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And on Earth
Peace to Men of Good Will"

—St. Luke, Chap. II, V. 4

The University of Dayton Exponent

DECEMBER 1920

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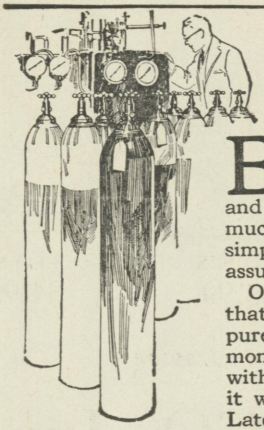

What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

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Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

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Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.

General Electric Company

General Office Schenectady, N. Y.

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Christmas with the Angels

The
University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XVIII DECEMBER, 1920 No. 10

The Twenty-fifth Day of December

IN the year, from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole earth was at peace, in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and Son of the Eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary.—**The Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the flesh.**

—From "The Roman Martyrology."

"Sunshine"

RAY J. KITSTEINER

THE sun, rapidly dropping behind Round Top's rugged profile, now and again peered out of the mounting cloud bank and cast futile rays down the frozen valley. At intervals the ice-bound river was hidden gold watched over by the gaunt and sombre hills, then with fleeting change, became a silvery ribbon in the dark depths. The sun was gone. Another abrupt December night seemed to have fallen. Suddenly the cloud waves over Round Top, reflecting the light of the lost sun, turned fiery scarlet and reached into the faint blue of the south with vanishing crimson and gold, or struck tongues of fire into the purple and black of the north.

"Pretty, isn't it, Don?"

Turned toward the sunset, the man's face stood out clearly from the gathering gloom. Its weathered hue was heightened by the ruddy glow. The youth of the smooth full features seemed denied by the stern grey eyes and the forbearing cast of his mouth. A short rifle and brace of grouse explained his being about in the wintry waste of the wooded hill.

"Guess it'll snow tonight, Don."

The dimming clouds were growing more formidable.

"Better if it does. Too late to save the wheat roundabout, but anyway it'll look nicer for tomorrow." He looked down at the dog. "Tomorrow's Christmas, Don. Didn't know it, eh? Yes,—tomorrow is—Christmas." He was looking out over the hills again. For just a moment the far-away look seemed to melt into sadness then he turned about sharply and continued up the faint path.

As they approached a small clearing in which stood a rude cabin, the dog stopped short, tail and ears erect. The man listened. For a few moments the utter silence was unbroken then from down in the valley came a faint cry. Twice it was repeated, rising higher each time in its note of distress.

"Go, Don."

The dog dashed down the path into the night. Rustling leaves betrayed his course for a little while, then all was still again. Minutes passed. Staccato barks began to come up from the foot of the hill. Still the man waited; it was only the inquisitive voice of the dog. At

last came the bay of discovery. The man whistled shrilly and fetching a lantern from the cabin hastened down the path. Progress through the black woods was slow and at intervals he whistled an answer to the impatient baying that echoed up and down the valley. At the river's edge the dog sprung into the little circle of light and restlessly dashing back and forth guided the man over the ice. Around the corner of the hill where there was a bit of shore he stopped short. There on the edge of the light was a girlish form half-lying, half-sitting against the cliff. The death-like face, as pallid as the partly hiding ermine scarf seemed jested by the jaunty tam-o-shanter and the gay jersey. A pair of skates suggested the story of her adventure. The man picked up the finely gloved hand. There was a feeble beating of the pulse against the deadly cold. Wrapping the girl in his heavy bear-skin reefer he started back over the ice. A cutting wind, carrying the first flurry from the black sky, had begun to sweep down the river. Bearing against the blizzard the hardy hillsman mounted the long path, yielding not a moment to the exhausting climb. At the cabin he procured a flask of brandy and parting the folds of the reefer poured a few drops between the blue lips. A minute or two passed. Then very slowly a change came over the pale face. There was a fluttering of the eyelids, a little cough, and deep blue eyes unveiled themselves and looked up at him.

"Drink this, Miss."

He gave her a bit more of the brandy. Seeing full consciousness to be slowly returning, he arranged her in the great chair before the fire-place. Then, having gathered some of the freshly fallen snow, he removed the gloves and began to rub the icy hands.

The glowing log, urged by the lusty whistle of the wind, broke into lively flame and shone on the silent group, the motionless face of the girl, the kneeling figure of the man and the inquisitive panting dog.

After some time the hands began to turn a burning red. Seeing the urgency of the case to be past, the man broke the silence.

"These are all right, too, Don," he observed. "Might hurt a little though."

"Have I been much trouble?"

The soft low voice arrested the man. A voice other than his own seemed strange. He looked up quickly. In the light of the yellow flames he beheld a strangely new face. The deep blue eyes were speaking with a winning curiosity from the finely molded features now exquisite in their returning color. The pinched blue lips were now full and red shaping the kindly little mouth over which still hov-

ered the question. A little flush overspread her face as she felt the admiring gaze.

Recovering himself the man stood up. "Are you feeling better, Miss?" he asked precipitately.

"Yes—thank you," she hesitated. "I'm sorry to trouble you—this way, I thought—I—could get back—all right,—but that terrible cold—." She closed her eyes and her brow contracted as though from painful memory. "They told me," she continued in a soliloquizing tone, "but I didn't think it—would be—like that." She raised her eyes. "Is it long since that dreadful sleep came over me?"

"About half an hour, Miss."

"And is it far to the village?"

"Six miles over the railroad," he answered.

The girl started. "Six miles!" she exclaimed. "Six miles to S——?" There was a mingling of fear and astonishment in her face.

The man reaffirmed his answer. She sank back in the chair with a despairing sigh.

"How am I ever to get back?" she begged.

"I'm sorry, Miss, but it would be certain death to try to get in there through this blizzard. The nearest help is the local that comes through at sun-up."

"Sun-up!" she cried. "Why! father will be crazed with worry. And we planned so much for tonight. Oh! is there no way?"

The distressed appeal in the blue eyes disturbed the man. He looked away as two or three tears glistened on the shaggy reefer. His eyes fell on the dog. There was a moment of reflection, then he spoke.

"If it'll help any, Miss, I'll send the dog to S—— with any message you may have. He'll take it to the news-depot and they'll 'phone or forward it for you."

After much questioning the girl was assured of the dog's messenger capacity and glowing with joy at this hope, she took the pencil and paper offered her and began to write.

"But where shall I say that I am?" she asked.

"Just above old No. 9 mine of the railroad."

The man strapped on the dog the pouch that meant to him the trip to the smoky little store with its admirers and lumps of sugar. The note finished, the man enclosed it with a word of his own then opened the door and the dog bounded away through the whirling snow."

"I feel sure that father will find a way out her," the girl remarked after he closed the door. "You see Mr. ——"

"White," the man hurriedly supplied.

"You see, Mr. White, we are visiting friends in S—— over Christmas and we made such jolly plans for this evening; but my foolish wandering to these hills threatens now to spoil them.

"I hope that you will not be disappointed, Miss. Are you feeling hungry?" he shifted a bit awkwardly.

His solicitude was rewarded with a warm gratitude in the blue eyes that seemed to disconcert him slightly. Toast and tea being suggested he stirred up a fire in the little stove, set water on to boil and began to arrange the table for two.

"Do you live out here alone, Mr. White?" the girl asked.

"There's just Don and I, Miss."

"Oh!" To the man there seemed a touch of pity in the little exclamation.

"You farm—do you?" demurely.

"No, Miss. Just sort of live up here."

The man began to toast a big round slice of bread over the red coals underneath the log.

"Isn't it quiet and—lonesome?" she ventured.

"Sometimes, Miss, but I'm getting used to it."

"Then you have not always lived up here?" she parried with true feminine tact.

"No, Miss. I used to live down east."

The girl, perplexed at the aloofness of his replies, studied the partly turned face. To her there seemed to be more there than belonged to the lonely little cabin with its smoky walls and stretched pelts. Like his answers, his features were almost sharply precise, but like his answers, they too held an unmistakable touch of kindness. The frankness of the lofty brow and direct eye added to the girl's peace of mind, but she did not essay to break the silence.

The tea-kettle hummed an uninterrupted cozy tone that mingled lazily with the fluted notes of the fireplace. The lack of the girl's voice seemed to affect the man.

"Christmas," he began abruptly, "doesn't mean much without dear ones, does it, Miss?"

"I suppose not," she replied. The implication in his statement was not overlooked. "I am beginning to realize now what such a Christmas could mean."

"But you won't experience it, Miss. He began to pour the boiling water into the scarred teapot. "At most, not more than tonight."

"But that would be far, far too much. Christmas Eve is more than half my Christmas."

"Then drive away the thought of it. There is more tragedy in each lonely moment of this season than in a day of longing at any other time. I know."

It was like the sudden dropping of a barrier to the forbidden. The girl, although armed with the confiding note in his voice, hesitated. She felt that she was being suddenly admitted to behold the something that cast a shadow over this cultured man of the hills. Discretion whispered not to trespass but a growing sympathy, mingled with the curiosity of her sex, ruled.

"You mean—that you—must be here—alone?"

The feeling in the girl's voice brought the man's heart to his lips.

"Not 'must,' but **choose** to be here alone," came the quick response.

"Why?" The inconsiderateness of the bare question only struck the girl after it had passed her lips. There was a moment's silence that added to her discomfort. Then he spoke slowly.

"I would rather stay here than go to—L——."

Another silence fell. The bitter significance made the girl reproach herself for having drawn this from him. L—— was a station about forty miles up the river and the reason for the station stood on a cliff overlooking the valley. It was the State Penitentiary.

"I hope you'll find my attempt at toast and tea quite to your taste." The man moved the table within her reach. "You see," he continued in the same level tone, "it's a bit out of my practice."

The girl was delighted with his adroitness.

"After having come begging to your door, I should be the last to find fault with your table," she said quite charmingly.

With the same suddenness that marked his dropping it, the man returned to the subject.

"I'm sorry that I let my troubles come into your Christmas Eve, but somehow you drew from me more about them than I've said to anyone for four years. You know, Miss," he continued, and she was surprised at this sudden willingness to talk," we sometimes carry a load around that would be the lighter for a few words, but some of us rarely meet the person entitled to these words." He sipped his tea and thoughtfully gazed at the fire. "The rub for me, Miss, lies in the fact that my father is down there an innocent man. How did it happen? Well," he began, "we lived in S—— in those days and father worked the mine in this hill. I was studying down east when it happened. There had been an unusual lack of news from home, so, with the holiday season at hand, I started for S——. I found mother alone in the big house. Father had been taken two weeks before to L——.

Nothing had been written to me because they hoped everything would turn out all right. Mother told me the story. There had been a strike at the mine and some of the men waylaid father as he was returning alone one day to the village. Seeing the murderous intent of the men, father used his gun in self-defense. One of the men fell—killed. The half-crazed crowd pursued father into S——, where they set up a cry of murder. Father stood without a witness and with sympathy favoring the miners he was judged guilty and sent away. Five months later mother died. I was left, jarred out of tune with all about me. That's why I am out here."

The man abruptly ended his concise account. The girl was watching the leaping flames. The silence seemed too sacred to be broken. Then, slowly and thoughtfully, she said:

"I am very, very sorry for you."

The true ring of sincerity in the simple words touched the man. His face was unmoved, but within something hard and enduring melted away.

The girl spoke again in the same thoughtful way.

"Was there nothing to absorb your interest and save you from this?"

"No, Miss. In those days I barely had a sense of living."

"When I lost my mother I felt much the same way, but prayer and time helped me to rise again. Did you try prayer?" She looked up at him, an echo of the unexpected question in the warmly sympathetic eyes.

"I used to pray, Miss, before my mother died; after that I seemed to lose all taste for prayer."

A sharp bark startled them. The man stepped up quickly and opened the door. In dashed the dog looking very important through the snow-covered face and icy whiskers.

"You, already, good old Don. It will be a whole bird for you tomorrow. What news?"

The man examined the pouch and drew out an envelope.

"To Sunshine," he read.

"That's for me," the girl exclaimed, leaping out of the chair. "That's dear old daddy's voice." She opened the note and read feverishly. "I knew it," she cried. "He's coming out. Read." With child-like glee she drew the man closer to the lantern.

"Dear Sunshine," the note began. "Will be out before nine in 'Zephyrus.' We'll look for a signal around the mine. I would surely like to have this wonderful hound." It was signed "Dad."

"That means that he is coming out over the railroad." The girl looked at her watch. "Why!" she exclaimed, "it's after eight-thirty now. Is it far to the mine?"

"About a quarter of a mile down the path. You say that your father is coming on the road? Then we'd better wait up her until a light rounds the foot of Round Top. It would be too risky to wait down there in this cold. I'll take a glance out there now."

The man slipped on his reefer and, pulling the fox-skin cap over his head, went outside. The revelry of wind and snow was going on with undiminished fury and an impenetrable pall hung down from the sky. He walked to the break in the hill from which the foot of Round Top was visible during the day. As he waited for some sign of the heralded rescue party he wondered at the personage in his cabin. There was no—one in S—— influential enough to get out a special on such short notice and moreover the girl had said that she was only a visitor. It all seemed the height of improbability. But just as doubt began to grow in his mind a locomotive whistle sounded heavily on the snowy air. A little glow developed in the gloom. It grew brighter and brighter, then quickly swept below his feet and traveled along Round Top's steep cliff. The man hastened toward the cabin. The girl had opened the door and was waiting for him.

"I thought I heard—," she began, then uttered an exclamation of delight as a second and louder blast was sounded.

"Yes, they're coming, Miss. You'd better throw something about you before we start." He looked at the light unprotected skating shoes and thought of the drifting snow. "I think you'd better let me do all the walking. Your shoes won't be of much account in that snow."

She uttered a little laugh.

"Do I still have to play the weakling. I've been on your hands ever since you found me. Still, experience has taught me to heed advice hereabouts. But can you walk down there with such an awkward burden?"

"I'll try, Miss. Meanwhile this ought to keep you warm." He took one of the heavy bear pelts from the wall and gathering her in it lifted her easily in his arms. Taking the lantern and bidding the dog to go ahead, he started down the hill. With halting steps he picked his way after the dog, coming nearer and nearer to the noisy locomotive now standing below.

"Before we get down there," said the girl from the furry depths, won't you tell me your true name."

The man laughed. It was the first laugh that she had heard from him. She wished that she could see that serious face holding such a laugh.

"Ramsey, Miss. John Ramsey."

"And will you promise me that you will pray tonight? Prayer has unusual merit during this season, you know."

"I'll try, Miss. I believe I can do it now."

He was about to ask her name when the rescuers, seeing the twinkle in the coppice, waved three or four lanterns and set up a merry shout. The girl, risking her own feet, ran ahead to meet them. The man watched the silhouette of the tam-o-shanter against the brilliant headlight, then calling the dog, turned back. As he was entering the first brush of the thick woods he heard someone call him. He covered the lantern with his reefer and deliberated a moment. The call was repeated, this time louder with added voices. The man continued through the brush into the woods. From the break in the hill he watched the shaft of light wind along the foot of Round Top. After a broad sweep of the valley it melted away and all was black again.

Christmas Day came calm and clear. The work of the night had changed the sombre hills into a dazzling gaiety. The billowy blanket of snow swept up and down with unbroken grace except at the foot of Round Top where two blue-black strips showed irregularly in a miniature canyon of snow. Towards noon a glistening locomotive, trailed by two cars, pushed through the ploughed track and panted up the grade. It stopped at the mouth of the mine and signalled with regular blasts of the whistle. After some time a response showed itself in the form of a dog making his way with leaps through the snow. The girl called from the porch of the "Zephyrus." With a plentiful wiggling of his tail the dog expressed recognition and covered the remaining distance with a few bounds. The girl slipped a note in an envelope and offered it to the dog who took it in his mouth and started back up the hill. The train crew, gathered in the cab, watched the dog until he disappeared behind the brush.

"I don't blame the Governor for wantin' that animal, Tom. 'Tain't often you meet that kind."

"D'yuh s'pose he's carryin' the good news to young Ramsey."

"Like as not Miss Eleanor will wait to tell him that. I suppose she's just askin' him to come on down."

"Want's to see how much it'll tickle him, eh? They say down in S—— that he's a sober chap. I guess he'll light up some though when he sees that release the Governor's holdin' for him.

"Yes, and he'll light up some more when he feels himself rollin' towards L—— in the Governor's private car."

