming into the grass, and the sky, and the barn roof, and the garden gate, but the eyes of Mrs. Poggelty could not find it. She thought only of the things that she must do, and of the silver downstairs in her old black musty bag.

"Quick, Let's go into the kitchen—her back is turned!" All of a sudden the lowest leaves on the apple tree seemed to come alive, and three tiny beings dropped to the sill and into the room. Each was about as high as a silver spoon, and with his shining body and slender legs he looked a good deal like one. They joined hands, and danced around in a dizzy little ring under Mrs. Poggelty's rocking chair, singing all the time, in a low, bee-buzzy way:

*"Silver, silver all about,
In rich and shining measure—"*

Quickly, sighing a sigh, Mrs. Poggelty turned around. The three fairies, taken very much by surprise, ran behind the door and climbed her gingham apron, hanging there on a peg. They hid, with soft fairy giggles, safe in her deep apron pocket.

"Dearie me," said the old woman, sighing, "I forgot to mix the bread!" She reached behind the door and took down her apron; she tied it on, moved over to the candle shelf and lit herself a light.

(Oh, who could tell her there were three fairies in her apron pocket)? Only the laughing, silver moon outside,

and Mrs. Poggelty could not understand the magic words it spoke.

She got a bowl, she got a spoon, and poured in water and flour and stirred them up. Then she thought she wanted her handkerchief, to brush the flour off her nose, and she put her firm, feeling hand into her apron pocket.

"Oh! Mercy me! Off with it!" cried Mrs. Poggelty, catching the apron and throwing it far away. "Mice! In my very pocket! Ugh, the horrid, squirmy things!" She ran to the porch for the broom, and while she was doing that the fairies were up, off, away; over the shining sill, deep into the silver milky night.

"It must have been a fancy," said Mrs. Poggelty, shaking the apron bravely. "But I am sure I felt mice! Well, living alone as I do, with no pretty things to look at or nice happenings at all, it is no wonder I get a little queer. If it were not for my silver money bag downstairs, I should be a forlorn old woman indeed."

"Look out of doors in the garden!" the moon was telling her. "See the barn top, the rambling fence, the beehives, all turned to silver! Are they not pretty things? Listen to the brook; it is freshening the cress for your supper, keeping the turf damp where your fat vegetables grow. Is that not a nice happening? Alone! You are not alone, Mrs. Poggelty. Look for fairies, look for fairies!"

But she hung her apron up again, and went slowly up the little creaky stairs to bed, thinking only of her money safe in the old black bag.

And the fairies outside, tired of meddling with such a stupid old woman, sang their low, bee-buzzy song as they danced about softly on the milking stool; and this was it:

*"The day is on its tippy-toes,
To reach the rounding moon;
The stars perch in the apple trees;
They'll turn to apples, soon.
"With silver, silver all about,
In rich and flowing measure;
A fig for Mrs. Poggelty;
She hasn't any treasure!"*

What O'Clock

By GOTTFRIED HULT

*Darkling I muse, aware of passing time,
Hearing my clock run,—such a tense little thing,
Contrived with such relentless inner spring
To tick me ever farther from my prime!
The moving hands in their descent and climb
Are luminously visible by night.
I turn my head, and manifest to sight
The hour, as sure as if made known by chime.
If so in that dark night in which we find
Ourselves as nation we might likewise learn
By hands illumined what o'clock of fate!
Is it not this, as any wakeful mind
And sane by every token may discern:
Mankind becoming one in a world-state?*

THE KING OF SHADOWS

By MAJORIE H. NICHOLSON

THE twentieth century, which delights in rationalizing the irrational, has taken the romance from dreams; instead of the most delightful of all subjects, they have become the most dangerous. Our modern authors use them—when they dare to use them—with a morbid satisfaction that, though their characters may deceive by their actions, they will be known by their dreams. But in the corners of the world to which psychology has not yet penetrated, among the people who still believe in ghosts and witches and Hallowe'en and proverbs, there are those who will tell you with sage nods that dreams told before breakfast always come true, while all others go by contraries; and there remain, even among the "cultured," some few who can reread the great dreams of literature without subjecting them and their authors to the acid test of Freud. To the normal person, child or adult, the dream world is still more real than the actual, and going to sleep is still an adventure, whether one goes from the nursery with Wendy Moira Angela Darling, or from the prison with Peter Ibbetson. All the great poets—who, fortunately, lived before the time of the great scientists—have delighted in the world of dreams. When Homer's gods wished to communicate with mortals, they sent messengers more often than not in the form of dreams, who, sweeping down from Olympus stood beside the sleeping chieftains or the lovely Penelope and spoke to them winged words, which, it is to be noted, these mature but reasonable beings hastened to obey. In mediæval allegory, too, the dream device was a favorite; and it is not strange to anyone who has dreamed well that in those days, too, the dream world should have been the world of reality. It was in Dante's dream that the Florentine saw, not the people and places among which he had his daily being, but the real hell and purgatory and paradise in which men live. It is entirely natural, therefore, that the sanest of all our poets should have delighted in dreams and dreamers.

There is hardly a play of Shakespeare's which does not have some reference to dreams. His earliest plays are most full of them; but, though they do not play so important a part in the later ones, they are never far distant—messengers called back for a time to Olympus, but ready to shoot down in an instant like falling stars. *The Taming of the Shrew*—unpoetic though it is—is possibly a survival of that mediæval dream device which an author used to explain the introduction of allegorical characters and to mark the transition to the ideal world. But Shakespeare never seriously needed artificial devices to excuse his plays; his interest in *The Taming of the Shrew* is clearly less in the trick which the nobles played upon Christopher Sly to make him think his past life but a dream, than in the play which was performed before him; the play was the thing, and Katherine and Petruchio have captured our interest, as they did that of the author; Christopher Sly and his dream have been forgotten.

The dreams of Shakespeare's characters are always significant of their natures and their experience—here at least he is in accord with modern psychologists! One cannot imagine that Beatrice dreamt much; she slept too soundly o' nights. And, indeed, the only reference to her dreams is as thoroughly characteristic as anyone

could ask. "She is never sad but when she sleeps," said Hero's father,—"and not sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and wak'd herself with laughing!" Without question this is the same Beatrice as she who said of her birth: "Nay, sure, my mother cried; but then a star danc'd, and under that I was born." But most of the laughing lovable wits of Shakespeare dream little. It is when we reach the group of those whose minds and hearts are troubled that we really begin to see the use Shakespeare made of dreams. After his crime, Macbeth, whom once nothing but the rude alarm of war could have disturbed at night, speaks continually of "the terrible dreams that shake us nightly." Not only does he himself dream, but he imputes to all the other dreamers in the world the terrors of his own conscience: "Now," he says shudderingly as he pauses before the door of Duncan,

O'er the one-half world

Nature seems dead, and wick'd dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep.

The dreams which finally brought about the downfall of Lady Macbeth, stern woman though she thought she was, are caught for all time in that unconscious cry of hers: "What! will these hands ne'er be clean?"

The fear and the remembrance of dreams which were the result of his perturbed thoughts sound through *Hamlet* like a motif of dread in music. There is, of course, his all-too-familiar pondering on the dreams which may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil; but it was not really so much dread of the after-life which disturbed Hamlet, as dread of the coming of each day and its night. "O God!" he cries, "I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space—were it not that I have bad dreams!" Yet the dreams of Hamlet, most intellectual of Shakespeare's characters, are no more significant of his character, and much less significant of mankind, perhaps, than the one dream of Caliban, the spirit of the earth:

And then in dreaming

The clouds methought would open and show riches

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd

I cried to dream again.

Milton, a half century later, drew another picture of a spirit, not of earth but of chaos—Mammon, the "least erected spirit that fell from heaven:"

For even in Heav'n his looks and thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more

The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold

Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed

In vision beatific.

The angel who had stood before the gates and the son of Sycorax in the mire have had the same vision of heaven.

The Merchant of Venice is not a play of dreamers; curiously enough, the only person of that group whose dream is mentioned is Shylock, who, when he leaves home for his fateful meeting with Antonio, counsels his daughter:

Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a-brewing toward my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags tonight.

That dream of Shylock's belongs not only with the dreams which are significant of character, but with another group of Shakespeare's favorites—dreams of prophecy. Brabantio, when he is roused by Roderigo—Iago safely in the background—is convinced of the truth of the news of his daughter's elopement, not only by the proofs which the informants offer, but, even more, by the remembrance of a dream:

Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! Call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.

What his dream was, the audience never knows; nor does it know the first of the dreams in *Romeo and Juliet*, when Romeo, unable to give any valid excuse for the "heaviness" which weighs upon him, says hesitatingly: "I dream'd a dream tonight." The laughter of Mercutio and his exuberant burst of fancy at Romeo's expense—strange that the most elaborate of all dream speeches should have been by one of the men who dreamed least—with its brilliant peroration:

dreams
Which are the children of an idle brain
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

entirely carries the audience away from Romeo's dream, if not from his prophetic soul. But his last dream is of another sort—one of those which, the old wives tell us, go by contraries, less prophetic than ironical. For as the messenger of death is spurring on his horse to bring the tidings, Romeo muses:

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream which gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips
That I reviv'd and was an emperor.

Hermia, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, also, dreams a prophetic dream, which comes, like Romeo's at a moment of crisis; for, as she wakes in the wood, before she realizes that the magic potion has taken away from her the lover with whom she has left the safety of the court for the dangers of the wood, she cries out:

Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Aye me, for pity, what a dream was here!
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Julius Caesar naturally—for it was of an age even more interested in dreams than was the sixteenth century—is filled with references to prophecy by dreams; when Cassius wishes to show the change which has come over Caesar, he does it by referring to his change of attitude in regard to dreams:

He is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinions he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

More poignant than the dream of prophecy is the "reminiscent dream"—the situation in which a character looks back over the part of life which has passed and finds happiness to be but a dream from which he must wake to reality. It is this figure of speech which comes most naturally, and most pathetically, to the lips of Shakespearean characters at crises. Katherine, the queen, does dream a real dream—though that was probably put in by Fletcher and not by Shakespeare—but the dream fades entirely from our memories in contrast with the words she uses as she rises from her knees before her husband:

Sir,
I was about to weep; but thinking that
We are a queen—or long have dream'd so—
certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Perdita, too, after the discovery of Polixenes, king of Bohemia, which puts an end to all her visions of the future, uses the same figure of speech:

This dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep.

There is another speech of the same sort in *Richard the Second* in a scene whose place is expressed succinctly: "Scene—A Street leading to the Tower." There Richard meets for the last time his wife, who had been queen. "Learn, good soul," he says to her:

To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

Most intolerable of all awakenings from dreams, though dramatically and morally necessary it may be, is that of Henry the Fifth—one cannot longer call him Hal—on the day of his coronation when there breaks from the rank of spectators a huge, white haired old man, dusty and stained with travel, crying out:

My king! My Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

to whom the king, in a voice which undoubtedly suited well with his new robes of state, replies:

I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.
I long had dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane
But being awake, I do despise my dream.

To the reader, who also has "dreamed of such a kind of man," the scene is today intolerable, even though he explain that logically Falstaff is, after all, only Braggadocchio, the clown *par excellence*, whose final casting off by the true prince must once have filled the playhouse with laughter. It may have been Henry of Agincourt who awoke from his dream; certainly it was never the Hal who robbed the robbers on Gads-hill, who fought with Hotspur, who could drink with any tinker in his own language, and who, even after he had "reformed," could still say with the whimsical boyishness which was his chief charm: "By my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer." The time comes, however, to Henry the Fifth, as it does to all Shakespeare's monarchs, when he does consciously meditate on dreams. There is no one situation which so fascinated Shakespeare in dealing with history as the picture of a monarch, lonely and alone, in his palace or on the battlefield, meditating at night on the temporal power of a monarch, while his subjects sleep soundly, free from care. Thus Henry the Fifth, before Agincourt, broods as his father brooded in the chamber called Jerusalem:

No, thou proud dream
That playst so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial.
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous Ceremony—
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.

In that best of all melodramas, *Richard the Third*, Shakespeare is literally intoxicated with dreams and their meanings, prophecies, remembrances, curses and their fulfilling. One listens to each word of dramatic irony, each scene of dramatic foreshadowing, as surely some two or three of the unorthodox must once have listened to the mad Cassandra—with a shuddering horror and an inevitable knowledge that these things must come true. Clarence in his prison passes

a miserable night,
So full of frightful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man
I would not spend another such a night.

and he retells at length the dreams and nightmares of terror: the falling from a ship, the struggle with the waves, the terror of drowning, of smothering, of passing the "melancholy flood" where there meet him all those whom he had wronged on earth, the "shadow with bright hair dabbled in blood," and finally

a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and bowled in my ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell.

Stanley, too, has dreamed "the boar had razed his helm," and the dream so unnerves him that he sends word of it to Hastings, who, secure in his position, replies cynically:

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us.

Yet it is in that same scene that the prophetic audience catches its breath at Hasting's boast: "I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence." The moment is coming when Hastings, too, shall fear his dreams. Thus the prophecies and curses and visions crowd together in a riot of melodrama until the climactic scene—the night before the battle of Bosworth field, when there return to Richard the words of the terrible prophetess Margaret:

*No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.*

It was the imaginary hell of ugly devils which turned the fortune of the day, and the course of English history.

But the best of all dreams of Shakespeare—for that matter, the best of all dreams except *Alice in Wonderland*—is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Is there anything else in the world so English in spirit, so universal in appeal as those two dreams, adored by children, loved by maturity? From the moment that Alice, properly tired of the book that has no pictures, falls down the rabbit hole into the most delightful adventures that the heart of youth has known to the moment that the pack of cards comes tumbling about her ears, she lives in a world of delightfully irrational logic—for logic of the most inevitable and perverse sort there is always in the world of dreams. If what you eat from one hand makes you grow taller, then what you eat from the other must make you grow shorter; and if butter does not make the watch go, then there must have been crumbs in the butter. Just as Alice dropped from a world which had grown so rational as to be dull into a world of breathless wonder and suspense, so Lysander and Hermia fled away from a world which had grown so rational as to be just into a wood of magic irrationality. What happened in the "wood near Athens" is governed by the same dream logic as what happened at the Mad Hatter's tea party; the lovers change their respective positions and relations with the same tremendous gravity as do the guests at the party, and apply themselves to their new pursuits as solemnly as the March Hare to his tea. Into the world of mortals there flash suddenly a band of fairies, with a king and queen and their train, as in the other world there appear Red Kings and White Queens, Duchesses and flamingoes. Bottom and the rude mechanicals are no less probable—and no less English!—than the Walrus and the Carpenter, Bill the Lizard, and the Cook who joined in the pepper chorus. One may meet any of them tomorrow or next week. That Bottom should have awakened to find himself adorned with an ass' head is exactly as logical and as fitting as that the baby should have turned into a pig; and doubtless Bottom made as handsome an ass as the baby made a pig. For, fortunately for the imaginations of men, the psychologists, though they can expound dreams and terrify us with their explanations, cannot forbid man to dream nor make rational the minds of dreamers. In these two great dreams genius has caught forever the divine incongruity of nonsense.

How universal are the elements of which they are made! Our dreams, too, are filled with incongruity, with intimate conversations between people who have never met, with strange combinations of persons who look like one and talk like another, with snatches of places we have seen and others we have longed to know, with roamings through heaven and visions of hell, with love and jealousy and a naive and candid acceptance of the impossible. The rapidity of action of the two dreams is another of their characteristics of real unreality. Who has not in dreams run through a forest as these lovers do, pursuing, being pursued,—let the Freudians explain it as they will, our withers are unwrung! Who has not lived through the scene in which Demetrius and Lysander, with drawn swords, seek each other in the woods, losing themselves further and further in the mazes while they think continually that they are nearing each other, led on by Puck who laughs above their heads? What of Puck himself? Is he a dream, or is he the only one who really wakes?—Puck who puts a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, who is invisible at will, who is sometimes "a horse, a hound, a hog, a headless boar, sometimes a fire," who, like all others who love dreams can say:

*But those things do best please me,
Which befall preposterously.*

The utter seriousness of all the other characters is one of the best marks of their dream psychology, for the dream world is a serious one. No smile crosses the faces of the actors; the lovers flit through the woods, arms outstretched, tragic shadows. Helena pursues her unwilling Demetrius, with a fervor which in any but the dream world would be ludicrous; and as these human shadows flit by, there gleam through the trees the crowns of a king and queen and the wings of their fairy band; then, with the same soberness, there lumber in the "crew of patches," who, with the deadly seriousness of their kind, set about a conscientious murdering of the lovely "Thisne."

It is like our own relieved awakenings, too, that each of the characters should be made to feel that all that has been unworthy has been but a dream. Demetrius might some day remember the pursuit of Helena, Hermia might reproach Lysander about that dream of the serpent. But the king of fairyland guards against that. When they awake, says Oberon,

*all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end,*

which is comforting—if not entirely convincing.

*Think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream,*

Oberon says again. And when, a moment later, Titania awakes, to her also the experience through which she has passed seems but a vision, no real thing; for in the well-ordered rational world, says

Shakespeare slyly, fairy queens do not allow themselves to fall in love with ass' heads. One wonders what Queen Elizabeth thought as she watched that scene, and what memories flashed through her mind when the mimic "fairy queen" cried out:

*My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass!*

But it is not even enough that all the actors should be persuaded that this has been a dream. Puck, the spirit of mischief and delight, releases us, too, from his spell:

*If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.*

The queenly Hippolyta, the stately ladies of the court withdraw; the fairy crowns gleam and are lost to view; the braying of the ass dies away, and is gone in the distance. We rub our eyes. Was it the lightest of dreams or the deepest of allegories? the merriest of tales or the most trenchant of satires? Each reader will find in it what he will. But those who read it in the mood in which the author must have written it will thank God for nonsense, and murmur—beneath his breath—with Bottom: "Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream."

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is the beginning of the great sane normal healthy plays of Shakespeare, the forerunner of revels and merry-making in tavern and forest and palace. The plays which follow are hardly dreams, though the idylls of *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* have much of the same magic. But among the latest of Shakespeare's plays is another dream, the last of them all. Between the writing of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* had occurred the beginning of a new century and of a new monarchy. The profound difference between the two plays is expressed in the difference between their names. We are in a magic world again in the second, but the magic of healthy childish imaginations has become the magic of mediaeval laboratories, of geni who may release or bind, who, properly ruled, may be forced to work good, but who, left to their own devices, work evil, the magic of cabalistic signs and words which are the servant of him who dares to utter them. The forest of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, for all the name of Athens, is as English as fog and sunshine and daffodils; the island of Prospero is as exotic as a jungle in which orchids and serpents are alike beautiful and poisonous. One may smile at Helena pursuing her lover; one does not smile at Miranda who has never known a lover. One may shudder deliciously at the stern Egeus, as he begs the law upon his daughter, because one knows that, after all, he is good old Pantaloon with a scowl, who, as soon as his part is over, will sit down with gusto to his sausages; one shudders unconsciously at Prospero who has learned in his magic books the secrets which may confine an Ariel—or release a Caliban. Bottom is a weaver, Peter Quince a carpenter, Snout a tinker; but the humorous characters of *The Tempest* are a grim crew; Tinculo, a jester, Stephano, a drunken butler, and Caliban, the son of a witch. Puck has given way to Ariel; but Puck served the fairy king because of his own delight in mischief, while Ariel serves against his will a power stronger than his own. Could there have been, in all that rabble rout in the free forest of England, a "savage and deformed slave," whose Setebos is made in his own image, and who uses his hard-learned language—to curse?

The beauty of the rhetoric of Prospero's dream speech has so obscured its significance that we think of it merely as one of the loveliest in literature; yet there is terror in its beauty—as in the beauty of the tropical isle. The merry English faces of the actors in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* peep at us from behind their masks, as Snug, the joiner peeped through his lion's mane to say to the fair ladies: "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a man, as other men are." It is all a great lark, and they are the rotund Santa Clauses of childhood, whose voices and figures are those of jolly uncles, and after the performance, they will go home to supper and so to bed. If the fairyland of that play is not real, neither is the villainy. But it is not so with *The Tempest*:

*These our actors,
As I foretold you, are all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

When the pack of cards fell around the ears of Alice, she woke—with her head on her sister's lap; when the mortals left the wood near Athens, they returned to their own world and to each other; but with the fading of the "baseless fabric" of the vision of *The Tempest*, went the towers, the palaces, the temples of the world, the great globe itself. *The Tempest* was the last of Shakespeare's dreams; but it was a dream with nightmare touches. When the mortals left the enchanted isle, Caliban remained.

DRESS REFORM FOR MEN

By LE ROY ARNOLD

CARLYLE did more than coin a phrase when he spoke of the philosophy of clothes. Why does a man wrap and buckle about his person many strange pieces of cloth and leather and the like? An artist prefers a nude man, an Indian with his feathers, a Greek with his draperies, an Elizabethan with his ruffles, even an austere Pilgrim father, a Chinaman, a Turk, anything rather than a civilized man of our time, garbed in the fashion of the last few generations—a fashion, by the way, which has not changed, except in minor details, in the last half-century. Clearly, if we are to accept the testimony of the artist, *beauty* is not the answer to the question, Why does man adorn himself? *Utility*, then, is the average man's answer.

In reality, are men's clothes useful, comfortable or practical? If all the devils in Milton's hell had set about devising hindrances, inconveniences, annoyances with which perpetually to baffle, perplex and tantalize the male species on this terrestrial ball, their most devilish machinations could not measure up to the tortuous devices now accepted, through sheer force of habit, as a matter of course. Consider a man on the street in the summer time. Even though he is without coat or waistcoat, that poor sweltering individual wears, as a minimum, a dozen separate articles, exclusive of almost innumerable buttons, links and clasps. Ask any man on a very hot day if he is comfortably clad. Possibly the answer will not be printable, but doubtless it will be emphatic.

One phase of the question which is customarily disregarded is the matter of time. The world rejoices when two commas are removed from the address of an envelope. Hours, days, years, are thereby conserved for humanity's higher welfare. Suppose the twelve articles of man's apparel were reduced to six. Suppose—if you are bold enough to think in new terms—that all lacings, belts and detachable buttons were absolutely, irrevocably banished. Think of the centuries, even eons, which might be saved for humanity.

But, some one very naturally objects, leave off a single one of these articles—say, a collar—and man is a sight, in the vernacular as well as in the literal sense. Moreover, how can a button or a belt be omitted without dire consequences? How, indeed? This is the conservative attitude of mind which Professor James Harvey Robinson satirizes with some spirit. He reminds us that this type is closely allied with the animal mind, which assumes that what has been must always be.

Let us frankly admit that there is one reason, and one only, why men wear the hideous, uncomfortable, and time wasting attire demanded of them, and that reason is epitomized in the one word: tradition. Furthermore, there is this explanation, by no means a justification: no one has ever given the matter any thought. Gentlemen, the time has come, not only for thought, but also for action.

Woman is competing with man in the domains of thought and action. She is becoming rapidly emancipated in the matter of clothes, as in other respects. Look at Mr. Wenzel's illustrations of Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth," published in 1905. The men are habited in

morning, afternoon and evening clothes, practically the same as those of today. They are very strange garments indeed, but they do not seem so, because we are familiar with them. The women, on the other hand, seem a queer lot, with their wasp waists, towering coiffures and hats, and skirts sweeping the earth. There were reasons why Lily Bart was a failure: a society which tolerated such clothes had other equally silly conventions. Such grotesque and pathetic creatures are disappearing from the face of the earth, never to return. The modern woman's dress may not be perfect, but it is obviously superior to the *fin-de-siecle* costume, in regard to hygiene as well as esthetics. Man has made no such advance. A business woman looks and feels more comfortable than a business man, a palpable advantage. One need be neither a feminist nor a misogynist, but merely a good sportsman, to wish the race to start without let or hindrance. Moreover, why is it that in the social world woman is supreme? Is it barely possible that clothes have something to do with the situation? Why do men object to evening dress, while woman do not? Is it a mere matter of masculine inertia? Think of the studs and buttons and multitudinous garments which a man must don, in the name of evening dress, while a woman slips into a one-piece gown in a jiffy. Moreover, she is suitably garbed. Brilliant and sparkling, she is ready for a good time. The man in funereal black strives heroically to be cheerful. Yet it is the male bird which has the gay plumage.

It is not my purpose to design costumes pleasing to all men, but it is the intention of this little diatribe to call attention to the need of reform. If, however, our imaginations, along the line of clothes, are so atrophied that we cannot think of anything more comfortable or beautiful than our present garments, one might note certain costumes of the day, which, embryonically at least, might hold much for the future. The most crying need is for hot-weather garb. The street-cleaner suggests a solution, with his neat two-piece suit, collar attached. So does the sailor and the "uncivilized" Chinaman. The only costume similar to these which civilized man now regards with favor is pajamas, a heritage from the Hindu. There are possibilities here. Recently I saw a Frenchman step into a public breakfast room of a hotel at The Hague in a fresh suit of pajamas. Some of the American women present were startled. But why? The two-piece suit fulfilled every conceivable requirement of modesty, comfort and grace.

We would not dazzle and amaze with visions of the future man resplendent in habiliments yet unconceived, but we would, in all seriousness, stress two points: first, there must be dress reform for men; and second, this reform must meet the dual test of utility and beauty. Then indeed may there be a revival of the arts. Then ideas, untrammelled, will reach out into new spheres. Then will the millennium be imminent. In such a golden age of the future, some fair Miranda may truly exclaim:

O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beautiful mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

FOUR DAUGHTERS

By FLORENCE JEANETTE WARD

IT WAS growing dusk as he went up the walk. After a day of rain, the evening was falling slowly as though it would last forever in a twilight that looked . . . cloud sky. . . like pewter. Out of doors the air had the keen sweet dampness of May but the narrow hall seemed filled with a moist warmth, lifeless and close. As he shut the door, his mother called from the obscurity of the sitting-room.

"That you, Robert?"

She was sitting in a rocker near the bay-window, a blurred dumpy figure with a fluff of white sewing on her lap although it was already too dark to sew. She had taken it up with one of her habitual domestic gestures, just as she had asked, "That you, Robert?" rather querulously, knowing before she spoke that it was he. No one else would have pushed open her door without ringing.

"It's muggy in here," Even in his own ears, his voice sounded absurdly vibrant and joyous; as if, secretly, he were glad of the mugginess, "Do you mind if I open the window?"

There was a short pause while she considered, "You could get me my brown throw, I suppose," she suggested at last.

She elicited constantly such small services; yet she also served. She trotted back and forth through her small house waiting on him, marking the ministrations of each day separately as if for them she built a sacrificial altar.

He laid the woolen scarf lightly across her shoulders. Then he threw the window wide open and sat down on the seat that fitted into the bay. An elusive, rain-laden fragrance, the scents of drenched hyacinths and tulips poured into the room. The crickets chirped in the grass and from high up in the trees came the twitter of birds about to go to sleep. The cottage stood close to the street behind a neatly raked square of lawn. He could see the circle of light at the corner, the people going past it to be lost in the shadows beyond and, further off, down the hill, the slopes of wet roofs glistening in dark broken ridges, ascending to the slant of the church steeple.

"You've just come from Marcia," his mother accused him from her sheltering chair.

His voice *had* betrayed him, then. He had just come from kissing Marcia. The thing happened suddenly, almost unexpectedly, in a moment while he stood beside her at the church door and they had his huge cotton umbrella between them and the street. He had still, the sense of her soft lips clinging to his and of the long look that held them as they moved slowly apart. They hadn't spoken. The others were coming up the walk and they had no time for words. There had been only that look.

"You've been with Marcia Joyce. Haven't you?"

"Yes. . . I have," He stated three obvious facts, "I walked down to the church with her. They're having choir practice. By-and-by, I'm going down again to take her home."

In her silence, he felt a faint resentment. She had the faculty of conveying, without speech, something of her mood, her will. Her will, now, was against Marcia

and had been, but he minimized the importance of that. Once they really knew each other. . .

He sat thoughtfully, his hands clasped about one lifted knee, his vigorous, stocky figure and adventurous profile in dim silhouette against the white window curtain. He had come home purposely to talk with her for an hour, to explain that he cared for this slim stirring girl, to ask. . . questions; but it was difficult to find the right phrases. One does not speak, easily, of love and marriage to a woman whom love has failed tragically, whose marriage has become dust. . . . However he began, he would wound her before he was through. She was sensitive and she would know that this raking through of old bitternesses for another woman's sake, not hers. Still, there were things he had to know. He possessed a young and immobile pride, crystallizing in an unwillingness to carry into a new relation the old burden of reticencies and vague doubts. Until his understanding of the past was clear, something held him from asking Marcia to marry him.

"I want to marry her," he said bluntly, "I want to ask her right away, tonight, on the way home from choir practice; but before I ask her. . ."

"You'd best think twice, my dear, before you ask her," his mother interrupted lightly, "with what you're making."

He laughed a little, "I'm making enough. I'd chance it on less money than I've had this last year. And it isn't as if. . . as if my income made any difference with you."

She was silent.

"It doesn't, does it?" he asked. This was one of the things he wanted to know. "You. . . you've had considerably more. . . Haven't you? . . . these last few years than you used to. . . have?"

It seemed a long time before she answered, "Yes."

"Nothing will be changed, mother," he argued steadfastly, "except that you'll gain something. You won't be so alone. You'll have a daughter."

"But I don't care about having a daughter," she protested, "All I've ever asked of life was a son."

He distrusted her lightness. So often her battles began in badinage, the first arrow her laughter, the next tipped with the venom of her anger. He saw her small weaknesses of character and judged them, yet he loved her devotedly. One could not help that or want to help it. There was a deep strong feeling always there between them.

He sat quiet, thinking of this. For over twenty years they had lived in that cottage, together. He had even studied in the college on the other side of town, not leaving home; and had stepped from its campus across the street into the bank. They had lived recently pensioners on the bounty of a man's expiation, the victims, he knew, of a suppressed scandal. The event. . . whatever it was. . . had happened in his babyhood and in this middle-west village in which she had chosen to bring him up and educate him, neither he nor his mother had ever had to meet it face to face. Even when he grew up she had not confided in him.

Only, in the rare intervals of stress, she had thrown out covert allusions from the refuge of her silence.

So, really, he knew nothing. Yet he could remember hearing her crying in the night, could remember waking in fright at the touch of her face, cold with tears, pressed against his and, afterward, the torment of sharing her grief so that his child-mind had the sense of being lost with her in black spaces. God, it must have been hard. From little boyhood, he had carried the impression of his mother as holding out cold, piteously empty hands . . . and discarding instantly whatever was put into them.

The onyx clock on the bookcase struck eight in slow harsh strokes. He looked from it around the room with its oak chairs and table placed exactly as if nailed to the floor, with its narrow door leading into the darker hall. Then he looked over his shoulder into the inky dusk, where a cool thin drip fell from the trees and found that he was thinking vaguely "But, it's a different love . . . a chosen woman . . . different." He could picture Marcia, as if at the moment, he sat in the maw of the darkened church and saw her under soft lights in the college choir, slim and vivid, her head tipped back a little as she sang.

"Now, my son deserts me," the old woman said plaintively.

"I shouldn't say 'deserts,' mother."

"You rush so, Robert. You're like your father. Rampant. Always rushing."

Here was an opening, "I've wondered . . ." How much like him? Enough so that he would make the same mistakes, with the same failings? "I've never thought much about him till lately. A rector . . . wasn't he?"

"In the beginning. He's been in business twenty years and more. Of course, he resigned after . . ."

Of course. He had smashed everything. The scandal, the fact of separation would thrust him down from leadership. He couldn't hold a church. In the '90's, marriages were not broken lightly without grave offense. He must have trampled decencies under foot and muddied them. In some ways you felt sorry for him, profoundly sorry and, even more, profoundly disgusted. From the slim book of experience it was not difficult to comprehend the man's temptations, his possible resistance, his collapse. At the kindest you pictured him as gross and lusty, hungering with a full appetite after forbidden fruits, (Rampant, hadn't she said?) It was that which disgusted you for he had been forty and more when the crash came; and yet you were sorry, too, knowing that no man's bed is easier because he makes it himself. Adrian Harwood had been remorseful enough, probably, when he realized what he had done.

To believe him remorseful was but just tribute to the woman who had suffered at his hands; and that over-sensitive old woman in the chair beyond the window had suffered. Her touchiness, her petulance, her withdrawal behind a prickly hedge of reserve were all consequences of her pain. Some little fault, perhaps, might have been hers. Her son looked toward her, a curious enmity mingling with his tenderness. You could not imagine her under a cotton umbrella tipping back her head to drink in a man's kiss. She was cold of body . . . yet she must have been lovely in her youth with her slim neck rising to that small, delicate head. Adrian Harwood, however, might have missed her youth. Their marriage was a thing of the belated thirties, difficult of adjustment. She was sixty, at least. He began to reckon swiftly. She was no longer commonplace, maternal. He found her, all at once, extraordinarily interesting.

"He had only three parishes, and each was a better one. People liked him." She added after a moment, "It was the rector's wife they crucified."

"Oh mother . . ."

"It's true. On a pedestal, one's a target for arrows. I remember one thing that opened my eyes . . . one of the first things, the summer I was twenty. A church picnic, it was. I'd bought a little straw bonnet . . . they wore them then, in front of the chignon . . . with a wreath of forget-me-nots around it. And at the pier where we were to take the excursion boat one of the women . . ."

a Mrs. Robbins . . . a big, bouncing sort of woman who ran everything . . . and a loud voice . . . I remember she came up to me before a dozen people and said, "That's a ridiculous hat, my dear, with the sun blazing on the water as it is. You'll want something with a brim to shade your eyes. You'd better have worn a sun-bonnet." A sun-bonnet."

"I know, mother. You've told me lots of times. Tactless old thing, wasn't she?"

An aura of slight weariness with an ancient subject emanated from him. He dreaded this mood in his mother. She had a proclivity to bitter reminiscence. She had been alone so many years and she brooded. She could spend a day recollecting the details of a quarrel twenty years forgotten. Old wounds were recalled, old scars inflamed. Bad half-hours for him . . . because while he understood the world, intellectually, as a devious and cruel place, he had himself an inner sense of walking easily through everything. He wanted acuteness when it came to provocations to offense and he hated hearing about

them. Tonight it was particularly a profitless discussion. There was so much to be said, to be talked out before he went back to Marcia. They were a long way already from the point toward which they had started. He wanted to speak of his father.

"Mr. Harwood called it 'tactless,' I believe," she said with an edge of sarcasm in her voice, "'Cruelty,' I said it was . . . to a young, tender-hearted girl. I never spoke to her again . . . criticizing the hat of her rector's wife. That's a ridiculous hat, my dear." H'm'm. A ruined day, I remember it was, for me."

But why? Why need it have been ruined? There was sunlight on the water, wasn't there? And likely enough a deep lovely sky overhead with white clouds curling away in the interminable distance. Why had she cared? Why, after forty years, should she remember anything about it?

"I had a raging headache by evening. I had always been very sensitive. I can recollect my grandmother saying when I was just a young girl, 'May is so fine. Tender hearts bruise at a touch.' Well, it's true. At a touch. And you can't help it. I could never bring myself to speak to her again. I remember Mr. Harwood asking me to and I imagine he tried to explain how I felt to her, but I never could. It wasn't my place to make explanations, I told him. But he was like that. Somehow, with me, he was always on the other side . . ."

Robert lifted his head sharply, "You mean you were married, then?"

"It was his first parish . . . a little town, not far from Old Point Comfort. I remember the summer before I'd been to so many dances at the Point . . . met officers and all and then in August I married Mr. Harwood. We were in that parish five years and then nearly fourteen in the second. I wanted to leave years before we did, but Mr. Harwood hung on. People there liked him . . . better, I used to tell him, than they liked me. He had that way of winning them away, to himself. I've often wondered what it was he did . . ."

"Need he have done anything?" His voice sounded young and sulkily defensive, an absurd tone under the circumstances, but they were getting nowhere.

"Oh, no," she said stiffly, "Quite likely he needn't have done anything. Still, he did win people. He could be abstracted enough if you went into the study in the morning . . . he was a grim worker over his sermons . . . but after lunch with his writing done, he liked almost everyone. He has a passion for people and gay talk . . ."

Well — you could understand that. Gaiety drew people close, just laughing over a bit of foolery put a bond between you. People . . . and in you a passion and compassion for them, for their courage and splendor and wistfulness . . . and futility. A serene sense given to those who, like Anatole France, have lost confidence in life but love it all the same.

"There was a woman in the last parish," his mother said after a silence, so harshly that he turned his face away from her, looking out into the yard which was quite dark. "It was a very wealthy parish . . . I remember when the call came it seemed as if all our stunting would be over. Her husband was senior warden and I imagine his influence . . . and she and Mr. Harwood had grown up together. She was a very ordinary type . . . a slim, dark woman with black eyes and thin soft lips that twisted when she smiled. I always felt she was laughing at me, but Mr. Harwood admired her. They used to laugh about everything. I can remember the first time we dined there, before we'd been in the place a month . . . June it was and she had orange-shaded candles in silver candle sticks on the table . . . a queer sort of light . . . some of the things they said, egging each other on. At first I didn't notice but then she began talking about someone they used to know, some girl who'd spoiled a June party with her silly temper, and almost the second sentence I was certain she was thrusting at me, putting me at a disadvantage . . ."

"Oh, mother . . ." he protested.

"O — it was unmistakable. 'Sensitive' they called her and she said 'Sensitiveness is inverted egotism, isn't it, Adrian,' and all the time she was looking at me, 'your sensitive soul sees itself the center of the universe. Unimaginative selfishness . . . and she said, 'It's the coldest of feminine vices. Preach me a sermon on it, Adrian.'"

"But, mother . . . surely a gentlewoman, at her own table . . . to her guest. She wouldn't . . ."

"But she did. I'm not clever but I could guess what she meant. Mr. Harwood said, afterward, that I was jealous of her. But I wasn't jealous, I had always scorned jealousy . . ."

In a brief silence he turned the statement over, looking at it from many sides and he admitted that it was sound. She saw in this woman's careless sentences treason to her sovereignty but she wasn't, in all likelihood, jealous. Once she had given herself to a man she would believe him irrevocably hers, adoring humbly grateful.

"You see," she said, "he preached her the sermon."

It was dreadful to listen. Her voice held old agonies, suspicions, an infinite weariness. That long-ago Sunday was, even now, an intense

reality. She could describe minutely the gray suit she had worn, the white-winged hat

"And there were larkspurs on the altar in a tall white vase. I can remember looking at them while he talked and thinking they came from her garden. I had somehow, a sense from the first what was coming. As I said afterward, at the dinner-table. 'There is no apology that a man can give for a cruelty of that sort . . . We'd been married twenty years and he sacrificed me to a woman's whim. I said, 'There is nothing you can say nor Mrs. Roberts either. I shall never step inside her door again.' There was the queerest look on his face."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'So it's begun here, too.' Whatever that meant. You knew what he meant. You could construct the scene clearly, precisely like a moment remembered in a play . . . the sunny summer day, the table, even the look on his face. Amazement at emotions that crystallized into a frigid dignity, chagrin, perplexity . . . and on her side a malign vanity pushing her on to the wrong gesture, the wrong phrase. She couldn't have loved him very much. She hadn't it in her to love any man . . . utterly."

"He didn't," she went on, "so much as pick up his fork. And we had spring lamb. I remember, with mint sauce, which he liked. He sat looking at me, down the table and running his fingers through his hair, the way he had, so that it stood up. And after a long time he said, 'It's no use, May. No use.' I'd wounded his vanity, you see, He said, 'Oh yes, I know I may be cruel but the years are passing and I can't wait all my life . . . so long as waiting's no use anyway. Better to smash things and build again . . . I'"

"Was that all?" he asked after a pause.

"All?"

"I mean . . . all. That woman . . . Wasn't there? . . . You mean it was he who left you? And like that, with . . . I thought perhaps . . . It was futile, incoherent. His tongue seemed to dry in his mouth. Besides he felt her silence had grown re-buking. She said drily, 'No. It wasn't all.'"

He had an impression that she was enjoying his mystification. She rose and turned on the light in the bracket above the scarred golden-oak desk. She brought out a key and fitted it. She opened a drawer of the desk and out of the drawer she took a flat and shallow wooden box which she brought back to the table. After she had put it down, she stood a second, hesitatingly, erect, pondering, uncertain. Then she flung back the lid with a gesture that was, beyond everything, defiant; as if she flung a last card.

"Come here," she said sharply, "and see . . ."

He went slowly taking time. Anything to gain time, to divert the instant of understanding . . . why he could not have told. It was only a picture, one of those faded, shiny-surfaced photographs showing an uncomfortable family group. He recognized his mother at once. She was pudgy looking in her fitted basque, with her fair hair frizzed above her forehead, and younger; but that was all. The man with the child leaning against his knee . . . his father probably. Behind them, stiff as wooden children and with round combs like those Alice wore in Wonderland, were four girls. Without speaking, he turned the card and read, written in purple ink over the sepia advertisement of the photographer:

Christmas, 1895 — Deborah Harwood, December 5, 1883; Jane May, Harwood, June 18, 1885; Jessie F. Harwood, November 22, 1888; Alice Harwood, August 3, 1890; Adrian Harwood, February 7, 1893.

Enlightenment and a puzzled frown struggled for the possession of his face. "Adrian?" he said. "He . . . died," she said, "in the diphtheria epidemic of '98; and the baby, Horace. Two of them died." She spoke with a curious reflectiveness, "but my daughters deserted me."

He did not answer. Sometimes you did not answer. He looked from her face to the picture, studying it with a nakedness of perception unusual to his practical mind, feeling withdrawn from the bright, prim room and the old woman beside him. His father had a clear-cut adventurous face. For the first time in his life he found himself thinking of him as a personality. As a human being, that is, not a legendary figure, vaguely monstrous. He sat there with his wife beside him

"Deborah did it. She was his favorite if he had a favorite, though he would spend hours with any of them, any day, reading to them; but I remember when he came from the World's Fair, he brought Deborah a little turquoise ring. It's as I said . . . he had that way of winning people. She was nineteen that summer and she said from the first that wherever he went, she was going, too. I've always felt she influenced the others. Even Alice cried to go. But Deborah has stayed with him after the rest married

It should have been grotesque but it seemed too real; and yet, so unlike any reality he had conceived. There was even a certain bizarre impressiveness in what Adrian Harwood had done, sacrificing for life what he had sacrificed. He loved life, then. Too much, perhaps. But you felt he would have accepted consequences, imperturbably, as they came. Of course, according to all the formulas, the thing couldn't

have happened. But it had happened. A whole section of life brought to an abrupt end was the most significant of facts. Were people everywhere constantly doing these inexplicable, consequential things? And seeing life go on afterward with the persistence of a Greek tragedy playing out to its logical, its often futile, conclusion?

He began in a queer unclear way to identify this old woman who was his mother with her own youth. The catastrophe had been a long time in preparation. All her life, she had spent sharpening the weapon that had wounded her. The fault was hers . . . no, not hers not her fault so much as the fault of those who had sheltered her, blinded her, the dull wearying generations before hers, handing down precepts that neither co-ordinated with living nor interpreted it. She would have absolved herself of blame in the beginning . . . which was as well, probably.

She made a shifting movement with her shoulders, adjusting her scarf and drew a small sigh. Her feet in her easy slippers padded softly across the room to her chair.

"Four daughters," she said harshly, "who deserted me." "I'm . . . sorry dear." As he spoke he realized that any expression of sorrow was inadequate to touch a fact like this. You couldn't expect her to see it as a vindication . . . that desertion of his daughters to Adrian Harwood. In his son's mind, it vindicated him. There hadn't been . . . defeat. He must have built something from the wreckage, just as she had. It had lasted, hadn't it for twenty years? "I'm . . . sorry," he said again.

She did not answer and he found something in her gaze fixed on his face, that puzzled him. He stood above her, trying to pierce her silence and find the meaning that lay behind it; but for all his new sensitiveness to values, he seemed to himself obtuse in this. Did she want sympathy? But she had it, all of it, a cup full and overflowing. Or did she feel him judgmental? But no parent can escape judgment in the hearts of children. She could not expect him to have grown up in the same house with her, not seeing her limitations, not understanding the essence of her spirit. It was enough that he loved her. She couldn't be regretting that she had broken silence. It was best for him to know; and she wanted him to know. She must have had some purpose in telling him. He felt it, unreadable in her eyes. Did she want him to seek out his father? Did she want after these twenty years, some patchwork of a reconciliation? She wouldn't have told him, surely, to hold him . . . for herself. To mar his happiness and Marcia's . . . impossible. She did not expect his fresh life to be poured singly into her old years. Besides, marriage was no desertion. He was . . . wasn't he? . . . bringing her a daughter to take the place of those that she had lost.

"It's time I went," he said. He bent above her and kissed her cheek. "Is there anything that I can do for you, dear, before I go?"

"No." She had taken up her sewing again. From the doorway he watched her hands hovering above it, stabbing the soft fabric here and there with her needle as if it were a tiny weapon, and he stood uncomfortably lingering, wanting to say more and finding nothing to say.

"Are you sure?" he asked, "You don't want a fire?"

"No." "Sit up a little while yet, will you?" he begged shyly, "Maybe . . . I'll bring Marcia back with me."



The Arthur Upson room in the new library is devoted to good books, good literature.

THE ROMANCE OF PUBLISHING

By EARLE H. BALCH

TWO years ago, when the firm of Minton, Balch and Company was organized, the comment I met most persistently from my friends was, "I think it's extraordinarily courageous of you to start a publishing business of your own." By a certain incredulity that I detected in their eyes, I found it easy to understand that they meant "fool-hardy" rather than "courageous." And they may have been right. But, in justice to all new publishers, I may be able to point out certain aspects of publishing which make it possible for us to exist and to compete with firms that have been established for many years.

The success of a book is unpredictable, because it depends upon the most unstable and perverse of all elements, the public taste. The best selling novel of any season is as likely to be from the pen of an unknown author as from the well-oiled typewriter of one who already has a long list of best sellers to his credit. One has only to look over the list of best sellers during the past two years to find among them several which, if not the first novels of their authors, were at least the first to be published in the United States: "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy; "Soundings," by A. Hamilton Gibbs; "The Green Bay Tree," by Louis Bromfield; "High Fires," by Marjorie Barkley McClure; "The Interpreter's House," by Struthers Burt; and "The Divine Lady," by E. Barrington. None of the first novels of A. S. M. Hutchinson had given an indication that he had extraordinary popular appeal; "If Winter Comes" was his fourth. "Main Street," too, followed three Sinclair Lewis novels that had never been within beckoning distance of the coveted distinction.

The old established firms have certain obvious advantages: on their lists are books—classics, biographies, histories, books of travel, and cook books—that are in every well equipped home. Such books sell steadily year after year and provide, regardless of the success or failure of their new publications, a bread and butter foundation for their business. Also, the older companies hold by contract or by ties of long association and mutual good will a great many authors who have a definite following and whose books are as sure as books can be sure of having a good sale. It follows, however, that their long list of publications requires a large staff and a heavy over-head expense to keep them going, and a year is a good or bad year depending upon the success of the new books.

It is in this respect that publishing is unlike most other businesses; the commodity of every firm is almost entirely changed each season. It is the unusual book indeed which does as well in its second or any succeeding season as in its first, and most books are as dead in

their second year as if they had never been published. Though most publishers make a determined effort to continue the sale of a book past its infancy, the public looks with disdain on a volume that bears the date of the year before. This is truer of fiction, of course, than of more serious books.

The new publisher, therefore, starts each year with a page only a shade whiter than his firmly established competitor. Granted an equal distribution of energy, judgment, and literary connections, he has as good a chance as another to secure the first book of a young writer. More often than not, he has followed the work of promising beginners and has arranged to see the manuscript before it is finished, perhaps even before it is begun.

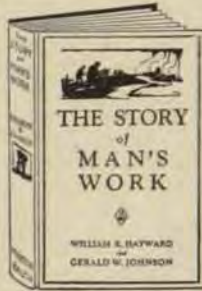
Nor must he depend only on beginners. It occasionally happens that authors are dissatisfied with their publishers; they feel that their books are lost and forgotten on a list that contains better known names and a profusion of titles. The prospect of appearing on a small list in a leading position, un- new and en- able to give tion to each one to au- of mind. siastic publi- this condi- can always ating the

desire a change he is in a receptive mood. Oftener, the authors' arrangements are in the hands of literary agents who, knowing well the requirements and interests of the various publishers, submit the new work to the one they consider the best able to handle it successfully.

Not infrequently, a book is the direct result of an idea of the publisher's.

In the conception of books that ought to be written or that might have unusual interest, and in finding the right author to carry out the conception, he performs one of his most valuable functions. Such ideas come to him from many sources, as direct suggestions or adaptations of them, from observation of the book market, or even, conceivably, from inspiration.

In August, 1924, I read an article in *The American Mercury* that interested me. I had never heard of the author, Owen P. White, and I had no previous knowledge of his subject, "El Paso;" but he had told the story of the town with such gusto and laconic humor that I was delighted. I wrote him of my enthusiasm and told him



The Joy in Books

Earle Balch ('15) author of this article is an alumnus of note in the publishing field. His article is unique in that it presents the manner of selection of manuscripts and tells how titles are published. The two sketchings of books on this page are of recent successful editions; the Black Swan imprint above is the trade design of the firm, Minton, Balch and company, while the sketching below at the left is from a cartoon of Earle Balch made by the *Alumni Weekly's* own cartoonist, Hugh Hutton (Ex'21).



that I should like the opportunity to publish a book by him. A friend, cleverer than I, suggested that it would be a good idea to make a book of a collection of historical essays, with this one as a nucleus, telling the story of the towns of the vanished frontier, of their colorful and individual early days and their development into the prosperous and standardized cities of today. With this in mind, I wrote to Duncan Aikman, a brilliant young writer who is a fellow-townsmen of Mr. White, outlining the idea and asking for his opinion. His enthusiasm was so immediate and so intelligent that I asked him to act as editor for the volume. After securing Mr. White's permission to reprint the El Paso article, he went ahead and, with certain interpolated requests from me, secured nine authors to tell the stories of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Ogden, Cheyenne, Denver, Kansas City, San Antonio, and St. Paul. (Minnesota loyalty may have had something to do with the inclusion of St. Paul, which is somewhat remote from the others and their history; but Mrs. Flandrau's delightful article more than justified my insistence.) This book, "The Taming of the Frontier," was published in September and it seems likely that it may be the beginning of a series.

Meanwhile, Mr. White had come to New York to write special articles for The New York Times. Our previous correspondence and conversations that developed resulted in our publishing a book of his reminiscences of the old Southwest under the title of "Them Was The Days." Some reviewers have been good enough (and discerning enough, the publisher may perhaps intimate) to call it "the best man's book in many years."

So the net result of my liking for the El Paso article has been: "The Taming of the Frontier," "Them Was The Days," "The Home-Town Mind," a collection of sparkling essays of social criticism by Mr. Aikman, to be published in the spring; and another book by Mr. White, also to be ready next year, tentatively entitled "The Gun-Men of Yesterday." And I hope this is only a beginning.

"A Bush That Burned" is the second novel of Marjorie Barkley McClure, whose "High Fires" was a feature of the 1924 season. This came to us because of our enthusiasm for the first book, through her agent. We "point to it with pride" because it is our first novel to break into the list of best sellers.

Two books that have done very well are our editions of Cooper's two Revolutionary novels, "The Spy" and "The Pilot." These were lying ready for any publisher to take hold of, and their success in the fine illustrated editions we have given them has proved that they were good selections with which to begin a library of illustrated classics. "The Spy" is illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige and "The Pilot" by Donald Teague.

To fill the real need of a story book for little children just graduated from "Mother Goose," we asked Miss Hutchinson, a national authority on books for children, to compile such a volume and to exclude all that were beyond the scope of children under eight. "Chimney Corner Stories" is the result. Either because we were right in believing that such a book was necessary, or because Lois Lenski's illustrations are irresistible, the book has already, within two months of its publication, gone into a second large printing.

As a final illustration of the method by which a publisher secures interesting additions to his list, let me cite my experience with "Lord Timothy Dexter," by J. P. Marquand. One afternoon last spring I suggested to Mr. Marquand, whose short stories and novels are well known, that he must necessarily have gathered, in developing the background for his stories about New England in sea-faring days, much material which, while unavailable for fictional treatment, was rich in possibilities for a serious book. Evidently he hadn't thought of this, but he liked the notion and said he would consider it. A few days later he came into my office and told me that, though he hadn't time to work out the book I had in mind, he had long wanted to write the biography of a curious character of old Newburyport, Lord Timothy Dexter. I had to admit ignorance of him, but as he unfolded the story of Dexter's shipment of warming pans to Indies, I began to have a faint glimmer of recollection. It was easy to encourage him to go ahead with the narrative of so unique a character. I should have been sorry if I had not so encouraged him, for no book that we have published has given me more unalloyed delight to sponsor. It was the kind of book that called aloud for special typography and illustrations, and we were fortunate in having the imaginative co-operation of a young artist, Philip Kappel, whose name is worth your remembering.

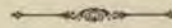
Each book was a story of its own, but I should be taking too much space if I told any more. It may be noticeable that I have mentioned particularly only books that are successful; I defend this as only natural, and I wish I could tell also of "The Story of Man's Work," the epoch-making work of Hayward and Johnson, or of the curious circumstances which resulted in our publishing Trotzky's book, "Lenin," which was written shortly after Lenin's death and which we hurried into English at the time Trotzky was dismissed from the war ministry in Soviet Russia because of his indiscreet utterances in it and other books.

We have had unsuccessful books, of course, and, like every other publisher, undoubtedly, we shall have many more. But it's occasionally

possible to be proudest of those that have sold least. Not always, for in my iconoclastic optimism, and appearance sometimes to the contrary notwithstanding, I believe a good book has better chance for popularity than a bad one.

I have given a small part only of the duties and the problems and the opportunities of the publisher. I have told only a little of one side of the work, the side which is most interesting to me. The problem of distribution and sales is, of course, the important one; this is left in our firm almost entirely in the able hands of Mr. Minton, than whom — but I may be prejudiced.

This is my apologia. I realize that, even if I have proved that the new publisher can find books to publish and make a livelihood out of his work, I have not necessarily proved that he has a good reason for being. He can vindicate himself only by his works, by standing for what is best in literature, and sometimes publishing it, and by contributing in some measure to the well-being of his contemporaries. I can hope to do that; I shall have to leave it to the years to decide whether or not I have succeeded.



Dreams

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

I.

*I dreamed my father sent me into his garden
To gather an armful of flowers.
I found no flowers at all
Nor any garden,
And so returned with hands outspread
To signify a bootless quest.
Then with a pitying smile
He led me forth along the frosty pavement
Swarming with men and woman that jostled and scurried
Like maggots deep in the cracks of a mouldy cheese.
But as we met them,
And each one raised an eager and lustrous face
(Though seared with struggle and pain),
My father seemed to gather them up in his arms
And hold them tenderly there as a precious burden,
Speaking the names of each with lingering relish—
The names were courage, love, endurance, faith—
And smiling as mother used in her summer garden
To speak of jonquils or of marigolds.*

II.

*I dreamed the day of judgment.
All was black
Save where I stood before the face of my judge.
I dared not raise my eyes
On that dread, shining countenance,
But hung my head in shame,
And showed with trembling hands
The little shapeless figures I had fashioned
Out of the common clay,
That were the painful work of all my days.
Long time the master held them in his hands
In a terrible silence,
Then let them slip through his fingers,
And there they lay at my feet a batter of mud.
Then as I stood and wept the irredeemable loss,
Suddenly out of the silence
The voice of my father
Bidding me show—my face.
And when I had lifted my rueful eyes
And cheeks that struggled with sorrow,
Working with grief and shame like an ugly sea,
"My child!" he sobbed in a speechless love
And grief that was stronger than mine,
And drew me quick to his bosom
For ever and ever.*

"TALK IS CHEAP"

By HAROLD E. BRIGGS

I SUPPOSE it will be accepted without serious controversy that the greater number of American university undergraduates have no cultural ambitions beyond those which possess a direct business or social value. Among such are styles of parting one's hair, manners of adjusting one's tie, and variations in the width of one's trousers. The graces of mental culture are not only misunderstood by the typical student but also are fearfully avoided by him as unnatural and therefor unmanly, as effeminate and therefor contemptible, as foreign and therefor unclean. His uneasiness in the presence of culture is even a never-failing source of jokes for the editor of the campus humorous publication. To be convinced of the truth of these statements, if any doubt them, he has but to remember the engineers of his acquaintance, the medics, the dentists, the chemists, the aggies, the business students, and, as a climax, the miners. I do not forget those who study law. I exclude only the "teachers" and the students of liberal arts.

These last mentioned are distinguished not, certainly, by their culture but only by their diminished fear and suspicion of it. Most of them, by home and high school influences have been rendered incapable of ever acquiring it, the girls, of course, suffering equally with the men although they manifest more of its signs and seem to respect it more deeply. Culture is these days valuable in the marriage market.

But of these more or less select ones, there are perhaps a few with avowedly cultural pretensions. Judged by their manner of dress, the spectacles they wear, the names they invoke, they are sincere in their interests and desires. They attend art exhibitions and memorize the names of pictures and painters; they attend symphony concerts and, returning, can tell the name of each composer in order and the numbers of the opera. But conversation with them is invariably disappointing, and one is forced to the following conclusion: either they do not know how to talk or they are not cultured.

Surely culture is a matter of response. The stimuli to which one responds and the manner and degree of his reaction reveal his culture or lack of it. Immediately a vast majority of Americans are eliminated from election. Taught from childhood that enthusiasm is ridiculous, that sensuous pleasures are guilty, that the strong silent man of ruthless will is the ideal, that moral control and fulfillment of duty are the purposes of life, they grow to maturity with very few of their natural abilities to respond remaining and these perverted. There are not many who retain to the full their abilities to enjoy. And these can not enjoy in the manner of a cultured person because their abilities have not been developed carefully and sympathetically. Contrary interests of American life interfere.

Is it possible to conceive of a cultured man who does not respond? The idea involves a contradiction of terms. Culture *is* response, gusto. One may be well informed in any art and able to analyze accurately the content thereof, but if it does not give him stirring pleasure he is not cultured. I would judge culture, therefor, by the kind and intensity of an individual's responses.

Judgment on such a basis would, if hastily made, condemn nearly all Americans, at least those who live in these Western states. For those rare ones who do respond are either unable or unwilling to express their pleasures. Consideration will reveal, I am sure, that they lack ability and not will: that, in brief, the few Americans who do respond culturally are unable to express their pleasures in talk.

The causes of the American inhibition are not far to seek. Before children are of age to go to school they are warned in their homes that they are "to be seen and not heard." Talk, expression, is at once stigmatized as unnatural and punished as intolerable by those who "know better." In the schools enthusiastic and original pupils are forced by the contempt of their uncommunicative fellows to deny their impulses and to keep silent instead of expressing themselves by relieving and stimulating talk. Further, the teachers, trained to center their attention upon backward individuals, are bothered by the talkative ones and aid the rest in silencing them.

When students reach high school, or before, two doctrines which muzzle them are taught by their fellows and teachers. The first is "Talk is cheap," and the second is "Teamwork." The evil of each is evident. Teamwork is certainly necessary for victory in sport, but the doctrine is preached in every school activity, and outside the school, until no student dares stand against the rest or even wishes to think originally. To be different is to be branded and with irons hotter than those of metal. The doctrine is carried to the absurd place where even cheering is organized, and the thoughtless editors of such publications as the "Minnesota Daily" belabor their readers for not standing at football games, when called upon by cheerleaders, whatever may be their individual emotions at the moment, to unite in bellowing nonsense syllables supposed to express their undying love of school. When teamwork, as practised, has effectually deadened the student's desire to think for himself, the first doctrine is applied to kill whatever impulses to communicate may remain. "I sing the word Enmasse."

"Actions speak louder than words" is another American shibboleth which indicates that our forefathers were faced by the necessity of material accomplishment. It is, however, but one of the countless ideas expressing contempt for talk which are impressed upon growing Americans.

So that, by the time they are of age to attend a University, while some few of them may still be able to think comfortably outside a group, none of them know how to talk. And, in fact, for reasons given, they believe it to be lack of self control and impersonal thinking to be either an affectation or a menace to all that is just and right.

