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The University of Dayton Exponent, November 1930

University of Dayton

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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the Latin text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a light red or pinkish hue.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

Engineer's Issue—

Read Valiquette, Price, Galstaun and
Didishko

November, 1930

GARFIELD 409

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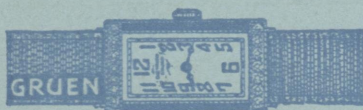
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1930

No. 2

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Ideas Taken from
"The Gettysburg Addresss"

By N. DIDISHKO

*Oh, Gettysburg! May none thy altars deign
To consecrate, 'twas done by braver men
That rose to fall for liberty.
Their great belief with honest blood they
sealed*

*Upon these quiet hills of Gettysburg.
Beloved fathers dead and gone!
Are not these very knolls our altars then,
From which your sacrifice will ever raise
An incense to a clearer, deeper sky.
We came to consecrate, 'twas done by you;
We came to bury,—You showed us how to
die;*

*We represent our Nation's liberty
Yet you, 'tis you who made us free!
What for have we then gathered here today,
We cannot add, may not detract; we came
To glorify, and please accept our praise
For all that you have done, our fathers
blessed!*

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Vol. XXVIII

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A Glance at the History of Engineering

An Engineer Informs the Laity on a Few Matters

By H. A. VALIQUETTE

ENGINEERS and engineering are so little understood by laymen that it is necessary to give a history of engineering in order that the reader may understand the true meaning of "engineering" and its divisions. The simplest and broadest definition of engineering is, that it is the science and art of construction. It involves not only manual or mechanical skill, but an intelligent application of the laws of nature.

A science teaches us to "know" while art teaches us to "do". Therefore, we can say engineering is both a science and an art since the engineer must know and also be able to do. The work of the engineer implies the command and use of principles and the ability to apply these principles to construction.

The engineering profession is one of the most ancient of the occupations of man. From the earliest times man has been subject to disease, and the art of healing has long been practiced; being a quarrelsome animal, man has engaged in disputes and thus law was necessary. But also in order to live man has required food and water, and dug wells and used crude means of obtaining water for growing crops. He has from the earliest stages of civilization needed shelter and made use of the laws of nature for purposes of offense and defense, and

for the fashioning of tools, weapons and implements, even before the principles of law were formed or anything was known about healing; so that the engineer may claim that his profession is as old as any.

In Switzerland in the Lake Dwellers' village of Wangen, fifty thousand piles are said to have been driven into the lake bed to support the dwellings. This was between ten thousand and three thousand years B. C. The pyramids, in Egypt, were built about 2900 B. C., and show great mechanical skill in quarrying, transportation, and raising the immense stones used. Diodorous says, "Three hundred and sixty thousand men laboring twenty years were required to build one pyramid". About two thousand years before Christ irrigation dams and canals were built in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates. Still later the Egyptians built a canal from the Red Sea to the most eastern branch of the Nile, which took a toll of a hundred and twenty thousand lives. Many temples built at this time also showed the proficiency of these builders.

Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome were supplied with water carried from the hills by aqueducts, before the Christian era. A total of 359 miles of aqueducts thus supplied Rome; one alone being thirty-nine and a half miles in length, while about fifty miles

were supported on masonry arches, ruins of some of which are still standing. The Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer which served a large part of ancient Rome, was also an early engineering work of outstanding character. Other aqueducts were also built by the Roman engineers, one of which is a hundred and fifty-eight feet high.

Many stone roads were built by the Romans at this time and a few of the principles used by them in road construction are still employed. Over the marshes they built up the surface using large stones for a base and smaller ones for a wearing surface. Around 200 B. C. the Roman Empire had 48,500 miles of improved roads, most of them being surfaced with stones.

Under the reign of Napoleon road building in France was revived and their present highway administration was organized. These roads were mainly for military purposes, but, also helped greatly in improving civilian transportation. During this time the cathedrals were also under construction which are today the most splendid monuments of architectural developments. The 12th to 15th centuries were notable for a marked change; magnificent cathedrals were built, trade expanded, shipping grew, and a demand for better roads and better vehicles developed. "Military engineer" had been in use for some time to designate the builder of fords, roads, and bridges, over which troops were moved, while "civil engineer" was used to designate the designer and builder of civil works, or those used in peaceful pursuits; such as highways, waterworks, canals, lighthouses, railways, and bridges.

The history of civil engineering up to the beginning of the 18th century is very vague, however. At this time the revival of road and bridge building in Great Britain and on the Continent brought with it the need for a society devoted to the exchange of ideas and expressions. Thus in 1818 the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain was founded, this being the first national organization of engineers. A member of this institution and a pioneer road builder of England was Thomas Tredgold, who on January 4, 1828, said, "Civil Engineering is the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man, as the means of production and of traffic in states both for external and internal trade, as applied in the construction of roads, bridges, aqueducts, canals, river navigation, and docks for internal intercourse and exchange and in the construction of ports, harbours, moles, breakwaters and lighthouses, and in the art of navigation by artificial power for the purposes of commerce, and in the construction and adaption of machinery and in the

drainage of cities and towns." An improvement upon this definition was proposed by the late Mr. Henry G. Stott in his address as president of the American Institute of Engineers in the following: "Engineering is the art of organizing and directing men and of controlling the forces and materials of nature for the benefit of the human race". When Andrew Carnegie presented the United Engineering Societies Building at 29 West 39th Street, New York City, to the leading engineering societies of America, the definition proposed by Mr. Stott was adopted as the best expression proposed up to that time.

The sources of power in nature were not very well understood and could be used only to a small degree up to nearly the end of the eighteenth century. The construction of roads, canals, and bridges, the improvement of harbours, river-works and water supply for towns were the main engineering projects. Only bridges of very short span were used, either of stone or wood, and ferries were employed where streams could not be forded. Just before the end of the eighteenth century a number of mechanical inventions were introduced and the development of the steam locomotive by Stephenson and the steamboat by Fulton brought about the organization of a new class of engineer—the railroad engineer. This led to a distinction between the mechanical and civil engineers and since then, the mechanical engineer has, as his field, the development and use of power in all its forms.

Notwithstanding this distinction, the field of civil engineering was enlarged by the progress of science and invention. The great amount of manufacturing at this time made necessary the distribution of raw materials and products. Transportation was increased and railroad engineering, as a part of civil engineering, came into existence. Roads, railroads, canals, harbours, and docks were built rapidly and river improvements were very extensive.

The last half of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth were marked by the construction of a canal system in Great Britain. Brindley was one of the most notable canal-builders at this time. This idea was soon adopted in America and the Erie canal from Buffalo to Schenectady was proposed in 1724 and supported by George Washington, surveyor and engineer, who examined the route. It was dedicated in 1825, the first long canal dug in the United States being one thousand miles long. Extensive systems of canals were built in other states; as the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Miami and Erie in Ohio, and the Illinois and Michigan canal; but the railroad age coming on apace made many of these projects bankrupt or obsolete.

The highways, canals, and railroads are a re-

sponsibility of the civil engineer. Steam railroads began to develop in the United States in 1829 when the "Tom Thumb" ran over what is now a part of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. And today there are two hundred and fifty thousand miles of main lines in this country, equalling the mileage of the rest of the world. The most significant invention of the nineteenth century was the puddling process for making wrought-iron, whereupon iron rails and bridges became practicable and engineering began to grow from an art to a science and from a trade to a profession. A sociological movement at this time, the congregation of people in cities, became very marked and paved the way for another field of engineering, that of the Sanitary Engineer, whose problem it is to deal with water supply, drainage, disposal of refuse, purification of water and sewage, the sanitation of dwellings and others resulting from this congestion of population.

Vast improvements in chemistry and metallurgy have given rise to two other distinct engineering branches, namely those of mining and metallurgical engineering treating the processes best used in mining, and the distinctions and characteristics of the various metals. During the past quarter century discoveries in electricity have subdivided mechanical engineering. Steam or other engines and water wheels, now drive electric generators, the currents from them being transmitted long distances over wires and used for the production of light or operation of machinery. Telephone and telegraph have been discovered; electric cars are now used, and almost everything nowadays is done or can be done by electricity. Thus a very large field is formed for this new branch of electrical engineering.

At the end of the nineteenth century, therefore, there had grown out from the original stem of civil engineering, three professions that now must be regarded as separate professions, namely; (1) Mechanical Engineering, (2) Electrical Engineering, (3) Mining Engineering and Metallurgy. A fourth stem, architecture may be said to have originated from civil engineering at a still earlier period. These professions have many points in common and cannot be sharply differentiated from each other. Members of them belong to the one great profession of engineering but they are considered as distinct for practical purposes. In truth each of these professions have been divided into a number of specialties, this being particularly true of civil engineering, for notwithstanding the other branches, it keeps on increasing in scope. Coast lines must be protected, marsh lands reclaimed, lands irrigated, problems of transportation, railroad terminals must be built and towering sky-scrapers constructed. Water power is very important also. The amount

of water in a river, its velocity, storing of it to increase its power during dry seasons, construction of dams and water works now constitute the work of the hydraulic engineer. The science of the laws of water, hydraulics, is steadily increasing in value and importance.

In more recent years the increase in transportation by sea, the use of steel ships and their increasing size has led to the profession of the naval architect, while marine engineering becomes a part of mechanical engineering. Work in the various fields of applied chemistry, as in the production of gas and oil, manufacture of rubber goods, soap, and other materials, has led to the formation of the profession of chemical engineering in recent years.

From this sketch it appears that civil engineering is the parent stem which first included all the other branches; that from this stem four to six new branches have grown, which now constitute professions in themselves. It would seem that after all these branches had been taken from civil engineering there would not be much left to include in this profession. On the contrary what remains in this field is much more than what it was at the time Tredgold gave his definition of engineering (1818) and is continually growing as new applications of science are discovered and new lines of practice are founded upon them.

Civil Engineering may be said to include the following branches: Highway Engineering; Railroad Civil Engineering; Municipal Engineering; Hydraulic Engineering; Sanitary Engineering; Structural Engineering; Bridge Engineering; City Planning and Surveying, and Geodesy.