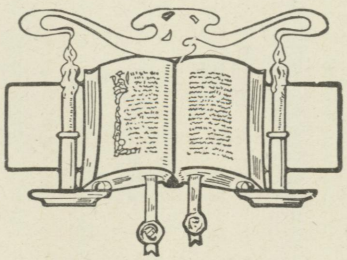
More than a quarter of an hour passed before the dog came into sight again. He was followed by the man.

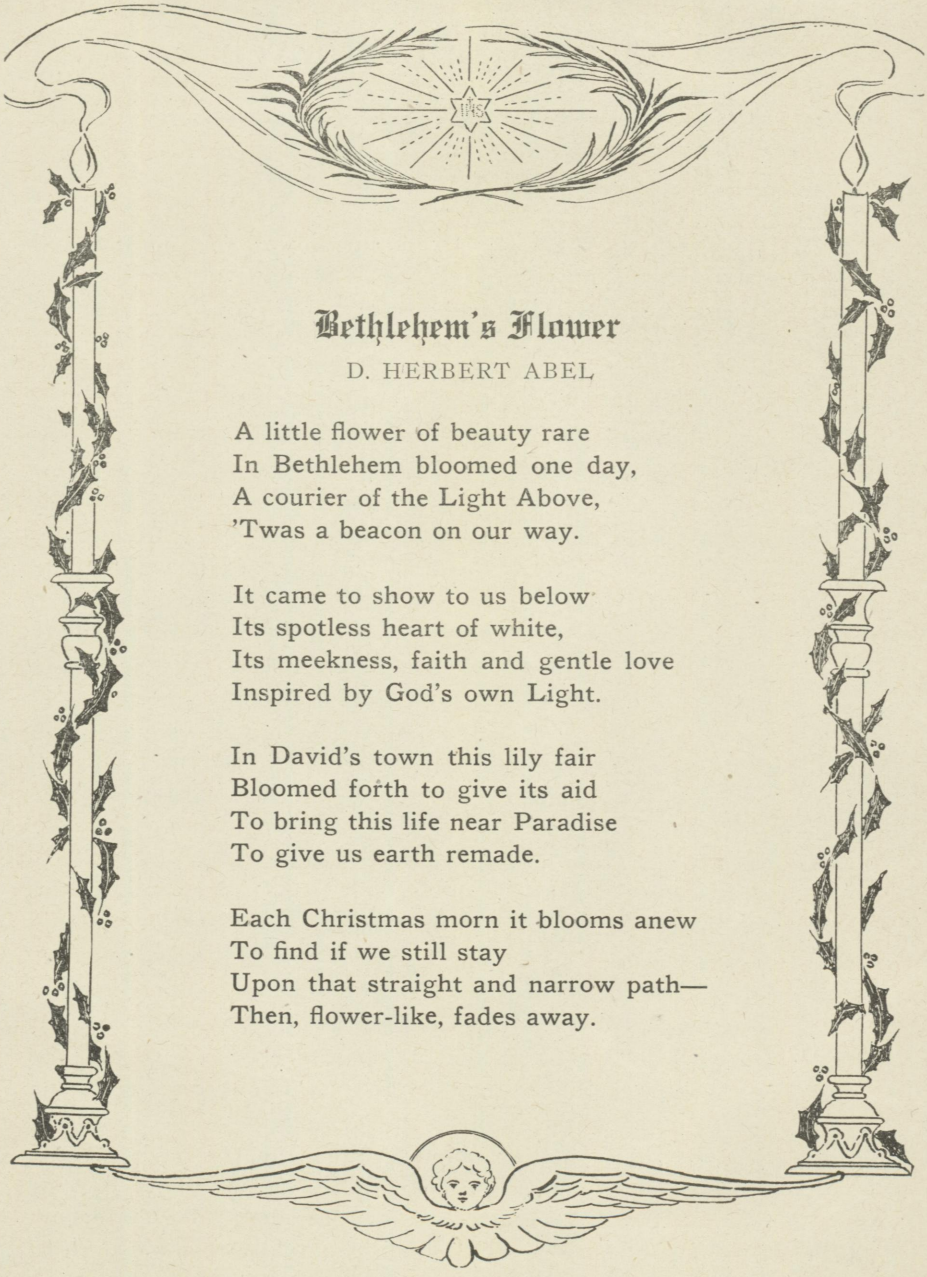
"He's comin' now, Tom. I'll bet he's a'wonderin' at all the fuss."

"He'd better not run off this time."

The crew watched the man make his way to the porch and heard the mingled voices of the governor and his daughter for a moment, then were left to guess the happenings in the coach.

Five minutes later the steam whistled through the little signal in the cab. The engineer opened the throttle and the locomotive quickly picked up on the grade and pulled away toward L——.





Bethlehem's Flower

D. HERBERT ABEL

A little flower of beauty rare
In Bethlehem bloomed one day,
A courier of the Light Above,
'Twas a beacon on our way.

It came to show to us below
Its spotless heart of white,
Its meekness, faith and gentle love
Inspired by God's own Light.

In David's town this lily fair
Bloomed forth to give its aid
To bring this life near Paradise
To give us earth remade.

Each Christmas morn it blooms anew
To find if we still stay
Upon that straight and narrow path—
Then, flower-like, fades away.

Ludwig Van Beethoven

WALTER S. V. CURTIS

THIS month the music world commemorates the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of one of its most illustrious composers. Plans are being formulated by musical organizations throughout the United States to render programs replete with the compositions of Beethoven.

Born December 16, 1770, at Bonn, Ludwig Van Beethoven passed a hard and troubled life. While still but a few years old he gave evidences of his musical abilities. According to his own statement his father taught him the first principles of music when only four. His early musical training was severe both under his father and under Tobias Pfeiffer, to whom he was sent for instruction and who would frequently drag little Ludwig from his bed and keep him at the piano till daybreak. Again he was kept in a locked room until his daily alloted task on the violin had been completed. However, the child's progress was very rapid and became a source of astonishment to all who knew him. Neefe, an excellent musician, now took charge of young Beethoven, and it was not long before he played Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord," fluently; a feat to be appreciated only by the initiated. In the spring of 1787 he visited Vienna and there met Mozart, who after hearing him improvise a fantasia on a given theme, predicted great things of him. His father, being much addicted to drink, died five years later, and his mother, a patient, kind-hearted woman, shortly before, thus leaving him under no obligation and free to pursue his labors. The Beethoven family was very poor, but after the death of his parents, Ludwig made influential friends, the most notable being Count Waldstein and the Breuning family. The latter being one of the most refined and cultured families in Bonn, young Beethoven here got his first glimpses of a true home and realized the refining influence of woman's society. Subsequently he left Bonn for good and went to Vienna, devoting himself to serious study, and working incessantly. Five years later he contracted a dangerous illness, through imprudent exposure, which eventually resulted in deafness. He likewise suffered from headaches, swoolen feet, blindness and was finally stricken with dropsy which caused his death a year

later. He died in the consolation of the last Sacraments, amid an unfailing circle of friends.

In stature and manners Beethoven was extremely odd. He was not more than five feet five inches tall, very broad across the shoulders, sturdy and strong with legs like columns. His eyes were black and small but bright and piercing, his natural expression grave, almost severe, but his smile was extremely winning. In speech he was direct, almost to rudeness; and his movements were awkward, frequently causing him to upset the water, ink, or whatever liquid was in his way. Nevertheless, there must have been something attractive in his personality for he made many friends among the autocracy and especially among the noble women of Vienna who were fond of him, fascinated even by his rudeness, and ecstatic over his improvisations.

Beethoven's music and works, more than those of any other before his time, are characterized by vivid contrasts in the themes, passages, rythmical effects, bold dissonances and modulations, and dynamic expressions brought out by varied and massive instrumentation. In composition he was extremely slow and fond of experimenting. Sketch books and scraps of paper upon which he would jot down notes while lying beneath a tree and humming the melodies which occurred to him, have been preserved, thus acquainting us with his methods. Nearly every measure was re-written several times, gradually changing ideas that were often trivial at first into elaborated melodies of haunting beauty. Under his masterful hand crude and commonplace expressions were transformed into passages of mysterious grandeur. Beethoven left 138 works bearing a separate Opus number, including nine symphonies, seven concertos, one septet, two sextets, three quintets, sixteen quartettes, thirty-six pianoforte sonatas, sixteen other sonatas, eight pianoforte trios, one opera, two masses and a number of other compositions.

Despite his exterior limitations, Beethoven's character was strong, noble and sincere. It was a strange mixture of the great and trivial and exemplary of a fine Catholic training. As often as he realized the offending nature of his rudeness towards his friends would he atone for his conduct by confessing his haste in judging them. His independent spirit could brook no opposition nor submit to authority save such as was imposed upon him by his conscience. This conscience prompted him to stand firm in support of the genuine, pure and ideal, thus holding him firm in the abhorence of the artificial and deceitful. He was even prudish in his desire to find an untainted libretto for his music. Concerning worldly wiles he knew and cared very little, being in this respect on a par with a little child. His sphere was to be

found only in the realms of his art, where he buried himself with its complex problems, giving out to the world the treasures of tone, the results of his incessant labors and fruits of his innermost spirit, ever animated by nobility and truth of expression.

Innocent Victims

A. W. HEMMERT

Oh! Infants innocent and pure,
Ye are the roses of Love Divine,
In clusters ye the globe entwine.
What mournful tears ye oft allure
As brush and pen your pangs portray
Of years, two thousand, and today.

Now after conflicts horrid knell,
You're like the bowers, ruin-clad.
All ripples in the brook are sad,
Too feeble they, your pangs to quell.
Your sighs o'er waves and cliffs expand
And pierce the hearts of ev'ry land.

Editor's Note—In behalf of Europe's three million afflicted children, His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, designates December 28, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, or the preceding Sunday, for the collection of alms to be forwarded to the Pope himself, or to be given to the work of "Save the Children Fund."

W. S. V. CURTIS.

A Feller's Friend

D. HERBERT ABEL

"When a man ain't got a friend an' he's feelin' kind o' blue;
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let the sun shine through;
It's a great thing, Oh my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort of way."

GEORGE CHADWICK looked up from the portrait under which the lines were written.

"No truer thoughts were ever expressed," he mused. "I wonder if Whitcomb Riley ever met such "a feller" as he writes of. If it would only happen so with me."

Perhaps a more forsaken and desolate looking man you had never seen before. A careworn and weary expression sat upon his face; his eyes were restless; his brows furrowed with wrinkles of distress. The droop of his shoulders so at variance with the military bearing implied by the natty uniform of a Canadian Cavalry Colonel betokened an almost insurmountable burden, and his entire appearance was one of unspeakable loneliness coupled with despair. As he returned the "Little Gems of Whitcomb Riley' 'to his pocket the train porter came through the coach.

"Ah reckons, folks, as how you-all will have tuh stay at the junction, 'cause they's a big trestle out erhead and it's out ob de question foah us to git through."

A bustle followed. Shortly after the Lake Shore Express came to a stop. One by one the passengers alighted and, with various muttered complaints, soon passed into the little town of Port Washington. This influx hardly seemed to awaken the passiveness of the little Wisconsin town. The fine snow that was sifting down precluded the perennial town gossip from being heard, and today the soap box was deserted.

George Chadwick, placing the olive-drab cape around his shoulders, passed out of the coach. He was unencumbered save for a small valise. There was no one in sight, nothing for him to see, except the sign "Port Washington" above the small railway station; and in lieu of a better place he drifted aimlessly into the old tumbledown shack that served as waiting room and ticket office.

The only other occupant of the room was the telegrapher, and a strange person she was for her position. An old lady of apparently sixty odd years, she had a wealth of snow-white hair and kindly eyes that were shielded from sight by the thick veil which she wore. She was dressed in black and at present was unengaged.

George Chadwick dropped unceremoniously into the nearest seat.

"What a place to be in on Christmas!" he muttered. "And so different from the Holiday Seasons before the war. George Chadwick you're a fool."

At the mention of his name the old lady gave a gasp of surprise. She arose, and looking over the counter, gazed at him with widening eyes. He was sitting with bowed head, his fine hands running nervously through his hair. After a time the little lady in black came more from behind the counter.

"Pardon me, young sir—"

The man jumped as if shot. His hand went to his heart and then dropped again to his side.

"Oh, I didn't mean to frighten you. I wanted to ask if there were anyone on that train by the name of Chadwick. Few trains stop here but I once knew a Chadwick in New York and I thought—"

The man interrupted suddenly. "Yes, madam, there was a Chadwick on that train. I am he. But I know of no Chadwicks in New York. What is it that you wish?"

"Oh, so your name is also Chadwick. You look terribly lonely, sir. Isn't there something I can do for you, something to cheer you? Tomorrow will be Christmas and no one should be lonely on Christmas."

"No! No! It's no use. I haven't the right to be cheerful. I'm on a mission that doesn't call for cheer."

"Can't you tell me something of this mission. Perhaps I can help you?" The hand she laid upon his arm seemed to inspire confidence.

"It's a long story, my lady, a long story, and a tale of disappointment. There was a fine old-fashioned Southern mansion in Kentucky in those days, and the Chadwicks were very proud of that old homestead. I had a brother. He was about my age and we had always been the best of chums. This brother, however, had been betting heavily on our horses and was soon beyond his depth. I warned him but he would not listen. I suspected that some influence was being brought to bear and I was right. A lawyer, an unscrupulous man, had been urging my brother on, until he had tied up practically our entire estate in mortgages."

"And then one night my brother rushed in in the greatest excitement. "George," he cried. "Hide me. They're coming." Little more need be said. My brother, driven to desperation, by the notes which were coming due, had shot the lawyer. It had not killed him though, worse luck. It was only a wound. But nevertheless the deed was done. In the trial that followed my brother was given "life" for shooting with intent to kill."

"And then came the war. I enlisted in the cavalry and was over in France for three long years. Yes, I enlisted in a Canadian contingent. I left mother and father well and prosperous, my sister and my sweetheart were living with them. For some time I heard regularly from them. And then came the flu. It ravaged through our home town and took father, sister and sweetheart from me. I had only a mother left."

"Our affairs were in the hands of that beast, Broswell, who sent my brother to prison. But why carry it out? Soon enough he succeeded in obtaining a legal pretext to foreclose the mortgage and that marked the fruition of his desire. The shock of our financial ruin killed my mother. She was alone and could not bear up under the strain. Since the day when I learned the cause of mother's death I have looked upon myself as her avenger, as the agent of That One who rights all wrongs. Yes, 'the mills of God grind slowly.' But I am going to make that lawyer pay. I've tracked him and I've pursued him. I've hounded him for six months but always he has eluded me. He knows that I want to confront him with his knavery. He has masked his movements so cleverly that he has balked every attempt of mine to meet him. But I'll follow him, I'll haunt him, if it be the last thing I do on this earth I'll make him pay me."

The woman trembled. "Are you sure that he is in the North? Perhaps he is still in Kentucky?" she inquired. "And are you certain that this man, Broswell, is the one who did all this?"

"Of course I am. I haven't tracked him for weeks and not known what I was doing. Out there at Vimy Ridge where my pals fell on right and left, I fought to protect my loved ones from the tyranny of foreigners, while he a fellow-countryman, plotted their downfall simply to add to his own purse."

"Yes, a coward he was. He took a coward's advantage. He dodged the draft. He wouldn't enter the army. He stayed at home and preyed upon those who were loyal. He lived a life of lie. He profited by my brother's foolhardiness. Had I not enlisted he would never have done what he did. I would have killed him to protect

those whom I loved, just as I am going to do now as soon as I see him."

The woman shuddered. "I believe I know the man you are looking for," she said.

"You do? Where is he?"

"Hush! He is at his mother's house, sick—yes dying. He—"

"Heavens! Is God going to cheat me out of my revenge?"

"Hush! He is dying. Perhaps he is even now breathing his last. Only a short time ago I relieved a girl here so that she could see him a moment before he died. She is his sweetheart. I have been at his bedside for a week and in a few moments a man will be here to take charge of the telegraph office that I may go back to him. I also would like to kiss him once more before he dies. I am his mother."

"What? You are his mother! And I have been talking to you? A sacrilege! I should have killed you as he did my mother. But no. A soldier has not so cowardly a courage. The only one I shall kill will be him. Where is he?"

At this juncture the storm door was opened and a rather neat looking young man entered.

"Here is your relief, Mrs. Broswell," he said.

"Thank you," exclaimed the old lady fervently. "Come now Mr. Chadwick. We can go to him. Here is Mr. Shartle now, the man who is to relieve me. But promise me that you will not hurt my son at least not until he has spokon to you."

"Well, I-I-I will promise that much."