Follow the student in his business career. "Teamwork" is again the motto; he must neigh with glee at the thought of arduous and monotonous labor; and in his brief idle moments he must whinny messages of docility to the other members of the "team." Viciousness is encouraged upon only one occasion: when one of the animals after thinking becomes rebellious, the others are freed to kick him

[Continued on page 241]

BLACKTHORN MAGIC

By ELIZABETH MARY LYNESKEY

LAST night—when I had cleared away the china tower of Babel that every evenings brings confusion to my hopes and aims—and had come into the thoughtful study, fresh with zeal for work, I found no work to do. Forgetfulness had found another victim.

There was nothing for it, but I must return to the campus,—a proceeding which aroused the customary parental concern. A succession of morbid crimes had momentary sway over the public mind, and I am young and a woman; wherefore I eased the general conscience by appropriating father's club-like walking stick. Now it may have been the blackthorn,—or the moon, or the month of suffering souls,—but as I journeyed along, adventure overtook me.

I felt it first—before it came upon me. Slanting moonbeams fell clearly through leafless oak branches; fine mist enveloped the campus knoll, light snow softened the sound of footfalls; and streetlights glimmered as from a world afar. Silence, thick and penetrating, and the revealing moonlight rested everywhere. Enchantment rich and deep, hung, as rarely in this modern world it may, over the earth.

Now it may have been the moon,—or the suffering souls—but I think it was the blackthorn that brought adventure on me. For as I turned the drive that ends in the land of books, my stick slipped from my grasp and fell by the wayside, where it melted at once into the black of the straggly winter grass. And as I stooped to lift it, behold they were about me. How, I can not fathom (for who can tell how miracles are made?). Whether they issued from the aged roots of the trees, or came on tiptoe through the air, or whether they had dwelt there since the beginnings of things, I can not say; I only know I stooped to raise my stick—and found them.

At first, in the glory and beauty of recognition, I could but gaze upon them in amazement; it was so long since I last had seen them. As I stood, half-rooted to the ground, they gathered courage. They clambered up my garments and perched upon my pocket-edge, they mounted to my shoulders and whispered in my ears. The moonlight gleamed limpidly upon the quiet earth—down the avenue shone lights from rooms where students dreamed of theoretical realities; but here in the early snow, I stood in the midst of a reality far greater than theirs,—and in this manner I came into the kingdom. For, as I opened my eyes, they swarmed about me, an elfin host, with faces all alight with happiness; with them I felt the magic of the night, the moon's still radiance. In all the world we who cared were alone together.

Tonight—when last night is a story of the past—in happy retrospect I think and dream; for blessings, be they of the moon, or of the departed souls for whom be peace eternal, or be they only of my father's blackthorn stick, are hard upon me. Time was when the faith of childhood lured me out in the dawn to where the fairies danced about the green; when with eyes that saw visions I traced their dainty footsteps in dew upon the sun-spangled grass. In those days the breezes brought word of elfin trails in nearby woods; the flowers whis-

pered tales of fairy prowess in combat with the spider and his kin; the butterflies were chariots of an unseen royalty. I came slowly down stairs from my daily nap, for I might find a winged creature sliding down the polished rail—as I would so gladly have done myself had I been a boy, or certain that mother was not upon the front porch. Why fairies should slide when they had wings, a problem, dark to older hearts, was clear to mine; it was so thrillingly to slide that polished rail, to launch off with uncertainty below! Surely elves would! I stepped carefully, lest I disturb them.

One of their favorite haunts that grown-ups never thought about was the stained-glass window in the dining room; they played all morning in the colored sunlight, where, if I were quiet, I might catch them in their joy. Often as my chubby fingers traced over and over the rounding lines of capital "B" or the monotony of "M" or the impossible glide of the aspirate, a shuttle fell from the hand of elfin lad or lass, and the air twinkled with eerie laughter; at which times mother, supervising the accomplishment, would find me but a dullard after all.

Sometimes, when on Saturdays we delved into the recesses of cupboards unexplored and cleaned the pantry shelves, Puck took to himself a dwelling on the topmost one, from which his roguish face peeped out to watch our progress upward. When we gained at last his citadel, the rascal was not there; he had moved to the lower reaches, where we glimpsed him slitting waywardly among the pots and pans. When the dishes loomed before me, he came to my rescue. The plates became a mountain peak, topped by a castle of glass, a silver knife the drawbridge. In the castle moat an elf in velvet tunic dress played the role of gondolier in a nutshell that floated lightly on the flaky waves. Do you remember, mother, how you worried over my slow housework?

There were others who shared belief with me. Nurse asked no questions when I peeked swiftly under a fallen leaf by the side of the road. Miss Mary knelt in the wet grass by the schoolhouse to catch for a moment the shimmer of transparent wings. If they were caught unwary, it was only fair that they remain awhile—so grandmother said, when I one day corralled a whole court of them enroute to a fairy fete and held them spellbound in our trio of apple trees. They had a special fancy for a bright Scotch plaid I wore,—and in its gold and crimson folds I often found them sleeping; but they woke swiftly and fled more swiftly still, so I tiptoed in advancing on the wardrobe.

So, as time went on, our friendship grew older, and, like old wine, dearer; with the leaping years, they came with me into high school. In the early morning they skipped ahead of me down Jacob's well-waxed floors; and in the dusk they rode home on my school bag, their pointed slippers dangling, their merry voices raised aloud in chatter. They made mischief, too; they got into the corners of my triangles and made them octagons, they confused my "X's" and "Y's" they climbed into my physics balances, and set my calculations all awry. They played havoc with the sedate wastebasket in my Cicero class room; [Continued on Page 242]

The Minnesota Alumni Weekly Authors

CARROLL K. MICHENER ('07) began writing in college, for he was managing editor of the *Minnesota Daily* and the *Minnesota Magazine*—showing his talent both for news and fiction—while at the University, and went into journalism after graduating. Even while he was in school he was employed on various Twin City publications, and by 1910 had served on the *Minneapolis Journal*, *Minneapolis News*, *Minneapolis Tribune*, and the *Duluth News Tribune*.

He left the position of city editor of the *Duluth News Tribune* in 1910 to go free-lancing around the world. He worked on newspapers in Denver, San Francisco, Honolulu and Shanghai, sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu on a "windjammer." Then followed a year as cable and make-up editor of the *China Press*, an American daily newspaper published in Shanghai.

Wanderlust again gripped him and he toured northern China, crossed Asia by way of the Trans-Siberian railway in 1913, and visited Germany, Poland, Holland, France, and England, winding up, as all good travelers do, at home, in Minneapolis. The *Minneapolis Tribune* welcomed him back in 1914, and he remained with that paper until 1917 as night city editor. Then he left the *Tribune* to become associate editor of the *Bellman*, but his service on that publication was interrupted by the war, for he enlisted in the field artillery service and was commissioned first lieutenant at Camp Zachary Taylor.

At the discontinuance of the *Bellman* in 1919, he remained with the editorial staff of the *Northwestern Miller*, the leading milling journal of the world, of which he is at present managing editor.

He was married in February 1921, to Sarah Spensley, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, whom he had known as a reporter on the *Tribune*. Their wedding trip took them to Cuba, Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Portugal, Spain and France. Their little daughter, Mary Florence, was born November 25, 1923.

On his travels, Mr. Michener collected material and local color for fiction, and travel articles of which he has written a large number, selling them to about 30 different publications. His stories of China have been especially popular, a long series appearing in *Asia* magazine. Last year Minton, Balch and company, New York, brought out his first book, an illustrated South American travelogue, "Heirs of the Incas."

DR. RICHARD BURTON is probably personally known to as many alumni as is the *Alumni Weekly*, so the editors will not make themselves ridiculous by attempting to introduce the man who for nearly 30 years was the beloved "Dicky" of the English department, respected for his erudition and loved for his whimsical wit. His name is nationally known as literary and dramatic critic, so that there is scarcely a city in the United States to which he has not been invited to lecture. He has been president of the Drama League. Last spring he retired from the faculty to devote his entire time to writing and lecturing. His permanent address is Englewood, N. J.

It wasn't until after she had children of her own that MIRIAM CLARK POTTER ('09) discovered her genius for writing children's stories, for she began by telling the stories to her little daughters. It was her husband, Zenas L. Potter, also '09, who suggested that she try to publish them. Since then she has written several volumes of children's stories



SHERWOOD ANDERSON, whose new novel "Dark Laughter" is creating so much discussion here, spent several days as the guest of Joseph Warren Beach, our eminent Professor of English. Mr. Anderson was in town principally to deliver a lecture at the Unitarian church under the auspices of Mabel Ulrich's book shop.

and a book of verses entitled "Rhymes of a Child's World." Her work is so much in demand that it is usually contracted for before she writes it, and the *Alumni Weekly* was particularly fortunate in securing this story, which was one of two promised to the *Youth's Companion*.

Her stories are being used by the Educational committee of the Girl Scouts of America in their Scout Leaders' Handbook, in use all over the country for the younger scouts, or Brownies.

Mrs. Potter is the daughter of the late Professor John S. Clark, ('76) of the Latin department. While her husband was serving as managing editor of the *Minnesota Daily*, Mrs. Potter was taking an equally active part in campus literary life. She belonged to Theta Epsilon and the Acanthus literary society, and was president of the Quill, a society of girls chosen from the boards of various publications. When Mr. Potter and his fellow litterateurs tied large silk ties under their chins and dubbed themselves the "Kawa Klub"—"A fraternal society of Upperclassmen interested in writing as a profession," Miriam Clark and her feminine conferees, not to be outdone, tied equally large ties under their chins and called themselves the "Waka Klub"—"a supernal society of oversouls, interested in all things purely fliterary." The club song was "Blessed Be the Tie."

Since those exciting days, both Mr. and Mrs. Potter have made good use of their literary talents, Mr. Potter writing advertisements while his wife is weaving tales for children. They live at 408 Greenwood Place, Syracuse, N. Y.

Although she is not an alumnus, Minnesota is proud to have had MARJORIE NICHOLSON on its faculty for three years. She is now a pro-

fessor of English at Goucher college, Baltimore, Md., and her newest book—"The Art of Description," is being used in our rhetoric department. She taught in the summer session here last year.

She holds two degrees from the University of Michigan, but went to Yale for her Ph.D. which she received in June, 1920. That fall she came to Minnesota, where as instructor in short story writing and other "rhetoric" subjects, she instantly became one of our most popular young teachers.

Her short stories have appeared in many of the first-rate fiction magazines, while her essays, usually of a scholarly nature, are always demand.

Being professor of English literature at Hamline university is just one of the incidents in the life of LA ROY ARNOLD ('04), who is also one of the most popular lecturers in the country on literary subjects. Mr. Arnold has contributed technical articles to the *Pedagogical Seminary*, the *Drama Quarterly*, *Poet Lore*, and similar publications. Of his plays, the best known is the prize comedy, "Hurry, Hurry," published by Samuel French, and acted over a hundred times last year in schools and colleges from New York to San Francisco. Each January he gives a brief lecture course at Columbia university and the Brooklyn Institute on "Writers of the Day;" at the same time he sees the best plays, returning to lecture to college women's clubs and similar organizations on "Broadway Plays Today."

When the *Alumni Weekly* asked FLORENCE BAIER WARD ('06) to tell the "story of her life" for the Contributor's Column, she replied that: "To a woman who, approaching forty, still gets up every morning on tip-toe with curiosity as to what the day will bring, so many interesting things happen that it is hard to make a selection; and to one who lives the ordinary suburban life in a tiny house at the edge of a country town, there are so few.

"Is it interesting that at 17, in what should have been my sophomore year, I taught school in the Badlands? It was to me. I look back at it as my awakening year when I had my first real contact with other peoples' lives. I learned to shoot at clay pigeons, to ride and know horses, and altogether found teaching most exciting. I have always wanted to put in some real years at it."

For three college summers, Mrs. Ward played walking parts with the old Ferris Stock company, and suped in all the road shows she could during the school year for pocket money. She carries a secret theory that every college-bred woman should have a post-graduate year in a chorus.

She had dreams, her senior year, of becoming the world's greatest sociological statistician. Via civil service she got a job in the Federal Bureau of Labor, spent a summer in stock in Kansas City while waiting for her appointment, and presently was assigned to the staff investigating conditions of labor in southern cotton mills. The trail led back into the Tennessee mountains for special topic work on living conditions, into New England mills, into the glass factories.

"Fascinating work," she declares. "I didn't stop when I was married because there was always something new in the offing and it wasn't until 1909, after my son was born, that I began housekeeping.

[Continued on page 244]

BOOKS and THINGS



DARK LAUGHTER by *Sherwood Anderson*. (Boni & Liveright. \$2.50)

"A shiny black book, bearing a title in small yellow letters. Yellow-and-black niggers cavorting over the inner binding, a black-and-yellow impression. Varnished automobile wheels, and the scent of silt, new-laid. A young newspaper-man varnishing the wheels, and the tales of his work-mate. A small-featured woman waiting for her husband. Paris after the war, and angels ascending from a cathedral. Niggers laughing through the streets in New Orleans. Dark laughter."

In some such fashion as this, if we are to judge from his style in this newest book, might Sherwood Anderson give an idea of what his volume contains. That is to say, he might thus mention some of the concrete things about the book, and suggest a trifle of the story. His philosophy can not be so summarily dealt with.

It were well-nigh an impossibility to try to classify a book of this sort; and once classified as to style, method, and point, the task is even then hopeless; for some beetle-brow is lurking just around the corner to spring out shrieking, "Avast! You've missed the whole idea!" Luckily everyone has a right to his own opinion, which is another way of saying that this fascinating and stimulating volume is one on which there should be much discussion, for its like is as yet practically unknown to the American public.

The writing is good, of course. The book is by Anderson, you know. Charming it can hardly be considered, nor is it at all probable that its author intended it to be. He rather intended it to be brilliant — at times to the point of garrishness, forceful always, and exact in connotation rather than in point of fact. No one can read some of the dashing, brilliant sentences, so poetic in their crude force, so vivid in picture value, without being stirred as ordinary fiction does not stir him. There is no piano, no flute, no violin in this literary symphony; instead there is the jazz band, the calliope, and the pipe-organ with the brasses in action. There are no pastels in the pictures — few, at least; but there is the riot of color from the palette of the futurist; and the artful crudity of a Millet. Lecturers to afternoon clubs will speak of it knowingly as the "new movement." It is hard to describe.

As to the story — it is one in which motivation is everything. The plot might be summarized in three sentences; and yet a book has been written around it by the narration of a past that tells *why* Bruce Dudley and Aline Grey act as they do. This is an interesting method, for we get the retrospections of the characters through their own thoughts. We feel that we know them — intimately — for we know the things they think, and about things of which they never speak to anyone. Authors have portrayed character from time immemorial on the assumption that "by their deeds shall ye know them;" but here we have the old formula reversed, or perhaps it is a further step. Anderson would say, "By their inmost thoughts shall ye know not only their deeds, but why they do them." It is a novel and an immense conception.

Dark laughter — that must be the keynote to the story, the idea behind it all. You will get it, when you hear the two negro women in the Grey home on the hill, laughing their lazy, jazzy mirth out at that futile gesture which we call society and civilization. — H. R.

LET'S DANCE AROUND THE WORLD

THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE by *Richard Halliburton*, (Bobbs, Merrill, Indianapolis, \$5.00)

Richard Halliburton, young and impetuous, at graduation decides that he will go around the world. No, he will not travel deluxe, as well he might. He will vagabond it across the face of the earth. Securing parental permission he promises to return by Christmas; this is June. But he does not say which Christmas and so returns for a belated celebration in March two years later.

But that is not the story. "Dick" starts out with his roommate, Irvine Hockaday, and together they bicycle across Germany, climb the Matterhorn, and the Troca-dero and walk over the continent. Irvine leaves on a southern mission and Halliburton proceeds thenceforth here and there.

Halliburton, as his publishers would say, never reports his light-hearted adventures — he sings them. He never travels — he dances. Yes, he dances to the pinnacle of the Matterhorn; into prison at Gibraltar for taking pictures of that supposedly impregnable fortress where he slipped by the guard and spent the moonlight in poetic reverie; into the Taj Mahal to spend one romantic night locked in this ethereal

tomb; on to a cobra's nest in the Malays; up and down the palm-lined shores of the East-Indies as a beach comber, where he lives for many intense weeks with a picturesque native family, swimming, dancing, living the free life of those dusky folk who worry not; into a piracy outrage on shipboard off the coast of China where he and his fellow-passengers lose \$40,000 in ill-gotten gambling gains; through the bolshevik barriers to Vladivostock where he is nearly arrested as a spy-suspect by the "reds;" and as a glorious finale he dances up the ice-covered slopes of Fujiyama in January to celebrate his twenty-third birthday by being the first in history to dare so dangerous a sport single-handed. Youth, youth, Halliburton breathes, he exhales youth in every word, every line; every page brings you a new thrill.

If you're one of those individuals who must go to bed by nine, don't begin this book. You'll not get to bed at all. You'll start this book and you'll dance through countries, continents, hemispheres in such realistic fashion, that you, John Brown, and you Bill Smith, and you Mary Smith, will vagabond along with Halliburton.

You will revel in his escapades. You grin broadly, yea, you will chuckle, chuckle aloud, as you read the letter sent by Halliburton to the Military Censor at Gibraltar after his arrest there for taking photographs. Eighteen negatives (supposed by the authorities to be the entire number taken) had been confiscated while another series had been hidden away for development when Algeciras (Spain) was reached. Smiling triumphantly he wrote:

"My Dear Sir: You may remember the case of an itinerant American journalist who was arrested and tried at Gibraltar a week ago for espionage. I am he, and as a memento of the tempest you raised over this teapot affair, I am enclosing 12 excellent photographs of your picturesque fortress, the negatives of which I saved from the gentle treatment accorded their companions. Realizing how rare such pictures as these are, I am sending one duplicate set, autographed, to the jail warden, whose considerate treatment I appreciate; and another set, artistically mounted on cardboard, to the judge for court-room decorations. Please do not concern yourself with any letter of acknowledgment. I know how busy you are apprehending spies. Anyway my address is very uncertain. Kindly present my compliments to the detective force and my homage to the rock. Very cordially yours, Richard Halliburton."

To speak of style or manner of writing is tedious; to glorify the treatment is ever tiresome. Yet this book deserves such analysis. Breezy, easy and vibrating with the passion of youth, the author tears on at breakneck speed. A story that incorporates the adventures of one man, yet his personality is ever subdued and never irritatingly forced to the front. His anecdotes of adventure should live.

For Christmas reading this book cannot be surpassed. Give it to father, mother, friend or sweetheart; but don't present it to young brother just finishing high school or college: he is apt to "turn up missing" some morning, leaving only this note behind: "Am following in the footsteps of Halliburton. The vagabond trail for mine." — L. F. L.

FAIRY FOLK FOR FAIRY LOVERS

BOOKS FOR YOUNGER ONES. Published by David McKay Co.
The Blue Fairy Book — edited by *Andrew Lang*, \$3.50

To say that it is a beautiful book sounds trite; a child would describe it as wonderful, and wonderful it is. Its black cover permits fingers just a bit dirty to handle it. A fairy ship of gold sails over a magic sea on the cover and there is another just like it to illustrate "The Bronze Ring." The illustrations made by Frank Godwin are in both black and white and in colors. Each story boasts at least one picture to help the smaller folk along. But these pictures will interest you older ones, meaning the papas and mamas, too. Their color is exquisite, clear cut and beautifully blended. The black and white ones are interesting in their fineness of line.

But to turn to the stories. Here will be found the best of our old favorites, "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," "Red Riding Hood," all the regular fairy book stories. More than those are included, though. There are tales of Perrault, Norse and Germanic lore, Scottish legends and condensations of "Aladdin" and "Gulliver's Travels."

You will find them told in the most charming manner, without endless repetition, and in language that lends itself to being read aloud.

CHILDREN'S STORIES FROM FRENCH FAIRY TALES by *Doris Ashley*, \$2.50

This book comes in a clever box which opens up like the book itself. It will be a splendid gift to a child of from six to nine. The cover, blue and gold, will arouse pride of possession.

The illustrations are by Mabel Lucie Attwell, and quaint ones they are. The witches are the most delightful we've seen, the fairies are like kewpie dolls and the princesses are just as they should be. This book reeks with pictures, tail-pieces, head-pieces, a picture on almost every page. The smaller ones are in black and white, the full page illustrations are in color.

If you are a mother or father who wishes your child to know fairy stories from other countries besides England and Germany, you should be interested in these French tales; if your child already knows 'most every story and still wants more, again this volume recommends itself. To most of you the stories will be quite new, "The Tower of Sleep," "Bear Skin and Man in Green," "Finette Cleudron" and nine others with as interesting names. The stories are typical fairy tales, filled with kings and queens, and good fairies and bad.

A GALLERY OF CHILDREN by A. A. Milne. \$3.50

This isn't just for children. In fact we think there are more sketches that would be enjoyed by the "Grown-Ups" in retrospect than by the youngsters. Many of the stories you'll find are taken from life so close to you that you'll call up a parallel immediately — the sketch about red-headed Anne, for instance. Just see if you don't think of some Titan-locked child about whom you thought the same thing.

A. A. Milne knows children intimately, so there are stories about them and for them. Once in a while a fairy slips into these, but more often there is a character sketch, a little piece of narrative or drama from the lives of children.

The style of these stories is whimsical and exceedingly direct. A full-page illustration precedes each story. These were done by Saida (H. Willebeek Le Mair). Their delicate coloring, the balance in composition and the fine borders which inclose the pages make the pictures worthy of frames.

The poudre blue cover with its gilt lettering and little picture will brighten up either the nursery book-shelves or the library corner.—W. S. L.

NATHALIA CRANE'S POETRY

THE JANITOR'S BOY and LAVA LANE by Nathalia Crane (Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50 each)

Nathalia Crane, a child of 12 years, has set most of the literary circles of America to buzzing. Not many months ago she was asked to become a member of the Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, an English society. People, amazed and scarcely able to believe in the child's ability to write such verse, began to question. Others refuted the arguments and theories were put forth.

Be that as it may, the two slender red volumes of verse are interesting and in many respects bear evidence of childish expression and idea despite their rhymed and metered form. The characters to whom we are introduced and with whom we become acquainted before we close the last cover are as delightful and lovable as any we know. Roger Jones, Mistress Margaret Esther Snow, and Margie are quite alive. Master Roger with his red hair is Nan's sweetheart, her husband, the father of her dolls, and it's usually Roger who rigs the wonderful ships that sail and finally sink, Roger who plans the bungalow on the vacant lot, Roger who is the Captain of battle.

No poet has ever written herself more fully into poetry, not in subjectivity so much as in activity. Nathalia buys peacock feathers in the ten cent store and we have a poem. The first snow storm was too much of a temptation. Betty, Margie and Nan just had to sit in the drifts, then Nan went home to get dry. Another time she sat on a bumble bee. The last stanza of the poem is quoted:

"I sat down on a humble bee,
But I arose again;
And now I know the senseless of
Humiliating pain."

Her poetry bubbles over with this sort of freshness of humor. Spontaneity runs wild; she seems to laugh some of her lines out. Again there are lines which are serious and a bit philosophical.

"In the darkness, who would answer for the color of the rose,
Or the vestments of the May moth and the pilgrimage it goes!"

or,

"The wind doth wander up and down
Forever seeking for a crown;
The rose in stillness on a stem
Inherits love's own diadem."

Allusions would lead one to believe that she had read far more widely than the average child of twelve. Everything romantic, eastern or ancient has stuck fast in her brain, and she has woven them into her city environments.

She never writes free verse. Her vehicle of expression is often ballad meter, iambic trimeter or a six foot line. But she writes in every meter at some time. Her lines show maturity in their skillful use of variations, irregularity, a weak ending or "carried over" lines. Rhyme appears without exception.

The poems of *Lava Lane* are obviously from a more experienced pen than those of *The Janitor's Boy*. The poems have more sophisticated subject matter; the janitor's boy plays a much less important role; the eastern element is even more evident. But the poetry flows easily and laughingly as it did earlier.

Place these little volumes beside those of Hilda Conkling, another child poet. Hilda sings of woods, fields, flowers. Her home is in a village where she has intimate knowledge of such subjects. Nathalia knows best the city streets and slat-houses. Compare the qualities for yourself. You will find these new books as interesting as you did Hilda Conkling's. — R. V. T.

A "SEE AMERICA FIRST" BOOK

MESA, CANON AND PUEBLO, by Charles F. Lummis. (The Century Co., \$4.50)

Here is another book of travel that portrays the life of a people with whom few are acquainted and whose homes are in a region of the United States that few Americans ever visit. But whether you agree with the author that the children of the Indian tribes of the Southwest receive more training domestically than the children of our own thoroughly civilized homes in the rest of the States, we cannot say, nor do we wish to emphasize such minor points; what should be remembered is that here is a Harvard University graduate who has spent nearly forty years among the Indian tribes in that section of the U. S. vaguely called the Southwest, and has gathered some very valuable first hand information concerning these oldest of Americans. Mr. Lummis has superseded an earlier work of his called "Some Strange Corners of Our Country" in this new, re-written book, and he has included over one hundred interesting illustrations in it. When one has finished reading the book, he should have a good idea of the strange customs in these parts, and of the great beauty that surrounds our primitive Americans.

Mr. Lummis is entirely justified in his invective against the Americans who think that the only place to find beauty is in Europe and England where all the ancient ruins and all the famous edifices have earned literary recognition, while right here in the U. S. we have petrified forests, and rivers of stone, and picturesque Indians whose traditions extend back to a time long before Columbus thought of an America, or an Indies. "See America first" is his motto. Why go to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play when we have "an infinitely more dramatic passion Reality — a flesh-and-blood crucifixion wherein an ignorant fanatic represents in very fact the death of the Savior" here in America, asks Mr. Lummis. If the Great American Desert or Death Valley, the old ruins of a Franciscan church that was built about 1540, the Cliff-dweller-Pueblo ruins, or the deep gorges of iridescent agate and colored stone, and the natural temples of a thousand hues, resplendent gray and white, green, yellow, red, sapphire carmine, brown, all playing "fantastic tricks to the vision" — if these were in Europe, everyone would flock there and say they had seen a miracle, and pages and pages of literature would be written about its glory. But this splendor is all down in New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and it behooves us to cross the Atlantic at least.

You will find a fascinating account of the dance of the deadly snakes, how every year when the August moon shines just so, the Moqui Pueblos, those People of Peace, gather to see the priests perform their gruesome rituals, the horrid ceremonials of the Snake men and their partners, the Antelopes.

The book is a compendium of information which one will find in no other way, unless he goes south and lives among the people, as Mr. Lummis has done. The subject-matter has been treated in a subjective way so that the work is only incidentally historical and scientific — another volume of 517 pages with an excellent appendix to add to your collection.—W. A. N.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PRIZE WINNERS

THE NOBLE PRIZE WINNERS IN LITERATURE by Annie Russell Marble (D. Appleton & Co., \$3.00)

Each year, when the Noble Prize is awarded the world takes weighty note of the author to whom this signal honor has been given. The prize is considered the outstanding award in the literary world. This book contains the facts concerning the lives and works of the winners and attempts to analyze the qualities peculiar to each. Passages are copiously quoted, making this an admirable reference work. Each author's important books are studied by Miss Marble and the distinguishing traits of his genius considered. There is a chapter reviewing the life of Alfred Noble, the donor, and the will establishing the prizes.

This book is not intended for general reading. Like so many books that have limited sale and can be found only on the shelves of libraries, it is nevertheless, one of the most fascinating subjects for a reader interested in writing or the writers of the best in recent literature. You can spend several evenings discovering why these men, 26 of them, in wide ranges of life, culture, circumstances and environment, surpassed their fellow-authors. You can find the mold in which they have been cast and find a common unit that links all mankind. You can become your own discoverer and research worker. Or, if you choose, Miss Marble will do that for you. She will tell you why and how these men rose from obscurity to greatness; how and why they were recognized; the effect of the prize upon their works and that of others. Ask

yourself, have these men, become models, for future writing. And you will answer, Yes. Worthy models, and again yes.

The bibliographies of the writers works and the chief critical volumes upon them are most useful.

— J. J. B.

THE HURLY-BURLY DAYS

THE TAMING OF THE FRONTIER, Edited by Duncan Atkman, (Minton, Balch & Co., N. Y., \$3.00)

One of the most fascinating publications of this season is this book, recently issued by our own alumnus publisher, Earle Balch ('15), whose article in this issue tells how this volume was created.

America is so recent, and its primitiveness removed only as the span of yesterday and today, that the memory of men not yet on the threshold of the grave recall the days when our thriving metropolitan cities of the west were wild and reckless frontier cities.

Today, almost every reminder of that old life with its gay saloons, its gambling dens, vice resorts, its aristocracy, society and easy money, has been swept away. Conformity has set in and today these cities of fascinating variety of but a few years back are the hum-drum standardized counterparts of each other. Both are intensely American. They present eras in a nation whose progress, wealth, but not wisdom, have been the wonder of the world.

Balch, realizing that the early life of these cities would soon be forgotten, set about to collect as he says, and put into permanent form the spirit of those early days, and to tell how and why they changed from what they were to what they are today. From the story of El Paso one goes with rapidity to Ogden, the Underwriters of Civilization, to Denver, Washed Whiter'n Snow, to Kansas City and then San Francisco, a metropolis of Bohemia, to Portland and St. Paul, the Untamable Twin. Cheyenne, Los Angeles and San Antonio come in for their share of chronicle.

To Alumni the narrative of St. Paul, (included Balch says because of local prejudice), will perhaps hold the greatest fascination. Written by the well known St. Paul writer, Grace Flandrau, the story takes you through the early French exploration days, the days of government intervention in the fur trading industry, the Indian era, the early territorial days, the founding of the states institutions, including the state university.

The book is delightful. If you tire of one author's mannerisms, you have nine others to choose from. Illustrated with early photographs, engravings and sketches showing the cities in their youth and infancy, the book is well done. — M. L. F. L.

THE TANG OF THE SEA

SALT WATER POEMS AND BALLADS by John Masefield (The Mac Millan Co.)

If you are young, and the good red blood is coursing through your veins, you will thrill at the beauty of sea pictures and sea tales. If you are old and have sea-memories, your heart will quicken, and you will sail forth again. If you have not known the sea, perhaps your soul will ache a little at the part of life you have missed.

Masefield is a poet of the sea. He has known it for a long time, and although he loves it above all things in nature, he has no illusions about it. His treatment is distinctly realistic. His sea is one of salt and cutting wind, of squalls and fogs and sickening ship-wrecks, of fever-stricken sailor-men with salt-crust in their hair and heavy oaths on their lips. He chooses the harshness of the sea and the crudeness and bitterness of its followers,

*"The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the balliards putting a tune to the shout.
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout . . ."*

the men for whom life is a hard and futile thing — a "handful of ashes, a mouthful of mold," but in whose hearts is the love of the sea and in whose ears is its roar.

But besides the realistic vividness and almost rudeness of Masefield's sea, there is the eternal lure of its beating waves.

*"Clean, green, windy billows notching out the sky.
Grey clouds tattered into rags, sea winds blowing high.
And the ships under topsails beating, thrashing by,
And the mewling of the herring gulls."*

Charles Pears has illustrated the book. His pictures, in color and in black and white are worthy of mention. They give the book added interest and beauty. To any admirer of Masefield, this book will serve well as a gift; to another with vague interests we say, "Get acquainted with this sea poet." — M. V. S.

WE MUST MARCH by Honore Willis Morrow (Stokes, \$2.00)

The stanza from Walt Whitman on the title page of this book may be called the theme of Mrs. Morrow's new novel.

*"For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,*

*We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"*

So Marcus Whitman, the missionary, felt as he crossed the vast land which lay between himself and Oregon. With him went his beautiful young bride, Narcissa, the first white woman to cross the Rockies.

The plot of the story is woven about the personal conflict between Marcus Whitman and Sir George Simpson of the Hudson Bay company, each wanting Oregon for his own country, the one fighting to keep the love of Narcissa, the other fighting to win it. From the moment the story opens with Sir George at Ruperts' Land where he gets news of the coming of the two missionaries until the Lieutenant's canoe swirls out of sight, and Narcissa and Marcus start their preparations for their return to Waii-lat-pu, we are alert and intent upon the tenseness of situation. Pathos which is always to be found in pioneer stories is here, not in melodramatic bombast, but in simple, direct statement. Humor, too, has a place even in a pathetic or intense moment. Narcissa plays in all, the greatest figure in the story. Watch her as she sees her drowned child brought to shore, as she stops the destructive axes of the Indians with her simple nursery song, as her will holds steady against Sir George's offerings. With the author, you will close the book saying, "Blessed was she among women."

Mrs. Morrow has written a historical novel which is gripping, a story few of us know. She has told it to us with such terseness of phrase, such beautiful simplicity of diction and such dramatic directness that we follow every page appreciating that here is a novelist who writes from history without giving way to long quotations from dusty volumes. She has a vibrant story to tell, and she follows it steadfastly and unflinchingly, keeping a suspense that is so often lacking in a story of this kind.

Any one will enjoy this stirring new novel as a Christmas gift. We recommend it from every point of view. — A. B. G.

THE WAY OF INSTINCT

INSTINCT, A STUDY IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, L. L. Bernard, (Holt 1924)

This book is likely to take its place as one of the most important contributions to social psychology of the present generation. A product of mature scholarship, painstaking research and of a keenly analytical mind, the thesis of this substantial work unfolds in the course of twenty carefully written chapters. After a discussion of the problem and of methodology, the author considers the controversy regarding instinct and environment and the organic bases of action. There follows a critical analysis of the nature of instinct, the evolution of habits as an example of neuro-psychic traits, the evolution of the neuro-psychic controls of intelligence and language, current usage of the term instinct, classifications of instincts, origins of the usage of instinct, the relationship of the concept of heredity and the concept of instinct, and conditional development and delayed instincts. The author then proceeds to expose maternal, paternal, parental, play, fighting, and constructiveness as false instincts. Other misconceptions concerning the nature of instincts, emotions and sentiments are finally examined.

The work is critically destructive in that it helps clear the ground of much illogical and superficial theorizing about the nature of the native component of human behavior. It is critically constructive in that it performs with thoroughness the task of clarifying some basic postulates of social theory. Social psychology has reached a stage in which it has become necessary to clear the ground of certain obsolete theoretical structures. Professor Bernard has done this service for the hypothesis of instinct. The next task in social psychology is that of measurement and quantitative analysis. The critical work of Professor Bernard is not quantitative, but conceptual. There is always the danger of mistaking a merely verbal distinction for one of genuine degree or kind when the conceptual method of analysis is used. Verification by quantitative measurement on the part of independent scientific workers is the only sure form of scientific demonstration and this task will require the painstaking work of many scientists.

— F. Stuart Chapin, University of Minnesota.

THE WAY OF THE FOREIGNER

ON NEW SHORES, by Konrad Bercovici. (The Century Co. \$4.00).

Another of those interesting books on America's foreigners! Last year Mr. Bercovici brought out *Around the World in New York*, as fascinating a book of its kind as appeared. It dealt only with the foreign quarters of New York, reeking with interesting stories, descriptions, characters and containing such exact directions concerning locations of the various quarters that they were easily traced on a map of the city.

In this new book Mr. Bercovici has chosen a broader field, the whole United States. To a Middle Westerner the book has particular interest because so many more foreigners have built up whole communities in these sections, the rural parts, than most of us suppose. In North Da-

kota will be found the German, Russians, the French and the Scandinavians, not mixed over North Dakota's plains, but each with a separate community, living its own life much as it was lived in the "old country." This life is described with sufficient detail to make it realistic, the process of assimilation and the "hang over" customs are told, bits of history of the settlement, the date of the first arrivals to America and statistics of the population of that particular nationality in America—all is told in direct, simple, beautiful English.

Mr. Bercovici has done the research for this book himself, traveling over many miles that he might write with his eyes on the people. He is particularly fitted for the writing of a such book because of his ability to speak many of the native languages of the people whom he visited. He is a Rumanian and spent much of his childhood among the Gypsies of southwestern Europe.

The binding of *Our New Shores* is similar to that of *Around the World in New York*. Both books would make most acceptable gifts for any one, whether he be youth or grandfather.

Konrad Bercovici infers somewhere that the Americans don't know how to laugh. Books like this one were meant to teach us. Try it and learn. W. S. L.

THE TOP O' THE COLUMN, by Keith Preston. (Pascal Covici. Chicago).

When you open this neat little volume, you think you've stumbled onto a new book of poetry. You read the first few pages. No, it's not poetry, it's newspaper verse by a columnist. It's not elevating, lofty, dainty, lovely, exotic, weird, nor are common place bits of thought put in a rhyme form. In this point it differs from most newspaper verse. It doesn't pretend to be poetry, it is jingle, and witty, clever jingle.

Keith Preston has taken either statements which he has found in papers, heard at lectures or concocted out of his own head and has written little satirical verses about them. "The radio craze bids fair to purify our English Speech," calls forth three stanzas on the subject. Some of our modern writers come in for a friendly little poke, too.

Then there are just jingles such as the old one beginning "There was a young lady - - -". Nursery rhymes, too, are used as models. This one might appeal to the alumni:

"There was an old woman who lived in a U.
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
So she started a drive on her darling alums
— And canvassed 'em all for considerable sums."

"Talk is Cheap"

[Continued from page 235] with sharp books to drop the figure, business life in America produces the type of mind which will be most useful immediately for productive purposes, the type which thinks in groups, by means of generalities, accepting the word from above, taking the approved position, and abhorring originality and difference.

There are other conditions of American life which discourage people from talking and which, so long as people do not talk, are contemptuously unchangeable. Of these, social thinking instead of intellectual freedom and expression of the accepted idea instead of freedom of speech are the most notable and dangerous.

Of course, freedom of speech is a thing of the past for most of us. Go to a country town of five thousand inhabitants. Buy a store. Lead a virtuous life. But insist upon the right to speak. Say that you think prohibition unfair, that you question the generally accepted religious doctrines, that you favor government ownership of essential industries, and argue these points only to arrive at truth. I need not paint the results with elaborate strokes: you will, of course, be gossiped about, no one will seek your company, and your store will have for customers only those who can not secure credit elsewhere. And the above are mild beliefs held generally by persons of intelligence. Expression of really radical doctrines will bring upon you the W. C. T. U., the American Legion, the Commercial Club and the Ku Klux Klan.

We have even come to that appalling place where most persons do not believe in intellectual freedom. It is no longer possible to stir the average American by telling of a laboring man thrust into prison for preaching bolshevism. "He's a radical," will be your reply: "Served him right." It is utterly impossible to arouse the average American to indignation at the thought of a college professor in Spain, an aged and wise man, I believe, being forcibly banished by the crude dictatorship in power there for questioning its acts. All men who pause to think will be horrified to notice the degradation of our ideals of individual liberty, freedom of thought, freedom of speech.

One of the most disheartening of recent revelations is that the Universities, instead of openly defending President Nicholas Murray

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Butler of Columbia in his intellectual right to criticize Prohibition, have either been discreetly silent or have attacked him with moral indignation and absurd argument.

It is easy to understand how, under such conditions, talk has been reduced to a fitful rude communication the main purpose of which is the conduct of business. The extent of the degradation is not realized. Communication is an essential of human life. And the statement that without it there is no companionship, no encouragement, no lightening the burden being obviously true, the statement that men are proficient in conveying this minimum requirement of social life should be no less obviously true, but it is as plainly false. Except in the sense that animals are proficient. Men, by means of snorts, cackles, affectionate growlings, laying of boisterous hands on each other, do manage to impart a communication which they accept as companionship, friendship, even, notice, as wit. This truth does not in the least disparage the idea that they could communicate better by talk. I am inclined even to claim the converse: that not only do companionship, encouragement, and wit demand and produce many and varied words, but also that the recurring use of many and varied words produces acuteness and friendliness in the user.

But the degradation can only be realized in contrast with the possibilities of talk. Theoretically, I suppose, since I never see the practise, it may be used for the exchange of ideas. This, as I have explained, is rendered impossible by the degradation of our ideals. Men who are willing that others should lose freedom of intellect and speech can not very deeply desire the same liberties for themselves. As a matter of observation, most persons are now quite content with their group-thought, social-thinking, and are antagonized by a difference of opinion. But even the few who think intelligently, or, may I hope? radically, dare only rarely to express themselves. "Now, you understand that I am telling you this in strict confidence . . . I wouldn't want it known . . . Of course, I may be wrong, and I'm not so sure of it myself . . . Disgusting intellectual cowardice! As long as men of position and intelligence dare not speak for fear of the consequences, talk will remain useless for the exchange of ideas.

But still, even today, if people knew how and had the feeling for it, talk might be a rich sensuous pleasure, the appropriate conveyance of gusto and cultural enthusiasm. It is capable of such tones and rhythms, intimate and rare, as could come only from such a time and place and friendship. Reading of poetry aloud, reading aloud of informal essays no matter how well done, can not replace the pleasures of beautiful talk. In it there comes a sudden thrilling richness of tone, the pronunciation, perhaps, of a single word which reveals its inevitable fitness, and sometimes a rhythm which can not be written or ever reproduced.

This kind of talk is too much to ask. However ill expressed, we should be content with the response alone, the gusto, the enthusiasm. But it shall never have, or talk of any kind, as long as the doctrines of repression are taught, as long as people believe in teamwork (the denial of free speech and free thought), in "Children should be seen and not heard," in "Talk is cheap."

I have suggested an intense response to well-done things, expressed in smacking rich speech, as a sign of free culture. But I am not interested in applying the test. There is no need to be cruel. There is no need to go on to prove that of the 1402 graduates of the University of Minnesota any given year, 1400 reveal in their speech no sign of culture. For all I know, they may not claim culture and may, in fact, deny it as un-American. It will be either American or nothing.

Blackthorn Magic

[Continued from page 236] they scrambled in long strings across our ancient history maps, and blew dust from the Sandman's coat into our eyes just when the English lesson was most dull. They clung with glee to the mane of Ichabod's bony steed, scampered through the woodland glades with Rosalind, and pinned their tiny pennant to Achilles' sail; they blew upon my borax beads, and tumbled over French "irregulars;" wickedly they danced above the head of the study-hall governor.

For one bright day they left me to myself; of my own fault they fled from me. In an odd moment, I spoke of them unguardedly; and across the room a teacher scented error. She raised her head from her class book. "You don't believe in them, do you?" came her incredulous tones, "that's a child's belief." The room hushed suddenly; fifteen pairs of eyes fixed themselves upon my face; within the sound of my voice I had no friend; and I betrayed them!

"Of course I don't" I answered dully; of course I did! But even as I spoke, I knew I told a falsehood; for under my eyes the migration had begun. Slowly, wearily, with drooping shoulder, my long-loved playmates turned their backs on me. Out of the leaves of my geometry book they dropped, for all the world like beaten kittens; out from under my feet they glided, wound in shining ribbons up the aisle, flustered (of all ironic fates) across the lowering desk, and disappeared out of

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the window. Not for an instant did they turn their eyes toward my seat; not though I watched them as far as I could. Did they, by any chance, know that I would have recanted publicly? As the last wee form poised lightly on the wide sill, I felt the sudden dropping as of lead upon my spirit; then, drawn by an unseen force, I lifted abashed eyes to meet the quizzical gaze of the teacher. When I next stole a glance, the sill was empty, the lawn stretched unbroken to the street; and I knew that I had done a horrid thing. I failed in geometry.

Though the deed was irrevocable, remorse made my memory of it terrible — and for long days I suffered fiercely. All the torture of Tantalus was reproduced for me; all my early dream-days came back to taunt my soul; and I never could restore the old sweet intimacy. Mine had been the fault — mine was to be the punishment.

Yet even in my exile they pitied me, and in odd moments I felt their shy caresses. Sometimes they padded softly near me in the woods, elfin forms to whom my eyes were blinded. Sometimes a flash of sunlight revealed their grapevine swing, their light draperies floating on the autumn breezes; but in an instant they were gone, the only visible sign of their presence the slow pendulum of the blushing clusters. In the ripple of laughing waters I heard the melody of their fun; but to see the songsters was beyond my power. Tantalizing moments of prescient consciousness came to me; times when my hunger for them swept away the barriers of pride and brought them almost within reach. On gentle evenings along the river side they haunted me; they rose from out the mists to stalk unseen beside me. Laughing eyes met mine in the mirror, only to vanish; wistful voices whispered in the wind; and in the night I sometimes heard the creaking of the door, and the trailing swish of wings across the stillness. They mounted to the bedpost; they peered at me from the plate-rail; and at intervals I saw a jaunty cap skip behind the morocco volumes of my library shelf; but no matter how swiftly I swept aside the books, I never found them; the settling dust grains covered up their tracks. As week followed week, and months extended into years, I missed them more. Of my own free will I had denied them — and all my grief could never bring them back.

Hungry and yearning, I went on to college, and found no solace in new worlds of thought. Savants opened to me the lore of past ages; dreamers visualized for me a reconstructed life; philosophers drew upon both to make the known world comprehensible. What dancing pixie feet would dare to follow here? Yet, as dusty pages spread themselves before me, I dreamed I heard a tinkle as of far-off chimes, their distant frolic. However, when I raised a startled face to reconnoitre, behold on either hand staid rows of dozing students! Infrequently, on dusky afternoons among the towering stacks, I thought I saw them — dimly, like the fleeting memory of a face once seen in passing; but when I reached an eager hand to them, I felt no answering touch; only the bare shelves rubbed my searching fingers.

Even this comfort grew less and less frequent. Rare, sweet and beautiful, the lost years bloomed in retrospect. Where were the midgets who could give them back to me? Hope lingered, faith died hard, and still I dreamed that when my penance was accomplished, the little folk would visit me again. How little I guessed what the blackthorn stick could do.

That is the simple story of my testing. So sorrow left and faith came back to me — tonight in happy dreaming I build castles in the clouds. Time was when fairies lived no more in some degree for all of us, but thanks to the moon — (yes, and to the souls of the dead who now know truth, — and most of all to the blackthorn stick that grew of old along a lane in Erin) — these times of sorrow are for me forever fled. Statistics, calculus, history, metaphysics, — prove to me by them a thousand fold that fairies are not, — and with the whole of childhood behind me, I shall say you nay. The evidence against them is negative only; those who have not seen them are not qualified to speak.

The blackthorn stick can prove my point; it saw them, too. With loving confidence they climbed its knotty sides. As I write, it stands in the corner, item by item corroborating my statements. As I prepare to retire, it sends across to me a friendly smile. It knows that when I leave it in the darkness, and mount to my attic chamber, I shall find awaiting me these wee companions of my waking hours. They will cluster on my dressing table to gaze at their reflections in the glass — they will hold great Marathons along my hilly cot. No more for us the dreary world of fact, of comings and goings, of ponderous tomes and the ferule. In the snowy lacework of a fall morning, in the starlight of the unknown years ahead, in the chinks and crannies of the chimney, the shadows and the open places, elfin eyes will peer at us — yea, in broad daylight, midget feet will flit across the rugs and trip before us on the attic stairs. Whosoever hearts are fey, and loyal to the world they early learned to love — there where obtrusive elders — and juniors, — do not drive them to hide under the table or in the curtain folds, — there henceforth and forever, Pan and Titania Puck and Oberon, Thistle-down and Thumbelina, the moon, the whispering souls of the dead, the blackthorn stick, and we who know them, are one.

Alumni Weekly Authors

[Continued from page 237]

PERSONAL ATTENTION TO EVERY CUSTOMER



Do you know that Northern States Power Company's construction budget for the years 1924 and 1925 totaled \$24,181,459.55 for new plants, transmission and distribution lines, improvements and extensions?

"Seven quiet years came then. I read a lot, took extension courses in Home Economics with the University of Chicago in the vain hope that some day I should run my household with my left hand, did some club and suffrage work, traveled a little . . . not half enough . . . went in for White Rocks and hollyhocks and developed a not-too-concentrated game of bridge."

It was not until 1916, after her small son had started to school, that she began writing, starting modestly with book reviews and short household articles on moths and things. When the war came she dropped writing entirely, going back to statistical work.

"Then came stories for a newspaper syndicate at \$10 each; stories for the Housekeeper . . . (now defunct) . . . articles for the Mother's Magazine . . . (now defunct) . . . stories for Home Life, Ladies' World, The Housewife . . . (all gone the way of all flesh) . . . a series of stories for Today's; and then for three years a steady grind for the third-rate fiction magazines. I was so little proud of them that many were not published over my name, but for a person without newspaper training there is, in such work, a definite drill and I needed it. I am not prolific. I just plod. I envy the youngsters who have that drill in a college course in journalism. Though I shouldn't have taken such a course in college, I am sure. Some of these stories resold to the movies and were rewritten for them. For one year I did almost nothing else."

Mrs. Ward's first book, "The Singing Heart," was published in 1920, the second, "Phyllis Anne," in 1922, and the third, "The Flame of Happiness," in 1924. In the last two years she has sold a number of stories to the Curtis publications . . . the financial Mecca of all writers.

There are people who will insist that college activities have very little influence on one's later life, but after examining the records, the Alumni Weekly editors are inclined to dispute that theory, particularly with regard to those who serve on the student publications. Of course there are many ex-Gopher editors who never write anything more literary than an insurance policy after graduation, but then again, look at the records of men who have served as managing editor of the Minnesota Daily.

HAROLD BRIGGS ('23) was the literary editor of Ski-U-Mah during that magazine's first year of life. He taught English at Drake university for a year after his graduation, then spent a year working in his father's bank at Humboldt, Ia., and is now back at the University as an instructor in the English department.

ELIZABETH LYNKEY is one of those people to whom honors just naturally flock. After five years at the University she emerged with two degrees, her B. A. won in '19 and the M. A. in '20, with history as her major and writing as a pastime. She wrote book reviews for the Minnesota Daily and contributions to the Minnesota Magazine. Honor societies whose pins she may wear are: Phi Beta Kappa, Lambda Alpha Psi, Delta Phi Lambda, and Kappa Rho.

Teaching has been her occupation since graduation, and for several years she has been at the Coleraine Junior college imparting to children of the range the mysteries of history and social sciences. At present her writing is confined chiefly to book reviews for educational publications and occasional essays.

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Exponent of the finest in modern literature, JOSEPH WARREN BEACH ('00) is not only one of our most brilliant faculty members, but also a widely-known poet and essayist. His latest work is a volume of essays entitled "Meek Americans" which describes in a whimsically humorous vein the manners of Americans abroad. Professor Beach gathered material for the volume during his year's leave of absence, spent in Europe.

More than any other member of the English department, Professor Beach has given to his students a comprehension of what the best of the so-called "moderns" are attempting and have done. His classes in "Recent poetry" are filled to capacity each year, and his own verse is included in most of the anthologies of modern poetry. His critical essays frequently appear in such magazines as the New Republic, The Century, and the Atlantic.

He is author of "Sonnets of the Head and Heart," "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith," and "The Method of Henry James."

The editor of the Minnesota Alumni Weekly enjoyed a delightful half hour with EARLE BALCH ('15) a few weeks ago when he was in Minneapolis. Mr. Balch is at the head of the new, and successful publishing house of Minton, Balch & Company, of New York. His interesting article on book publishing in this issue proved a fascinating bit of reading to the editors.

Mr. Balch took occasion to commend the book column in the Alumni Weekly, lauding our efforts to increase the literary excellence of the graduate publication of Minnesota.

DOROTHY WACKERMAN HUTTON (Ex '24), who contributed the sketching for the cover, is a native of Minneapolis, instructor in the Minneapolis School of Art, and a painter and sketcher of ability. Her oils have been on display at many Minneapolis galleries and have received high praise from critics. Mrs. Hutton spent some months abroad recently and the sketching used on our cover is that of an old French dwelling.

HUGH HUTTON ('ex'21), on the staff of the Minnesota Alumni Weekly for four years has contributed the Christmas heading appearing above page 219. Mr. Hutton, is now an instructor in the Federal Schools of Cartooning and Commercial Design. He is also the originator of "Nurty Natural History" a single column strip comic appearing in no less than a dozen newspapers. Mr. Hutton is a free-lancer and has done covers for many local magazines.

At present, MARION LEBRON ('22), is reading manuscripts for MacMillan's, the publishers, and living in Brooklyn, N. Y. Most of her writing since leaving the University has been confined to children's stories and verses; she has been a frequent contributor to John Martin's magazine, and has worked for Marshall-Field in Chicago helping prepare their book catalogue. She is a member of Delta Gamma sorority.

While we should like to respect ALICE DYAR RUSSELL's request that we make no mention of her daughter's age if we used her poem, for her parents do not wish to exploit her as a prodigy, we will mention the fact that Elizabeth is still in her early 'teens. Although Mrs. Russell is a successful author, she says that she looks forward with much greater hope to her daughter's literary future than to her own.

The Russell family lives at 2001 Marengo avenue, South Pasadena, Calif., and will, so Mrs. Russell says, "in time, probably become good Californians."

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Alice Dyar and Bert Russell ('02, '03 G) were married in 1905, and shortly afterward took up life in Capitol View, Md., near Washington, D. C., where they lived until 1921, with the exception of a year in New York and a part of a year in Jamaica, B. W. I. Their two children are Elizabeth Dyar and Phoebe Anne. Mrs. Russell took her M. A. from George Washington university in 1907, and studied short story writing with Blanche Colton Williams at Columbia.

"Owing to the well known fact that the job of mother is a somewhat absorbing one," Mrs. Russell says, "my literary work is only what can be squeezed in on the side." She has written stories for the Delineator, Woman's Home Companion, Black Cat, Youth's Companion, John Martin's Book, The American Girl, and others.

When a really scholarly poet emerges out

of the Middlewest, eastern critics are wont to regard him as a phenomenon, for they believe that we produce only bards of the Sandburg type. GOTTFRIED HULT ('92) is a poet of the classic style, achieving recognition in an age which sniffs at anything savoring of classicism. He is professor of classical languages and literature at the University of North Dakota, and author of "Reveries and Other Poems." A volume of his verse entitled "Outbound" was published several years ago by the Stratford company, Boston. He has been a frequent contributor to the Century. Beloit College has conferred an honorary degree, Litt. D., upon him.

In reviewing "Outbound," Professor C. W. Nichols said: "Professor Hult is a true poet, ever on the quest for Beauty and Truth; keen in his perception of the beauty of the universe, but tireless in his efforts to stress the spiritual value of life and eternity."

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The Literary Number

THE Literary Number of the MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY, conceived several years ago by the Editors, and brought to fruition many months ago when manuscripts were solicited from faculty and alumni, is presented in a form much abbreviated to what we had hoped to publish originally. Two years ago it was our intention to issue yearly such a number running to 64 pages. In our moments of dreams we hazarded that perhaps this yearly appearance would build itself automatically into a semi-yearly or quarterly publication, comparable to the Yale Review. Age and wisdom gained through bitter experience, however, told us that dreams do not fit in the atmosphere of Minnesota. Not that material was lacking. Oh, No! Our lack was that of funds. The ALUMNI WEEKLY was unable to secure sufficient advertising revenue to finance such a number and those of wealth approached proved to be more interested in football and scholarships. Appreciation is due several alumni who originally aided in preparing this number. Much credit for valuable advice and suggestions is due Horace Simerman ('23), and Albert S. Tousley ('24). To Elizabeth Mann ('23) who aided in our search for material, our appreciation and thanks are due; and to Wilma S. Leland, literary editor also, for her interest and untiring work.



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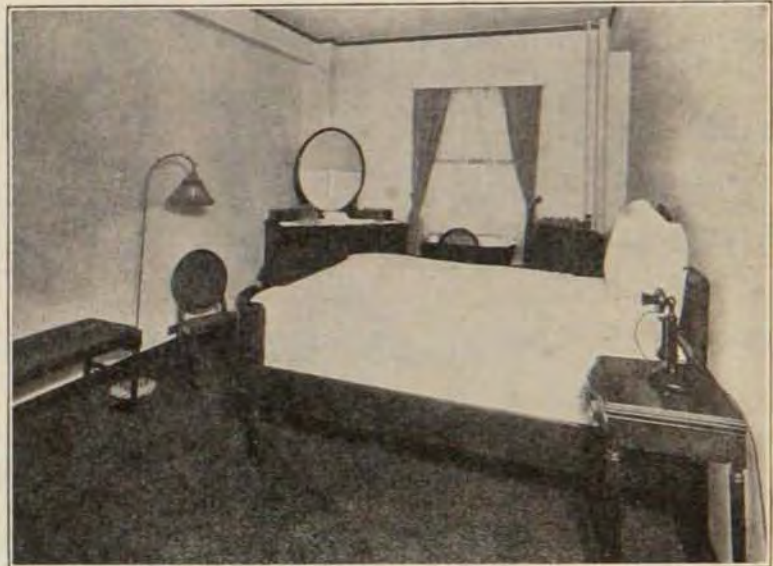
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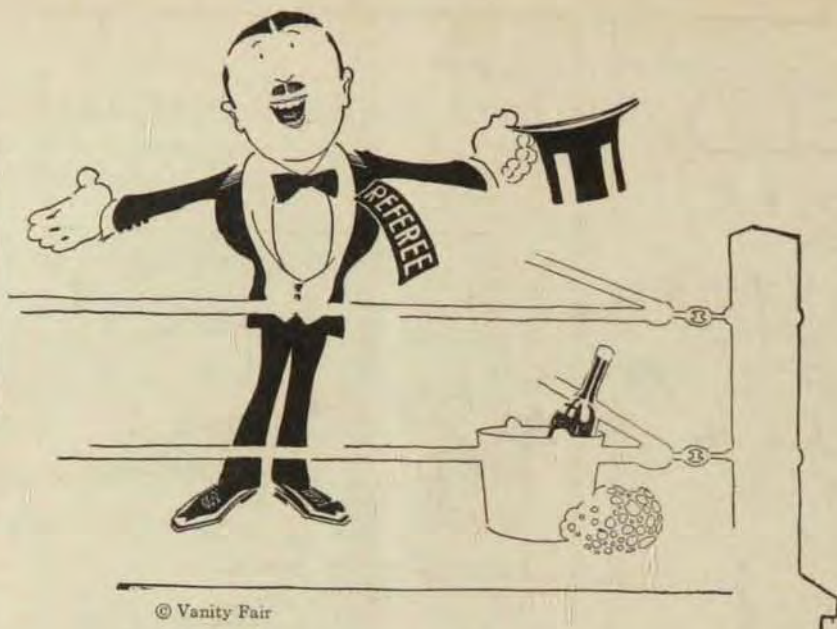
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Announcing!

VANITY FAIR'S COLLEGE HUMOUR CONTEST

Vanity Fair offers \$1000. in prizes for the three best contributions submitted by undergraduate college students.

Articles submitted for the contest must be in prose, between 1000 and 2000 words in length. They must be received not later than noon, Feb. 1, 1926. They must deal, wittily but wisely, with collegiate life or any other phase of the life of the day.

The first prize will be \$500; the second prize \$300; the third prize \$200. The judges will be George S. Chappell, Anita Loos, and John V. A. Weaver.

Vanity Fair has always encouraged the development of the younger school of humorists. It was the first to recognize the talent, and to publish the manuscripts, of such men as Robert C. Benchley, Robert E. Sherwood, Donald Ogden Stewart, George S. Chappell, E. E. Cummings, and John V. A. Weaver, the literary interests of all of whom dated from their college days.

Through this contest, Vanity Fair hopes to obtain some notable contributions, in an entertaining vein, based on the point of view of the younger American.

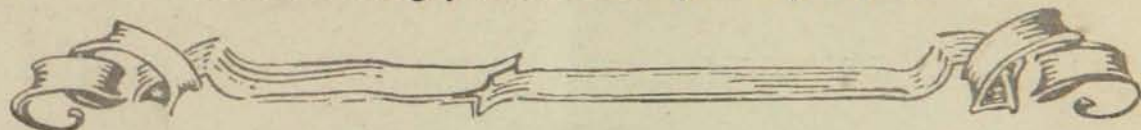
Vanity Fair will purchase many contributions at its regular rates, even though they are not awarded prizes.

For more complete details and conditions of the contest, see the December issue of

VANITY FAIR

The MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY

Saturday, January 16, 1926



One of the splendid campus organizations that increases its usefulness at every opportunity is the U. S. G. A. This photo shows two of the members selling used texts in their Book Exchange.

Volume 25 · Number 13

.. ..