The Highway engineering of modern times has a very complex problem to face, since the automobile, truck and bus have created many new conditions. The branch, Highway Engineering, includes location of new roads and relocation of old to avoid grade crossings, sharp bends, bridges and traffic congestion. Serious attention must be paid to the materials used in road construction, and the amount of traffic over the road. Other things to consider are economy in construction and repairs.

A very important division of Highway Engineering is Traffic Engineering. By traffic engineering is meant the application of fundamental engineering principles to traffic in order to prevent congestion and tie ups on highways.

In Railway Civil Engineering, the engineer is employed in the maintenance-of-way department or main office where design, real estate, relocation, double-tracking and other problems must be met.

Municipal Engineering consists of construction of city roads, pavements, and sewers, extension of

water systems, street-lighting and cleaning systems, and garbage disposal.

Hydraulic Engineering comprises irrigation canals, measurement of water resources and the amount of water used, design of dams, reservoirs, canals, and the handling of drainage. Flood-prevention works also come under this head.

Sanitary Engineers must take care of sewage disposal, protection of the water supply, and design systems of drainage and sewers.

Structural Engineering is the study of steel, concrete, and reinforced-concrete structures. It is almost identical with architectural engineering, except that the latter deals more with artistic effects.

Bridge engineering includes the designing and construction of steel and reinforced-concrete arches

and bridges, and a study of foundations and equipment. The arch, truss, cantilever, and suspension types are used, depending on the location and conditions.

City Planning is that part of Civil Engineering which deals with order in the physical development of a city, town, or village. It also tries to unite the city government and citizens in preparing for their future needs and for the requirements that may be needed by advancement in commerce and industries.

Surveying and Geodesy are concerned with leveling, running, and relocating property lines, with highway and railway surveys, and with methods of obtaining and plotting topography of "the lay of the land". Geodesy covers both the topography and geology of large areas.

The Aim and Ideal of the Engineer

*"I would be true, for there are those who
trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who
care:
I would be strong, for there is much to suf-
fer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare:
I would be friend to all—the foe, the friend-
less;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness:
I would look up, and laugh, and love and
lift."*

—Selected.

Habit

King Couldn't Figure it Out . . . Perhaps You Can

A Short, Short Story

By ART FOCKE

CLARKE KING, star reporter of the Chronicle-Press, was being childish. What was more he knew it. Further, he didn't care. He stared, through a haze of self-pity, at a five-star final extra.

Under the name of Clarke King appeared the best story of the month, the Crandall murder case. For eighteen hours King had worked ceaselessly on that story—bulletins from edition to edition, until the yarn had finally been completed some ten minutes before the last afternoon deadline.

King was tired of being the office goat. Eighteen hours on a crazy murder story—arguing with left-handed photographers—a half-baked sheriff—a smart-alec young prosecutor—dull cops—overtime work. Credit for it? Not much. Bawled out if he misspelled a name, just like the lowliest cub on the staff.

An office boy switched on the lights. Reporters and desk men picked up their coats, added a final sentence to the respective political argument in which they were engaged, and went out. King still stared at the paper.

The feeling of resentment grew. In the dead atmosphere of the half-deserted editorial room he made a resolution. From now on, he told himself, some one else could do the extra work around their old office. They had covered stories like the Crandall affair long before he had been on the Chronicle-Press. They had printed extras, too. Why should he always be on hand, sober, while the rest of the staff went its carefree, alcoholic way.

The thought took definite form. From now on, he worked the regular hours. He quit when the final went to press, like deskmen, or office boys, or other respectable workers. He was tired of being a star reporter—the term was synonymous with fool.

Firmly resolved to break the good habits he had, King donned hat and coat and departed, turning as he left the room to throw a grimace of spiteful finality at his locked typewriter.

* * *

King's landlady met him at the door.

"Your office phoned twice, Mr. King. The man said all hell had broken loose at the penitentiary, and you should go right over there." Having thus kept faith with "the man at the office", even if she didn't approve of his language, she turned to go into the house.

He grabbed her arm.

"Listen", he shouted. "Call 'em up—tell 'em—tell 'em—oh, tell 'em I was here and left before you saw me. Tell 'em I left a note saying I'd be out of town tonight, but that I'd be back in the morning."

He turned and ran down the steps with the air of a man who has a place to go.

* * *

Clarke King of the Chronicle-Press regarded the porter quizzically. George knew all, and told nothing.

"George", he asked thickly, "Am I drunk?"

King laid back on his couch, a satisfied grin on his face. His head nodded. Then he regarded the porter again.

"Thash all, George. And remember, I'm not here. Just say that Mr. King of the Chronicle-Press, when reached at the Press, no Press, Club, declined to be interviewed. Shut the door when you go out, George."

"Yassuh. I mean nossuh—Mr. King is not here."

George grinned and went out, shutting the door behind him. He failed to lock it, however.

* * *

King awoke with a start. He looked around sleepily, seeing dimly, and distinguishing nothing. His hand felt for the familiar mohair covering in the Press Club lounge. Instead, it encountered leather, smooth and cold. He started again, and awoke. He was in a taxi.

The driver opened the door.

"The man said Fifth and High, sir", he apologized.

King regarded him numbly.

"Oh, of course". Fifth and High, site of the Chronicle-Press. Damn! That reminded him of something. They'd tried to get hold of him last night. He paid his fare and leaped to the curb. He

fumbled for his watch. It was gone. His clothes were wet and torn. And the leap to the curb had set his head to throbbing. He squinted skyward, and judged from the position of the sun that it must be about eight o'clock. Lord, what a bender he must have been on!

A newsboy accosted him. "Chronicle, mister. Third extra. All about the penitentiary fire." He bought a paper, and wondered where he had spent the night, while they "got their old extra to press without him."

He glanced at the steamer.

1600 Dead in Penitentiary Blaze

What a story! They must have worked all night, were probably still working.

He glanced down the page, and what he saw threw him into a fit of wild, hysterical laughter.

"What's the matter, mister?" the boy asked anxiously.

King sobered.

"Nothing, buddy. Only I see by the Chronicle's third extra that a chap named King knocked off work and celebrated last night—big party over at

the penitentiary. Old habit of his. Friend of mine."

The boy ran over to his rival, who sold the Times.

"Cheez, Jim. See dat guy standin' 'ere. He knows Clarke King, de Chronicle reporter 'at wrote de story about de fire. See", pointing to his paper,—

By Clarke King—Chronicle-Press Staff Correspondent.

* * *

King walked into the Chronicle-Press Building. The ride on the elevator made him faint, but his tread was firm as he stepped into the editorial room and walked towards the city desk.

The city editor regarded him sourly.

"That was a nice story, King. But where in thunder were you while we were getting out the first two extras. Grab a cup of coffee and get back to the pen. Let me have a complete summary for the noon peach."

King smiled mirthlessly. He mumbled to himself as he went out:

"Proving, I suppose, that good habits are as hard to break as bad ones."

Farewell, Dear Friends, Farewell!

By N. DIDISHKO

*Farewell, dear friends, farewell!
Will we meet or not who can tell!
Oh! How I long again to hear
Our young gay voices mingle and cheer!
True friends, school friends,
Gay days, school days,
Youth's dream now blends,
Alters all our ways;
The knot we have tied
I can never undo;
And my soul and my heart
Swells when I think of you.
Oft in the depth of my heart I can hear
Those young gay voices cheer
Oh! will I see you again who can tell!
Farewell, dear friends, farewell!*

The Passing of a Vicious Tradition

Something For This Year's Freshmen to Consider

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

EDUCATIONAL observers all over the country, north, south, east and west have become aware of a new and healthier tone in college life this fall and have diagnosed the condition as a new seriousness on the part of the undergraduates. Life has suddenly become "real and earnest" on the part of the college man. He no longer regards his four years of academic existence as a "four year loaf", to put it bluntly as some of the collegian's severest critics do. No longer is his sojourn under the protecting arms of his alma mater merely a period of adolescence, during which he thinks little or nothing of his future career. He has entered his chosen course with the will and intention to master it, to fit himself for his profession. He delves into engineering with the hope of developing an inventive mind. Instead of merely taking a course in foreign language, he hopes to be able to speak that language fluently. Prior to this time the college man, unlike his European brother, took little or only passive interest in grave questions of politics. Now he votes and has opinions, usually new and startling.

There must be a reason for this change. Is it that the American college has passed that period of evolution which permits it to discard its childish aspects? Is it becoming serious-minded like the older, European institutions? Perhaps it is. One immediate reason for this condition is the last economic depression. The hard times, in sharp contrast to our hectic days of prosperity, have brought the struggle for existence sharply to the attention of the college man, especially to those who are dependent on employment. Jobs are not as plentiful as they were in the golden days of 1928 and 1929. The carefree, immature, "tomorrow will care for itself" attitude has disappeared. It is well. I hope it will remain only a fact of history. I think the best minds of the nation will agree with me.

One item of this new seriousness is the total abolishment of hazing, or its curtailment, in many colleges. In some colleges the sophomore has not only ceased the persecution of his younger collegiate brother, but has appointed himself as his counselor, guide, philosopher and friend. An article in

the New York Times, October 19th, takes note of this phenomenon. The University of West Virginia, with whom the Dayton R. O. T. C. students lived at Camp Knox in 1928, have abolished hazing by an order of the student council. At Bucknell College the campus paper has denounced the enforced wearing of green caps by freshmen as "silly and childish". At Boston University, instead of storming the freshman meeting as usual, the sophomores voted to help them organize a class unit, presented the freshman president with a gavel, and offered any help within their power to orientate the new students into college life. At Notre Dame this last condition has existed for years. There they have a wonderful tradition of fraternalism. The sophomore is the freshman's best friend. They have no tradition of class rivalry, or inter-hall strife, save in the legitimate field of athletics. All are brothers under the sheltering arms of the Gracious Mother.