Once outside the two walked down the narrow street. The fine snow was still sifting quietly from the sombre sky above.

"My lad," said the lady, "I know that my boy has been a scoundrel. I know what he has done but it was not my fault. He ran away from home when quite young and only last week did he come back to me when he was at death's door. Do not spoil the only pleasure I have had in my life. In these his last hours he has made me his confidant. It is the first time in his life that he has ever done so. He has spoken of you and told me how he dreaded meeting you. But come let me beg of you to be merciful to him.

"Merciful! When did he show mercy to me? He has thwarted all my endeavors; he has deprived me of the best friend I ever had and now you ask me to spare him?"

"But good sir, remember that this is Christmas time, a time when all should be at peace and when love and forgiveness should be paramount. My son is sorry for his misdeeds. In his heart he acknowledges himself a wretch. And were your mother here I feel certain

that she would entreat you to forgive him so that his last hours among his loved ones might be pleasant. Forgiveness is hard to practice but I feel that you will never regret your mercy to him."

"No! I will not be turned aside from my purpose. It is easy for him to crave pardon."

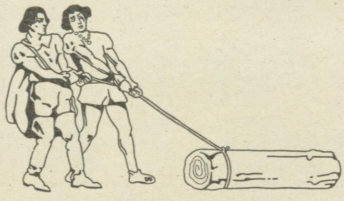
"My boy the spirit of Christmas and the New Born Babe call to you to pardon him. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Those are **His** words."

"Oh, God! Those words! How often have I not knelt at my mother's knee and recited them! How often did my mother not lead me to the picture of the Crucifixion and tell me that story! How often did she not beg me always to emulate the example of Him who was all misunderstood and reviled and to remember that when He died He prayed for his enemies. Ah, what those words have brought back to me! Yes, mother. You always were right and you must be right now. Go to your son, Mrs. Broswell, and cheer his dying moments with the tidings of my forgiveness."

"Oh, my boy, do you mean it? How can I ever thank you? You are homeless. Come with me. I will be a mother to you."

"No I could not do that. Neither you nor I would be happy. We would both be haunted by unpleasant memories. You don't understand—On the train I was reading a poem of James Whitcomb Riley and I think I have found my Friend. It is better that I leave. I'm going back to the army and I hope that there I'll be able to forgive and forget. At all events I'll always be able to rely on that One True Friend Whom you have brought to my heart. So good-bye, and God be with you, and may He pardon your son on this Christmas eve as I have done. Good-bye."

And with this George Chadwick turned and ran away into the dusk.



The Sweets of Christmas

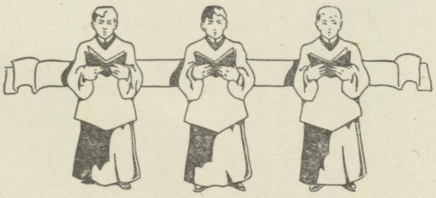
JOHN H. HOLTVOIGT

Sweet is the fairy landscape draped with snow,
When all the world is carpeted with white.
Sweet are the Christmas Bells; their merry roll,
How jolly as they ring out in the night.

Sweet are the candle lights and bright hearth fires,
King Winter brings upon the Christmas tide.
'Tis sweet to hear the children and their sires
Laughing with joy, their darker griefs to hide.

Sweet are the gifts and givers with their joys,
Sweet is the love that moves them one and all,
'Tis sweet to hear the shouts of girls and boys,
Sweet is the merry din among them all.

Yet sweeter, whiter, purer more serene,
Is that fair Love, which visited the earth,
That morn when Jesus in His Mother Queen
Wrought our Redemption by His lowly Birth.



Dorothy's Christmas Gift

MICHAEL A. MAHER

"OUR expenses were so very heavy last summer, I'm afraid Christmas will be very poor this year," Mrs. Arnold said to her niece one morning, a month before Christmas. "I want so much to get a large doll for Elsie, but I don't really see how I can possibly buy it. Everything is so high."

"Oh, we'll manage it some way," Annie replied, hopefully. "But I wish we could get one today. I see by the morning's paper that Smith is giving his away for a mere song."

Mrs. Arnold and Annie had been talking for some time, and their voices were very distinct in the sitting room where Dorothy sat, but the little maid had been deep in a day dream, and only the latter part of their conversation caught her ear. She was wide awake in an instant. "Smith is giving away his dolls for a song." What did that mean? She ran into the hall after her brother who was putting on his overcoat, preparing to go down town.

"Oh, Richie," she said, "Annie says Mr. Smith is giving away his dolls for a song. What does she mean?"

"Why, she means just what she says," said Richard, mischievously. "If a person goes into the store and sings a song for Mr. Smith, he, or she gets a doll."

"Anybody? And any kind of a doll, Richie?"

"Certainly," said Richard. "But I think Mr. Smith would like something real lively and funny; he is such a jolly old chap. Why, are you thinking of singing to him?"

Richard asked this very soberly. It just occurred to him that Dorothy might take his joking seriously—she was such a queer little thing.

"Oh, no; I just wanted to know; it seemed so funny," she said.

"Well, if you do, sing something lively, and the prettiest doll is yours," said Richard, teasing again, believing that Dorothy knew it was all in fun. "Good-bye."

Dorothy went out on the porch to watch Richard go down the street. Why shouldn't she sing for Mr. Smith and get a doll for Elsie, she thought. Maybe her mother would not be able to buy one, and Elsie would be so disappointed. And then what a pleasant sur-

prise it would be to her mother. Her little eyes sparkling, and her face all smiles, she ran back into the dining room where her mother and cousin were still busy knitting and talking.

"Mother, may I go down town," she asked. "I won't be gone long, and I'll be very careful and not get run over."

Mrs. Arnold glanced up at the sky; the sun was shining as brightly as in June, and not a breeze stirring. There was no reason that Dorothy should not go, so she said:

"Yes, but keep your coat buttoned, and be careful in crossing the streets. And don't be gone long, Dorothy."

Two or three ladies were in the store when she got there, so she waited on the outside, looking in at the windows, until they came out. Then with her eyes and cheeks very bright, and her throat fluttering like a frightened bird's, she went in. The dolls were fastened to pieces of cord and hung in three rows above the counter—big dolls, little dolls, dolls of medium size, Chinese dolls, negro dolls, dolls of wax and china, dolls with eyes and curls of gold, dolls that went to sleep, and dolls with eyes and hair as dark as Dorothy's.

The little maid was fairly dazzled.

"Please, sir, I want to look at your dolls," she said, primly, to the young man that came up to wait on her.

"Very well, miss, this is our stock," he said, waving his hand upward at the string of dolls.

Dorothy stepped back a few paces to get a better view, and, after a long look up and down the lines, decided upon a large, blue-eyed, golden-haired doll that had caught her eye as she entered.

"I believe I'll take this doll," she said; I can take any one I want?" she added quickly.

"Certainly," said the young man, smiling. "That is the only one that has been taken," he added pointing to a large, beautiful auburn-haired doll in the showcase, almost as big as herself, and dressed like a princess. "This doll," he said, speaking of Dorothy's choice; "is one of the nicest we have. Last week we sold them for four dollars, but as it is so near Christmas we decided to cut them down to half price." He added, importantly, with a big emphasis on the "WE."

But Dorothy did not hear him. Her cheeks and ears were burning red, her eyes were wild with excitement, and she kept swallowing at the lump in her throat, and wondering if she would be able to sing. She was not afraid, but if she tried real hard and couldn't, would the young man let her have the doll anyway? Oh, OH, Dorothy almost screamed; here was a great big man coming in. She was quite sure she couldn't sing now, with that big man to listen, but may

be the young man will let her wait and sing after the big man is gone. She was about to ask this, when the clerk put the neatly wrapped doll within reach of her hands and asked:

"Cash or charge?"

"Sir?" Dorothy asked.

"Cash or charge?" the young man repeated.

"I-I don't know what you mean," Dorothy faltered out.

The young man looked very much surprised.

"I mean will you pay for the doll, give me two dollars, or shall I charge it to your papa?" he explained.

All the brightness went out of Dorothy's face and two big tears rolled down her cheeks, tears of shame and disappointment.

"I-I thought you gave the dolls away for a song. Annie said you did, and Richie said so too," she sobbed.

"Yes, yes," he said, kindly, "the advertisement did say that, but-but it didn't exactly mean that. "I'm—"

The big man had heard and seen all.

"Certainly, certainly," he said, coming up now to the embarrassed little group: "that's all right. I saw it in the paper this morning, myself, Dolls given away for a song. That's what I did, sir." He glanced slyly at Dorothy, to see if she was looking, and handed the clerk two dollars.

"Yes, sir, that's just what it said," he continued, blinking hard, his eyes glistening like the diamonds on his broad breast. "And she's going to sing us the prettiest song she knows."

He sat down on one of the stools before the counter and drew Dorothy to him. This man's taste in dress was not very good. He wore broad checkered trousers and a gaudy vest and tie and a number of big diamonds, but there must have been some good hidden deep down in his big, fat body, for, though he carried a heavy cane, homeless dogs did not skulk from his glance, but would follow him for blocks in the friendliest fashion, and children came to him willingly when he smiled at them and held out his great red hand. So Dorothy's tears stopped like an April shower when she looked into his face.

"What shall I sing?" she asked delighted. "I know lots and lots of pretty songs. Richie sings them, and that's the way I learn them."

The big man sat very still, thinking very hard.

"Oh, yes," he said, presently; "do you know that little song—I forget its name—I heard the organ grinder playing it up the street awhile ago—"

"Oh, yes, I know that! I heard him too, but I'll sing one that Richie is always singing: 'Little Annie Rooney.'"

And then, without any more ado, Mr. Smith's big store echoed a very unusual sound, a little voice, sweet as a bird's, singing as it never sang before. The voice did not stop after the first stanza of the song, but gave them all, with the chorus after each.

And the big man's eyes shone very bright all the time, and his face grew redder and redder.

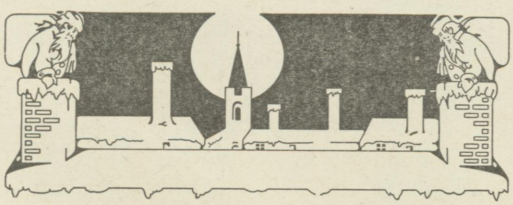
"Well, well, I never heard the like before!" he said, when Dorothy stopped. "It just beats anything I ever heard. I don't believe Patti could ever beat that."

Dorothy was ready to sing again, but the appearance of two other customers put an end to her little concert. With the big doll in one hand and the big man holding the other, Dorothy left the store. The big man walked part of the way home with her, and before they had parted Dorothy unconsciously told the story of her unselfishness.

"I was awful sorry when you came in," she said, "and I'm very sorry for it now. I was sorry, because I didn't want to sing before you. I wanted the doll for my little sister, and I don't think we could have got it any other way. We are kinda poor, you know and there are just lots of other things we've got to have."

"It was just the cutest and most innocent thing I ever saw," he said. "It just makes me cry to think of that little thing clean forgetting herself and singing away to get that doll for her little sister. And how she did sing!" he exclaimed. "Prettier than any bird I ever heard. And she's going to have a doll for Christmas, too, and one she will not be ashamed to show, either."

Christmas morning a big box came addressed to "Miss Dorothy," with the compliments of her "Sincere Friend."



Christmas With the Poets

Christmas Carol

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And the song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.

—J. G. Holland.

A Desire

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem,
When the stars of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender, way-worn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight
To have tended the holy child!

Hush! such glory was not for thee
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
Are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

—Adelaide Proctor.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world gives back the song
Which now the angels sing.

—Edmund H. Sears.

The Christmas Snow

See what a pure, soft robe hath Nature spread
About the living and above the dead,
Wrapping us all within its ample folds!
And while I think of the dear dead it holds,
So close to me alive, I hardly know
How not to greet them through the whispering snow:
But feel the Christmas greetings passing there,
Like snowflakes floating in the peaceful air.

We, who today are thinking of our dead,
How dimly we may dream them near, or see
The meaning of their silent mystery.
Too faintly still we whisper through our grief:
"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!"
Too deaf our ears to their still yearning voice,—
"As thou has loved me, so will thou rejoice!"

Yes, we who keep the festival today
With sadness that we cannot drive away,
Let us be happy, too, and inly sing
Like birds from empty nests, but on the wing
To fairer climes, who, as they sing and fly,
Feel warmer breezes ever drawing nigh,—
See summer skies as swifter on they roam,
And know that just before is peace, and rest, and home.

—Mrs. Louise Parsons (Stone) Hopkins.

Christmas Tide

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer;

And well our Christmas sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung.

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas brewed the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Sir Walter Scott.

The Yule-Clog

On the hearth the Yule-Clog place
Wreathes of holly round it weave;
Ruddy cheerfulness shall grace
Our walls this Christmas Eve.
Bring a twig of last year's tree;
Kindle now the ponderous block;
May its warmth to joyous glee
And to mirth the hearts unlock.
While the Yule-Clog glows and dims,
Ancient feuds forgotten be;
For the Yule-Peace now begins;
Love, forgiveness, charity.

—Selected.

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

MARK THOMPSON

The Unit Honor Roll will hold each month an acknowledgment of extraordinary endeavor and spirit in the cause of the crusade.

The Unit Honor Roll for December:

W. S. V. CURTIS
JOSEPH AMANN

Mr. Curtis has prepared a splendid illustrated lecture on Japan to be used for "spread" campaigning. The lecture was offered to the Senior Division of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin at the November meeting.

Joseph Amann and his class, Fourth High-A, take the lead this month for spirit. After an inspiring talk to the class Mr. Amann was deluged with orders for 1500 Christmas sealing stamps.

Rev. Frank A. Thill, Secretary-Treasurer of the C. S. M. C., was a caller at the University during the past month.

Rev. James Walsh, head of the American Missions, Ossining, N. Y., also paid us a short visit.

High School Membership is One Hundred Per Cent.

On December 3 the Unit was honored by a distinguished visitor in the person of Rev. Alphonse Heinrich, S. M., who has spent 33 years in the Japanese missionary field. Father Heinrich is vice-provincial of the Society of Mary in Japan and has five colleges under his direction, the largest at Tokio having 1200 students. The Reverend Missionary stated that only 100 out of the 1200 were Catholics.

This fact is due to the difficulty of converting the Japanese to Catholicity owing to their pagan beliefs and worships. Even catechumens withdraw because Catholicism requires them to give up their

pagan customs in regard to the worship of ancestors. Out of 50,000,000 Japanese only 80,000 are Catholics. Young men called to Holy Orders should consider this field.

Missionaries in Japan receive on an average thirty-one dollars a month out of which they support their catechist, defray expenses of the church and rarely do they have more than one dollar left for themselves at the end of the month.

Among the co-laborers of Father Heinrich are Bro. John Grote, S. H., and Bro. Joseph Janning, S. M., both former residents of Dayton.

After the lecture of Father Heinrich a collection which amounted to $83.60 was taken up by the unit committee and presented to the missionary.

Fifty copies of the first edition of the Crusade official organ, "The 'Spread' Book," have been received. Within the heart of every reader there is aroused a spirit of sympathy for those who have devoted their lives to missionary work; it arouses a spirit of regret for having neglected so long to heed the appeal of missionaries in the past; it arouses a spirit of firm resolve to carry on the existing enthusiasm. The "Spread Book" is both a record of achievement and an appeal to spread.