15 cents the Copy



18 Fall Quarter Graduates Become Alumni Life Members — The Fall Quarter Graduates — 1925 Brought Many Improvements — Alumni Propose Drastic Scheduling Changes — The Week in Sports — The New Basket Ball Rules — Some Alumni Meetings — Personalia

ALLERTON

CLUB RESIDENCES



NOT the least of the enjoyments of residence here are the well-equipped gymnasiums and exercise rooms. They keep men fit and send them forth each day with the desire—and ability—to achieve bigger and better things.

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ALLERTON CLUB RESIDENCES

New York

Chicago

The Minnesota Alumni Weekly



S 190 Seniors Become Alumni--18 Life Members

One of the Largest Fall Quarter Graduating Classes Receives Diplomas at Banquet Held in the Minnesota Union—Percentage of Alumni Association Life Subscribers Increases

PLEDGING increased loyalty to their Alma Mater, 18 of the 190 graduates who received their Bachelor of Arts degrees at the close of the fall quarter, became life members of the General Alumni association and life subscribers to the Minnesota Alumni Weekly at the dinner given in their honor by the Minnesota Union Board of Governors on Wednesday evening, December 16.

Ronald Manual, president of the Board, welcomed the guests to the Union, and Chester Salter responded for his class.

Describing the University as a "light and power plant" for the entire state, Richard R. Price, director of the General Extension division, chief speaker of the evening, told the graduates how the advantages of the University are made available to the people of the state.

"I never overlook an opportunity to say something about Extension," Mr. Price said, "because so many people think it has something to do with building on to the campus."

There are two popular conceptions of a University, the speaker explained; "Eastern endowed institutions conceive a University to be a lighthouse, where people assemble to accumulate knowledge in the circle of light. But we, of the state endowed institution, consider it a light and power plant, with innumerable wires running to the most remote corners, so that a person in his home, by touching a button, may participate in the power and light from the University. We are concerned with bringing these things to the hearthstones—out where the people are.

"This is approximating what sociologists call a 'state of social justice,' making education available to everyone who has the intellect to assimilate it regardless of his economic condition."

The Director told his audience that there are between 4,000 and 5,000 students attending evening classes; 2,500 people studying by correspondence; while the Lyceum service with its motion pictures, plays, concerts and speakers, touches the lives of innumerable people. The fourth department, the Municipal Reference Bureau, is a service maintained for city officers in small communities.

A program of music was furnished by Gertrude Neubeiser and Edward Johnston. Bernard Larpenteur

(25), president of the June graduating class, and Charles Morris, president of the senior class of June '26, were honor guests.

New members of the Alumni Association are: Ann Thompson-Hall, Byron M. Biersborn, Jessie L. Clinton, Joseph W. Dassett, Elmer C. Eckloff, Ollie A. Knute, Gertrude M. Krage, Novia E. Larson, N. H. Lufkin, Charles K. Morris, Mildred C. Nelson, Esther E. Okoneski, Arthur G. Peterson, Fritz B. Peterson, Margaret Powers, Chester Salter, William F. Schroeder, Jr. and Dorothy L. Tucker.

"Direction Wanted," Commencement Address

Asking for an educational system "which will give young people a sense of direction and teach them how to pass their leisure time," Dr. Irving Maurer, president of Beloit college, addressed the fall quarter graduates at their commencement exercises, Thursday morning, December 17. His subject was: "Wanted—A Sense of Direction."

College graduates are coming to have standardized minds, to react definitely to set stimuli, to be the type who can be managed, deceived and betrayed. It is America which has multiplied its college student body five times as fast as its numerical increase, where educational budgets are larger than ever, that is the victim of scareheads and obscurantist fears, fleshly in its pleasures, swayed by mob psychology, under the spell of immediancies, lulled by the prosperity of the hour, he declared.

"Home is coming to be the place that stands in front of the garage," he said. "When you come to analyze the amazing mobility that we Americans have attained you are astounded that most of it is an aimless affair. Much of this rushing to and fro helps us get from one accustomed place to another a little faster, yet the time saved does not make us better readers nor gardeners nor home folks. We have more time to spend with our families, yet home is the place where we are least of all.

"Take the radio, too. Across the thousands of miles of space you hear the vibration set in motion by a human voice almost as if from another world. You are struck with awe at this magnificent demonstration of the victory of the human spirit. But what is the message? It is singing 'Yes, we have no bananas.' Here is a trainload

of magazines. Two million, 3,000,000 is its circulation, and an army of men are its hirelings. It is a vast weight of ephemeral nothingness.

"It is this aimless course which education must not follow. There is need of a sense of direction in our system of education. If we do not take heed, we shall find that we have produced a larger number of adept individuals who do not know how to pass their leisure time. We shall grow more expert in running the machines which do the work of the world. We shall have a larger number of mechanics, but their relaxed selves will depend more and more upon mechanized recreation.

"Education is no longer sure of itself—as our members increase there grow upon us economic fears—city and town and country tend to center their educational interests in their material interests; school systems become involved in the training of the hand at the expense of the training of the mind.

"At first sight results are palpable and definite until you discover that so much of our education has been the perfection of an industrial machine and so little has been the deciding as to how that machine is to be used."

Fall Quarter Graduates

THE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS

Bachelors of Arts, cum laude — Louis Bertram, Selmer Birkelo.

Bachelors of Arts — Donald Shepherd Bagley, Martin Koon Bovey, Katherine C. DeNault, Ernest Frederick Grundemeier, Thomas Edward Hawkes, Oliver Russel Hegness, Edwin Archie Helwig, Louise Horrvet, Mercedes Joerns, Eugene Hale McCallum, Cortland S. McGrail, Alberta Martin, Florence Anna Murray, Mildred Christine Nelson, Esther Emilee Okoneski, Myron S. Parsons, Theodore J. Prichard, Catherine Sherman, Oscar Rudolph Swanson, Aimee Julian Thomas, Ann Thompson-Hall.

Bachelors of Science, (Academic-Medical) — Richard H. Beiswanger, George Frederick Engstrom, William Francis Mercil, Gordon G. Nelson, Elmer Oleisky, Clarence Eugene Schuetz, Victor Milton Vaughan, John Charles Vezina, B. A., Robert Frederick Werner.

THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE

Bachelors of Science, In Civil Engineering — Clarence F. Bertossi, Donald Elbert Bonner, Fred L. C. Insaude, Harold William Jones, Joseph Percival Lushene, Edwin W. Nelson, Frederic Vincent Sullivan, John Howard Swanberg.

Bachelors of Science, In Electrical Engineering — M. Alden Countryman, Kenefick Robertson, Albert P. Upton.

Bachelor of Science, In Mechanical Engineering — Hartzell C. Mills.

Bachelor of Science, In Interior Decoration — Rhoda H. Cote.

THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, FORESTRY, AND HOME ECONOMICS

Bachelors of Science, Course in Agriculture — James B. Hume, Arthur Eugene Hutchins, Arthur G. Peterson, Arthur John Schwantes.

Bachelors of Science, Course in Forestry — Marshall Ilstrup, Lyle Wendell Redverse Jackson.

Bachelors of Science, Course in Home Economics — Marion Hannah Bassford, Helen Marie Stodola.

THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, FORESTRY, AND HOME ECONOMICS AND THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Bachelor of Science, Course in Agriculture — Fritz B. Peterson.

Bachelors of Science, Course in Home Economics — Gladys Bamberg, Sadie Banen, Clara Eveline Farstad, Bernice I. Nolan, Grace W. Schwieger.

THE SCHOOL OF NURSING

Graduates in Nursing — Margaret Fay Allen, Aurelia Phyllis Beauchaine, Anna C. Bluedorn, Elsa Borkenhagen, Jessie Luella Clinton, Gladys Hannah Deline, Edith Marie Dickson, Lucille M. V. Floren Myle deVere Gilpin, Fern Margaret Hawkinson, Ida Louise Husby, Dagny Magdalene Ingebritson, Ruth Kooiker, Gertrude Magdalene W. Krage, Marie I. Lloyd, Alice Ann Pfeiffer, Margarethe Elizabeth Rislov, Lauretta Evelyn Teigen, Joan Whyte Thomas, Lillian Viola Uggren, Norene L. Wentworth.

THE COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY

Graduate Dental Nurse — Evelyn Norgaard.

THE SCHOOL OF MINES

Engineer of Mines — Garfield C. Siverson.

Metallurgical Engineer — George Axel Johnson.

THE COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

Pharmaceutical Chemists — Emmett Haskin, Robert W. Kemp.

THE SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY

Bachelor of Science, In Chemistry — Hyam Gillman.

THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Bachelors of Science, with distinction — Oscar Krisen Buross, Stanley George Wagar.

Bachelors of Science — Florence L. Adams, Inest R. Anderson, Bertha Elizabeth Buclow, Catherine Driscoll, Lue Elva Gannon, Gertrude Luetta Hartung, Irene Millicent E. Hegman, Margaret Honn Holliday, Edith Belle Kiehle, Hazel Lust King, Ollie A. Knuti, Naomi Louise Larson, Novia Elizabeth Larson, Lunetta Lena Lawin, Sibyl Mercedes Malm, Helen Marion Marshall, Alice Jane Maxson, Victor Perry Mock, Doris Constance Nelson, Jennie Nelson, Ruth Mui-kuang Pau, Margaret Phyllis Powers, Elizabeth Graham Robinson, Zella Elizabeth Robinson, Dorothy Belle Schroer, Ruth Stevens Selden, Lide Beatrice Stevenson, Matilda Louise Stoxen, Clifford Lincoln Tallackson, Dorothy Lucille Tucker.

THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Bachelors of Science, In Business — William J. Driste, Elmer C. Eckloff, John Walter Erickson, Otto Engelbert Haglund, Merrill Forrest Leduc, Harold Clyde McGregor, Chester Day Salter.

THE LAW SCHOOL

Bachelors of Laws — Edmund Sheldon Adams, Ira Howard Donohue, Fred Earl Engquist, William Louis Kelly, 3d, B. A., E. Lawrence Kuchenbecker.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

Bachelors of Medicine — Harold Theodore Anderson, B. A., B. S., E. Covell Bayley, B. A., B. S.; William Stewart Beyer, B. S., B. A., B. S.; Byron Maxwell Biersborn, B. A.; William Donald Brown, B. A., B. S.; Carl G. Burton, B. A., B. S.; Joseph William Dassetz, B. S.; Warren Maynard Dodge, Jr., B. S.; John Dordal, B. A., B. S.; Matthew Eich, B. S.; Charles Louis Farabaugh, B. S.; James Ogilvie Gillespie, B. A., B. S.; Elmer Noble Hunter, B. S.; Helmer Walter Huseby, B. S.; Clarence Jacobson, B. A., B. S.; Hans Herman Jensen, B. Ph.M., B.A., M.S., Ph.D.; Olga Holie Johnson, B. A., B. S.; Joseph Thomas King, B. S., M. A.; Gerald M. Koepcke, B. S.; Gilbert John Leonard, B. S.; Nathaniel Hall Luffkin, B. S.; Robert Edmund McDonald, B. A., B. S.; Harvey Cecil Maxwell, B. S.; Ernest Lawrence Meland, B. S.; Edwin Clay Muir, B. S.; William Gerard Paradis, B. S., B. A.; John L. Rens, B. S.; William F. Schroeder, B. A., B. S.; Lester W. Sontag, B. S.; Orvie John Swenson, B. A.; Glen Willis Tuttle, B. S., M. A.; Harry Reuben Warner, B. S.; Louie H. Winer, B. S.

THE COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY

Doctors of Dental Surgery — Julius G. Berg, David Hjalmer Dahlin, Victor Emanuel Ellison, Edward J. Glizinski, Cornelius J. Lynch, Louis R. Maurer, Elmer Lawrence Ness.

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

Masters of Arts — HAYS PENNINGTON ARCHER, B. A. '08, Hamline, Major Spanish, Minor English, Thesis, The Dioscuri in Spanish Saints' Legends; EMMA GRACE BAHL, B. A. '16, Cornell College, Major English, Minor History, Thesis, A Study of the Reading done by Samuel Richardson with an Effort to Determine His Intellectual Development; CHARLES EDWIN BOYER, B. A. '15, Ursinus College, Major Educational Administration, Minor Educational Psychology; Thesis, Measurement of Educational Need in Minnesota; KARI ERMISCH, '97, Real Gymnasium Schwerin, Germany; Major, German; Minor, Education; Thesis, Ist Heinrich V. Kleist in seinen Dramen Romantiker oder Realist? HERBERT GEORGE FREDDEL, B. S. '24, Oregon Agricultural College; Major, Agricultural Economics; Minor, Economics; Thesis, The Minnesota Co-operative Creameries Association, Inc.; PAUL GLEN HAROLD JARVIS, B. A. '20, L. L. B., '22, Minnesota; Major, Educational Administration; Minor, Law; Thesis, The Legal Rights and Liabilities of Boards of Education in their Official Relationship to Teachers, Pupils, and other Individuals; EDMUND ARTHUR MOORE, B. A. '24, Minnesota; Major, History; Minor, Political Science; Thesis, The Political Career of Ignatius Donnelly, 1863 to 1873; EVERETT BAXTER SACKETT, B. A. '23, Hamline; Major, Educational Administration; Minor, Educational Psychology; Thesis, Analysis of the Administration and Supervision of Health Education and Physical Training in the Various States; JOHN JEREMIAH SCANLAN — B. S. '24, Minnesota; Major, Agricultural Economics; Minor, Economics; Thesis, Factors Affecting the Price of Wheat Flour-mill By-product Feeds in Minneapolis; SISTER M. CLAUDETTE SCOBLE, B. A. '17, St. Benedict; Major, Mathematics; Minor, Physics; Thesis, An Analysis and Comparison of Tests for Convergence; SISTER SAINT FLORENCE EDEN, B. A. '18, St. Catherine; Major, Romance (French); Minor, Romance (Spanish); Thesis, Fanelon's Traite de l'Education des Filles; JOHN EDGAR SMITH, B. A. '17, Manitoba, Canada; Major, Educational Administration; Minor, Educational Psychology; Thesis, Current Practice and Procedure Relating to Financial Responsibility and Accountability of Public School officials; JOHN JOSEPH SKINNER, B. S. '06, Upper Iowa University; Major, Educational Administration; Minor, Educational Psychology; Thesis, Relative Progress of Pupils of Different Mental Levels; HARRY JOHNSON STEEL, B. A. '17, Minnesota; Major, Educational Administration; Minor, Educational Psychology; Thesis, The Time Distribution in the Arithmetic Drill Period; HERBERT FRITHJOF SORENSON, B. A. '24, Minnesota; Major,

Educational Administration; Minor, Educational Psychology; Thesis, Validation of the Method of Ability Grouping Devised for 6A Pupils of the Minneapolis Schools: LELIA MUNSON VALASEK, B. A. '20, Minnesota; Major, Physics; Minor, Mathematics; Thesis, The Time Constant of the Transformation of the Initial Positive Carbon Dioxide Ion.

Masters of Science — WILLIAM CRAIG BROADFOOT, B. S., '24, Minnesota; Major, Plant Pathology; Minor, Plant Breeding; Thesis Studies on the Parasitism of *Fusarium lini* Bolley: JOHN VERNELL CUTLER, Associate '08, College of Technology, Manchester, England; Major, Soils; Minor, Plant Physiology; Thesis, The Effect of an Interrupting Layer upon the Downward Movement of Water in the Soil: MARY LUCRETIA EDWARDS, B. S. '23, Minnesota; Major, Educational Psychology; Minor, Educational Administration; Thesis, Some Factors Causing Discrepancies between Intelligence and School Performance: ARTHUR THOMAS ELDERS, B. S. A. '24, Manitoba, Canada; Major, Plant Breeding; Minor, Plant Pathology; Thesis, Some Pollination and Cytological Studies of Sweet Clover: BUEFORD MONROE GILE, B. S. '13, Wisconsin; Major, Agricultural Economics; Minor, Economics; Thesis, Farm Credit Situation in Minnesota: CLAUDE DELBERT GRINNELL, B. S. '21, Minnesota; Major, Dairy Husbandry; Minor, Animal Husbandry; Thesis, Factors Affecting the Breeding Efficiency of a Dairy Herd: OOTO JOHNSON, B. A. '23, Minnesota; Major, Biochemistry; Minor, Physical Chemistry; Thesis, The Gold Numbers of the Colloidal Constituents of Milk: GEORGE PATRICK SANDERS, B. S. '18, Minnesota, Major, Dairy Husbandry; Minor, Agricultural Economics; Thesis, The Effect of Temperature of Pasteurization upon the Keeping Quality of Butter: LAWRENCE ARTHUR SCHAAL, B. S. '24, Kansas Agricultural College; Major, Plant Pathology, Minor, Entomology; Thesis, Studies on the Parasitism of Orange Leaf Rust of Wheat (*Puccinia triticina*): HUGH WARD TALBOT, B. S. '08, Colgate; Major, Botany; Minor, Plant Physiology; Thesis, A Preliminary Survey of the Algae of the Black Hills of South Dakota: HERBERT VOGEL, B. A. '21, Capital University; Major, Biochemistry; Minor, Physiologic Chemistry; Thesis, A Study of Durum Wheat Flours.

Master of Science, In Dermatology — EARL DORLAND OSBORNE, M. D. '19, Michigan; Major, Dermatology; Minor, Pathology; Thesis, A Clinical and Serological Evaluation of the Colloidal Benzoin Reaction.

Master of Science, In Ophthalmology — JOHN FREDERICK GIPNER, B. A. '18, Michigan; Major, Ophthalmology; Minor, Otology; Thesis, A Histopathological Study of the Retinitis found in two Cases of Cardiovascular Renal Disease.

Masters of Science, In Surgery — FREDERICK AUGUSTUS BOTHE, B. S. '19, Michigan; Major, Surgery; Minor, Pathology; Thesis, Glandular Involvement in Carcinoma of the Pyloric End of the Stomach: DONNELL BORDEN COBB, B. S. '19, North Carolina; Major, Surgery; Minor, Pathology; Thesis, Affections of the Common Duct Associated with Jaundice.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

Doctor of Medicine, with distinction — Hans Herman Jensen, B. Pharm., B. A., M. S., Ph. D.

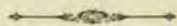
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*These degrees are conferred subject to the satisfactory completion of hospital internship.

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

Doctors of Philosophy — SAMUEL IRVIN BECHDEL, B. S. '11, M. S. '16, Pennsylvania State College; Major, Dairy Husbandry; Minor, Agricultural Biochemistry; Thesis, The Vitamin B Requirement of the Calf; Major Adviser, Professor C. H. Eckles: RAYMOND BROWN BECKER, B. S. '16, M. S. '20, Iowa State College; Major, Dairy Husbandry; Minor, Agricultural Biochemistry; Thesis, A Mineral Deficiency in the Rations of Cattle; Major Adviser, Professor C. H. Eckles: PERCIVAL W. HUTSON, B. A. '13, Beloit College; M. A. '23, Minnesota; Major, Educational Administration, Minor, Educational Psychology; Thesis, The Special Preparation of High School Teachers for the Subjects They

are Teaching; Major Adviser, Professor L. V. Koons: JESSIE EMMA RICHARDSON, B. S. '09, Carleton; Major, Biochemistry; Minor, Home Economics; Thesis, A Study of the Interrelationship of the Carriers of Vitamins "A" and "B" as Affecting the Growth and Development of the Tissues of Young Animals; Major Adviser, L. S. Palmer: GUTHERIE BROWN SANFORD, B. S. A. '20, Alberta, Canada; M. S. '23, Minnesota; Major, Plant Pathology; Minor, Plant Breeding; Thesis, A Study of Some Factors Relative to the Pathogenicity of *Actinomyces Scabies* (Thaxter) Gussow; Major Adviser, Professor E. C. Stakman: OWEN HARDING WANGENSTEEN, B. A. '19, B. S. '20, M. B. '21, M. D. '22, Minnesota; Major, Medicine; Minor, Pathology; Thesis, The Undescended Testicle, An Experimental and Clinical Study; Major Adviser, Dr. A. C. Strachauer: CARLE CLARK ZIMMERMAN, B. A. '20, M. S. '21, North Carolina; Major, Agricultural Economics; Minor, Sociology; Thesis, Farmers' Market Attitudes; Major Adviser, Professor John D. Black.



BASKET BALL RULES ARE CHANGED

ALUMNI of Minnesota will be interested in the changes in basketball rules effective on the floor this year. While numerous, the changes will not greatly affect the great collegiate cage game.

In a majority of cases the revisions are of a technical nature and will not puzzle the followers of the game. In fact, many of the changes will not be observed except by basket ball students.

The most striking revision adopted at the meeting in New York last spring at which Dr. Walter Meanwell of Wisconsin and Director L. W. St. John of Ohio State were the Conference members of the rules committee, was the abolishing of the scoring zones. Three years ago a zone was established at each end of the floor, inside of which a personal foul upon the man with the ball in his possession brought two free throws, without consideration of the fact of whether that man was in the act attempting to score a basket.

The abolishment of the end zone does not do away with two free throws. Any man fouled while in the act of shooting still gets two throws, but his position on the floor is not taken into account. This rule change is expected to eliminate from ten to twenty per cent of the number of free throws in a game.

The other rules are technical in nature and were made effective largely as an aid to officials. One of the changes that will probably be noticed is that men jumping on a tip-off play are no longer required to keep one hand behind their backs. The hand not used in reaching for the ball may be held in any position so long as it does not interfere with the jumping of an opponent.

Another rule of considerable importance is the fact that a ball striking the edge of the backboard and rebounding into the field of play is not called an "out-of-bounds" ball, but still remains in play. This change was debated at some length but the rules committee felt that a team which had worked the ball down to the basket should not lose the ball when it actually had not been out of bounds.

Another requires the umpire to report all fouls to the official scorers. This rule was found necessary because of discrepancies that arose between the two official scorers as to which men were being charged with fouls and whether a basket had been allowed immediately preceding a foul. In two close games played in the middle west last winter, mistakes by the scorers were of great importance in the final score.

In several cases, the place of a jump ball has been changed. When a ball lodges in the support of the basket, it shall be jumped at the free throw line. In case that a free throw is not allowed because some player is not in his proper position on the free throw circle, the ball shall be jumped at the free throw line. In case there is interference with the ball while in the basket or on the edge of the rim, the basket shall be allowed and the ball jumped at the free throw line. In all three cases, the ball was formerly returned to the center ring for a new tip-off.

The dribble rule was amended to allow a man to use a full pivot to end a dribble. Formerly he was required to pass or shoot at the conclusion of a dribble, but a partial pivot had been permitted by many officials without a foul being called for "traveling."

After a technical foul, whether the free throw is scored or missed, the ball returns to the center ring for the next tip-off. Formerly the ball remained in play if the free throw after a technical foul was missed. A free throw after a personal foul that is missed still keeps the ball in play as formerly.

The rule regarding out-of-bounds plays was not changed but was re-written for the sake of clarity. Officials are required to indicate clearly which team is to be allowed to put the ball in play.

On a jump ball if two men touch the ball simultaneously following which the ball goes out of bounds without being touched again, the jump shall be made at the same spot, not near the sideline where the ball went out-of-bounds as formerly.

1925 Saw Great Progress at Minnesota

*More than 10,000 Students Opened New Year—Five New Structures Planned for 1926
Include Physics, Botany, Highway Laboratory, Plant Industry and Law School Buildings*

TEN THOUSAND students, instructed by 1500 faculty members returned to school again a week ago Monday, as the University of Minnesota opened its doors and looked upon a new and its fifty-eighth year of institutional life.

The year of 1925 saw much progress in the administrative, educational, scientific, athletic and physical equipment branches.

The collegiate enrollment last year maintained our institution among the leading schools in the country. More than 10,000 were enrolled, not including the thousands benefiting from extension and short courses and the high school curricula in the agricultural division. The influx of new students for the winter quarter also ran near the 10,000 mark.

Efforts, conducted in an experimental way, to sift the annual influx of high school graduates so that only those capable of doing college work attend, met with a high degree of success in 1925. This project, resulting in a rating scale for prospective students based on intelligence test scores plus high school ranking for four years, is being carried on under the direction of J. B. Johnston, dean of the college of science, literature and the arts.

These tests in 1925 resulted in informing parents of prospective students as to their sons' and daughters' chances of meeting minimum college requirements.

In terms of physical equipment added to meet the growing demands for greater classroom and laboratory equipment, 1925 was a banner year for the university, with five large building improvements completed. These were:

Administration building, costing \$450,000, housing administrative offices, student and faculty agencies, and a new postoffice.

Todd ear, nose and throat hospital, \$125,000.

Cancer institute, \$250,000.

Internal improvements in the stadium, to provide athletic facilities for intramural purposes, \$100,000.

Addition to the Minnesota Union, \$70,000, providing for new faculty club quarters.

In addition to this work, which saw Minnesota nearing the consummation of the 10-year building program of \$5,600,000, funds were allotted to begin construction of the following additions.

Botany building, to cost \$225,000.

Physics building, \$450,000.

Highway laboratory, \$75,000.

Plant industry building on the agricultural campus, \$250,000.

Law building, \$300,000.

Main building at the Grand Rapids agricultural station, \$80,000. This last item was not included in the 10-year legislative appropriation.

Steps were also taken in 1925 for the construction of a field house in the enlarged athletic plant, with the purchase of lots for a possible site across from the Memorial stadium.

Two large gifts, to swell the fund from private sources, were given Minnesota last year. A \$250,000 endowment was provided by the Laura Spellman Rock-

efeller memorial for the establishment of an institute of child welfare for a five-year period, and \$50,000 was given by the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York to conduct an extensive survey in Minneapolis of social service methods used by the Women's Co-operative alliance.

Because the university and the city of Minneapolis were unable to agree upon a common site for a new General hospital, to be located on the campus, little progress was made towards meeting the conditions of the \$1,250,000 medical school gift from the General Education board of New York, a Rockefeller institution. The university is contemplating revising its request to the Rockefeller board to exclude the City of Minneapolis from the proposal, which would reduce the amount the university must raise from other sources to \$2,850,000. A definite proposal is expected to be made to the General Education board by President Lotus D. Coffman upon his return in March, from a two-month vacation being spent in the Hawaiian Islands.

Several major appointments to the university's teaching and administrative staff were made in 1925. Dr. Clarence W. Spears was appointed head football coach and Dr. Hilding Berglund was named chief of the department of internal medicine. Other appointments include those of Henry Schmitz, head of the forestry division, W. T. Middlebrook, comptroller, and Vernon Williams, assistant dean of student affairs.

Appointment of Mrs. Bess Wilson of Redwood Falls, to succeed M. M. Williams, changed the personnel of the board of regents. The board now has two women members.

Educational advances included the publication of the "Life of Cyrus Northrop," by Oscar Firkins, published as the first work of the recently established University of Minnesota Press.

MINES RESEARCH ADDITION BEGUN

CONSTRUCTION will begin this week on the new \$4,000 addition to the Mines experiment station to house an open hearth furnace used for reduction of low grade Minnesota ore for experimental purposes.

Contracts for the construction of the addition to the furnace room of the Mines experiment station were let recently. This addition to the experiment station will greatly increase the research range. At present the Mines building houses a Besmer furnace, which is an enclosed blast furnace in contrast to the exposed open hearth furnace.

With the increasing amount of low grade crude ore that is being thrown on the dumps in northern Minnesota it is almost necessary to experiment to find some way to reduce the iron to iron or steel through some cheap process.

Several introductory experiments at the University of Minnesota have shown such favorable results that further research work will be carried out.

To Secure a Proper and Better Football Program

Alumni Propose Drastic Schedule Changes

Many Grads Indignant Over Treatment Accorded Their Alma Mater—One Would Leave Big Ten, If Necessary—Another Would Secure Games with Nebraska, Drake and Missouri

A Question Box

1. What is wrong, if anything, with athletics at Minnesota?
2. Why is it that Minnesota cannot secure a good football schedule in competition with other Big Ten schools?
3. What course of action do you, as an alumnus, recommend to Coach Spears and Director Luehring?

FEELING that something basic has been wrong with the whole system of scheduling football games now in vogue, many alumni have written their protests to the editors of the ALUMNI WEEKLY. The editors, realizing that the schedule secured by Coach Spears and Director Luehring at the December meeting of the Big Ten officials held in Chicago, would bring indignant protests from alumni everywhere, summed up the situation at the time and pointed out the apparent reasons for the avoidance of Minnesota by other Big Ten schools. The question box above was inserted at that time and has brought many replies, two of which are printed herewith. From Dr. Chas. G. McMahon ('06) comes the suggestion that we stay at home and play such nearby and excellent schools as Drake, Kansas Aggies and Nebraska, in addition to the older favorites. His letter bears fruitful thought for the University athletic department:

Dear Editor ALUMNI WEEKLY:

Read your article in the Alumni Weekly regarding the "run around" Minnesota was given at the recent schedule meeting in Chicago and noted your request for Alumni opinion on the matter. In answer to your questionnaire will reply as follows.

1. Nothing now.
2. Conference dominated by Stagg, Zuppke and Wilce. Schedules decided on "friendship" basis. Williams received every consideration from them. His successors receive none.
3. President Coffman, we note, does not approve of long distance schedules. For this reason we pass up such attractive propositions as possible games with far distant teams. Obviously, not being able to get good games in the big ten we must seek them outside. We will not consider such attractive possibilities as Dobie and his "Big Red Team," Vanderbilt, Tulane, Southern California and Washington of Seattle. Washington, by the way, had a team this year that was the nearest in material to the point-a-minute teams of Yost in 1903 and 1904 that I have seen since. We can get a good schedule that will please everyone nearer home. I suggest the following. It can be readily arranged and will furnish all the competition we could ask for. Any Minnesota team winning 6 of the 8 games scheduled would be a great team. Here's my schedule.

North Dakota
 Wisconsin
 Michigan
 Notre Dame
 Iowa
 Drake (Minnesota 2 years and Des Moines 1 year in 3 year periods.)
 Kansas Aggies. (Play at Minnesota every year)
 Nebraska (Lincoln one year, Minneapolis the next).

This schedule is close at hand, can be arranged and will give plenty of competition. Drake is coached by Ossie Solem and is one of the best teams in the Missouri Valley. Kansas Aggies are coached by

Bachman, one of Rockne's outstanding pupils. Captain Weir of Nebraska says they were one of the best teams Nebraska met this year. Nebraska for years has had one of the best teams in the United States. Saw them beat Illinois, tie Washington and beat Notre Dame 17 to 0 this year and they had a wonderful team. The day they beat Notre Dame they would have beaten any team in the country. Weir, their All American tackle for two years, is the greatest football player I ever saw without exception. Eckersall calls him the greatest lineman that ever played football. He has a younger brother who is a worthy member of the family in football ability and Rhodes and Hutchinson of this year's team would also be welcomed on any team in the land.

Here is my solution. Have seen 4 years of Missouri valley football and know whereof I speak. Would love to see Cornell at Minnesota and see the famous Dobie off tackle play meet the Spears shift and Dartmouth too would be an attraction but we can get all the competition we want nearer home. Spoke highly of Bachman above. Why he is so good that they claim his modification of the Notre Dame shift is illegal. If you don't believe that is the supreme test of a good coach ask Doc Spears.

Sincerely Yours,
 Chas. G. McMahon 1906.

L. F. Walechka ('21) wants the athletic departments at Conference universities to send out printed ballots to ascertain the opinion among students. He would not be at all abashed about withdrawing from the Big Ten, if necessary, to secure a proper schedule.

The Minnesota Alumni Weekly.

Dear Editor,

I would like to suggest a remedy for Minnesota's apparent inability to arrange a good schedule of conference football games. While your article enumerates a few possibilities it does not state why the schools mentioned, Chicago and Ohio, flatly refused to play Minnesota. The answer to that question may help solve the problem.

The fact that the strength of the team has been in doubt is not a real reason at all.

When Chicago travels to Philadelphia and Ohio to New York, our distance is not the reason they are dodging games at Minneapolis.

The coaches who argue that their schedules are arranged for the greatest gate receipts are commercializing the game, yet since the completion of the stadium the crowds at Minneapolis are large enough to meet all expenses and still give the visiting teams an excellent profit on the game. Unless crowds are unusually small a home and home agreement is a courtesy that good sportsmanship ought to prompt the members of the conference to offer. The greatest argument in favor of football is the spirit of sportsmanship it creates. The messes the coaches have made of the schedules the last three years reflect very little sportsmanship. Minnesota seems to have been the victim but in reality the conference is the real victim. It may be that some of the schools do not wish to play in the conference. It's time to find out. If football is to remain a college sport this opinion should come from the students.

THE REMEDY

Printed ballots to be distributed to all the students of all the conference schools. These must be filled out, signed and mailed to the director of athletics prior to the meeting of coaches. In 1926 they should give this information.

1. Do you favor playing in the Big 10?
2. How many conference games?
3. Enumerate your choice of opponents in the order of choice.

—L. F. Walechka, '21.

Since the publication of the ALUMNI WEEKLY's article shortly before Christmas other publications have realized that football has come under the limelight of an overdose of publicity and like a spoiled child, has been suffering from overindulgence. The undergraduates at both Harvard and Yale have offered solutions with the result that a committee is about to meet in the east to discuss

what can be done to take football from the realm of the spotlight.

The editors of the Big Ten Weekly in Chicago last week wanted to know what "All the shooting was for" and pointed out the bad effects that professional football is supposed to have on the amateur and "legitimate" game.

So it goes. Football is everybody's toy and like any favorite is likely to be attacked and fondled by the anti's and the fans. Alumni who have opinions to express are invited to use the columns of the ALUMNI WEEKLY for this purpose.

DAVIS WRITES ABOUT WORLD PEACE

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS, our professor of history, historical novelist and probably the leading historian in university circles today, who is spending a year's sabbatical leave in Maine, where he is completing several histories and one or two historical novels, has written a letter* bearing upon the present status of world peace that bears publication here. He says:

The year 1926 is the first to open since the armistice with the world as a whole looking forward to its problems with hope, and the nations viewing one another without dark suspicion. The ordinary explanation for this is "Locarno," but the pact of Locarno is only outward testimony to the change which has been wrought in men's hearts. The war is at last over—not merely upon the battlefield, but in those more violent and poisoning hatreds which abide after every great conflict. Not that Frenchmen and Germans, not to name other peoples, will for a long time actively befriend one another; human nature makes that for decades impossible, but there is an end to those virulent passions which breed calamities for the nations. There is official civility, there is unofficial willingness to say nothing about old grudges and to try to pull together. The rest must be left to the healing of God's good time.

What has wrought this noble thing, giving a great hope to the world? The real answer in last analysis must be that this has come because the World War ended in a victory for truth and righteousness. The Treaty of Versailles was not a victory for truth and righteousness. It was made, when world settlements never ought to be made, while fury was uncooled, and when the idealists who might have enforced wise terms of mercy were cozened into assenting to iron severities. But the Treaty of Versailles (so far as it was evil) can be gradually undone; the harm wrought to the world if the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg had come from the military struggle victorious could never have been undone.

"Eaten bread is soon forgotten." It was much under 10 years ago that the danger of having the entire world fall under a great military despotism was foremost in men's minds, but who shudders about the threat of pan-Germanism and its grandiose program now? Yet if Joffre had failed at the first Marne, if Foch and Pershing at the second Marne, if Jellicoe and Sims had failed to curb the submarine, if France had faltered, or Britain, or at the critical moment America, we cannot tell just where the world would be today, but this we know—we should not be giving thanks for the great reconciliation at Locarno, and our congress would not be placidly discussing reductions of taxes. In all probability if Teutonia had been victorious her defeated foes (so far as they were left the power) would be arming desperately for revenge, and here in America we would be piling armament upon armament to save ourselves from the plight of the vanquished.

It profits little to discuss the various coats of whitewash which the recent apologists for Germany have plastered over the charge that she forced the war in 1914. Be their case ever so excellent, there is still to deny the hideous injury that would have been done to the conscience of the world if the crucifixion of Belgium had been crowned with material success. As for the kind of peace which it was in the hearts of the military rulers of Germany to have dictated the moment the war situation gave them the power, there is no need to turn to hostile conjecture. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which they imposed with their swords at the throat of helpless Russia makes a Treaty of Versailles seem like a document charged with humanity and loving kindness. Nobody bothers about that Treaty of Brest-Litovsk now; it is all in the limbo of ancient history, history almost as ancient to many of us as the story of Marathon. But it is history of the highest importance, if we would realize what the victory of Prussianized Germany would have implied.

*From a letter published in the Minneapolis Journal of January 10, 1926.

After the Armistice the world was very weary, economically, physically and even more spiritually. The nations had been like sufferers from some great pestilence; they had almost perished; then came the slow, tedious convalescence, during which nerves wore thin, and many could argue that the state of recovery was almost as bad as the raging fever. It was precisely thus after the fall of Napoleon during the unhappy, sordid doldrums of the Meternich period, a period much longer than the interval between Versailles and Locarno. But at last the healing process is undeniable. If the dead cannot be restored, the living men of good will can thank God and take courage.

In certain gloomy movements since the Armistice it was inevitable that it should be asked, was the war worth the winning? Did the men who died therein die as misguided fools? This will be asked no longer if from 1926 onward there is increasing redemption of the promise that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Such a hope would be unthinkable if today in Vienna, Constantinople and Petrograd there were still crowned masters of vast armies, but especially if at Berlin there was still an arrogant Hohenzollern monarchy, created by the sword, living by the sword, and (if victorious in the World War) boasting that it had been justified by the sword. The German people, now turning nobly to the deeds of peace, were never able to cast out their war-lords until the war-lords' power had been broken by the sword of Foch and of Pershing.

Today, with this brightening prospect for the world, it is possible to begin to assess the value of that victory won at unpeakable cost in 1918. The price was great, but the abiding gain to humanity, if the promise of this New Year is fulfilled, will be worth the sacrifice.

—William Stearns Davis.

COOP COTTAGES, HOUSING SOLUTION

BECAUSE large dormitories cannot be built, a quadrangle of co-operative cottages, for men and women students, suggested several years ago by President Lotus D. Coffman as a solution of the dormitory problem at the University of Minnesota, may be built at the university in the near future, Mrs. Mary Staples, director of the housing bureau said last week.

Last year the university was refused the right to issue \$400,000 in bonds for dormitory construction, by the legislature. Now the cottage project, brought up at present by recent acquisition of property near the campus, seems the solution to the housing problem at the university, Mrs. Staples said.

At present, the university houses 378 students in its dormitory system. The university's experience has been, Mrs. Staples said, that the cottage system, by which small groups of from 15 to 20 students are accommodated in cottages, is much more economical than the large dormitory system.

In cottages now maintained by the university, students pay an average of not more than \$360 a year for room and board. The university receives a 6 per cent return on its \$120,000 investment in cottages and dormitory houses.

The proposed site of the cottage quadrangle, in which the university already has several houses, is bounded by Beacon street on the south, Harvard and Union streets on the east and west, and old Northrup field.



This is the artist's model for the dedicatory panel over the stadium entrance, now being completed.

Governor Theo. Christianson ('06, '09L) Speaking at
State Day Convocation Declared that—

Indolence, Self-Interest, Ruin Government

Theory of Popular Representation Which Needs to be Redefined Another Factor Tending to Demoralize Our Commonwealth—Governor Believes in Political Parties

"THE defects in our democratic form of government are directly traceable to the citizens who make up our state," Governor Christianson said, addressing the University military department and students on State Day convocation last week. "There are three outstanding faults breaking down our government which we may call indolence, self-interest, and a theory of popular representation which needs to be restated and redefined."

"Indolence in civic matters has been increased by the multiplicity of modern life. Life is so complex today that civic affairs do not hold the same important place in the minds of our leading citizens that they did in the days of our grandfathers. Then, too, the state and the nation have become so large that the individual feels that his vote does not count much. The appalling indolence of our citizens is strikingly shown at the polls every election day."

Governor Christianson declared that citizenship should mean: Respect for recognized authority, conviction that suffrage is a sacred thing; a willingness to serve in public office; and to regard offices as a public trust.

"It is safe to say that we are not as good as our forefathers thought when they laid the foundation of our government. By the imperfections of our human nature we have brought upon ourselves class strife, group pressure, government inefficiency, flouting of authority, and general corruption in government. Indeed it has come to a point where the ablest men and women are unwilling to hold office, considering it disagreeable if not disgraceful. They know that there will be friction and criticism and small financial compensation.

"But if this attitude prevails it will inevitably mean that political life and public service will become the field of the selfish and the corrupt."

Although there is much to be said against political parties, the Governor believes that political parties at their worst are better than none at all, because they quicken civic spirit and interest and because the citizens know where to fix the responsibility. However, he added, it has been found that while it is best for the government of the nation that people be divided into at least two parties, it is best and more efficient for county, township and city government to be run without parties.

"I believe that it is a good thing for every man in the nation to serve for a time in the military department" the Governor said, "so that he will have a personal sense of obligation to his country. In a perfect democracy, every citizen should feel keenly his own responsibility for the government, and one way we can make people feel their duty is to require something of them for the country, if it is only a few month's military service.

"U" TO BROADCAST FROM OWN STUDIO

RADIO broadcasting from the new University studio, being equipped in the Electrical Engineering building, will commence with the completion of arrange-

ments in 10 days. Material for the furnishing of a room has been selected. The studio will be furnished with a grand piano, a set of wicker furniture and 20 chairs enameled in blue and gold to carry out the color scheme of the room.

The space is being remodeled with glass panes inserted in the wall, in order that the director of the program can be in close communication with the operator of the mechanical control boards which are in an adjoining room and which constitute the direct connection with the WCCO broadcasting apparatus. Contrary to former reports, WCCO will be used rather than WLAG broadcasting equipment, which will simply be held in reserve in case of an accident to WCCO.

L. J. Seymour, who has charge of all arrangements for the radio programs, and who did the announcing for the program on Dec. 18, will announce all programs which are broadcasted from the studio on the campus.

The presence of the studio on the campus is expected to facilitate the arrangements of programs in the future, as the campus is much more convenient to University people, than the Gold Medal studio in the new Nicolle hotel, which has been used for these all-University programs up to the present time.

\$1000 HOMECOMING PROFIT REPORTED

FINAL reports of the 1925 Homecoming committee headed by John Connor ('26) show a net profit of well over \$1,000. This represents one of the largest profits ever taken in on Homecoming day. The receipts are being turned over to the all-University council and according to Lester B. Swanberg, president, will be used to defray the cost of publishing the organization's pamphlet which is now in the course of preparation.

Income—	
All-University Council	\$ 100.00
Athletic department	150.00
Sale of alumni buttons	720.95
Sale of alumni buttons	720.95
Sale of alumni buttons	9.00
Total Income	\$3,061.76
Expenditures—	
General	\$ 267.48
Alumni	402.07
Decorations	261.88
Publicity	134.30
Parade	1.60
Open house	35.00
Buttons	605.00
Total Expenditures	\$1,964.68
Net Profit	\$1,097.08

Dr. FOWELL TO HELP PICK INSCRIPTION

DR. WILLIAM WATTS FOLWELL, president emeritus has been appointed chairman of a board of judges who will select the best inscriptions placed over the four main doors of the Minneapolis Municipal auditorium now nearing completion at Third avenue and Grant street.

The UNIVERSITY NEWS BUDGET

Fraternity Court Broken Up University Purchases The Land

Fraternity court on University avenue near Oak street, planned for years by several campus Greek societies as the prospective site for future homes, has been sold to the University.

Negotiations by the University for the land have been in progress since May 1924, according to John J. Craig, president of the Minnesota alumni association of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity. Plans for the erection of a house had been completed when the board of regents threatened condemnation of the property. Alpha Rho Chi had completed the foundation of their new house on an adjoining lot when it received a similar warning.

Sigma Phi Epsilon has recently purchased a lot on University avenue and Sixteenth. The lot, formerly owned by the Student Catholic Association was purchased at a cost of \$15,000.

"Hello Amsterdam" Says "U" Radio Station, Breaking Record

The University radio station, 9XI has broken all previous records by establishing a long distance conversation with a station at Amsterdam, Holland some 9,000 miles away. The operators, Louis J. Schnell and James P. Barton, conversed with the Dutch station, OSN for five minutes.

Careful tuning brought out the letters "CQ" which means "communication desired." Greetings were exchanged and bearings given revealing that the foreign station is operated by an amateur in the outskirts of Amsterdam.

A full staff of men only recently has been organized under the direction of Lloyd V. Berkner. These men are William J. Zeidlik, Earl R. Young, Edmund Scholz, Clifford Brandt, and L. H. Weeks.

Student Paper Now The "World's Largest College Daily."

"The world's largest college daily," the Minnesota Daily, with a total volume of 170 pages for the quarter including a 20 page issue, the largest known in college newspaper history, published its last issue for the year of 1925, before Christmas vacation.

The output of news reached a high point during the spring quarter last year, when 47 issues comprised 218 pages, but a spectacular increase is shown this fall in the output of 52 issues containing 278 pages.

The newspaper, which began as a hand-written sheet now requires a staff of 86 members.

In addition to the regular issues, two football extras were published for the Notre Dame and Homecoming games.

Law School to Have New \$250,000 Building

A sum of \$250,000 has been appropriated for the construction of new University Law building to take the place of the present structure and to further develop the Cass Gilbert Greater University plan, according to William T. Middlebrook, comptroller and secretary of the board of regents.

Tentative selection of a site for the new building, places that structure behind the new Library and north of the School of Mines building, in the space where the railroad tracks went through. Only \$560,000 of the original \$1,000,000 remains after the appropriation of \$950,000 for the construction of three buildings.



Earl "Marty" Martineau (24 Ag), All-American fullback in '24 was married last week to Margaret Simpson of Minneapolis. The bride graduated from Wisconsin and belongs to Gamma Phi Beta sorority.

Revision of Scholarship Grades Brings Three Fraternities Above "C"

Revision of the fraternity scholarship averages by E. E. Nicholson, dean of student affairs, brought Theta Delta Chi, Chi Psi, and Alpha Sigma Phi fraternities above the required "C" average and saw the continued probation of 20 academic, and three professional fraternities and one professional sorority.

The revision was made by Dean Nicholson because the original probation list had been based on scholastic averages for the 1924-25 school year, while the probation rule did not go into effect until the winter quarter of 1925.

Ten of the 20 fraternities now below "C" in average grade have shown improvement in the revision, while 10 have registered a lower average grade.

Opponents of Zoning Bill Hold Protest Meeting

Opponents of the zoning bill presented their case to the street opening committee in writing at the meeting held Jan. 5, and denied the right of the city to condemn their property and to restrict the district against industrial expansion.

The committee is holding the meeting in an effort to appraise the value of industrial property in the Prospect Park district, which is being set aside as a residential district.

Girl To Appear in Garrick Play After Three Years' Absence

For the first time in three years, Garrick club will use a woman in one of its productions. Friday and Saturday of this week Elizabeth Schmitt appears as the heroine of "Wap-pin' Wharf" which the club will present at two evening performances with a matinee on Saturday.

This year's play was one in which the part of the heroine could be entrusted to an imper-personator without endangering the effect of the story, according to members of the club.

"Japan Won't Fight U. S. Unless Sure of Victory"—Hulbert

Japan will never fight the United States until she is wholly confident of victory, was the point emphasized by Homer B. Hulbert, envoy to the former emperor of Korea and authority on the far east question, speaking before students of the University.

"People who think that since the Japanese question has been settled on the Pacific coast and that it is settled for good are easily deceived," Mr. Hulbert stated, "With the possessions in the Pacific to look after, the Japanese relations are increasing in importance every day."

The biggest blunder in American history was when Perry opened Japan by armed force and created in the Asiatic minds the European idea of armed power, according to Mr. Hulbert. If the United States had not entered Japan at that time the Japanese people today would be living in a democracy, he declared.

Formal Rushing Season Opened by Fraternities

Formal rushing by fraternities began at the opening of the quarter to continue for ten days, continuing until Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 6 p.m.

The occasion marks the first association by new students with fraternities on the campus in fulfillment of rules adopted by the Interfraternity council two years ago to the effect that no student shall join a fraternity until he completes 15 credits of work at the University.

Violation of the rules are investigated by the president of the council and a committee, and if the case is decided upon as meriting punishment, it is referred to the council. A penalty involving deferred rushing or a fine of \$100 is the penalty set for infractions of the rules.

Champion Riflemen Congratulated by National Association

Congratulations on the showing of Harold Stassen and Emmet Swanson at the DeWar International rifle match at Camp Perry, Ohio, last summer, were offered by C. B. Lister, acting secretary of the National Rifle association, by a letter to the military department of the University.

The two men honored, members of the University rifle team, have already received a silver medal for participating in the DeWar match. This team broke the world's record in the competition for small-bore rifles by 12 points.

Mr. Stassen also won a silver medal for being the individual inter-city rifle champion and a gold medal for winning the national small-bore championship.

Embalmers Take Mental Test To Determine Qualifications

Mental tests have been introduced into the extension division to determine the qualifications and ability of students wishing to register for the 12-week course in embalming which met for the first time this year, Jan. 4.

The night schools department started 45 men and women on their way towards a certificate in embalming, when the course opened Monday. During registration week, nine students applied who were not qualified for the work. Four of the students registered for the course are women.

The UNIVERSITY in ATHLETICS

WITH the opening of the winter quarter, prospects seem strong for at least two conference championships. Coach Iverson's hockey team by virtue of its singular defeat over North Dakota in the opening series, stamped itself as of championship caliber. Coach Thorpe and his tank aggregation, although untried in competition, loom as the strongest championship contender that the Maroon and Gold has put out in years.

Captain Olson, playing a center post on the ice team, showed a wonderful attack, and proved too much for the opposing Flickertail aggregation on defense. Heine Kuhlman, playing his second year at a wing post, showed a wealth of strength and displayed a vicious attack. The opening game was a 5 to 2 victory for the Gophers, while in the second contest the Flickertails were defeated by a 6 to 2 score.

The promise of a championship swimming team is not amiss when the records of past practice sessions are glanced over. In one practice session the world's mark for the 100 yard relay was broken. Thorpe has developed a remarkable team from material of the state high schools. The team which broke the record was composed of Captain Richter, Sam Hill, Max Moody, and Frank Lucke.

Besides this remarkable relay team, Thorpe has a host of other versatile performers in Bjornberg, Jim Hill, backstroke title holder; Mickey Carter, a diver of note; Clark Barnacle and George Fortier. Mel Cooley is another man who is due to break into the scoring when Big Ten competition opens for the season. The first team to oppose the Gophers is Chicago which will travel to Minneapolis on February 13. Besides this Thorpe has scheduled several meets with local teams, the first one being with the Minneapolis Y. M. C. A. next week.

Basketball Quint Poor

Minnesota's basketball team has not fared well in its opening games. In the preseason games, two victories in five starts were scored. Ames and Creighton were defeated by Taylor's quint. Notre Dame, Marquette, and Creighton turned in victories over the floor team. The first Creighton contest was closely matched, with neither team enjoying a long or heavy lead at any time. The Gophers made a brilliant comeback in the last few minutes when Creighton with a five-point lead began a stalling game.

In the opening conference game with Wisconsin at Madison last Tuesday, Doc. Meanwell and his men defeated the Maroon and Gold floor men 33 to 24. The Badgers were victors largely through their ability to make free throws. The game was rough, both sides receiving many free throws, but the Badgers were more successful with their shots.

The next conference game is with Indiana Saturday, when 10 men will take the road again to battle the Hoosiers. Minnesota has a schedule which will keep the men on the road most of the time, with little chance to rest between games. This will be a large factor to make a championship almost impossible. Many games are booked away from home for Friday and Saturday, with a home game the next Monday or Tuesday.

Captain Ray Rasey has continued his brilliant work of last season. In the Wisconsin game, he led his team mates in the attack, scoring five field goals and one free throw, for a total of 11 points. The combination which has been thus far found most effective consists

of Rasey and Nydahl at forward; Wright and Mason at guard; and Wolden at center.

Wrestling and Boxing Start

Boxing and wrestling are at last coming into their own, with the completion of all facilities in the new stadium to permit at least 100 men to participate in boxing, and half as many to enter the mat game.

Coach Blaine McKusick will instruct regular classes in boxing two times a week during the winter quarter. Each man is given a regular locker, and is assigned a division after a thorough examination. All new men must first prove their ability before they are given a real battle. Each man will have an opportunity to enter the all university boxing tournament, which has been a feature at the University for several years.

The R. O. T. C. conducts a tournament in its own department as a supplement to the regular tourney. It is expected that a similar event will be planned this year in wrestling to foster a greater interest in the mat sport.

The ALUMNI UNIVERSITY

Dr. Richard Burton Guest of St. Louis Alumni, December 2

Dr. Richard Burton was the guest of honor of the St. Louis alumni unit on Wednesday evening, December 2, following a lecture which he gave on "The Movies and the Multitudes" at the First Congregational church under the auspices of Hosmer Hall. Mrs. Elma Benton ('10 Ed) is principal of Hosmer Hall and made arrangements for the lecture.

Dr. Burton's popularity in St. Louis is attested by the fact that he has been scheduled to speak there on three different occasions this season, sponsored by various organizations.

H. R. Grumann, secretary-treasurer of the St. Louis unit, is trying to get the names and addresses of all Gophers living in and around that city before the first of the year, for the unit is planning a large dinner meeting and he wants to be sure an invitation gets to everyone. If you know any Minnesotan whose name has not yet been handed in, please send it to Mr. Grumann in care of the mathematics department of Washington university.

26 Attend Banquet of '04 Laws Class

"Almost as good as some of the Monday morning classes," comments John F. Nichols on the attendance of members of the '04 Law class at their annual banquet, held October 30, at the Radisson hotel. After 21 years out of school, there were 26 out of the 87 living members whose addresses are known, present.

Usher L. Burdick, end on the famous team which played the "6 to 6" tie game with Michigan in '04 was there, also Robert B. Barnard of Fargo, who was athletic manager that year. The '04 football team, with Burdick, Rogers, Thorpe, and Barnard, was well represented.

Those present were: Robert H. Barnard, Usher L. Burdick, H. J. Bushfield, David T. Collins, Sam H. Clark, Clarence P. Diepenbreck, E. O. Dison, Chas. J. Dousman, George Dredge, Fred N. Furber, Geo. W. Frankberg, E. R. Frissel, T. O. Gilvert, Day L. Grannis, Hans B. Haroldson, Geo. P. Jones, John F. Nichols, Wm. H. Oppenheimer, Anthony

J. Prael, Edward Rogers, Patrick J. Ryan, J. W. Smith, J. B. Thompson, Walton W. Thorpe, Henry W. Volk, and Warren O. Williams.

Alumni May Purchase Gopher for 1927 at Reduced Rates

Reduced prices for Minnesota alumni in the purchase of the 1927 Gopher have been offered by the editors of the annual. During the alumni campaign the special prices offered to students during the drive on the campus will be given the graduates.

The special price offered is \$4.00 provided the subscription is paid in full, or \$4.50 if paid in two installments.

In commenting on the alumni drive, Warren Smith, business manager of the publication, said, "Alumni wishing to keep in contact with their school, its activities, and its progress will find the Gopher this year a capable summary of the work of the University."

Editorial work on the publication is already well under way, according to the managing editors.

Minnetonka Alumni Eat and Meet at Sampson House, Excelsior

The Sampson house at Excelsior was the scene of the dinner meeting of the Minnetonka unit on Saturday evening, December 12. The dinner will be served at 6:30 o'clock, and there was the usual good attendance and good times.

Enthusiastic N. Y. Unit Listened to Michigan-Minnesota Battle

One of the groups listening in on the Minnesota-Michigan game was the New York unit, who had a very enthusiastic luncheon that noon, Saturday, November 21. During the afternoon the returns were received by a special wire from Ann Arbor.

PERSONALIA

'88—Ulysses S. Grant—no, not the great general—spent part of the summer in conducting a class of advanced students in geology in a field course in northeastern Minnesota. The class visited Duluth, the Mesabi iron range, and the Vermillion iron range, and traveled by canoe for four weeks through the lakes which lie on the boundary between Minnesota and Ontario. This course is part of the regular summer work of the Northwestern university and was attended, in addition to students from Northwestern, by those from the University of Arkansas, Washington University, Brown, and Dartmouth. During a small part of the trip, Professors Grout and Gruner, of the University of Minnesota and the State Geological Survey, were with this party.

'97 C—It is our sad duty to record the death of Mrs. Herbert Hamilton, who was the wife of the first president of the Detroit Unit. Her death occurred November 29. Mr. Hamilton, we believe, is the oldest alumnus living in Detroit.

'97—In a note from Mrs. Russell P. Spicer (Margaret Moore, '01) we learn that the Spicer family is located permanently at San Francisco, where Mr. Spicer is manager of Stephens and Company, Bonds. Their three children are with them, although one daughter is soon to enter Mills college.

'02 D—Dr. J. Floyd Tift, famous football star in '98 and '99, has moved from Colfax, Wash. to the Cobb building in Seattle.

'03 E—Barry Dibble is in private practice as consulting engineer at Redlands, Calif., where he and Mrs. Dibble (Belle Butler, '03) will be glad to see any Minnesotans who come that way.

Ex '05—Now that William B. Stout, inventor of the first all-metal airplane, has amalgamated his interests with Henry Ford, the passenger planes which have been just a dream will become a reality in the very near future, according to an article which recently appeared in the Minneapolis Journal. The writer says:

By virtue of its good fortune in being the center of Ford interest, Detroit is destined to become even greater than any of the airports analyzed briefly in the foregoing paragraphs. Early in April commercial aviation on a time schedule basis between Chicago and Detroit commenced in the flight of the first Ford airplane, "Maiden Dearborn," between the two cities.

Heralding what will result in a new aeronautical era for this country the American Airways, Limited, headed by Edsel B. Ford, is already operating, turning out light, substantial and reasonably cheap all-metal airplanes. The corporation is a Godsend to the cause of American aeronautics, with capital in excess of \$3,000,000 behind it to assure its success.

In advice direct from the Ford plants to this writer, it is said that within the year Ford planes will be operating over all of the important airways in the country, carrying on a commercial business of which no foreign country will be in a position to boast. It is the plan of the Fords to extend the business as circumstances make extension necessary, placing \$5,000,000 at the disposal of the airways as activities progress.

With the Fords joining hands with companies desiring commercial aviation but lacking the wherewithal to promote them, America's commercial future in the air is secure. Like the American Airways, Limited, there are hundreds of other companies eager to progress in the work before the nation, the work of building up our aeronautical strength from within. It is the prediction of the writer, based on observations and interviews with fairminded men—both military and civilian—that within the next five years all cities of importance will be directly connected with airways of their own or national airways given over entirely to commercial flyers. Over these airways nearly all classes of freight and express carried by the railroads will be carried by planes.

The amalgamation of the Stout Metal Airplane Company and William B. Stout with the Fords was the first definite step taken by Henry and Edsel Ford toward opening the commercial airways of the country. Now comes the constructive work of linking New York, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Cleveland and St. Louis and, ultimately San Francisco and Los Angeles together in a transcontinental freight airline operating daily.

If there is a single man in the United States who has recently done more for national aeronautics than Henry Ford his name has not yet become known to the American people. He is only now beginning a work which may surpass that of the Wright and Curtiss in volume and importance. Six hundred acres at Dearborn, on which the Stout Company builds its planes, were given free by Henry Ford to the cause of American aeronautics. The projects of William Stout and Ralph H. Upson, inventor of the metal-clad gas bag,

Do You Know?

That the cash value of a college education is approximately \$70,000, according to a statistical survey conducted by Dean Everett W. Lord of the college of business administration at Boston University?

This was made in connection with an investigation into the earning capacity of undergraduates at the college.

Of 43 graduates in 1924, who as freshmen, were earning \$20 a week or less, 13 men increased their salaries on the average of 68 per cent when they received their degrees, according to Dean Lord's report.

Fifteen had doubled their earnings; seven had tripled them; five had quadrupled them; two had increased them five-fold, and one was earning six times his weekly salary as a freshman when 1924 brought him his degree.

have been strengthened by the wealth of the Fords, making it possible for them to give to American aeronautics more than any other two aircraft inventors have been able to give.

'11—Adolph F. Holmer has been appointed Executive Secretary for the new Down Town branch of the St. Louis Y. M. C. A. A new building to house this branch is now being built. This building, the fourth largest of its kind in America, represents an investment of \$1,500,000. It will accommodate a membership of 6,000 men and boys. This equipment also includes 408 dormitory rooms and accommodations for 2000 students in day and evening educational classes. Since his graduation Mr. Holmer has spent 11 years in the service of the Y. M. C. A. in Minneapolis and Detroit, Mich. During the past three years he has headed a special development program for the Northwestern Baptist Hospital association with headquarters in the Twin Cities.