On our campus we have practically no hazing. Several years ago we witnessed the outbreak of this class-hatred or class-contempt in a violent form. It was forbidden by the laws of the University on the appeal of every member of the faculty. Would it not have been a glorious tradition, if instead of hazing being forbidden by law, the sophomore class of that year had voluntarily, and of their own free-will had voted to cease this malicious practice? Instead they retained the domineering, contemptuous attitude, and went as far as they dared. The "Ten Commandments" force the freshman to be subservient, a slave to the sophomore. This is revolting to a free-born American and is not in spirit with American ideals. Why must the freshman wear a highly-colored cap as a badge of ridicule? Why must there be any hazing? Is it a crime to be a freshman? Just why does this condition exist?

Tradition, even if it is vicious, exerts a powerful influence. Middle-West colleges have adopted the idea from older universities of the East. At the beginning of this century hazing existed in its worst form at our oldest, eastern institutions. It was the theme of popular writers like Standish. The cinema features it. The pen has cast a halo about the prac-

tice. The new institutions of the west felt that it was the "thing" to do.

Let us cast tradition aside. The motives for hazing seem to be based on the general impression that a freshman should be punished for his matriculation. The sophomore, by virtue of his one year of academic life, is so superior, so far above a freshman, so learned, so august that the freshman must be subjected to punishment, either mentally or physically, in order that he might be worthy to go to the same school.

One predominant reason given for the continuation of this practice is that the sophomores claim that they were subjected to the same treatment the year preceding. From a general aspect it seems to be true. However, for the most part, it is false. The freshman class in general is apparently hazed. Apparently the entire sophomore class is engaged in the persecution. It has been my observation that the leaders of the second-year "mob" are those who represent the lowest intelligence of the class. The more intelligent group is either silent or indifferent. The percentage of sophomores actively engaged in hazing is generally not more than ten or twenty per cent of the class as a whole. Seldom do they include a really intelligent man. These same leaders were the ones that escaped hazing the year before. They scuttled to their holes at the first sign of danger. The braver, more dignified, intelligent men bear the brunt of the persecution as a general rule. You will seldom find these men active in hazing the following year. Generally they ignore the practice, or are passive to its existence.

A group of hazers, at their worst, is a mob, an unorganized, brutal mob. It is a fact of sociology that in a mob the lowest, most vicious intelligences rule. The man with the loudest voice, with the greatest amount of animal leadership, with the keenest sense of pleasure in physical suffering, leads the pack. The reason of the rest is reduced to the same level. A mob has no place in a college. Yet it exists in many. There is no tyrant, be he Pericles, Nero, Henry VIII, Bossy Gillis, or the Anti-Saloon League, that can equal a mob in blind, unthinking cruelty.

In many colleges where the authorities cannot control their student bodies because of their immense size, deaths have occurred as a result of this type of mob-action. At a prominent, eastern college a freshman was thrown into an icy lake in mid-winter, clad only in pajamas. As a result he took pneumonia and died. Who was responsible? No one. A mob, a blind mob of hazers had done it. There was no one for the authorities to pin the crime upon. Yet there is one Judge whom no one can fool. In His eyes every man in that mob of

hazers is guilty of murder. Each one has endangered his soul. Each one is guilty of eternal punishment. All the men who have fostered this vicious tradition at that university are partially responsible for this crime. It is too great a responsibility for a thinking student to assume.

In our own institution hazing had made no great headway even in its recent heyday. Our student-body is comparatively small and such activities can be easily controlled. But consider the fact that in decades to come the school would grow to such an extent that the student body could no longer be controlled by the faculty. In it there is a tradition of violent hazing, growing stronger each year, each succeeding class trying to outdo the other in brutality or "toughness". One day a death occurs as a result of a hazing. A student is killed. His only crime was that he was a freshman. The "mob" blames the tradition. It deserves it. Every man that helped form that tradition is partially responsible. Is it not too great a responsibility to take?

Let us consider the reaction on the freshman himself. The background of a new student is generally about eighteen years of sheltered home-life. His attendance at high school does not as a rule affect this. Then he goes off to some distant city to attend a college there, he severs all his ties that have held him since childhood. He arrives on the campus, timid perhaps, already homesick, somewhat frightened by his new existence. The first upper-classman he meets says roughly,

"Where's your freshman cap?"

"I haven't any."

"Say, sir, when addressing an upper-classman!"

"Yes, sir!"

"See that you do after this. We kill freshman for that. Be sure and get a cap. Take these books up to my room. It's 205."

The freshman, up to the present time a free American citizen, is reduced to a condition of servility. His mental reaction is violent disgust with the institution. He finds his every right abrogated. He is tossed in a blanket. Perhaps if one corner slips he is hurled to the ground, considerably bruised. He might even break a leg or arm. It might have been his neck. He is required to run the gauntlet, a remnant of Indian barbarism. He keeps his bruises for weeks. If he is dependent on employment for his education, he might lose his job because of inability to work due to injuries. In the end he might be forced to leave school. His career is wrecked. Such things have been known to occur. At any rate, a student, especially if he is sensitive, is shocked mentally and physically. Is this the best way to welcome a freshman? If the new student is shy, timid, homesick and high-

strung, his freshman year is one, long remembrance of horror and persecution.

Let us take a student entering a university where there is no such vicious tradition as hazing. His background is the same. He may be just as shy; just as timid, just as homesick as the other. His home conditions were about the same. He was sheltered. Now he must fit himself into a new and more exposed life. He is high-trung and idealistic.

He appears on the campus of the university. An upper-classman approaches him. He is in awe of his nonchalance, his air of familiarity with his surroundings. The upper-classman stops. A friendly smile adorns his countenance. He extends his right hand. The freshman accepts it with hesitation.

"Freshman?" the older student asks.

"Yes", the freshman admits, not knowing what to expect.

"Where from?" the sophomore continues.

"Lima, Ohio", perhaps the younger replies.

"I come from Chicago", the sophomore replies. "It's a great school. You'll like it."

The upper-classman shows him where his dormitory is located, where to register, where to post letters, where to purchase texts, where the library is, where the music room is located, where his classes are, introduces him to his friends and encourages him to come out for football. The things an older student can do for a freshman without trouble to himself are without number. The reader may think that this statement is a gross exaggeration. They might say that no such Utopia exists. It does. The University of Notre Dame is a promi-

nent example. The first week of the school year is called, "Hello Week." The freshman is introduced to so many students that he only remembers the names of a small percentage of them. In such conditions the freshman is made to feel at home at once and he is given every chance to succeed in college life. Instead of a nightmare, his first year of academic existence is a pleasant memory.

These are two opposite cases. Which is the better? Although the authorities of this University have forbidden violent hazing, why not go to the other extreme? Why not establish a tradition of benevolent guardianship by the sophomore class for the freshman? The University of Dayton is young. Now is the time to form such a tradition. In later decades it will be a boon to the school. The sophomore class of several years ago abandoned violent hazing. It made the sacrifice and is commended for it. Why not let the sophomore class of next year go still further. Let us join the general movement. Let the "Ten Commandments" become history. Let the sophomore class be the best friend of the new students at the University. The honor of having started this custom will remain with the class throughout the remainder of Dayton's history. Let us not force the new students of the school to wear a badge or cap of ridicule. It is not ridiculous to be a member of the under-graduate body of the University of Dayton. It is an honor. Let not contempt or hatred for the new class mar the glorious spirit of the University of Dayton. Let us all be brothers under the sheltering wings of our Alma Mater.

Priceless Pearl

By ART ROUTZONG

*The day has come which we revere
Above all others in each long year,
The day that gives sweet praise and cheer
To Mother, priceless pearl.*

*This day to Mother honor brings,
This day each lad her praises sings
And places prayers on angel wings
For Mother, priceless pearl.*

*Remember that she gives you all,
And answers always when you call,
So, like a lover, you should fall
For Mother, priceless pearl.*

*If only for her we would do
The things that never make her blue,
And in life's battles drive on through
For Mother, priceless pearl.*

*Placed here, she was, by God divine,
So give her joy and honor fine,
And dedicate your every line
To Mother, priceless pearl.*

A Legend of Yellowstone Park

Lucian Should Have Had This One

By CHARLES H. BOESCH

SCHEMING SATAN was in a disconsolate mood. He was sitting on his throne switching his tail and scratching his head. The inevitable had come; hell was overcrowded. The air reeked of sulphur and sodium, a most disagreeable odor. St. Peter was rejecting so many souls that the confines of the inferno must be extended. He had filled every niche with a soul or two but now they were gathering even in his own private room. Every town and hamlet was fulfilling its quota as well as the cities. They were even begging permission that their number be increased for day by day they were becoming more wicked and were regarding less the laws set down by their Master and King. Satan was in a dilemma for he always tried to please the world in this respect, but now he was forced to admit defeat simply because he could not furnish the necessary quarters.

Charon was carrying on his nefarious trade both day and night. His ferry was plying the sulphurous waters of the river Styx with the speed of a steamer. Nevertheless, the tickets were being bought and were waiting to be used.

He, too, was becoming discouraged, and in dismay went to Satan complaining, "My business of late has increased to such a degree that I need a larger boat and a new crew. Here I have been using this old tub for hundreds of years and its seams are rotting. The traffic is growing and if we just stand back doing nothing we are going to lose a boatload of this original sin."

Satan haughtily stood up and glancing at him said, "Fie on you, Charon, your worries are nothing. Here you keep sailing them over while I wrack my brains to find a place for them. Tend to your part of this scheme and when you think out what we can do with these souls I will listen to your complaints. Now go and use that plotting mind of yours." Charon sulked off but undaunted, soon returned.

"Why not either go up to the earth and find a secluded spot that we can link with this place or take over the earth to carry out our business?"

Satan began anew to scratch his horned scone and after much deliberation remarked, "An idea, Charon—fly up to earth and find me a spot that I can add to this place. It must be secluded and bare

but also must have conveniences nearby. I will need an ink-pot to write out the names of the mortals I ensnare; a punch bowl for our nefarious feasts, as well as a frying-pan. The place must have an Old Faithful that will shoot a salute to the sky every hour to let mortals know that I am still below keeping up steam, and to display my power. While there, form a series of multi-colored pools so that when a human seeing its beauty he will forget that I'm below poking the fire. Now off with thee and hurry for down here I can't roast a man."

Charon flew away and landed in the regions of ice. This place he soliloquized would never do, for his master would not like the sudden change. So off he soared to the bleak sands of the Sahara. Neither was this suitable, for a more temperate climate was wanted. He kept moving, surveying place after place, rejecting each as he went along. He soon began to grow tired, but he knew that it was useless to return without complying with his master's wishes. He sat down to think, when the idea of the country of America struck him as being the ideal spot. Here he knew was a perfect climate and minerals were in every part of the country.

He landed on the Atlantic seaboard but here people already had possession of the soil. Flying westward he crossed the plains and came to a large range of mountains. Between these was a large plain secluded and dreary abounding in minerals. So away he flew to the region below and summoning Satan he acclaimed, "I have found the spot ideal for your enterprise. It is a distant from the ravages of humans and the crust is quite thin, so turn on the steam and let the heavens echo of the enlarging of hell."

Satan then began poking the souls to stir up the fire and others to gather water from the nearby swamps. Others began to drill holes to the surface until sunlight appeared. When all was ready he turned on the steam, blowing up rocks and enlarging the holes until great rents appeared. Through each of these holes the water gushed forth sending a tribute to the sky of the expansion of the confines of hell. Every time the water sends a salute, mortals may know that the devil has reaped a soul. Now when Charon has a large boatload of sinful mortals the devil is not at a loss to provide for their convenience.

Loafing Along the Stillwater

Another Lesson In Vagabondage

By BARRY DWYER

ON our frequent rambles up the Stillwater we often passed the old Shoup mill. The suburbs have so encroached on this ancient derelict of another era, that it has very little privacy in its old age. Perhaps like many elderly people, avaricious of the time remaining to their lives, the old place loves companionship. But also like many elderly people, the mill is neglected. Very few people, in fact, even know what it is. They do not know that once upon a time (before our progressive twentieth century) this barn-like structure performed the very definite function of grinding the grain of the farmers for miles about. But no more. Now it sits back among the trees in a dull green dress and looks at the road with unwinking, wistful eyes.

I remember when we were younger by a few years, how we used to wander down the runway, which was dried up and made an excellent road bed. During this period we were exposed to the influence of the American poets. Somehow or other that magnificent line of Bryant, "The groves were God's first temples", stuck in my mind, and I was greatly impressed by the trees arching overhead. These were indeed like the arches in the great cathedrals, of which I had seen pictures. And truly, the birds did chant choir-like, and sunlight fell through in patches on the ground. Thus it was that I got something from one of our readings; for a little of what Bryant meant was known to me. Since that time I have noted that I can get nothing from a poet unless I exchange places with him and become the creator. Perhaps, too, this is why I cannot really understand some of our illustrious moderns. They make me feel like a bug on a hot rock.

This may be digression, but I like digressions, and articles of this type are the place for them. Well, for another digression. I remember, too, how we were wont to sit on the sluice gate, with its rusty, unworkable lift, and to look at the broken down dam, while speculating grown-up wise, between puffs on corn silk cigarettes, just how the builder transported his supplies, and how long the construction took.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely those days; but no less do we enjoy ourselves today. For when we were young we existed in a sort of semi-daze. We didn't know why we did things, we just did them. I can hardly believe some of these stories concerning precocious children, who discuss life, death, and the intermediate stages with the wisdom of sages, and the cynicism of adolescents. But perhaps we were "dull, backward children". At any rate we have, I think, developed a little from those days.

To go back to last summer. One fine day we started for the old Shoup dam. A thick white veil of mist hung over the river, giving it an eerie, unreal appearance. The sun, aided by a stiff breeze, vigorously rent the veil and tossed it heavenwards. Combined forces of sun and wind must have been a little too much for the fish (for we were ostensibly fishing) and so my friend, the prime Huckleberry, suggested that we imitate the Arabs in action. We prepared to do so. Somewhere along the river Huckleberry, secundus, told us, was an ideal spot for fish. We were of two minds, for the breeze had brought up some clouds to replace the mist. It looked like rain. There is only one thing to do in such circumstances, toss a coin. We did. "Heads" to seek the new spot; "tails" to go home. The coin fell face up.

The "spot" was somewhere along the river. Somewhere about fifteen miles north. But we had a car and so we were saved much anguish in body and mind. The car took us about fourteen and one-half of the miles and then it was discovered that the road back to the river itself was washed out. Nothing to do but walk. The sky was more threatening than ever; but we had made the decision. We finally reached the river banks. We knew they were the banks because, above the tops of the great tall weeds, which looked like saplings, we could see the remains of the pier of a torn-down bridge. But could we see the river? We could not. We could not even see a way through to the river. And we had no machetes, or axes, only a pocket knife. There was nothing to do but try to break through. We did try. Loaded down with every conceivable encumbrance we assailed the barrier. There

were moments when fishing poles prodded into the necks of irate pioneers; there were moments when the handle of the bait basket came off, and when the person behind tripped on the person in front, and both were precipitated among weeds, paraphernalia, and mud, but we got through, sans dignity, sans bait, even sans speech. We merely made primitive noises and sought to shake off the affectionate embrace of a few growths that were loath to leave us. Then it began to rain. Well, there was no need for tossing coins. We were there by dint of Herculean effort, and we were going to stay even if a flood appeared on the scene.

"H" one had a few baits in his hat (a place where he habitually kept them for just such emergencies), so he prepared to fish. "H" number two and myself were placed in the role of seekers after forage for the fish. We seined, fairly successfully, for about fifteen minutes, and then my companion looked back. What he saw must have caused him some excitement, for there was our laggard friend battling with what seemed to be a whale. At that moment, I tripped on a rock just as I gave vent to an exclamation, and promptly inhaled about a quart of river water. When I finally and reluctantly left the warm water, behold! the lucky fisherman was gazing with anguished countenance on an empty hook. He had little to say when approached later. The feeling was too deep. He could only murmur that it was the largest bass he had ever seen.

Perhaps his emotion carried him away. Notwithstanding our two pitiable plights the despicable non-combatant, non-saturated onlooker said that he couldn't decide which was the funnier; number one attempting to frighten the fish into submission by shouting at it, or my astonished look as I sank beneath the waves.

It began to rain still harder. The river was beaten into a froth and we into submission. Nothing, we thought, could make the day worse. But many things did. We battled the weeds again, with better success, but less spirit, and then reached the road. When we had come, the surface had been firm and sure to the tread; but like all river roads this one was fickle. Here in a short time it had become gelatinous, flooded, and treacherous. Our former laughter, for his sins, twice fell prostrate in the sticky clay. Our feet were loaded with many pounds of this substance when we finally reached the car. No longer did we care about anything. The beauties of nature were so many hazards to overcome in our quest homeward for a warm bath and dry clothes.

But, Oh, the bitterness of it! Home was reached and the first thing we heard was "Where are the fish?" The second, that there was no hot water. Lastly, after a half an hour the rain stopped and the sun peered forth with smiling countenance. It was too much. We went to the most sophisticated show in town that afternoon.

To My Departed Friend

By N. DIDISHKO

*Beloved friend, how many a thought they name
Has startled in my bosom's dull domain!
Alas why feelings wake! In vain, in vain
Those days of youth to mem'ry's portals came
And lit remembrance torch once more aflame!
In vain I call thy name and call again.
My friend! this soul is thine and it would fain
It's fetters break and leave this mortal frame!*

*Here lies thy grave, and if thy soul is there
Its not too cold nor small for me to share.
Oh Lord! Can I believe or must I pine
To think that such a faithful friend as he
Whose soul was yours, whose heart was ever mine,
Has ceased, Almighty Lord, for e'er to be!*

The Slacker

Another of Those Unusual Football Stories

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

ON the campus of Rovada College Jack Smith was pointed out as "the slacker". On Rovada's small campus that meant that the knowledge of Smith's appellation was a general one. Rovada had a student body of perhaps a thousand, half of whom were co-eds. Like many small colleges she drafted her male strength for athletics almost as the government uses conscription in time of war. Her football team was her army. Her gridiron battles were glorious or tragic, depending on the result. Any man that did not at least try out for the team was not considered worth his weight in freshman examination papers. This uncompromising attitude of the Rovadan undergraduates can rightly be considered unjust, but their rabid, athletic patriotism brooked no counter-opinions. The editor of the college magazine was once mobbed because he so much as hinted it in an editorial.

There was some mystery about Jack Smith. He came to Rovada the year before as a Junior in the College of Engineering. He never talked about his home, where he had attended college before or made friends with anyone. His indifference to football at once became known. After several weeks of violent ostracism, he had applied to join the freshman squad in something akin to despair. MacArthur was both freshman and varsity coach. He was a young coach from a prominent college and had received training under one of the greatest of pigskin masters. He eyed Smith a moment or two and then ordered the manager to provide the recruit with football paraphernalia. MacArthur had seen an athletic-looking youth of about twenty-four. He stood about six feet tall, possessing the ranginess of a sprinter and the supple thighs of a halfback. Broad shoulders tapered gradually to a slender waist. Smith, from his curly-brown hair to the cleats on his shoes looked the typical backfield man. His grey eyes were the type that usually reflect spirit and fight, but somehow they gave a reflection of utter indifference. MacArthur was a keen judge of men. Smith looked the part but something was lacking. He judged it to be the total absence of school spirit. In two weeks Smith was dropped from the freshman squad. His playing had been terrible. MacArthur, as was his habit, said nothing. His companions were less merciful. They summed up the situation in four words,

"Smith just doesn't care."

The remainder of the year Smith was permitted to pursue his studies without interruption. Those few friends that he had made among the students cut him. Smith appeared entirely self-sufficient. However, the loss of one friendship in particular hurt him more than he dared to admit, even to himself. The affection that at one time had been his, was bestowed now by Anita Keller on Joe Jackson, the football captain.

The college was surprised when the slacker returned to Rovada in his senior year. The football season was promptly got under way and the recluse was more or less forgotten. Smith resumed his self-sufficient ways. It was late in the first week of the school year when he almost bumped into Anita in front of the Science Building. He excused himself and would have passed on but the girl detained him with hesitant motion of her small, white hand.

"Had a nice summer, Jack?" she asked awkwardly.

"It wouldn't have to be very nice to be an improvement on this place", the youth said bitterly.

"It could be different", she hinted.

"I cannot help it if I can't play football. In any other college they would accept a man's word for it", he shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

"Many wondered why you came back at all", she said plainly, perhaps revealing a consuming curiosity.

"To finish my course", he said briefly.

He turned on his heel and entered the Science Building. Anita Keller gazed after him in bewilderment. Smith was an enigma. She wondered what curious, mental complex made him a slacker. He would bear investigation, she thought. She felt that the reason was back at his home. She continued on her way with a speculative gleam in her eye. Perhaps Anita Keller still reciprocated Smith's interest.

Rovada met opponent after opponent on the gridiron. They were all small colleges like herself, her habitual enemies in sports. Rovada had a fine record that year and succeeded in vanquishing all of them. Then the next Saturday they were scheduled to meet Pierpont Tech. Pierpont was one of the great teams of the country. Two years ago she had been tied for the mythical, national championship with another Class A team. Rovada hoped to hold the

score as low as possible. Then on the next Thursday, which was also Thanksgiving Day, she intended to beat her ancient and closest rival, namely, Swathmore College. If she succeeded in that she would be the Conference Champion. When the day of the Tech game dawned, Rovada and Swathmore tied for this coveted position. They had bested practically the same teams by about the same scores. The press was playing up the Thanksgiving Day game in ballyhoo style. The betting odds were even. The game was a matter of life and death, or so it seemed to the undergraduates at the time. It was reckoned in news importance by the local journals on a par with the Army-Navy, Harvard-Yale, and Notre-Dame-Southern California battles.

Rovada played a strictly defensive game against Pierpont Tech. Rovada considered it a great victory when the Tech team deserted the field victorious by only two touchdowns. But the battle had cost Rovada dear. The line came through the struggle battered and bruised but without injuries. It was different with the secondary defense. Tech's end runs, passing game, and open offense in general had placed a great duty on the backs. They stopped every offense save the two touchdowns. In performing this Herculean feat they had received injuries. Captain Jackson sprained an ankle. Anderson, the left halfback, suffered two broken ribs, Carson, their best fullback, received a wrenched shoulder and broken collarbone. Practically the whole backfield was distinctly out of the Swathmore game, only five days away.

MacArthur accepted the bad-luck stoically, as became his profession, and prophesied an overwhelming defeat by Swathmore.

"We'll lose by at least three touchdowns", he told the press. "We haven't a single offensive threat. I'll have to rely on substitute backs and not much may be expected from them. The breaks were against us, though the boys fought a glorious game."

The Tech coach was a close friend of MacArthur, both having graduated from the same coaching school. He expressed his regrets that the Rovada backs had been injured, and commended Mac on the showing made by his team.

"You would never have held us to two touchdowns", he added, "if it were not for the fact that I'm poor on material myself this year. It is just one of our off years. During the last two seasons I've lost ever so many good men. Practically my whole first team graduated. Remember Crawford, my All-American back? He never returned to school at all. Something odd about it."

The Tech coach added a few more remarks be-

fore he left. He earnestly hoped Rovada would best Swathmore the following Thursday.

But the college at large did not accept the tragic situation in the same, fatalistic light of the coaches. There was wailing, loud and long. The campus resembled a graveyard during a Jewish funeral. A genuine Irish wake was held. During their odd moments, over glasses of coca-cola or whatever-have-you, they bemoaned, bewailed, reiterated their sad fate, and the inevitable disaster, fast approaching a glorious team. The obnoxious memory of the slacker returned as they perceived him nonchalantly going his way. His ostracism was re-augmented and intensified, but Smith was used to it by this time.

In the meantime MacArthur was desperately attempting to form a first-string backfield that might have some chance of performing successfully against Swathmore, who was rated as having the finest team in her history. He well knew that a defeat by hated Swathmore might well mean the loss of his scalp. The Rovada undergraduates and alumni were noted for their lack of sympathy with a loser, no matter what the conditions might be. Almost on the verge of despair he remembered Jack Smith and his general impression that he could really play football if he cared. He recalled Smith's miserable performance on the freshman squad and cast the thought aside. But the hunch remained. He wended his way to Smith's room in the Westerfield Dormitory. The senior was genuinely surprised to see him.

"Smith", MacArthur began abruptly, "Rovada is in a terrible fix."

"Why", the senior began, "I thought you were doing marvelously. It is not every team that holds Pierpont Tech to two touchdowns."

"You know that our whole, first-string backfield with the exception of Williams is out of the Swathmore game. You know what that means?"

"Why", Smith replied, "you still have one offensive threat. If properly used you could beat Swathmore."

"Not a chance", MacArthur snorted, "Williams is a blocking and interference back. The best we can do is put up a defensive game against Swathmore—and Rovada will never stand for that. My contract ends on Thanksgiving Day with the close of the game. It will probably be my scalp. The athletic board will never forgive a Swathmore defeat."

"I am sorry", Smith replied, eyeing the coach searchingly, "but what has all this to do with me."

"Smith", the coach said gravely, "you can't fool a football man. You've been holding out on us. We need you on the team."

The senior was silent for the space of several minutes. The silence became tense and maddening. The coach saw his hands clenching and unclenching. Jack bit his lip to prevent the flow of words that struggled to come. The coach knew instinctively that the youth was swayed mightily by temptation. The crisis seemed to pass. Smith took a deep breath and replied,

"No, I'm sorry. Certain conditions make it impossible."

"What's the matter? Are you sore? Are you down on the school for the way they have treated you? If so, forget it. They'll make it up to you a hundred times. Just play in this one last game. It's the last chance of your college career."

Smith smiled in a tired fashion and replied almost wearily,

"I love Rovada as well as the next man. She is my Alma Mater and I would enjoy playing football on her team. But, as I said, certain conditions make it impossible."

MacArthur snorted impatiently and then left the room. He had not given up hope by any means. He had noticed that Smith had not contradicted him when he charged him with the ability to play football. In his dilemma he did not know where to turn next. Then he saw Anita Keller watching practice.

"Will you do me a favor?" he asked her.

"Of course, Mac, what is it?" Any Rovadan would do MacArthur a favor.

"Find out what ails Smith", he said bluntly. "We need him."

"You mean 'the slacker'?" she asked in amazement.

"Yes, you were rather interested in him last year, weren't you?"

That ended the interview. The coach decided to let the matter rest there. That afternoon Anita espied Smith coming out of the Rovada post-office. She was about to approach him for an inquisition, or exhortation perhaps, when she noticed he was reading a letter. A strong sense of curiosity came upon her like a sudden fever. She had a hunch that that letter held the key to the riddle.

Smith read his letter in seeming dejection and then tore it in half and tossed the remnants into a trash barrel near at hand. Within five minutes Anita had the letter in her room, pasted together in its original form. In a half-hour she was headed north in a fast roadster.

That evening Smith received a telegram. He read it in amazement. Within ten minutes he was facing MacArthur in the Athletic Office. The coach eyed him with a casualness that belied his eagerness.

"What do you want?" he asked almost ungraciously.

"I'd like to play with the team", Smith said briefly.

"A little late", Mac said, "but I'll see what I can do."

There was an intense signal and skull practice that night. During the remaining days before Thursday secret practice was held for three hours daily. The team members eyed the "slacker" askance.

Usually a hero enters the game in the fourth quarter and wins it by the margin of a point or so. Perhaps he makes a necessary 7 look better than the foe's 6. Perhaps he dropkicks a winning goal in the last ten seconds. Smith did none of these things. The game was really of small importance. Smith appeared in the lineup with the first blast of the whistle and remained there for four quarters. MacArthur would have been crazy to take him out. Practically single-handed he scored seven touchdowns and kicked the subsequent goals. The usual, mad cheering of the Rovadans was hushed. They were in a sort of a trance. The Swathmorites were glum. Never were they beaten so badly in their history by a Rovadan team. The reincarnation of the Wheaton iceman had suddenly appeared in the Rovadan lineup. There were some dark murmurs of, "Ringer!"

The one-sided affair presently ended in the favor of Rovada, 49 to 0. Immediately after the last whistle a little, elderly woman appeared on the field. Anita Keller seemed to be her guide. Smith saw the stranger and embraced the grey-haired woman tenderly.

"I'm glad you changed your mind, mother", he said simply.

"You owe it to this girl. She told me how I was wrecking your college life."

"What is all this?" a voice demanded at his elbow.

Smith found MacArthur and the balance of the team standing close at hand.

"Mac, this is my mother. Furthermore, my name is Crawford and not Smith", the youth said casually enough.

"What! Crawford, the all-American halfback! Why didn't you return to Tech where you could get some competition?"

"I left Tech two years ago to avoid playing football", he said in some embarrassment. "You see I was hurt in a game. It wasn't serious—only a broken ankle—but it frightened my mother. She made me promise not to play in another football game. You see", he added gently, "My father was crippled for life in a football game. Ma never forgot it."

The Stagnation of Art

Faith is the Builder—

By RICHARD REDMAN

WHAT is the matter with modern art? Where are its masterpieces? Why are its works so ephemeral? Is there a lack of inspiration, of genius, or of talent? Or is it that an entirely new conception of art is being wrought out? Today these queries are voiced on every side. They are hard to answer; otherwise the questioning would not be so continuous. To plumb any contemporary age is extremely difficult; all the forces at work are seldom apparent until afterward; the underlying motivating power has not matured; and finally the critic himself is immersed in the spirit of the period, or at least he is touched by it. Yet the fact that something is amiss cannot well be ignored or denied. The repeated inquiry testifies to this fact; indeed it indicates a recovery—consciousness of the trouble is the first step toward its understanding. The reader can take this criticism or opinion for what it is worth. If the reader himself begins to think upon the matter, the purpose of this essay has been accomplished.

One word above all others can speak the need of present-day art—and also of life. That word is—FAITH.

* * *

The expression of any age is always bound up with and directly influenced by the thought of the same age. So let us examine the modern mind. Every period has more or less of an atmosphere peculiar to itself, which bends man's gaze at one slant or another. The one that characterizes our own time appears more as a fog than as an atmosphere. The sudden development of scientific investigation was a kaleidoscope which threw men's minds into varied and contradictory directions. So many particles, half-truths, floating about loose in the air with no principle to hold fast to, must of necessity form an intellectual fog. This multiplicity of opinion has bred scepticism of everything. Reaction is slowly setting in (man cannot grope forever in the dark), a ray of light is piercing the gloom, but it will be long before dawn has completely broken once more.

The irrationalism that has held sway over the modern mind in recent years has born children so different that a stranger would hardly attribute them to the same parentage. The materialist was

so charmed by scientific methods that he made up his mind that everything could be assigned to material causes and explained naturally. When his friend went back on him, when he finally struck a problem which could not be weighed, measured and labeled, he dropped his arms and turned agnostic. Another group denied the reliability of reason; they had a proof that all proofs were worthless. They boxed up reason and then very egotistically (as if they themselves were exceptions to their own principle) proceeded to use reason to defend their stand. We can see how a man can doubt if the reason is able to know everything, and we can see how reason needs faith if it is to avoid despair, but we cannot understand how anyone can think that he can't think, or reason that he can't reason, or prove that he can't prove, or be conscious that he is unconscious. Thus this group would take away reason and make us nothnig. The new humanitarian, on the other hand, would make us everything, the be-all and end-all of the universe. He has proclaimed himself self-sufficient, capable of walking on his own feet and absolutely without the need of a divine helping hand. He has grown up and is telling his Maker, just as children today tell their parents, that he is starting out on his own. He sniffs the air in pity and curls his lip in scorn for the poor old fogies of the past who gave the best they had for the little that they had. His eye is turned ahead to the future superman. He bows down in adoration of himself and progress—the gods of the twentieth century.

So man has found himself to be self-sufficient. One would think that at last he would be satisfied with his broader view and approach to complete development. Artistic creation should flow from him as from an inexhaustible fountain. All expression—poetry, music, painting, sculpture—should attain the pinnacle of perfection, at any rate, a standard much higher than that of the much-pitied earlier times before man had come into his own. Well, has it? The anxious questioning regarding its condition tells another story.

* * *

Besides the host of freak philosophies it left in its train, the sudden widening of our knowledge of

the natural world also greatly increased the complexity of modern life. It has given us, moreover, a false impression of intellectual progress.

For all our notions of progress and our pride in our broader vision, how much have we advanced over our ancestors of a thousand or more years back? Really, I would not say much. Doubtless you have noticed at some time or other the aimless meandering tracks left by a snail on a cement walk. If the course of human knowledge should leave a patent trace, it too would be as meandering, it too would cirss-cross dozens of times and boast to itself as a new discovery, vaunt as a new horizon that which perhaps it saw and understood ages before. Surely it would not be a straight line on a continual upward ascent. Bunk! cries the practical man with a veneer of education. What of the inventions and scientific discoveries? What about that knowledge? Well, as far as I am concerned, I would not call it knowledge, but information, or at most accessory knowledge.

What is true progress? Whatever it is, it must tend to the understanding and attainment of man's ultimate destiny. Before attaining an end we need to know that end. Thus it resolves itself to the determination of true knowledge. Matthew Arnold says that it consists in "knowing ourselves and the world" and as a means to that end, besides the exercise of natural reason, we have "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world." But we want to know ourselves and the world, not superficially, but as deeply as possible. True knowledge, then, is the understanding of deep-seated causes in the nature and destiny of things, in the final and ultimate what? when? why? and whither? of life, the answers to which every man seeks by nature whether he tries to kid himself otherwise, or not. The closer we arrive at the complete realization of these four interrogatives, the nearer we get to satisfying that universal craving of mankind to know "What's it all about?"

The positive sciences, I grant, do bear a relation to true knowledge. They present us with facts, but these facts need to be related—they need to be reconciled with other information by that sense within us which calls for order and for purpose. The scientist cannot do this; he will simply continue, with deeper investigation, to set down more facts, further information. Man wearies of isolated facts. He wants to associate things, to harmonize them, to relate them to principles. It is evident that the positive sciences, though they deal with tangible proof open to all, still lack something. They are instrument-knowledges, means of learning the final and ultimate principles which man eternally desires to solve. When the facts become

too complex, confusion reigns until man recovers his mental balance and sets them in order. This applies to individual mental balance and sets them in order. This applies to individual mental development as well as the development of the society. The sudden overwhelming increase in the bewildering mass of scientific data knocked humanity flat for a moment; he is just crawling to his knees; it will be long before he regains his balance.

Many have the deluded impression that because man as a society has collected an astounding mass of information, the record of investigation and thinking, man as an individual has progressed over earlier specimens of mankind; hence the humanitarian's conception that man is evolving into a deity. Suppose a modern man were to grow up completely cut off from his associates. Would he be any more advanced than one of our primitive ancestors? Would he be in any way affected for having come of a race already developed to a so-called ultra-modern state? He would be dependant upon the same natural light of reason which was the starting-point of pagan thought. What if the same should happen to society! Retrogression is not an unheard-of thing in history. Yet some will continue to hold that man is on a perpetual ascent toward divinity.

Is there any better, any safer standard by which we can judge of man's development than material progress? That answer can be found in literature, in man's power to express the best that is within him. The record of the natural sciences are the history of militant writings; these must fight continually to hold their place; once they weaken, they are superseded by later discoveries. Their life is one of transiency, of mortality, of growth. On the other hand, a "Paradise Lost" is triumphant forever; it remains a living power so long as there are minds to understand and appreciate it. It contains a universality which strikes a correspondent note in everyone who reads it. A good steam engine is properly supplanted by a better. But a statue of Praxiteles is not superseded by a statue of Michael Angelo, nor the Iliad of Homer by the Divine Comedy of Dante. In science it is the latest, in art it is the best, which claims the attention of its students. This permanent quality of literature and art makes it a much safer gauge for determining development of the race than is material progress.

The complexity of the modern world has likewise lent its hand to confusion by the unbalanced view of life in which it has resulted. Students are so occupied in skimming over the past, in looking over it instead of into it, in order quickly to plunge into the swim of specialization, that they have not time to assimilate the enormous accumulation of

thought or to train and use their own reasons. This condition with exact definition, incapacity for strict argument, and finally distorted philosophies, each with a kernel of truth carried to excess because the founder or his followers could not see where his ideas fitted in the great scheme of life. Materialism and Christian Science of the generation just past are ready examples.

It is a very significant fact that the Catholic Church has retained her balanced system of philosophy throughout this entire period of changing fashions. The solutions which St. Thomas Aquinas offered seven centuries ago for all the problems of life, have the effect of light upon darkness after so many half philosophies, one-eyed systems that can only explain what they see from one view. Consequently intellectual leaders are turning back to this balanced system, they are retracing their steps in an attempt to pick up the thread which was lost through too sudden a growth. However, the effect of this tendency remains for the future to develop.

* * *

What has been the effect of all this irrationalism, false evaluation and distortion upon life? The people have begun to doubt everything. The authority of faith was rejected; reason is found to be insufficient; confidence in human authority, in the opinion of the intellectual leaders, is waning because of abuse. Now we are just discovering the effect upon morality and the aesthetic sense. If we could crowd all the reactions of humanity toward life into a single picture, we would have something like the following: The agnostic throws up his hands and shouts that we can't know anything for sure; the indifferentist opens one eye, rolls over in bed and grunts a "Why worry? Swell excuse to sleep over."—a fine pretext to escape moral responsibility, balm for a troubled conscience; the pessimist broods over the misfortunes of the present and wonders how much worse the future will be; the cynic with a sneering lip squats in the corner watching one man after another giving up the ghost of hope, satisfied that man is as bad as he thought him to be; the misanthrope cheerfully offers a gun and bullets to the despairing ones and advocates a universal act of suicide as man's noblest undertaking; the vast majority, however, are only groping about in darkness, still trying to find the light of faith which only a very privileged few have retained. "Cui bono?" has become the motto of the age. What's the use? The very fact that the motto is a question instead of a statement is significant. How, then, can art, whose very breath is hope and faith, flourish in such an atmosphere?

Just as in thought and life, so in art chaos exists. Critics will try to tell you that it is a formative

period. Rather it is a formless period. When the fog has cleared, the mind will not have wrought out a new ideal; it will have realized its folly and returned to the old. The futuristic art is an indication of confusion. Simplicity, restraint, and beauty are ever the soul of true art. This appeal to the bizarre, novel and ugly shows a drought in true art and a paucity of real artists. The effect of the modern mind upon the aesthetic faculty is obvious. When man no longer has faith, he no longer has purpose; and without purpose art is like the imagination uncontrolled by reason. When a self-sufficient man becomes disgusted, to whom can he turn? He cannot turn to God. He himself is the Almighty Being. It is all irony, all mockery. He takes neither himself nor his work seriously.

What is it that renders a great work of literature or painting so universally appreciated, regardless of the epoch in which it is produced? It represents man's best attempt to attain the spiritual plane, his closest approach to pure joy. His inspiration has lifted him for one brief moment from mortality to a higher vision. The view is that of harmony, not discord, of cosmos, not chaos. The rays of inspiration do not diverge, they converge. To the humanitarian there is no such a thing as a higher plane; the materialist would not bother his head about such things.

In that depression which follows, in that jarring return to earth the artist must have something solid to hold on to. After his moment of ecstasy he is left like the sea-shore after the flood-tide has drawn back—drab, desolate, wondering if ever again the ebb tide will flow back to drench him with that unknown yearning, the joyous pain of creation. Then it is that the artist needs God and faith. He would go mad without them. Life loses all flavor. All his work mocks him. He still feels helpless, even though his fellows tell him that he is a king among men, men who are supposed to be the supreme beings. Beethoven, the greatest tone poet who ever lived, says in his will: * * * "It was virtue which bore me up in time of trouble; to her I owe thanks for not having laid violent hands upon myself."

The past ever has its lesson to teach if we are condescending enough to learn from it. The past ages of great art were all ages of great faith. In architecture we have only to look back to the Gothic cathedrals which were born in an age of faith. The towering masterpieces of music composed by men of firm convictions—Bach, Beethoven, Handel and others—express faith. Their music was of the soul, not of the flesh as is that of most modern composers who stoop to the whim and passion of popular demand. Who are the great-

est painters in the world, which are the finest paintings, what has been their primary motif? Michael Angelo, Raphael, DaVinci! Their madonnas, indeed nearly all their works have religion as their inspiration; they spring from a period of religion. Raphael's Sistine Madonna is considered by many to be the greatest in the world. Raphael gave all the worship of his soul, all the love of his heart to the unfathomable majesty of the Blessed Virgin's eyes. She is not of earth, but of heaven. It has been remarked that Raphael's St. Cecilia contained the whole Christian religion; that in her face was an entire and certain gospel. Were the greatest poets—who represent the best in literature—scoffers, unbelievers, cynics? Chaucer, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning. Well, hardly!

The stream of art under normal conditions rushes along, clear, fresh, full of hope because it has a goal

ahead. But the intellectual confusion threw a bank of mud across its bed. The mass of slime was too huge for the current to wash away. Then it was that modern art was sidetracked into a bayou, into a backwater. There it has been stagnating. Its aim is lost. There is no current to push it onward, to purify it of pollution. It cannot see over its narrow horizon; it does not want to. Though it is disgusted with itself and is groping, it refuses to admit it. It is too proud to return to the current of the stream where it can wash away the mud bank and burst into the open to sing its song of hope. It is self-sufficient. It will find its own course. * * * In the end it will return, but only after a long period of aimless wandering has intervened.

When faith returns, so will great art.

Light and Shadow

By RICHARD REDMAN

*How weary grows
The wanderer
With no light from above!
How bleak and drear
The journey here
Without the light of love!*

*Our body dies
When life goes out—
Our soul, when love is gone;
And cursed is he
Whose soul doth flee
And body lingers on.*

His Fountain Pen Leaked

If You Use a Typewriter This Story Will Have No Effect

By LIONEL GALSTAUN

IN the smoker of a railway train, four men were seated, engaged in relating some famous murder cases which had occurred within the past two decades. To a casual observer it would have seemed that the men were trying to suit their gestures to their words, strong as they already seemed to be, by acting the part of assassins; those gestures, in fact, the slitting of men's throats, the shooting of guns and so forth.

In the midst of all these imaginary murders, committed over and over again in the telling, the train stopped. A well-built man, close on to six feet, stepped into the car. Seeing our gesticulating friends, he was moved by natural curiosity to find out whether the men were in earnest or not. With an easy complacent step, he strolled to the seats of the four, and listened carefully to the trend of the conversation. He gathered from the medley of exclamations and gesticulations that the subject was a recent murder case. Waiting patiently until the narrator had finished a rather exaggerated account of the incident, he decided to make his presence felt. "I have the honor * * *" he began—a single look from each of the men was all the attention he received, and if looks could have made dumb, he would never have given voice again. The looks, however, had no effect. This was proved by a second, third and fourth attempt on his part to secure the attention of the quartet, and yet no sign of success. An ordinary man would have left the murder enthusiasts alone and considered it useless to try to penetrate into their stronghold, but, due to some stubbornness of mind, he decided that if anyone gave in, it would not be he. His fifth attempt was more successful.

"There was once", he began, "a famous criminal named Andre. His haunts were chiefly in Paris, and it was a point in his make-up to stir up some grudge against an innocent man and end by getting his money and slitting his neck. Among the many who had got into this wretch's talons was a beneficent old man whose name was Josef Leroux, a retired banker, living in a suburb of Paris. His servants did not stay with him during the night, and

as a consequence, after the supper was prepared, Josef was left alone in a lonely house.

"It happened that on some pretext of a debt which Josef had owed a man, at the time dead, the terrible André had wrenched two thousand francs from the *bon vieillard*. The latter being neither rich nor poor, could not very well afford a loss of this nature, and accordingly threatened André, after ascertaining from legal documents in his possession, that the debt had been paid off, to take the case to a court of Justice. André seeing a boulder in his way to "get rich quick", decided to do away with the tell-tale papers.

"One cold December night, while reading in his library, Josef felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his neck. 'Get up!' came a rasping order from behind. Staggeringly, Josef did so. From the reflection in the mirror of the mantelpiece, he made out the ugly, scarred face on André. 'Go to the desk!' was the next order. The action followed the words. 'Write!' growled the scoundrel. His whole frame trembling, Josef prepared to do so. No pen being in sight, André lent the old man his fountain-pen. 'I, Josef Leroux,' came in the harsh voice of André, finding life to be only trouble, have decided to kill myself!' Here Josef realized the wretch's plan. 'Blame nobody for this. (signed) Josef Leroux.* * * Now go to the middle of the room.' There was a terrific bang, followed by the dull impact of a falling body.

"Noiselessly the murderer walked to the desk and bent over the table to see if everything was right. All he saw was satisfactory. Next, he slipped on a pair of rubber gloves, and began to tap the walls cautiously. After some moments of careful search, he detected a hollow section of the wall. Peering round the panel, his trained eye saw a spring. This he pressed, and, as he expected, a section of the wall collapsed, revealing a small, built-in safe. It was now imperative to remove his gloves, to allow his sensitive fingers to feel the combination gears revolving. The safe being of an antique type, the combination was not hard to unravel, and five minutes' work sufficed to have the

safe opened, and two minutes' more brought out the papers wanted. Closing the safe took no time, and after polishing the knobs to remove fingerprints, he replaced the panel. At this point, he heard some noises outside. Evidently some meddling neighbor had heard the shot, and was coming to find out the reason for it. Hurriedly wiping the gun, he placed it in the dead man's hands. Then seeing that every bit of evidence had been cleared away, he stepped cautiously into the road."

Here a series of exclamations interrupted the speaker.

"Such cold-blooded work!" said one.

"That's the best story of all!" came from another of the enthusiasts.

"But yet", continued the narrator, this man was

caught about two months later!"

"How?" asked the listeners in chorus.

"His fountain-pen leaked! When he took it out to give it to old Josef, he did not notice the blotch of ink which transferred itself from the pen to his thumb. Claspings the gun left an ineradicable finger-print on the butt. Now, if he had been really the crafty crook he was reputed to be, he would have used a Leek-Pruf pen. **This pen will not leak!**" Pulling some bakelite tubes from his pocket, he continued: "I have the honor of being a representative of the Leek-Pruf Pen Company. Try one of these pens out, and if you think it is good, buy one, that you may preserve your clothes from unnecessary adorning."

Four pens were sold.

To Venus

By BILL WESLEY

*Beautiful star of the darkening day,
Brilliantest lamp in the heavenly skies,
Catch you his last and regretfulest ray,
Just as the reddened celestial dies.*

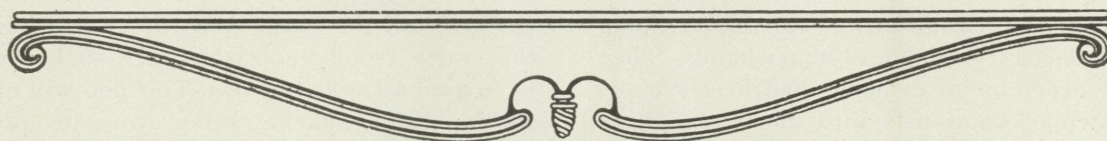
*Floating alone in a green-tinted sky,
Scintillant spark 'mid his fiery glows,
Tiny precursor of millions close by,
Bid you the sun an adieu as he goes.*

*Terra's own twin in the vastness of space,
Brightest of worlds in the kingdom of light,
Second of stars from the solar king's face,
Nearest of neighbors, our herald of night!*

*Have you poor wandering children theretoo,
Conquering nations destroying your peace,
Know you our God with an untrammeled view,
Are you an Eden yet sinless sans cease?*

*Slowly below the horizon he drops,
Shadows the landscape capriciously raid,
Drowned by millions, one grain of the crop,
Lo! Thy ephemeral beauties soon fade.*

EDITORIAL



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The Editor's Soap Box

This is the Editor's Soap Box. Any of you who have read W. D. Howells in his "Imaginary Interviews" remember how he conferred with the Easy Chair. Well, we repeat, this is the Soap Box. Not that we will ask advice, or confer with the Soap Box. Not at all. We stand on the Soap Box and talk at you, gentle reader. And, here is one nice thing about being Editor, no one can talk back. You have one alternative, either to stay and listen, or else to leave. But we think that most of you will stay and listen; for, no one would be so rude as to turn his back on an Editor (at least we hope not) and perhaps, some of you may be interested. If not, your Editor might as well be silent, and be assured he can be anything but that.

* * *

In all probability you have noted that this issue of the Exponent is called the Engineer's Issue. And with good reason; four engineers have written articles in the magazine this month. One, an article on engineering; one, an essay; one, a short story, and the last, verse. This is an interesting spectacle. In past years it has always been the contention that engineers would not write. Here, lo and behold! is a refutation of that statement. The engineers can and **will** write. We can vouch for this after contact with them. They are just as willing to express their opinions in print as the next man. We were sure that they had opinions to express, for when a body of men engaged in intelligent study, such as their's, run up against issues, ideas, and problems which interest them, it is certain that they will reach interesting solutions, and conclusions. So we put it up to them, "Is there some special sub-

ject in which you are interested? Would you like to write on it?" We did not have one refusal. This speaks well for the intellectual standard of the Engineers, so from henceforth let this issue of the Exponent be a monument to the repudiation of that ancient fallacy "The Engineers aren't interested."

* * *

Leading from this matter of an issue for the Engineers, we want to say that the next issues will be devoted to other classes. December's issue will be an issue for Pre-Meds. So if you're interested in any special subject, Pre-Meds, our pages are open to you.

* * *

Last month we said something about an annual for next year. This time more will be said. It seems a shame that, when almost every other college, and even high-school, is able to come through with a year book, we haven't enough ambition to get behind the project. But there are definite hopes for next year. It seems that our Junior class is planning ways and means to raise funds for the publication. Money, is, of course, the principle necessity, and money is fairly hard to acquire at present. However, we are positive that this year's effort will be rewarded.

Now there is another matter to consider, since we have dealt with the finances. (Just like that). This is the difficulty always met with in the publication of a year-book. Quite a few fellows pledge their support to work on the book. What happens? About half-way through, two, three, or four men are taking care of all of the responsibility. This is a condition that we must avoid. We simply must

have representatives from every class. We must have heads of departments and men that will work under them. That is, men who will not talk about the difficulty of their job, but who will go out and really accomplish something. And when we succeed, for we surely will, you will be surprised at the warm feeling of satisfaction that will suffuse your soul, when you crack the pages of YOUR publication.

* * *

Another important matter in regard to this publication. We must get away from the idea of putting out a book that is representative of a school population up in the thousands, and that costs just about twice as much as it would to put up a new gymnasium. A good book can be put out without running several thousand dollars into debt. We can put out something reasonable without being cheap. It's much easier to be extravagant and trashy.

* * *

We have noted that this is the healthiest year that we have yet seen at the school. Depression may exist elsewhere, but it certainly does not exist in the activities on the campus. So far this year, the News and Exponent have been supported by enthusiastic writers, the Debating Club has begun an unprecedented season, the Band has reached a peak of membership hitherto unknown, the Sodalties have started with a bang, the International Relations Club looks to another of its successes, and every other organization shows vigorous life. Much of this new life comes from this year's Freshman class. Say what you will about Freshmen being young, and unsophisticated; they are also enthusiastic.

* * *

Your Editor would like to know just what happened to the Exponent files. Charles Helldoerfer, an Engineer, by the by, is taking care of the Exchanges this year. We both agree that the files

are a very necessary adjunct to our labors, and since our removal to the new offices in the Ark, they seem to have been lost en route. If someone can clear up the difficulty we wish that they would.

* * *

We heard a great deal of discussion on the Art's course recently. It seems to us a waste of good time to argue on the matter. The Arts course depends on the individual. We just want to say that most of your extra-curricular activities are supported by Arts men, and believe your Editor, they have a sufficiency of work. Of course, there are some who waste time in Arts just as they do in other courses, and in other schools, getting through with a minimum of work and hours. So why not drop the subject before somebody really has his toes bruised in the general riot.

* * *

There is a certain type of individual on this campus (every school is afflicted with this type of disease) that constantly has everybody and everything "on the pan". He never does anything himself. If he did, we might pause and listen, but all that he does is sit around and talk generally and particularly concerning persons and things that do not please him.

It has been our knowledge in the past, and every day strengthens the certainty, that there is nothing so intolerant and poisonous as ignorance. Whether the ignorance be religious, social, or trifling. But this is not an attempt at philosophizing. We're not very good at that science. We merely wish that these individuals would, as they used to phrase it, "put up or shut up".

* * *

This is about as far as we go this month so your Editor will now get down off the Soap Box and retire within a veil of silence for another month. The next trip we should have a few of the best for our one-sided conversation.



Trifles

The Title Belies The Content

By REGGIE PRICE

PERHAPS one of the most outstanding of Michaelangelo Buonarroti's celebrated works of sculpture, is the gigantic statue of Moses in the Vatican. Most of us have heard more or less concerning this marvelous piece of work. But I dare say very few of us have heard the somewhat vague story connected with the series of masterpieces of which the statue of Moses is but a part.

The Pope was not able to come to a decision as to which of the two most outstanding artists of the day to employ in the decoration of the Vatican chambers. Michaelangelo Buonarroti himself had advised the Pope to entrust the gigantic work to the capable hands of the famous Florentine artist Raphael. However, the crafty advisor of the Pope, wishing to expose his compatriot's rival as inferior, finally succeeded in inducing the Pope to obtain Michaelangelo's consent to the undertaking. If, as has been said, the purpose of the Florentine advisor was to detract from the enviable name which the young Italian artist had already made for himself, he was sadly destined for a disagreeable surprise; for as we know, Michaelangelo not only fulfilled the expectations of the most sanguine, but during the course of the years that followed his skilled hands made him a name that will live in the archives of art to the end of time. Michaelangelo, before he was entrusted with the work, is said to have been required, along with some other artists, to submit a masterpiece in order that the choice of the judges could be facilitated. Instead of submitting a canvas as was generally done in similar circumstances, Michaelangelo is said to have merely drawn a circle free-handed and to have carelessly placed a dot in the center. Subsequent tests proved that the circumference drawn so haphazardly, formed a perfect circle with the dot exactly in the center. When asked why he had done so extraordinary a thing, Michaelangelo, so the story goes, said: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." I cannot vouch for the veracity of the foregoing incident, but be that as it may, it is not so much upon the origin, as upon the remarkable pregnancy of the truism that I wish to dwell.

Mathematical axioms are indeed truisms, and are unassailable in their field; however, not all

mathematical axioms hold true in fields outside of the science of mathematics. On the other hand, the incredibly pregnant maxim supposedly originated by Michaelangelo, is practically unassailable in its promiscuous adaptability. Taking then, a phase of its versatile nature, I shall endeavor to illustrate the truth of the maxim as applied to the study of languages. Years ago, when this lackaday world of ours was still in its infancy, the populace had but one tongue through which to express its thoughts. But alas! due to the conceited project of the tower of Babel, God saw fit to confuse human tongues; herewith, the origin of the various languages. Today there are considerably more than a hundred languages spoken over the world. However, regardless of what the language may be, anyone wishing to attain any degree of perfection, any semblance of a command over the manipulation of words, is necessarily obliged to conform to the law emanating, so to speak, from the maxim: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." A composition, heedless of what tongue it is written in, can attain no literary value, unless the individual paragraphs are perfected. The paragraphs in their turn are worthless unless the constituent sentences are perfected, etc., till we come down to the fundamental unit, the word. Obviously, we are not justified in making a converse statement, since mere words are not of themselves sufficient to warrant literary value to a composition; correlation of thought is naturally required.

Taking another phase, we find the maxim holds true in music. What does the public in general mean, when, responding to the stirring beauty of a composition, they exclaim "Oh! isn't that a beautiful piece!" Do most people realize what they are saying when they utter the platitude? Probably not. Yet how many people, blessed with a normally sensitive ear, will fail to detect a discordant sound breaking the harmonious flow of a melody? Every chord in every line of every piece composed by the masters of music is a gem in harmony, and it is due to this perfection in detail in the segregate chords, and the uninterrupted sequence of cadences in the phrases that makes their compositions the soul-stirring masterpieces they are.

We find still further instances of the versatile adaptability of the maxim in the exacting field of science. Most of you will, in all probability, remember having read in the papers that Lindbergh, at the end of his memorable flight across the Atlantic ocean, circled Paris for hours, unable to locate the aerodrome. Lindbergh was very nearly lost, although he was so close to his coveted goal. How do we account for this? The short answer to this question seems to be that it cost too much to have the giant beacons lighted for any prolonged period of time. Today, this handicap in aeronautic economics has been eliminated. How? By the study of what might be termed but a little thing, a mere trifle in science.

Most of us attach little or no significance to certain sympathetic vibrations caused by various notes in music. The vibrations of sound instruments may be termed a trifle in science, yet someone who observed this little thing, someone who played with it, experimented with it, has found a great use for it. It is a well-known fact that when a note is sounded, everything in harmony with it and within range of its sound waves, is caused to vibrate. Tomorrow this little thing, will be employed in most of the large aerodromes of the world as a means for illuminating automatically the landing areas. A person in an aeroplane, flying over a city at night, and wishing to land, has but to sound a note and the aerodrome, if there is one, is lighted. How is this done? By the application of the above-mentioned little thing in science. By sounding the note, the aviator causes to be radiated, certain sound waves, and these striking a little piece of metal in an instrument, in harmony with the waves, causes it to vibrate. This vibration in turn causes it to vibrate. This vibration in turn causes a flow of electrical current, which opens a switch and be-

hold! the aerodrome is flooded with light. A wonderful asset to aeronautical facilities, and yet but the results of the study of a mere scientific trifle.

Today the electric lights employed in the illumination of the houses of the countless millions in the world, have an efficiency of but two to three percent. With such a low efficiency, it is evident that a great quantity of the power consumed, 97 percent, is practically wasted. It naturally follows that there is a crying need for greater efficiency. We feel that there must be, and now know that there is, at least a probable solution; a scientist in England is now able to produce much current by utilizing but a little of it and so economizing the 97 percent and not the infinitesimal 3 percent. How is this effected? By the proper conversion of static electricity; and that you will remember we "just used to pass over". What use is there for static electricity today? Here and there it is used to prevent waste in chimneys; but is this paltry use adequate when we consider what tremendous electrical charges are contained in the earth and atmosphere? Someone has studied this static which we pass over so casually, and is making use of it. It probably will not be long before it will play one of the most important roles in the field of electricity, and yet it was but a little thing in science!

And so it is in most cases, not only in science but in every day life. The trivial things, we pass over as insignificant, count in the long run. The big things come of themselves if we perfect the little things. Most criminals leave clues, not because they had omitted to destroy the big evidences against themselves, but because they passed by a "little thing" as insignificant. From all of which we can safely conclude that Michaelangelo gave birth to a maxim full worthy of himself when he said: "Trifles make perfection but perfection is no trifle".

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