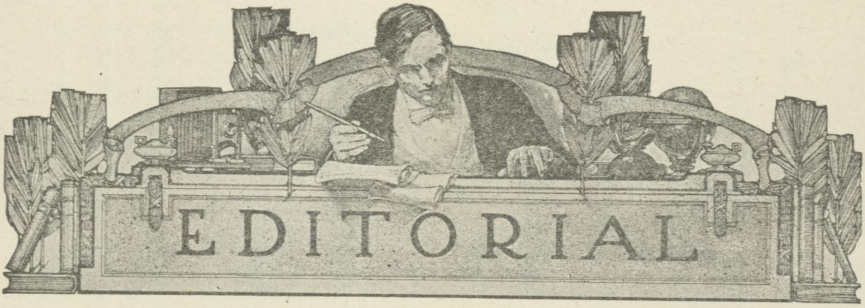
The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

On hand $676.50

Recent Contributions

Holy Redeemer High School, per Bro. Edward Knust, $11.56; Mrs. E. J. Raney, $1.00; Sale of Japanese curio, per Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Repking, $8.00; Mary Metzner, $1.00; Sophia Petroschek, $1.00; Mary Buhrfeind, $1.00; Eva Wegner, $2.00; Rosa Merle, $1.00; Rose Resch, $1.00; Verena Resch, $1.00; Anna Resch, $1.00; Aloysius Resch, 50c; Clara Teschke, 50c; Mrs. W. B. Sauer, $5.00; Miss Mary Banzer, $2.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholson, $1.00; Miss Mary Hanfstengel, 50c; Margaret Palmer, $1.00; Anna Kauss, $1.00; Anna Resch, 50c; Verena Resch, $1.00; Mrs. Mary Blase, $2.00; Sale of Japanese curio, per Raymond Mendle, $1.25; Verena Resch, $1.00; Anna Resch, $1.00; Anna Dorfmeister, $1.00; Anna Miller, 50c; Wm. Lorenz, 50c; Joseph Lorenz, 50c; Eva Kessel, 50c; First High Class, St. Louis College, San Antonio, Tex., per Bro. John Free, $2.40; Miss Marie Duerst, $5.00..... $58.21

Total Cash on hand December 1, 1920 ..... $734.81



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Greetings

To its readers and patrons the Exponent extends hearty greetings for a Joyous and Peaceful Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year. May you, kind readers, be blessed with Heaven's choicest gifts, and may you be the recipients of the Infant Saviour's promise: "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

W. S. V. C.

Men of Good Will

The Creator's promise of peace, as heralded by His angels to all men on that blessed Christmas Eve thousands of years ago, is conditional. Peace, the mother of much good, the richest of all blessings is offered to those of us who are of "good will." Referring both to our neighbor and ourselves this state requires primarily that we will, whatever is right and good; that our intentions be pure and noble; and that our desires be kept within the bounds of righteousness and love.

Therefore we must strive to conform to the conditions required of us in order to enjoy the heavenly blessing of peace. To do so we must extend the hand of fellowship and good will towards our neighbor, and forgetting our differences respond to the lovingness of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Going down next into the depths of our heart we proceed to dig up and cast out all petty evils that may have taken root there, thus leaving a soul in which all the fruits of the promised peace may mature and ripen unhampered.

Although the good will now filling us so completely is productive of an exterior and worthy peace that results in kindly feelings and the mutual exchange of Christmas gifts, there also ensues an interior and far more precious peace. Pervading the very innermost corners of the soul, it soothes and calms like strains of sweetest music. Our interior feelings of love, joy, satisfaction, and contentment, stealing over us as we sit by the cheery fireside on Christmas eve, are the expressions of this inward peace. And who will deny that they constitute the noblest, the most genuine, the most complete and lasting of all earthly pleasures.

Christmas then is a time of joy, the joy of hearts overflowing with sentiments of good will. How beautiful is the scene in a good Catholic home on Christmas Eve; a home wherein good will is continually fostered in the hearts of all its members! Where is such depth of peace to be found, or such an intermingling of love, joy, satisfaction and soothing contentment? Here the angel's message of peace has found a ready response; here also the tiny arms of the Divine Babe, outstretched in loving invitation to all men, receive in return a tribute of warm adoration. Such are the fruits of good will.

W. S. V. C.

The Love of Good Books The student who strives toward perfection enjoys good books. He enjoys good music, good sculpture, good painting and good plays. But having feasted on one or all of these as far as he is able, he returns to the quiet of his room and reads. For after all the pleasure gained by reading is the greatest. The clear voice of Galli Curci is extremely pleasing to the ear, but the concert having ended, the bird-like notes are gone from us forever. Few of us will ever be fortunate enough to view the "Moses" of Michael Angelo. How many among us will ever witness the soulful expression and the faultless color blending in a Madonna of Raphael? Alas, we must be content with photographic prints. The really worthwhile play is seldom seen in our theatres, tragedy having given way to farce. But the lines of Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson are easily obtained. That great dramatist of the Elizabethan age makes the lovable Portia and the unfortunate Hamlet live and act before us. The reader will enjoy to an extreme the poetry of Tennyson who himself was devoted to the ideal ex-

pressed in his verse. The treasure hunter in a strange land, does not cease searching that he may witness the dance of the barbarians; neither should the student give up reading for less beneficial pleasures.

E. K.

Homecomings The sight of the holly and the mistletoe always breeds in the heart a peculiar longing which cannot be altered. Perhaps no other season of the year exerts such an influence to draw together the loved ones than do the Holidays. Christmas is the time when the wandering sons and brothers return to the old family homestead and live over again all their former Christmases with those who are near and dear to them. With those who cannot return home Christmas lacks something in its charm and in its enjoyment. It is the little grey mother or kind old dad or the young wife who makes Christmas for us what it is, and those who have lost these loved ones realize full well what a void has been created in their hearts on Christmas day.

Still there is another homecoming to which all Christians are called. In many families today it is the custom to celebrate a birthday by a homecoming, a party and festivities. Now Christmas is the natal day of our God and eldest Brother. Should we not respond to the great love of the Eternal Father, who sent us His Beloved Son? And will we therefore be so remiss in paternal affection not to participate in a grand homecoming to the Manger where our Lord was born? This is the homecoming that we should all participate in. We may have lost our earthly relatives and so that sort of homecoming will be denied to us. But let us remember that this supernatural homecoming of ours will be a gift more precious to Him than the offerings of the Magi. Let us come home to Christ on His birthday, let us shuffle off our evil habits of past life and make our good resolutions not on New Year's Day at the end of the Holidays but at the beginning. Let us bring to our Saviour in the Manger the gift of a pure heart and a pure intention to do His Will, to be His humble servant. This homecoming is possible for us all. What gift is greater than the gift of self, the gift of your heart filled with love and devotion? Come to Bethlehem to the Manger and there with the shepherds and Mary and Joseph on Christmas morn present your birthday gift to the Saviour. Oftentimes expensive presents are given on birthdays. But the gifts of yourself and of your heart, while priceless in their value, will cost you naught but a little sacrifice. Christmas is a void without its homecomings. Don't let your Christmas be a void. Don't let it be a mere pagan feast or revelry. Feel the spirit of

Christmas and make a second homecoming to Jesus, a homecoming that will lead you to that home for which you are so earnestly striving.

D. H. A.

Our Coaches We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Talbott and to Mr. Mahrt. To say that we appreciate what they have done in the interest of our football team would give but a vague idea of the gratitude we feel.

Reviewing the season just closed one might receive the impression that it was unsuccessful. Very much to the contrary it was a huge success. For the first time in years the coaches have taken up their work with an eye for the future. They not only have given their attention to the present varsity material, but have also organized an inter-class league for the purpose of developing such material. Much class spirit and enthusiasm has been shown and as a further incentive Mr. Talbott will present the winning team with a silver loving-cup. All this bodes well for the varsity teams of the future.

The University of Dayton will be fully recognized in athletics in the coming years. Already this recognition has manifested itself in the ease with which next year's football schedule was drawn up. And our coaches are responsible for this. It is due to their efforts, their interest, their enthusiasm, that a better team has been developed, that other schools have recognized it, and that our school spirit has reached heights before unknown.

The faculty and the student body appreciate this and as a consequence will assist and co-operate with the coaches in every possible way. With such a spirit of good-will and co-operation we know that Mr. Talbott and Mr. Mahrt will achieve success in their work, and we look forward to this new era of our athletic activities with much hope and confidence.

M. K.

Our Advertisers The stability of the Exponent as well as of all other magazines depends on advertising. If it were not for our advertisers it would be necessary to increase the price of our magazine, for along with the H. C. L. the price of paper and printing has gone up in proportion to everything else.

There is no doubt that our advertisers are our most valuable and steadfast friends. They are without question helping us very much to keep our magazine on a self-supporting basis and looking at it in a different light, we cannot and do not expect our advertisers to give

anything in charity. It is therefore the duty of every reader and friend of the University Exponent to patronize the men and concerns whose names appear in the list of our supporters.

Therefore we wish to appeal directly to you, Friends, Students, and Alumni of this University to patronize our advertisers. We can vouch for their integrity and promise you a square deal. These men deserve recognition and they must receive it if we wish to retain them as our loyal friends.

Now all together, students and friends, let us join hands with the advertisers, uniting all our strength and influence in one large mass of "Good Will" to see just what we can do toward making them (Our Advertisers) more pleased with the financial results that come from using the Exponent as a means of catching and holding the eye of the public.

E. K. McI.

True Americanism

The Land of Columbia is the melting pot of nations. The Pilgrim Fathers and the restless explorer, Elizabeth's servants and the Pioneers of the West, have united their efforts, and out of the mixture of creeds, races and ideals has risen the American Spirit, which is as broad as the land of its origin and as cosmopolitan as those human hives which are its nerve centers.

Not to the honored heroes does the full glory belong. Rather to that concourse of people, who rose from the oppression of the Old World and wrought a peerless Democracy. From the extremes of earth did they come, some narrow as the creeds which they professed, some lawless as the wilds which they conquered. Each race was a member of the Arch of our Country, an arch constructed of people with the key of liberty upholding it. Liberty was their ideal and their strength. To no single member of that arch belongs the full glory or honor. Whether conservative burgher and lawmaker or progressive and wild explorer, they have wrought happily and well and their structure has left us Democracy.

Men glory in the worship of heroes. Around them they build up a story, and endow them with their own customs and ideals. Therefore the mind of the American, instinctively lights on those heroes who led the vanguards of our forefathers. To them is the full glory accorded and the ideal and clay of the people have been lost in the myths of the heroes. They were the builders, those heroes, and

the peoples who followed, the material. Noble were the builders, yet nobler the material with which they builded. All nations were present at the building and the sons of Liberty were they who inserted Her stone in the keyway.

Lately we honored the memory of Daniel Boone, intrepid scout and explorer. He is the ideal of America, he is the standard American. His work it was to open up the new lands to the Westward. Yet not to him the full glory belongs, nor yet to his type or his followers. They are but a member of the vast arch of our Democracy and for this do we honor them.

Today is heard the plea for one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. The spirit of America is trumpeted and shouted to the winds of the earth. Yet wherefore? These very trumpeters have ignobly prostituted that spirit. Where can we find the spirit of America? Surely not in hatred or in contempt. Europe is prostrate and bleeding, her customs and methods have failed her. She is worn out by internal dissensions and weakened by despotic oppression. To the West come the concourse of peoples who flee from the grave of Old Europe. Yet here the poor foreigner finds evils. He has come to this land of pure freedom, yet finds himself hated and disgraced. He has come seeking his American Brother and finds rather prejudice and hatred.

Fling wide the gates of America, welcome the exiled from Europe. Greet him with open heart and friendship, teach him to love his new freedom, make him the American we cry for. Not in America shall we find recruits to the American spirit, rather in the foreigner must we look for new members. Rather than contemn him let us love him and then will we find the Americanism we are calling for so loudly.

J. H. H.

Exchanges

The Collegian

Prominent among our exchanges this month is The Collegian from St. Mary's College, Oakland, California. It contains a splendid variety of articles dealing with education, literature, politics and history. The essay "True Education" is a timely exposition of the principles underlying all education. It brings us back to the fundamental purpose of education, which in these days and in this country is being lost sight of in the mad race for material gain. The religious side of education is indeed, generally neglected. Denominational schools are not encouraged by the government. Where the exclusion of religion from the schools in general will lead, can readily be seen by taking a cursory view of the history of France during the last few decades. "Sir Oracle" is a highly imaginative story of the Poe type, that grips the reader and holds him spellbound to the end. The plot is well worked out, and the story like those of O. Henry, moves steadily to its climax without padding or wearisome description. "How the Red Tide was Turned" gives an exclusive account of how the heroic action of Father Ignatius Skorupka, a young Polish volunteer chaplain turned the tide of the Red invasion, and by the sacrifice of his life saved Warsaw. The account is a very vivid and inspiring one. The writer seems to have caught some of the noble enthusiasm that impelled the young priest to lead his boys in the face of the devastating machine gun fire of the Bolsheviki at Radzmin. The other articles of the number are likewise of a very high order. The editorials are live discussions of live topics, and the departments are well handled. The appearance of the magazine would perhaps be improved by the insertion of a few cuts and the relegation of the advertisements to the end of the magazine instead of alternating college news with advertisements in the latter part of the publication.

The College Spokesman

The College Spokesman this month is of special interest because of the live questions treated, questions of vital interest in America today, both as religious and political issues. And though we do not as a rule look to a college magazine for expositions or solutions of national or world problems that tax even the most experienced brains

of the age, still a college publication may successfully treat these questions and produce something instructive and interesting to its readers. Of this kind are the articles in The College Spokesman for November. The first of these articles, "The Immigration Problem," after briefly reviewing the history of immigration into this country in the past, and stating the obvious evils resulting from the present influx of immigrants of all classes, offers some valuable suggestions for the elimination of undesirable and the acceptance and temporary supervision of desirable immigrants. "Recent Aspects of Spiritism" is an able discussion of the late popular forms of Spiritism, such as the ouija craze, the effort of Sir Oliver Lodge in America to establish Spiritism as a religion, and Mr. Edison's fanciful theory of life and his efforts to communicate with the spirit world by strictly scientific means. "Problems Now and Then" is an interesting comparative study of the vital questions that arose after each of the great American wars, and their solutions, followed by a discussion of the great problems America is at present facing as a result of the world conflict. Will she solve these problems as ably as she solved those of the past. So likewise the editorials treat of national and world questions: our future relations with Europe and the Woman's Vote. The staff has indeed produced an excellent and live number in its November issue, one that does credit to the editors and contributors of The College Spokesman.

The Exponent gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following Exchanges: Abbey Student, The Alvernia, Ariston, The Collegian, Duquesne Monthly, The D'Youville Magazine, The Gonzaga, St. Vincent College Journal, The Laurel, The Mountaineer, Patrician, St. John's Record, The Solanian, The Spectator, The Viatorian, The College Spokesman, The Scarlet and Gray, The Rose Technic, Defiance Collegian, The Fleur De Lis, The Micrometer, The Black and Magenta, The Creighton Chronicle, The Anselmian.

J. B.

Alumni Notes

MID-WINTER ALUMNI REUNION

WHEN? Wednesday evening, January 19, 1921.

WHERE? University of Dayton.

WHAT? Social gathering for Dayton and out-of-town Alumni. Pass the word along.

WHY? To celebrate Golden Jubilee of St. Mary Hall.

FRIDAY evening, November 12, 1920, at 4:00 p. m. the Board of Governors of the St. Mary Alumni Association met at the offices of Attorney Joseph B. Murphy, '01, in the Dayton Savings and Trust Building, 24 North Main Street, Dayton, Ohio. The order of business followed in the elections of the General Officers of the Alumni Association for the scholastic year 1920-'21. As a result of the balloting the following were elected:

President: Joseph B. Murphy, '01.
Vice President: Matthias N. Blumenthal, '97.
Executive Secretary: Harry Cappel, '98.
Financial Secretary: Martin Kuntz, '12.
Corresponding Secretary: Rev. John C. Gunzelman, S. M.
Treasurer: Hugh Wall, '88.

Alphonse Mahrt was elected Alumni Director of Athletics, to act in an advisory capacity with the athletic council of the U. of Dayton. The following committee was appointed to prepare the mid-winter Alumni reunion for Wednesday evening, January 19, 1921. (St. Mary Hall Jubilee) Committee on Arrangements:

Chairman: Martin Kuntz. '12.
William Carroll, '05.
Richard Burkhardt, '92.
William Keyes, '99.
Rev. John C. Gunzelman, S. M.

To aid in the realization of a greater U. of Dayton, an Organization Committee was appointed:

Chairman: Harry Cappel, '98.
Martin Kuntz, '12.
Harry Anderton, '09.
Michael Gibbons, Jr., '98.
Joseph B. Murphy, '01.
Rev. Joseph A. Tetzlaff, S. M.

Joseph J. Abel, '93 Mr. Abel is an adept at the histrionic art. He has proved this again by his very successful direction of a farce comedy, "Oh Chicago," written by his son, D. Herbert Abel, of the Junior Arts class. The play was produced on three nights to crowded houses at the St. Joseph's Institute Hall, Dayton.

Rev. Aloysius C. Kemper, '01 Father Kemper, S. J., who was ordained at St. Louis University two years ago left the States for Rome towards the end of August. He will spend two years at Rome preparing himself for the professorship in theology at St. Louis University.

Harry Finke, '02 Harry is seen quite frequently on the University grounds the past several months. In early fall he drained and tiled a piece of the University property. Just now the Finke Engineering Company is at work on the new campus directly east of Chaminade Hall. This new campus will be the scene of the Varsity football games next year.