'11 E—M. J. Orbeck spent his vacation in the Reserve Officers' Training camp at Camp Custer, Mich.

'13 Ed—Margaret Haigh writes that she is still living in Henry Ford's town and teaching Biology in a Detroit high school. "We enjoy as near neighbors now Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hoppin ('08 E) and family, and we watch with interest 'Bill' Stout's planes flying overhead."

'18 D—Dr. Neil A. Faus is practicing dentistry in Colfax, Washington, where he has been since his graduation. He reports that he is still single but hopes to have some different news along that line pretty soon.

'18 L—Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Shepley of South St. Paul, announce the birth of a son, Warren Shepley, on July 23, 1925.

'20—Marie H. Callahan is the editor of Modern Beauty Shop, a national trade journal for beauty shop owners. Her office is at 608 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

'21 Ag—Vernon M. Williams, assistant dean of student affairs, who was married to Lillias Hannah, ('22) Minnesota alumnae, last Saturday is at present absent on a short wedding trip in the east. Mr. Williams is expected to return the first of next week when he will take up his usual duties.

The wedding ceremony took place at Trinity Baptist church with Dr. David Bryn-Jones officiating. The matron of honor was Mrs. Lauren Tuttle, Catherine Coffman ('24 Ed) was the maid of honor and Frederick J. Hannah was best man.

'21 M—F. J. Hamernik is at present employed in the metallurgical laboratory of the

American Brass company at its Kenosha branch, Kenosha, Wis.

'23—The marriage of Hazel Howard, daughter of Asher Howard, 3145 Calhoun boulevard, to Chester Martin Rownd took place on New Year's Eve. Miss Howard is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, and Mr. Rownd belongs to Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

'23 G—V. Lee Bartlett has traded his hockey skates for a Palm Beach suit, and has taken a position as auditor of a company who have undertaken to provide homes for a large part of the rapidly increasing population of West Palm Beach, Fla. His address is Lake Worth, Fla., and he promises a hearty welcome if any of his former classmates who might be playing around in that vicinity will look him up. He says that it is a great country, although he will admit that a breath or two of those peppering northeasters would not come amiss once in a while.

'23B—Resigning from his position as assistant secretary of the Greater University corporation, C. E. Hallin will leave the University Jan. 1 to accept a position as financial manager for the American Near East Relief society in Athens, Greece. He will be succeeded here by Ronald Manuel, a senior in the College of Forestry and president of the Agricultural branch of the Minnesota union.

'23—A Christmas greeting from Horace T. Simerman, formerly Literary Editor of the ALUMNI WEEKLY informs the editor that he is still located in New York, where he is manager of one of Doubleday, Pages' book stores.

Ex. '23—"We're now located in LaCrosse, Kansas," writes Mrs. S. C. Chapin (Escher Jane Hill), "where my husband ('24 E) is now city manager. He was with the Illinois State Highway commission after leaving Minneapolis a year ago." Mrs. Chapin writes that Mary Howard ('24) is now living at Hollywood, California, and that Val Sherman, wife and daughter are located in Denver.

'23—Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Pilney of Minneapolis announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruth, to Raymond Maxwell O'Hara, son of Mr. and Mrs. James C. O'Hara of Norwich, N. Y. The wedding is to take place in January, Mr. O'Hara is a graduate of the University of New York, class of 1923.

'23—Dietrich C. Smith, III., and wife (Margaret Todd, '21) are living in Cambridge, Mass., where Mr. Smith is a graduate student in the biology department of Harvard university.

'23 Ag—Robert McIntyre Douglas and Dorothy Chappell chose Saturday evening, November 21, as the date of their wedding. Miss Chappell is a graduate of Miss Wood's school.

'24—Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Albrecht of Minneapolis announce the engagement of their daughter, Carol Theodosia, to John Joseph Kelly ('22 L), son of Colonel and Mrs. Joseph Kelly of Devils Lake, N. D. Miss Albrecht belongs to Gamma Phi Beta sorority. Her fiance is a member of Sigma Nu fraternity.

'24 Ed—Saturday, November 28, was the date Isabel Coe elected for her marriage to John H. Jackson of Aberdeen, S. D. The ceremony was performed at high noon, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coe, 1904 Park Ave., Minneapolis.

'24 Ed—Dean M. E. Haggerty's daughter, Helen, is taking postgraduate work at Wellesley college, while Margaret ('25 Ed) is teaching in the high school at St. Cloud.

'24 Arch—Chas. H. Hinman was married to Ruth M. Russell at Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 28. The bride and groom motored home in some pretty chilly weather, according to Mr. Hinman. He is working for C. W. and George L. Rapp, architects, of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Hinman are at home at 502 Keeney street, Evanston, Ill.

'25 E—Charles J. Cosandey and Evelyn K. Graber ('19) were married in Minneapolis on September 18, 1925. Mr. Cosandey has a fellowship in the engineering department of the Iowa State college at Ames, Ia. The home address is 218½ Hayward avenue, Ames.

'25—Franklin D. Gray, Rhodes scholar from Minnesota who is studying at Oxford university, England, spent his six weeks' Christmas vacation in southern France at Pau. Before going to Pau he visited in London and Paris.

'25 Md—Mrs. John Farnham (Marnya Foote) has gone to Cambridge, Mass., to join her husband who is studying at the Harvard Graduate School of Law. After Mr. Farnham's graduation in June, they will sail for a trip abroad.

'25 E—Hugo Hanft, Emil Steinert, A. McEwen, W. P. Koch and Harold Heins, all of '25, are now with Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company at East Pitt, Pa. Hugo Hanft and H. Heins are going into electric railways, McEwen into industrial motors, and Steinert and Koch into research.

'28 L—At the home of Rev. and Mrs. Clair E. Ames, 4148 Upton avenue south, the marriage of Patricia Marguerette Dillenberg and Arthur Edward Ames, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ames, was solemnized Saturday, October 31. The bridegroom's father read the service. Mr. Ames was a member of the class of 1925 at West Point.

The FACULTY

Education—Three University faculty members spoke before the Wisconsin State Teachers association when it met in Milwaukee, Nov. 5, 6 and 7.

Prof. Earl Hudelson, of the College of Education spoke before the English section on "Methods of Establishing Definite Standards for English." Homer J. Smith, assistant professor of industrial education addressed the section of Industrial Education. The subject of his talk was "Some Proposed Objectives and the Means of Their Realization." The section which meets for the study of the education of the deaf will be addressed by Prof. D. G. Paterson, of the psychology department. "The Deaf and a Vocation" was the subject of Professor Paterson's speech.

Professor Smith was also asked to address the Central Teachers association which meets at Waueau, Wisconsin, on Nov. 16. He spoke on "Guidance Through Explanatory Courses."

Engineering — Threatened with blindness, Dean Frederick S. Jones of the Academy department at Yale, former head of the engineering department at the University of Minnesota, underwent an operation for a cataract on his right eye November 16. The operation was performed at the Knapp Memorial Eye hospital in New York city. Cataracts have developed on both eyes and as soon as the Dean recovers sufficiently the doctors will operate on his left eye.

Professor Jones has been dean of Yale university for 16 years and has won the esteem of successive classes, who annually seek him out at the commencement baseball games and parade him at their head. He submitted his resignation last year to take effect next June



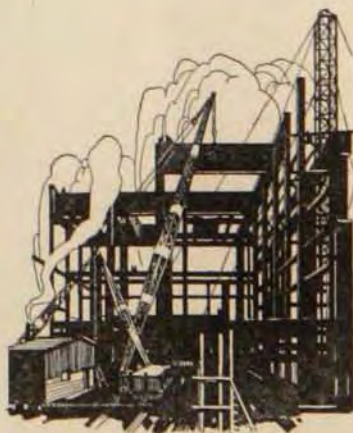
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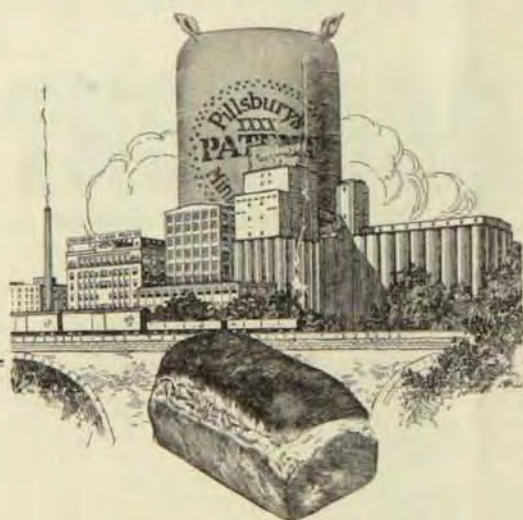
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THE MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY

because of failing eyesight, but the cataracts have developed in the last few months more quickly than was anticipated.

Dean Jones came back to Minnesota a year ago for the Illinois game and the dedication of the Memorial stadium as guest of the University and the alumni association. He was one of the first faculty members to promote athletics at Minnesota.

Forestry—Dr. Henry Schmitz, chief of the division of Forestry, received word recently that he had been appointed to serve on a committee appointed by S. T. Dana, president of the Society of American Foresters, which will investigate the grazing conditions in national forests. Professor H. H. Chapman, professor of forestry at Yale school of forestry and J. T. Jardine are the other members of the committee.

In referring to the appointment Mr. Dana said: "The question is, in my judgment, one of the most important which has come before the society in years, and Dr. Schmitz will be rendering a real service both to the profession and to the cause of forest conservation in general by helping the society to take the proper stand in the matter."

Political Science—Professor William A. Schaper who was for sixteen years a member of the faculty at Minnesota, is professor of political science at the University of Oklahoma.

Mayo Clinic—The honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred by the University of Pennsylvania on Dr. C. H. Mayo at Philadelphia on Wednesday, October 28.

On Friday, October 30, at the Convocation of the American College of Surgeons, Thierry de Martel, acting for the President of the Republic of France, conferred on Dr. C. H. Mayo the rank of chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur.



The
Minnesota Alumni Weekly

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Editor and Manager

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- WILMA S. LELAND..... *Literary Editor*
- GEORGE HELICKSON..... *Student Editor*
- JOSEPH MADER..... *Sports Editor*
- HUGH HUTTON..... *Cartoonist*

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THE LANDMARK, by James Lane Allen. (Macmillan. \$2.00)

THE LANDMARK is a collection of four short stories, "The Landmark," "The Violet," "Miss Locke," "The Ash-Can," and a dialogue called "La Tendresse." The first story "The Landmark" is laid in the Kentucky of the later frontier days; it deals with an old problem, that of the breaking away of the son, Naylor Worthington, in this case, from the protection of a considerate father who is a good provider and who has won a great name in the chronicles of Lexington, the small frontier town. The story is told simply and elegantly, despite the author's statement in the unfinished introduction that he had never used a dictionary nor a thesaurus during his entire literary life.

"The Ash-Can" is more of a philosophical sketch in the form of a dialogue between a doctor and a bishop. But it is a well-rounded story suggesting the kind of life the physician, El Greco and the bishop, Mr. Lawrence have led since their college days together. They furnish two interesting outlooks on life. Such sayings as "It is only the broken human reed growing in the mire that sways in prayer" find appropriate utterance here.

"The Violet" is probably the most colorful of all the stories in this collection. The setting is that of a Russian park near the palace of Her Majesty, The Empress, and the incident is taken from a paragraph of Russian history:

"Catherine the Great, walking one morning in the park at Tsarskeye, saw the earliest violet of spring. She called a member of her suite and ordered him to have a sentry placed on guard lest any one pluck it."

There is a cruelty and a passion of love well combined in the affair between the sentry Leon and the maid Kyra, giving a typical and conventional atmosphere of Russia to the whole story.

How a man falls in love with an imaginary woman should be a very intriguing outline for a story, and "Miss Locke" proves to be that, saying the least. Miss Locke cannot lead the social life she would like to lead because she is very awkward physically. She lives in a mental world where she sees herself as a beautiful woman, graceful and alluring. She meets Gridley at a ball, and he falls in love with the woman of her imagination. But he thinks that she has stolen all these little mannerisms from a beautiful "someone else," for, although Miss Locke herself shows exquisite taste, it is not befitting to her figure. Gridley demands that she reveal the woman whom she is imitating. The story ends with an interesting view on human incapacities.

"La Tendresse" is a kind of chiaroscuro of the life to come, with the particular example of a woman who died leaving a husband and a little girl behind on earth and who pleads with Charon for news from them. It is very delicately treated, and may be read with pleasure for the second time.

The book is extremely worth while; you will find an indefinite charm in the stories, and in their presentation a kind of old-fashioned spirit that is entirely refreshing.—W. A. N.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA by Carola Oman. (Duffield Co. \$2.00.)

Daughter of a famous English historian, and interested in and knowing the scope of her father's work, Carola Oman has here given us a very interesting and at the same time accurate historical novel. She has built her story around the unhappy Princess Amelia, and has strikingly shown us the real troubles that assail one of the royal family when she is so unwise as to fall in love with a mere man, Colonel Fitz Roy. The boring conventions of court life in the time of George III. and his good Queen Charlotte are put directly before us, because we are for the moment confidantes and intimates of that royal household. The palace and its grounds are described as naturally as though they were of the authoress' invention, whereas in reality they are acknowledged to be historically correct in all details.

Thus we have a novel that is doubly interesting, first because it is a very good presentation of the past, and secondly because it is an excellent story. The Princess Amelia falls in love with a man not of the royalty, and is prevented from marrying him by the Royal Marriage Act, a situation that can be relieved only by the passage of the years specified in the Act. The tragic death of the Princess on the eve of her marriage comes as a heart breaking climax. It is instructive without seeming to intrude, and interesting without triteness. A true and faithful picture of a sad story.—D. W.

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When this dredge started work the Mayor of Nome, Alaska, declared a holiday and all of the inhabitants attended.

The "Forty-Niner" of '26

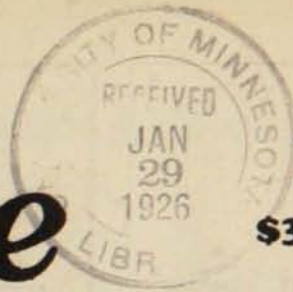
Massive electric dredges now mine Alaskan gold. At almost incredible temperatures they dig 60 feet deep and scoop out 200,000 cubic yards a month.



General Electric supplied all electrical equipment for two such dredges now operating at Nome. A Diesel-electric power plant, four miles distant, furnishes the energy for a total of 592 h.p. in electric motors for each dredge. To cope with winter conditions G-E cable was chosen to carry the power to the dredges.

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The **MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY**

Volume 25, Number 14

Sat., January 23rd, 1926



*Edgar F. Zelle (13),
New President of the
General Alumni
Association*

**A Minnesota Alumnus at Yerkes Observatory: How an Astronomer Works—
Edgar F. Zelle ['13] Made President of General Alumni Association— The
Zelle Homelife: An Interview with Mrs. Edgar F. Zelle (Lillian Nippert, Ex-
'13)— A Tribute to Chas. G. Ireys ['00], Retiring President, [by E. B. Pierce,
Secretary— Minnesota Fares Poorly in Opening Basket Ball Games— News**

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The
University of Minnesota
Calendar

Wednesday, January 27

BASKETBALL—Minnesota vs. Chicago at the Kenwood Armory, Minneapolis

UNIVERSITY CONCERT COURSE—Jocques Thiband, Violinist, will appear at University Armory in third recital of this series

Friday, January 29

MINNESOTA MASQUERS—Will present "Guilty Fingers," a mystery play, at Music Auditorium

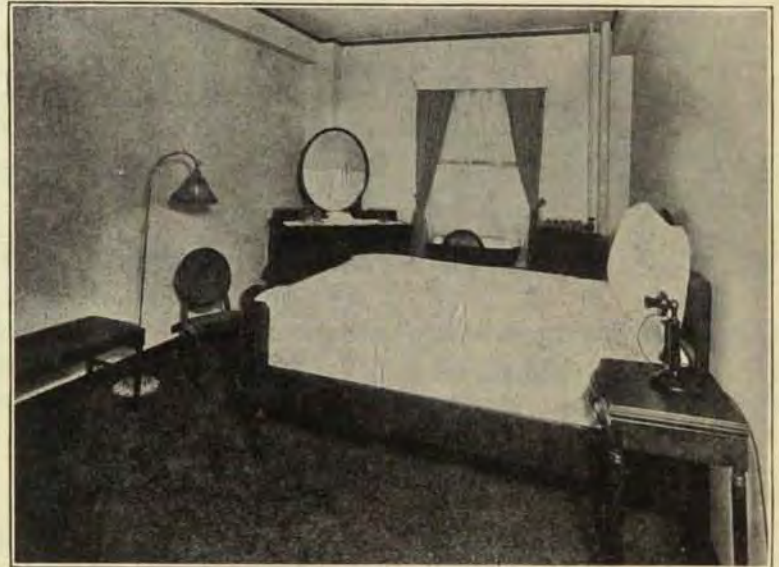
Saturday, February 13

SWIMMING—First Conference meet; Minnesota vs. Chicago

Friday, February 26

JUNIOR BALL—Charles Ritter and Mary Farsell will lead. Place to be announced later

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in Minneapolis



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68 Rooms at \$2.50	41 Rooms at \$4.00
84 Rooms at \$3.00	38 Rooms at \$5.00
Suites and Special Rooms at \$6.00 to \$9.00	

*3 Blocks from Both Depots, Retail Center
and Wholesale Center*

UNDER MANAGEMENT OF GEO. L. CROCKER

The Minnesota Alumni Weekly



Toward Heaven Direct Your Gaze--

The Work of the Astronomer is More Than Just Star-Gazing—His is One of the Most Difficult of Sciences—What an Alumnus Does at the World's Largest Telescope—

By OLIVER JUSTIN LEE '07, *With Yerkes Observatory, University of Chicago*

A RECENT visitor to the Yerkes Observatory, after seeing the great telescope and learning that it is in use every clear night, asked, "And what do you do in the daytime?" Her guide said, "We reduce our observations." She thought for a moment and remarked, "Why don't you make them the right size to begin with."

Naturally enough a casual visitor to an astronomical observatory does not fully appreciate the character of an astronomer's work. No astronomer looks through the telescope to discover new stars. The sky is full of stars that have never been investigated. While it is true that some measurements are still being made at the telescope, most of work is now done photographically. Once the photographs for any given problem have been secured, the careful measurement of the plate, the accurate computation, and the thoughtful construction

of single or multiple hypotheses in accord with the facts can all be done in comfort in the daytime.

While the astronomer must of necessity deal with the individual star, most of the fundamental problems he is interested in concern all the stars.

He wants to know:

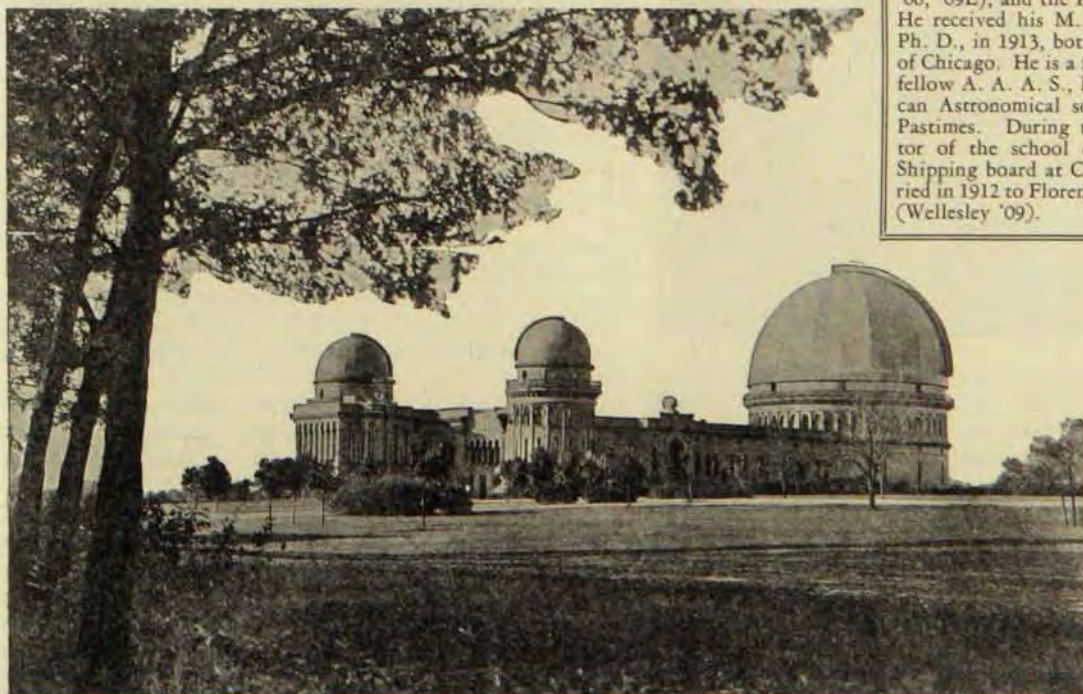
What are the laws of radiation in a star and how do stars develop from stage to stage?

What is the apparent numeri-

An Interesting Minnesotan

Oliver Justin Lee ('07), now connected with the research staff of Yerkes Observatory, a department of the University of Chicago, located at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, is an astronomer of note.

Lee was born near Montevideo, Minnesota and graduated from Minnesota in '07. While at the University he was a member of the Glee Club, Forum Literary society (organized by Gov. Theo. Christianson '06, '09L), and the Philosophical seminar. He received his M. Sc., in 1911 and his Ph. D., in 1913, both from the University of Chicago. He is a member of F. R. A. S.; fellow A. A. A. S., Member of the American Astronomical society, Sigma Xi and Pastimes. During the war he was director of the school of navigation, U. S. Shipping board at Chicago. He was married in 1912 to Florence L. Baldwin (Wellesley '09).



This is the way you come upon Yerkes Observatory from the road.

cal distribution of the stars on the celestial sphere? What is their real distribution in space?

How are the stars moving?

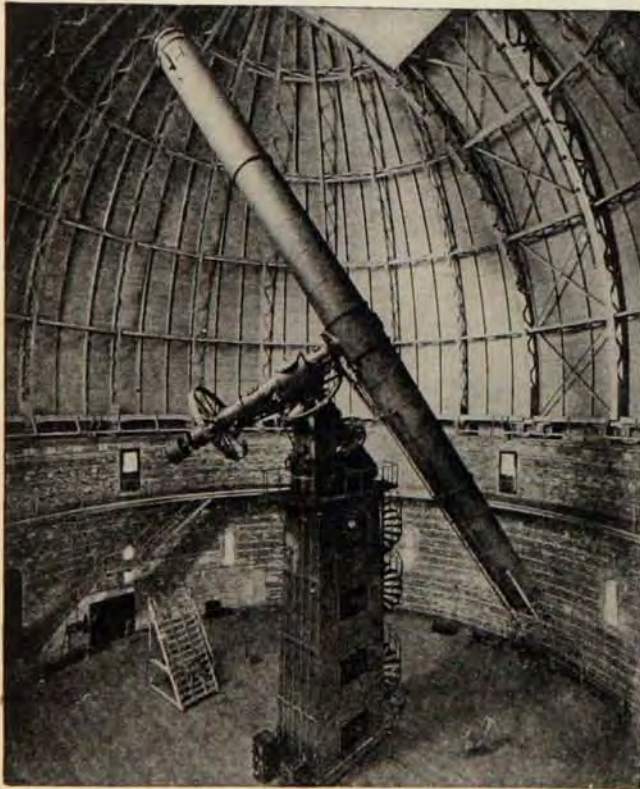
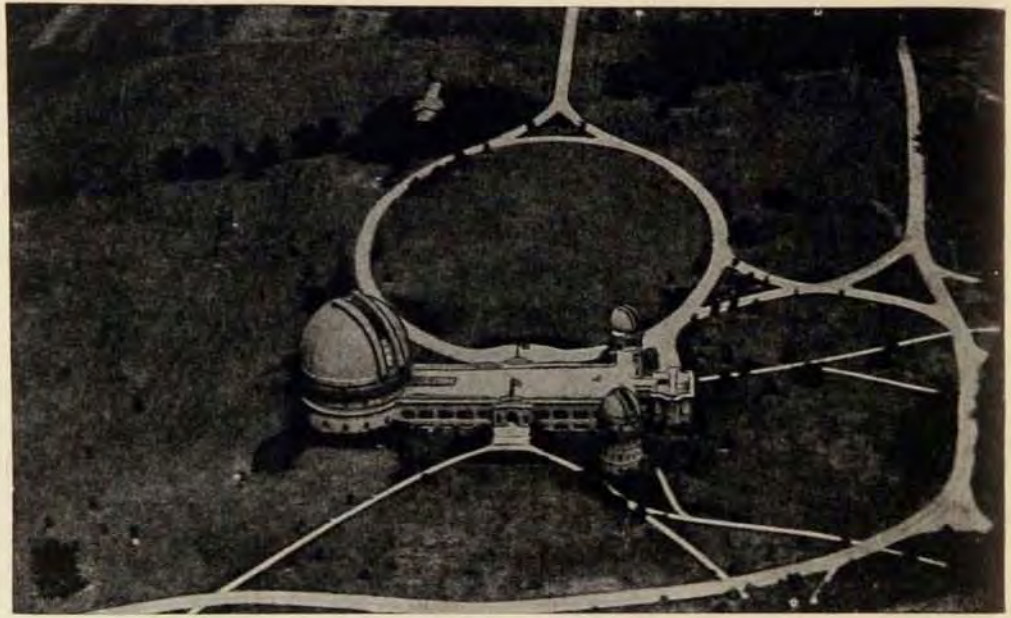
What is the shape and size of our own Milky Way system?

The grounds and surroundings as well as the observatory structure itself speak of an institution of great magnitude. This shows Yerkes Observatory from the air. The plant, though a branch of the University of Chicago, is located at Williams Bay, Wisconsin.

Are there other systems like our system?

Where is our own system going and where did it and the other systems originate?

What is the trend of cyclic and secular changes in the universe? Well — this sounds like a large contract of curiosity to satisfy. When we



The Great telescope at Yerkes Observatory is the largest refracting telescope in the world. The object glass is 40 inches in diameter, the tube is 61 1/2 feet long and weighs six tons. The revolving dome is 90 feet in diameter and is 112 feet high. The floor may be elevated through 23 feet to the balcony.

consider that the nearest star, except the sun, is 275,000 times 93,000,000 miles away and that there exist perhaps 50 billion other stars, all farther away from us and still within the reach of our instruments, these problems may seem hopeless of solution. But that is not the case. We already know much about the answers to many of these questions.

To be personal — a volume of about 160 pages of



OLIVER J. LEE at the eye-end

ordinary size is now in press giving the results of my own work in one line over a period of ten years, "Parallaxes and Proper Motions of 1041 Stars in Selected Areas 20 to 43 Inclusive." It is the first complete contribution of its kind in a large program initiated twenty years ago to get the necessary data for an attack upon the problem of the structure of the universe. It involved taking 400 long exposures with the great telescope (focal length 61 feet 6 inches, lens of 40-inch aperture),

making over 350,000 settings on star image and scale with a high powered measuring engine, years of work by two computers and many months of reflection and writing. Most of the large observatories all over the world are active on some phase or other of this program. Besides the positive contribution to the problem of the structure of the visible universe, I have shown the adequacy of my methods in a democratic study of great numbers of stars. Ordinary methods have only been used for bright stars and for stars having large apparent motions.

Two departments of research at this observatory are in my hands. One is the work of determining the distances and the motions in the sky of the stars; the other is that of solar physics.

In the latter field an auxiliary instrument, called a spectroheliograph, is used in connection with the large telescope. Such instruments are now in use at Yerkes, at Mount Wilson in California, in Japan, in India, in England, France and Italy, and soon another will be in operation in Australia. This girdle of spectroheliographs around the world insures a daily if not an hourly record being made of the sun's [Continued on page 274]

Alumni Will be Surprised to Find—

Minnesota Schools Below Accepted Standard

Publication of Research Bulletin Written by Former Professor Fletcher Harper Swift and Frances Kelley del Plaine, instructor in English, Discloses Startling Fact—Legislators Scored—Many Recommendations Made

THE 1923 legislature was scored and a long list of recommendations for the improvement of Minnesota's school system were made by Dr. Fletcher Harper Swift, professor of education now at California and until last year a professor in the University of Minnesota College of Education, in a survey "Public School Finance in Minnesota," issued the early part of January by the University. Frances Kelley del Plaine, instructor in English, was co-author of this survey.

Minnesota school system, so loudly proclaimed as a leader by educators, politicians and legislators, has fallen from its once proud place and no longer answers the demands of present-day education, the reports states, and does not yield results comparable to the money expended.

According to this survey, there is a gross inequality in educational opportunity in the state, due largely to the fact that 24 per cent of the school money is spent on 9 per cent of the pupils, living in St. Louis county. Even counting in the high standards of that county, Minnesota as a whole falls below the national average. According to the university survey, Minnesota's ranking among the 48 states is as follows:

In taxable wealth, tenth.

In per capita wealth, for each school pupil, eleventh.

In school expenditure, per pupil, ninth.

In value of school property, ninth.

In per capita value of school property, per child, fifteenth.

In percentage of children of school age enrolled, twenty-second.

In percentage of children attending daily, eighteenth.

In average length of school year, thirty-third.

In average salary of teachers, twenty-first.

Minnesota has slipped between 1890 and 1920, according to these figures, from eleventh to twenty-second, in the percentage of school population enrolled, and from twenty-sixth to thirty-third in the average length of school term.

Minnesota's average school year is 160 days, which is below the United States average of 161.9 days, Dr. Swift finds. Of every 100 children between 5 and 18 years old, only 82 are enrolled in school, and only 64 are in attendance on a given day.

"What do these facts signify?" he asks. "Many things, but most evidently this, that a school dollar spent in Minnesota does not buy the education that it does in other states."

Money is spent on education in various parts of the state, the survey finds, without much relation to wealth and ability to pay for education.

For instance, according to the tables quoted, Mille Lacs and Hubbard counties have the smallest taxable wealth per pupil of all counties in the state. Murray county stood second and Sibley eighth in wealth per pupil. Yet Hubbard county spent \$124 on each pupil, Mille Lacs \$103, Murray \$104, and Sibley \$79. In Murray county, one of every four teachers is not a high school graduate, while in Hubbard only three out of 100 have had less than high school training.

In Hubbard county in 1921, the average child was in school 131 days, and in Murray county, 119 days. The average school tax in Hubbard county was 26.9 mills, and in Murray county, only 8.2 mills.

Children in Mille Lacs county average 134 days a year, and in Sibley only 112 days. The average school tax is 20.9 mills in Mille Lacs and only 6.24 mills in Sibley.

St. Louis county in 1920, the survey says, spent more on its schools per pupil than any state in the union. "Such figures," it comments, "raise the average expenditure for the state tremendously, but do nothing for the great masses of the state's children. If five men are hungry and you give one a banquet and the other four crusts, the average expenditure for food may look satisfactory, but the average provision will be exceedingly inadequate. That is exactly what Minnesota is doing."

Total annual expenditure of the state per child enrolled, it is computed, is \$70.66, while for St. Louis county it is \$181.19. The average salary of teachers is \$882 in the state and \$1,415 in St. Louis county. With an enrolment of 47,157 pupils out of 503,597 in the state in 1920, St. Louis county spent \$8,544,491 out of the \$35,584,687 spent in the whole state, or 24 per cent.

In the year 1921-22, the document declares, more than 50 school districts levied no local school tax, and in most of them no school was conducted.

Getting to the causes of the condition, Dr. Swift's survey lays them largely to the school laws, which "recognize and encourage a short term of school," and otherwise fail to hold up standards. Special aid is still granted, he finds, to schools with less than average terms, which should be called "aid to encourage lower minimum standards."

"With such laws," he asks, "is it surprising that Minnesota is steadily falling behind in the length of school term offered its pupils?"

"The present system of special state aid in Minnesota," says the survey, "is outgrown, cumbersome and wasteful. In an early day, it was probably helpful, and served to assist certain districts in new and expensive undertakings."

"It would be humorous, if it were not so tragic, to find Minnesota 'stimulating' today well established undertakings, by state aid to commercial training, offered since 1903; to home training, offered since 1910; to general industrial training, the avowed successor of manual training, which was offered in 1894. These 'infant' departments are still being aided, but the 1921 legislature refused to appropriate a dollar for school nurses, physical education, and teacher helpers for the rural schools, all of which would be new in the vast majority of Minnesota schools, and which the state department recommended for aid."

The 1925 legislature appropriated \$6,000 for physical training work, but nothing for the other purposes mentioned.

"The wastefulness of the present system of state aid is apparent," the survey continues, "when we bear in mind the present condition of Minnesota school finances. The fact that Minnesota ranks eleventh for school expenditure and twenty-fifth for school achievement in the United States means that money is being wasted somewhere. A considerable part of this waste is due to the fact that state aid tends to stimulate school undertakings regardless of the need for them."

In spite of the enormous increase in state aid appropriations, the survey shows that state aid forms a smaller percentage of the total outlay for schools than it did 30 years ago. In 1890, state aid accounted for 18.6 per cent of school revenues; in 1905, it was 20.0 per cent, and in 1921, it fell to 12.9 per cent.

The state law is scored for allowing schools to draw per capita allowances for every child attending 40 days.

"On the basis of its own averages," the survey says, "137 days of school attendance, a school term of eight months and nothing should be required in Minnesota for a full pupil grant from the endowment fund. On the basis of the average of states with which Minnesota might reasonably desire to be compared, the minimum of attendance should be not less than 160 days."

Grave injustice is done to many districts, the survey finds, by the law allowing only \$7 a month tuition for non-resident high school pupils. Lewiston, for instance, raised \$123.53 for each pupil, so its taxpayers paid out \$53.53 for each nonresident pupil, though more than half of its high school enrolment was from outside.

"Wayzata," says the survey, "with more than half of its high school enrollment consisting of nonresident pupils, raises \$148.83 per pupil by local taxation, being robbed of \$78.83 for every nonresident pupil."

Dr. Swift takes strong ground for new legislation to "equalize educational opportunity."

"With the exception of the county funds of Itasca and St. Louis counties," the survey says, "and excepting also a negligible portion of state aid, scarcely a dollar of Minnesota state and county revenue contributes anything toward the equalization of school burdens and educational opportunities. The standards under which the endowment fund is apportioned are those of a bygone generation. The distribution of special state aid has grown so complicated and cumbersome that it defeats its own fundamental purpose.

"Indeed, instead of equalizing inequalities, the major portion of Minnesota's state funds actually perpetuate and exaggerate these inequalities."

Dr. Swift scores the 1923 legislature for the way it handled the report of the interim committee on education, and for failure to provide full funds for supplemental aids to districts with high levies. The legislature should have provided an additional 2 mill state tax to finance state aid, he holds. He closes the survey with a long list of recommendations necessary to put in effect in the state his ideas of school financing. They include:

Levying a state income tax for support of schools.

Placing "the major portion of the burden of school support" on the state, which should finance free textbooks and pay teachers' salaries.

Wiping out local school districts and making counties the unit.

Providing a state equalization fund to be apportioned among counties with high school levies.

"Professionalizing" the office of county superintendent, making it elective by county boards of education, and providing salaries not less than those paid to city superintendents in the large cities.

Establishing 160 days as the minimum school year.

Providing a supervisor for every 30 rural teachers.

Forbidding investment of school trust funds in any obligations of the state of Minnesota.

As to state aid, Dr. Swift holds a constitutional amendment necessary to allow distribution of the income from permanent school funds, according to his ideas. With the constitution properly amended, he proposes to "abolish the present antiquated, unfair methods of apportioning state school moneys and adopt modernized, scientific methods which will recognize variations among the local school units, assessed valuation per child in average daily attendance, local tax rate, aggregate days of attendance, number and qualifications of school officers and teachers employed."

CO-OP INSTITUTE MEETS HERE IN JUNE

THE second summer session of the American Institute of Co-operation will be held at the University of Minnesota June 21 to July 17, 1926, inclusive.

This announcement was made by Secretary Charles W. Holman of Washington, D. C., after conferring with the university authorities and representatives of the co-operatives and business interests of the northwest, and following the acceptance by the trustees of the institute of the University of Minnesota's invitation to hold its second summer session on the university campus. The list of lecturers and conductors of special courses will comprise the most distinguished group of co-operative experts ever gathered together.

"The institute," Mr. Holman said, "is incorporated as an educational enterprise to serve as a clearing house of information regarding the co-operative movement, and to encourage progress in more definite and practical training of persons who intend to become workers in co-operative associations. It is both a training school and a conference body, and it has among its participating organizations practically the entire body of organized agriculture and of organized officials who deal with the co-operative movement. This institute has the official support of both the federal departments of agriculture and commerce."

LITERARY NUMBER TO BE TRADITION

BECAUSE of the great favor the Christmas Literary and Book number of the MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY met with, such a number will be made an annual tradition. The editors desire to thank cordially and heartily all those Minnesotans who contributed to this number and invite them to contribute new material for the number to be issued in December 1926.

Manuscripts must be limited to 8,000 words and must be submitted on standard 8½x10 inch paper, typewritten. Variety is desired and authors may include short stories, essays, poems, discussions, opinion, and light fiction. Artists are also invited to contribute and should send pen sketches, etchings, paintings and water colors and wood and linoleum blocks. Our files will be kept open until October 1, 1926 for the inclusion of material for this number.

PRESIDENT
LOTUS DELTA
COFFMAN



President L. D. Coffman is spending the hardest winter months in the Hawaiian Islands. He left shortly before the Christmas holidays, spending a week or so in California where he delivered several educational addresses. He is expected to return to his executive duties again during the latter part of February. The photo above shows the presidential mansion located at Fifth street and Tenth avenue, southeast, Minneapolis.

Edgar F. Zelle, '13, Our New President



All-Senior President of the Class of 1913 is Elected Fourth Head of the General Alumni Association—Zelle Outlines His Program to Increase the Service of the Association and the Alumni Weekly to the Weekly's Editor and Manager



This was about all there was to the Minnesota campus when Edgar F. Zelle was in school. Newer grads will recognize many changes that have been made on the campus since 1913.

Yes, Alumni, this is the new president of the General Alumni association, Edgar F. Zelle ('13).

IF YOU can sit with a desk between you and an intensely human man for two hours, talking of University life, alumni activities, of men and affairs, and not like Edgar F. Zelle ('13), the new president of the General Alumni association, then you are not of the kind that lives joyfully in the knowledge that the world gives, sporadically here and there, a man who blazes sunshine and cheer wherever contacts may lead him.

As you look into his keen gray eyes you feel that here is a friend; here is a comrade on whom you can depend for aid, for comfort; a friend to whom your burdens and the burdens of mankind are welcome. For of the stuff that makes a man a friend among men, is Edgar F. Zelle made.

Read his history, if you will, and note the man as he has risen. Self made? Yes. Honestly made? Yes. Serving mankind that mankind may live more comfortably and easily? Yes.

For is he not president of the Jefferson Highway Transportation company, running a string of super-buses into the heart of southern Minnesota, through Northfield, Faribault, Owatonna, Albert Lea and Mason City, Iowa, and another string maintaining two hour service to Rochester? Is he not president of the Motor Truck Service company with headquarters at Second street and third avenue, S. E., giving splendid service for trucks? And is he not president of the Minnesota Motor Bus association seeking thereby to establish fair rates, super-service, improved safety buses with greater conveniences for passengers, and safe drivers, that the public may be transported quickly, easily and comfortably to desired places?

And who was it that worked so unceasingly for better bus service; for better coaches; for equitable fares? Edgar F. Zelle. Who was it that put a fleet of snowplows on the highways of Minnesota cooperating with the

state highway department in keeping the roads clear of snow, aiding thereby the travel of individuals in private cars? It was Edgar F. Zelle.

His life? It is the story of a successful man. Born on August 16, 1890, in Havana, Illinois, he moved with his parents five years later to New Ulm, Minnesota, where he received his grade and high school education. Graduating from the high school in 1907 he worked for two years in the Eagle Roller Mills. Tiring in 1909 of the routine work and deciding that the Twin Cities held greater opportunities for him he secured a week's leave and came to Minneapolis searching for possible work.

Chance brought him a University of Minnesota bulletin. Here was an opportunity. With the money saved through two years as a miller, and with a job, perhaps he could secure a college education.

A college education . . . he mused, hardly realizing what such a venture would open up to him. The thought appealed, persisted, and refused to be put away. Anyway, he would take himself over to the University and make inquiries about registration. He would go early before the rush.

Arrived at the Old Library building where the registrar's office was located in '09 he walked up to the information window and asked about registering. Everyone in the office was busy, but the busiest of all was E. B. Pierce ('04), then registrar.

Here was an opportunity. If the registrar's office was rushed before the real week of scheduling began, what a melee would result later.

Why not a job?

Asking for the registrar, he waited expectantly. He was about to meet the man, with whom he was to have so many pleasant relationships later on, as they advanced in life.

E. B. was delighted with the applicant and gave him a position on his staff.

His freshman year resembled most freshman years. Intensely interested, he devoted his time to study and the acclimation of his senses to the new environment. Cautiously he began what was to become a notable University career in his sophomore year when he successfully tried out for the sophomore debate squad. His junior year found him in full swing, as a member of the regular intercollegiate debating team and as business manager of the 1913 Gopher, said by '13'ers to be the best Gopher ever put forth. During his last year he was all-university senior president and as such delivered a notable Cap and Gown day address, pledging the support of the senior class to the president.

His activities while in school were by no means confined to extra-curricular activities alone—"political jobs," the present day student would say—for he was a member of the Kawa Klub, now extant, an organization interested in writing, of which such noted Minnesota writers and journalists as Bernard Vaughn, James Baker, Harrison Fuller, and Earle Bailie were members. Zelle, has always been at loss to explain his selection. Perhaps the Klub, he says, having gotten into a state of financial depression, decided that the business manager of a successful annual should be able to resurrect the sad state of finances. At any rate, he was promptly elected treasurer.

He was also a member of the Forum Literary society, still functioning; a member of Alpha Delta Phi, social fraternity; of Phi Delta Phi, legal organization; and in his senior year was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He dryly explains his election to the latter as follows: "The society needed one more person to fill their roster and coming to the end of the list, and finding only one "Z" listed there, in desperation, selected me."

A year after graduation he organized the Motor Truck Service company, the control of which he has maintained.

His chief interest now is bus transportation, of which the Jefferson Highway Company is one of the leaders.

His marriage to Lillain Nippert ('13) in 1915 was a happy combination of two kindred spirits. Two children, Mary Susan, aged seven, and Louis Nippert, aged two, brighten the home at 2280 Lake of the Isles.

Returning to Mr. Zelle's office, after the digression, we look about us as many telephone calls interrupt the pleasant hour. Maps, maps, hang everywhere. There is a large map of Minnesota with the railway lines, the roads, graveled, dirt and paved, all carefully noted, and there are several long red lines perforated here and there with tacks, that mark the bus routes, with a heavy purple line to one side marking those of the Jefferson company. The tacks, different colors, indicate whether the stop is regular, by signal, horn, or a rest halt. In one corner of the room is a chair of the kind used in the busses that plays a dual role in taking care of overflow delegations that frequent the bus president's private sanctum and acts as "convincer" to skeptics of the ease and riding comfort of the safety coaches.

In one corner there is a roll top desk, in front of which stands a table, both cleanly sparse of litter and paper, indicating quick action and a policy of "doing today's work today." In a chair between these two desks sits Edgar F. Zelle, new president of the General Alumni association, and on the other side of the flat table, you sit, waiting expectantly until the phone conversation ceases.

It does and Mr. Zelle turns to you with a smile. He

begins to speak, and you like the sound of his voice. He is telling you what a wonderful institution the University of Minnesota is; what a powerful organization for the good of the University the alumni association is; and how the greatest good will factor the University has is the Alumni Weekly. "Yes sir," he is saying, "the Minnesota Alumni Weekly is the only thing that has kept me in touch with my alma mater in the 12 years since my graduation. Like many another alumnus I have lived next to the University in the same city for 10 or 12 years and I had no idea how huge, how wonderful, it had grown. Had it not been for the Alumni Weekly, I doubt if I should have realized, except vaguely now and then, that such an organization as the University existed."

Our new president continues. He is warming to his subject and it is apparent that it is a subject he likes. "The Alumni Weekly should go into every alumni home whether in the Twin Cities or scattered over the north-west. To bring it to every alumni home the University of Minnesota should aid in its support; the wealth of the cities should devote of its time, energy and money to place it on an independent financial basis. I believe in the University of Minnesota. I believe in the Alumni association and I believe in the Alumni Weekly. The three are inseparable.

"I want the alumni association to increase the prestige of the University. I want alumni to realize what a great backing they have in their alma mater, and I want everyone to glimpse this great institution through the channels of the Alumni Weekly."

He pauses. There is a smile in his gray eyes that merges into a gay twinkle. "What do you think of that?" he asks you.

TRIBUTE PAID RETIRING PRESIDENT

IN honor of Chas. G. Ireys ('00) retiring president of the General Alumni association who has just completed a four year term of service, E. B. Pierce, secretary of the association paid the following tribute:

My official connection with the General Alumni Association began in 1920 and in the following year Charles G. Ireys was elected to the presidency of the Association. Consequently practically all of my service to the organization has been under his direction.

When a man has left we can talk about him, so here's a chance to "tell the world" about this man Ireys. He came into the organization at a time when in my judgment the alumni had undertaken the largest and most significant task in its history, namely—the stadium-auditorium campaign.

It seemed perfectly logical that Mr. Ireys should be appointed campaign chairman, and while for the past four years he has been both president of the Association and chairman of the campaign committee of the Stadium-Auditorium Fund, it is in the latter capacity that he has rendered his great service.

There is not time and this is not the place to tell the story of that campaign, but it is certain that the great success of that project is due in large measure to the untiring, efficient, and energetic work of Mr. Ireys. Always tactful, straightforward, business-like, sympathetic, determined, resourceful, with a keen sense of humor, he was ever able to assemble about him a devoted corps of enthusiastic workers. It is doubtful if any other man could have accomplished the results which were secured under his leadership. The stadium has been completed in every detail, a constant source of joy and satisfaction for all alumni and friends of the university; the auditorium is on its way. It is because of this definite demonstration of his ability that we most regretfully note his withdrawal from the Alumni Board.

He resigns as president of the Association because he feels that the office should change hands periodically and yet his leaving is not a departure, for he will, I feel sure, remain in charge of the auditorium fund collections until that building assumes its rightful place on the campus.

So while we lose Mr. Ireys as president, we still have him actively associated with alumni projects. Our regret at his resignation is mitigated by the assurance of his continual activity in making one of the cherished dreams of the alumni body come true. E. B. Pierce,



SHE'S A SADDLE ENTHUSIAST

This is Mary Sue Zelle, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Zelle as she looked about two years ago.

The Alumni Weekly Editors Wander Out to 2280 Lake of the Isles Boulevard and Interview Mrs. Zelle That They Might Place You— Inside the E. F. Zelle Home

Mrs. Zelle's Interests are Her Home, Her Two Children, Mary Sue, 7, and Louis Nippert, 2, and Her Music—
Home One of Delightful Simplicity and Harmony

ONE sunny morning when the sun came streaming in the windows of the Alumni Weekly office, the Managing Editor said to the Associate Editor:

"I've just been talking to Edgar Zelle and got a story on his ideas and plans for the Alumni association. You know he has a very charming wife—used to be Lillian Nippert—don't you think we ought to say something about her?"

Being of the feminine gender, the A. E. was pleased to see that the M. E. recognized the importance of wives.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "but all I know about her is that she is one of the best violinists in Minneapolis. Do you suppose she'd talk if I went out to see her?"

"We'll call up and see," asserted the M. E., and forthwith an appointment with the lady in question was made.

SO, braving a snowstorm that laid a heavy white burden on the pines skirting the shore of the Lake of the Isles, the A. E. floundered through the drifts until she came to the pretty new light-colored stucco home of the Zelles around a secluded bend in the boulevard.

"We have such an enchanting view in the summer time," Mrs. Zelle said when she had made the A. E. comfortable in the living room. "You know they don't allow anyone on the islands, so almost every kind of bird lives there. From this window you can't see much but the lake and the island, so it hardly seems like living in the city at all. And yet we're only a ten-minute's ride from downtown."

Inside, the Zelle home gives the impression of abundant sunlight and comfort. The furnishings are so simple and harmonious that it is difficult to separate details from the whole.

"I'm only the background," the wife of our new Alumni association president protested, as she gave her two-year old son, Louis, into the care of the maid, so that the "interview" might proceed undisturbed. Mary Sue, the seven-year old daughter, was at school, her mother explained.

Next to her home and children, Mrs. Zelle's greatest interest is her music, and she labors faithfully every day

preparing for the numerous concerts and recitals she is called upon to give in the Twin Cities and towns of the state. Outside of Minneapolis she usually appears under the auspices of some woman's organization. This week she is giving a recital at Rochester.

"I can't go on a long tour," she explained, "on account of the children; but my husband is very good about letting me take these short trips." She broadcasts over WCCO about once in every six weeks.

The A. E. said that she had thought of printing a picture of Mr. Zelle and his wife, with the caption, a la "Merton of the Movies," reading: "'My wife has been my severest critic and my greatest inspiration,' our new president of the General Alumni association says."

Mrs. Zelle laughed. "I love that," she said. Then, seriously—"He is my severest critic. I always like to have him in an audience for he tells me just what I do that I shouldn't. He enjoys music but hasn't the professional attitude, and to me he represents the average audience, so for that reason his reaction is all the more valuable."

Scandinavians are the real music lovers in Minneapolis, in Mrs. Zelle's opinion. "I love to play for a Scandinavian audience—so often I am asked to play in their churches, and although they don't applaud, of course, you can feel their interest.

"I think modern music is dreadful," she declared. "It's just like modern art and literature—sensational and empty. You can't get anything out of it because there wasn't anything there in the first place. We seem to be living in an age of sham and bluff, everyone wants to get to the top without putting in any real effort or work. What the modernists seem to want is a bizarre effect, and that's all they're getting."

The music which the Symphony orchestra is playing this season is "horribly dull," Mrs. Zelle said. "They're trying to play things that have never been heard in Minneapolis before. Good reason why they weren't heard before . . . nobody would listen to them."

One of Mrs. Zelle's enthusiasms is Fritz Kreisler, whom she knows not only as a musician but as an intimate friend.

"There is a true artist," she declared. "He gives so much of himself at every performance that at the close of a tour he is a nervous wreck. When I play I am painfully conscious of every movement in the audience; but Kreisler is such a great artist that he is above that—for him the audience doesn't seem to exist at all, and he plays with all his soul. Heifetz—he is a marvelous technician but no artist at all, he doesn't give the audience a bit of himself."

As an example of Kreisler's modesty—amounting almost to humility—Mrs. Zelle told how she had discovered him behind the scenes in the St. Paul Auditor-

ium after a concert, seated wearily on a kitchen chair, his music piled on the floor beside him, with no one even to bring him a glass of water, while the audience applauded wildly out in front. He did not complain, but "the next time he came I took him some wine and sandwiches," Mrs. Zelle said "You'd be surprised to see how grateful he is for a little kindness."

In response to a question as to whether or not the children were musical, the lady sighed.

"I'm scared to death that my son is going to be musical, and I do so want him to study medicine. He's crazy about music and would have the victrola going all the time if he could. Food and music are the two things he is fondest of. I'd just as soon have him study music as a pastime, but I don't consider it a suitable career for a man. Of course he's only two," she laughed, "so I won't have to do any active worrying about his career for a while yet."

Mary Sue is making great progress on the piano. "I have high hopes for her," said her mother.

The A. E. commented on the striking resemblance that Mary Sue bears to her father.

"She's exactly like him in every way," Mrs. Zelle declared. "She has his tact—I won't have to worry about her getting along in the world.

"I think she is going to have a business head like his, too," she added. "You know I think business ability is a gift you're born with, just like curly hair or being able to play by ear."

Mrs. Zelle impresses one as being not only a sincere artist of unusual ability, but a woman of unlimited enthusiasms and interests, besides possessing uncommon good sense and personal charm.

Some day, when the children require less attention, Mrs. Zelle wants to go to Art school. "There are so many interesting things to do," she mourned, "the days aren't half long enough."

Being the daughter of Dr. L. A. Nippert of Minneapolis, Mrs. Zelle has lived most of her life in this city. She graduated from North high school and attended the University two years. She would have graduated in '13, her husband's class, had she continued. She belongs to Delta Gamma sorority.

Both she and her husband are enthusiastic about the university.

"The music school is so wonderful," she said. "When I think how little we had when I went to school there I wonder if people half appreciate that splendid building and faculty. I took Mary Sue to hear the opera 'Hansel and Gretel' they gave not long ago and she was delighted. It was so well done. Not nearly enough people knew about it or came to hear it."

ALUMNUS PRESENTS BIOLOGY PAPER

WHEN the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology met at Cleveland, December 20 to 30, Grace Medes, from the University, presented a paper on: "Calcium, Phosphorus and Magnesium Metabolism in the Rat." From the Mayo foundation, a paper on: "Deposit Protein: The Effect of Thyroxin on the Deposit Protein after Reduction of the Nitrogen Excretion to a Minimal Level by a Prolonged Protein Free Diet," by Harry J. Deuel, Jr., Kathleen Sandiford, Irene Sandiford and Walter M. Boothby. Another paper: "The Percentage Variation of the Nitrogen Partition Products in the Urine as the result of a Prolonged Pro-



The Gopher staff is hard at work on the 1927 Annual as this picture shows. This year's book is supposed to eclipse all others.

tein Free Diet together with the Effect Thereon of Thyroxin and Subsequent Protein Feeding," was presented by the same four investigators.

OLIVER JUSTIN LEE, AN ASTRONOMER

[Continued from page 268] physical condition. Correlation of these records with the meteorologic reports for the past twenty or more years promises much in the way of prediction of climatic changes in the years to come. The two other groups of observers, those who are measuring the total radiation of the sun and those who are recording the changes in the terrestrial magnetism and electricity, will probably assist in making the connection.

The sun is a star and it is not cause for surprise to know that we have learned several important things about the sun from our study of the stars. The converse is also true. I fear I would quite exhaust the good will of my readers as well as the patience of the editor, if I should proceed to show that this is so.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE OPINION ASKED

THE editors of the ALUMNI WEEKLY are keeping open their columns to alumni opinion on the football schedule controversy over which so much criticism has been levied. The Alumni Weekly, in its endeavor to ascertain alumni opinion and to suggest possible remedies has opened a question box (appearing below) for general discussion. Alumni should send their answers and solutions immediately to the editors of the Alumni Weekly, that they may be published forthwith. Names will be held strictly confidential if desired, *nom-de-plumes*, being inserted for publication. However, no letter will be published without the name being disclosed to the editors.

A Question Box

1. What is wrong, if anything, with athletics at Minnesota?
2. Why is it that Minnesota cannot secure a good football schedule in competition with other Big Ten schools?
3. What course of action do you, as an alumnus, recommend to Coach Spears and Director Luebring?

Basketball Season Opens With Series of Defeats

Hockey Team Has Hard Luck in Opening Games—Swimmers Look Good

By JOE MAEDER, Sports Editor

MINNESOTA's opening basketball encounters proved to be disastrous to the Gopher team. The three opening games were played away from home, and all were won by the opposing teams. The opening game with Wisconsin was lost because of the inability of the Maroon and Gold quint to take advantage of foul shots.

In the Indiana game of last Saturday it looked as though Taylor's five was at last due to win a game. The game opened with Minnesota gaining the lead immediately by two field goals and a free throw. Soon however, the stellar work of Sibley and Beckner, Indiana floor artists, proved the downfall of the Gopher team.

Ray Rasey led his team-mates in the scoring column, tallying eleven points of Minnesota's 28. Indiana was again threatened in the latter part of the second half but the advantage was too much and the game ended with a 33 to 28 score.

The third game found the Gophers on another field, this time invading the Illinois campus for a game with the team coached by Ruby. The veteran Illinois team played a sluggish but effective game, and trounced the Taylor five, 17 to 8. Here again the inability to find the basket on free throws proved the downfall of the Gopher team. Rasey was the only one to take advantage of the free throws. Out of 14 tries from the free throw line, the Minnesota team made only four baskets.

The absence of Herb Wolden, veteran center, who was out of the lineup for the last two games because of the serious illness of his mother, was clearly shown in the scoring attack of the team. Taylor tried several combinations to fill the place of the tall center. In the Indiana game Tuttle was used, while Clements got the call for the Illinois encounter. Tuttle seemed to be the more effective of the two, but it is safe to say that the out of town jaunt would have been more successful had the regular lineup been sent against the last two opponents.

The next game will be played on the home court when Chicago invades the Gopher campus. The game will be played on the Kenwood Armory floor, January 27. Chicago has already been defeated twice in their two conference starts.

HOCKEY TEAM PLAYS TO TIE

Sport fans last week turned to hockey to seek thrills, and they found them aplenty. Traveling to Madison last week-end, the Minnesota hockey team found that the Badger sextet, coached by Kay Iverson, brother to our own Emil, had prepared a little surprise party for the visitors.

The first game ended in a 0 to 0 tie after two extra periods had been played. The game was one of the most furious and spectacular that has ever been witnessed in Big Ten circles. Captain Olson and Kuhlman played brilliant hockey for the Maroon and Gold team, but their brilliance was equalled if not outshone by the guarding of McLean, goalie for the Badger sextet.

Saturday night the same teams met again, both primed to do their best to turn the last game of the series into a victory. Again the game ended in a tie after two extra periods. This time each team succeeded in scoring once,



This is Ray Rasey, captain of Minnesota's basketball team and high point scorer for the Conference.

and after that the game was in a quandry. Time after time, men had to leave the ice on penalties as the game became more hotly contested.

The first evening, Ball of the Gopher six was injured, but his injuries will not keep him out for long.

Saturday night, Scott, one of the defense men on the Minnesota team, was injured when the play forced him against the boards. His injuries were not serious, however. It was difficult to pick an outstanding man for this series. Each man played for all that was in him, and so close was the battle throughout that it would be hard to rate one man or one team above the other. The victory, if such it can be called, was won by Wisconsin, who went into the series as under-dogs, because of the superiority of former Gopher hockey teams.

GREAT SWIMMING TEAM CERTAIN

Minnesota can look forward to seeing one of the best swimming teams which ever represented them take the tank this year when the Big Ten swimming season opens with the first meet here with Chicago. In one week Coach Thorpe's team of splashers has broken two state records, and tied several.

The relay team has twice broken state records in eight days, and it is almost assured that they will win this event in the conference races this year. The 160 yd. relay team composed of captain Harold Richter, Stan Morris, Dick Bennett, and Sam Hill has been showing its heels to every relay team it has encountered this year.

Sam and Jim Hill broke and tied the records for the 40-yard dash and the 100 yard back stroke against Y. M. C. A. swimmers Friday night.

The first conference meet for the ambitious Gopher tank team is scheduled for February 13, when Chicago sends her team here. It is ex-

pected that Thorpe's team will turn in a win in their first start.

Two newcomers, Dick Bennett and "Chink" Morris have proved to be surprises in every event in which they have started so far. Bennett sprung the surprise of the evening, Friday, when he defeated his team-mates Mel Cooley and "Chuck" Ehle in the 220-yard dash. Morris took first in the hundred yard dash. Mickey Carter, who has an enviable record as a fancy diver was the other Maroon and Gold performer who took first against the "Y" boys.

The ALUMNI UNIVERSITY

Prominent Minnesotans Speak at Faribault Dinner

That boys who play football in colleges and play it well, can and do become successful men was the point made by Judge J. W. LeCrone (Ex '94) at the Athletic Forum held in Faribault, December 16, when Minnesota football players and coaches were guests of the citizens of Faribault at a dinner given in the Elks hall. Coaches from Carleton, St. Olaf, and Gustavus Adolphus, as well as the Faribault high school football team, the Shattuck and Deaf school teams were honor guests.

Judge LeCrone proved his point by citing the team of '92 at the University on which he had played as an example of a hard-playing football team that has proved itself to possess brains as well as brawn. He went down the list, naming each one; Dalrymple, Patterson, Pillsbury, Folwell, Bisbee, C. Larson, Harding Leary, A. Larson, Muir, Sikes, White, Burbank, Foote, Madigan, and Taylor. Each one of these men, he said, has become exceedingly successful in his life work.

The Minnesota delegation, which included Coach Spears, Director Luchring, 'Doc' Cooke, and E. B. Pierce, was called upon for brief talks, and the football players; Hanson, Walsh, Drill, Gary and Just, were introduced to the 200 townspeople of Faribault, who composed the audience. Dr. Fred Davis ('98, '02 Md), as chairman of arrangements, was toastmaster.

The team from the school for the Deaf did not miss a thing on the program, for their interpreter relayed the speeches to them just as fast as the speaker talked, and those present knew that he was doing it right for the boys laughed and cheered in all the proper places.

A unique number on the musical program was the singing of the third verse of "Hail, Minnesota," which is seldom heard and whose existence is unknown to most of our alumni. The words are:

*"To our Team we give acclaim
For their valiant, glorious deeds;
Right and honor, as their aim,
To the greatest triumph leads;
In defeat or victory,
Still their praise we sound afar;
Minnesota's fame
They will e'er maintain —
She will be their Northern Star!"*

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Johnson Guests of Minnetonka Alumni Unit

Helen Webster, secretary of the Minnetonka unit, reports the latest meeting of that group as follows:

"The scheduled meeting of the Minnetonka unit was held on December 12. It was a small meeting but numerous objects were accomplished. There were only 22 present and the guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Johnson.

"The Constitution was read, revised, discussed and finally approved. The next important business was the election of officers. The nominating committee, composed of Mr. Gilman, Chairman, Mrs. Rogers of Mound, and Mr. Held of St. Louis Park, suggested the following list which was elected:

"H. W. Small ('23 G), Excelsior, president; Ida F. Johnson ('15), Excelsior, vice president; Helen Webster ('23 C), Excelsior, secretary; and D. B. Lundsten ('15), Excelsior, treasurer.

"The next meeting is slated for February and at this time Governor Christianson is to be the guest of honor."

Cleveland Minnesotans Plan Meeting in January

Minnesota alumni in Cleveland, Ohio, are planning their first exclusively Minnesota meeting for the first part of January. Plans are being laid for an active association, and a complete roundup of those Minnesotans who make Cleveland their headquarters is expected. Many new men and women have come to the city who have not as yet established contact with those who have preceded them, and an especial invitation is extended to them to make known their presence, and come to this first gathering. Anyone who has not already done so, is requested to communicate with the Big Ten Club at 1620 Euclid avenue, so that he or she may be included in the proposed group and its activities.

Myron O. Loomis ('21 Ag).

Minutes of the Meeting of the Board of Directors

MINUTES OF THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE GENERAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION Tuesday, January 12, 1926, Minnesota Union Members present: President C. G. Ireys presiding; Mrs. Koenig, Messrs. Barnum, Braasch, Bronson, Cleland, Davidson, Hare, Keyes, Page, Pierce, Safford, J. L. Shellman, Jos. Shellman, Thompson, and Wallace. Others present: Mr. Leland, editor of the Minnesota Alumni Weekly, and Vincent Johnson, chairman of the advisory editorial committee.

The following items of business were presented for discussion and action was taken as indicated:

1. *Minutes of the meeting of October 14.*—It was voted that the Minutes of the meeting of October 14 be approved as printed in the Weekly of October 22.

2. *Report of the nominating committee (Messrs. Thompson, Braasch, and Safford).*—Mr. Thompson reported for the committee and proposed the following officers for the ensuing year: President—Edgar Zelle, A '13, vice president—Caroline Crosby, A '02; treasurer—Thos. F. Wallace, A '93, L '95.

It was voted that the nominations be closed and that the secretary be instructed to cast a unanimous ballot for these officers.

3. *Report of the treasurer, Mr. Wallace.*—Mr. Wallace made a very comprehensive report of the finances of the Association for the year beginning January, 1925 and ending January, 1926. The report showed receipts amounting to \$18,608.87 and disbursements \$17,872.23, leaving a cash balance of \$736.64.

The report on investments showed a decided improvement over the preceding two years. The total gain in securities for 1925 amounted to \$5,165.71 and the actual gain in assets of the Minnesota Alumni Association \$5730.58.

It was voted that the report of the treasurer be accepted and approved with the hearty appreciation of the Board.

4. *Report of the editor and business manager.*—Mr. Leland made a statement concerning collections, advertising and editorial program, which showed that collections were not quite as good at this time as they were for the corresponding period last year.

It was voted that the report be accepted.

5. *Report on auditorium project.*—Mr. Ireys analyzed the situation concerning funds of the Greater University Corporation, pointing out that collections so far as the alumni and faculty were concerned were quite satisfactory, but that the weakness lay in the student payments, although some improvement had been made since last spring. He expressed a feeling that in a year or two collections would be in such shape that they might start construction on the auditorium.

6. *Report of hospital committee (Dr. Head, Mr. Keyes, and Dean Lyon).*—Mr. Keyes read the resolutions which the committee had drawn up, but in view of the fact that the president of the university had since made a modified request of the General Education Board with regard to the hospital situation, it was voted that this resolution be laid on the table until the next meeting. It was also voted that Dr. Beard be invited to attend the next meeting and explain the purposes of the fund which he is collecting and to report on the progress of the fund.

7. *Organization and scope of M Club.*—Bert Page, president of the M Club, sketched briefly the organization of that body, explained its purposes and outlined its activities. Dr. Braasch, in commenting on the work of that organization, felt that it might be of considerable help in stimulating interest of alumni units throughout the state and giving them something definite to do in interesting prominent athletes in the university.

8. *Endowment insurance for seniors.*—The secretary outlined a proposal to have the senior class take out a twenty-five year endowment policy which at maturity would produce a sum of \$125,000.00, \$100,000.00 to be devoted to some project in the interest of the university and \$25,000.00 to be given to the Alumni Association as an endowment to maintain the life subscription and life membership in the Association of those participating. In the consideration of this project the plan of alumni gifts already before this Board was discussed. A good many felt the insurance plan was one to stir the imagination, but many doubted if any class would stand by the plan for twenty-five years. A straw vote was taken to determine the feeling of the members present towards the proposal. This showed that ten were in favor of the straight gift plan, six in favor of some combination of gifts and insurance and one was in favor of giving the insurance a trial.

9. *Miscellaneous.*—Memoranda which did not call for special action were omitted from presentation because of the lateness of the hour.

Mr. Ireys in closing the meeting made a short valedictory in which he expressed the satisfaction that he had experienced as president of the Board and in working with the members. Mr. Keyes, former president, in a brief statement expressed the feeling of the Board when he stated the high regard in which Mr. Ireys was held by all of the members and in which he declared that no president had rendered a greater service to the alumni body

than had Mr. Ireys in his brief term of office. Mr. Keyes' remarks were greeted by continued applause.

Meeting adjourned.

E. B. Pierce, secretary

PERSONALIA

'75—We have more reason than ever to be glad that all of the members of the Class of '75 were present for their fiftieth anniversary last June, for one of the five who came back, Dr. H. C. Leonard of Santa Ana, Calif., died a short time ago.

It was at great jeopardy to his already failing health that Dr. Leonard made the trip to Minnesota, but we know that he felt it would be worth while to see his classmates once more.

His class was the third to graduate from the University of Minnesota. After practicing medicine in Minneapolis for a number of years, Dr. Leonard moved to Fergus Falls, where he practiced until his retirement.

An editorial in the *Worthington Globe*, of which A. M. Welles ('77) is editor and publisher, says of Dr. Leonard:

"Dr. Leonard was of the sturdy type who entered the then struggling institution and worked his way through to graduation. When he approached the dark valley it must have been a matter of some satisfaction to him that he had journeyed across the continent to visit his Alma Mater. The University is proud of such men as Dr. Leonard. They are rapidly passing. Two members of a class that graduated two years later were called home last year. Of the 38 young men and women who composed the first five classes but 15 now remain and their race on earth is nearly run, while their 'Prexy', Dr. W. W. Folwell, is hale and hearty at the advanced age of 92.

"It is a far cry from the days when Dr. Folwell assumed the presidency in 1869 to the present. But the University of Minnesota has little reason to blush for its history or for the men and women who helped lay its foundations. Peace to the ashes of Dr. H. C. Leonard. He was not counted among the great men as an unthinking world measures greatness, but he was great in the things that make life worth living."

'88 G—Judge Charles B. Elliott has been elected national president of Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity. His son, Charles Winslow Elliott (Ex '08) who left the University to accept a commission in the United States regular army and who is now on the retired list, has been elected Headmaster of St. John's Military school of Manlius, N. Y.

'88—With a paper on "The Iron Ore Supply Available to Chicago Industries," Ulysses S. Grant, professor of geology at Northwestern university, opened the metals manufacturing conference when the Chicago Association of Commerce held its twenty-first anniversary observance on Tuesday, November 17, 1925, at the Blackstone hotel. Much of the discussion at the conference concerned the proposed Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway.

Mrs. Grant (Avis Winchell, '04) is president of the International Relations council of Evanston, Ill., and in that capacity presided at the opening meeting of the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War sponsored by women's organizations of Evanston, November 8 to 10. She was also general chairman of the committee on organization for the Conference.

'90 L, '93—Elizabeth Paige, daughter of Professor and Mrs. James Paige, will be married late this month to Dr. Elliot May of Boston. The ceremony will take place at the home of Miss Paige's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Hubbard, Cambridge, Mass. Elizabeth is a

graduate of Wellesley college. Mrs. Paige (Mabeth Hurd, '99 L) has been a member of the Minnesota legislature for two terms.

'04 L—When the Association of Football Coaches of America met in New York, December 28, Gilmore Dobie "Gloomy Gil," famous coach of the Cornell team, was elected president of the organization, succeeding Coach Zuppke of Illinois.

'05 L—A dispatch from Washington, referring to Walter H. Newton, congressman now serving his fourth term as representative from the Fifth District of Minnesota, says that: "Recognizing the work Congressman Newton has done in the house during his seven years of service, other house leaders of longer service secured his appointment as a member of the house steering committee.

The steering committee determines upon the legislation to be considered by the house. It makes up the program from week to week and, when there is any controversy as to which bill should take precedence, this committee makes a decision. Its members, in fact, carry out party policies in legislation and, as a body, the committee is superior to the powerful committee on rules.

"Because of his legislative experience and his service to the party in the house, there was a disposition to place Mr. Newton on the committee on rules. This was not done, however, because he is a member of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, where members are barred from places on the rules committee by a resolution that was adopted by the committee on committees today."

Congressman Newton is the son of T. R. Newton ('78.)

Ex '05—Since 1905, Max Ricker, has been in the employ of the Northwestern Bell Telephone company, and is now being transferred from Waterloo, Ia., where he was district traffic chief, to Fargo, N. D., where he will be superintendent of traffic for the state. He was one of the players who made the '04 football team famous. Paul Bunce ('06 E), who has had the position in North Dakota since 1921, has been transferred to Omaha as superintendent of traffic for the Nebraska division.

'07 L—Fred A. Snyder, who directed the organization work for Mayor Arthur E. Nelson in the last city campaign, has announced that he will be a candidate for republican nomination for representative in congress in the fourth district. He is the first to enter the field against Oscar E. Keller, present incumbent. Mr. Snyder is a St. Paul insurance salesman.

'11—Mrs. B. A. Wall (Anne Hall) has returned to her home in San Juan, Porto Rico, after spending the summer in Minnesota.

'13—The marriage of Constance Emily Davis to Arthur C. Houlahan took place on Monday, November 16, at Seattle. They have taken up their residence at 845 Bellevue avenue North Seattle.

'14 E—Leonard E. Ott is working for the A. Guthrie Construction company as superintendent on a tunnel, being put through the Ozark hills. Mr. Ott was married last August to Annabel Earl of Grand Forks, N. D.

'12 L, '13—Shot down by a lone gunman who held him up on the street, Saturday evening, December 19, two blocks from the Lake of the Isles where he had planned to go skating Leonard Erdall, Minneapolis attorney and former university football star, received injuries which resulted in his death five days later at the Eitel hospital.

A reward of \$1,000 has been offered by the Minneapolis Journal for information leading to the arrest of the murderer, but up to this time no one has claimed it.



In celebration of her eightieth birthday anniversary Mrs. M. J. Campbell Wilkin ('77, '90 G) 601 Sixth street Southeast, will receive informally, Wednesday, January 27, from three to five o'clock in the afternoon and eight to ten in the evening. University friends are invited, especially former colleagues and students. Members of the Faculty Women's club and the Alumnae club will assist her.

Mrs. Wilkin was a member of the faculty for 34 years. She was an organizer of the Y.W.C.A., and for 10 years a member of its board of managers. She retired from the faculty in 1911, but is just as busy and active as ever, assisting with the work of the Women's Co-operative Alliance and conducting a bible class for young people.

Mr. Erdall had left his home at 2101 Irving avenue south, to go skating. At Twenty-fourth street and Irving avenue, he was halted by a bandit who stepped from behind a tree and ordered him to "put up your hands and give me your money." Erdall explained that he had just changed his clothing to go skating and did not have a cent in his pockets. The man proceeded to search him, however, and Erdall made as if to strike him but could not reach him. Then the bandit started to swear at Erdall, threatening to kill him. At this Erdall dropped his hands and turned to run across the street. As he ran the bandit shot him in the back, the shot penetrating his abdomen. Injured at the shot, Erdall turned back to try to catch the bandit, who fired two more shots, one of which struck Erdall in the wrist, the other going wild. By this time Erdall was so weakened that the bandit eluded him and he was just able to reach his home three blocks away, where he collapsed.

He was rushed to Eitel hospital, unconscious, and Sunday an operation was performed in an effort to save his life. For a time, he rallied and his condition improved, but Monday night his condition became worse and he died Tuesday morning. Funeral services were held Thursday at Lakewood chapel.

Mr. Erdall was 37 years old and was well known in Twin City athletic circles, having been a star on the Mechanic Arts high school team in St. Paul, and later a star halfback and fullback on the University championship teams of 1909 and 1910. After graduation, he entered law practice in Minneapolis with his father, John L. Erdall general solicitor for the Soo Line. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi and Phi Delta Phi fraternities.

Survivors are his parents, one brother, Arthur C. Erdall ('15 L); two sisters, Agnes Erdall ('10) and Mrs. G. A. Schillberg (Marie Erdall, Ex '21 Ed).

'20 B—When ten men in the service of the Detroit Trust company were promoted last month, Oscar L. Buhr, who has been connected with the firm since 1921, was made manager of the corporate bond division. Mr. Buhr was assistant to the late Marion L. Burton, when Dr. Burton was president of our University. He has been one of the active organizers and supporters of the Detroit unit.

'20, '21 G—Dr. LeRoy M. A. Maeder has been honored with the appointment as medical director of Mental hygiene for the State of Pennsylvania.

From January to May, 1924, Dr. Maeder was a member of the International Health board of the Rockefeller Foundation, studying at John Hopkins university and at the training stations of the International Health board at Andalusia, Ala., and Leesburg, Ga. Since June, 1924, he has been staff physician at the Pennsylvania hospital for nervous and mental diseases.

Dr. Maeder was born in Minneapolis and received three degrees from the University. From 1922 to 1923, he was interne and assistant chief resident physician at the Philadelphia General hospital.

'21 H. E.—Ruth E. Compton died in Tucson, Ariz., January 3, 1925, after an illness which had confined her to her bed for two years.

While at the University she took an active part in campus affairs, serving on the Home Economics board, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, and the Big Sister group. She acted as girls' proctor at the Agricultural school dormitory. In 1920 she was awarded the Caleb Dorr scholarship, and was a member of Phi Upsilon Omicron and of Omicron Nu, honorary Home Economics sororities.

Following graduation in 1921, for two years Miss Compton taught home economics in the Worthington high school. The fall of 1923 she accepted a position in the schools of Tucson, hoping that the climate would prove beneficial, but after teaching a few weeks had to stop work. A leave of absence was granted until following fall, but work attempted again had to be given up.

Keenly interested in her work professionally, Miss Compton's interest in her students was even greater and many have been the testimonies of her lasting influence on their lives. Surviving her are her mother, Mrs. John Compton, her brother, John E., and her sister, Miriam ('16), of the Northern State Normal, Marquette, Mich.

'21 E—Roy A. Palmer of Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the boosters of the proposed Minnesota Alumni unit in his city, with Bert Baston ('16 C) as one of his cheerful and efficient aids. Baston is president of the Big Ten Club in Cleveland.

'22—Serene C. Harris has returned to Minneapolis from Chicago where she was engaged in social work. Her engagement to Dr. Samuel D. Dworsky ('26 Md) was announced last February.

'23—Hazel Howard became the bride of Chester Martin Rownd on New Year's eve at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Howard. Mrs. Rownd attended the National Park Seminary in Washington, D. C., and is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. Mr. and Mrs. Rownd will be at home at 3145 Calhoun boulevard.

'23—Catherine Clayton recently announced her engagement at the Alpha Gamma Delta sorority house to Harold Russell Harris ('15 E). Miss Clayton is teaching in the Technical high school at St. Cloud.

The UNIVERSITY NEWS BUDGET

Stadium Inscription Still Awaits Final Decision by Board

Final selection of a suitable inscription to be carved beneath the memorial stadium tablet now receiving touches at the hands of David K. Rubens, Minneapolis sculptor, only awaits the decision of the board in charge, according to Prof. F. M. Mann of the College of Architecture, a member of the board.

The memorial tablet is intended to portray the purposes and incentives which prompted the donations and labor which made the Memorial stadium a reality.

Mr. Rubens, a Minnesotan, has just recently returned from France where he made the original model from which the memorial tablet is now being sculptured. He has been studying in France for the past two years as a result of his winning of the coveted French prize for architecture.

The tablet measuring 7 by 20 feet is placed directly above the processional entrance at the curved end of the stadium. It is composed of two panels at either end between which will be set a proper inscription signifying the purposes for which the stadium was erected.

Dental Research to be Aided By Graduate Program Now Instituted

The incorporation of graduate instruction in dentistry into the College of Dentistry curriculum will make possible research of vital importance in dental science, according to Dr. H. J. Leonard of the College of Dentistry.

"Dentistry, at the present time, depends upon the untrained research of professional dentists whose inefficiency does more harm than good," said Dr. Leonard.

Minnesota will be a pioneer in this field, since the only other institutions which have established dental research are Columbia, Northwestern and the University of California.

"By this addition to the College of Dentistry, the solution of many vital problems, such as the causes of pyorrhea, sources of bacterial culture in the mouth, causes of erosion, and the relation between diet and dental decay, for which as yet there are no sufficient answers, may be materially hastened," Dr. Leonard declares.

Construction on Highway Experimental Building Begins

With the excavation for the foundation of the new Minnesota Highway experimental building complete, the laying of the first form for the concrete shell last week marked the first actual work on the project which, according to engineers, will give Minnesota the second best equipped highway department in the west.

As an addition to the present Experimental engineering building to be finished by next summer at a cost of \$70,000, the new Highway building is to be a part of the engineering quadrangle in the Cass Gilbert Greater University plan.

Fertilizer Must be Obtained From Air, Dr. Bottrell Says

Processes of converting nitrogen from air into fertilizer were emphasized as fundamental to the future of United States lands, by Dr. F. G. Bottrell, director of the nitrogen laboratory at Washington, D. C. in a speech at the Chemistry auditorium.

"The United States will have to depend on the scientific manufacture of fertilizer, because the natural strength of the soil has been exhausted in this country," said Dr. Bottrell.



NOTED PSYCHOLOGIST LOST

Death cut short the career of Dr. Foster, one of Minnesota's noted psychologists in December. Ill but a short time with pneumonia, his condition was not considered serious until a few days before his death. He was 39 years old.

Council Suggests Rules For Rushing Improvement

Views and suggestions for the possible betterment of rushing rules among academic fraternities were heard at a meeting of the inter-fraternity council held in the Minnesota union this week.

The hearing culminates a period of experimentation regarding rushing and pledging among academic fraternities which began under the deferred rushing plan adopted in March 1924. The sections of by-laws of the council given special attention last night are as follows:

Art. 3, Sec. 2.—There shall be no rushing of any man before the opening day of school of the second quarter in which he is registered. No first quarter student shall be allowed to enter any fraternity house or to attend any fraternity function on campus or off campus.

Art. 3, Sec. 2.—Pledging shall be on the tenth day after six o'clock p.m. of the second quarter, counting the first day of classes as day number one. No man shall be rushed in any capacity after 9 o'clock p.m. except on Friday and Saturday or days before holiday. On week days there shall be two date periods, luncheon and dinner.

Newman Club Will Build Home at 4th and 13th Next Spring

Construction of the new house for the Newman club, Catholic students' organization, will begin at the close of the spring quarter, it was announced last night. Purchase of a site for the structure on 13th avenue and Fourth street has been completed.

Student in Aeronautics Course Killed Sunday When Plane Crashes

A twist of fate saved from possible death Roy Cole and Gordon Haney, brother fraternity members of Lieutenant Russell A. Olson, ('26 E), University student enrolled in the aeronautics course, who with Lieutenant William R. Nolan, crashed at the Wold-Chamberlain airport Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Olson, who is a member of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity, was looking for a fellow squadron member to take a flight with him at the airport field Sunday morning as part of the regular monthly time flights. He was especially looking for either Roy Cole or Gordon Haney; he found William Nolan and at 3 p.m. made the flight which resulted in injury to Mr. Nolan and death to himself.

Because of his reputation as a flyer it is thought that responsibility for the crash will not be laid to Lieutenant Olson. Inspection of the plane Saturday afternoon was made by members of the flying crew and Master Sergeant Arthur G. Holloway.

The crash, which occurred at 58th street and 34th avenue south, was witnessed by several civilians and Major Ray S. Miller, commander of the squadron. Major Miller ran to the wreck and sent the two men immediately to the Fort Snelling hospital. Lieutenant Olson was dead when he arrived there.

Lieutenant Olson was graduated from North high school in 1921 and the fall of the same year entered the College of Engineering at the University.

Johnson Scholarship Award for Service and Leadership to be Awarded

Annual award of the Johnson Foundation scholarship fund will be made soon, according to J. B. Johnston, dean of the College of Science, Literature and the Arts. The money is given every year to two students who have appeared capable of unusual service or leadership.

The present holders of the scholarship are Willard Bruce, an academic student, and Hazel Thomas of the home economics department. Last year the awards were made to Franklin Gray, at present the Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and George Cornell, of the College of Engineering.

The Johnson Foundation was established by E. M. and Effie R. Johnson and, besides establishing the scholarship fund, also contributes to numerous charities. Trustees of the foundation are M. C. Barney, W. C. Johnson and S. E. Forest of the St. Anthony bank. The scholarship has only been in existence for about two years and appropriates about \$250 every year to the recipient of the award.

Regents Approve Needed Bio-Chemistry Building

Appropriation of \$250,000 for the construction of the new bio-chemistry building on the University Farm campus was recently made by the board of regents. Plans for the structure are now being drawn.

The present building of the bio-chemistry division will be used to house the division of soils. According to Dr. R. A. Gortner, head of the division of bio-chemistry, the present quarters are entirely inadequate.



AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890, *Carl and Mark Van Doren* (Century Co., \$2.50).

It is always a precarious task to criticize things contemporary. It is a difficult matter for the literary critic to point to a certain writer, and say, "This man will endure the rest of time." And it is even harder, and more unpleasant, to say, "So-and-so's book is trivial." This is one reason why the new volume of "literary evaluation" by Carl and Mark Van Doren; comes to the public as a most unusual piece of critical writing. From among the hundreds of successful writers of the day, in America, England, and Ireland, they have selected for their volume, those which seem to them to give promise of winning a permanent place in English letters. England and America each have a section devoted to fiction, to essay, to drama, and to verse. A chapter contains a resume of current literary work in Ireland.

Many of the names included in the book are too well-known to need comment. Among them are Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neil, Amy Lowell, Mrs. Wharton, and Joseph Hergeshiemer. Others are less known to the general reading public. Several "best-selling" authors are conspicuous by their absence.

Obviously it is impossible to give a comprehensive idea of the contents of the book. It should be said that the manner is somewhat remarkable, however, on account of the absolute fairness of every opinion voiced. Hampered by the amount of material they felt the book must include, these two men have compressed into very small space—often no more than a page—a number of judgments, so pithy, so succinct, so penetrating, that one wonders at the amount of work which must have gone into the making of the volume.

In order that the thoughtful reader may avail himself of the better works of the list of authors, the Van Dorens have added to the discussion a comprehensive bibliography of outstanding work done by these people. For the person who wishes to be well-read in contemporary

literature, this should be worth fully as much as the rest of the book—which is to say, a great deal. There are few such carefully selected bibliographies in existence today; and there are perhaps no other two men of letters so able to make out this list, as are Carl and Mark Van Doren.

It has been no easy task to evaluate this moil of modern writing, with its manifold new tendencies, both in prose and poetry; it is impossible to say what will endure, and what will be forgotten within a year or so. Yet, if anyone is to venture such a decision, no better authority may be found than that attached to this book, in the name of the Van Dorens. Which is a needless observation, both to those who know, and to those who do not know, of the work of these two men.
H. R.

THE HUNTER'S MOON, by Ernest Poole. (MacMillan. \$2.00).

THE HUNTER'S MOON rose red and round above the blackened buildings of the city. On the roof of one of these dark piles a tiny boy watched the great disc rise slowly. Apparently he was waiting for some one for his eyes turned frequently toward the trap door. Finally the lid of the door opened, and a little old man, an apostle of the hunter's moon came into sight.

Wouldn't you like to know what happens? Read Ernest Poole's new book then! You'll find all of it as full of interest as this first bit. Suspense figures throughout the whole book.

This is not a love story, a mystery story or a psychological novel in one sense of the word. It is a wholesome, beautifully written story of a little boy. Simplicity and phrasing characteristic of the subject matter follows through the story. The little twists of diction, the added phrases of conversationalism add delight. Humor and pathos go hand in hand.

Ernest Poole knows Amory so well! He is a sensitive little fellow with his head brimful of imagings. He is consistent in all of his thoughts and movements. If you have ever been such a little boy, you'll enjoy seeing yourself in this novel situation, being loved by two people, one a practical old woman and the other an adventurous, imaginative old man. If you have never been this kind of a little boy or a little boy at all, you'll hate the old woman anyway; you'll watch Amory long for the old man.

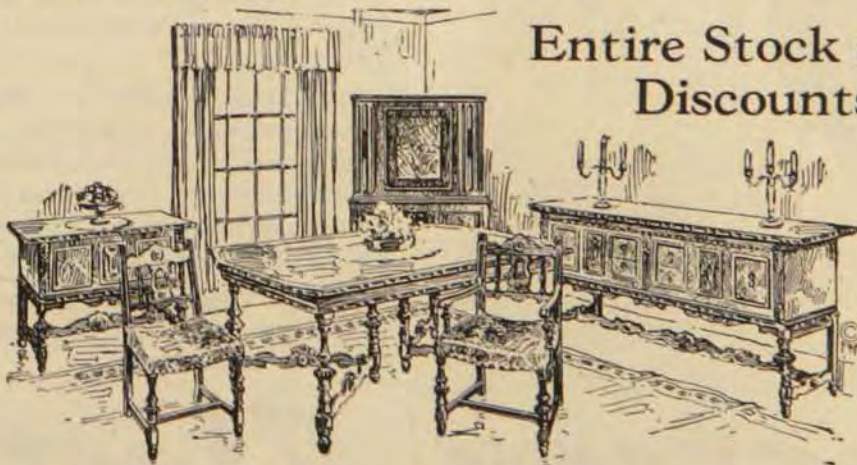
You'll be glad to know about this book that is so far from the smuggy trend of most present day novels. It's refreshing, beautiful and does not smack of too much sentimentalism. When we say "Poole" you know how well it is written.—W. S. L.

Donaldson's

Minneapolis

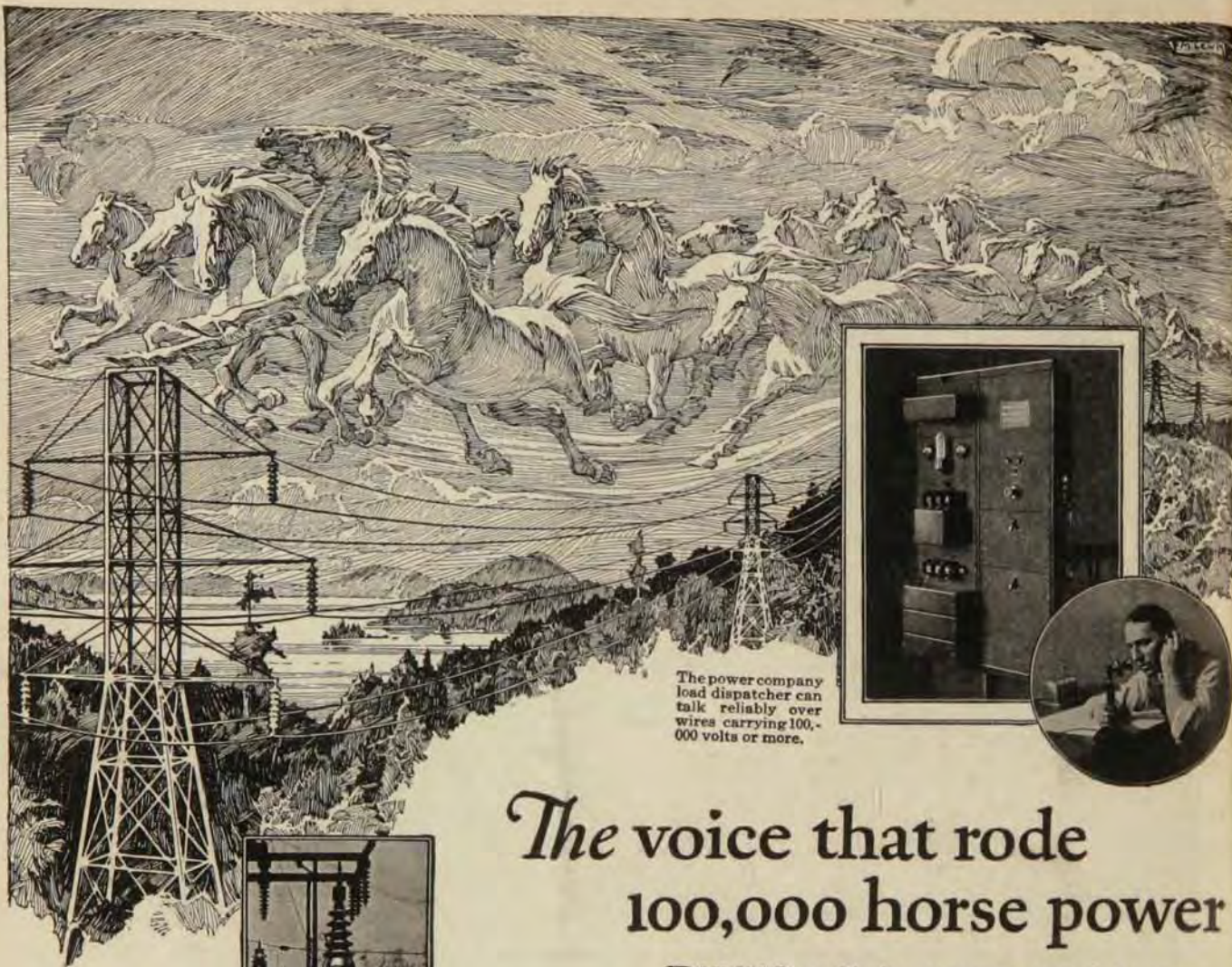
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Now electric light and power company operators can telephone over their own power transmission lines carrying thousands of horse power. Yet they talk and signal with ease with a few thousandths of a horse-power by the use of the Western Electric Power Line Carrier Telephone Equipment.

It is the most satisfactory means yet devised for communicating between the stations of companies which cover a wide area and where commercial telephone facilities are not available. It is an important aid in emergency and it helps maintain service twenty-four hours a day.

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The Minnesota Alumni Weekly



Saturday January 30, 1926



AN INDEX TO STUDENT LIFE IS THE BULLETIN BOARD
At no time of the year are the bulletin boards on the campus more completely filled heralding the advent of some student dance, party, gathering or production, than now.

Volume XXV - Number Fifteen :: :: :: 15 cents the Copy



Esperanto, the Universal Language, is Taught at Minnesota — Frau" Wilkin Celebrates Eightieth Birthday with Open House to Friends — Dramatic Productions to be Offered Soon are Listed for Alumni — Minnesota Basketball Team Springs Surprise: Beats Chicago 28-24 — Alumni Select Official Hotels — Some New Books — Personalia — Campus News



The
Minnesota Alumni Weekly

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PERSONAL ATTENTION TO EVERY CUSTOMER



Do you know that Northern States Power Company's construction budget for the years 1924 and 1925 totaled \$24,181,459.55 for new plants, transmission and distribution lines, improvements and extensions?

The University Calendar

Wednesday February 3

LECTURE—Sidney E. Castle, English architect, will speak on Tudor architecture, in Engineering auditorium, at 8:15 p. m. Free to the public.

Saturday, February 6

BASKETBALL—Minnesota vs. Iowa at Iowa City.

Sunday, February 7

ZOOLOGICAL LECTURE—Illustrated talk, "Minnesota Reptiles," by Grace Wiley, curator of the Museum of the Public Library, Minneapolis. Lecture will be given at 3:30 o'clock in the Animal Biology Building.

Monday, February 8

BASKETBALL—Minnesota vs. Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Friday, February 12

ESPERANTO PROGRAM—Will be broadcast over radio by WCCO.

Saturday, February 13

VAUDEVILLE—Members of Music Club will put on "Variety" Show in Music auditorium, at 2:30 and 8:30 p. m. Admission 35 cents.

Sunday, February 14

ZOOLOGICAL LECTURE—"How Forests Feed the Clouds," by Rafael Zon, director of the Lake States Experiment Station. Lecture at 3:30 in Animal Biology building.



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Esperanto, the Universal Language

Unique Language Experiment Just Getting Foothold in Northwest Through Efforts of University of Minnesota Teachers of This Tongue—Edwin L. Clarke, Sociology Professor, One of Those at Minnesota Who is Enthusiastic About the Future of the Language

THOSE of you who have read Donald Ogden Stewart's book, "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind," will recall that it is a parody outline of history, in which he pokes fun at the idea that man has made any progress in brotherly affection from the days of the cave man down to the Boy Scouts. Tracing civilization through the various wars from the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, down through the Crusaders and the American Revolution into the recent World War, he sarcastically calls each epoch—"A step forward."

In spite of the witty Mr. Stewart's logic, which will almost convince you that international brotherhood is a farce, Edwin L. Clarke, professor of sociology at the University, believes that we have one thing which may be truly called "a step forward" without fear of ridicule, and that is Esperanto, the universal language which is now being used by over a million people in practically every country of the world.

"Of what use," he asks, "is a World Court or a League of Nations when it is composed of nations who cannot understand each other? Jealousy keeps them from adopting each other's language, but Esperanto, being an artificial auxiliary tongue, belongs to them all."

Locally, Esperanto is just getting a foothold. At present there are 50 members in the Twin City Esperanto club, while last fall there were only four people who spoke the language in Minneapolis and two in St. Paul. Professor Clarke taught an extension class in Esperanto last year; this year Dr. Lehman Wendell, assistant professor of orthodontia and prosthetic dentistry at the University, is in charge of the class, which meets on Tuesday night of each week. Business men, school teachers, a contractor, a lawyer, a stenographer, an engineer, and a dentist, 20 in all, compose the class.

"In this country we are quite provincial about learning Esperanto," Professor Clarke said. "The attitude toward foreigners is: 'Oh, let them learn English!' But in Europe,—particularly southern Europe, where the countries are so small and the languages so numerous, a common tongue like Esperanto is a necessity. It is designed, not to replace the mother tongue, but to augment it."

Minneapolis is one of the 1,100 cities in the world which has an "Esperanto consul." He is Charles H. Briggs, a flour chemist, and like the other Esperanto consuls does his work without compensation. Everyone who learns the language joins the Universal Esperanto association, and is thus entitled to the courtesy of all other members of the organization in any part of the world.

Last summer Mr. Briggs directed any number of foreigners to lakes where the best fish were to be found, helped them find friends and positions—in short—helped make them feel at home in a strange country whose language they did not know—all through the medium of Esperanto. When an Esperantist goes to a strange country he carries a letter to the local representative from the central association.

Some time ago Mr. Briggs received a letter from an Esperantist in Russia which had been sent originally to the representative in Milwaukee. The writer, a chemist, was studying the impurities in wheat, in an attempt to find out if these impurities when they got into the flour caused disease. He wanted some samples of wheat, and it happened fortunately that the Minneapolis consul was also a flour chemist, so the man in Russia was sent an unusually fine collection of samples—most of which he would have been unable to get any other way.

Esperanto is not a passing fad like "Coueism" or "Yes, We Have No Bananas." It has grown in favor slowly but steadily. Latin was once the most universal language, and it has been proposed to revive it, but anyone who has struggled through all of Caesar's wars knows that it will never be used again. More than 100 artificial languages have been written, but none of them except Esperanto has survived.

"That," Professor Clarke says, "is because Esperanto is more than a mere language. There is an 'Esperanto Spirit' a feeling of international brotherhood and a genuine desire on the part of those who study the language to become better acquainted with each other. There is no finer courtesy than that which exists between members of the U. E. A. Its popularity also rests with its extreme simplicity."

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

APPENDIX B

ESPERANTO HYMN BY DR. ZAMENHOF

La Espero

*En la mondon venis nova sento,
Tra la mondo iras forta voko,
Per flugiloj de facila vento
Nun de loko flugu ĝi al loko.
Ne al glavo sangon soifanta
Ĝi la homan tiras familion
Al la mond' eterne militanta
Ĝi promesas sanktan harmonion.
Sub la sankta signo de l' espero
Kolektigas pacaj batalantoj,
Kaj rapide kreskas la afero
Per laboro de la esperantoj
Forte staras muroj de miljaro
Inter la popoloj dividitaj.
Sed dissaltos la obstinaj baroj.
Per la sankta amo disbatitaj.
Sur neutrala lingva fundamento.
Komprenante unu la alian,
La popoloj faros en konsento
Unu grandan rondon familian
Nia diligenta kolegaro
En laboro paca ne lacigos,
Ĝis la bela songo de l' homato
Por eterna ben' efektivigos.*

THE ESPERANTO BOOK

LITERAL TRANSLATION

Hope

*Into the world has come a new feeling
Through the world goes a mighty call;
On light wind-wings
Now may it fly from place to place
Not to the sword thirsting for blood
Does it draw the human family
To the world eternally at war
It promises holy harmony
Beneath the holy banner of hope
Throng the soldiers of peace,
And swiftly spreads the Cause
Through the labour of the hopeful.
Strong stand the walls of a thousand years
Between the sundered peoples
But the stubborn bars shall leap apart,
Battered to pieces by holy love
On the fair foundation of common speech.
Understanding one another.
The peoples in concord shall make up
One great family circle
Our busy band of comrades
Shall never weary in the work of peace,
Till humanity's grand dream
Shall become the truth of eternal blessing.*

*This is a page from the book of Esperanto giving the Esperanto words forming themselves into a hymn and the English translation on the opposite side.
The words are pronounced in the phonetic manner and have been taken from many languages.*

The radio is changing our attitude in this country toward Esperanto, according to Professor Clarke. Last spring the Esperanto class broadcast a program from WCCO which was picked up in a great many countries—one of the messages acknowledging the program came from Prague.

"We want our programs to be heard around the world," Professor Clarke said, "so we'll have to use some medium that can be understood everywhere. The broadcasting station at Geneva, Switzerland, reaches a territory in which 40 different languages are used. So you can see why they broadcast in Esperanto."

A Lincoln's birthday program will be given by the Esperanto class from WCCO on February 12, from 11 to 12 p.m. There will be songs, anecdotes about Lincoln, and finally the Gettysburg address all given in Esperanto. When the Cosmopolitan club puts on its review February 19 and 20, the class will give a one-act play.

Where did Esperanto come from?

An obscure Polish oculist, Lazarus Ludovic Zamenhof, who was born in Bielostok in 1859, worked at the problem for years, at last evolving Esperanto out of the common material in use in the leading languages of Europe. He planned it for the use of Southern Europeans, particularly, so that it more nearly resembles the Romance languages than any other.

His scheme was to take the root stem for a word which was common to the most languages. Thus, most of the countries expressed the idea of "father" in some word using the stem "pater." Therefore, "patro" was the word he evolved.

There are 16 rules of grammar, which may be learned in one evening. The pronunciation is phonetic, the alphabet includes 28 letters, each of which corresponds to just one sound. Of these letters, 18 are pronounced identically as the corresponding letter of the English alphabet. The accent always falls on the next to the last (penultimate) syllable.

The amazing thing about Esperanto is its flexibility and exactness. For instance, you learn 500 root words. Then, by applying the grammatical endings, "o", "a", "e", and "i," you have command of 2,000 words. In addition to this, by applying an average of 10 of the 30 prefixes to each of the 2,000, you now have 20,000 words at your command.

As Professor Clarke explains, you can acquire a niceness of expression in Esperanto that isn't possible even in English. For instance, we have one word for "cousin" which doesn't tell whether the person is a man or woman. In Esperanto you can change the masculine form into the feminine by the suffix "in" which is always used to denote the feminine gender.

One lesson once a week for one year will give any person of average intelligence, with no previous knowledge of foreign languages, a working knowledge of Esperanto, according to Professor Clarke. It takes from one-tenth to one-twenty fifth of the time necessary to learn any other language. Twenty minutes a day for a month is all you need to put in.

Lest you think Esperanto has no literature, Professor Clarke assures you that a new book appears in Esperanto every other day in the year. Zamenhof, himself, trans-

English, French and Orientals would understand each other in far away Constantinople could all speak in the Esperanto tongue. Mr. Clarke believes it is the surest road to world peace.



In Constantinople reside many Minnesota alumni who have great difficulty in making themselves understood amongst the natives. How simple would be their task were all able to converse intelligently in Esperanto.



lated Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Schiller's "Die Rauber," Gogol's "Revizor," Moliere's "George Dandin," and many other classics into Esperanto. The crowning work of his life was his translation of the Old Testament into Esperanto, completed on the eve of his death, which occurred on April 14, 1917. Although many of the books in Esperanto are translations, there is a remarkable amount of original material appearing every year.

Scientists, especially, like to use Esperanto, for it makes the results of their labor available to people who would never get any good from it otherwise.

The chemists had an experience which has been duplicated by other scientific groups Professor Clarke explained. "They proposed at one of their international meetings that all of their abstracts be published in French and English, those languages being understood by the most people. But the Spanish said: 'And in Spanish,' so that started the trouble, for then the Italians said: 'And in Italian,' so there they were. At last they decided to use Esperanto, and the difficulty was solved."

Esperanto is now being officially taught, and carries credit, at Leland Stanford, Columbia, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, the Case School of Applied Science, and Boston University.

It is not taught at Minnesota in the day classes yet, for there is no budget to provide for it, but the extension division has an enthusiastic class. In many European countries it is subsidized by the government, and it is taught in the schools of the Chambers of Commerce in many cities—the principal ones being London, Paris and New York. It is most popular of all in Southern Europe, where it is used widely by the common people.

The League of Nations was asked by 12 countries to investigate Esperanto with a view to teaching it in the public schools of countries who belonged to the League. Dr. Nitobe, the Japanese who made the investigation, said that it was hard not to hand in too enthusiastic a report.

Every year the Universal Esperanto association holds an international congress. Professor Clarke has attended two, and says that it is an awesome sight to see people from half the countries of the world talk to each other and conduct business and discussions in the most matter of fact way. Nothing, he says, can do as much to promote peace and fellowship between nations as a common medium of language.

There is a standing committee which passes on new words to be adopted, and an auxiliary committee that passes on scientific terms, thus keeping the language strictly up-to-date.

It is difficult to talk to an Esperanto enthusiast without catching some of that spirit yourself. Among the leading ardent supporters of the movement are: Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford university, Romain Rolland, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Lord Robert Cecil.

ALUMNI HOTELS TO BE DESIGNATED

THE associated alumni of seventy leading colleges and universities in America are designating one hotel in practically every city of the United States and Canada as a member of a nation-wide chain of inter-collegiate alumni hotels. In both New York and Chicago three hotels will be designated. The actuating motive behind the plan is to provide a common meeting ground for college men and women under conditions that will make for social congeniality, thus furthering and strengthening the coordination of alumni interests, upon which every higher educational institution must depend.

Alumni magazines of all the participating institutions will be kept on file in the reading room of each intercollegiate alumni hotel. Lists containing the names of local alumni will also be maintained by the alumni magazines. The committee having the work in charge is selecting hotels which evince a cordial spirit of cooperation with the movement. In most cities the leading hotels are taking very kindly to the plan and will in the course of the next six months begin to display the official insignia adopted by the Committee.

All college men and women who travel regularly will soon be able to chart their course so that they can move from one alumni home to another, meeting friends wherever they go and resuming old friendships. A national publicity campaign will inform alumni of the cooperation which will be extended.

Anyone wishing to secure information concerning the plan, which involves many additional interesting details, may write to Levering Tyson, 311 East Hall, Columbia University.

"U" STUDENT IS PARACHUTE JUMPER

OF ALL the University of Minnesota students working their way through school, Victor I. Eagan, medical student, has adopted about the strangest. He is a parachute jumper.

Eagan formerly made a living by participating in motorcycle races at Minnesota state fairs. He did his first parachute jumping last summer.



Direction
Talent = EXCELLENT
Initiative DRAMATICS
Hand in Hand They Go

Several Premiere Productions Are on the List for the Winter Quarter—Alumni Attendance Solicited by Department



(Above left) Lester Raines, dramatic director, under whose able leadership dramatics have forged well to the front at Minnesota.
(Above) Scene from a recent production, note the careful costuming and scenery.

IF you are an alumnus who has attended any of the recent productions given by the Minnesota Masquers, or the Play Production classes of the Dramatics department, you will want to witness the productions that will be presented this quarter and during the spring quarter.

Or, if you are one of those individuals, who, well remembering the fluctuating quality and quantity of the spectacles presented before the advent of the dramatist as such, at Minnesota, you will be delighted with the improvement, which the later years have wrought.

Not that Minnesota has not presented splendid tribute to the playwright before or that the quality of dramatic ability is greatly advanced today; but that Minnesota has greater power of selectivity in the larger number of students, better facilities, and a director in the person of Lester R. Raines, acquired a year and a half ago, whose ability to gauge the intelligence and selectivity of his audience, should place him where every director dreams himself, on Broadway, before his black hair grays.

Such noteworthy achievements as the presentation of *Master Pierre Patelin*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Goose Hangs High* and *The Lady of Belmont*, so splendidly done, will be followed this quarter by *Guilty Fingers*, a striking melodrama, presented this week end, by Emil Nytric and Herbert H. Winslow, and by *Romeo for a Fortnight*, a farce-comedy by A. E. Thomas.

On March 5 and 6, Raines will attempt a Spanish melodrama, *The Scourge Sea*, a translation from the German of Ludwig Fulda. This is to be a premiere performance and is to be the first time that this production has appeared in America. A noted Broadway star is

scheduled to attend the performances here to determine if this vehicle will fit his needs. Music by Zimbalist will aid in producing in the audience the tone-effect desired.

On January 21 *The Road to Agincourt* was presented by the Play Production classes and on January 28 the same classes presented *Paola and Francesca* at 4:30 and at 8 o'clock to packed houses. Three one act plays will be presented on February 4, and on February 18 *School for Scandal* by Sheridan will be presented. This play will attract many alumni, it is thought, because of the large house Mrs. Sam Insul is drawing to the La Salle theater, nightly in Chicago.

A premiere production of Bruce Eaton's *Orange Ade* will be given on February 25 as well as another premiere *The Man*, done in mechanistic fashion, to appear early in March.

Those competing for the Class of 1911 Drama Prize are asked by Mr. Raines to remember that the contest ends on February 15 and that all manuscripts must be submitted by that time.

The 1911 Class Drama Fund Contest will provide entertainment for the evening of April 9. The prize play of 1926, together with the prize plays of 1924 and 1925, will be presented at the fifteenth reunion of the Class of 1911, on June 12. Costumes and properties for *The Skin Drum*, the 1925 play, have been ordered from Java for next spring's production.

Alumni living near Minneapolis who desire to be informed in advance of the dates for ticket sales for these various productions should notify the dramatic office, in the Music Hall; and post-card notices will be sent them in time to permit them to order seats by mail.



CECIL ROBERTS
English writer and Statesman is to appear here in Convocation soon.



JOHN COWPER POWYS
Well known and noted writer is to appear soon on the Convocation program. He will talk on the Ten Best Books.



HELEN FRASER
Another native of England who will speak at Convocation this winter. She is also a writer.

Aba

At Last--Good Convocation Speakers

Statesmen, Noted Writers, Well Known Educators to Appear on Minnesota's Platform This Winter—Charter Day Convocation Will Stress Extra-Educational Institutions

ABOUT three years ago, when the administration was having a distressingly hard time trying to get students out to convocations every Thursday morning, President Coffman decided that convocations would only be held when good speakers were available.

"Of course," he admitted, "opinions differ as to who the good speakers are. I know that if we could get the Prince of Wales or Babe Ruth here, we could pack the Armory, but since we can't we have to get the best talent we can."

Since that policy has been in effect, the University has had some remarkably fine speakers, including Glenn Frank, Donald MacMillan, Harry Franck, and Zona Gale. This year's program threatens to be as interesting. Convocations take place 11:30 a.m., Thursday, at the University Armory, and alumni are invited to attend.

Joseph Jastrow, who has occupied the chair of psychology in the University of Wisconsin since 1888, will appear on Thursday, Feb. 4, to lecture on "Standards and Values." Dr. Jastrow is one of the most distinguished and widely known of American psychologists, and his lectures go into the subject from a popular viewpoint, yet retaining the scientist's accuracy. He is the author of "Fact and Fable in Psychology," "The Subconscious," "The Qualities in Men," and other books, as well as numerous contributions to various psychological journals. He is a past president of the American Psychological association.

On February 11, literature will hold the floor, for John Cowper Powys is coming that day to lecture on "The Ten Best Books."

Mr. Powys is a brilliant Englishman and is one of the most popular of the horde of English lecturers who have invaded American shores within the last few years.

He is not new to American audiences by any means, for he made his first lecture tour of this country in 1905, when he was greeted by record audiences in every city that he visited. He is a graduate of Cambridge university, having finished his course there with honors, and on entering public life he attracted large audiences throughout England as staff lecturer for the Extension Societies of Oxford, Cambridge, and London universities. His fame rests on his accomplishments as novelist, poet and essayist, although this does not limit his field, for he is also a noted psychologist and literary critic. In his lecture on "The Ten Best Books," he chooses the books he would prefer to have if he were cast upon a desert island, giving his reasons for selecting each.

Some of his best known works are: "Visions and Revisions," "Suspended Judgments," "Wood and Stone," "Mandradora," and "Psychoanalysis and Morality."

The Charter Day convocation this year will be the occasion of a great educational rally which will bring people engaged in extra-educational activities in all parts of the state to the University to celebrate the day of its birth.

The University is issuing invitations to representatives of all the state organizations whose work is in any way educational. Some of the groups represented will be: church organizations, the Bar association, Music teachers, librarians, Historical society, social workers, Wild Flower society, Farm bureau, Medical association, League of Women Voters, nurses, dentists, Federation of County Fairs, League of Minnesota Municipalities, Boy and Girl scouts, Minnesota Educational association, junior colleges, the Minnesota Federation of Women's clubs, and many others.

President Coffman will be home from his vacation, and will speak at the convocation. Following the

exercises, the guests will adjourn to a luncheon in the Minnesota Union, there to hold a sort of symposium on education. Several of the representatives of organizations will speak and they will all be invited to visit the campus and see what the single largest educational institution in the state is doing.

Lord Cecil Roberts, another charming Englishman—surprising how many Englishmen we have on these programs—will be the speaker on March 4. His subject is: "Politics and the World Press." We understand that after lecturing on European politics last year, Lord Roberts so impressed those who heard him that he was invited by President Coolidge to the White House. On his return to England he was consulted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A fellow of the Royal Geographical society, Lord Roberts has traveled extensively as a special correspondent for the press, and also as a novelist he has traveled in search of color and matter.

Five volumes of verse and several prose works have been published by this young man, who is scarcely over thirty. He is said to possess a most attractive personality and a sparkling, impromptu style. Among his books are "Sails of Sunset," "Scissors," and "The Love Rack."

Fearful lest co-eds might feel slighted, the administration has engaged a woman, Helen Fraser, also English, for Convocation on March 11. Her subject has not yet been announced, but she is a woman active in the political life of her country, so we may suppose that she will speak on some subject related to "Women in Politics." She is an ardent suffragist, having won distinction in the early days of the English suffrage movement and being credited as one who has done much toward bringing about its ultimate success.

As the result of her high standing in British political circles, Miss Fraser was nominated as a candidate of the Liberal Party in 1922, when she sought election in a Glasgow district notorious as a hot-bed of communism. Several times, while she was addressing meetings, riots ensued and the speakers were attacked. Undaunted, Miss Fraser won the people by her display of courage.

She has the reputation of being a clear and logical thinker as well as a brilliant speaker.

A remarkable American will close the series on April 8. He is Raymond Robins, who, like all good self-made Americans, began by being a newsboy. Through a long and varied career which there is not time enough to describe adequately here, Mr. Robins has attained recognition as a speaker on social conditions—moral and economic, national and international—upon the American platform. During recent years, Mr. Robins has devoted the greater part of his time to a campaign to outlaw war. He believes it to be the next step in civilization.

His experience has been gained from years as gold-miner and social worker in Alaska, civic worker in Chicago settlements, member of the Chicago Board of Education, founder of the Progressive party, leader of social evangelistic student campaign in the colleges and universities of North America, Commissioner commanding the American Red Cross Mission in Russia, and member of the executive committee of the National Republican committee in the presidential campaigns of 1920 and 1924.

OBJECTIVE TESTS PROVE EFFECTIVE

OBJECTIVE tests, incorporated in freshman English examinations for the first time at the fall quarter final, resulted in more than doubling the number of students receiving grades of "A" and "B" in the examination.

From 9 to 12 per cent of the students formerly received grades of "A" and "B", while, according to Dean J. M. Thomas, the objective method final gave approximately 25 per cent of the class grades above "C." Percentage of below passing marks also increased to 11 per cent of failures and 19 per cent of conditions.

Prepared by the English and rhetoric departments in meetings of faculty members who took the tests repeatedly in an effort to weed out ambiguities and too difficult questions, the tests were given in place of the older "essay" type of examination. The use of the objective method, already in vogue in many departments and schools at the University, was an experiment.

The larger number of "A" and "B" grades was attributed by Dean Thomas to both the form of the test and to the amount of preparations for the test by the students. "Because students had been warned that the test would be especially difficult more time than usual was spent in preparing," he said.

Donald G. Patterson, professor of psychology, who assisted in the preparation of the English and rhetoric objective tests, described the tests as the fairest that can be given to large classes of students. "The objective method of testing," Mr. Patterson said, "frees the student's mind from the labor of handwriting, and forces the devotion of all of the student's time to the subject matter on which the questions are asked."

The examination was given in two parts, rhetoric and literature.

PHYSICAL "ED" FOLKS TO MEET HERE

WORKERS in all types of physical education will gather at the University of Minnesota and in downtown Minneapolis March 11 to 13 for the annual convention of the Mid-West Society of Physical Education, which embraces the territory of the entire Mississippi Valley from Pittsburgh to Denver. That more than 1,000 delegates and workers are expected to attend it has been announced by the president, Dr. J. Anna Norris, head of the department of physical education for women.

Section meetings dealing with a score or more of the different phases of physical education and a series of group demonstrations showing methods in classes for women, girls, boys and men will be outstanding events on the program. There also will be a large number of general meetings. W. R. Smith, director of intra-mural athletics at Minnesota is chairman of general arrangements. President L. D. Coffman will be the principal speaker at the informal noon luncheon on the first day of the convention.

Primitive gymnastics, Danish gymnastics, folk dancing, pageants, gymnastic dancing, recreative group games, social games, highly organized games and clog dancing will be among the subjects demonstrated on the last day. The demonstrations will take place in the Women's gymnasium on the main campus.

Reduced fares to the convention have been promised on the certificate basis, affording a reduction in the return fare provided a sufficient number attend and bring with them certificates of ticket purchase.



In the days of early Minnesota when Mrs. Wilkin was one of the few women instructors here, the University looked like this. This view was taken near the dawn of the twentieth century. Note the buildings that survive and the fact that Old Main was still a landmark.

"Frau" Wilkin '77, Celebrates Birthday

Minnesota's First Woman Instructor, First Women Member of Phi Beta Kappa, Tells of Early College Days, When College Meant the Usual Harrowing Pranks

WHILE students went to well-regulated classes in warm buildings manned by a large staff of excellent instructors this week, a little woman, just rounding her eightieth year, sat in her home and reminisced over the days of '77 when she was a student in school, and again in later years when she was a noted and loved instructor, for on Tuesday January 26, Mrs. M. J. Campbell Wilkin,—“Frau” Wilkin, as alumni love to call her, and “Mattie” Wilkin, as school mates address her—received friends at her home at 601 Sixth street southeast, in honor of her eightieth birthday.

Drill teams were organized by fair co-eds, professors were serenaded by men students, key holes were plugged with wax so that it was impossible to unlock the doors, and animals were quartered in various campus buildings all to relieve the monotony of school life in the 70's when the University of Minnesota was young, said Mrs. Wilkin, one of the few surviving members of the class of '77 and the first woman to hold a professorship at Minnesota.

Entering the teaching profession immediately following her graduation in 1877, Mrs. Wilkin was professor in German and English at the University of Minnesota for 34 years, resigning her position in 1914. For many years she was the only woman member of the faculty.

In reference to her college days, she said, “students studied harder and had more fun than they do today because of the lack of outside attractions. In the 70's it was quite an event to take a down town trip to Minneapolis.

Suppression of campus publications is no novelty. It goes back as far as the history of the school. “In either 1875 or 1876 the junior class publication which came out once a year was suppressed by the faculty because it was not considered fitting with the dignity of a school paper,” Mrs. Wilkin said.

Among other reminiscences of her college days, Mrs. Wilkin recalled the time when “the girls organized a drill team, and called it company ‘Q’. They were given neat jackets, and long blue skirts. They gave several exhibitions and were a well drilled company. When the men's military organizations had their picture taken for the Gopher year book, the girls' drill team was included,” Mrs. Wilkin said.

As one of the first women to receive the Phi Beta Kappa award in Minnesota, Mrs. Wilkin was initiated

into the honorary fraternity when it was installed on the campus in 1892. Several other students of former classes were also elected to the organization.

Students in the middle west were instilled with an idea that they had to carry out college traditions of the established schools of the east during the 70's, declared Mrs. Wilkin. This led to pranks, and often serious difficulties. Professors' houses were chalked, animals were quartered in assembly rooms, classroom wit was prevalent, and Red Rock was the favorite beverage of the men students.

Athletics first appeared on the campus on the first triangular field day event which occurred in 1882. Due to the withdrawal of Carleton college, the meeting dwindled down to a dual meet between Hamline and Minnesota universities.

As the final event of the day, a football game was scheduled. It was the first football game played in the middlewest, and was properly advertised.

Instead of the mail being distributed at a post office, the letters of the various students were taken to the class rooms where the students were assembled. The old river road was as common a lover's lane then as it is now.

The old Main had a restaurant in the basement where the students often went for lunches. Students on the third floor were able to tell what was to be served in the basement lunch counter by the smells that used to permeate through the building, Mrs. Wilkin said.

Two dormitories were built for the men, and were located at Fourth street between Twelfth and Fourteenth avenues. The two buildings are still standing. Abuse of privileges made it impossible to continue using the buildings for the men's quarters.

The first graduating class was the class of 1873, which was a duet of two men. The faculty at that time was composed of nine members. No women graduated for the first two years.

Reviving memories of her school years, Mrs. Wilkin told of traditions of the time. Class day exercises were the annual event of the junior day. At that time a regular program was scheduled. The class song, the class poem, and the selection of the class motto were left to Mrs. Wilkin.

Tree planting was a favorite occupation of classes. The class of 1877 has an elm on the knoll.