William M. Carroll, '05 The K. of C. vocational school for ex-service men opened at the University December 6. The fact that a town the size of Dayton should have the distinction of conducting a K. of C. vocational school is due to the energetic committee of the Dayton K. of C. headed by the Grand Knight, William Carroll, president of the Carroll Engineering Company.

Joseph H. Pflaum, '09 Joe was out at the University recently in the interests of his firm, the Photo-Arts Co. of Dayton. He is one of the big men in this firm. Joe is a brother to William Pflaum, '07, famous basketball star. Bill lives in Maumee, Ohio, where he is the agent of the Firestone Company of Toledo. Richard, '14, is also a graduate of the University. Dick is with the

Baltimore and Ohio at Cincinnati. Besides his office work with the B. & O. he is the coach for the De Sales basket ball team of the Queen City. A younger brother, George, is a student of this year's senior high class.

Herbert A. Estabrook,'10 A new law firm has taken offices in the Schwind Building, Dayton. It is that of Estabrook, Finn & McKee. The first name is none other than our alumnus of '10. After graduating from Ohio State law school in 1913 he began his legal profession here in the Gem City.

John Hogan, '13 Another of our young lawyers is John Hogan of Columbus, son of former Attorney-General Hogan of Ohio. John has his office in the new Hayden Building on East Broad Street. Father O'Reilly met him recently and he says John is making a name for himself in the legal circles of the capital city.

Robert Schenk, '13 Tuesday, December 7, Memorial Hall was the scene of a home-coming celebration for one of Dayton's artists, Robert Schenk. After leaving the U. of D. Mr. Schenk studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music under the renowned Tirindelli, from which school he graduated with high honors. For two seasons he played second violin with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Later he became a member of the New York Symphony Orchestra as first violist under Walter Damrosch. Besides his duties with the New York symphony he is also musical instructor for the children of two of New York's wealthiest families. He appeared in a violin recital at Memorial Hall accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Leonore-Schenk Borcher, one of the most accomplished pianists in Dayton. Whilst a student at the University Mr. Schenk was a member of the University orchestra and band.

Paul Wintermeyer, '15 Paul has changed his place of residence from Chattanooga to Clarksville, Tenn. Here he is the manager of the battery department of the Beech Bros. Co. His address is 820 Franklin Street. Paul has two brothers here at the U. of D., Robert in the senior high and John in the freshman high.

Leo Hornung, '15 Leo writes us that he is in the first philosophy class of St. Vincent Seminary, Beatty, Pa. He is a member of the staff of the St. Vincent College Journal. He has been a student at St. Vincent's since he left St. Mary's.

Frank Schlipf, '14 Frank called at the university the day of the Holy Name parade and asked for his former teachers among the faculty. He is connected with the Davis Sewing Machine Company here in Dayton. A younger brother is a student of the sophomore high class.

John L. Crowley, '18 John is still a chemist for the Patton Paint Company of Newark, N. J. He tells us he is very busy just now trying to master the varnish game. Leslie Porter, '18, is likewise in the East. He resides with John at Newark but his work with the Western Electric Company is in New York. John tells us Leslie is going great. Both send their best to former friends and professors.

Joseph J. Kuhn, '18 Joe was connected with the Ohmer Fare Register Company of Dayton until last summer. Before looking for a new line of work he consulted Bro. Adam Hoffman who directed him to one of the Old Boys, Theodore Oppenheim, '14, of Coldwater, Ohio. Ted had informed Brother Adam that he needed a graduate engineer to manage the engineering work of the Oppenheim Bros. factory. This is how Joe happens to be in Coldwater. He says he is much pleased with his work. You can address him at Hotel Jenkins, Coldwater, Ohio.

Joseph C. Windbiel, '17 Joe writes from Chicago that from the first of December he will act as Assistant Superintendent of the Mead Johnson Company, Evansville, Ind. This concern does an annual business of two million dollars and specializes in malt products of various kinds. The offer of this position is quite flattering, all the more since Joe was chosen from among quite a number of available men for such a position of responsibility for one who has but a short time ago graced the chemical department by his marked presence. Joe is to have absolute control of the factory, production and purchasing. He says: "I am going to produce!" More power to you, Joe!

Wm. Sherry, '19 Bill is still in Akron holding the position as a chemist for one of the big rubber industries of that city. Despite the fact that many employes have been released because of the slack in working conditions, Bill continues to be a very important factor in his department of the business. His Akron address is 117 North Miller Street.

George Hochwalt, '20 George's friends of the class of '20 can call on him at 612 Linden Ave., York, Pa. Here he is with the Morgan Smith Co. He is a chemist in the estimating department. George finds the East great and his work more. He says this company holds out bright prospects for young engineering students. Good luck to you, George.

Notes William Fogarty, '11, of Jackson, visited his brother Howard, sophomore engineer, and called for his former prefects, Bro. Thomas Seebald and Bro. Fred Paff.

Edward Satalia, '09, of Dayton, gave us a call during the past month. He is with the Stock Exchange of Dayton.

Victor Suttile, '11, of Erie, Pa., was quite surprised at all the changes at the university since his last visit.

We have recently learned that Joseph Holters, '19, of Covington, Ky., is holding a very responsible position with the Allis Chalmers Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Russ" Summers gave us the following account of the varsity's sojourn in Pittsburg: "The football team received a most royal welcome in Pittsburg after the recent game with Duquesne U. Mr. Carl Brunner, a graduate of the business class of '17 took the team in hand and acted as host. After a sight-seeing trip through the Smoky City the team was taken to a dance under the auspices of the K. of C."

Such treatment in a strange city is most unusual and is heartily appreciated. The team and the University extend to Mr. Brunner their most cordial thanks and assure him a glad hand every time he comes to Dayton. Other alumni present at the game were Max Brunner, '20, and Francis Ligday, '16.

Wedding Bells The marriage of William A. Brennan, '16, and Miss Ruth I. Caylor took place at Holy Family Church, Dayton, Wednesday, November 24. Bill is a graduate of the H. S. class of '16. Since his graduation he has been employed at the Big Four freight office with the exception of a year spent in the service of the U. S. Marines.

Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left for a brief honeymoon trip through the West. After their return they will be at home at 1719 Huffman Avenue, Dayton

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Another wedding of the Thanksgiving season was that of Miss Anne Maloney and Robert E. Gray, in St. Agnes Church, Dayton. The bride is a sister of Joseph Maloney, H. S. '20, and member of this

year's Freshman engineering class. Bob is connected with the Finke Engineering Co. for several years.

After the wedding breakfast was served to a large number of relatives at the home of the bride's parents, the couple spent their honeymoon in New York. They are at home to friends at 2212 Wayne Avenue.

The Exponent received the following announcement: "Mrs. Martha Walters announces the marriage of her daughter, Margaret, to Harry J. Hackman, Saturday, November 27, 1920." Harry is a graduate of the Business class of '16. He was one of the mainstays on the first representative high school basketball team. Whilst attending school Harry's home was in Rushville, Ind. The young couple will reside at 318 Lexington Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, after December 15.

The wedding of Harlan J. Knechtges, '13, and Miss Clare Kirkbride took place at St. Mary's Church, Elyria, Ohio, October 12. After a honeymoon spent in the East, Mr. and Mrs. Knechtges will be at home at 140 Harvard Avenue, Elyria. Harlan is connected with the New York Central railroad. Two of his brothers, Myles and Clement are present students at the university.

Obituaries In the death of Col. William J. White, Sunday, November 28, at the National Military Home, Dayton loses one of its foremost citizens and the university one of its warmest friends. Col. White was 76 years old. He was a civil war veteran and he also took an active part in the Spanish-American War. For ten years he acted as superintendent of the Dayton public schools. From April 1912 until the time of his recent illness he held the responsible position of governor of the National Military Home.

When military training was made a part of the curriculum here at the university in 1916, Col. White proved a real friend and advisor to the President, Father O'Reilly. Through the colonel's influence Father O'Reilly secured the services of Capt. J. O. Donovan, a member of Colonel White's staff, to act as military instructor. At the inauguration of the S. A. T. C. in 1918 Colonel White again showed his interest in the school by addressing the young men and exhorting them to be patriotic defenders of Old Glory. Truly in the passing of Colonel White the University of Dayton has felt the loss of a true and kind friend. The Exponent in the name of the President and faculty of the university and the entire student body offers its sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

Russell Robin, '11, died at Miami Valley Hospital Thursday, October 9, after an operation for appendicitis. Before his death he was foreman of the plant inspection department of the N. C. R. Whilst a student at the university he took an active part in athletics. He is survived by his mother and one sister. Our condolence to the sorrowing relatives.

University Chronicle

HIGHEST HONORS FOR NOVEMBER

Collegiate Department

Senior Chemical Engineering—Mark Thompson, 92; John Halpin, 91.
Senior Electrical Engineering—Walter Curtis, 96; Andrew Kuntz, 90.
Junior Arts—R. J. Kitsteiner, 98; Herbert Abel, 97; Carl Mueller, 92.
Junior Chemical—Joseph Murphy, 94; Clemens Hellebush, 88.
Junior Electrical—Rene Cros, 97; Anthony Horvath, 97; Edward Finan, 94.
Junior Mechanical—Ralph Pauly, 98; Edwin Huesmann, 83.
Sophomore Arts—Robt. Von Koenel, 91; Philip Keifer, 91; Edmund Klass, 90.
Sophomore Engineering—Elmer Steger, 98; Alvin Rabe, 96; Alfred Poliquin, 92; Quentin Guenther, 92.
Sophomore Pre-Medics—John Panos, 87; Victor Laughlin, 83.
Freshman Arts—John Holtvoigt, 95; Donovan McCune, 94.
Freshman Engineering-A—Matthew O'Boylan, 92; Robert Dill, 91; Lewis Sherer, 90; Leo Collins, 88.
Freshman Engineering-B—Frank Williams, 94; John Hunzicker, 92; John Paul, 91; Patrick Wong, 90.
Freshman Pre-Medics—Herbert Smith, 92; James O'Connor, 92.

High School Department

Fourth High-A—Lionel Bradmiller, 96; Joseph Koehler, 95; Raymond Scheckelhoff, 94; Norbert Hellman, 94.
Fourth High-B—Paul Fox, 97; Joseph Higgins, 95; Carl Ramus, 94; Vernard Bremer, 94.
Third High-A—Vincent Koepnick, 97; George Krug, 95; Charch McGee, 95; Maurice Reichard, 91; Thomas Newman, 90.
Third High-B—Richard Bettinger, 96; Albert Tischer, 96; Edward Van Leunen, 93; Alfred Wenzel, 89.
Third High-C—Edward Keefe, 97; Martin Murphy, 96; LeRoy Romes, 90; Edward Mahoney, 88.
Second High-A—Joseph Unger, 99; Herman Brunner, 98; Louis Schulze, 98; Walter Paul, 97; Lawrence Monheim, 97.
Second High-B—William Oldt, 96; Urban Wimmers, 95; John Price, 94; Louis Stuhldreher, 94.

Second High-C—Eugene Guswiler, 99; Herman Reboulet, 98; Jerome Gibson, 97; Louis Mahlmeister, 97; Thomas Kirk, 97.
Second High-D—Joseph Scott, 95; Norbert Stechschulte, 95; Roy Minnerup, 94; John Waluiszis, 93; Harold Kappeler, 92.
First High-A—Albert Schreck, 97; William Ferree, 97; Edward Haft, 93; Edgar Meyer, 91; William Heindle, 90.
First High-B—Louis Podesta, 95; James Tancred, 95; Joseph Leibold, 93; Joseph Keller, 90; Charles Lawry, 90.
First High-C—DeWitt Ashton, 98; William Buerk, 97; Richard Schneble, 95; Cletus Corbett, 94; John McBride, 94; Scott Sanders, 94.
First High-D—James Sherman, 98; Louis Gitsinger, 97; Thos. Gallagher, 94; Herman Schmidt, 94; William Soter, 94.
First High-E—Cyril Stein, 98; Paul Buckley, 96; Leo Goetz, 92; Howard Reither, 92; Harold Deis, 92.

Business Department

First Business—Clifford Theobald, 97; William Westbrock, 96; Shermer Brown, 92; Wilfred Sherman, 92.
Eight Grade—Clifford Magly, 94; Alan Johnson, 93; Amer Keller, 93; Howard Crush, 92.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS EVENING SCHOOL

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Thirty-one Courses. Sixty Instructors

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GEORGE WEIMER, Principal.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

December 20, 1920—January 20, 1920

Monday, December 20—James Francis O'Donnell, Impersonator.
Tuesday, December 21—Basketball—Ohio Northern at Dayton.
Wednesday, December 22—Christmas Holidays begin, 9:45 a. m.
Friday, January 7—Classes Resume—First Friday.
Monday, January 10—Branch Meeting of H. N. S.
Friday, January 13—Basketball—Mt. Union College at Dayton.
Sunday, January 16—General Communion Day.
Monday, January 17—Sodality Meetings.
Wednesday, January 19—Basketball—Varparaiso University at Valparaiso, Ind.
Wednesday, January 19—Mid-Winter Alumni Reunion.

Sodality News Following the close of the annual retreat held at the end of October religious activities were organized. Among these are ten branches of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. The promptness with which the sodalists responded to the invitations to reorganize their respective branches, the enthusiasm shown at the first meetings and the applications of many candidates for membership are signs of the good will of the students to interest themselves in sodality activities. Undoubtedly gratifying results will be obtained in all the branches.

St. Gregory Branch Twenty prospective candidates for the priesthood assembled early in November to reorganize their branch. They elected the following officers: Anthony Hemmert, president; Robert Von Koenel, vice president; Paul Fox, secretary.

PAUL FOX.

Senior High At the meeting of reorganization held November 8, the following officers were elected: Joseph McDonald, president; John P. Sullivan, vice president; John C. Deibel, secretary; and William Sullivan, librarian. Norbert Hellmann is head of the Eucharistic Section, Arthur May of the Spiritual Reading Section, and Charles Minnoch, of the Mission Section.

JOHN C. DEIBEL.

Junior High Division This branch reorganized for the school year 1920 on November 8. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Theodore McCarthy, president; John Lovett, vice president; and Martin Murphy, secretary. The first roll call registered twenty sodalists and fifteen candidates. Among the requirements for a sodalist of the Junior Division is weekly reception of Holy Communion in a body on Sunday morning.

In the second meeting the officers proceeded to organize particular sections in the sodality as an outlet for further optional activities. Chief among these activities is the Eucharistic Section, whose members pledge themselves to double the ordinary requirements regarding the reception of Holy Communion. Another form of religious interest is embodied in the Mission Section. The members of this branch help to increase the ranks of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and to pray daily for the success of the missionary efforts. The Catholic Literature Section groups together those sodalists who purpose to devote ten to fifteen minutes per day to the perusal of sound spiritual doctrine preferably from the New Testament or from the following of Christ. The following are in charge of the branches: Paul Thesing, Eucharistic Section; Thomas Hackett, Mission Section, and Arthur Kugelman, Literature Section.

EUGENE F. GUSWILER.

Sophomore High Division The election of officers held at the first meeting resulted as follows: Robert Oberlander, president; Herman Brunner, vice president, and John Price, secretary. The president is the head of the Eucharistic Section, the vice president of the Mission Section and the secretary of the Spiritual Reading Section.

At the second meeting held on November 22, Sodalist Williams addressed the meeting. He gave a brief history of the Sodality from its origin at Rome in 1563 to the present day. He recounted its good works and its progress, making special mention of the Sodality which Father Chaminade, the founder of the Society of Mary, established. His talk was to the point and willingly listened to by the members. John Price volunteered to address the sodalists at the next meeting.

It was agreed upon to publish a sodality paper after each meeting and to post it on the bulletin board in the study hall so as to give some publicity to the doings of our sodality. John Price and Norbert Stechschulte were appointed editors.

It was also resolved that the sodality make a novena in preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The members ruled that the sodality insignia be worn during the novena and whilst communicating as a mark of exterior piety and as an example to the other students.

A motion was made to invite the following to the next meeting as prospective sodalists: Francis Barry, Martin Guedelhoefer, Edward Haft, Louis Kress, Lawrence Monheim, Isidore Sanchez, Jesus Saracho, Lawrence Stember, Andrew Stubbers, Louis Stuhldreher, Hubert Toohey, Leo Van Lahr and Hugh Welker. The motion was unanimously carried.

JOHN P. PRICE.

Sophomore High-A and B

The non-resident students of these classes organized their sodality branch on November 8. The following officers were elected: Joseph Unger, president; Louis Schulze, vice president, and Ralph Sherrer, secretary. Thursday of each week has been chosen as a day on which all the members of the branch will assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body. Thus far only a Eucharistic Section of the sodality has been organized. It is contemplated, however, to organize also a Mission Section and a Spiritual Reading Section. Much enthusiasm has already been shown and it is hoped that the members of this branch will be a source of much spiritual good in their classes.

JOSEPH UNGER.

Apostleship of Prayer

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is traditional among the students of the University. For this purpose all the students are enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer, also called the League of the Sacred Heart. The following have been appointed Promoters in their respective class or division: Messrs. Curtis, Hemmert, Killoran, Fritz, Koehler, Wintermeyer, Fleming, Schroll, Gausephol, Sweetman, Westbrock, Price, Brunner, Maley, Platis, Ashton, Klostermann, Tancred, Gallagher, Chapin and Gartland. These energetic representatives have during the past month raised the financial and spiritual standing of the League to a very satisfactory degree.

The Winslow Concert Company

On Tuesday evening, November 9, the patrons of the Lyceum Course were treated to a delightful program of music, song and story. The entertainers were Warren Colston, Laura Ormsbee Goodridge and Jeannette Willaims, the personnel of the Winslow Concert Company. Warren Colston excelled as an impersonator

and actor. Laura Ormsbee Goodridge is a violinist and Jeannette Williams a pianist of more than amateur skill. Both are also accomplished singers, the one a soprano, the other a contralto. The second part of their program was a drama of one act entitled "Suppressed Desires." It ridiculed the unscientific extremes of so-called psycho-analysis and the inconsistency of the advocates of free love. It was comic but also quite moral and instructive.

Armistice Day The following letter received by the authorities of the University well merits publication:

Dayton, Ohio, November 17, 1920.

The University of Dayton, Dayton Ohio.

Gentlemen: In behalf of the American Legion of Dayton, Ohio, I wish to thank you for your participation in our parade on Armistice Day. Dayton may well be proud of the splendid young men enrolled in your university.

If at any time in the future, the American Legion can be of any service to you, we will regard it as a favor to be called upon.

Yours very respectfully,

E. L. KING,

Assistant Secretary, American Legion, Dayton, Ohio.

Those that took part in the parade were the students of the Sophomore, Junior, Senior High, and Freshman College classes as members of the R. O. T. C. unit. On this occasion the U. of D. R. O. T. C. Band made a record for itself. Its successful showing is the more noteworthy since the preparation consisted of but four practice hours for the new members and one general rehearsal with the members of last year.

Thanksgiving Day Many of the students spent Thanksgiving at home. At the University it had a fitting religious and social character. In the morning all assisted at a Mass of Thanksgiving after which the Prayer for the Civil Authorities was read. The stewart and cooks provided a real Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey, pumpkin pie, sweet cider and the like on the menu. In the evening the movie committees entertained. Pictures of the Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati, Ohio, were instructive and highly artistic. The feature which presented Lila Lee in "Rose o' the River" held the complete attention of the audience and met with hearty approval. Charlie Chaplin and his companions dispelled all beginnings of indigestion. Thanks are due to all who helped to make it a happy day.

Francis Hendry The third number of the Lyceum Lecture Course was given by Mr. Francis Hendry, musician and impersonator, assisted by Mrs. F. Hendry. These entertainers gained recognition from the United States Government having been engaged by it two successive years to give concerts in the Panama Canal Zone. The musical numbers consisted largely of American classics. There were Irish, negro and sailor songs, comic and serious recitations. The audience received their program with applause and delight.

Grateful acknowledgment is made by the management of the Lyceum Lecture Course to the Soward-Anderson Company for the use of a piano at this performance.

R. O. T. C. Notes Sergeant John H. Kramer, Regular Army, has reported for duty and is a welcome addition to the staff of the Military Department. Sergeant Kramer has a record of long and faithful service of twenty-three years, and during the World War attained the rank of captain. He saw active service in France and was wounded there. In addition to his service in France he has had foreign service in Porto Rico and the Philippines and many years among the cactus and mesquite along the Mexican border. With the help of his good friend "O'Grady" the sergeant is instilling lots of pep and enthusiasm in the drill.

Major F. J. Ostermann, Infantry, on the staff of Major-General Read, commanding the Fifth Corps Area, made an inspection of the corps and stated that he was well pleased with conditions. His visit was all too short but he promised to pay us a longer visit later.

The drills and military exercises so far this year have consisted of the fundamentals of marching and discipline. During the winter months we will branch out to include signaling, guard duty, first aid and preliminary rifle firing exercises including gallery practice. For the advanced students the course will also include instruction in the special infantry weapons such as automatic rifles and machine guns, and map reading and military sketching. We hope to organize a rifle team and compete with other institutions. Many institutions are taking up rifle shooting as one of their major sports giving letters for team members the same as for other sports. With the excellent equipment furnished by the War Department and the facilities offered by the University there appears no reason why we should not have a winning team.

JAMES R. HILL.

Music Notes The study of music has always been encouraged at the University for its cultural advantages and as a refined accomplishment. The students of music, therefore, are not only drilled in systematic exercises but are also given every opportunity to hear high class music. Thus recently they heard the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and other similar concerts.

The student orchestra has been reorganized with the following personnel: First violin: J. Bender, H. Wittman; flute: F. Ferrara; clarinet: L. Mahrt; cornet: H. Melia; trombone: C. Scharf; banjo: M. Reichard; piano: J. Frischkorn; drums and traps: R. Chester; mandolin: J. Janning.

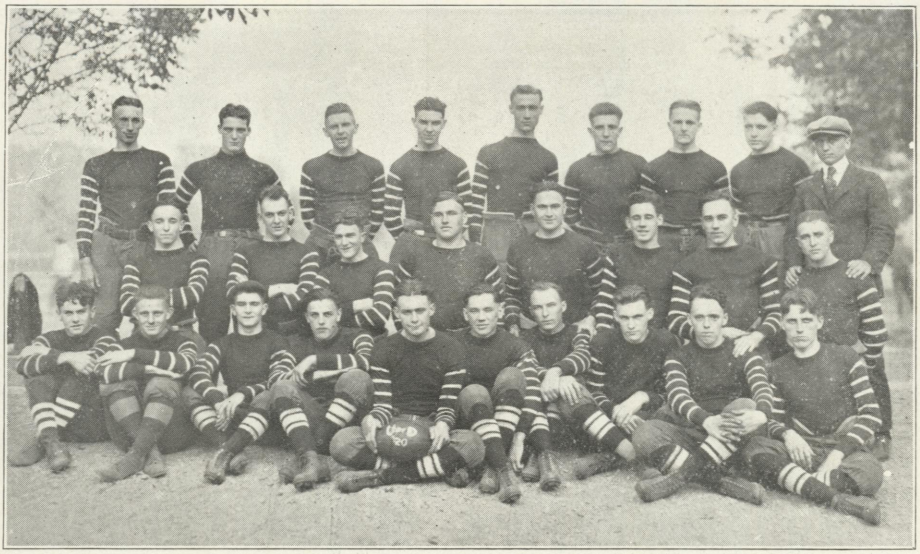
The Squires-Schenk Concert The students and faculty of the University attended a home-coming concert at Memorial Hall, December 6, of Miss Majorie Squires, contralto, and Mr. Robert Schenk, violinist. These two artists were presented by Mr. A. F. Thiele, who has the merit of bringing the stars of the musical world to the Gem City. Mr. Schenk is an alumnus of the University and was a member of the University orchestra during four years. It was in his honor that the students were present at the concert. They occupied the right and left wings of the auditorium.

At the close of the last group played by Mr. Schenk an ovation was accorded him by the student body, which rose and remained standing during several moments of tumultous applause while a sheaf of chrysanthemums from which floated a University pennant was presented to him.

Christmas Morning

The stars in the far-off heaven
Have long since struck eleven!
And hark! from temple and from tower
Soundeth time's grandest midnight hour,
Blessed by the Savior's birth;
And Night putteth off the sable stole,
Symbol of sorrow and sign of dole,
For one with many a starry gem,
To honor the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes to men the King of them,
Yet comes without robe or diadem;
And all turn towards the holy east,
To hear the song of the Christmas feast.

—Alfred Tennyson.



VARSITY SQUAD

Rear Row: Summers, Faas, Marker, Maloney, Griesmer, Supenski, Wagner, Rabe, Kuntz (Mgr).

Middle Row: Johnson, Witherow, Fogarty, Walsh, Miller, Von Koenel, Sayre, Billet.

Front Row: Sullivan, Kuhn, Ferrara, Knechtges, Holscher, Hannegan, Schmitter, Melia, Damm, Farren.

PREP SQUAD

Front Row, left to right: Glynn, French, Hagan, Capt. Boggan, Zettler, Virant, McGriff.

Middle Row: Romes, Strosnider, Whalen, Mahrt, Doyle, Kohl, Amann.

Rear Row: Booth, Ball, Bach, Spriggs, Glynn.

University Club Dance Prominent among the happenings of the past month was the University Club dance in honor of the football team of the University of Dayton. It was offered to the undergraduates Tuesday evening, November 23, at the Dayton Country Club. The university men had their highest hopes realized in the splendid arrangements made to promote the gaiety and beauty of the event. The usual attractiveness of the Country Club was heightened by decorations in the university colors. The program was cleverly arranged to represent a victory on the gridiron. Beginning with the "kick-off" it progressed to the "fourth-down" and "Coach's Delight." The novelties of O'Brien's Orchestra of Springfield particularly delighted the dancers. On the committee in charge were Messrs Buerger, Hook, Halpin, Kuntz, Summers, Thompson and Faas. R. J. KITSTEINER.

Senior High-B The literary movement started some weeks ago in Senior High-B is now booming. The students have "caught hold" with an enthusiasm that is almost unbelievable judging from the unflagging interest shown, and the oratorical ability displayed during the past month. The English professor, Bro. Thomas Price, S. M., was satisfied with the first group of speakers, but was more than gratified with the results of the second group.

Current events formed the chief topics for the speakers. The winners of each day's contest spoke again on Saturday, November 20. Ernest Mueller won the final contest with a comical narrative entitled, "Heroes." Wilberd Van Arnhem presented another story which won second place for him, while Charles Wolf was awarded third place by the judges, Joseph Higgins, William Sweeney and Gerald Corbett. The other speakers, Lawrence Tague and Frederick Meade ran such a close second to the winners that the judges submitted their decision only after much discussion.

A new field is now being considered and in fact is being put into reality, namely debates. A number of these short arguments are being prepared as an experiment, and great results are expected to be realized shortly.

JOSEPH LAMOUREUX.

The Thia At their meetings during the past month the members of the Thia Club read and criticized Edgar Allen Poe's work, "The Cask of Amantillado," the Literary Digest's answer to Herbert Hoover's appeal for financial aid for the starving children of Europe and the story, "England to America," by Margaret Montague, who received the award in the O. Henry Memorial Contest. The club has arranged a short story contest among its members. The winner will be announced at a future date.

GEORGE W. KRUG.

Sophomore High-D The class has been organized for literary activities. Joseph Scott was elected president; John Koors, vice president, and Joseph Back, secretary. Interest and utility alike promise to characterize Sophomore D's regular gatherings. JOSEPH BACK.

Sophomore High-A and B To promote interest between Sophomore High-A and B and to further literature among the students a class paper, "The Sophomore Owl," has been established. The paper is published monthly and comes out on the fifteenth of the month. The

November number was a great success and so far it promises to rival any class paper in the High School Department. Each issue is divided into five sections, every section being well balanced. Much interest is being taken in the paper and it promises to be an all-around success.

Sophomore High-B has elected class officers with the following results: John Price, president; Charles Peterman, secretary; and Harold Ims, treasurer. Committees on order and neatness were appointed and things are running in fine shape. JOHN P. PRICE.

Sophomore High Division

During the Hallowe'en holidays the Sophomore High Division journeyed out to White Oak Camp in Hills and Dales where a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. Practically the whole time was spent in roaming about the woods and spacious golf links. Around four o'clock a lunch of sandwiches, apples, pop-corn, cake and coffee was served. At 4:30 the division broke camp and started back to the university

In the club room leagues in pool, billiards and bowling have been established and much interest is prevailing. A great deal of interest is likewise being taken in boxing. Messrs. Yurick, Dusseau and C. Schmidt are busy arranging bouts for the long winter months. JOHN P. PRICE.

Athletic Notes

FOOTBALL

The Season's Once Over

The closing of the football season was marked by two good games, one a victory and the other a defeat, the result of which is more than a victory. Our old rival, Georgetown College bit the dust before the 1920 eleven and a newcomer, Duquesne, was given a bad scare. Taken all in all the season was a great success. The boys learnt footfall, had very much experience, kept up their pep under adverse circumstances and got the old fight. This fighting spirit became better as the season advanced and reached its climax in the Duquesne game. The Pittsburgh papers lauded the fighting qualities of our squad.

The sad part of the season, however, is the passing of Capt. Joe Holscher and our old friend "Rookie" Summers. These two men played their final U. D. game at Pittsburgh.

U. D.—6
Georgetown—5

For the first time in its history the University of Dayton won a bitterly fought 6 to 5 battle with Georgetown College. The maroon and white made large and consistent gains on off tackle and end run plays, but due to being penalized a total of 165 yards, were prevented from running up a large score. Time and again the Dayton backs began their march down the field only to be halted with the goal in sight, by penalties for merely nominal offenses. This handicap, however, did not dampen their spirit or prevent them from playing hard and consistent football throughout the game.

Dayton's only score came in the first quarter when Billett, after breaking through the line for 25 yards, fumbled the ball. Melia recovered and dashed 30 yards for a touchdown.

Georgetown scored a questionable safety in the first quarter and a drop-kick from the 30-yard line by Cloar in the second quarter. At only one other time did Georgetown threaten Dayton's goal. In the third quarter a fumble, two first downs and a big penalty brought the ball to Dayton's 6-yard line. Here the Dayton line held for four downs and the ball was punted out of danger.

Billett showed great form in carrying the ball. His fast and twirling method of attack was spectacular. Dwyer's generalship meant much to the team, and he could always be counted on to call the right play at the right time. His big gains from punt formation also caused favorable comment from the side line.

Summers and Faas were fast and powerful and gave splendid interference, Summers also having three intercepted passes to his credit. Holscher and Melia did great battling on the line, while Knechtges and Schmitter at ends gave fine accounts of themselves both on offensive and defensive. They broke through interference and stopped Georgetown's rushes.

Cloar and Captain Jones were Georgetown's outstanding men. Cloar bucked the line with a vengeance. Lineup:

Georgetown. (5)	Pos.	Dayton (6)
Forword	L. E.	Schmitter
B. Jones (Capt.)	L. T.	Holscher
Pierce	L. G.	Griesemer
Stevenson	C.	Melia
Tronnel	R. G.	Walsh
W. Jones	R. T.	Supenski
Porter	R. E.	Knechtges
Cloar	Q.	Dwyer
Montgomery	L. H.	Summers
Balof	R. H.	Billett
Bakew	F. B.	Faas

Substitutes—Dayton: Rabe for Supenski. Georgetown: Adams for Balof, Caster for Tronnell, Beckley for Adams, Adams for Cloar.

Referee—Phillip, of Vanderbilt. Umpire—Newton, of Baylor. Head linesman—Chandler, of Transylvania. Time of quarters—15 minutes each.

Duquesne—14
U. D.—0

The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times carries the following story relative to the gritty scrap put up by the U. D. moleskin warriors in their Duquesne encounter:

"Duquesne University ended a very successful football season by defeating Dayton University of Dayton, Ohio, after a very stubborn fight which was staged on the Bluff. The score was 14 to 0.

Jake Stahl's nervy gridders rose to their greatest power of the year in the closing episode. The Dukes have scored a number of pretty triumphs this fall, but none of them were fraught with the stiff resistance that obtained in the clash with the sportsmanlike lads from the Buckeye State.

"The Bluff athletes won the game in the first quarter through a dash of brilliant football that had culminated in two touchdowns and subsequent goals. From the moment of the second touchdown, however, the gritty fellows from Dayton played a defensive game that was largely responsible for the best grade of play seen on the home lot this fall.

"The rush of the Duke gridders in the opening period gave the spectators the idea that the foe would go down under an overwhelming defeat, but the Ohio spirit was at its best in adversity. Calling on each other to hold, the Dayton youths co-ordinated their defense in such a manner as to throw Duquesne's scoring machine off its stride for the remainder of the game.

"Capt. Mike Shortley, playing his farewell game for Duquesne, gave the battle its greatest features. Indeed, it was the sterling play of this splendid field general and backfield player that made it possible for the Dukes to finish on the victorious end of the scrimmage with Dayton.

"Captain Shortley with Center Walter (Chooey) Doyle and Guard Regis Vebelunas, were heroic figures in their final clash for the Bluff School.

"Captain Shortley was at his best in the first period, his charging plunges and end runs carrying the ball to the scoring posts twice before the first quarter had been completed. Mike hit the line for the first touchdown after five minutes of play and he made a 20-yard run through the Dayton tacklers for the second counter just before the second period got under way.

"Duquesne won the toss and decided to kick to Dayton, who defended the south goal. The Ohioans started off with a rush, but after making a first down they were held by the Dukes and finally punted. Taking the ball on their own 35-yard line the Dukes executed a diversified attack within the limits of straight football and soon had the ball within the shadow of the goal posts.

"Dayton made a determined stand with the ball on their own five-yard line in the Dukes' possession, but after two plays the oval was on the one-yard line. Capt. Shortley took the ball at this critical period and by a wriggling thrust he was able to push it just across the lines. Klinzing kicked goal.

"Duquesne kicked off again and by good defensive play forced Dayton to punt. Quarterback Dwyer, who was doing the kicking for the visitors, got off one of his unusual long punts but the value of the long spiral was soon discounted by the Duke backfield men, who made a series of lunges and end runs and eventually carried the ball to the foe's 20-yard line.

"At this juncture of the game Captain Shortley made one of the most thrilling plays. Mike was given the ball from center and he started to skirt right end. The Duke captain is fine on a broken field and by dint of his cleverness he evaded two or three tacklers, and then broke away toward the goal, while only two or three feet within fair territory. Mike was finally brought down, but he was able to fall with the oval on the scoring side of the line. Klinzing kicked another goal.

"The second was ushered in on top of Shortley's clever run, and from this moment until the final whistle the Dukes ran into snag after snag. Several times they had the ball well within the scoring zones, but the Ohioans made valiant stands in every instance and the Dukes had to be satisfied with their two markers. Twice they were within the five-yard limits, only to lose the ball on downs as a result of the stubborn stiffness of the Dayton line.

"Quarterback Dwyer of the Buckeyes was one of the stars of the game, his punting being an outstanding feature. Dwyer got many of his spirals away for journeys not far under 50 yards. The Daytonian backfield made a number of runs of the 10 and 15-yard variety, but their attack was not sustained. On defense, particularly after the first period, they were good, their line holding in such a fashion as to excite the admiration of the spectators.

"Tackle Pat O'Malley played a whirlwind game for the Dukes yesterday, the all-around work of the Lawrenceville soldier being a distinct high spot in the fray. On defense O'Malley made a number of corking tackles, which threw opponents for losses, while his value in the way for making holes while on the offense was of high measure.

"The battle was fought on a muddy field, the clothes of the athletes being soaked with the grimy stuff. Despite the soft conditions, the bespattered rivals were able to run and tackle well, and on the whole the game was thoroughly enjoyed."

The lineup:

Duquesne (14)	Pos.	Dayton (0)
Tenney	L. E.	Schmitter
O'Malley	L. T.	(Capt.) Holscher
Klinzing	L. G.	Griesemer
Doyle	C.	Melia
McNamara	R. G.	Walsh
Vebelunas	R. T.	Supenski
Broderick	R. E.	Knechtges
Rooney	Q.	Dwyer
Shortley (Capt.)	L. H.	Summers
Quinn	R. H.	Billett
Wolak	F. B.	Faas

Score by periods:

Duquesne	14	0	0	0—14
Dayton	0	0	0	0— 0

Substitutions—Duquesne: Olzewski for Tenney, Forrest for O'Malley, Schneider for Klinzing, Brackney for Schneider, Harrison for McNamara, Shanahan for Broderick.

An Appreciation The Athletic Board of Directors and the entire student body wish to thank Rev. Bros. James Yack and Peter Michels for their earnest co-operation in giving our boys a welcome when they encountered the strong Duquesne eleven. For the benefit of our readers we might mention, no less than five hundred Alumni and school children witnessed the game and cheered our boys on by their lusty yells of D-A-Y-T-O-N, Dayton, Dayton, Dayton. Sincere appreciation, Brothers and dear friends, for your loyal support. Don't fail to see us trim the Dukes on February 5 when we invade your fair city again.

Prospects The prospects are fine for a whiz of a football team for next year. Only two men are lost by graduation and a great machine ought consequently to be built up from the remaining men and new material. Both coaches think well of the 1921 season. Manager Finan is certainly rounding out a schedule the like of which no U. D. team has ever faced. The team will be equal to it and we can face the 1921 season with all confidence that the team will be there with the goods.

Next Year's Grid Captain At a meeting of the letter men of this year's football squad, Knechtges was almost unanimously elected to captain next year's varsity eleven. We all know our brilliant right end and we are sure the choice was well founded. Success to you old boy, and when the whistle blows at Danville may you lead your warriors to victory.

Sport Comment The following article written through the kindness of Bob Husted appeared some time ago in the Dayton Journal:

"The University of Dayton is not letting the grass grow under its feet, so to speak. With the present football campaign approaching the final curtain, plans are already being completed toward making next season bigger and better than ever. The first step along this line comes with the arranging with Centre College for a game to be played at Danville, Ky., October 1, 1921.

"There will be other gridiron plums on the schedule besides the contest with Centre. The chart, when finished, will be by far the most attractive one ever framed at the South Park university.

"A lot has been accomplished this fall at the University of Dayton. Much good, too, will be reaped from the seeds of progress sown by those in charge of athletics there.

"The harvest cannot be gathered in the space of a few short months. The crop must be watched and cultivated with care. Eventually success will come.

"Then the pioneers in the movement to bring the University of Dayton into athletic prominence here and elsewhere will know that their labors were not in vain."

Many Thanks There is no person perhaps to whom the faculty and student body owe more thanks in the line of athletics than to Mr. Nelson Talbott. There is no person perhaps to whom the faculty and student body owe more thanks in the line of athletics than to Mr. Nelson Talbott. He has devoted his precious leisure time to the best interests of our varsity. Many thanks, and may we see you develop in future years a team at U. D. that will give credit to your valuable coaching. The faculty and student body wish to express their sincerest appreciation to Mrs. Nelson Talbott, for the beautiful loving cup, which she has presented to "The Nelson Talbott Better Varsity League."

TALBOTT BETTER VARSITY LEAGUE

In order to insure a first class varsity to U. D. for years to come and develop any hidden stars that might therein pass by unnoticed Bro. Henry, the Athletic Director, organized a league and judging by the interest displayed and the earnestness with which the games were played the good old varsity pep and spirit is bound to take a rise. The games were the hardest fought battles ever witnessed on the Dayton College gridiron. Crowds attended the games and classmen rooted for their respective teams. A schedule is being followed and the winners thereof are to have their names engraved on the Nelson Talbott Loving Cup.

The following scheduled games were played:

Freshmen—13
Rangaboos—6 The first interclass game at the U. of D. for the cup to be given by Nelson Talbott, was played at the South Park field when the Freshman met and defeated the Rangaboos. Johnson and Carroll did stellar work for the Freshmen, while Ball and Cain starred for the Rangaboos. The feature of the game was a 50-yard run for a touchdown by Ball, who intercepted a pass.

The lineup for the game was as follows:

Freshmen (13)	Pos.	Rangaboos (6)
Gerber	L. E.	Ball
Sayre	L. T.	O'Grady
Crane	L. G.	Sweeney
Johnson	C.	Deibel
Tennis	R. G.	Romes
Fritz	R. T.	Gutierez
Clifford	R. E.	Cain
Scharf	Q.	Helman
Melia	L. H.	O'Donnell
Sullivan	R. H.	Lander
Carroll	F. B.	Wintermeyer

Touchdowns—Melia, Johnson, Boll. Goals from touchdowns—Scharf. Referee—Holscher, U. of D. Timekeeper—M. M. I. Head linesman—Greisemer, Colorado U.

Sophomores—20
Juniors—12

In the second game for the class football championship at the U. of D. the Sophomores won a hard-fought battle from the Juniors.

The game, which was played on a wet field, was featured by the line-bucking of the Sophomore backs. Gerber and Ferrara starred for the Juniors, while Fogarty, Damm and Farren did spectacular work for the Sophs. The lineup:

Sophomores (20)	Pos.	Juniors (12)
Damm	L. E.	Schmitter
Brown	L. T.	Hellebush
Cholly	L. G.	Kramer
Hannigan	C.	Payne
Theuring	R. G.	Sinnot
Wagner	R. T.	Maloney
Flannagan	R. E.	Thompson
Fogarty	Q.	Ferrara
Farren	L. H.	Halpin
Healy	R. H.	Hulin
Emrick	F. B.	Gerber

Substitution—Von Koenel for Fogarty; Agnew for Cholly; Stohlmoeller for Sinnot. Touchdowns—Ferrara, Fogarty, Thompson, Hannigan. Emrick. Goals from touchdowns—Flannigan, 2. Referee—Virant, U. of D. Head linesman—Scharf, Notre Dame. Timekeeper—McInerhney.

Sophomores—0
Freshmen—0

One of the hardest fought contests of the year resulted in a scoreless tie at the U. of D. campus. The game was full of pep and fight from start to finish. Both lines held well and the Freshies' passes were all broken up by the Soph. backs.

The Sophs. missed the generalship of "Shorty" Fogarty, the star quarter, who sustained a fractured collar bone a week ago. Farren, the Sophs.' right half, had his ankle badly wrenched in the first quarter and was forced to retire at the end of the half. Damm played good for the Sophs. as did Wagner and Healey.

With only six yards to go for a score the Freshies were unable to pierce the Soph. line, and then they tried a drop-kick from the 10-yard line and Damm and Wagner both broke in and blocked it, Damm being kicked in the chin.

Scharf played well for the Freshmen. Lineup:

Sophs. (0)	Pos.	Freshies (0)
Damm	L. E.	Clifford
Brown	L. T.	Sayre
Winterhalter	L. G.	Fritz
Hannigan	C.	Melia
Theuring	R. G.	Tennis
Wagner	R. T.	Donisi
Flanagen	R. E.	Gerber
Von Koenel	Q.	Johnson
Farren	R. H.	Amersbach
Healey	L. H.	Sullivan
Emerick	F. B.	Scharf

Substitutes—Damm for Farren, Agnew for Damm.

Referee—O'Grady, U of D. Time of quarters—15 minutes each.

BASKETBALL

Our Schedule The 1920-'21 schedule is the best and hardest the school ever had. Manager J. E. Halpin is certainly to be complimented on his success in bringing up some of the stiffest opposition for the U. D. squad of this year. It is a schedule that will make many of the Alumni court stars wish they were back at the old school and be able to uphold her honor. The following is the schedule:

Games at Home:

Dec. 11. Antioch College.
Dec. 17. Cedarville College.
Dec. 21. Ohio Northern.
Jan. 13. Mt. Union College.
Jan. 28. Defiance College.
Feb. 9. Davis and Elkins College
Feb. 12. Capital U.
Feb. 18. St. Xavier College.
Feb. 24. Baldwin Wallace College.
Mar. 3. Bethany College.
Mar. 10. Muskingum College.
Mar. 23. Alumni (Benefit game).
Mar. 26. Cadets (Benefit game).

Games Abroad:

Jan. 19. Valparaiso U. at Valparaiso.
Jan. 20. Wabash College at Crawfordsville.
Jan. 21. Notre Dame at Notre Dame.
Jan. 22. DePaul at Chicago.
Feb. 1. Baldwin Wallace at Berea.
Feb. 2. Detroit U. at Detroit.
Feb. 3. St. Mary's College at Orchard Lake.
Feb. 4. St. John's U. at Toledo.
Feb. 5. Duquesne U. at Pittsburg.
Mar. 19. St. Xavier at Cincinnati.

Our Coach "Dutch" Thiele, the Denison and Triangle star, a man that knows the court game from "A" to "Z," has been engaged by the athletic authorities of the U. to guide this year's team through the

season. "Dutch" has a wonderful record and oodles of experience to fall back on. The authorities are sure that their choice is well placed and that "Dutch" will certainly fill the hole. Practice is under way for the past few weeks and from the "zip" inspired by this coach the players though youngsters with one exception, are certainly down to give a good account of themselves. "Fighting spirit" and "condition" are the passwords and if these two qualities help to win games the U. D. season looks good. Speed will also help the youngsters and guided by Capt. "Rookie" Summers the only old head on the team we can look forward to some classy basketball this season.

Our Captain Good old "Rookie" is again in the limelight. As good a guard as any in ten states he is bound to have a banner season besides inspiring pep into his fellow players by his undaunted spirit to win. Grit is written all over "Rookie" and this will surely make itself manifest in the rest of the team. "Rookie" as captain of the first U. D. basketball squad certainly faces a tough schedule but win or not the opposition will certainly realize after the game that they were up against it. Good luck to you "Rookie" and we'll be with you. Just get out there and "fight," "fight" and success will be yours.

U. D. PREPS ATHLETICS

A Successful Season Coach Mahrt has great cause to feel proud over the splendid record set by his U. D. Prep pigskin warriors. A season marred but by one defeat is a season well spent and such a season the Preps have just gone through. No time in its history has the U. turned out such a brilliant array of football talent in the academic department. True the team played very few games owing to old man Pluvius and other unavoidable circumstances, but when it did perform it gave marked proof of its mettle. The backfield had the dash that makes the touchdowns, while the ends were there to offer the thrills as their outstretched arms snatched in the oval from above. Nor was the line at any department weak. From tackle to tackle it was well nigh impregnable and when it came to breaking through it delivered the goods in real style.

U. D. Preps—33
Middletown—6 Taking advantage of fumbles the U. D. Preps had little trouble winning from the Middletown Highs by the score of 33-6. The U. D. Preps started out early and carried the ball to the one-yard line where they lost it on downs. Middletown punted to Boggan who ran the ball back 30 yards for the first touchdown of the game. Virant missed the goal.

Middletown received the kick-off but on the first play fumbled and Puig grabbed the oval and raced 20 yeards to cross the goal. Later in the same period Puig again grabbed up a Middletown fumble and ran 50 yards for a touchdown.

The Middletown High's only score came early in the second quarter when they worked the ball down the field on straight line plays and Haig carried it over. Deis missed goal.

The U. D. Preps added two more touchdowns to their total in the third period. Middletown succeeded in working the ball to the U. D. Preps' one-

yard line only to lose it on downs. The Preps punted out to Middletown. On the second play Middletown again fumbled the ball and Amann recovered and ran 80 yards for a touchdown.

Near the close of the game Puig intercepted a forward pass near the center of the field, and eluding several tacklers carried the ball across for the final markers.

The work of Puig, Boggan and Virant featured the work of the U. D. Preps while Haig did well for Middletown.

U. D. Preps (33)	Pos.	Midletown (6)
Puig	L. E.	Broughton
Strosnider	L. T.	Deis
Amann	L. G.	Wenzel
McGriff	C.	Sullivan
Miller	R. G.	Miley
French	R. T.	Bowyer
Hagan	R. E.	Long
Mahrt	Q.	Tobin
Crow	L. H.	Bell
Boggan	R. H.	Beatty
Virant	F. B.	Haig

Score by periods:

U. D. Preps	20	0	13	0—30
Middletown	0	6	0	0— 6

U. D. Preps—0 Aquinas—31 With three of their regular players out of the game, the U. D. high eleven went down in defeat for the first time this year when they lost to the Aquinas team from Columbus by a score of 31 to 0.

The game was devoid of all features and was simply one line buck after another. Never did a man on either side break away for a gain of more than 10 to 12 yards. What few forward passes were tried fell short of the mark or gained a few scant yards. End runs were few and far between, so that there was little open play displayed over which the crowd could get enthused.

The red and blue eleven was greatly outweighed as well as outclassed. The heavy backs of the visitors plunged through the line time after time for consistent gains, while the local backfield men could do little or nothing against the Irish line.

The Preps looked weak in all departments of the game. They furnished little or no interference for the runner, and if a man did gain a few yards it was on his own hook and not through any help rendered by his mates.

The Preps kicked off to Aquinas, the ball being put in play on the 40-yard line. From here the visitors bucked the line, gaining consistently until they reached the five-yard mark, from where Donnelly squirmed his way across the goal for the first touchdown. Murphy missed goal.

This was all the scoring in the opening period, which ended with the Preps in possession of the ball on their own 30. On the first play in the second quarter Graham broke through the line and blocked one of Virant's

punts, and then grabbing the ball, raced to the goal without any opposition Murphy missed his attempt at goal.

Later in the same period the Preps punted to Aquinas. With the ball on the locals' 40-yard mark, the visitors began another march for the goal, which only ended when Murphy bucked his way across from the five-yard line. Murphy again missed goal, making the score 18 to 0 as the half ended.

The Preps came back strong after their rest, and for awhile it looked as though they were going to make things interesting for the Columbus gang. Taking the kickoff on their own 38-yard mark, they proceeded to march down the field, but upon reaching the visitors' 20, they lost the ball on downs. This was as close as they came to scoring throughout the game. They played on even terms with Aquinas during this period, neither side scoring.

In the final period the visitors added two more touchdowns. Early in this quarter the Preps were forced to punt while deep in their own territory, givingAquinas the ball on the locals' 34 mark. Straight line bucks brought the ball to the 10-yard line, from where Donnelly circled the end of the line for a touchdown. Murphy again missed goal.

Growing desperate in their efforts to score at least one touchdown the Preps resorted to passes but they brought little or no gains and in the final minute of play Murphy intercepted one of Virant's heaves and ran 20 yards for the final touchdown of the game. Donnelly kicked the goal making the score 31 to 0.

The Preps felt keenly the loss of Boggan, Puig and Hagan and their play both on the offense and defense was ragged. The line did not charge with the spirit that has characterized their former games this year while their tackling was high and ineffective. It would be a difficult matter to pick star performers for the afternoon although Virant and Crow did the best work for the locals. Donnelly and Murphy did most of the ground gaining for Aquinas.

U. D. Preps (0)	Pos.	Aquinas (31)
Kane	L. E.	Graham
Strosnider	L. T.	Manning
Amann	L. G.	Welsh
McGriff	C.	O'Connor
Miller	R. G.	Specht
French	R. T.	Grauck
Doyle	R. E.	Gallagher
Mahrt	Q.	Donnelly
Weckesser	L. H.	Murphy
Crow	R. H.	Brady
Virant	F. B.	Murtha

Score by periods:

Aquinas	6	12	0	13—31
U. D. Preps	0	0	0	0— 0

Substitutions for Preps—O'Grady for Amann. Scoring for Aquinas—Touchdowns: Donnelly, 2; Murphy, 2; Graham. Goals from touchdowns—Donnelly. Referee—Fleet. Umpire—J. Mahrt. Head linesman—Payne. Time of periods—12 minutes each.

Prep Basketball Prospects for 1920-'21 at the end of last season's court pastime were very discouraging. With the departure of Supenski, Scales, Sacksteder and Mayl all hope for another record-breaking squad was futile. However, to judge from present appearances this year's quintet will not be far behind if it doesn't surpass that of last season. Coach "Russ" Summers has certainly developed a clever pill-tossing aggregation. With a host of candidates to pick from "Russ" had no little trouble choosing his squad. As we go to press we find old "Pete" Boggan and Bach romping around at the forward positions and looping them in with the old-time pep. Ball, who took such good care of Gene Mayl three seasons ago in the Xenia game, will be at the pivot. Two Celt stars of last year will look after the defense and they are none other than "Lou" Mahrt and "Coke" Doyle. The present second squad reveals no dearth of excellent material and is clamoring for berths on the regulars. Landers at forward is showing up well. At center we have a familiar face. Jack Brown, last year's Spark captain. Whalen and Thesing will fill in at guard.

The Schedule Manager Robert Wintermeyer is rounding out a schedule that will give the Prep five something to work for. The schedule to date is:

Tuesday, Dec. 9. Yellow Springs at Dayton.
Monday, Dec. 13. St. Raphael at St. Raphael.
Saturday, Dec. 18. St. Aquinas at Dayton.
Friday, Jan. 21. Hamilton Catholic High at Dayton.
Saturday, Jan. 22. Elder High at Cincinnati.
Sunday, Jan. 30. Elder High at Dayton.
Saturday, Feb. 12. Antioch at Antioch.
February 3 or 5. Wilmington at Dayton.

DIVISION ATHLETICS

Juniors The U. of D. Juniors closed their football season of the year 1920 by defeating the highly touted Moraine High eleven by the score of 20-13, and thereby assuring themselves of the 130-135 pound championship of the city. The Juniors have a clean slate for the entire season with six victories and no defeats. The Cardinals were vanquished in the first game of the season by the score of 46-0. Next in order came the Marmons who were defeated by a 26-14 score. The Blue-Prints were the next victims of the Juniors and were defeated by a 34-0 score. The Juniors then played and decisively defeated the Yanks by a score of 84-0. The fifth win claimed was a forfeit from the Bear-Cats, the score being 1-0. Then came the game with the Morane High, but Moraine also fell before the vigorous attack of the

Juniors. The Moraine game ended the season, and the Juniors have reason to feel proud of the splendid record they set. Two hundred and eleven points were scored by the Juniors, while their opponents scored twenty-seven.

The Junior backfield was fast and shifty, while the line was almost impregnable. This combination of speed, and strength helped greatly to enable the Juniors to keep up their splendid array of attacks and defenses. However, too much credit cannot be given to Coach "Pete" Boggan, who spent his spare time putting the pep and dash in the team that made it fight and never stop fighting until the final whistle blew.

ROBERT CHESTER.

Sophs The team that is perhaps causing the most favorable comment in Junior athletics is the U. D. Soph High. Their splendid showing on the grid is something they may well be proud of. However, no little credit is due the untiring zeal of "Lee" Virant and "Mike" O'Grady for the enviable record achieved by their youthful moleskin proteges. The latest victims of the Sophs were the Holy Trinity Highs who traveled from Middletown to be trounced by a 53-0 score. To pick the stars of this encounter would be hard to do, as all played a whirlwind of a game. Still we may say the outstanding features of the game were the spectacular playing of Shaw and Knechtges at the flanks, Dusseau's tackling and running down of punts, and the line work of Yurick, C. Schmidt, Gallagher and Freeman. A week later the Sophs took the rails to Middletown and repeated the story by a 52-0 win on a field of mud and water.

WILLIAM SCOTT.

Freshies The court pastime at U. D. has already been ushered in rather auspiciously by the Freshies annexing three easy victories. St. John's furnished the first opposition but succumbed to a 28-8 defeat. Then came the Freshman A and B Sodality team and the St. Mary five and they also suffered a like fate. Although the Freshies' painstaking coach, Bro. John, has not picked his regular squad the present lineup finds Zimmer and Stein at forward, Capt. Happer at center and Lukaswitz and Lance at guard.

CYRIL STEIN.

DAY-STUDENT ATHLETICS

To develop latent talent for the Prep team and to promote wholesome, interesting athletics during the noon session, a Major and a Minor Basketball League have been formed among the day-students. Each league consists of four teams, two games being played every noon. In each league besides there will be seven loops of six games each. The first loop will be but a practice loop, after which the teams will be evenly matched. Six loops will then be played and the winners thereof awarded arm bars. To judge from the almost unbounded enthusiasm evinced by upper as well as under classmen, the league is bound to be a marked success.

CHARLES PETERMAN.

We see where Edison is working on a machine that will enable the living to talk to the departed.

"I guess the proper call will be 'Heaven-lo' instead of 'Hello-.'"

Just measure around your head and see
How many inches it will be
Don't make it loose, just pull it tight
And you will soon have won the fight
For man is mortal, and must die
There also too the big head lies.
"What size do you wear?"

Mrs. Jones: "Mr. Jackson, have you decided who you intend to vote for?"
Mr. Jackson: "No, we have not."

And if your wife voted for the winning candidate and you didn't, it will be wise to drop the matter completely "if" she will let you.

An undesirable negro patron who had just been subtracted from a hotel cried back:

"Gimme mah trunk with mah clothes!"

Porter: "Just button your coat, 'Dark Night,' and your trunk is packed."

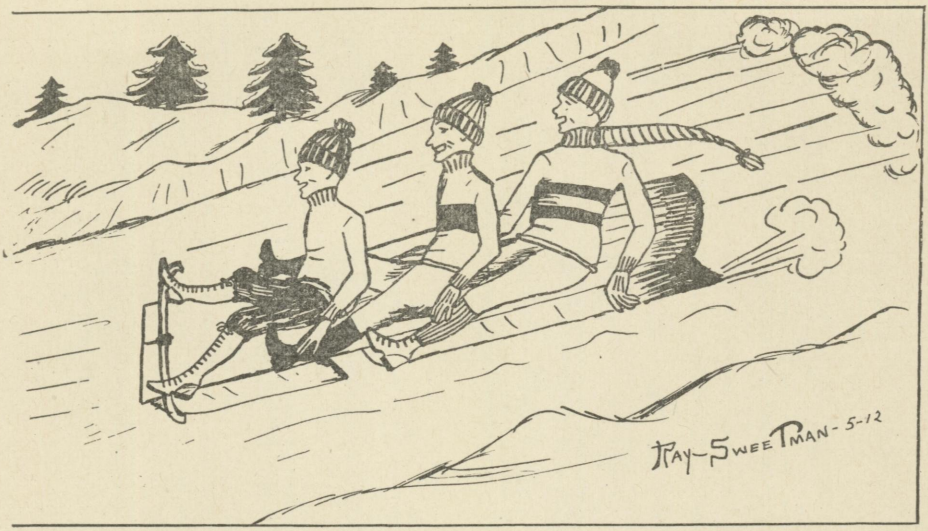
You will never hear a politician appealing to women by calling them the "common people."

Pedestrian: "What seems to be the trouble?"
Officer: "This man is drunk."
Pedestrian: "What is his address?"

Father: "Mary, what are you doing on the porch at this hour of the night?"

Mary: "Looking at the moon, father."

Father: "Tell the moon to go home and come to bed."



A BOY'S LIFE

Old Wally Reid,
With his double-speed,
Couldn't keep up
With these old boys."

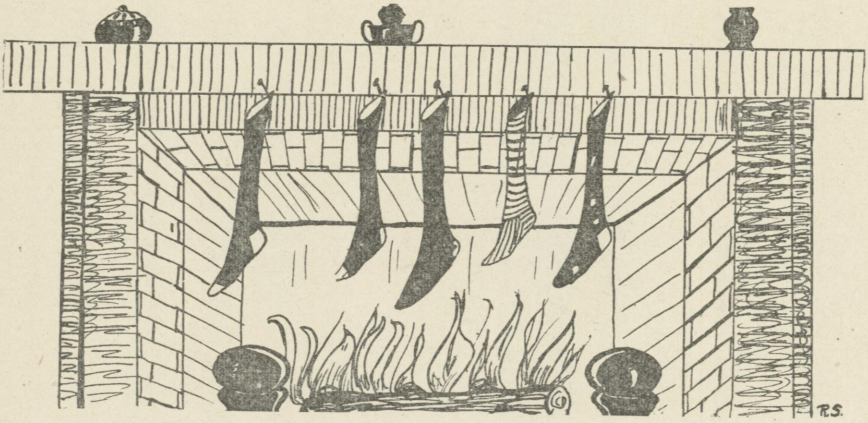
Latin Prof.: "Give Latin word for 'I Give.'"
Maloney: "Don' Know" (Dono).
Latin Prof: "Correct. Next fellow!"

Young Lady: "How should I address a letter to the captain of an under-sea boat?"
Admiral: "Address it in water-proof ink."

NEARLY EXTINCT

Prof.: "So many of the class wrote buffalo with a capital.
Kennedy: "Isn't that right?"
Prof.: "Only proper nouns are capitalized."
Kennedy: "Well, the buffalo isn't common."

Mrs. .... entertained a number of the playmates of her small son, Eddie, Thursday afternoon. Games were played and refreshments were served to the following: Joey Amersbach, Eddy McInerhney, Mylsie Knechtges, Tommy Hook, Larry Sinnott, Jimsey Rabbitt and Dominico Donisi.



A SPECIAL FOR SANTA CLAUS

Curtis: A formal dance for men (Postum, "There's a Reason.)
Thompson: Another trip to the Kansas wheat fields.
Summers: A pony on Hydraulics.
Weckesser: Some one to admire his hair.
Buerger: Presidency of the Musicians' Union.
Kuhn: More luck with the weaker sex.
Halpin: Some one to call him "dearie."
Mueller: Book "How to rake in the sheckels:"
Abel: A new moon, a new canoe but the old second-mate.
Griesmer: Powder to hide those whiskers.
Kitsteiner: A primer of Anglo-Saxon words.
Konwinski: A gross of "Beech-Nut."
Rabbit: Ditto.
Pohlmeier: A new brand of hair tonic.
Murray: A typewriter and somebody's else brain.
Judge: Henna to die the grey hairs.
Donisi: A football suit.
Emerick: Another University Dance.
Maloney: More foolish questions to kill time.
Bernardi: A handsome Gillette for the new Cootie Garage.
Garrity: Another talk about MasSwiney with Mil.
Holtvoigt: A bottle of Nuxated Iron and more R. O. T. C.
Marker: A University barber for his beard.
McInerhney: A cuspidor to replace his milk bottle.
Knechtges: Nine victories for 1921 football.
Frischkorn: A bottle of home brew.
Sinnott: Two bottles.
Young: A general's commission in the BOY SCOUTS.

W. Kramer: The key to the cellar of the Federal Building.
McCarthy: Book: "How to be a Lady's-man." Also, some new dances.
Rohr: A bushel of nerve, and a remedy for goose pimples.
Focke: Someone to change his thought: "They all look alike to me."
Blackburn: A valley, a glade; but especially A Dell.
Amann: A patent on his laugh.
Amersbach: Dollars and cents; but especially florins (ence).
Frenchy: Gobs of goo.
Maher: An understanding of smooth cheek (What d'ye mean?)
Lienesch: Patent on his hair dressing.
Poliquin: A pair of stilts.
Von Koenel: A 99-year lease on a Dairy Lunch.
Klass: "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight" for Greek tests.
Kuntz: A secret on getting up in the morning.
Hook: A privilege to keep "earlier" hours (accent on earlier).
Farren: Somebody to talk to.
C. Miller: News of when New Year's hits Springfield.
Fogarty: More courses, less time for sleep, more—other things.
Cholley: A firm resolve to take all his roasting here.
Walsh: A detective to find out who tied his shirt.
Holz: To find out how to open his mouth without putting his foot in it.
Supenski: A book of Spanish invectives.
Gob: A private mailbox.

A. McCARTHY, D. H. ABEL.

A pessimist is a fellow who expects to be turned down every time he turns up.

Latin Prof.: "Your work is not in, consequently I must mark a zero."
Murray: "That's nothing to me."

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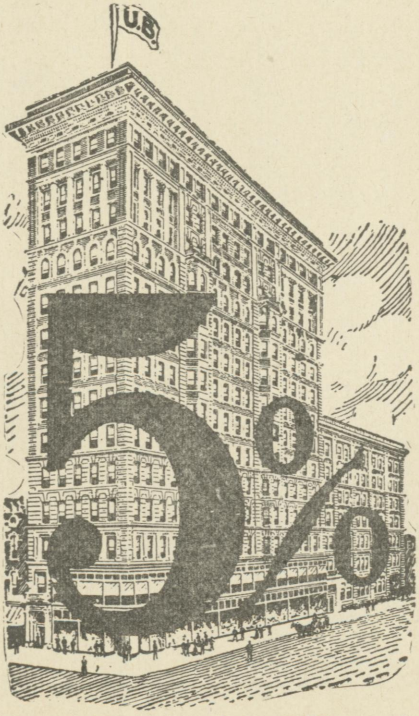

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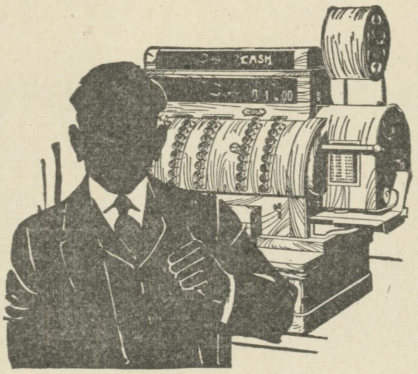

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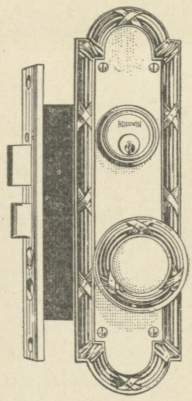

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