The UNIVERSITY NEWS BUDGET

Clavilux Recital in St. Paul Sponsored by Extension Division

Students of Minnesota will be offered at the St. Paul auditorium Wednesday, Feb. 3, a recital in music and colored light by Thomas Wilfred, inventor and player of the clavilux, an instrument hailed by critics over the world as the "culminating point in aesthetics."

The concert is to be given under the auspices of the Minnesota chapter of the Columbia College of Expression, and its proceeds will go to the general extension division at the University of Minnesota where it will be used to support scholarships offered by that division.

Well known critics of the United States, Canada, and of Europe have given the performances of Mr. Wilfred and his clavilux the most laudatory criticism and the recitals of Mr. Wilfred at Carnegie Hall in New York City were the attraction of the artists' world of that city while they lasted.

Although it is four or five years since New York first was given public demonstrations of the invention, the coming engagement marks the first in this part of the country.

President Coffman Speaks to Minnesotans in California, Dec. 16

University of Minnesota alumni units everywhere are securing splendid speakers who can keep them in touch with conditions at the University. One of the liveliest of our units this year that has heard from some good men is the Minnesota Alumni association of Southern California, organized by those Minnesotans living in and around Los Angeles. For on Saturday December 5, our former head football coach, Bill Spaulding, now at Southern Branch, University of California, spoke to the group and on December 16, President Coffman attended a dinner, given in his honor by the unit at the Los Angeles University club. He told of conditions at Minnesota, including the building program, administrative angles, and touched on various points of major interest to the alumni.

Justin Miller to Head Nation-Wide Crime Survey

Justin Miller, professor of law, will head the nation-wide survey of crime and criminal law which will be conducted during the next three years by the Association of American Law schools, the Social Science Research council, and the probable co-operation of the American Bar association.

Mr. Miller received notice last week of his appointment as chairman of the committee of the American Law School association for this survey which will include J. B. Waite, of the University of Michigan Law school, E. R. Keedy of the University of Pennsylvania Law school, J. H. Wigmore, dean of the law school at Northwestern university, and Roscoe Pond, dean of the Harvard Law school.

Coffman Expected Home From Vacation on February 13

Word received yesterday indicates that President Lotus D. Coffman, who has been absent on a month's vacation in the Hawaiian Islands, will return Feb. 13. President Coffman arrives in San Francisco Feb. 3, and as he will be in Minneapolis for the board of regents meeting Feb. 17, and for the Charter Day convocation Feb. 18, he is expected a few days in advance.



Professor Frankforter, formerly connected with the University Chemistry Department is one of those who recently migrated to the west coast and joined the staff of the University of California

Physical Ed Class of '25 Starts Scholarship Fund

Last June the graduating class in the Department of Physical Education for Women, pledged to the Physical Education association of the University, as their parting gift, the sum of \$100 as the nucleus for a scholarship fund of \$2,000 to be used for the benefit of students majoring in physical education.

In appreciation of this gift, the Physical Education association is bending every effort towards the early completion of the scholarship fund. The class of 1925 participating in this gift is as follows: Ardis Carr, Charlotte Curran, Ruth Palmer, Loretta McKenna, Deborah Duval, Stella E. Johnson, Gladys Wood, Doria Dietz, Madeline Beckel, and Marjory Bateman.

The Physical Education association is composed of students and alumni who are majoring or minoring in physical education, as well as all the faculty members of the department.

Valuable Library Placard of Half Century Ago, Found

Appearing almost from nowhere, a placard containing the list of periodicals received by the Library 48 years ago, has been found by the librarian, and will be preserved with other historic documents in the building.

The old "broadside," in good condition yet although considerably yellowed by age, is approximately 18 by 24 inches, and is divided in three columns, containing the names of the 48 periodicals taken by the library at that time. These figures contrast strikingly with the 3,000 or more, periodicals which are taken by the library at this time for the use of students.

Dean Kelly to Address Detroit and Chicago Alumni, Feb. 23 and 24

While on his eastern trip to attend educational association conferences and meetings to be held in Washington, D. C., during February, F. J. Kelly, dean of administration, and acting head of the University, during the absence of President L. D. Coffman, on a winter tour of the west and the Hawaiian Islands, will address the Detroit Alumni unit on February 23 and the Chicago unit the following day. Both of these groups will hold their annual meetings on these days at which times officers will be elected. Dean Kelly will talk informally about the University, stressing vital points and statistics here and there. His address will be taken in shorthand for the Alumni Weekly at both these meetings and will be published shortly thereafter.

Co-operative Cottages Still Provide Low Rates for Co-eds

The girl who lives in one of the University's co-operative cottages and helps with the household duties pays \$270 during the school year for board and room. Only those who are inhabitants of the twin cities or those who live with benevolent relatives or kind hearted friends get their board and room for that low price, according to Mrs. Staples.

Operated on the dormitory plan, the men's cottages furnish room and board for \$360 during the school year. "Though this is not a particularly low price, I feel that the men get more for their money than they would get elsewhere for the same price," Mrs. Staples said yesterday.

Sanford hall rates have been raised to correspond with those of the rooming houses. The girl who signs the dotted line and agrees to live up to the rules of Sanford pays \$375 a school year if she sleeps in a double room; if she desires the most valued right of freedom, she hires a single room with board for \$405.

Daily Reports Freshmen Advisory System Ineffective

That failure of senior students to get in touch with freshmen assigned to them under the Freshman Advisory plan has rendered the plan less than 40 per cent effective in advising entering freshmen in rules and customs of the University was shown recently by the interviewing of 25 freshmen by a Daily reporter.

This, however, does not mean that the system will be discontinued or that efforts will not be made to increase its effectiveness.

Of the freshmen interviewed only 11 had heard from the men assigned to advise them, while 14, though they declared that they desired advice, stated that they had never met their senior advisor.

The 11 who had met their advisors expressed the belief that both in practical help and friendship they had been benefited. The freshmen interviewed were chosen at random on the campus as a whole.

Mortar and Ball, Military Society Nationalizes Itself

Mortar and Ball, honorary military fraternity of the coast artillery corps organized at the University of Minnesota, was recently nationalized with chapters at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Kansas university, and a mother chapter at the University of Minnesota, when the respective schools approved of the honorary organization.

Organized in 1920, the idea of a coast artillery fraternity was carried with the R.O.T.C. unit at its encampment at Fort Monroe, Virginia, last year. The idea was accepted among other men stationed there, who carried the plans of a new honorary society back to their schools.

Dormitories to Be Erected At Morris and Grand Rapids Ag Schools

Two special appropriations of \$90,000 and \$75,000 were made recently for the erection of dormitories at the Agriculture schools and experiment stations at Morris and Grand Rapids, Minnesota. Bids for these two structures are expected to be called for within two months, Mr. Middlebrook, comptroller, said, and immediate construction will follow. Plans for the two dormitories are now in the hands of the state architect.

Minnesota Cagemen Defeat Chicago 26-24

Hockey Jinx Broken With Marquette Win—Swimmers Continue Championship Stride

By JOE MADER, Sports Editor

REVIVED Minnesota basketball team with three defeats against them, entered the game against Chicago, and registered their first Big Ten victory of the season with a final score of 26 to 24.

Forty-five hundred students and Twin City fans packed into the Kenwood Armory to see Taylor's men display their wares in the first home game of the year, and they all went home with the feeling that the Minnesota team of 1926 may not be the best team in the Big Ten, but that the Gophers have enough stuff to keep them in the thick of the conference race.

The game last night permitted the Gophers to leave the Big Ten cellar and put Northwestern in last place with four defeats and one victory.

Minnesota had the best of the argument for practically every minute of the game, with the exception of a few moments in the first period when the score was tied two different times by the visiting Maroons. The Gopher team had a revamped lineup with Roger Wheeler at back guard when they took the floor and with Rasey and Nydahl at the forwards, Wolden at center, and Mason at the other guard position.

This combination worked well, and time and again wove its way through the so-called, air-tight defense of the Chicago team. Captain Black Rasey was going in his old-time form while Mally Nydahl, sophomore performer, who was playing his first home game in a Minnesota uniform, came through in great shape and delivered in the pinches. Herb Wolden played a hard game at center and besides making two baskets, kept the elusive "Babe" Alyea, Chicago captain and center, from doing any great damage on the offense.

Mally Nydahl has definitely earned the forward berth as a running mate for Captain Black Rasey. His work is consistent, even spectacular at times. He has a good eye for the basket, and is never missing on the defense. Rasey continues with his unflinching knack of copping baskets from most any position on the floor. His consistency of attack is one of the most brilliant of any player in the big ten. He ranks well with Spradling in his style of attack.

Eldon Mason, the little flash, whose deceptive passing game is the feature of Taylor's offense, continues to play a wary game at running guard. He easily ranks as the best guard on the squad. He made a pretty running mate last year with Vic Dunder, and this year seems to be going at a better clip than last year.

George MacKinnon, who had been used at the center position has been shifted to forward, where he is advancing at a rapid pace. Krueger and Gay are two other regular members of the squad who will bear watching as the season progresses.

Box Score				
Minnesota	FG	FT	P	TP
Rasey (C) f.	5	2	4	12
Nydahl, f.	2	3	2	7
Wolden, c.	2	0	4	14
Mason, g.	1	0	1	2
Wheeler, g.	0	1	3	1
McKinnon	0	0	0	0
Tuttle	0	0	0	0
Smith	0	0	0	0
Total	10	6	14	26



A CHAMPIONSHIP COACH
Neils Thorpe, swimming coach, who is threatening to turn out another conference championship team, to his already long list of headliners.

Chicago	FG	FT	P	TP
Sackett, f.	1	0	1	2
Alyea, c.	1	2	2	4
Zimmerman, f.	4	2	1	10
McDonough, g.	1	3	2	5
Hoerger, g.	1	1	4	3
Farewell	0	0	0	0
Marks	0	0	1	0
Total	8	8	12	24

Free throws missed—Minn.: Rasey 4, Mason 2, Wheeler 3. Chicago—Sackett 4, Zimmerman 2, Alyea 2, McDonough 1, Marks 1.

Referee—N. Kearns, Indiana. Umpires, J. J. Maloney.

SWIMMERS WIN AGAIN

Minnesota's swimming team refuses to remain out of print longer than a day or two. When nothing else will put them on the front page, they proceed to break a few state records, and then sit back and wait until that is a day or two old, and then, pop, goes another.

Three new state collegiate records is the weekend result of a split Gopher team. While seven men under coach Neils Thorpe invaded Northern territory Friday night to take on the crack Hibbing High school swimmers, another group of swimmers from the university emerged victorious against the Y.M.C.A. team 46 to 22.

The Hibbing prep swimmers gave a very good account of themselves, coming out of the fray on the short end of a 47 to 22 score, competing against the cream of the Maroon and Gold team. Gonzalin of the high school team pulled the surprise of the evening when

he tied Captain Richter for second place in the 40 yard free style event.

In the 160 yard relay the Hibbing team forced the university swimmers to a new state record in order to win. The university team composed of Bjornberg, Richter, Moody and Hill swam the distance in 1:19 flat, breaking the old record by one second.

Max Moody clipped off two seconds from the former state record in the 200 yard free style event. He covered the distance in 2:28 2/5. Bjornberg, his teammate was second.

The best performance of the evening was in the 40-yard event, which Sam Hill covered in 18 4/5 seconds, breaking the state record. He came within one-fifth of a second of equaling the National Inter-collegiate mark.

The Hibbing relay team gave a very creditable account of themselves against the older boys. In order to win the event, the university swimmers had to break a state record.

Swimming against the Y.M.C.A. proved to be an easy task for the part of the university team that was left at home. They won handily, taking first places in six out of the seven events. The feature of the evening was the victory of Miller of the Y team in the 100-yard dash.

Bennett and Morris shone for the Gopher teams. Morris took the 50-yard dash from his teammate, Lucke, and Navarre of the down town squad. Bennett had his own way throughout the 200-yard free style event. He won handily in almost record time.

The Y aggregation, however outclassed, managed to keep the Gophers from making a clean sweep in any single event.

HOCKEY MEN BREAK TIE JINX

After experiencing somewhat of an unpleasant surprise following two tie games with Wisconsin, the Minnesota hockey team traveled to Marquette and again battled to a tie game in the first of the series contests. The second game was more successful for the Gophers, and they emerged with an overwhelming victory, scoring four goals to the Hilltopper's one.

Both of the games of the series with Marquette were played on ice that was unfit for hockey. The first game was played in slush several inches deep, and the inability of the players to keep the puck afloat put both teams at a disadvantage. The game took on the appearance of a hide-and-seek contest, with both teams acting more like detectives than hockey players.

For the second game, the ice conditions were none too good, but Iverson had groomed his men to start an offense and maintain it, so that the team scored swiftly in the opening period, and from then on never were outclassed. Captain Olson displayed brilliant stickwork in both contests, and with Kuhlman formed a combination that kept the Hilltopper defense men in a continual quandary.

The Gopher sextet went through ten days of inaction, and prepared for the Notre Dame series, which opens this weekend. One exhibition game took the Gophers to Rochester where they took on a local six. Iverson has worked his men hard, sending them against the freshman aggregation each night, in an effort to uncover new material with which to bolster his reserve squad which has been lack-

ing in men who could take the place of the veteran six in case of accident.

The goal position which gave Iverson considerable worry at the opening of the season, seems to be taken care of pretty well by Allison, a first year man. Allison showed his ability to stop an advance of the opponents in the Wisconsin. In one of the periods against the Badger sextet, he made eight stops, preventing the team from making a single counter.

At present Iverson is building his hopes around Olson, Kuhlman, Flaaten, Scott, Byers, Gustafson, Thompson, Bros, and Reeves. Allison is the only real contender for the guard post, with the ineligibility of Wilcken keeping him on the sidelines.

WRESTLERS LOSE TO ILLINOIS

The Minnesota wrestling team lost its opening meet last Saturday night, when the well balanced Illinois mat team scored a brilliant victory over McKusick's men, 18 to 2.

The outcome of the meet was never in doubt after Steve Easter lost a heart breaking match after only a few seconds of wrestling. Easter seemed to have the advantage in the opening minutes, but a quick reverse scissors was applied and the Illinois man gained the fall.

Harold Pederson was the only Minnesota man who gained a decision over his opponent. He defeated Sams with a time advantage of 7:23. Don Kopplin, Minnesota's entrant in the heavyweight division, although outweighed by at least 15 pounds, put up a terrific battle, and forced Shively of Illinois to his utmost to win by a decision.

The team was disrupted by the loss of Kenneth Dally, captain, and the last minute ineligibility of Louis Tiller, light heavyweight. The announcement of Tiller's ineligibility came on the eve of the meet, and McKusick had to make a last minute shift in the lineup.

The summary:

115 pound class—Thacker (I) defeated Church (M) time advantage, 7:48.

125 pound class—Lowell (I) defeated King (M), time advantage, 9:00.

135 pound class—Kenney (I), defeated Easter (M), by fall 2:35.

145 pound class—Pederson (M) defeated Sams, (I), time advantage 7:23.

158 pound class—Geis (I) defeated Ferrier (M), by fall 5:25.

175 pound class—Humphreys (I) defeated Krueger (M), time advantage, 8:04.

Heavyweights—Shively (I), defeated Kopplin (M), time advantage 6:35.

Referee, Captain E. M. Peckinpaugh of Iowa State.

PERSONALIA

'82—William Wyckoff Clarke, 64 years old, one of the pioneers in building up St. Anthony Park, died Sunday. He had lived in St. Anthony Park for the last 38 years, and was said to have built nearly half the houses in the community. Mr. Clarke was born in Mankato, and came to Minneapolis in 1878. He was a graduate of the University of Minnesota and the Mankato Teachers' college. He was a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity, the Minneapolis Athletic club and the Minneapolis Real Estate board. He is survived by his wife, Josephine H. Clark, his mother, Adeline Clark of Minneapolis and two sons, Kenneth Clark of St. Paul and W. C. Clark of Minneapolis. Funeral services were held Tuesday at 2:30 p.m. from St. Anthony Park Congregational church, St. Anthony Park.

'89—Dr. Kendrick C. Babcock, provost of the University of Illinois, is on leave of ab-

sence this year, and left Seattle October 6, on a tour around the world.

Dr. J. Paul Goode ('89), world famous geographer and head of the department of geography at the University of Chicago, has a year's leave of absence and originally planned with Mrs. Goode to accompany Dr. Babcock. He has been busy filling speaking engagements this fall, however, for he is in particular demand wherever teachers meet. He was in St. Paul to address the teachers at the M.E.A. convention, and spoke to the Northwestern Division of the State Education association at Moorhead, Minn. He contemplates retiring from his professorship at Chicago in the course of another year or so in order to do some things which he wants to do and can't do while teaching.

He is eligible to retire on a pension soon, but he is too vigorous a man to be considered on the retired list.

'89—Walter L. Stockwell, grand secretary and recorder of the Masonic and Templar bodies in North Dakota, has recently been elected president of the Masonic Relief association of the United States and Canada.

'91—On last August 14, a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Johnson ('94 E), with their daughter, Marian Helen, and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Gardiner, with their daughter, Margaret, left St. Louis, Mo., and motored to Lake Vermillion, Minn., for a two weeks' vacation. Mr. Gardiner is vice president of the John Ring advertising agency in St. Louis, and Mr. Johnson is valuation engineer with the Wabash railroad.

'02 C—Edgar W. Rice has a very . . . job—oh! make the pun yourself. He is chief chemist at the National Sugar refinery, Yonkers, N. Y. He has had charge of all the chemical work much of the time for several years and now is wholly in charge and has a research department investigating the little known properties of animal charcoal as applied to sugar refining.

'04—"I'm enclosing a clipping from the Newark Evening News, October 29, 1925, on work of Roger Gray, former U. of M. student and football player," Frank R. Pingry of New Jersey writes. "I am sorry that I didn't have an opportunity to see his performance, but didn't learn of it till the engagement in Newark was nearly finished.

"The ALUMNI WEEKLY is a very worthwhile publication now; although I have been away from the campus and even from the state for some years, I feel quite in touch with University affairs through the very informative articles which you publish so frequently. The athletic news is good, too; not too much emphasized, but giving information which we readers of metropolitan papers don't get from other sources. As for the Personalialia, so many more have graduated since my time at the 'U' than during the time I was there, that I expect to see very few items that mean anything to me, aside from mention of those perennial campus youths, E. B. Pierce and Cy Barnum."

Following is the item on the work of Roger Gray (Ex '04 L) which Mr. Pingry enclosed. Mr. Gray played on the football teams of 1897, 1899, and 1902.

Any one witnessing a performance of the musical comedy "My Girl" at the Shubert Theatre this week is likely to be struck by the natural stage presence of Roger Gray, the comedian in the show. With practically none of the evidences of the actor's make-up and dress marking his appearance and brusque and carefree in speech, he seems like a fellow who has stepped in from the street to the stage. Yet Mr. Gray has seen service in just 132 different

musical comedies as well as many more foot-lighted pieces of other varieties.

"I think I owe my success to the fact that I can go on and behave just as if I were among friends and not conscious of trying to make an impression on an audience," declared Mr. Gray. "I don't know but that that attitude would help any man or woman on the stage and I've done my best to persuade youngsters with whom I've come in contact in musical comedies to take it free and easy and be themselves on the stage. But, I've had little success for my pains. They usually go ahead and pretty-up their faces in artificial ways and act all over the stage whenever they have a chance."

It would seem that there is something in Mr. Gray's advice. His performance has a straightforward and strong appeal that makes it the best feature in the current production. And he has had little trouble in finding employment during the nineteen years he has been on the stage. Most of his recent performances have been in Broadway engagements of musical shows, among them "Little Jessie James" and with Julia Sanderson in "Moonlight." He is one of the original members of the "My Girl" cast, and has been engaged for a new play to be footlighted in Manhattan this season.

Mr. Gray took to the stage after studying law at the University of Minnesota. He has never portrayed any part other than the comedian, and gained his wide acquaintance with musical plays for the most part in stock companies in the early years of his career. There is hardly a comic role in a musical show of any prominence staged in the last decade that he does not know, from the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, through DeWolf Hopper's and Fred Stone's hits down to many more recent offerings. About eight years ago he was a member of a summer company employed in Olympic Park under the management of Frank Ranger.

'04—"How Christmas Seals Carry Health of Needy Communities," is the title of an article in a recent issue of the Northwestern Health Journal which describes, in particular, the work done by Dr. N. S. Dugay of the Students' Health service department, Carleton college.

Dr. Dugay and his wife took a summer tour through northern Minnesota conducting Christmas Seal health demonstrations for the Minnesota Public Health association. The demonstrations consisted of exhibits, physical examinations, talks, story hours for the children, and the distribution of free literature.

"People are health-information hungry," Dr. Dugay said on his return. He told how people made trips of 50 miles or more to attend the demonstration. One woman with her small son, who trudged along beside her part of the way and was carried in her arms most of the time, walked nine miles. Attendance was so large in most of the towns that many had to wait hours before seeing the doctor, and scores were turned away without the individual attention they had hoped for. Demonstrations were held in 35 communities.

'11 E—The marriage of Albert H. Mittag to Sadie Randall took place early last October. Mr. Mittag is in the Radio consulting engineering department of the General Electric company at Schenectady.

'11—After spending part of the summer taking courses at the University of Chicago, Mary Tornstrom returned to her position on the faculty of the high school at Brainerd. Newcomers to the faculty there from the University, she says, are: Grace Cedarstrand, ('26) who has the gymnasium work for girls and

some English; Thelma Bowers ('25 Ed), French and English; Gertrude Huntley ('18), history. "Those who have been here before are: Juell O'Brien ('12), assistant principal; Ella Oerting ('21), English; Robert Johnson ('22 E), chemistry and physics; Hildegard Erstad ('15), commercial; Gladys Lohr ('23), mathematics; Sue S. Schow ('08), English and mathematics; and Lillian Wanous ('23-H.E.), cookery.

'13 Md—Dr. E. J. Engberg of St. Paul has been elected president of the Minnesota Neurological society to serve for the current year.

'13—"Permit me to compliment you on the increased interest and attractiveness of the Weekly," writes Ammy Lemstrom from Virginia, Minn., where she is teaching. Indeed we will, Miss Lemstrom, our columns are always open to alumni opinion—especially this kind.

'13—Bernard Vaughan has recently become editor of the Catholic Bulletin, published in St. Paul. Mr. Vaughan has been in newspaper work since his graduation.

'15—We wish that Fred Bruchholz hadn't been so laconic. All he says about his vacation is: "I took a pleasure trip to Europe this past July." Now, surely—that's just an opening sentence.

'17 Ed—Mrs. L. W. McKeehan (Grace Badger) and her husband, Dr. McKeehan, who will be remembered as a former professor of physics at the University, were here from New York during the Christmas holidays. They were visiting with Mrs. McKeehan's brothers, Walter L. Badger, professor of chemical engineering at the university of Michigan, and P. A. Badger.

'20 Md, '21—Dr. Helen M. Deane is resident physician in the New York State Training school for Girls at Hudson, N. Y., and reports that she has been happy in her work there.

'21—Agnes Borhne, former instructor in music at the school of agriculture at Crookston, has been appointed instructor of music and vocal study at the state forestry school at Bottineau, N. D.

'21 Ed—Our alumni are always being "written up in the papers," of course, so we were not surprised when we opened the Dry Goods Economist of December 12, to discover on a page of news items a very pretty picture of Hazel Gleason, and a story about her work with the Abraham and Straus department store in Brooklyn, N. Y. In case you do not read the Economist, we quote at length:

"One of our special pets among the store magazines is the A. & S. Link, published by Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and edited by Hazel Gleason, director of personnel activities. We like the Link: we like nearly everything about it, from the way it looks to the things that go in it. It does not fall into the very natural error of running to too great length, and the contents of its sixteen pages or so are breezy and full of interest.

"We confess especially to a liking for the drawings—they are at once our admiration and our despair. If we could only draw like that!

"Miss Gleason, editor of the Link, and director of the personnel activities in Abraham & Straus says the high-sounding title means nothing except that she has charge of contests, programs, parties and employees' organizations. Which we would say means a whole lot.

"Miss Gleason has been employed by Abraham & Straus in her present capacity for two years. Just at present she is in the midst of a relatively new stunt of dressing Christmas dolls for poor children, which activity, she

The Family Album



While the University is bringing to the campus each year artists of world-wide renown in its concert courses, at the same time it is graduating students who go out and earn their fame in the world. George Meader (Ex '07) is one of the alumni who shows best what Minnesota can do in the way of furnishing musicians of the finest type.

Mr. Meader is now tenor with the Metropolitan Opera company of New York City, an eminence which every church choir soloist dreams of some day attaining. After leaving the University he studied abroad, particularly in Germany. He has been a member of the Stuttgart Opera company of Stuttgart, Germany, and also of the New York Opera company. During the fall he does a great amount of concert work, both in America and abroad.

He took leading parts in Wagner's "Meistersinger" and in Mozart's "Così Fan Tutti," and in both roles was criticized very favorably.

says, created such an interest throughout the entire store, when it was tried out in 1924, that double effort is being put into it this year. It is planned to have several hundreds of the dolls dressed before the holidays.

Miss Gleason says editing the Link is her pet pastime. We don't wonder. In spite of the fact that running a house organ entails a lot of hard work, we believe that if the editor goes at it in the right way he can get a whole lot of fun out of it, and the proof that we are right in that is Miss Gleason and The A. & S. Link.

Miss Gleason belongs to Alpha Gamma Delta and Theta Sigma Phi sororities, and was a member of Masquers dramatic club.

'21—The marriage of Willard Wilson Bixby of St. Paul to Mary Fahnestock of Watertown, S. D., took place in October. Mrs. Bixby is a graduate of Mount Holyoke college. Mr. Bixby is a member of Chi Psi fraternity.

'22 E—The engagement of Miss Dorothy Dalrymple of St. Louis, Mo., to Mr. Edward L. Espenett of Minneapolis, was announced on New Year's Day at a tea given by her mother.

Mr. Espenett is connected with the Missouri State Highway Commission. Miss Dalrymple has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in St. Louis.

The young couple plan to be married early in the spring and will spend their honeymoon in Minnesota.

'23 E—After spending his Thanksgiving at his home in St. Paul, Elmer Engstrom left for

Kahuka, Hawaiian Islands, to represent the General Electric company at the installation of a high power radio transmitter built by the General Electric company for the Radio Corporation of America.

'24 E—Not satisfied to be merely a member of the faculty of the department of architecture at the University of Idaho, Olaf Fjelde has been taking active part in student enterprises. He was chairman of the judging committee which awarded the prizes for the best decorated fraternity houses at Homecoming and helped bring to the university an art exhibit of modern paintings which attracted great interest.

'24 Md—"What do you mean—vacation?" Dr. H. Foshion wants to know. "A doctor has no vacation until he has been several years in practice." Dr. Foshion is looking after the health of people in Algoma, Wis.

'25 E—"The sunny south is all wrong," writes Neal Bartholomew from Paducah, Ky.,—the home town which Irvin Cobb has made famous by having been raised there. "So far it has rained every day," Mr. Bartholomew complains. He went to Paducah to work in the building department of the Illinois Central railroad, taking the place of Clarence Velz ('24 E), who got the Florida craze and is there now with a real estate company.

"On crossing the Ohio river I seemed to pass directly from the North to the South." (Maybe it was the Mason-Dixon line). "This is a town of 30,000 on the Ohio and Tennessee rivers. We are building new shop facilities here for the whole southern part of the Illinois Central—a very large job."

'25 Ag—Mrs. Agnes Erkel, is home demonstrator in Blue Earth county with headquarters at Mankato.

'25 Ag—Eleanor Stanchfield and Elton Crowell, both of the class of '25, have announced their engagement. Miss Stanchfield has been teaching home economics in the high school at Crookston, and Mr. Crowell has been selling Singer sewing machines in Minneapolis.

'25 H. E.—Not all of our graduates are fortunate in finding such interesting work as Jacqueline von der Hagen, who writes enthusiastically of her new position.

"A week after the thrilling graduation exercises in the stadium, I left for San Fernando, Calif.,—San Fernando is a suburb of Los Angeles. There I took a position as laundry teacher at El Retin school, which is a county school for problem girls. It is an experimental school, and the only one of its kind, so I am more than fortunate to be here.

"The work is immensely interesting. These girls, who are not *bad*, but just *unfortunate*, afford us a great deal of amusement, as well as a wonderful chance to study the modern girl of high school age. I like the work very much, and California even better. Every two weeks we have three days off; this gives us a good opportunity to see the state. I have already seen a great deal of it.

"I hope the other members of the class of '25 are enjoying their work as much as I am."

'25 Ed—Maude E. Ramm is teaching public speaking and expression in the high school of Iron River, Mich. She spent the Christmas holidays in Minneapolis. Miss Ramm is a former Minnesota Masquer.

'25 E—Dean Rankin and Ferdinand J. Brimyer are rooming together at 4838 W. Madison street, Chicago. Mr. Rankin is working in the engineering department of the Concrete Engineering company, while Mr. Brimyer is with Joseph C. Llewellyn, Architect.

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THAT \$13,500 PRIZE NOVEL

WILD GEESSE, by *Martha Ostenso*. (Dood-Mead \$2.00)

Of course you know, if you follow publication at all, that this first novel by a woman entirely unknown to literary circles before its publication, is one of the most talked-of books of the year. Copious publicity has been given to the fact that this volume won the \$13,500 prize offered by the publishers for the best first novel to be submitted to them, and that WILD GEESSE was the unanimous choice of the judges. Such an announcement would naturally give rise to widespread interest, not only in the book but in its author, and cause people to wonder about the woman who submitted a work of such extraordinary method and skill, as a first attempt.

And indeed the career of Martha Ostenso repays this interest. Coming to America as a child—a Norwegian—she spent her youth in southern Canada, almost a frontier country. Later on she attended school and college in Winnipeg, then went back to the region of her childhood to teach for a time. To speak definitely, Miss Ostenso taught in northern North Dakota and in Minnesota; and it is of a region, unnamed, but like this, that she writes in WILD GEESSE.

The story itself is episodic in character. It deals with the life and fortunes of a certain Gare family who lived in this northern country, ceaselessly toiling to wring a fortune from the rich black land, driven relentlessly by the father, Caleb Gare, whose passion was fruitful soil. Lind Archer, the school-teacher, came to live with the Gares, and it is through her that the story unfolds. Caleb Gare is an American character, yet is an European type of villain, cunning, malicious, and avid for power over the lives of his unfortunate family. Amelia, the wife, he held in thrall by his knowledge of a certain illegitimate child, now grown to manhood; his two sons he held in sullen obedience through fear; he forced his daughter, Ellen, to send away her lover, that she might remain a slave at home. Only the youngest daughter, Judith, beautiful and tempestuous, dared lift her head from the drudgery of barn-cleaning, to hurl defiance at her father. Add to such a situation the coming of Mark Jordan, Amelia's son, although totally ignorant of the fact, and you see the endless possibility for dramatic action.

And indeed, the story is dramatic, with the stark, realistic drama which has become so popular of late. One might say it was ugly, were it not so beautifully saved by the author. Miss Ostenso has undertaken the hard task of bringing beauty out of dross, of making the commonplace into heroic poetry and of portraying human nature warped and distorted by environment—and in all cases she has succeeded. The reader gets the suspense, the hatred, the suppressed passion of the Gare household perfectly, yet at no time does the story become melodramatic or bizarre, even when Judith, enraged, hurls an axe at her father's head, or when Caleb, fighting to save his flax-crop, is destroyed by the greedy earth that he so loved.

Much—far too much, so-called creative writing, is nothing of the sort. Rather it is a re-working of old themes and old styles, decorated with new trappings. WILD GEESSE is an exception to the rule, in that its material is of a new territory, and its phraseology is never hackneyed. The author has a gift for figure of speech that is phenomenal in its beauty and originality, and she sees nature with an exactitude that is, indeed, a pleasurable change from the platitudes of other writers of the "nature-book." The student of writing, as well as the ordinary reader, will be interested in noting the facility with which this young woman suggests a landscape by a few well-chosen words.

The wild geese?—oh, yes—you've been wondering what part they play in the narrative. Lind Archer came to teach the Gare school in the spring, when the air was full of the clarion call of the northward-flying wild-fowl. She left in the fall, when the geese were again passing, this time to the south. They typify the freedom for which the Gares longed—, to quote the author, "a magnificent seeking through solitude. . . an endless quest. . ."—H.R.

ABOUT NAKED SAVAGES

THE MAP THAT IS HALF UNROLLED, by *E. Alexander Powell*. (The Century Co. \$3.50).

On every page of this new book by Alexander Powell there is a revelation of the practices and rites of the quite naked natives of the Dark Continent. This account serves as supplement to Mr. Powell's earlier book called "Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim." In that work

he wrote of Abyssinia and Madagascar; in this, he relates his adventures in the heart of the continent, a little above and a little below the equator in the provinces of Tanganyika and Belgian Congo. Because of its more penetrating discoveries and its more direct style of narration "The Map that is Half Unrolled" steals intenser interest and leaves a stronger impression than the first book. The historical information is less forced, or rather, it is more skilfully entwined in the narrative, for it is a necessary background for this kind of book of travel.

Mr. Powell, Mrs. Powell and Mr. Rexford Barton, the artist, started from Dar-Es-Salaam, a seaport just below the island of Zanzibar, on their journey "into the blue." They travel partly by rail, or carried in hammocks by sweating black men through jungle territory; sometimes they are borne down mysterious rivers in a pirogue directed by twenty natives at the paddles. Trekking through the tall grasses of equatorial Africa at 120 degrees in the shade (and no shade in some of those uplands) with grim and sullen servants, except for the one butler Amoni, proves to be as dangerous as it is full of thrills, adventures, and sensations, with the human leopards lurking about, the hideous witch-doctors paint-besmirched, the tsetse-fly endangering life with its deadly germ of sleeping-sickness, and the boom-lay-boom of distant drums answering each other's messages as accurately as the telegraphic code. That there are races of men who live on blood and milk, on a butter of which the recipe is odious, and on the flesh of human beings of which the toes and palms of the hands are the envied portions, is an incredible thing; yet Mr. Powell's adventures bring us close to those facts.

If you read this book, you will change your whole idea of Africa and the Congo; if you saw the play, "White Cargo," you will find that it, too, is fallacious in many respects; you will not think of a swampy low jungle when you speak of the Congo, but you will think of prairie uplands with cattle and wild horses grazing on them, of soap factories on the Congo River, of cobalt skies, and soft breezes perfumed with frangipani.

Besides two maps, there are 349 illustrations with such intriguing titles as this: "A Swahili Hair-dresser and her Victim," "The Memsa-hib," "Dance Made," "A Belle of Bukama," "An African Filling Station," "Only a Poor Working Girl," "Feminine Fashions in Equatorial." The book is bound in sea-green and black and gold-leaf—an attractive number for the new shelf.—*W. A. N.*

VICARIOUS ORIENTAL TRAVEL

BEYOND KHYBER PASS, by *Lowell Thomas*. (The Century Co. 4.00.)

Koran 9:5. "And when the sacred months are passed, kill those who join other gods to God wherever ye shall find them; and seize them, besiege them, lay wait for them with every kind of ambush."

Such is the spirit that urges every Pathan, Afridi, Afghan, and Baluchi of the faith, to slit the throat of every "dog of an unbeliever." So Lowell Thomas' adventure into Afghanistan through the regions inhabited by these tribes, past the Khyber Pass and across the Afghan Desert to Kabul, offers a tale which certainly does not lack excitement. Confronted at the Khyber Pass by the sign: "It is Absolutely Forbidden to Pass this Border into Afghan Territory," Mr. Thomas and his party did not turn back, for they carried the seal of His Majesty Amir Am-Allah Khan.

On their way to the forbidden land, stragglers told these adventurers tales of those who had gone boldly into that territory unaccompanied, and without special permit. Some had been raided and murdered by the tribes from the hills; others had died on the desert, and their bones lay bleaching in the scorching sun. One outlaw of a believer gained his religious prestige because he killed an unbeliever who slept with his feet toward Mecca!

You cannot fail to be charmed by this book. Caravanserais, oriental bazaars, dark-skinned beauty brightly arrayed, give color and romance to the pages of the narrative.

Travel vicariously in the orient—"Beyond Khyber Pass."—*W. A. N.*

DAYS ON THE FRONTIER

BUFFALO DAYS, by *Colonel Homer W. Wheeler*. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

The subtitle to BUFFALO DAYS is "Forty years in the Old West: The Personal Narrative of a Cattleman, Indian Fighter and Army Officer." The book is a kind of diary of an educated man who was attracted by the sturdiness and the virility of the west and who suffered all the unpleasantness of a "tenderfoot" to become one of the hardened westerners. It begins with the early days of the west—middle west, to be exact—back in the sixties and the seventies when the author met General Sheridan and General U. S. Grant of the then recent Civil War fame, and when the Indians were making raids and massacring the whites with every change of the wind, and General George Armstrong Custer was doing his best to quiet the Sioux in Minnesota. The narrative told in the first person and, essay-fashion, revealing many interesting personal reactions to strange situations, is replete with Indian lore, mysterious prairie incidents, the "Buffalo Bill" sort of adventure, and militaristic associations and actions.

Here are 361 pages of brown-skinned contact with a wild west that is wild no more.—*W. A. N.*



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The MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY

Saturday, February 6, 1926



CLINGING PERILOUSLY TO THE CLIFFS —

An etching of the hillside dwellings in Spain made by S. Chatwood Burton, professor of architecture, during a visit to that enchanted land two years ago.

Shall Minnesota Seniors be Granted the Harvard and Yale Privilege of attending Classes and Lectures at Will? — Medically Speaking, Is Minnesota Slipping? — How Mijneer Phelps Came to Bloemfontein — Sunday Zoological Museum Lectures Very Popular — Botany Building Bids Submitted — News



The
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The University Calendar

Monday and Tuesday, February 8 and 9
HOCKEY—North Dakota vs. Minnesota at Minneapolis.

Thursday, February 11
MINER'S SHINDIG—Annual School of Mines dance in Minnesota Union. Tickets \$1.25.
EDUCATION BANQUET—Men in School of Education will meet at dinner in Minnesota Union.

Saturday, February 13
SWIMMING MEET—Minnesota vs. Chicago at University tank.

Sunday, February 14
ZOOLOGICAL LECTURE—"How Forests Feed the Clouds," by Rafael Zon, director of Lake States Experiment Station. Lecture at 3:30 in Animal Biology building.

Tuesday, February 15
BASKETBALL—Minnesota vs. Michigan at Minneapolis.

Thursday, February 18
CHARTER DAY—Convocation in Armory at 11:30 a.m., will be an education rally. Educators from all parts of the state will be guests. President Coffman will speak. Alumni are invited.

DRAMATIC PRODUCTION—Minnesota Masquers will give Sheridan's "School for Scandal" in Music Auditorium.

Friday and Saturday, February 19 and 20
HOCKEY—Minnesota vs. Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Sunday, February 21
ZOOLOGICAL LECTURE—"History and Habits of the Termite or White Ant," by Dr. Dwight Minnich, associate professor of animal biology. Lecture at 3:30 in Biology building.

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UNDER MANAGEMENT OF GEO. L. CROCKER

The Minnesota Alumni Weekly



Reward Senior Student Initiative

Plan to Allow Senior Students Own Discretion in Class and Lecture Attendance Gets Boost at Minnesota—Harvard, Yale, Northwestern Have Adopted the Plan

SINCE Harvard announced some months ago that it would allow its upperclassmen, notably seniors with grades averaging 'B' or better, the privilege of attending classes and conferences at will, quite a furor went through the American college system. There were many to condemn, but more to lend an attentive ear and watch for results. Harvard has found the system to work out admirably and they announce that it will be retained permanently.

Yale has done likewise in a slightly modified manner. In the Big Ten Conference the Northwestern faculty has approved a plan whereby students of junior and senior grade whose average is higher than 'B' will be allowed to attend the lectures and conferences in their major subjects as desired, regular class roll, however, being taken in other subjects. At Ohio State university the students have taken the lead and have out referendum petitions urging the administration of that college to allow student initiative to lead itself. The University of North Carolina has followed closely the plan inaugurated by Harvard and has found it to work successfully.

This method has been in vogue amongst European universities without restriction as to students or courses for many years. The theory has been that the student has passed beyond the high school or "gymnasium" stage and that the duties of the universities there are to teach and not force knowledge into the student. The system has borne splendid results on the continent and in England, perhaps, largely because education there is not for the masses. Only the more brilliant person is encouraged by custom and training to enter the university and when he does so his only endeavor is to drain to the source the books and the men placed at his disposal.

The plan has long been studied by American educators and delayed for reasons that are, on the surface, more or less obvious. There is, first, in America the spirit of democracy and mass education which allows anyone and everyone to secure so-called higher education. Custom and training here demand and encourage the young through high school and then into college, whether or not they have the mental equipment, the desire, or the ability. They merely glide through high

school and without questioning why or realizing the privilege, wander on to college, with the result that many fail and are left behind; others drag along and impede the progress of their fellows; and still others come merely for the social advantage, the prestige of being able to expand the chest and announce, proudly, "I am a college graduate," or "I have attended college," depending on the number of years he or she has been allowed to remain in the institution; and many come and remain for the "good time" they can have with what they call "fellow sufferers".

With such a group to assimilate and develop, the American educator has had the double burden of teaching and coaching and assuming the old "schoolmaster with the switch" role, impairing thereby both his own efficiency and teaching ability and that of the students. So it is not strange that American educators have been slow to follow the lead set by our European neighbors.

Unconscious progress, however, has been made toward this system for several years; particularly since the large influx of students since the last great war. Mental tests to pre-determine whether or not a student can be capable of doing collegiate work; freshmen advisory systems to aid the newcomer to acclimate himself to his utterly new environment; and a series of regular weekly orientation courses for the first-year folk delivered by campus leaders, have endeavored to supplement the regular class work and to give the freshman a short course in the system of the university community.

Further steps have been made in the greater latitude allowed senior college students in the selection of electives. Seniors with 'B' grades have been relieved of the June finals.

With slight moderations from the European the editors of the ALUMNI WEEKLY have long favored Minnesota's adopting a similar procedure. They feel that the 'B' grade student has well shown his earnestness and ability and that he will relish more, at least during his last year, being placed on his own initiative, that he may concentrate his talents as he desires. Students there are who can assimilate as much out of one lecture and supplemental reading as others can attending both the lectures and reading assigned, and those more bril-

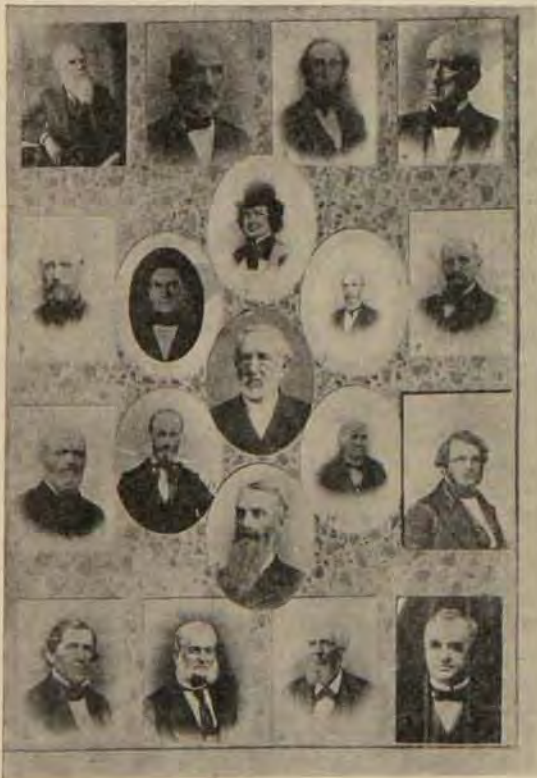
liant should not be held back by the laggards and the indifferent. Many upperclassmen cover their elective work through their own desire and need but few lectures to adjust and align the knowledge thus secured. An examination, preferably oral, will soon test their knowledge of the subject.

Although no definite action has yet been taken at Minnesota, adoption of this plan is slowly drawing near. Many of our leading educators have given their personal endorsement, which in itself, points the way towards the whole-hearted acceptance of the system. Dean Kelley, through an interview recorded in the Daily, stated that "the plan of rewarding responsible and able students will undoubtedly be in force at Minnesota in the near future, and that such a plan will soon be in force in all the schools of the country.

"Students will be required to take a comprehensive examination at the end of the course to show that they have a thorough knowledge of the course," Dean Kelley further stated.

That the responsibility to prepare lessons should rest with the student, and the student should have to demonstrate his ability to work and prepare the lessons, is Dean Kelley's opinion. "The plan of optional attendance should never be adopted as an optional class attendance scheme, but rather to relieve responsible students of unnecessary labor," he stated.

In the absence of President Coffman in the Hawaiian Islands, Dean Kelley's statement is taken for that of the administration. Dean J. B. Johnston, of the Academic college, while refusing to comment on the proposed plan, or to lend his personal endorsement, did state to the ALUMNI WEEKLY, that a committee is at work on the plan, enquiring into its feasibility at Minnesota.



Hiding behind the whiskers in this picture are the members of the University's first board of Regents



The Law School now nestling complacently amidst the oaks that comprise part of the old campus is soon to move over onto the new campus, according to information just given out by the board of regents. The new law school building, to be started within the year will be situated between the Mines building and the Pharmacy laboratory.

INFORMATIVE ARTICLES NEXT WEEK

ENDEAVORING to acquaint alumni with the internal machinery and the administration of the University of Minnesota, and of the progress made, particularly in an internal way, the editors of the Alumni Weekly will begin the publication in its next issue of a series of articles dealing with the serious problems of the University itself.

Beginning with "General University Problems," the series will continue through specific problems: The University's Needs, including its greatest need; Administrative Measures, Statistics of Registration; Gifts, Buildings and Improvements; Legislation and its effect on the University; The Granting of Honorary Degrees, and General University Interests, after which the editors will examine in order the various schools, colleges and major divisions.

The majority of the series will be written by President L. D. Coffman and will therefore be most illuminating.

JALMA TO DIRECT AUTO SHOW MUSIC

MICHAEL JALMA, University music director, will have complete charge of the musical program of the Twin City Auto show to be given Feb. 6 to 11 in St. Paul. This is the first time in the history of the show that the orchestras have been under the direction of one person.

Although the concert band and orchestra are not in any way connected with the University, eight or ten University students will participate.

In the presentation of one of the features of the evening's entertainment, the "1812 Overture," 11 sets of cathedral chimes were especially built and will be used to secure as near as possible the effect of "Ten Thousand Bells of Moscow."

FOOTBALL ARTICLE COMING SOON

APPRECIATING the great interest Minnesota alumni have in collegiate amateur football, and Minnesota football especially, the publication of an article in four parts which strikes at the heart of the present day football situation is to begin with this issue. The article is from an address delivered by E. K. Hall, of Dartmouth, Chairman of the Football Rules committee, at a dinner given by the New York Sun.

Medically Speaking--Is Minnesota Slipping?

Need of 600 Bed Capacity Hospital, fully Equipped and Staffed; Nurses Home and Completion of Millard Hall and the Anatomy Building Urgent Items to Maintain the University of Minnesota As a Leading Medical College

DESPITE the laggardness of the City of Minneapolis in failing to take advantage of the University's offer of a free site for the new Minneapolis general hospital whenever built, adjacent to the campus, the University administration is going ahead with its original plan of eventually increasing the hospital facilities to 600 beds and of bringing other buildings and equipment up to the standards implied by a hospital center of that size, according to an announcement made by the University early this week through the University News service.

During the past year alone the University Hospitals have made a fourth of the stride between their 1924 status and 600 beds by adding to the original 200 bed capacity approximately 100 more, through the construction and opening of the Memorial Cancer Institute and the Todd Memorial Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat units.

Ultimate construction of the Minnesota Hospital and Home for Crippled Children, for which William Henry Eustis is giving the funds, will add about 50 more beds to University of Minnesota hospital facilities. The hospital unit under the Eustis gift will be built on the campus, while the Convalescent Home will go on the property adjoining the Dowling School site which Mr. Eustis gave. It lies on the west bank of the Mississippi River near Minnehaha Park.

Time and again both President L. D. Coffman and the dean of the Medical School, E. P. Lyon, have pointed out that Minnesota is strategically located in the field of medical education and that it has so firm a beginning and prospects so splendid that it would be unwise to plan for its future in any small way. The Medical School seems destined to become a large and comprehensive institution, and to foresee its development in accordance with any other theory would be a mistake.

More than a year ago the Medical School announced plans that would involve the erection there of a Women's Hospital, a Home for Nurses, a Dispensary Building to house the department which already cares for 60,000 patients annually at no more cost to them than a registry fee of ten cents, an Administrative Building, an addition to the Service Building and the completion of the

unfinished wing of Millard Hall, the main medical building.

Toward the accomplishment of this development, what has been done? In view of the keen interest with which Minnesotans seem always to have followed the development of the Medical School and its hospital, it may be worth explaining that the attainment of some of the main objectives seems to be in sight.

In the first place, the University either has received or will receive within a little more than a year the million and a half dollars in real property and securities contemplated in the William Henry Eustis gift.

Secondly, some hundreds of thousands of dollars from the remaining funds due the University under the Comprehensive Building Program have been allocated to the Medical School.

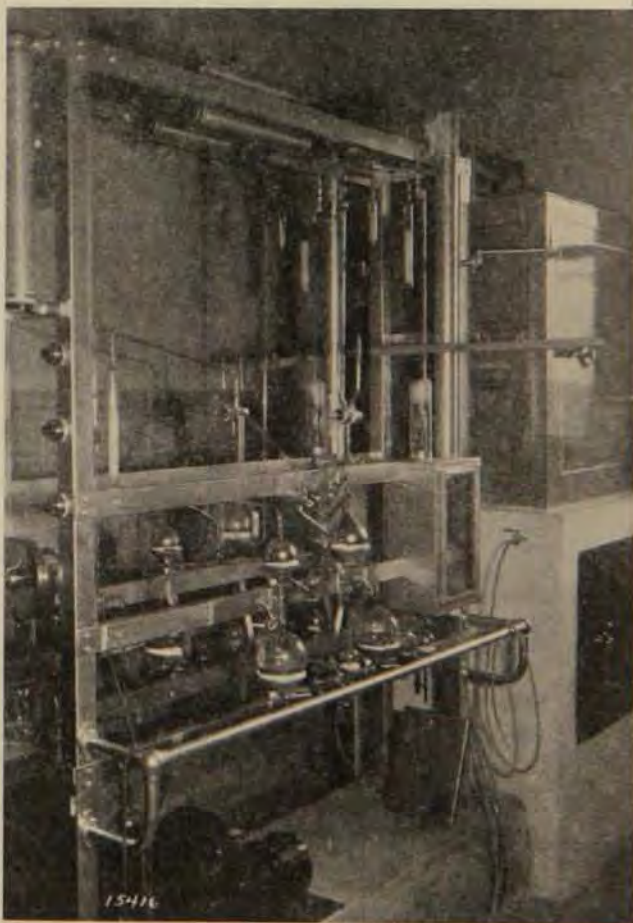
Finally, it is Dean Lyon's firm belief that from some

quarter he will receive either as one gift or several, the money needed for the erection of a Nurses' Home on the university campus.

That some adequate living quarters for the students of nursing and the employed nurses in the University Hospitals be found seems imperative. Not only does the number of nurses increase necessarily as the size of the combined hospitals grows, but the past two years have shown a marked increase in the number of students electing nursing at Minnesota. The class entering in the present year showed an increase of approximately 50 per cent over last year's, one of the biggest percentage gains ever experienced in any unit of the University.

For several years it has been admitted that living quarters for the nurses and student nurses are inadequate.

Few other needs of the University of Minnesota can have so great an appeal to persons philanthropically inclined as does the cause of wholesome, cheerful, comfortable and adequate homes for these young women.



This is the New Cancer Radium Machine

Student nurses go through an arduous course of training in preparation for a career that is well paid but that involves much hard work, long hours, strenuous duties, and requires much exact information and no little skill. At the completion of a day's work these students need, perhaps more than any other group of women students, a home in which they can relax in comfort and enjoy the stimulus of study and companionship in attractive surroundings.

There is no implication that the student nurses must live in squalor even at present, but the remodelled residences in which most of them are housed, have, in the first place, too little room for the increased student body in nursing, and in the second place, they lack almost all of the attractive features which could so easily be included in a well-designed home for nurses should some one see fit to make such a building possible.

Because the money for it is assured, the other unit placed near the top in this program of enlargement is the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children. And next most important, as Dean Lyon views it, is the new Dispensary Building. The dispensary work is housed at present in part of the semi-basement of Millard Hall, the headquarters building of the Medical School. It not only takes up much space that could be used to advantage in other ways, but it is inconveniently arranged, making it practically necessary, because of its public nature, to shut off that part of the building from the part in which instruction is carried on.

Dean Lyon plans to build the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children as an adjoining unit to the Cancer and Todd Hospitals, lying along Union street, and the Dispensary Building, eventually, along Delaware street at the corner of Union street, also connecting with the other units.

A striking fact about the growing group of University of Minnesota hospitals is that although they are state hospitals by legislative enactment and are officially entitled the Minnesota General Hospital, relatively little state tax money has been used in their construction. The Elliot Memorial Hospital, the original unit, was made possible by a gift of \$113,000 from the estate of Dr. and Mrs. Adolphus F. Elliot of Minneapolis, after which public-spirited citizens came forward with a donation of \$43,000 for the purchase of a site. The state contributed \$83,000 toward the project for completion of the building and purchase of equipment. The Memorial Cancer Institute was financed by the \$250,000 gift of



MEDICAL SCHOOL
Dean E. P. Lyon describes Medical progress in this issue.

the Citizens Aid Society, and the Todd, Gale, and Mapes gifts provided \$45,000 toward erection of the Todd Memorial Unit. University money to the amount of more than \$100,000 was used in the completion of the Todd unit, making it, of the entire hospital group, the chief beneficiary from university funds. It is not implied that the state has pursued a particularly penurious policy, for it built Millard Hall and the Institute of Anatomy, each at a cost of more than \$300,000, though truth to tell, their erection was an imperative necessity, for without them Minnesota would have had no adequate Medical School. The state also appropriated money for the service building.

The interesting fact remains that time and again in the history of the Medical School public-minded men and women have seen the necessity of contributing substantially to the development of medical education to strengthen the hands of those who are leading in the fight against disease and suffering and in scientific explorations that bring new knowledge and experience to be employed in that battle.

The casual visitor to the new units of the University Hospitals is impressed with the skillful arrangement of corridors, rooms and wards, as well as by some of the more outstanding pieces of equipment. In the X-ray room of the Memorial Cancer Institute he will be struck by the polished and beautiful walls of greenish tile and will learn that beneath that tile the room is completely sheathed in a leaden lining, half an inch or more thick, which prevents the powerful rays from penetrating the walls and wandering off into places where they are not wanted. These walls also serve to protect practitioners employing the rays, which are known to have serious effects on persons constantly exposed to them,



Entrance to the new Cancer Institute and the Todd Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinic, a recent addition to Elliot Memorial Hospital. Several additional units are urgently needed in order that Minnesota may retain her leadership with other colleges in medicine.

as some hospital workers are. Like other therapeutic agencies, they are good when applied for the purpose and in the manner designated by medical science, but are not to be trifled with.

Another bit of equipment for which the University is thankful to a generous donor is the radium emanation plant in the Memorial Cancer Institute. This was obtained with part of the funds in the Howard Baker Bequest, a gift of \$40,000 for use in one of the specified departments of the Medical School and more recently designated to be spent in the fight against cancer.

Dissolved in a flask of water, the radium, which cost more than \$30,000 although it weighs but half a gram, approximately one-tenth as much as a five cent piece, is enclosed in a ball of lead that lies inside a huge iron safe, carefully locked. It could not easily be stolen and if stolen would be useless to the possessor, first, because he would lack the scientific skill to recover it from the water, and second, because radium is so scarce that

anyone offering half a gram for sale would immediately be suspected unless he were an authorized dealer. Nevertheless the University of Minnesota carries insurance on its supply.

The fact is that the actual radium will not be used in the treatment of patients, for the supply is large enough to permit the collection of radium emanations. These are very short lived, but during the few days of their effectiveness, they are not only as good as original radium for purposes of treatment, but are better because their strength can be standardized.

Radium emanations, infinitesimal sparks of radioactive matter, are constantly given off by radium, and while these retain their potency they are as good for cancer treatment as the original substance. To collect these emanations in the tiny glass tubes in which they are used, an elaborate piece of equipment has been set up.

A lead covered pipe leads from the lead ball in which the radium is enclosed, out through the wall of the safe to an elaborate pump mechanism composed chiefly of glass flasks, connected by glass tubes, through which mercury is forced by air pressure. The emanations, constantly sparking off from the radium in the safe and escaping through the lead tube into the glass flasks, are forced from a first flask into a second, where chemicals purify them. Helium gas is about the only foreign substance that can not be separated from the emanations. They then are forced into a second flask or chamber, and out of it through glass cocks into tiny glass tubes the size of the lead in a pencil. They contain the radium emanations with which diseased tissues may be treated.

A mere 1800 years from now the hospital will have but one half as much radium as it has now, due to the steady barrage of emanations which will shoot off from the main supply. For the emanations are nothing theoretical or fanciful. They are actual, though minute, bits of the parent substance. They are like the sparks that fly from red hot iron struck by a hammer, except that the radium shoots off the sparks on its own account. The activity of the emanations decreases much more rapidly. In fact it decreases one sixth each day, and while this is a geometric progression and will never reach zero, it requires but a few days for a tube's therapeutic potency to be gone.

This leads directly to the conclusion that patented or advertised medicinal articles treated with radium emanations must be used within a week from the time of manufacture if the emanations are to be of any value. And seldom can an article made for sale be sold and used within a week, barring perishables of universal consumption, such as bread.

How Emanations are Standardized

Equipment by which the strength of the small emanation tubes is tested and standardized has been set up. It operates on the same theory as does the famous "mechanical bloodhound" perfected by Professor Henry A. Erikson, head of the Department of Physics at Minnesota, which "barks" at the presence of radium. This piece of equipment is the common one known as an electro-scope. Pieces of gold leaf are attached to a tube suspended in a large empty container, and are charged with electricity, both receiving the same charge, either positive or negative. Then, under the laws of electricity, they repel one another and stand apart. But as it happens, radium makes the air near it a conductor of electricity, with the result that, as soon as the electro-scope comes near the radium the electric charge flows

off, and the pieces of gold leaf, no longer charged, flutter down on the rod. In determining the strength of emanation tubes a measurement is obtained by measuring the distances from the electro-scope at which the tubes cause the electric current to escape. Tubes that are effective at the same distance are of approximately the same strength.

Dean Lyon cites such equipment as the radium emanation machine as proof that the science of physics is coming into medicine today in much the same way that chemistry did a quarter of a century ago, when the bio-chemists and physiological chemists began making the discoveries which have since given them such an important position in medical science. Insulin as a cure for diabetes is the most recent and possibly the most outstanding contribution of the chemists to modern medicine.

"With the spreading use of radium, ultra-violet light, roentgen rays and the like, the physicist is taking his place alongside the chemist," Dean Lyon says. "Some marvelous pieces of equipment have been developed as important adjuncts to medical practice. In performance these machines are therapeutic, which is to say, curative, but their operation is usually beyond the skill of the average physician and a thoroughly trained physicist is needed to manage them. It requires a physicist rather than an M. D., for example, to determine just the correct angle at which an X-ray machine should be directed at a patient if the rays are to reach the very place where they are to take effect and no other, as in the case of a cancer seated deep in the body. It takes a physicist, also, to operate the machine effectively, for, while it is true that anyone can make it go when all is well, just as anyone can put his foot on the gas and steer a motorcar that is in good order, the moment any difficulty arises, a thorough understanding of the equipment is necessary."

Machines like the X-ray and the deep-heat machine, which employ the principles of electricity to carry heat to spots deep in the body rather than to the surface alone, are instances of the new physical therapy which, according to Dean Lyon, is definitely a part of medicine in the broad sense, but yet is not necessarily implied in the M. D. degree. In his own phrase, "they are as much a part of medicine as the scalpel and the pill." And they represent new and wonderful phases of that ever advancing and improving science.

'U' Hospital is State Institution

People the state over have been relatively slow to realize that the Minnesota General Hospital, comprising the University of Minnesota Hospitals, is as much a part of the state hospital system as are the state hospitals for feeble minded, insane, epileptics, or for children and tubercular persons. The only real difference is that the University Hospitals are operated under the direction of the Board of Regents while the others are under the Board of Control, and that the former hospitals have linked with their curative functions, though secondarily, the teaching function necessarily borne by a hospital that is part of an educational institution.

Dean Lyon points out that the word to be emphasized in relation to the Minnesota General Hospital is "general," inasmuch as it is the institution to which the counties of the state may send general cases, those for which Minnesota has not made specific provision elsewhere in its asylums and institutions. It is now coming generally to be understood that any county, indeed any

commissioner of any county, may send to the University Hospitals indigents who are in need of hospitalization. Half of the expense of their hospitalization is stood by the county and half by the state. The state reimburses the University and collects half of its outlay from the county. In this sense hospitalization means hospital costs only, there being no charge for medical attention, inasmuch as that is provided by the full-time staff members, who use their cases for teaching purposes, students being required to observe the treatments as they progress.

It was the wish of the original benefactor of the hospital, Dr. Elliot, that his gift go to better the lot of lonely and friendless invalids and, at least in the ratio of his donation to the investment in the whole hospital, a policy of receiving charity cases has been maintained. In addition, however, to the indigent patients sent by counties and to the charity cases, the University Hospitals receive patients of moderate means who can pay for hospitalization but are unable to meet standard hospital costs. In this, according to Dean Lyon, it is meeting one of the recognized needs of the present era, in that it is an often stated belief that medical attention is immediately available to the poor, who get it through charity, and to the rich, who can command every convenience, but is often foregone by the class of persons who are neither in poverty nor affluence and to whom such unexpected and out of the ordinary bills as those for physicians and hospital service are sometimes the "last straw." It is equally well known, of course, that physicians treat thousands of such persons, frequently without receiving any pay at all, a burden which is partly lifted from their shoulders by such institutions as that on the Minnesota campus.

Private Patients Now Admitted

By a recent action of the University Regents a new policy has been established of permitting designated full-time members of the medical faculty to treat some personal patients in the Minnesota General Hospital under an arrangement whereby hospital costs are paid to the University and reasonable fees to the attending physician himself. This is a system that has been put into effect by a number of prominent medical schools in Boston and New York, and the reasons for it are not hard to find in the annals of medical education. These schools have been faced with the conflicting facts that they need full-time teachers on their faculties and that full-time teaching in medicine is certain to remove a physician from the active practice of his profession which is so desirable in keeping him perfectly alert and proficient. State institutions have no choice but to interpret "full-time" as just what it means, with the consequence that doctors who become full-time teachers have to give up downtown practice. It is to provide these men with an opportunity to keep up a small and highly necessary practice, to keep them wholly alive in their profession, that the permission for them to have personal patients in the University Hospitals has been voted by the Board of Regents.

Thanks to what has been learned from the experiences of the past, the Minnesota Hospital and Home for Crippled Children will be adequately supported by the original gift, which will be so administered that it will both build and equip the buildings and provide an endowment for their maintenance. Approximately \$1,000,000 of this gift of more than \$1,500,000 will be retained as an endowment to assure at all times the fully efficient ad-

ministration and support of the noble work which the Hospital and Home has been designated by its donor to perform.

SMILEY, CORRESPONDENCE HEAD, DIES

GRIEF has again descended into the University community, this time in the death of William C. Smiley ('08L '09G), head of the Correspondence division, a branch of the General Extension division.

Professor Smiley, 52 years old, died early Thursday, January 28, at his home, 1835 Iglehart avenue, St. Paul. Heart disease, which had troubled him frequently during the last few years, was given as the cause of his death. He died while asleep and was found by his mother when she entered his room about 8 a.m.

Professor Smiley was born in Petroleum Center, Pa., Sept. 2, 1873. He obtained law degrees in 1908 and 1909 and practised law in Minneapolis until 1916, then assuming a position with the extension division of the university. On leave of absence from 1917 to 1919, he served as a major in the office of the adjutant general of the United States Army, and at the time of his death was a lieutenant colonel in the Officers Reserve Corps. Professor Smiley also served as a lieutenant with the 14th Minnesota Volunteers in the Spanish-American war.

Since 1922, when Professor Smiley became head of the correspondence study department, the enrolment has increased from almost none to more than 3,000 students a year. He taught his usual business law class at the courthouse in Minneapolis Wednesday night.

The offices of the extension department on the campus, in St. Paul, and in Duluth were closed in Professor Smiley's memory. Services were held in the Smiley home at 2 p.m. Saturday. The body was taken to Franklin, Pa., for burial. Surviving Mr. Smiley are: Mr. Smiley's mother, Mrs. N. E. Smiley; his half sister, Mrs. Jane Miller; an aunt, Mrs. R. N. Adams, St. Paul; and a brother, Nelson B. Smiley, Oklahoma.

He was a member of the St. Paul Athletic Club, the Masonic lodge and of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, to which organization he devoted many long hours of administrative work.

'U' WOMEN'S SCHOLARSHIP AVAILABLE

GRADUATE women who intend to obtain a higher degree by study in Paris are eligible for scholarships to be presented by the American University Women's Paris club for the academic year 1926-27. These scholarships are to be applied toward cost of residence at the club.

Scholastic ability and personality are the basis on which the scholarships are to be awarded. Necessary credentials are: a letter of application stating the candidate's preparation for study abroad and plan of future work, a letter from the dean as to the applicant's personality and character as well as her scholarly qualifications, and letters from two professors as to her work and promise of success. The foregoing testimonials should be sent to Virginia Newcomb, secretary of the board of managers, 165 West 83rd street, New York city, before March 1.

Four of the scholarships are of a value of 350 francs a month for nine months of the academic year, and two of them are of value of 200 francs a month each for nine months of the academic year.

How *Mijnbeer* Phelps Came to *Bloemfontein*

The Hobnobbing, Rollicking Adventures of One of the Minnesota Daily's Most Ardent of Editors—An Adventure in Which Tom Phelps', '23, Description of the South African Town of Bloemfontein is Sardonicly Portrayed



Right—Tom W. Phelps ('23), onetime editor of the *Minnesota Daily* who left the *Minneapolis Journal* for a canoe trip down the Mississippi river. Above—How the *Daily* looked when Tom was editor.

WHO amongst us is there who has not longed for the open veldt, the wide open spaces that defy the established traditions that civilization has hampered us with long ere we reached the state of childhood?

And who amongst us, when he reaches the great wide reaches, where the primitive and the credulous dwell, does not relinquish scholarly tradition, dull custom, and monotonous mannerism for the extravagant the precarious and the subtle?

There are many of us who will envy the life that is being followed as willfulness dictates by an alumnus of the University of Minnesota. An alumnus, reserved and dignified, one-time editor of the *Minnesota Daily*, Phi Beta Kappa, Beta, and a' that, who left the city last spring on a canoe trip for New Orleans, and who, when last heard from was on his way to Cape Town, South Africa, that land of veldt, bastaards, blacks and near blacks—and Dutch.

Comes to the desk of the editor of the *ALUMNI WEEKLY*, a clipping from the "Friend", a newspaper published in the fair city of Bloemfontein, with heavy accent on the *Bloem*, indicating its Dutch origin, where every true full-blooded white man is respectfully addressed by the half-breed *bastaards*, as *Mijnbeer*, and where each fat-bellied Dutchman, as he waddles down the street, is followed by a safeguarding troupe of shiny blacks and near blacks, guarding not so much his person as his dignity and resembling exasperatingly a circus parade of a page out of *Don Quixote*.

The clipping, if you please, is one that would startle the good friends of Tom W. Phelps ('23), erstwhile city editor of the *Minneapolis Journal* and sometime Chairman of the editorial advisory committee of the *ALUMNI WEEKLY*.

The editor of the "Friend", credulous Dutchman that he is, takes great pride under date of December 23, 1925, in publishing the clipping, which he relates came

into his hands after having been written to American friends. Perhaps Tom dropped in to see the editor, who, appreciating the prominence his city was securing in America, decided to publish the account, which he did with the following pre-lead note.

The story, pointing out as it does, the release of man from the bounds that have hemmed him in, makes for better entertainment than an evening with the radio, the family baby, or the newly acquired travelogue of misinformation. Read it:

The writer of the lively, piquant and purely American view of Bloemfontein that appears below is Mr. T. W. Phelps, journalist of Minneapolis, U. S. A., who is traveling around the world, sending home his impressions thereof. He is a very bright specimen of the New World: graduate of the University of Minnesota: (deleted by censor); third, (further deletion); plus three years in free-lance journalism in the big west. What he has to say will be of much interest to our readers.

Bloemfontein is a burg to write home about. It is the sort of heaven on earth that bachelors pray for when they put on their soup and fish, and find holes in the heels of all their socks. No one's heels are sunburned in Bloemfontein. The city darns the socks, washes the clothes and sews on buttons where buttons once were, all at a flat rate (to single men) of less than five iron men per month. Appearing on the main drag in holey hosiery marks you a stranger in Bloemfontein.

The ubiquitous Town Clerk, Mr. J. P. Logan, is the overseer of the municipal darnery, washery and buttonery, and the city solons constitute the board of directors. If a taxpayer does not rejoice at the way his collars are ironed, he drops in to see Mr. Logan about it.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT

As might be suspected, a city administration that has the courage to do its citizens' washing has not stopped there. Bloemfontein runs its own bank, which is so popular that it has had to limit the amount of money it will receive. Through the bank the city finances the building of homes, for sale on the instalment plan. It operates a bioscope (South African for movies), an abattoir, and has power to open a pawnshop. The abattoir is a municipal monopoly—all killing must be done there. If you are a cow you are safe anywhere else. With the by-products of the slaughterhouse the city makes soap for its laundry. The city government is the biggest landholder and real estate agent in Bloemfontein, the first city dads having bought 27,000 acres at the exorbitant price of £250—for the entire tract. The city still owns about 18,000 acres, including a forest of 1,000,000 trees that in another decade will be valued at an amount equal to the city's debt, if that does not grow, too. Besides these uncommon activities, the municipality operates its own water supply, tram system, market and glim factory.

It is the trams that put the visitor's eye out. America has a safety-first slogan: "A street car can't dodge." Don't you believe it in Bloemfontein. The trams run on rubber tyres, and can perambulate all over the asphalt. Overhead they have two trolley wires, the extra one to atone for the rails they don't have.

SPRUIT IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET

Even the spruit (river) has to step lively on its way through the capital of the Orange Free State. It used to meander all over the place like a sailor full of moon, but the city fathers voted it a concrete straight-jacket, and now it goes through like a mill-race. To keep the river-bed moist all year round, a dam was built, and Loch Logan came into being.

Bloemfontein is the biggest city of its population in the world. Where is another metropolis of 19,000 White inhabitants—40,000, counting all colours—with an area of 27,000 acres? Or with as fine a collection of public buildings? Or as big a rose garden?

Life in Bloemfontein is, on the whole, not strenuous, except in the vicinity of Mr. Logan. The typical South African day consists of seven tea-times and six intervals, and Bloemfontein is to this extent typical. Tea is not the only drink. Bloemfontein has prohibition

for the Coloured man, but the Whites still have the right to the hiccup that cheers.

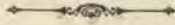
A WHITE CITY AND A BLACK

Bloemfontein has solved its own Native problem. Residentially there are two cities, one White and one Black. For business there is but one. On the surface this seems a more economical solution than mass segregation. Houses in the Native city are built chiefly of sun-dried brick, and are large and roomy by comparison with the ordinary Native hut. Bloemfontein residents admit that it is the best Native city in the world.

The weather prophet for Bloemfontein has a cinch. All he has to do is to guess "continued fair," day after day, and he is right 19 times out of 20.

The last word is for Bloemfontein girls. It always is theirs. They are pippins—shingled pippins. Do they object to the municipal darning's competition for the affections of Bloemfontein bachelors? They should laugh! That's where they send their husband's socks.

T. W. PHELPS, Minneapolis.



SUNDAY MUSEUM LECTURES POPULAR

COULD the modern advertising agent and publicity man secure the favorable impression that Dr. Thomas S. Roberts' Sunday afternoon lectures have made, he would consider his work well done.

For the Sunday afternoon lectures offered for the sixth consecutive year by the Zoological Museum have attracted more visitors than the lecture room will hold. Several lectures have already been given but there are still eight splendid lectures, each of which will provide you with an instructive and entertaining Sunday afternoon.

The lectures are given in the general lecture room, third floor back, in the Animal biology building at 3:30 o'clock; illustrated lantern slides and movies accompany the talks or follow immediately after the address.

At the same hour an illustrated lecture or talk is given in the lower lecture room by Mary Tillisch, of Miss Wood's Kindergarten training school, for the younger children who may come to the museum. This is done because the lectures in the regular course are not designed for children under 10 and 12 years of age.

The museum which is located in the same building will be open to the public from 2 to 5 o'clock for the inspection of visitors. The exhibits, with which the majority of readers of the Alumni Weekly are familiar through previous articles describing various groups in the museum, consist of several large habitat groups of mammals and birds, a considerable number of smaller groups, and other objects illustrating the natural history of the state.

Dr. Roberts calls special attention at this time to the large Black bear group, another gift from James Ford Bell ('01) which was recently completed and is now open for inspection. It contains a family of bears including two old bears and three cubs. The setting is a rock-bound river gorge on the north shore of Lake Superior with a background painting by R. Bruce Horsfall showing the forest in the foreground and a vista of the so-called "Saw-tooth Mountains" in the distance. The group is embellished with many beautiful wax reproductions of the flowers, fruits, and plants of the region characteristic of the month of August, which is the season represented. The bears were collected in northern Minnesota by Mr. Jenness Richardson, museum taxidermist, and the group in all its details was worked out and executed by Mr. and Mrs. Richardson. Mrs. Richardson alone has made all the wax reproductions. The group is a fine example of this form of exhibit and a study of it alone will well repay a visit to the museum.

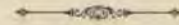
The following lectures have already been given in the course:

- January 3. *Our Birds and Their Insect Food*. By Thos. S. Roberts, Director of the Zoological Museum, University of Minnesota.
- January 10. *Nature Study in Our Public Schools*. By Miss Jennie Hall, Supervisor of Nature Study in the Minneapolis Public Schools.
- January 17. *Evidences of Prehistoric Man in Europe; a Recent Survey*. By A. E. Jenks, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.
- January 24. *The Wild Life of Isle Royal*. By Frank M. Warren of Minneapolis.
- January 31. *Bacteriophages and Their Relation to Disease Germs*. By Robert G. Green, Assistant Professor of Bacteriology, University of Minnesota.

Following are the titles of remaining lectures to which Minnesota alumni are invited. There is, of course, Dr. Roberts says, no charge.

- February 7. *An Illustrated Talk on Minnesota Reptiles*. By Mrs. Grace Wiley, Curator of the Museum of the Minnesota Academy of Sciences, Public Library, Minneapolis.
- February 14. *How Forests Feed the Clouds*. By Raphael Zon, Director, Lake States Forest Experiment Station, U. S. Department of Agriculture, and Cloquet Forest Experiment Station, University of Minnesota.
- February 21. *The History and Habits of the Termites or White Ants*. By Dwight E. Minnich, Associate Professor of Animal Biology, University of Minnesota.
- February 28. *Water Babies*. By Charles P. Sigerfoos, Professor of Zoology, University of Minnesota.
- March 7. *Eight Days on the Desert*. By William S. Cooper, Assistant Professor of Botany, University of Minnesota.
- March 14. *Origin of Minnesota Plant Life*. By C. O. Rosendahl, Professor of Botany, University of Minnesota.
- March 21. *The Native Orchids of Minnesota*. By N. L. Huff, Assistant Professor of Botany, University of Minnesota.
- March 28. *Rambles of a Bird Lover in Minnesota*. By Thos. S. Roberts, Director of the Zoological Museum, University of Minnesota.

Several of these lectures will be published in the ALUMNI WEEKLY for the benefit of those unable to attend the series. For publication the following have been selected and will appear in the order named. "Evidences of Prehistoric Man in Europe" by Albert Ernest Jenks, professor of Anthropology and chairman of the Department, who has just returned after a two years' leave of absence from his work at Minnesota; "How Forests Feed the Clouds" by Raphael Zon, professor and director, Lakes States Experiment Station, U. S. Department of Agriculture, and Cloquet Forest Experiment Station, University of Minnesota; and "Eight Days on the Desert" by William S. Cooper, assistant professor of Botany, whose article on the Muir Glacier in the ALUMNI WEEKLY last year, created so much favorable comment.



BOTANY BUILDING BIDS ARE NOW IN

FIRST bids for construction of the new Botany building were received last week W. T. Middlebrook, controller for the University, has announced.

Building of the structure will start immediately, Mr. Middlebrook said, if the bids are found to be within the limit of the \$225,000 set aside. The building itself is to cost \$200,000 and the entire equipment the remainder of the appropriation.

The new Botany building is to be located south of the present Animal Biology building and will be of the same type of architecture, according to the plans of C. H. Johnston, chief architect. Seven stories have been planned; three of them below the level of the street. The structure is to be 80x60 feet. One entire floor will be used to house and store plants of all kinds and will ultimately be connected with the greenhouses of the University by a tunnel. The main lecture hall is designed to seat 350 students.

With the \$250,000 appropriation for the plant industry or bio-chemical building to be erected on the farm campus it was found that the fund of \$560,000 each year for 10 years set aside by the state legislature was exhausted up to the year 1929, according to Mr. Middlebrook. This means that until new appropriations are made by the legislature no more buildings can be constructed other than Physics, Law and Bio-chemistry.

Wrestlers Look Forward to Chicago Meet Saturday

Basketball Upset Further Reviewed -- Swimmers Anxious for First Meet

By JOE MADER, Jr., Sports Editor

CHICAGO proved to be the stepping stone for the rise of the gopher basketball team from their position in the cellar of the Big Ten standings, last Wednesday evening, when Captain Rasey led a quintet of fighters against the Maroons and defeated them in a hectic battle 26 to 24.

This was the first home game of the season, and 4,500 eager fans watched the Gophers turn in a victory in their first game on the home floor. It was very gratifying to see the spirit displayed by the spectators despite the fact that the Maroon and Gold team had fared disastrously in three prior games.

Coach Harold Taylor presented a different lineup than ever before, when he placed Roger Wheeler at stationary guard in place of Vern Wright. Herb Wolden was back at his center position, and his work was one of the bright lights of the evening. Wolden was pitted against the three year veteran "Babe" Alyea, but he kept Alyea from displaying his heralded offensive power. The playing of Mally Nydahl, sophomore star, was only outshone by the brilliant scoring of Black Rasey.

Ray Rasey dispelled all doubts in the minds of the spectators as to his right to share conference honors in scoring. He scored five baskets and two free throws, which put him from sixteenth place in the conference scoring list to eighth. Rasey was forced out of the game late in the last period because of four personal fouls. MacKinnon replaced him and worked well in the offense.

The game was featured by close guarding, three men leaving the game because of personal fouls. Hoerger, Chicago's best defensive player, left the game early in the third period because of fouls, and he was followed soon after by Herb Wolden, center of the Minnesota team. Rasey remained until nearly the end of the game. The ability of Mally Nydahl to make free throws contributed greatly to the Gopher victory. Out of three free trials, Nydahl scored a perfect record.

It was interesting to watch Black Rasey elude Hoerger, whom coach Nordgren had detailed to watch the diminutive Gopher ace. Rasey kept him guessing continually by alternating his close-in shots with several long baskets from the sidelines.

Rasey put Minnesota into an early lead when he counted on two free throws. Wolden followed a minute later with a field goal. Captain Alyea made it 4 to 1 when he counted after being fouled by Wheeler. Nydahl then came through for a basket, and was followed by Hoerger, Maroon guard, who scored on a foul. A few minutes later Chicago gained three points when Wolden fouled Zimmerman after the Maroon forward had made a field goal. Zimmerman scored on the free throw, making it six to five in Minnesota's favor.

Chicago went into the lead for the first time soon after when Zimmerman counted on a short range shot. Soon after he tallied again on a free throw. Rasey took the ball from Mason on an out-of-bound play and scored a brilliant shot to knot the score. Two plays later he again took the ball and put the Gophers in the lead. McDonough counted for the Maroons with a free throw. Wolden followed with a field goal, and Rasey slipped in a neat field goal from the side a minute later. Chicago took time out as the Gophers had



HE BUILDS STRONG BODIES
Coach Blaine McKusick is boxing and wrestling coach at Minnesota.

amassed eight points in less than three minutes.

As the play resumed, Zimmerman scored from under the basket. He was followed by a short basket by Mason, and then Ray Rasey took the ball well out in the center of the floor and sank a pretty goal putting the Gophers well in the lead 18 to 11. Farewell went in for Hoerger. Wheeler counted once on a free throw, and McDonough tallied by the same route. The half ended with the Gophers in the lead 19 to 12.

Chicago came back in the second half with an attack that took the Gophers by surprise. The Maroons tallied three field goals before Rasey the Gopher, scored in the second half. Sackett of Chicago and Nydahl both scored from the free line. McDonough dribbled close in for a score, and a minute later, Hoerger left the game on four personals. Alyea scored a free throw and was followed by Nydahl who made two points by this route, making the score 24 to 21, with the Gophers still leading.

Wolden here left the game as McDonough tallied another point for the Chicago quint. Tuttle replaced Wolden. Nydahl scored on a brilliant shot well in the center of the court. MacKinnon entered the game as Rasey was sent out on personals. As the game drew to a close Alyea scored on a close shot. Bob Smith replaced Nydahl, who took Wheeler's post at

defense. The closing minutes of the game found Minnesota playing an offensive game well in Chicago territory.

BOX SCORE				
Minnesota	FG	FT	P	TP
Rasey (C) f.....	5	2	4	12
Nydahl, f.....	2	3	2	7
Wolden, c.....	2	0	4	14
Mason, g.....	1	0	1	2
Wheeler, g.....	0	1	3	1
McKinnon.....	0	0	0	0
Tuttle.....	0	0	0	0
Smith.....	0	0	0	0
Total.....	10	6	14	26
Chicago				
Sackett, f.....	1	0	1	2
Alyea, c.....	1	2	2	4
Zimmerman, f.....	4	2	1	10
McDonough, g.....	1	3	2	5
Hoerger, g.....	1	1	4	3
Farewell.....	0	0	0	0
Marks.....	0	0	1	0
Total.....	8	8	12	24

Free throws missed—Minn.: Rasey 4, Mason 2, Wheeler 3. Chicago—Sackett 4, Zimmerman 2, Alyea 2, McDonough 1, Marks 1.

Referee—N. Kearns, Indiana. Umpire, J. J. Maloney.

WRESTLERS IMPATIENT

With but four practice sessions remaining, Gopher wrestlers have entered on their final preparations for the meet at Chicago on Saturday. The men are in good shape and are looking forward to their first conference win over Chicago.

Due to injuries, Coach Blaine McKusick will be forced to alter his lineup and is working hard with the men to develop a well balanced team. In the 125 pound division McKusick must develop someone to take the place of Frank King, who was injured in the Illinois meet and is lost to the squad for the season. Kopplin, who has been working in the heavy-weight group, has been moved down to the light-heavyweights, his normal weight. It is believed that he will perform far better in this division and consequently strengthen the team as a unit.

In the 158 pound section, Krueger and Ferrier are working hard to earn the right to go to Chicago. Ferrier is not in the best of condition and Krueger may receive the call. Louis Tiller will work in the heavyweight ranks if he is declared eligible in time. If he fails to clear the bars, McKusick is uncertain as to who will be selected for this event.

Otherwise, the squad will be the same as that which faced the Illinois. These men are: Church, 115 pounds; Steve Easter, 135 pounds; Lloyd Pederson, 145 pounds.

SWIMMERS DEFEAT "Y" TEAM

With the first conference swimming meet for Minnesota's formidable team still almost two weeks distant, Coach Thorpe has been sending his splashes through several local meets in preparation for the opening tussle with the Maroons, Feb. 13.

In a return meet with the Y.M.C.A. team the Gopher swimmers took every first place and all but one second place. In the event in which they did not take second place they had only one man entered.

Big Ten Standings

	W.	L.	Pct.
Wisconsin.....	3	1	.750
Michigan.....	2	1	.667
Indiana.....	4	2	.656
Ohio.....	3	2	.600
Purdue.....	3	2	.600
Illinois.....	2	2	.500
Chicago.....	3	3	.500
Iowa.....	2	4	.333
MINNESOTA.....	1	3	.250
Northwestern.....	1	4	.200

The UNIVERSITY NEWS BUDGET

Stories of Pioneer Life Popular in Arthur Upson Room

New books for the Arthur Upson room, using the locale of the Mississippi basin and realistically describing pioneer life of the section are rapidly finding favor with the student habitues of the room, according to a statement made yesterday by the special librarian in charge of the room.

Books of this particular section of the country, contrary to the general impression of dilettante readers, have acquired a place of prominence all over the world.

The volumes deal with early life of Minnesota, the Missouri valley, the south, and the northwest, in general. "A Woman Rice Planter," by Patience Pennington; "Indian Boyhood," by Charles A. Eastman; "Up From Slavery," Booker T. Washington; "Old Rail Fence Corners," by Mrs. James Morris; "The Story of a Pioneer," by Anna H. Shaw; "A Son of the Middle Border," and "A Daughter of the Middle Border," by Hamlin Garland, are some of the more prominent volumes.

Eastman's Book, "Indian Boyhood," is a tale of the North American Indian who no longer exists as a free and natural man. The author, "Ohiyesa," a Sioux Indian himself, records his boyish experience and the fragmentary recollections of his wild life. His uncle at one time lived on what is now Lake Calhoun, in the early days, and many familiar places in the Dakotas and Minnesota are mentioned.

Mrs. Morris' "Old Rail Fence Corners," is a book of Minnesota history, material for which was compiled by a committee of local women. It is an attempt to preserve old stories, and data of early days in Minnesota.

Booker T. Washington's book is the story of his life, taken from articles he wrote for the "Outlook," and later collected in book form.

In "A Son of the Middle Border," Mr. Garland describes Civil war days, and the period of prairie conquest.

His "Daughter of the Middle Border," is a sequel to the former, and accounts for the leading characters, satisfying the reader, yet relating truth, since the actual lives of the characters were so graphic.

Blue Slips Scarce in Engineering Thirty Students Average Over "B"

Thirty students in the College of Engineering and Architecture at the University of Minnesota, completed the first quarter of the present year with no grade lower than a "B," which means in effect that all marks were 87 per cent or higher. Eight of the students were freshmen and the others upperclassmen, according to an announcement by Dean O. M. Leland.

Two of the 30, James R. and Ralph Johnson, are brothers, sons of Mrs. J. Johnson, of Bowlus, Minn. They attended high school in Little Falls.

Y. M. C. A. Raises \$3,000 In Annual Campus Drive

With pledges still pouring in, the Y. M. C. A. drive for finances on the last night showed a grand total of approximately \$3,000. Division leaders pronounced the campaign a success, despite the fact that the quota of \$5,000 was not reached.



Brigadier General A.W. Bjornstad (Ex '93L), former commanding officer at Fort Snelling who will return Tuesday from Fort Omaha to speak in the interests of the project to build a chapel to serve the 2,000 people at Fort Snelling.

Filipino, Negro and Spanish Music Featured in Cosmopolitan Revue

Attired in picturesque white, with sashes of various colors, University students from the Philippines will play native Filipino and Spanish music before the curtain is raised at the Cosmopolitan Revue to be presented Feb. 19 and 20 in the Music auditorium by the Cosmopolitan club. The eight-piece Filipino orchestra is well known in the twin cities as a feature of entertainment.

Negro spirituals will be sung by a mixed glee club of colored students. The chorus which is being assembled by Wilbur Washington, promises to be one of the main attractions at the revue.

A reproduction of a Japanese house with a landscape at one side will be the setting for a scene from Japan which is a realistic portrayal of everyday life in that country. An important part of this number will be the conversation which takes place between a young man recently returned from the University of Minnesota and his Japanese friends who have never been abroad. Tohru Kameda, and Iwao Fukushima, both students of the University, have planned the number. Mildred Uriell of the department of dramatics, will direct the scene.

The Cosmopolitan revue will be the eighth annual production to be given by the Cosmopolitan club at the University of Minnesota.

Burton to Aid in Gopher Poster Contest Judging

Dr. S. Chatwood Burton, artist and assistant professor of painting and sculpture; Robert S. Hilpert, assistant professor of art education, and Joel Carlson, campus artist, will act as judges in the Gopher poster contest for which many members of the art classes are busy creating posters.

A free Gopher subscription is the first prize.

Ten New Courses Added To Extension Program

Ten new courses have been added to the curriculum offered to students registering for the second semester of extension classes, which opened Feb. 2.

The registration office on the main floor of the Administration building will be open every evening next week and the following week from 7 to 10 p.m.

Two new courses have been added to the art department, "Cardboard and Paper Construction and Bookbinding," and "Pottery and Clay Modeling." Miss Gertrude Duncan Ross of the art education department will conduct both courses. Three credits are given for each course. The first meets every Thursday at 7:30 p.m., in 406 Folwell hall, beginning Feb. 4. The second meets on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in the same room.

A course in "Stellar Astronomy" will be added to those taught by Professor W. O. Beal. Miss Dixon of the child training clinic will teach a course in "Development and Management of the Small Child," with a few lectures by Dr. John E. Anderson, director of the Institute of Child Welfare.

Courses in insurance, and in retail advertising increase the opportunities of the business department, as well as a class in functional problems and cases in management, and in financing of real estate.

"Interior Decoration," one of the most popular courses in the extension division will be repeated this semester. A course in nature study will be repeated and supplemented by a field course in nature study.

City Council Will Assess Firms Affected by Southeast Zoning Bill

Recommending an assessment of \$63,799.76 for damages against property owners and persons interested industrially in the zoning of southeast Minneapolis, the street opening committee made its first report to the city council last Friday. The council adopted the report and ordered the assessment spread among the owners affected.

It is expected that the assessing will take three weeks or a month to complete. As soon as the final assessments are levied, a public meeting will be held so that each individual owner can find the exact amount that will be levied against his property.

When the people petitioned to the council asking that they restrict this district against further industrial development it was promised that they would be informed of the amount that would be assessed against them for damages and would have a chance to be heard before the final steps were taken.

The street opening committee consisting of Arthur Mandell, Walter Gilbert, A. D. Beidleman, L. A. Lydiard and Arthur Fanenbaum was appointed by the council and began their public hearings on Dec. 7. The last meeting was held Jan. 8 and the committee met to discuss the evidence presented at the hearings and to decide upon their estimate of the amount of damages that would be incurred if the ordinance were enacted.

They submitted their figure as \$61,000 for damages, and, including all costs, will total \$63,799.76 for the council.

PERSONALIA

'92—After a brief illness with pneumonia, Mrs. E. Nickerson (Minnie Rexford) died in Genoa, Italy, at the home of her son, on January 3, 1926.

'06, '07 C—Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Halverson, with their daughters, Helen and Edna, motored through the mountains of western North Carolina, spending a week's vacation there "enjoying the refreshing air, cool nights, and wonderful scenery," according to a letter from the "head of the house." "With the good improved roads, this section is now open to tourists and offers a delightful place for recreation and rest.

"Earl Hosteler and myself presented two papers on 'Soft Pork' before the spring meeting at Baltimore of the American Chemical society. This was a part of the problem which has been conducted for five years.

"While attending these meetings I met Mr. Russell McBride ('08 C) of Washington, D. C.; also Dr. Gortner of the University of Minnesota.

"Dr. C. D. Grinnells ('25 G) has recently arrived to assist in 'Investigations on the Feeding of Cottonseed Meal to Dairy Cattle.'"

Mr. Halverson, by the way, is research chemist with the state department of agriculture at Raleigh, N. C.

'08 Md—Dr. A. C. Strachauer, director of the Cancer Institute, University of Minnesota, has returned from a trip to the East where he went to observe the work of the cancer hospitals of New York, Buffalo and Boston.

'10, '11 Ag—News from Canada comes in the letter recently received from B. H. Kepner, whose wife, (Ruby C. de St. Amour, '09) died some time ago. "I am still with the Maple Leaf Milling company in the capacity of chief chemist," he writes. "Port Colborne, Ont., is at the mouth of the Welland canal which connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. A new canal is now being built which will have locks large enough and water deep enough to accommodate ocean going boats. The old canal has 21 locks and the new one will have only seven. The new locks are larger than those in the Panama."

'11 Ag, '12, 14 G—Dr. J. V. Hofmann, who has been professor of forestry in the State Forest school at Mt. Alto, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, is now assistant director of the State Forest school.

'12 Ag—W. H. Kenery, who is now general manager for the Northwest Paper Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country, visited the campus, recently.

'13 Ag—John H. Parker is spending the year in research work and study at the University of Cambridge, England. Mr. Parker took his masters degree at Cornell University, and is planning to take his doctor of philosophy degree in the University of Cambridge. Dean Edw. M. Freeman has been appointed by the University of Cambridge as supervisor of Prof. Parker's thesis. Mr. Parker will send more news of his work to the ALUMNI WEEKLY soon.

'14 Ag—Felix J. Schneiderhan, now on the staff of the Virginia Agricultural Experiment station, has been asked recently to spend the months of January and February in the office of the Plant Disease Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, writing for this office the summaries of the cereal and fruit disease data for last year.

'17 L—When Professor O. S. Zelner went to the Michigan game at Ann Arbor, he ran into

Walter D. Shelly, who had made quite a trip to get there for he came from Jacksonville, Fla. "He looked prosperous and happy," Professor Zelner says; and we think he should be for he is president of the Better Homes company in that southern city. Mr. Shelly was active at the University in organizing intercollege and fraternity hockey.

'18—Marriage vows were exchanged between Marie DeCarle, daughter of John E. DeCarle of Miles City, Mont., and John Sylvester McLaughlin of Chicago, on Saturday afternoon, December 26. After February 1, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin will be at home in Chicago.

'19 Ag—Bessie Caroline Willis was married to Captain F. F. Duggan of Fort Benning, Ga., on Saturday evening, December 26, in New York city at the Little Church Around the Corner. They are spending a few weeks in New York and Washington, D. C.

'20—Marion Andrews has chosen Tuesday, February 17, as the date of her marriage to Arthur R. Uppren of New York city. The ceremony will take place in the afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Andrews received a masters degree at Columbia university and for two years was a member of the economics and history departments of the University of Minnesota. She is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. Mr. Uppren is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and belongs to Chi Psi fraternity. He was an instructor in the economics department of the University of Minnesota for two years.

'20 Md—Dr. John M. Culligan and Margaret McGovern were married on Tuesday, Jan. 5, at Rochester, Minn. Doctor Culligan has been associated with the Mayo clinic. He took a Litt. B. degree at Notre Dame in '15, before coming to Minnesota to study medicine.

'20 Md—Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Herbolsheimer of Minneapolis left January 2 for New York, planning to sail from there on the Arabic for a year's trip abroad. Dr. Herbolsheimer will be in Vienna most of the time, but Mrs. Herbolsheimer plans to travel on the continent.

'20—Esther Larson is now dean of women at Concordia college, Moorhead, Minn.

'21—Sarah Frankson and George W. Brace (Ex '21 E) were married in St. Paul, Saturday, Nov. 28. Mrs. Brace is a member of Delta Delta sorority and Mr. Brace a member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. They are living at 2166 Grand avenue, St. Paul.

'22 B—A. A. Figen has recently moved to Los Angeles, where he is attached to the Internal Revenue Agent's office.

'23—Helen T. Davis and her sister, Elizabeth, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Davis of Minneapolis, will be the brides in a double wedding ceremony on Saturday afternoon, March 20. Helen will become the bride of Henry N. Graven ('21) of Greene, Ia., and her sister, Elizabeth, will marry Paul A. Bentz of Fairfield, Neb. Three other sisters will be in the bridal party.

Helen Davis has been teaching at the Methodist Girls' School in India, for the past two years. She was president of the

Y.W.C.A. on the campus in 1922. Elizabeth Davis attended the Nebraska Wesleyan university at Lincoln, Nebr. Mr. Bentz is a graduate of the Nebraska university college of law. He belongs to Phi Alpha Delta fraternity.

'23 E—Where, oh where, are the hardy Minnesotans of yesteryear? Now, just as soon as they get a firm hold on a diploma, they take the fastest train to the Southland. If we could only go too! William F. Helwig has joined the exodus and is now at Austin, Texas, teaching at the University of Texas.

'23 Ag—Announcement has been made of the engagement of Theresa Gladys Hougen to Melvin E. Lenander ('27 Md) of Buffalo Lake, Minn.

'23—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer C. Parsons (Dorothy Kendrick) are living at Spring Valley, Minn.

'23—H. James Ramp is serving as music and dramatic critic for the New Orleans Item-Tribune. While a war special student at Minnesota, Mr. Ramp distinguished himself as a poet. He contributed to the Minnesota Quarterly and occasionally to the Minnesota Daily during his undergraduate career.

'23—St. Paul's Episcopal church was the scene of the wedding of Bernice Healy and Alvin R. Witt. The ceremony took place in the evening at 8:30 o'clock. After a wedding trip to French Lick Springs, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. Witt will live in Osseo in a new house which has been built for them. Mrs. Witt attended Wells college.

'24 Ag, '25 G—Finishing college the same year, but receiving different degrees will be an event in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. Ballinger, (Georgina W. Dane, junior in Home Economics), and Roy A. Ballinger, B. B. S. '24; M. S. '25, who were married in Gethsemane Episcopal church, Minneapolis, December 22. Mr. Ballinger is working for a Ph. D. degree in Economics under Prof. John D. Black, chief of the division of Agricultural Economics.

'24—On Wednesday evening, January 27, at the Alpha Xi Delta sorority house, Zada Louise Carpenter became the bride of Jerry Sevey. Mrs. Sevey has been working in the Registrar's office at the University. Mr. Sevey belongs to Zeta Psi fraternity. They will make their home in Minneapolis.

'24 E—"It seems that most of the fellows who took the test course at the General Electric company, Schenectady, are drifting back closer to home," Ivar W. Johnson remarks.

"Of the '24s, Joe Kater was the first to come back to Chicago. He is now working in the Sanitary district. Then Kenneth Ross, who is with the district office of the General Electric company. I was the next to come, and am now with the Brunswick-Balke-Collender company at the Rockford factory."

'24 E—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Snure in Minneapolis, the marriage of their daughter, Tressa Elizabeth ('25), and Frank Russell Root of Wheeling, W. Va., was solemnized Saturday evening, January 2. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Root left for Wheeling, where they will make their home. Mrs. Root belongs to Alpha Alpha Gamma sorority, and Mr. Root is a member of Alpha Rho Chi fraternity.

'25 E—On September 5, 1925, R. E. Burlingame was married to Alice Katherine Fiesler of Minneapolis. Mr. Burlingame is working in the Generation department of the Northern States Power company as an assistant office engineer.

'25 E—Another engineer gone south! Dwight T. Burns is working for the Santa Fe

Do You Know?

That the Department of Agriculture was the most expensive branch of the University of Minnesota and cost \$1,076,409.24, or 21.5 percent of all the disbursements in 1924-25. The department of agriculture includes the extension division, the experimental division, and the two schools at Morris and Crookston.

as building inspector on a new line they are building from Lubbock to Bledsoe, Texas. "Arthur Gobell, also '25 E, is on the same job as rodman," Mr. Burns writes. "We are both in the best of health but, believe me, we sure get lonesome for Minnesota at times, even though Texas is a great state. Wishing the best of luck to all fellow alumni, as well as the Alumni Weekly, I remain, Forever a Minnesotan."

'25—From Minnesota student to dietitian in one of the country's best hospitals in the East in less than nine months seems like a magic leap, but Alice Mary Connolly has accomplished the feat.

Miss Connolly began her duties as assistant dietitian at Johns Hopkins University Hospital, Monday, January 25. Miss Connolly has been spending a two weeks' vacation in Syracuse, New York, before assuming her new duties. She recently finished the student dietitian training at Johns Hopkins.

When Miss Connolly was a student of Home Economics she was a leader in campus activities, being president of Mortar Board in her senior year. As a member of Phi Upsilon Omicron, national professional Home Economics fraternity, and of Torch and Distaff, Miss Connolly was a representative woman. She was also a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority.

Two weddings of interest to Minnesota alumni occurred during the last month when two of our greatest athletic stars were married to prominent Minnesota co-eds.

The first was that of Vernon M. Williams ('21 Ag), newly appointed assistant dean of student affairs, and Lillian Hannah ('22), which took place in Trinity Baptist church, Saturday afternoon, January 2. Dr. David Bryn-Jones, pastor of the church, read the service. Mrs. Lauren Tuttle (Marguerite Strange, '23) was matron of honor, and Cath-

erine Coffman ('23), maid of honor. Frederick J. Hannah, brother of the bride, was Mr. Williams' best man, and the ushers included Lloyd Lynch, Lauren Tuttle, J. Wallace Maher, and Dwight Lyman.

After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Williams will be at home at Minnetonka Mills.

In 1921, when Mr. Williams was president of the senior class, he selected the lady who is now his bride to lead the senior prom with him. Mrs. Williams was active in campus literary affairs and is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. Mr. Williams belongs to Sigma Nu fraternity.

The second marriage was that of Earl Martineau ('24 Ag) and Margaret Simpson, on Saturday evening, January 9, at the home of the bride's father, George T. Simpson, 1904 Irving avenue S. Judge Hugo Hanft of St. Paul performed the ceremony in the presence of immediate relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Martineau went to Chicago on their wedding trip and will make their home in Kalamazoo, where Mr. Martineau is coach of the Kalamazoo Normal school football team.

"Marty" is the name by which Martineau is known to all the football fans who used to watch him speed down the field with the ball safely tucked under his arm, eluding his tacklers and gaining ground so consistently that the late Walter Camp placed him at halfback on his All-American team in 1924. Martineau was never a "flash" player—he was a star at West high school, and when he returned from war service in the Marines, starred in every game during the three years of his career on the Minnesota gridiron. He captained the team in his senior year and has three "M's" in football and three in track. At the close of his senior year he was awarded the Conference medal for excellence in athletics and scholarship. His Kalamazoo eleven has won one championship since he has been coaching there.

His marriage to Miss Simpson marked the culmination of a college romance, made public when the engagement of the two was announced in December, 1923, at a Gamma Phi Beta sorority party. The bride attended the University of Minnesota for two years, then transferred to Wisconsin where she graduated. At both universities, she was active in dramatics. Mr. Martineau belongs to Sigma Chi fraternity.

Ten graduates of the University of Minnesota are now enrolled in the Harvard Business school, according to information received by the "Minnesota Alumni Weekly" from the office of the Dean of the School. They are:

Hermon J. Arnott ('24), James U. Bohan ('24), Llewellyn Ludwig ('25C), William O. Forsell ('22E), Raymond Albert Lockwood ('20 E), Allan B. Sloss ('24), J. A. Ballford ('23 M), K. V. Pieper ('21 B), Arthur B. Poole ('17), and S. A. Swensrud ('23).

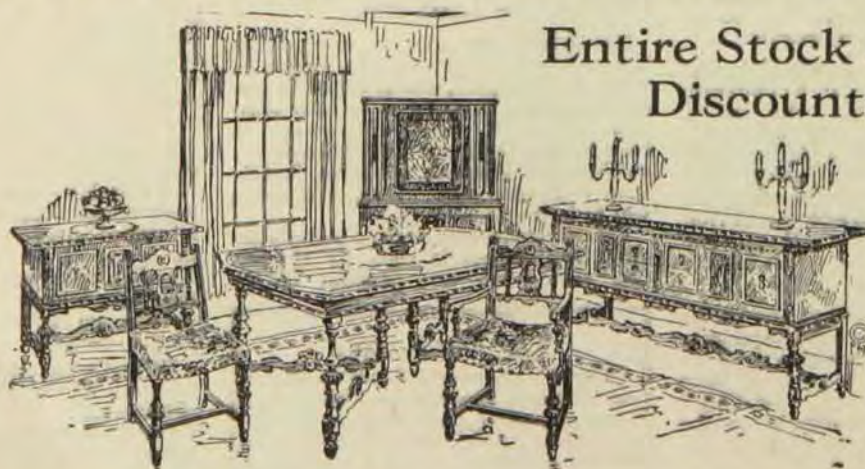
The University of Minnesota ranks seventh in the number of students at the Business school. Among the Minnesota men who have recently graduated at Harvard, J. D. Boyle ('17) is now with the Bureau of Navigation (United States Navy) at Washington, D. C.; Junior C. Buck ('23) with the Powers Mercantile Company, Minneapolis; R. G. Fuller ('23) with the First National Bank of New York, New York City; Milton Mordland ('23) with St. Olaf college, Northfield, Minnesota; and Theodore Sander, Jr. ('19) with Goldman, Sachs & Company of New York city.

'25 Ag—Heated greetings are sent from the canal zone to Minnesota alumni by Willis Tompkins, former editor of the Gopher Countryman. "We left Philadelphia on Christmas Eve on the S. S. Chester Sun, and are on our way to San Francisco," Mr. Tompkins writes January 4 from Cristobal, Canal Zone.

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AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, *Theodore Dreiser*. (Boni and Liveright, N. Y. \$5.00-2 vols.)

When Theodore Dreiser's newest novel, the work of several years, was finally ready for the press, there must have been a considerable stir in the publishing house. And we are of the opinion that there should be no less a stir among American readers of the book (or books, since AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY appeared in two volumes, some eight hundred and forty pages in all). This depressing array of page numbers may frighten away the casual reader. But Dreiser's appeal never has been to the merely casual; and this latest production gives greater and greater evidence that he never need be. This novel is a stupendous, a colossal piece of work. And we believe that it merits tremendous consideration.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY is a story of character and crime. It relates, in detail, the life of Clyde Griffiths from the time when we first see him as the young son of a Kansas City street preacher—a sensitive boy, conscious of himself and of a feeling of the falseness of the relation of his fanatically religious family to the world, ashamed, yearning—until his final tragic end. We see him learn sophistication while a bell boy in a hotel; see him flee in disgrace, after an accident with a borrowed automobile, to the collar factory of his wealthy uncle; see him make advances, which are not repulsed, to a rich girl who can give him all the material success of which he dreams at the same time that he is involved in an affair with a girl operator at the factory, which leads to his almost involuntary murder plot in order to extricate himself. Then come the thought processes by which he is finally led to commit the crime—the hideous game involving the camera, the boat, and the girl whom he has wronged and of whom he has tired. These chapters devoted to the steps by which Clyde becomes a criminal are the best in the book. Here there is a powerful combining of penetration and drama, psychology and poetry, crime and retribution, with an almost transcendent horror hanging over all.

Clyde is a vividly human character; a dreamer, of course; full of desires which he is too weak to realize; crushed in the press of circumstance. He is a character as sympathetically, and more comprehensively, portrayed than was Sister Carrie—who first awoke in us a profound admiration for Dreiser. In fact all of the people in this novel are intensely alive. We share our natural sympathy for the girl Roberta with our human understanding of Clyde. Clyde, moreover, is an amazing example of the power that a great author can draw from the weak and the ordinary in American life.

There is much *dead wood* in Dreiser. He tells a dramatic story—but he tells it with such an extraordinarily minute eye for detail. This has been called by one critic "the defect of his strength." No doubt there is truth in the statement. We think that the painstaking descriptions of the attorney and the prisoners are excellent—but unnecessary. Perhaps they are justifiable because of the telling touch about the attorney whose attitude was biased somewhat by his inferiority complex due to consciousness of his broken nose. And then Dreiser is an excellent and an honest reporter. He tells only what he knows, thoroughly. Can we base a charge upon the fact that he knows a very great deal well?

We know no contemporary writer who realizes life quite so nicely and so completely as does Dreiser. He is thoroughly an original artist—and so his realism takes its own form. He cares nothing for method, for rules, or for profits; for he is a genius. And yet he tells a powerful and a dramatic story, the unity of which is perfectly clear when the end is reached. AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY? Justice? Dreiser feels the comedy here—the comedy of horror and crime. Here is human life from the tongue of one who sees the darkness of it all, who understands and pities, who recognizes and bows to the ironic inevitability in things. Here is laughter, "dark laughter" (the phrase comes easily now) in which there is comprehension and humility, fatalism, poetry, and strong, bare realism. . . . This is reality plus.—J.I.M.

STEPHENSON WRITES IMMIGRATION HISTORY

Most recent in a long series of books by University of Minnesota faculty members which have attracted attention in the past few years is "A History of American Immigration," by George M. Stephenson, assistant professor of history, which has just been published by Ginn & Company, Boston. Professor Stephenson's discussion covers chiefly the period from 1820 to 1924.

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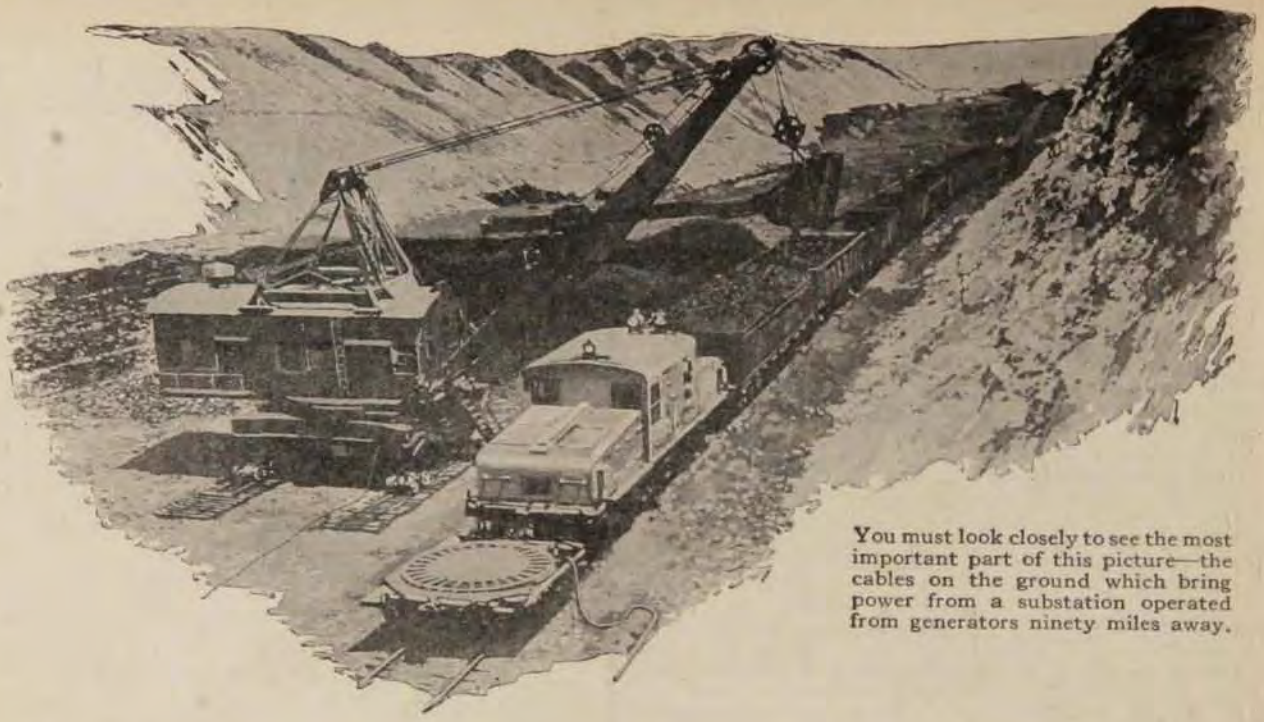
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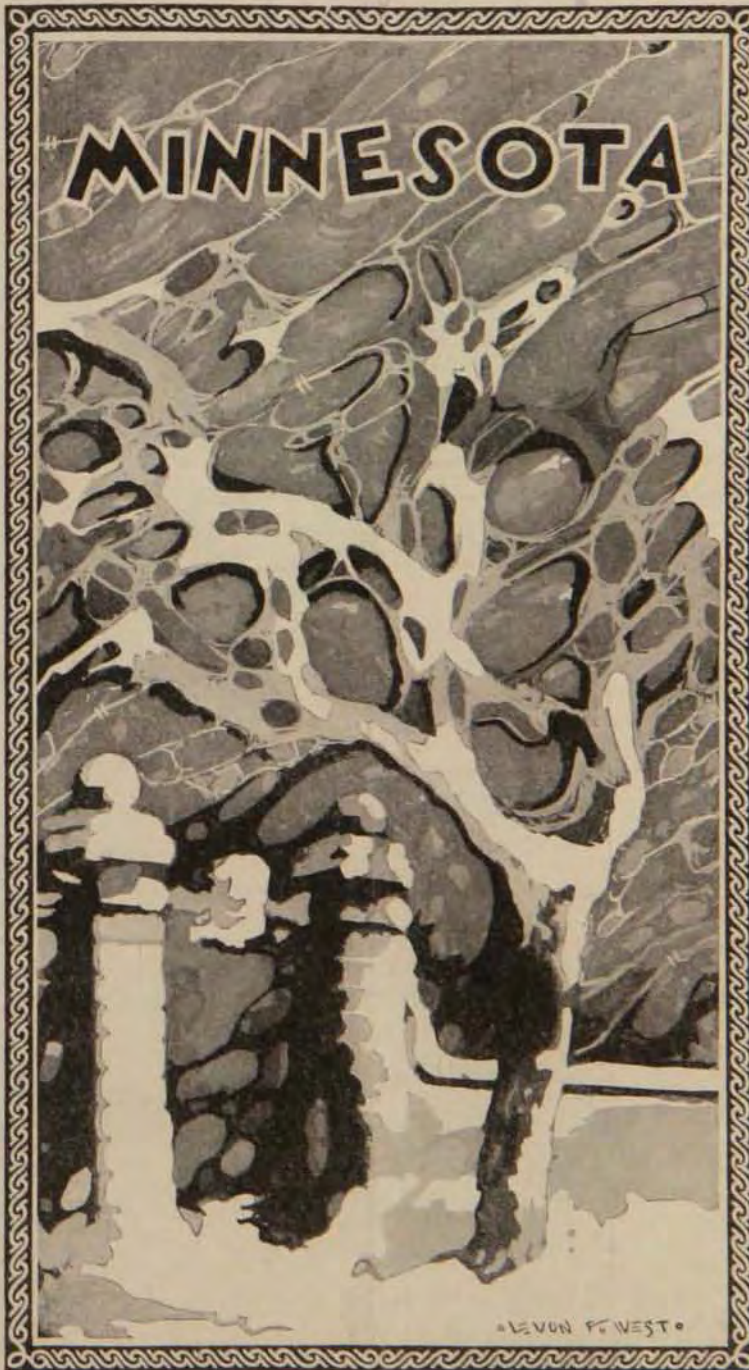
Volume 25
Number 17

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The MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY



Saturday, February 13, 1926



*The Familiar
Old Gate
Battling a
Winter Snow-
storm—A
Watercolor by
Leon F. West
[Ex'24]*

*Published Weekly by the General
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The University Calendar

Tuesday, February 15

BASKETBALL—Minnesota vs. Michigan at Minneapolis.

Thursday, February 18

CHARTER DAY—Convocation in Armory at 11:30 a.m., will be an education rally. Educators from all parts of the state will be guests. President Coffman will speak. Alumni are invited.

DRAMATIC PRODUCTION—"Paola and Francesca" will be repeated for Charter Day.

Friday and Saturday, February 19 and 20

HOCKEY—Minnesota vs. Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Sunday, February 21

ZOOLOGICAL LECTURE—"History and Habits of the Termite or White Ant," by Dr. Dwight Minnich, associate professor of animal biology. Lecture at 3:30 in Biology building.

Friday, February 26

JUNIOR BALL—Will be held at Nicollet hotel ballroom. Common Peepul's Ball in Minnesota Union.

BASKETBALL—Minnesota vs. Indiana at Minneapolis.

Saturday, February 27

SWIMMING MEET—Wisconsin vs. Minnesota at Madison.

Sunday, February 28

ZOOLOGICAL LECTURE—"Water Babies," by Chas. P. Sigerfoos, Professor of Zoology. Lecture at 3:30 in Biology building.

The Minnesota Alumni Weekly



Book Hunting

Book Finding

Like Searching for a Needle in a Hay Stack

Minnesota Keeps Abreast of the Book Advances Through Careful Elimination, Selection and Ordering from the 85,000 Volumes Published Annually

WHEN Alexander was conquering the world he went right along with his army getting all the fun he could out of it. So did Caesar. It is quite possible that they did not march right in the middle of the front rank. Gentlemen of their sagacity would have wisely stepped several rows back and a little to one side. But they were right on the scene, nevertheless.

But General Foch, who in the last well known war, directed the maneuvers of more armies than Alexander could have dreamed of, did it from his hotel in Paris.

The collectors of other days had to be "go-getters" in the true sense, for what they wanted they had to go out and get, just as the generals went out and took the countries they wanted. Marco Polo did his collecting in person, seasoning the sauce of travel with the spice of acquisition.

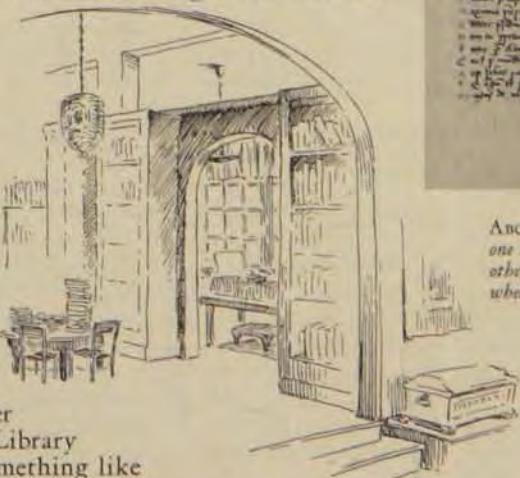
How different is the means employed by Harold Russell, head of the order department of the University Library, whose business it is to scour every country of every continent on the globe for books! From his little glassed-in office in the Library, he penetrates into every land where men's thoughts are written down, that the University may have at hand accurate information on every subject under the sun. And all without as much as walking out of his office.

We do not think that Marco Polo would have envied him — yet Mr. Russell covers a territory the very thought of which would have made this historical globe-trotter dizzy.

The annual world output of books is approximately 85,000, and of that number the University Library yearly acquires something like

20,000 volumes, according to the Minnesota Chats.

The world output of pamphlets, screeds, reports, catalogues and proceedings probably surpasses imagination and could better be set forth in tons of newsprint consumed than in itemized enumeration. The scholar, moreover, must have the best in his subject, and a large university has on its faculties scholars in a great many subjects. "The best" in this sense does not mean merely the best in English, but the best in that field of knowledge, without regard to the language in which it is printed. Because there are so many different countries, it follows that a university library, in the course



Above—An ancient illuminated manuscript, beautifully done in colors, is one of the proud possessions of the University library. Together with many other rare possessions this manuscript may be seen in the Treasury room where it is carefully guarded with the steel portals of a fireproof safe.

of a year, acquires rather more books in foreign tongues than in its own. In some fields the total output is meager enough, and that part of it which comes from English speaking countries may be insignificant. Germany, France, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, Austria, Russia, the

Netherlands, Belgium and Spain all contribute to the great world collection of learned books. For to the scholar, the common denominator is the subject matter, never the language, unless language happens to be the subject matter.

To an outsider the problem of selecting and obtaining the best books issued during a year appears particularly difficult in at least two aspects,—first, how to know what books and other publications are issued, and second, how to determine which ones to buy. Fortunately it is to the interest of certain groups to keep the book buyer plentifully informed on both of these subjects. On the matter of production, it is to the advantage of the publishers to keep buyers informed, and this they do in no uncertain fashion, with a flood of catalogues and announcements that sometimes totals several pounds of printed matter a day, perhaps a pile four or five inches deep on Mr. Russell's desk. In addition to these there are issued some very remarkable publications devoted to information on where existing copies of certain learned works are owned. A well known publication of this kind is the Union List of Serials. If someone wishes to know where he can consult a series of papers on economics, or ecology or metabolism that had been issued by Harvard University, or the University of Leipzig, or Upsala, or by Oxford, he can turn to this and it will show exactly where known copies or sets or series may be found. Key numbers show them to be, or not to be, in the University of Minnesota Library, or the Michigan Library, or in that at Johns Hopkins.

As for the problem of knowing which works to buy,—

"That is simply no problem at all," says Mr. Russell, "for the faculty members are so eager to obtain the newest works in their fields that they usually have the order department flooded with more requests than we have money to fill. It is a characteristic of every librarian to want to have the best of everything on his shelves, but there are times when we wish we didn't know so well what books we should buy."

Most departments of a university like Minnesota have a certain part of their budget allotments set aside for the purchase of new books, and many departments order books to cover the entire budget allotment almost immediately after a new year begins. Later in the year these wish they had some money left when some particularly desirable book is found in England or Austria, but if the appropriation has been used it is closed season for them.

Besides the departmental allotments for book buying there are, of course, the library book funds to be used for buying books of general interest or items of such outstanding importance that they become a general university matter. From this fund, also are purchased books and periodicals that cover "borderline" material between the specialized interests of the different departments. The departments, naturally, concern themselves first with the fields that are peculiarly their own.

For scholarly purposes many series of proceedings of learned societies, reports, bulletins and the like are quite as important as "books," and in this field the younger institutions, like Minnesota, face a problem from which the older ones are free. The old colleges and universities obtained these one by one as they came out, and had them as soon as they were issued. The younger institutions do this with material now appearing, but they must scramble for series that were published before they had been established. Thus any series

published before the University of Minnesota Medical School was established in 1888 must be obtained by special purchase, and sometimes years pass before an institution has an opportunity to get just the volumes it needs. Every now and then one hears the research workers in some field gloating over the acquisition of some ancient-sounding series of learned bulletins. The reason for this often is that such a series contains important pioneer work in one of the many scientific subjects that have had tremendous development in the past century. Or perhaps it was a periodical issued during the lifetime of one of the great, outstanding figures in some field of science, a Darwin or a Faraday, and contained important contributions from the pen of such a man.

A set that has been the despair of many librarians is De Vow's Review, published in the American South for twenty years before the Civil War and for a few years after it. This was one of the original reviews of economic and business conditions, and it contained an immense amount of excellent matter relating to the economic and general social life of the South during the period when its economic structure was based on slavery. It thus reflected a condition for which there is no parallel today, and students seek these articles eagerly.

Strangely, several numbers of De Vow's Review seem almost to have disappeared from the face of the globe. Mr. Russell thinks that it is because of these missing numbers that other numbers are scarce. He points out that a library or individual who had all the numbers but two or three would keep his collection unbound, hoping to come upon those two or three. As a consequence of keeping them unbound, all were susceptible to loss and a good many actually were lost. De Vow's is listed as a relative rarity and great is the rejoicing when a library gets one.

Books purchased in foreign countries are obtained either directly from dealers in those countries, who send catalogues, from the library's agent in the country in question, or through a general agent for foreign books with offices in New York. In ordering a book from a typical foreign country, the library expects to receive it at any time after four weeks have passed.

Ordering is somewhat complicated by the fact that books for educational institutions, such as the University of Minnesota, come in duty free. This makes it necessary for the head of an order department, like Mr. Russell, to sign one affidavit if the order is a direct one, swearing that he is to keep the book at the institution, and two affidavits if the order is placed through an agent, the second one attesting that the University has actually received the book. This is a safeguard against its remaining in the hands of the agent for public sale.

As an example of the world's book production in a given year may be given the complete figures for 1923, the last year for which all data have been compiled. The totals of books for that year are as follows: United States 8,600, Great Britain 10,800, France 9,432, Germany 35,859, Italy 6,336, Switzerland 1,419, Spain 1,096, Portugal 1,515, Norway 1,061, Sweden 2,693, Denmark 3,149, Holland 4,237. The United States ranks fourth and produces just about a tenth of the world's books, so it can be seen that there is nothing startling in the fact that the library purchases slightly more foreign than domestic books. Germany's figure is high because the Germans describe as "books" many items that other countries would not dignify by that term.



HAVE YOU EVER STUDIED HERE?

Few alumni have ever had occasion to read assignments in the library of the School of Chemistry. This is part of the University's extensive library system.

Quite recently the library has acquired a good many publications from the Far East and other distant places. Among these have been the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Japan, the proceedings of the Bombay Natural History Society, a file of a Chinese newspaper, the North China Press, of a Japanese newspaper, the Japan Chronicle, reports from the Botanical Garden at Buitenzorg, Java and government reports from Paramaribo, in Suriname (Dutch New Guinea).

The libraries of educational institutions obtain their new items, referred to as acquisitions, in three ways,—by purchase, exchange and gift. In addition to the books and reports that are bought, a large number of acquisitions come through exchanges and gifts. The last named category, gifts, has been an increasingly productive source of new books at Minnesota in the past few years, and will increase still further in value as persons with valuable sets in their possession come to realize that these will mean more to the world at large and to scholars in particular if they are placed in a library for broad use than they possibly can if held in a small private library.

To handle the matter of exchanges there is a separate division of Mr. Russell's department, the exchange department, which is directed by Bertha M. Hanson.

In every considerable nation of the world there are universities, colleges, museums, government agencies, learned societies, workers in observatories and the like, from all of which groups important scholarly works are constantly coming forth. It is the duty of the exchange department in the University of Minnesota Library to keep in touch with all such institutions, offer them copies of the results of research work published at Minnesota, and seek from them in return copies of such of their own reports as will be of use in the various fields of study and research here.

An idea of the extent of this work can be gained from Miss Hanson's statement that the University Library, besides subscribing to something like 1,800 periodicals of all sorts, maintains exchange relations with nearly 750 institutions of the kinds just enumerated. These relations are in three degrees, namely, institutions which get everything produced at Minnesota and, in turn, send Minnesota everything they produce; second, institutions which obtain from Minnesota such of its publications as they want and send in return an approximately equivalent number of their own works, and third, institutions which receive the check list of Minnesota publications and purchase through the University of Minnesota Press those Minnesota publications that they find val-

uable. From these Minnesota obtains by purchase whatever they may publish that it deems valuable.

Typical of the universities with which Minnesota maintains an unrestricted system of exchange are the great American institutions of its own type, such as the Universities of Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin and California.

In an impressive file Miss Hanson keeps cards of all the institutions in the world that are likely to want material from Minnesota or to produce material that Minnesota may want. Turning to this file one finds that the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, situated at Newcastle upon Tyne, the famous center of the English shipbuilding industry, craves all publications of the Minnesota Geological Survey and the School of Mines Experiment Station Bulletin series. On a card somewhat farther along one comes on the fact that exactly the same publications are taken from Minnesota by the "Geological Committee" of Soviet Russia. Minnesota, on the other hand, has been the recipient lately of much valuable data on agriculture and forestry from the Institute for Agriculture and Forestry at Minsk, in White Russia.

Miss Hanson's work holds broad interest inasmuch as her department is a central contact point with the intellectual endeavor of the entire world. The amount of material acquired by exchange is great, and the distribution in return of Minnesota's scholarly publications carries the fame and spreads the influence of the University of Minnesota from Siberia to New Zealand and from Spitzbergen to Capetown.

Much scholarly material is exchanged with Poland and Russia. From Perodeniya, Ceylon, important botanical publications of the Ceylon Department of Agriculture are received, and Japan sends a flood of important works in such subjects as engineering, mathematics and medicine. Others that might be mentioned are the Royal Society of South Australia, the Royal Society of Queensland, the Commonwealth Bureau of Census and Statistics at Melbourne, and reports from the Geological Society of South Africa and the Census and Statistics office, Union of South Africa. Jamaica is represented and exchange relations have been established recently with the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad.

Gifts by individuals to the University of Minnesota library as listed in the annual report of President Coffman show a steady increase in number and importance to have taken place during the past few years. There has been, for instance, the collection of about 4,000 volumes of best literature in the Arthur Upson Memorial Room, a gift of many thousand important newspapers from the Minnesota Historical Society, the collection of material dealing with the subject of pediatrics, left to the University by the late Dr. J.P. Sedgwick and an important collection of philological writing turned over to the University during the past year by the Hertig family in Minneapolis. Professor F. K. Butters presented the library with an important collection of the volumes of the Curtis Botanical Magazine.

In the preceding year a gift of 30 volumes of the proceedings of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers was received from F. M. Warren and a total of 729 gifts from 143 sources were made to the library. Dr. John F. Downey, former dean of the Arts College and Alfred Owre, dean of the College of Dentistry are others mentioned as donors of books during 1923, when in all more than 2,000 volumes were received



'Doc' Holds 'Em Spellbound

Yes sir! 'Doc' is Dr. Henry L. Williams—

Football's Greatest Strategist, Head Coach at Minnesota for 21 Years Entertained Twin City Sport Writers at Banquet at the Minneapolis Athletic Club Last Week

SMILING "DOC"
WILLIAMS—

As he appeared when he was head football coach at Minnesota. 'Doc' is still as hale, as hearty, and as genial as ever.



FOOTBALL writers of the Twin City newspapers, who gathered around the festive board of the Minneapolis Athletic Club Wednesday Feb. 3, as the guests of Dr. H. L. Williams, for 22 years head football coach at Minnesota, and recognized as the game's greatest strategist, listened spellbound to his reminiscences of the grid sport, especially at Minnesota. "Doc," as he is affectionately called by Minnesota alumni and his admirers, has a vivid memory. He has lived the game ever since he started playing football at high school. His reminiscences of early football at Yale, where he matriculated, and at Minnesota, are interesting. The doctor has football anecdotes that would fill pages. Dr. Williams' face glowed as he fought over Minnesota's big games with Wisconsin, Chicago, Michigan and the Carlisle Indians. The doctor even confessed that the famous Minnesota-Chicago game of 1904, which ended 4 to 2 in favor of Minnesota, really should have ended in a tie, 4 to 4, as Larkin, Minnesota back, made a safety, but the officials didn't see it. The veteran coach told how he evolved the famous revolving wedge to tie Chicago, conference champions, in one of his early games at Minnesota, which helped him to tie Iowa for the championship that year.

Dr. Williams told how the Minnesota football team got its nickname of "Giants of the North" in 1900. Gil Dobie was quarterback at the time. The doctor said all the players were over six feet, and all were around 180, except the right guard and tackle and Dobie, who weighed 156 pounds. He told how one lineman, who weighed around 175 pounds, looked to be a 200 pounder because he was padded. On account of their height and padding, he declared coaches of opposing teams thought all of the players weighed more than 200 pounds when only one man weighed that. He recalled other interesting incidents in Minnesota football, and the sports writers regretted when he had finished his reminiscent speech.

Johnny McGovern, Minnesota's famous grid star, and one of four Gophers named on the All-American teams of the late Walter Camp, who was one of the guests at the dinner, spoke of his football days at Minnesota, and how he developed into a drop kicker. Johnny admitted

he had had little football experience at the Arlington, Minn., high school, from where he came to Minnesota, and how "green" he was when he reported for the freshman team and had to compete for the quarterback job against Atkinson, who was all city quarterback of the Minneapolis high school teams. Johnny's recital of how he practised drop kicking at his home, in the barn and at the Arlington fair grounds was amusing. He declared he discovered he could kick the ball better with his instep than with his toe. When the news got back to Minneapolis and "Doc" Williams about his drop kicking, he declared the doctor sent George Capron, Minnesota's famous drop kicker, out to give him personal instruction. He told how the little sidesteps of Capron threw him off his stride, and that during his first year on the varsity he never attempted to score points for Minnesota by the toe route. The next year, he declared Dr. Williams, upon hearing how the famous Pat O'Dea got off his drop kicks with his instep came to him, and suggested that Johnny try it by that method. Johnny explained to the doctor that was the way he had negotiated his drop kicks so successfully until he received Capron's coaching. The doctor then instructed him to do it the way he wanted to, and Johnny detailed how he had used this method of scoring to help win games for Minnesota.



INTEREST GIVES ZEST SAYS JASTROW

ALTHOUGH he was ill and should not have appeared at all, Joseph Jastrow, professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, spoke at Convocation last Thursday morning, giving what many of the faculty members consider one of the finest talks ever heard at Convocation. He spoke on "Standards and Values," pointing out the fact that education is not so much the acquisition of knowledge as it is the determining of standards and values on which we will base our lives.

Each one of us, he said, is born into the world not only with different colored eyes and hair, but with different sets of standards and values, which are constantly changing. The individual is always steering between the two extremes of "individualism" and "conservatism," whether it be in the matter of dress, politics, or intellectuality.

"High standards," the speaker said, "can be achieved only by hard work. The most difficult thing in any art is to retain a sense of value. Where the house painter ends, the portrait painter begins."

In formulating our standards, Professor Jastrow believes that first of all we need a sense of direction. We must know where we are going. Then we must have a sense of importance so that we can choose what we most care for. "People do not differ because they are different," he said, "they differ because they are too much

alike. Two people want the same thing—and then a quarrel over it ensues."

One of the false idols of the American people is salesmanship, according to Professor Jastrow. "Nothing," he declared, "has so destroyed our sense of values as salesmanship. It makes necessity into a virtue by surrounding it with a fictitious halo. The insurance salesman is not actually worried to death about the future of your wife and children—there may be something in it for himself although he would be the last to mention it."

"Everyone nowadays is supposed to be 'selling' something. You 'sell' your own personality; the teacher 'sells' his courses to his students; and the president of the university is even called on to 'sell the university to the people of the state.'"

Professor Jastrow believes that such things have their own values, that individuals should judge those values for themselves, and that "salesmanship" as practiced in the United States puts fictitious values on unimportant things.

"Opportunity," he asserted, "is another shattered idol. It means nothing. What counts is *interest*. We are showered with opportunities every hour of our lives. Our interest in the things that surround us is our opportunity. A man may live next door to something all his life and never see it. Another who is interested in it, may see it once and turn it into an opportunity."

Interest is the quality that gives a zest to life, according to the speaker. "The more interests you can acquire, the better," he said. "Everyone should have a hobby. Your hobbies will change, of course, as you grow older, but your mental growth and the pleasure you get out of life will depend upon the number of interests you acquire. Gradually your interests will absorb standards and values. If your hobby is golf, you will become an expert in golf, familiar with all the fine points of the game."

"And this brings us to the question of experts. An expert is one who by capacity and training can see things which would not be seen by an ordinary man. He develops his capacity for seeing things by his interest in the subject. Here again we will have standards and values, showing that in all respects we are subject to them. Other values which we must learn are the value of time and space and how to spend money."

Earning a living, the speaker said, may seriously interfere with the art of living, which depends on a sense of values.

"LIGHT ORGAN" INVENTOR HERE

SILENT jazz, classical rhythm, the Charleston in colors red and green and yellow—to be seen and not heard is about to become a reality.

Concerts can now be played without a sound, and, because the eye travels faster than the ear, concerts on the clavilux, the "light organ," are a probability.

Minnesotans, alumni, faculty and students, hundreds of them, who saw the recital given by Thomas Wilfred, inventor and manipulator of the peculiar instrument at the St. Paul auditorium last week, agreed that, although they wouldn't agree that whole concerts could or should be given with the instrument, nevertheless, it will undoubtedly come to perform valuable service in connection with theatrical performances, where lighting effects greatly aid or retard the effect desired by the producer.

Could words be written for clavilux "pieces," someone asked Mr. Wilfred after the performance. They probably could, but he maintains his instrument is "the

vehicle of soundless art." Its three elements are form, color and motion. Sound, Mr. Wilfred pointed out, is another art, "no more related to the art of light and color than painting is to music."

The effect of a clavilux recital upon those who watch its flashing, changing rays always is great, "but never quite the same for any two persons," Mr. Wilfred said.

"Yes, it is possible to write the score for a given sensation," he continued, "but perhaps no two composers would do it exactly alike. It would be like setting a dozen poets at work to write a poem on the same theme. You would have a dozen different poems. Combinations are limitless on the clavilux."

In appearance, the clavilux somewhat resembles a pipe organ. It has four banks of 100 keys each. The banks are slightly tilted toward the screen, the only stage equipment used. They are played by sliding them forward and back, and each of the 400 keys has 100 different positions. It is possible to play a symphony in only black and white, or to play colors without motion. A third dimension also is possible, showing depth. When the colors are used in this manner, the screen disappears and gives the audition or the optience—impression of looking into space. A strong electric light is located in each bank of keys, and color is obtained by the use of optical filters. Mechanical devices provide motion.

Part of the proceeds of the clavilux concert Feb. 3 will be applied to the maintenance of scholarships in the University of Minnesota extension division. The recital was sponsored by the Minnesota alumni chapter of the Columbia College of Expression.

The program.

Part I.

- Introduction..... Mr. Wilfred
- (a) Op. 42. Sketch. Asymmetrical forms ascending.
- (b) Op. 39. Triangular Etude.
- (c) Op. 34. Chicago Nocturne. Study in Depth and Majestic Motion.
- (d) Op. 29. Single form advancing, opening, rising, closing, receding, falling. Accompaniment double form, rising.
- (e) Op. 30. A Fairy Tale of the Orient.

Part II.

- Introduction..... Mr. Wilfred
- (f) Op. 27. Light and Shade. Study in graceful motion.
- (g) The Factory } Two projected four dimensional
- (h) The Ocean } settings for a fantastic play.
- (i) Op. 36. Grotesque. A visual Syncopation.
- (j) Op. 37. Joy. Double form revolving. Accompaniment swinging and expanding.



PLAYING A SYMPHONY IN COLOR

This is Thomas Wilfred, inventor of the Clavilux, commonly called the "color organ", at the keyboard as he operated his novel invention for a mixed audience at the St. Paul Auditorium last week.

*What Do You Know About the Generosity of the State of Minnesota
in Relationship to Other Universities and Other Commonwealths—*

Is Minnesota's Appropriation Adequate?

*President L. D. Coffman Discusses the University's Budget in Comparison with
our Needs—State's Failure to appropriate Sufficient Funds Causes Fee Advance.*

INTRODUCTION

To acquaint alumni with the internal machinery and the the administration of Minnesota, and of the progress made, the ALUMNI WEEKLY begins with this issue, the publication of a series of articles dealing with the various problems of the University itself.

Beginning with "General University Problems," the series will continue through specific problems: The University's Needs, including its greatest need; Administrative Measures, Statistics of Registration; Gifts, Buildings and Improvements; Legislation and its effect on the University; The Granting of Honorary Degrees, and General University Interests, after which the editors will examine in order the various schools, colleges and major divisions.

The majority of the series will be written by President L. D. Coffman and will therefore be most illuminating.

PART I

THE legislature has always been disposed to deal with the University of Minnesota in a statesmanlike manner. The needs of the institution have been considered in relation to the other needs of the state. They have been met usually in proportion to the ability of the state to meet them. The Board of Regents, on the other hand, has always carefully considered and investigated and examined its budgetary requests before they were submitted to the legislature for consideration and action.

The University has been recognized as one of the powerful arms of the state—not powerful politically, for it has since its establishment diligently and with avowed purpose, refrained as an institution from political activity—but powerful in the sense that it has provided education for thousands of the youth of the state, powerful in the sense that it has sought to discover and has actually discovered new truths and facts about the cure of human disease, more economical methods of administering different kinds of business, the evaluation of the laws of justice, the improvement of methods of learning, the development of new varieties of grain, of fruits, of trees, of new ways of retaining and extending soil fertility, and powerful in the sense that through its schools, extension service, and experiment stations it has actually assisted the solving of many of the problems of the communities of the state. The University is, and should be, regarded as an instrument of service, and nothing else. It should develop as the state develops. The character and forms of service it renders and expects to render should be in keeping with the needs of its constituents. It is clear that it cannot do everything. What it does should be excellent in character in every respect.

Recent legislatures have done several things with regard to the administration of the University which were particularly wise in character. Among these are first, making the appropriations to the University in a lump sum; second, providing the University with a building fund extending over a long period of time; and third, increasing the appropriation from time to time in accordance with the actual needs of the institution.

For many years the University was required to submit a budget to the legislature in detail, item by item, and specification by specification. The appropriations were

made in terms of these items and specifications. This was found to be highly impractical and in many cases, inefficient and uneconomical. At the time the budgetary estimates were prepared it would seem that an appropriation of \$4,000 for some special item would be quite adequate, but in the performance of the work some two, three or four hundred dollars more might be found necessary if the task was to be brought to a successful conclusion. Since this money was not available because it had not been appropriated for this purpose, it was necessary to stop the work sometimes at the point when the work would have proved of greatest value to the institution and the state. Adjustments in budgetary items are necessary for the intelligent and successful performance of the work of the University. They make it possible for the University among other things, to make the shifts which are required to keep talented and distinguished persons on the faculty.

The regents of the University now very carefully study all the needs of the institution and prepare a detailed statement for the advice of the governor before the legislative session. The governor in turn incorporates this statement or such part of it as he deems wise after a proper hearing on the matter in his report to the legislature.

Following the action of the legislature, the Board of Regents prepares a careful detailed budget for each year of the biennium. This budget is adhered to so far as seems wise and practicable. Every transfer of every item or sum no matter how small is subject to careful consideration by the board or by a special committee of the board. This means that every emergency within the institution receives consideration and if the money is available it is met. At the close of each year, the comptroller of the University is required to prepare a detailed statement showing the sources of income as well as the expenditures of the institution. This report is usually prepared following an examination of all of the records by the state examiner, and is then filed with the Board of Regents. After consideration by the board, it is published for distribution.

The second respect in which the legislature has acted wisely and in a statesmanlike manner in dealing with the University, has been in making an appropriation of \$560,000 a year extending over ten years for university buildings. It was clearly shown at the time this appropriation was made that this sum of money was sorely needed by the institution to take care of its building requirements. The University has proceeded slowly, cautiously, and prudently in erecting new buildings. It has builded more wisely because the money became available annually than it would have builded if the money had all been available during one biennium. Occasionally, we find someone who feels that the University is expending large sums for buildings. It should be remembered in this connection, that during the last three or four years there have been a number of

large gifts for buildings at the University. The two new hospital units now being erected upon the campus as well as the stadium, are the gifts of friends of the institution. Some 17,000 persons contributed to the erection of the stadium and for an auditorium on the campus. The cancer unit of the hospital is the result of the \$250,000 gift by the Citizens Aid Society of Minneapolis. The Todd Memorial has been made possible by gifts from Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Gale, and Mrs. Mapes. There is, in addition, a gift now approximating a million and a half by Mr. William Henry Eustis, part of which will be used in erecting a crippled children's hospital unit on the campus.

So far as the buildings which have been erected at the expense of the state are concerned, it should be said that while Minnesota has been liberal in this respect, a number of our neighboring states have appropriated much larger sums for buildings over shorter periods of time than has Minnesota. The state of Michigan appropriated to the University of Michigan more than \$8,000,000 for buildings during the last four years. The state of Iowa has appropriated in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000 for buildings for the University during the last four years. The amount appropriated by the state of Illinois for buildings at the University of Illinois during the last biennium was \$2,500,000. A similar request is being made for the next biennium. Ohio has a building program of \$8,000,000 to be submitted at this next legislature. The program at Minnesota, if it continues to develop as it is now developing, will not be a burden upon the state at any time. We should be able to build in accordance with our actual needs, and to have ample time to study our problems. There will be no extravagances or lavish expenditures. Progress will be made wisely and intelligently. The legislature is to be commended for having adopted this plan.

A third respect in which the legislature has encouraged the development of the University, has been in increasing the appropriations from time to time. It is true that these appropriations have not always been as large as the request submitted.

Four years ago, the University submitted a request of \$3,450,000 for operation and maintenance. The legislature appropriated \$3,000,000. Two years ago the University submitted the same request as four years ago. The legislature appropriated \$3,150,000. The request of four years ago was made after a careful analysis of the University's needs. If it had been granted, there would have been no request for additional money made of the legislature two years ago and no additional request would be made at this time. Furthermore, the University of Minnesota, in every respect, would have been on a plane comparable with that of other institutions. We have not, we regret to say, been able to measure up to that standard in every respect. If we receive the appropriation which we ask this time, this defect will be remedied. If not, we shall fail in our competition with certain neighboring institutions for desirable men for the staff, find it increasingly more difficult to keep worthy men on our own staff, and we shall have certain inefficiencies in administration which will be more or less unfortunate. *Last year the regents asked an appropriation of \$3,382,000 approximately \$70,000 less than was asked four years ago and two years ago.* The reason for this decrease was, that the income of the University increased during the last biennium from the occupation tax and the swamp land funds, from certain increases in student fees, and from savings in our heating

plant due to improvements. These increases represent new sources of income amounting to approximately \$70,000 a year.

When our former request for \$3,450,000 was submitted four years ago, it was based upon the instructional needs of the institution. During the next biennium, the number of students at the University increased about 1,500. It is perfectly clear that the appropriation was more sadly needed two years ago than it was four years ago. Some effort was made to meet these needs by the legislature increasing the appropriation from \$3,000,000 to \$3,150,000 a year.

For the actual maintenance and operation of the University during each year of the present biennium, we therefore submitted a request for \$3,382,000, this money to be provided by direct appropriation. This request includes the requests for the schools of agriculture as well as those for the various experimental stations throughout the state. It is our belief that there is no state that is getting more for its money in the way of higher education than Minnesota. The appropriations as well as the requests at the University of Minnesota, are less than those of a number of neighboring states where every cent is devoted to the University and to the College of Agriculture. At Minnesota we have not only the University with its two campuses, but the several schools of agriculture to be cared for out of this appropriation. Considering the annual amounts which are required for the efficient management and operation of these schools, the sum which remains for the University and its various departments is small when compared to the amount of money appropriated by a number of other states for higher education. We have found it necessary to supplement the state's appropriation with increases in student's fees from time to time.

E. B. PIERCE SPEAKS IN NORTH DAKOTA

E. B. PIERCE, field secretary of the University and secretary of the General Alumni association, will give two speeches at the University of North Dakota Feb. 21 and 22, in connection with its half million dollar memorial stadium, "gym" and athletic field campaign.

Extensive plans are being made to raise the necessary money, the drive which is to open on Feb. 22, commemorating the forty-third anniversary of the founding of the North Dakota institution. A four day program of athletic events, singing contests, convocations, and banquets has been announced by the University Memorial corporation, and Mr. Pierce is to speak at the final organization banquet of all campaign workers on Sunday evening, Feb. 21, as well as on one other program, possibly the general convocation on the succeeding day.

As a second representative of Minnesota, T. Sproul ('25 L), a graduate of both this and the North Dakota college and one of the four minute speakers on the stadium drive of 1921, may speak on founders' day.



“Football? I Know What Ails Football!”

This Is What E. K. Hall, Dartmouth, Chairman of the Football Rules Committee, Might Have Said in His Address Delivered at the Instance of New York Sun Banquet

This article is presented by the Minnesota Alumni Weekly in conjunction with several other leading Alumni publications including the Yale Alumni Weekly. The editors acknowledge their indebtedness to the Alumni Magazines associated for supplying the manuscript for this article. Reprint with or without credit is hereby granted interested editors.

FOOTBALL is everyone's business. And everyone today has a solution for what is supposed to be wrong with America's favorite sport. Is anything really wrong with football?

Locally here at Minnesota we have all been more or less disgusted with the treatment accorded us when we have gone to Chicago to secure games.

Year after year we secure the same number. Because of the fact that we at Minnesota as well as elsewhere like variety, we have fancied that football and the men in football have not been as sportsmanlike as well they might.

But nationally, too, the game has been under fire. There has been the charge of commercialism levied because of the huge stadia being built to house the ever increasing enthusiasts; the fact that coaches have been paid terrific sums when deserving brilliant professors get one-half to one-fourth the sum; many have felt that football was overshadowing every other college sport, tradition, and even the purpose of the college itself; and latterly the entrance of many of football's idols into the world of professional football, has added new coals to the already greedy fire.

Perhaps a thorough analysis by an expert, a student of the game, will help clarify the situation as it exists today in the minds of Minnesota alumni. Appreciating the great interest many of our own alumni have in amateur-collegiate football as a great game, and Minnesota football especially, the editors of the ALUMNI WEEKLY have arranged for the publication of an article by E. K. Hall, of Dartmouth, chairman of the football rules committee, delivered by him at a dinner given by the New York Sun to its selection of an All-American football team held in New York on December 6, 1925.

Ask Our Rivals—

ALUMNI are still sending letters of opinion on the football schedule situation at Minnesota. A letter this week from Carl E. Campbell ('07) suggests a new solution that, perhaps, the athletic department of Minnesota will follow. The letter follows:

My Dear Mr. Editor:

You ask for our opinions on the athletic problem of securing the right sort of football schedule.

Back in 1903 we played such teams as Nebraska, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, and Chicago. These were, and still are our natural rivals, and if they do not wish to play us, some good reason should be offered to explain their attitude. I am sure that men like Stagg and Zuppke are not averse to telling us anything we ought to know, and if we have done anything that makes them feel like cutting us off their football schedule, we ought to be told what it is. I talked to Zuppke a number of times in 1920, and he always spoke in the highest terms of Williams and the Minnesota teams. It is my belief that the defeat his team handed our famous team of 1919 was the biggest event of his coaching career. Perhaps the return of the compliment in 1924 was more than he could stand.

Sincerely yours,

Carl E. Campbell—1907.

While the editors of the ALUMNI WEEKLY may, or may not be in accord with what Mr. Hall is saying they believe he is fundamentally correct in his assertions.

Now go on with Mr. Hall's article:

I hope I will not appear ungracious if I do not use the time which is allotted to me in bestowing further praise and compliment upon this fine group of lads who are the guests of the evening, but devote my time to another and more serious purpose.

You boys will forgive me, I feel certain, for I wish to talk about the game itself, the game that is responsible for your being here. I do this with the cordial consent of our host, The Sun, and I would like to state briefly why in my judgment the game is the great game that it is. I would like to reply to certain criticisms that are being made of the game today, and I would like to call to your attention, as friends of the game, certain tendencies which unless corrected, will in my judgment, go far to impair the almost universal esteem in which the game is held.

I do not need to argue to this group that football is a great game. It may help, however, if in our consideration of what is necessary to protect its best interests, we stop for a moment and ask ourselves the question why is it such a great game. I am satisfied that the answer is found in the fact that the game contains practically every element essential to the

highest type of sport. It offers rare opportunity not only for physical strength, agility and speed, but for mental alertness, resource and initiative. It calls for and develops confidence, courage and nerve. It affords opportunity for the exercise of all these qualities in every variation with kaleidoscopic suddenness. Its continual flashes of physical contact test the temper as almost no other game and afford continued and invaluable experience in developing its control. It develops a fine quality of sportsmanship. It teaches the value of painstaking preparation and of attention to details.

But above all, and this is the point of transcendent importance, it is outstandingly a team game with all of the opportunities and rewards for team play.

The thrill that comes from individual accomplishment alone and unaided, whether in work or play, is one of the richest rewards of effort; but it pales into insignificance when compared to the richness of the rewards for joint accomplishment.

Victory alone and unaided is sweet but there is nobody to really share it with. Victory shared with others in a common cause is infinitely sweeter. Defeat or failure in single-handed effort often leaves a man oppressed with overpowering lonesomeness. Defeat in joint effort in a common cause and the consciousness of all having done their best makes friends for a life time.

A college daily in one of our great colleges whose team had acquitted themselves during the past season with great credit published the answers to a questionnaire which it had sent to each member of the team at the close of the season. One question read as follows: "What feature of the season did you enjoy the most?" Nine out of eleven, as I recall it, answered "The association with the other fellows on the team."

Football in my judgment is the finest team game the world has ever produced and that is the principal reason it is such a great game.

The next question we might with profit ask ourselves is why is the game so popular among those who do not participate in the game. Each year for the last 20 years, the game has steadily increased in popularity. Attendance at the important games is limited only by the capacity of the stadiums. We only have to go back 20 years, however, to recall a time when the game was under almost universal criticism. And except in a few end-season games where an ancient rivalry was responsible for large attendance, there was little public interest in the sport. The result of the games was generally a foregone conclusion. The injuries were frequent and often serious. Players found the game a grind and spectators found it monotonous and uninteresting. It was mass play against mass play. A premium was put on beef and the lighter team or the team from the smaller college seldom had a chance to win. The result of the games could be predicted almost to a certainty in advance. Formation and style of play permitted and invited unsportsmanlike tactics. Officials deliberately ignored infractions of the rules. They were so frequent and difficult to detect.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Basketball Comeback Brief—Two Defeats Suffered

Iverson's Hockeymen Defeat Notre Dame—Wrestlers Defeat Chicago Fighters 15 to 8

By JOE MADER, JR., Sports Editor

MINNESOTA'S comeback in basketball was brief. The hopes raised by the defeat of Chicago were short lived, for the team was defeated by the mediocre Iowa team Saturday Feb. 6, 21 to 14. Holding Ray Rasey, Gopher scoring ace, to two free throws, the Iowa team, headed by "Chuck" McConnell, captain and guard, paved the way for victory, while Phillips, their diminutive substitute forward, counted enough field goals to win the game for his team.

Minnesota started a whirlwind attack on the Hawkeye basket, scoring six points to one for the Iowans, before the going became rougher. Phillips was inserted in the game for Van Deusen and then the fireworks began.

Eldon Mason held the limelight for the Gophers since Rasey was almost completely forced out of the game by faultless guarding. Mason played a great floor game, and managed to come through for a good many shots at the basket. He had poor luck with his shots, however, and succeeded in tallying only one field goal.

McConnell and Phillips shared scoring honors for the evening, both garnering six points. The work of Phillips as soon as he was sent in counted for two field goals and three free throws, to put the Hawks in the lead at the half, eight to six.

The first half of the game was unusually slow. Minnesota was slowed up completely by close guarding, which was Iowa's best bet to win the game. Wolden, who had been expected to come through with several baskets, failed to come up to expectations. He failed to tally throughout the whole evening.

Minnesota was off to a poor start in the second half. The Iowa quint had run her score up to 17 before the Gophers rallied in the second session. Gay, substituting for Nydahl, began to open fire with a free throw. Wright went in for Wheeler, after captain Rasey called time out for the Gophers.

With a clear advantage, the Iowa team began a stalling game, but this was almost costly for them because Taylor sent in Tuttle to take Wright's place, and he sank a field goal and free throw in quick succession. From then on, the Gophers failed to score, while Iowa sank another field goal and was successful with several tries from the line.

The summary:

Iowa	Fg.	Ft.	Pf.
Harrison rf.	0	2	1
Phillips rf.	3	0	2
Van Deusen lf.	1	0	1
Miller C.	0	2	3
Keel C.	0	0	0
McConnell rg.	2	2	3
Hogan lg.	1	2	0
Totals	7	8	10
Minnesota	Fg.	Ft.	Pf.
Rasey lf.	0	2	3
Smith lf.	0	0	0
Nydahl rf.	1	0	3
Gay rf.	1	1	0
Wolden C.	0	0	1
Mackinnon c.	0	2	0
Wheeler rg.	0	0	1
Tuttle rg.	1	1	1
Wright rg.	0	0	0
Mason lg.	1	1	3
Totals	4	6	12

Michigan 33, Minnesota 22

Just as we go to press (Tuesday) the defeat of Minnesota's net men by Michigan 33 to 22 has been received.

Complete reports will be published on this page next week. This places Minnesota on the bottom of the Big Ten conference race.

Officials—Referee, Schommer, Chicago. Umpire—Maloney, Notre Dame.

NOTRE DAME HOCKEYISTS BEATEN

Coach Iverson sent his hockey team against Notre Dame in the first big home game with a great deal of pessimism, though why coach Iverson is pessimistic is not always easily told. For one thing, Wilcken, veteran goal tender, returned to the squad eligible for competition. Then too, Reeves and Bros are rounding into shape and are almost ready to take the ice; yet Iverson fails to smile. Percy Flaaten, stellar guard, who has been out for several weeks with an injured ankle reported ready for the game; but the frown does not leave Iverson's brow. We wonder just how good this Notre Dame sextet is.

Using a full team of ten men against Carleton and the Fort Snelling teams, the Minnesota hockey coach had little difficulty in defeating both teams overwhelmingly. The Carleton team gave his team a great deal of opposition, but in the last period their goalie was besieged with shots from every angle of the ice sheet, and three markers went sailing into the net. The game ended 4 to 1 in favor of the Gophers.

The Snelling team proved an easy mark for Iverson's ten man team, going down to defeat to the tune of 6 to 0. The work of Olson, Scott, and Thompson has given them regular berths, while Flaaten will be a surety as one of the defense men if his injured foot can stand it. Several men are still ineligible, and within the next few weeks they should have cleared the eligibility barrier and be ready to go into a game.

WRESTLERS DEFEAT CHICAGO

Minnesota wrestlers decisively defeated Chicago in a Big Ten dual meet Saturday at Chicago, taking the long end of a 15 to 8 score. Two Minnesota men won their matches by falls, while Captain Graham of the Maroon team scored a win by a fall over Easter in the 135 pound division.

A draw after 18 minutes of wrestling resulted in the match between Captain Dally of the Gophers and Shapinski of Chicago in the 125 pound class. Dally wrestled his first match Saturday since he was forced out of the game early in the season with a cracked shoulder blade. Krueger, Minnesota middleweight, scored the quickest win, throwing Massey in 3 minutes and 56 seconds.

Easter and Graham gave a spectacular exhibition for nearly nine minutes, when Graham suddenly snapped on a body scissors and half Nelson and secured a fall. Kopplin, Minnesota heavyweight secured his fall over Johnson in 4 minutes and 36 seconds.

Summary:

- 115 pound—Church, Minnesota defeated Schier, Chicago, time advantage 4:25.
- 125 pound—Shapinski, Chicago and Captain Dally, Minnesota, drew time 18:00.
- 135 pound—Captain Graham, Chicago, threw Easter, Minnesota, time 8:56.
- 145 pound—Paterson, Minnesota, defeated Davis, Chicago, time advantage 4:22.
- 158 pound—Krueger, Minnesota, threw Massey, Chicago. Time 3:56.
- 175 pound—Krogh, Chicago, defeated Ferrier, Minnesota. Time advantage 6:09.
- Heavyweight—Kopplin, Minnesota, threw Johnson, Chicago. Time 4:36.

SWIMMERS WORRIED (?)

Neils Thorpe is getting worried about his swimmers these days. During the past week they broke only one record, that being the state record for the 200 yard relay. In previous weeks they never broke less than two, and the wrinkled brow of Thorpe is mute testimony that all is not well.

Swimming against the St. Paul A. C. in a return match, the Gopher tank crew won handily 53 to 15, taking every first place and most of the seconds. The record event was covered in 1:44 2-5, nearly a second faster than the previous record.

Gordon Bjornberg, swimming his second year for the Maroon and Gold, was the outstanding performer in the meet Friday night. He won the medley relay through his work in the last part of the event, making up the distance lost by his team-mates, and then forging in ahead of the St. Paul swimmer. He also took first place in the 220 yard dash.

The 50 yard dash was won by Sam Hill, with Captain Harold Richter second, and Souchery of the Athletic Club third. The distance was covered in 25 2-5.

The Gopher swimmers captured first and second places in both the 100 yard dash and the 200 yard event. Lucke and Morris of the University squad and McCahill of the A. C. took the first three places in the century, while Bjornberg, Bennett and Price finished in the order named in the 220 event. Bjornberg neared record time in the latter event, covering the distance in 2:44.

Purdy nosed out Bellerue in the breaststroke, covering the distance in 1:26. Jim Hill covered the 100 yard backstroke in 1:11, finishing well ahead of Williamson and Enoch, who came in in the order named.

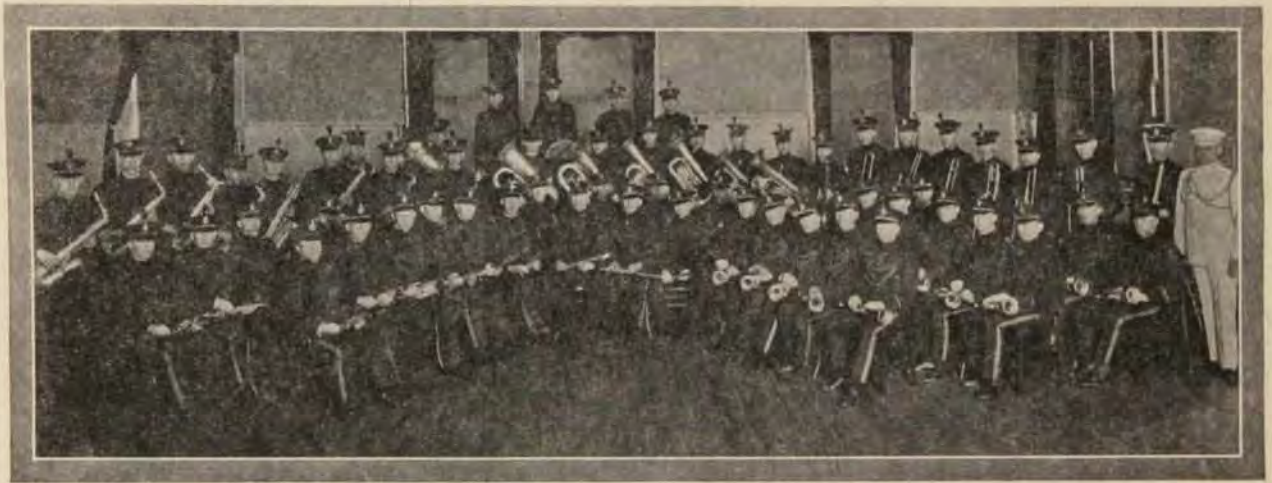
PADDOCK, FAMOUS RUNNER, HERE

CHARLEY PADDOCK, famous sprinter, was in Minneapolis last week and the pounding of his speeding feet was heard on the track at the University of Minnesota, as he went through a brief workout under the Memorial Stadium.

The world's greatest speed demon was the guest of Billy Mapes, ('29) former West high sprinter, who is now a freshman at the University of Minnesota.

Paddock and Mapes worked on the Gopher track and the world record holder spent considerable time showing the Minnesota runner several ways in which he can take fractions of seconds off his time.

The UNIVERSITY NEWS BUDGET



Michael Jalma and his University of Minnesota band have been performing every evening at the Twin City Auto Show held in the Overland building. Director Jalma is the man on the extreme right in the white uniform.

Bess Wilson, "U" Regent, Speaks to Women By Radio

Clubwomen of the state heard suggestions as to proper reading for children if they listened to the radio talk given from the Gold Medal station WCCO, Thursday, February 11, from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. by Bess M. Wilson, Redwood Falls, member of the board of regents of the University of Minnesota and editor of the President's Letter, official organ of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Wilson talked on "What Is Your Child Reading?" immediately following a group of piano solos by Maurice Levy of St. Paul.

Chinese Will Give One-Act Play in Cosmopolitan Revue, Feb. 19-20

Atmosphere from China will be added to the eighth annual Cosmopolitan production of the Cosmopolitan club to begin in the Music auditorium Feb. 19 and 20, by presentation of "The Thrice Promised Bride," a one-act play by Cheng Chin Hziung.

The author is a student at the University of North Carolina who is studying play writing. This play, recently presented in North Carolina, received praise in a critical review of a prominent theatrical magazine.

World Education Tea Brings All Nationalities Together

The four corners of the globe were brought to Minnesota Thursday at the Y.W.C.A. world education tea in an effort to promote friendliness between people of different races. Woven bits of straw from the Philippines, copperware from Scandinavia, pure gold cloth from India, mandarin robes from China, silk crepe shawls of Italy, and sheer lace scarfs of France showed the skill and art of other nations and races.

Minnesota's Department Now Is "School of Architecture"

Minnesota's department of architecture is henceforth to be known as the School of Architecture, O. M. Leland, dean of the College of Architecture and Engineering, declared today. There will be no change in the administration.

Ski-U-Mah Puts Out Annual Auto Show Number

Gay in a cover depicting the first auto show on record, the February issue of Ski-U-Mah appeared on the campus Monday morning. The jacket design, which is said to be a sensation in futuristic art, is the work of Joel Carlson. This is the seventh annual automobile number Ski-U-Mah has published.

A special booth has been installed in the Overland building to facilitate sales of the magazine during the Twin City Auto show. Three thousand extra copies have been printed for the occasion. Feature articles and cartoons relevant to "Rolls Ruffs" and "Leaping Lenas" have been included by the score.

Dean Kelly Lauds Extension Service Instruction for Adults

Campus enrollment of American universities will soon be eclipsed by the enrollment of adult students in extension and correspondence classes, Frederick J. Kelly, dean of administration, told the Women's Co-operative alliance.

Methods that develop and increase the desire of adults for greater education were termed "the most useful organization in the world for raising the general level of living," according to Dean Kelly.

Fire Arouses Sleeping Sigma Nu's, Damages are \$2,500

Fire caused by defective wiring, routed 18 members of Sigma Nu fraternity from their beds in the chapter house at 915 University avenue southeast, early Wednesday. The damage was estimated at \$2,500 by Ralph Wilson, president, and is covered by insurance.

The fire started in a store room in the basement of the house, and burned its way through the floor of the parlor, damaging furniture, and making re-decorating necessary.

Wolheim, Star of "What Price Glory," Guest at Drama Hour

Louis Wolheim who played last week at the Metropolitan theater in "What Price Glory," was an honor guest of National Collegiate Players at the play production class performance of Jaques Copeau's "The House Into Which We Are Born."

Polish Women Present Flag to Cosmopolitan Club

Presentation of a Polish flag at the regular Saturday luncheon of the Cosmopolitan club at the Minnesota union last week increased the unique collection of foreign flags which the organization possesses.

The Polish Women's organization of the twin cities donated the flag. Mrs. J. Narowski, president, made the presentation, and Mr. Apolinario Aquino, president of the Cosmopolitan club, received the flag.

A series of lectures about the different countries in the world will be given at each Saturday luncheon by a native of the country.

Dr. Diehl Appointed to Arrange Health Programs for Parent-Teachers

Dr. H. S. Diehl, director of the health service and sixth vice president of the state Parent-Teacher association, has been appointed to arrange a series of health programs as director of the organization's department of health.

These programs will be presented in hundreds of schools throughout Minnesota and will cover a period of one year. They will be composed of information on children's health and the care of various types of diseases.

"Whiskey," Entertainer at "U" Circus, And His Trainer Separated

Lt. W. R. Hazelrigg and his trick horse, "Whiskey," a combination which furnished the main thrill in the all-University circus of 1924, must separate after their appearance in the first Mid-winter Military Horse show at the Kenwood armory, Feb. 18 and 19.

Lt. Hazelrigg has been ordered to Manila and all efforts to purchase the horse from the government, or have it transferred have proved futile.

W.S.G.A. Erect Bronze Tablet To Raise Freshman Girls' Scholarship

To encourage scholarship among freshmen girls, W.S.G.A. will erect a bronze tablet in Shevlin hall upon which will be engraved the name of the freshman girl with the highest scholastic standing for the first two quarters.

PERSONALIA

'82—William Wyckoff Clark, Sr. Paul student of science, well known for his part in the dispute over the Einstein theory, died Sunday morning at his home, 2266 Commonwealth avenue after an illness of three weeks. Mr. Clark graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1882. Funeral services will take place Tuesday at 2:30 p.m. at the St. Anthony Park Congregational church.

Though Mr. Clark devoted much of his time to law and was successful in the real estate business, most of his fame came to him through his study of scientific subjects and theories. His work toward refuting the validity of the Einstein theory of relativity, on which subject he provided a series of brochures, gained for him the attention of eminent scholars.

As a real estate dealer and builder, Mr. Clark was responsible to a great degree for the development of the St. Anthony Park district of St. Paul. When the panic of 1896 came, Mr. Clark, then manager of the Scottish-American Mortgage and Loan company, went to Europe and obtained money with which to continue the expansion of St. Anthony park.

'92 Md—Dr. A. E. Benjamin of Minneapolis with his wife and four children, took a trip to Europe during the summer. They visited a good part of continental Europe and the British Isles.

'94 Ag., '95—In addition to his work as development agent for the Chicago Great Western railroad, T. A. "Pronto" Hoverstad has been put in charge of the department of publicity.

His daughter, Phoebe was married to Lloyd Nelson ('25 Ag) August 18. Mr. Nelson is manager of the Schermerhorn farms, at Mahanomen, Minn. On June 27, his son, Andrew ('23) married Marian Haedeke. Helen ('25) is teaching home economics at Alden, Minn., and Mary ('27) spent the winter with her sister.

All this information Mr. Hoverstad neatly recorded in answer to our questionnaire about himself and family. Under the item, "Vacation," he writes: "Trip to California—nothing sensational."

'03 Md—A sort of review of American history was indulged in by the Catlin family when they took a month's tour through the East this summer. Dr. J. J. Catlin, his wife, and children, Dorothy, Theodore and Eileen, made up the party which started from their home in Buffalo, N. Y., drove to Niagara, Northern New York, and Lakes George and Champlain. The Green mountains were visited on their way to Concord, Lexington, Boston and other Revolutionary war centers. Plymouth Rock and Cape Cod were visited on the way to New York City.

"From that city," Dr. Catlin writes, "our route to Washington was by way of Philadelphia, Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Antietam, Harper's Ferry, and Frederick. After doing the Capitol city we selected a route for its historic interest to Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and through Louray pass into the Shenandoah valley, then south as far as Lexington, where we turned west to Charleston, W. Va., and on across the Ohio river and through the garden spot of America, the richest agricultural section of the world, and back home. Dorothy and Theodore are both attending the University."

'05—Mrs. W. L. Martin (Elsie W. Everett), who was at Oak Terrace, Minn., died July 12, 1925. Mrs. Martin had been at the Glen

Lake tuberculosis sanatorium for several years.

'25—After completing the first months of work in the library school of the University of California, Ellen Davlin has started her practice work in the Berkeley library. While she was at Minnesota, Miss Davlin worked in the reference department of our library. Her brother, Lavelle, ('24) more generally known as "Pat", is continuing his medical studies at Georgetown university, Washington, D. C.

'25—Dorothy Goddard and William Roger Heegaard were married on Monday, December 28. After a visit in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Heegaard will go to Boston where they will make their home for a year.

'25 Md—Dr. J. W. Gullikson has gone to Tacoma, Wash., to accept a position as assistant surgeon for the western division of the Northern Pacific railway. He will be at the N. P. hospital in Tacoma.

'25 Md—At an announcement tea, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rusche of Dupont avenue South, announced the engagement of their daughter, Marie Louise ('27) to Dr. Robert B. Radl of Hebron, N. D. The wedding is to take place in February.

'25—At an elaborate ceremony in the new Old South Church, Copley Square, Boston, Ann Thompson-Hall became the bride of Carl A. Bratnaber of Minneapolis. The wedding took place at 8 o'clock in the presence of several hundred guests, and was followed by a reception at the Copley Plaza. Mr. and Mrs. Bratnaber sailed on an ocean cruise, January 26, and will arrive in Minneapolis April 1, and will be at the Leamington hotel until they move into their new home on Minnehaha Creek. Mr. Bratnaber is a graduate of Columbia university.

'26—The engagement of Willette Brandt to Dr. Donald K. Bacon of St. Paul, has been announced. Miss Brandt is a member of Kappa Delta sorority while her fiance belongs to Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

'26—The engagement of Genevieve McLean to Charles R. Bennett of Great Falls, Mont., has just been announced by Miss McLean's parents. Mr. Bennett is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. Miss McLean belongs to Delta Gamma sorority. The wedding will take place in May.

'26 Ed—Sada Sharp and Seeman Kaplan ('18 E) were married at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Weisman ('17 D), 4952 Russell avenue S., at 5:30, January 14. Only the immediate relatives were present. After spending a month in California, Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan will be at home at 2400 Harriet avenue. Mr. Kaplan is a member of Tau Sigma Delta, honorary architectural fraternity, and Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering fraternity.

'27—The engagement of Emily King to Ray Arnold Hawkins ('24) is announced. The wedding will take place in September. Miss King is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority and Mr. Hawkins belongs to Zeta Psi fraternity.

'27 Md—The marriage of Dr. Harvey C. Maxwell and Winifred Wilkerson (Ex '25) was solemnized Friday evening, January 15, at the home of the bride's parents in St. Paul. After February 1, Dr. and Mrs. Maxwell will be at home in San Francisco, Calif.

An engagement of interest to Minneapolis friends is that of Miss Mary A. Brownlee of Seattle, Wash., formerly of Minneapolis, and Willard Wattles of Corvallis, Ore. Miss Brownlee is a daughter of the late John Brownlee of Zenith, Kan., an intimate friend of the late President Harding, who was his roommate and classmate at college in Ohio. An-

nouncement of the engagement was made at a party given by Miss Mary Bash, assistant dean of women at the University of Washington, Seattle, and Miss Lillian Hacking, graduate student in English, to the members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, the advisory board and a few intimate friends. Miss Brownlee is secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at the University of Washington and occupied a similar position at the University of Minnesota for several years, until she left for Seattle in September.

Miss Brownlee is a graduate of the University of Kansas.

What Is The Matter With Your Job?

Are there too many men
ahead of you? Is your sal-
ary equal to your efforts?

Does the time-clock
system of life get on
your nerves?

There are many reasons
for discontent in the
minds of those who de-
sire a decent money
return for their time.

It is worth while to recon-
sider your job before cir-
cumstances or habit make
it too late.

And when you do recon-
sider, remember that selling
life insurance for a com-
pany like the John Hancock
Mutual is a most suitable
profession for anyone who
cares for freedom of initia-
tive, returns instantly com-
mensurable with the quality
of work done, and a connec-
tion with a business which
is not only financially sound
but philosophically reason-
able.

You can obtain complete infor-
mation, confidentially, and with
no obligation, by calling on one
of our General Agents or by
writing to the "Inquiry Bu-
reau", John Hancock Mutual
Life Insurance Company, 197
Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

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The FACULTY

Agriculture—T. A. Erickson, ('04), state club leader and associate professor on the University farm campus was appointed superintendent of boys' and girls' club work of the Minnesota state fair at a meeting of the board of managers of the fair grounds recently.

Mr. Erickson has been a leader in boys' and girls' club work in the state for some time. Last November he led a livestock judging team to the international meet at Chicago.

Thomas H. Canfield ('23 Ag) was re-elected secretary-general manager at the same meeting of the board at which Mr. Erickson was elected.

Journalism—"Who's Who in Journalism," the first biographical directory and reference book of the journalistic profession, which has just been published by the Journalism Publishing Co., New York, contains the names of two Minnesota faculty members, William Paul Kirkwood, editor of the publications of the College of Agriculture, and Reuel R. Barlow, instructor in the department of journalism.

Besides being a record of past and present journalistic activities, "Who's Who in Journalism" is, in the words of its editors, "a representation of both the art and the business of news editing, teaching, selling and publishing—the art that enlightens the world, and the business that keeps the world together."

Mathematics—Dunham Jackson, professor of mathematics, has accepted an invitation to teach in the Chicago summer school at its next session. The Chicago summer school enrollment for mathematics exceeds that of all other institutions and its own winter enrollment.

Professor Jackson will teach two advanced courses, one in mathematical theory of statistics, similar to a course he gave at Minnesota last year, while the other will concern the theory of approximation, and will be based on the colloquial lectures which he gave before the Mathematical society during its meeting at Cornell university last September.

Professor Jackson has recently been elected president of the Mathematical Association of America, and he has also been made one of the three editors of Transactions of the American Mathematical society, which is the most important mathematical research periodical published in English.

This will be Professor Jackson's first summer at Chicago. For the past two years he has taught in Minnesota's summer sessions and the two years preceding, he had classes at Columbia.

Dr. Folwell's Birthday February 14

On Sunday, February 14, William Watts Folwell, president-emeritus of the University of Minnesota will celebrate his ninety-third—yes sir—93—birthday. Open house will be held at his home on 1020 Fifth Street, southeast, from 3 to 5 p.m.

The ALUMNI WEEKLY will publish a new photo of Dr. Folwell at home; there will be a special article reviewing briefly his life and work; another article on the birthday festivities and a third on "William Watts Folwell, author."



THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. *Willa Cather.* (Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y., \$2.50.)

Once more Miss Cather has demonstrated her right to a place in American letters, in this latest novel, "The Professor's House." This niche which she has made for herself cannot be easily preempted; to take it from her would mean the mastery of a certain solidarity of style, a certain freedom from anything like the mechanics of writing, which Willa Cather has attained to an amazing degree.

To the reader who is a stylist, this spontaneous quality must of a necessity, be the first thing noticed after he has read through the first few chapters of this amazingly clear-eyed narrative. Miss Cather seems never to be groping for things to say, or for ways to say them; the effect is a simplicity of treatment that is delightful as it is unusual. It is an art that belies its own name.



As to the story—as is so often the case in the newer novels, plot is sacrificed to character. Just as we fail to recognize the "big scenes" in our own lives, until long after, the climactic element in the life of Professor St. Peter is left for the consideration of those who remember the book. And it is a hard book to forget.

The situation at the out-set of the story is not difficult to grasp. The professor has just finished a new historical work, which has made him comparatively wealthy; he has built a new house. His wife is engrossed in this new home. His two daughters, both married, live not far away. Kathleen had married a newspaper man; Rosamond had married Louie Marsellus. Kathleen and Scott are doing well; Rosamond and Louie have become rich over-night, from the invention which Rosamond by her former sweet-heart, Tom Outland, who was killed in the war.

The story is that of the effect of Tom Outland on the family of the professor; and although he is dead when we meet these very human people, it is Tom Outland, and the character of Tom Outland, which shapes the bits of the life which we glimpse in the house of the professor. This sounds psychic; but it is not. The motivation of the characters is the most logical thing in the world.

Just what Miss Cather has intended to imply by her story, is problematic; but that there is much to inspire serious thought, is certain. It is a book which cannot fail to interest and delight the discriminating reader of fiction.—H. R.

THREE FARMS, by *Cynthia Stockley.* (G. P. Putman's Sons.)

Since the book is by Cynthia Stockley, it may be inferred that of course the three farms of which she writes lay in South Africa. Moreover, people bearing the Stockley stamp live on and operate these three estates; which is nothing against them, as the world of Cynthia Stockley contains no non-entities.

The story of the three farms on the *veldt*, carved out of the native bush-land, is a most unusual one. On the first farm, the theater of the story, lived Cathreen and her husband, Kit Valmond. On the second, lived Sheila Venner with a husband hopelessly disfigured in the war; and on the third lived Binnie Ronalds, a bachelor of sundry attractions. These five people, thrown into the constant society of each other, are the characters whose destinies so intermingle to form the complex pattern of the plot. The beautiful Cathreen, with her suppressed fire, and her poise in the face of crises, is quite the dominant figure in the tale, and it is from her viewpoint that the story unfolds. Once more Miss Stockley has taken the supreme faith of womanly love as a theme, and once more she has presented a sequence of events that hold the reader enthralled by their clean-cut and honest treatment.

Then, aside from the story itself, there is the South African life to stimulate by its novelty and charm. The bush farm of Kit Valmond is rather a different place than the author has treated before; and it is remarkable to note the careful use of this as a background of motivation. It is difficult to imagine the rather grim story as transpiring any place but on the Valmond estate.

The lover of fiction for fiction's sake can do no better than to spend an evening with this novel. It is light enough to be entertaining, serious enough to be stimulating—and not shallow enough to be easily forgotten.

—H. R.

—there's a lot in the State of Mind

Not so many years ago in the ordinary transactions of commerce, the purchaser took all the chances and the seller took none. Up to quite a recent time "Let the buyer beware" was a rule of Trade.

Today one may buy almost any thing with the full assurance of receiving honest values, and the seller who seeks deliberately to cheat, is uncommon.

"The state of mind" of most purchasers is to seek restitution or adjustment of some kind if the goods bought do not prove satisfactory.

Much of this state of mind has been developed through the printed word—(Advertising).

Printed advertising statements, today, have a convincing force even beyond the spoken word, because a fraudulent statement in print can be used as concrete evidence against the offender.

Therefore, Business has a powerful instrument (Advertising) at its command for developing confidence and building Trade, and if its message is presented individually to the person whose trade is particularly desired it will be accepted as a pledge of faith more personal and productive than if presented to the public at large. This is why Direct-Mail-Advertising is one of the greatest builders of Trade.

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Grown Great Through Service

THE men of history grew great according to the measure of their service. So with institutions.

Western Electric is an industrial institution whose growth is no miracle, but the result of greater service. Nearly half a century ago it started on a sim-

ple idea—to make the best telephones and telephone equipment that human skill could build.

In our work for the Bell Telephone System, our ideals today are the same as those that have guided us for nearly fifty years—to grow greater by serving more.

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM