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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 text "UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a light, faded color, serving as a background for the title text.

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The University of Dayton Exponent

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MARCH, 1931

No. 6

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An Everyday Thought on Heaven

By SHANACHIE

*Dear friend, if when you old and weary grow,
And close your eyes in that last restful sleep,
And debonairly up to heaven go,
Your love sweet Christ's expected tryst to keep,*

*You think of me, or wonder where I am
Among so many strangely kindred thralls,
(Fear not my angel guardian could not cram
Me into some odd space within the halls.)*

*Just poke around the children's rooms a bit,
And when you find me, quell your just surprise,
For in a nook of Thompson's I shall sit
Composing sonnets to Our Lady's eyes.*

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The Arts Course

By ERNEST LEVIT, JR.

THE time has arrived for the commerce men to leave their books and to take up the pen and wage a friendly battle against that idle gossip concerning the Arts Course, and also to wage another friendly battle with the Arts students who insist that their course is the most difficult of all the college courses. I therefore volunteer to meet the worthy and courageous "David" who so fearlessly defends good old "Arts" and who unflinchingly attacks the other courses.

May all witnesses understand that no animosity or ill feelings prompt our efforts; we are moved by the spirit that right is might and consequently should be supported. By a clear and honest declaration of our ideas, we may establish a mutual understanding and even improve the now friendly relations between the members of the various academic departments on this campus.

Mr. Hoefler, in his article entitled "Belles Lettres," which appeared in the February Exponent, writes as follows: "The general opinion is that the Arts course is the easiest in the curriculum of the university. In reality it is the hardest. I am certain that the critics of the so-called 'snap course' will take issue with me on that statement."

As one of the critics of the so-called "snap course" I thank Mr. Hoefler for his unqualified invitation to take issue with him on that statement. And that there may be no doubt as to my position in this lit-

tle controversy, I issue the following declaration: My friendly opponent has declared that the Arts course is the hardest in the curriculum of the university. In reality it is not the hardest, but the easiest, and we clash on this one point. However, we agree that the Arts course should not be made the butt of much idle gossip and prattle.

Now that we have presented our ideas of what is right, I shall proceed to present my side of the question.

The Arts student objects that "Commerce and Engineering graduates claim that the Arts education is useless" and that "It is a common criticism that the system of study which I am defending prepares its personnel for nothing." If such criticisms have been made concerning the Arts education, they are some of that idle gossip and prattle and I heartily join him in his objection. However, to quote from "Belles Lettres," "Why judge a society by its careless members?" Those statements are evidently rash and without grounds for support, were made thoughtlessly, and are not the basis for any sound criticism of the Arts course.

Disregarding those meaningless allegations, let us step from a weak foundation of foolish statements onto a solid and stable platform. We may safely affirm that first, the Arts course is not the hardest, but the easiest in the curriculum of the university; and secondly, the Arts course might pos-

sibly require a larger minimum amount of work from its students. This latter issue is very debatable.

The first issue has been admitted by the Arts student, even while claiming that the Arts course is the hardest. He states in "Belles Lettres," "The careless man, who, perhaps, doesn't even read his texts, who merely listens in at lectures, who even perhaps dozes in class after being out late the night before, can get through the Arts course, it is true."

From what I have heard about the Law and the Engineering courses and judging from the number of students who have been forced to drop the Commerce course, because of their incompetency, I am sure that no man can get through those courses who, "—doesn't even read his texts, who merely listens in at lectures, who even perhaps dozes in class after being out late the night before." The present Senior Commerce class numbered over fifty students in its freshman year, but now is composed of about an even dozen, who are the better for much wear and tear. Yet it appears that some Arts men can graduate without overly exerting themselves.

To support the statement that "The Arts course is the hardest course" these proofs were offered. "It (the Arts course) is harder than the rest because the qualities which an arts man must cultivate in order to succeed are subtle and hard to grasp. I have pointed out that I do not consider success the mere receipt of a sheepskin. A successful Arts man is the one who has a trained and cultivated mind."

The above quotation which was given in support of good old "Arts" is, no doubt, true, in part; but please reread that quotation and substitute "Commerce student" and "Engineering student" for "Arts man." I am going to wait before I go on with the case, until you reread that quotation and see whether it applies to the engineering student and the commerce student, as well as to the Arts student. Make the test for yourself.

Did you find that success for the commerce and engineering student, as well as for the Arts student is not the mere receipt of a sheepskin? I thought you would. Did you find that the successful commerce and engineering student, as well as the successful Arts student is "the one who has a trained and cultivated mind?" Certainly you did. Even the Arts student will admit that fact.

"The truth of the matter is that one gets out of the Arts course just what he puts into it," says the Arts man. Every one will admit that that is the truth. For the Arts man who works hard, the Arts course may be admitted to be just as difficult as either commerce or engineering, and this admission will not do any injustice to either the Com-

merce or the Engineering course. You and I are both acquainted with Arts men who will, and do work much more than they are required to, by the demands of the Arts course, and those men are probably working just as hard and find the Arts course just as difficult as any Commerce or Engineering student ever found his courses. A sincere student who does more than is required of him, is going to find any course difficult, but that does not prove that the Arts course is the hardest, or for that matter, is even difficult.

To that I will add that the Arts course will do the sincere Arts student just as much good as the Commerce course or the Engineering course will do for the sincere Commerce or Engineering student. I do not under any circumstances wish to convey to you the impression that I believe the Arts is useless or is anything but just what it is; at least the equal, but scarcely the superior of the Commerce and the Engineering courses. This is certainly not true in all cases, but is true in the case of the sincere student who will do more than the minimum amount of work that is required of him by the Arts course.

I claim that the Commerce course is difficult and you claim that the Engineering course is difficult, because the minimum amount of work that we are required to perform in order to graduate is in itself a difficult task. And since the minimum amount of work that the Arts students are required to perform is admittedly less than that which is required of either Commerce, Engineering, Pre-Medical or Law students, we claim that the Arts course, as it is today, is the easiest and not the hardest in the curriculum of the university.

The second issue is that the Arts course, alias "Belles-Lettres," might possibly require more from its students. This, again, is debatable. If an Arts student is willing to publish the report that the careless man, who, perhaps doesn't even read his texts, who merely listens in at lectures, and who even perhaps dozes in class after being out late the night before, can get through the Arts course, it is reasonable to assume that the minimum amount of work required of Arts students is possibly a little too low, and that it might be well to raise that minimum standard.

Who would profit by a low standard in the Arts course, the Arts department or the Arts students? The answer is "Neither."

The effect of that standard on the arts department is well stated by Mr. Hoefler who writes, "It seems to have become the vogue during the past few months to 'pan' the Arts and Letters course." But Mr. Hoefler makes the "panning" sound much more serious than it is meant to be.

That standard places some Arts students in the position where the following is said of them with assurance by even the Arts student: "His was a 'four years' loaf' and 'If he wishes to reap no benefits from his investment that is his business.'"

From this admission there can be no question of any advantage in maintaining a low standard especially for the benefit of the student himself. Surely no one would wish a graduate to think that he

has reaped no benefits from his investment, for this would be an injustice to the department itself.

Thus, with due respect to the Arts department, it is possible that the Arts course might require a larger minimum amount of work from the Arts students. However, if any arguments or conclusions which I have advanced to you are at all incorrect or even overstated, I hope that the mistake will be rectified in next month's issue of the Exponent.

Let Us Go Back

By SHANACHIE

*Today when memory again
Unbidden stirs our hearts—
As soft browed winds move summer clouds
Relentlessly to rain—*

*Let us invade the fields we knew,
Our childhood's golden fields,
Where we our rich successes planned,
And argent dreaming grew.*

*Where we as conquerors, the earth,
Subdued, nor knew our wealth;
Unknowing that the highest gate
Was opened by our mirth.*

*Unheeding that success was there,
Beneath the perfumed grass
Crushed to our forms: our regal crowns
Were clover for our hair.*

*Let us return to pluck the bloom
A fragrant crown to weave;
Wear it as kings, and kingly go
With wreathed brows to doom.*

*Let us breathe strength for Quixote's tilt
In incensed grasses deep;
Let us desert the town of steel
For kingdoms childhood built.*

Just Another

By RAY BLOSSER

IT was one of the most turbulent mayoralty campaigns in the history of Chicago. The populace was aroused to the highest pitch. For the past weeks each of the two candidates had been hurling bitter accusations at the other. "Boisterous John" Edwards was campaigning to retain his graft-cushioned seat. Under him the city was "wide open." Beer barons flourished. There was no business depression among the innumerable speakeasies. Gangs daily riddled members of opposing organizations. It was a reign of terror.

Herbert R. Snow was campaigning against "Boisterous John." Snow was promising to clean up the city, to free it from the gangsters and from the vices which had made it the butt of biting editorial paragraphs and jokes of the entire country.

One of the many, referred to a vice-lord who had treated the police and courts alike with equal impunity. It said: "A good many persons have the hunch that the only reason Al Capone dropped into court was because he wanted to see what a policeman looked like." The gangster had just made one of his infrequent appearances in court. Such paragraphs were typical.

"Boisterous John" had a large following. He had been re-elected twice by camouflageing the main issues behind a political smoke screen and by bringing to the public's attention inconsequential, even ridiculous planks. The first had been a move to get a new type of fire truck in the city to replace the ones then in use, while in his second re-election campaign he had attempted to have newspapers of the city discontinue printing bedtime stories for children on the grounds that they were foolish.

With such issues had "Boisterous John" hoodwinked the voting public in the past campaigns. It had earned him and his retinue the name "The Big Circus" from the opposition papers.

Despite the past "Circuses," in the present campaign it seemed as if at last John would have to toe the mark. The people were finally becoming discontented with the "joke" mayor.

Use of the radio in this campaign was to be the big factor. Just ten years before, politicians had depended solely upon the newspapers and stump speeches. But times were changing. Shortly after

the use of the radio in politics came into vogue, orders were given by the Federal Radio commission to allow all candidates equal opportunities to speak, provided one only was allowed on the station. Thus radio conniving was prevented.

A hookup of all Chicago stations had been arranged for the use of Snow on Sunday night. Edwards was to speak Monday night. The election was scheduled for Tuesday. These final speeches, so close was the race, were expected either to make or break the candidates.

* * *

Addressing the radio audience, which included practically the entire city, and a great part of the nation, which was interestedly watching proceedings, Snow scored his opponent. He stated that the government of Chicago under the present mayor was in the hands of gangsters, that the city was wide open and nobody was doing anything about it, that municipal finances were in a precarious way and that the city would have been operating funds had not the responsible merchants of the city gotten together and subscribed the necessary money. He concluded with an appeal to the listeners to rid themselves of the present reign of terror and the "Circus" at the Tuesday election.

Snow's speech made a great impression. Newspapers of his party played up the story with first page streamers. Rival publications were forced to carry the least-damning quotations from the talk.

Sentiment was all for the outspoken candidate. The people were waking up, coming out of the fog which had hung over them for so many years. Bets were being placed that Snow would even win by a 2 to 1 vote, and takers were as hard to find as typographical errors in a popular monthly magazine.

Such was the situation, when, against almost hopeless odds, "Boisterous John" was likewise to address the radio audience Monday night.

From the control booth, where all announcements were made, the same announcer who nightly gargled his plea for a mouth wash stated that "John E. Edwards, Chicago's mayor and candidate for his fourth term, will now address you on The Mayoralty Situation."

Listeners at their homes then heard a sizzling noise, and then the sound of a falling body. Suddenly, conscious that a drama was being enacted within the confines of the studio, they sat up nervously, straining every ear.

An explanation reached them shortly. "We regret very much, ladies and gentlemen, but Mr. Edwards will be unable to address you tonight. Through some tampering with our apparatus he received an electrical shock which has prostrated him. Mr. Edwards has had a narrow escape. We are substituting a half-hour program of impromptu selections by the studio orchestra, which will open with Victor Herbert's 'Kiss Me Again.'"

And so it was that "Boisterous John" was unable to address some odd five-million radio listeners.

* * *

Enraged, the electorate resented the attempt on

their mayor. Those who had not heard of it were informed by the newspapers in the morning. Believing in fair play, the people took out their vengeance on Snow, and Snow-ed him under at the polls the next day by the same 2 to 1 margin of which he had been apparently certain.

"Boisterous John" was assured of another term.

* * *

After the election, the successful candidate was closeted with his lieutenants. Congratulations and liquid cheer flowed among the trusted few. It was a great day.

"It was lucky you got that shock last night," one of them said to John.

"Yes," came the reply, "it cost me \$1000 to get it fixed but a yard never served so well before".

Another "circus" had been staged for the benefit of the "all-wise" public.

Remembrance

By N. DIDISHKO

*Sweet sable Night could not resist
The kisses of the Day;
She melted in his arms,
And blushing went away.*

*'Tis dawn, a dawn of quiet dreams,
I feel its holy ease,
I dream of love, of life,
And all their melodies.*

*But though the Night has faded far,
Her quietude remains,
And in my soul I hear
Her sweet, her sad refrains.*

The "Ultra-Modern" in Music

By LIONEL GALSTAUN

RECENTLY, there has been a tremendous amount of discussion in musical circles concerning the so-called "ultra-modern" symphonic compositions. Criticisms have ranged from outright condemnations to exalting praises. After all, what are we to take as a correct criticism of the modernistic trend in music?

It is rather a difficult proposition to approach the situation as such, for music is an art which has to be felt rather than perceived. It would therefore be far easier if we were to compare the modernistic music, or for that matter, music in general to something more tangible. We are afforded a ready means of comparison in modern art. In the older styles of painting and sculpture, various objects were presented in a style which was readily recognizable. A painting of a man would hardly have been confounded with that of a mountain or a house; yet, when we look upon a modernistic painting, it is a problem to most of us whether the sketch is to represent a man or a number of blocks, set off by a number of circles and interspersed by radiating lines. The true and the beautiful have been entirely left out of the question. We are told that the motive for this absence of form is to bring out a particular idea. Whether this is true or not, I am not certain, but I hardly think that anyone could derive sincere pleasure from looking at such a painting; and, after all, whenever we really like a piece of art, it is because it gives us pleasure of some sort.

In sculpture, it is very much the same. Striking examples of modernistic sculpture are the works of Jacob Epstein. Every one of his statues is grotesque to the point of disgust. There is none of the symmetry, the grace, the sheer beauty that we find in the works of Michael Angelo, or for that matter, in any of the old masters.

Similarly in modern music. The beauty, the clear harmony, the magnificent grandeur of the old masters, all is gone. Seldom, if ever, do we find melodies comparable to those of Johann Strauss, Schubert, Wagner or Tchaikowsky. An example comes to my mind. Beethoven conceived the Moonlight Sonata while attempting to describe to a blind man just how he felt when he saw the moonlight streaming down in silver glory upon a placid lake. In

modern music we probably would still have the lake, but surely we would have with it some of the moroseness and bitter emotions of life.

Several reasons have been advanced in defense of modern music. The outstanding reason is, that at the present time, music, like painting, is composed with the idea of bringing out a thought. Yet, when we go back to the very fundamental notions of harmony, we find the definition: harmony is the simultaneous production of notes, arranged in an orderly and pleasing manner. There are several rules upon which harmony is based. These rules, however, may be so employed, in what is called dissonant harmony, that the result would ordinarily be called a discord. We all know that discords as such are not very pleasing, and often may become very disorderly. Much of modern music is based upon such harmonies, so that the result is often anything but pleasing. While it is true that dissonant harmony was used by men like Liszt and Wagner, these composers used them to moderation, and generally to express tremendous bursts of emotion. While it may be that the use of dissonant harmony is gradually getting to be the accepted style in music, when it comes to considering whether a number is pleasing or not, I am sure that the old styles, which employed consonant harmony (the type of harmony which gives pleasing results), have a decided advantage.

About a month or so ago, Walter Damrosch, in one of his General Electric programs played a concert made up only of request numbers. Among them we found such compositions as the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert, the Blue Danube Waltz of Johann Strauss, the Prelude to Lohengrin and the Overture to Tannhauser by Wagner. According to Dr. Damrosch, there were a number of protests from the radio public, to the effect that there were no modern numbers on the program. Dr. Damrosch replied: "The public in general, still prefer the beautiful, and this includes the works of Schubert, Strauss and Wagner."

However, about two weeks later, the same orchestra under the direction of Dr. Damrosch played the Bolero of Ravel. The cons were rather vehement in their decisions, but at that, the pros were a

decided majority. This seemed to indicate that there were many people who liked modern music. I was interested, and by chance happened to ask an acquaintance of mine what he thought of Ravel's Bolero. He, a sincere modernist, started to give me an opinion which might have fitted the Song to the Evening Star, from Wagner's opera Tannhauser. He considered it to be a number full of deep meaning, and beautiful melody. If his opinion of the Bolero may be taken as a criterion for judging the tastes of most modern music lovers, it would be safe to say that it is not because of their own fondness for modern music that these enthusiasts praise it. They merely reason that since the great symphony conductors of the day include such numbers in their programs, the music must be good. I say this because my friend's idea of the Bolero is so far from the correct one. This number, which probably takes ten minutes to play thru, consists of but a single theme—a mediocre one at that—which is repeated constantly, without the slightest change or modulation. Ravel's idea in composing the Bolero was not to give to the world a number full of awe-inspiring meaning, with a beautiful theme; far from that. The Bolero, in the composer's own estimation, is no more than a novelty, as Ravel set upon himself the task of writing a number, consisting of a single theme, so arranged, that it would not cause monotony. To one who is fully versed in the difficulties of orchestral arrangement, a selection of the type of Bolero would have some significance, because of its ingenious arrangement and the distribution of its single theme. Ravel succeeded in his primary motive; for, if we constantly keep watching how first one group of instruments carries the melody, then another and another, the subtle changes in tone production, the gradual swell in the richness of the orchestration to the point where the whole orchestra finally takes up the theme in its original form, we must admit that the work is far from monotonous. The work is a tribute to the ingenuity of its composer; yet, does it give real pleasure to a listener? If we may accept the opinions of a number of prominent critics, it does not. In this particular work, the composer has replaced the art of music by the science of music. Personally, I am very fond of scientific studies, but I am more than satisfied to leave science as science, and art as art.

However, someone may ask: Why do the great conductors include modernistic works in their concerts? A slight correction should here be made plain. To state the truth, the question should read: Why do **some** of the great conductors include modernistic works in their concerts? There might be one answer. These modern works, because of their queer harmony and extraordinary instrumentation

are extremely difficult to render correctly. Therefore, whenever a symphony conductor desires to show the prowess of his orchestra, he plays a modern composition.

This brings very forcibly to my mind an utterance of a very prominent western conductor. When this gentleman appeared as a guest conductor with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra last summer, just after an Eastern engagement, he wondered why it was that some symphony conductors so carefully refrained from giving the audience the "beautiful compositions" in music. That he referred to modern music was almost too evident for words. I had the good fortune to attend both of his concerts; his interpretation of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetique" was superb, and I will honestly say that I have never, before or since, heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony rendered so beautifully.

To come closer to our own sphere of musical activity, let us consider the concert of the Minneapolis Symphony recently given here in Dayton. Henri Verbrugghen, the conductor, limited himself to the old masters, whereas for a number of previous concerts, the audience had been fed with some of the "ultra-moderns." I could not help but notice the spontaneous and sincere applause of the audience, and the conductor's own appreciation of the good will manifested by his listeners. He played two encores, something which, by the way, is very seldom done in Symphony concerts.

Verbrugghen is an acknowledged master of the symphony orchestra. He has orchestrated scores of compositions, and he ought to be well versed in arranging music. He, above all men, ought to appreciate the difficulties encountered in the scoring of a number like Bolero; but Verbrugghen is an artist, and as such, he did not care to bore his audience with the technical side of music. To say that his program was artistically executed would be putting it mildly.

We might advance another reason why some symphony conductors place modernistic numbers on their programs, since it is not fair to say that every symphony conductor who plays modern music has as his primary purpose, the display of the prowess of his organization. Many conductors fear the criticisms of the public to such an extent that they sacrifice even their own principles. By this I mean that some conductors merely play modern symphonic music to keep up with the times. I know of a very prominent conductor who once actually admitted that his reason for playing modern music was, as he put it, to "keep up with the times."

I do not wish to convey the impression that all the present day composers write in the so-called ultra-modern style. Far from that. There are composers living today whose compositions reflect

clearly the fact that they have not lost sight of the primary purpose of music, which is the expression of that which is true and beautiful.

With respect to the contention that composers of ultra-modern music try to bring out a thought, it might be pointed out that every one of the old masters did likewise. Wagner's music to his famous "Ring of the Nibelungen" is almost entirely descriptive of the thought carried in the operas. Liszt, the inventor of the tone poem was able to express his ideas without relying exclusively on rasping discords and crashing cymbals. Beethoven, the master of the masters, never, to my knowledge, tried to express his ideas in the forms we have been discussing. I will admit that some of the modernistic numbers are descriptive. For example, Ravel's tone poem, "La Valse" (The Waltz) may be followed without any particular effort on the part of the listener, and without any vigorous exercise of the imagination. The poem is intended to portray the development of the waltz, its rise and its downfall. The first two ideas are very ably expressed and are developed with some very melodious passages, but in the last, the composer returns to his fancy for harsh, grating discords which leave anything but a pleasant impression on the listener. Wagner, Saint-Saens, Liszt, all were able to portray disaster; and, to do so, they did not resort to dissonant harmony exclusively. Why then, is it, that the contemporary composer has to resort to such radical measures?

Before, and especially since, the World War, in almost every field of endeavor, efforts were made to break away from the bonds of convention, and painting, sculpture and music have surrendered to what is new and startling, just to produce something different. While I do not believe in being bound by mere conventions, I hardly think that it is reasonable to sacrifice the beautiful just because most beautiful compositions follow a rather con-

ventional form. The works of Schubert and Schumann are certainly very beautiful, yet hardly a single one of them follows any conventional form.

Another explanation for the radical tendencies in modern music suggests itself. Paganini, who is considered by many as the greatest of violinists, was an advocate of the "effect" plan. He tried, above all, to impress his audience. He has been criticized soundly, called a charlatan and a man who possessed little or no musicianly feeling. While I will not attempt to dispute the truth of this statement, he left upon the perpetuators of his art the curse of perfecting a technique. His influence exists in our own times, where we find that almost every violinist of note has a highly developed ability for harmonics, double stops, racing chromatics and the like. This influence may have penetrated into the other forms of music, resulting in the desire to create an effect, no matter what the means.

This, too, may account for the ultra-modern conceptions of some composers. On the other hand, just as there are contemporary violinists, such as Fritz Kreisler, who play the violin for the love of the art, there are, as I have mentioned before, composers who do not resort to discords and crashes to give vent to their feelings.

I have often wondered whether this phase of the development of the musical art can last for long. I never have been able to make a definite decision, as so many of the newer ideas have persisted in spite of constant predictions to the contrary. It will take a long time to convince true lovers of music that these ultra-modern compositions should be accepted as the standard form. Personally, I am forced to say, that whenever I hear one of these numbers, I always find something lacking. This something, I call the fundamental purpose of music, and in my opinion, music can never be really good music until this fundamental purpose is fulfilled.



"Ghosts and Things"

A SHORT, SHORT STORY

By LOU TSCHUDI

DUSK was fast being assimilated by darkness. Willie Payne, draped comfortably in an overstuffed arm-chair, was dividing his attention between an apple and a "Weird Stories" monthly.

Willie was a man of the world, for, had he not attained the lofty station of Sophomore at Central High, and, in keeping with this achievement, had he not calmly informed his parents that he would take complete charge of the house during their weekend sojourn at Grandma's? Willie's mother had remonstrated, and advocated Aunt Martha's several doors down the street, as Willie's haven during their absence. But the young bravado had remained adamant. Mr. and Mrs. Payne had left at noon and when the boy walked into the house upon his return from school, he experienced the intoxicating thrill of sole possession. With the advent of night, his thoughts were diverted into other channels. The bizarre tales in the magazine were a deciding factor in the process of diversion together with its resulting emotions.

The apple finished, Willie's eyes glued themselves steadfastly upon the printed page.—Tick-tock-tick-tock! The awful stillness was broken sharply and regularly by the clock on the mantle. Night had assumed complete charge of the situation, pouring its thick, inky blackness over all save the lilliputian glow of the reading lamp, whose light struggled desperately for existence 'mid the all-consuming gloom.

The bold type was fast acquainting our young hero with the fact that darkness was the shielding cloak that hid the evil, hideous deeds of the blood-sucking vampire bat; that the eerie wail of the were-wolf frequently pierced the deadly silence of the night. He learned also that the malignant dead pursue their ghostly missions only after the sun has lost its struggle against nightfall.

Thus, was the veneer of sophistication that the intrepid adventurer had set up, penetrated by a mighty combination of stillness, darkness and terror-inspiring tales. Willie was entertaining a certain feeling of tingling coolness around each individual root of hair imbedded in his scalp. A similar reaction was asserting itself faintly, insidiously throughout the entire length of his spinal column. The situation was fast becoming critical, and the boy was having difficulty in keeping everything under control. A summer breeze filtered thru the window screen, disturbing the curtain into a light rippling movement. Willie's imagination immedi-

ately took upon itself the task of attributing a supernatural cause to the incident. Darkness and silence had united to surround him with an undefinable sense of horror. Even the solitary light seemed to lose some of its incandescence in the gloomy, lurking shadows about the room. His Great-Grandfather stared fixedly upon him from the wall, with a baleful, foreboding look in his eyes. A slight film of moisture was collecting on his forehead. An icy paralyzing fear took possession of his whole body as he listened intently for further ghostly developments.

A creaking sound—the boy snapped to a stiffly erect posture in the chair, his hands grasped the sides in a viselike death-grip. Then after a slight tense pause he heard stealthy, slinking footsteps from the same direction whence came the creaking noise; footsteps so light that a dropping pin would have drowned out the noise. Yet the acute stillness coupled with exaggerated eagerness to perceive more such sounds, made them yet more audible to the ear of the temporary master of the house. He was in a chaotic state of helplessness now, with heart beating like a trip-hammer, mind and imagination working hand in hand to numb his body with an exquisite terror.

A clawlike scratching noise on wood; the mil-lennium was at hand—the sweat protruded now in great beads on his forehead as he remained in a strained position, unable to even bat an eyelash. A pause—silence—the silence of death itself—eeeeeyyyooou—a shrill, unearthly wail, that could never have been born in a human throat, slashed the funereal silence, pierced the dismal blackness and resounded into every nook and corner of the house. Lightning reaction pervaded the boy's body, and, emitting a shriek all his own, he negotiated the required distance from the chair to Aunt Martha's in six and a fraction seconds, frantically pounding upon his aunt's door, whilst the reverberating echoes caused by slamming the door of the vacated house could still be heard.

At approximately the same hour Mr. and Mrs. Payne, safely arrived at Grandma's, were preparing to retire.

"Did you perceive how eager William was to sleep alone in the house tonight, like the brave young man that he is fast becoming," said Mrs. Payne.

"Yeah," returned the husband; "by the way, did you say anything to him about leaving the cat out of the cellar before he went to bed."

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The Unconscious Art

By ROBERT FLANNAGAN

STRANGE as it may seem, this is not a discourse on the mental condition of the members of a certain department of the university. Far be it from one vertebra in the backbone of an institution to vex his fellows. Instead, this is merely a discussion of one of the various and sundry things we humans do and for which we are not wholly responsible. Some of the more prominent of these "arts" are those of sneezing, blowing the nose, excavating the dental quarries, biting the finger nails, snoring, etc., etc. Each of these has its own individual technique and code of proper execution and a study of all of them would wear out my typewriter ribbon which is getting rather thin anyway. So we shall confine ourselves for the present to the one "unconscious art" of snoring which is a subject that ought to afford the diligent student of the useless things of life no end of research and study.

According to the explanation of a young medical student, snoring is caused by the action of the incoming air on the soft palate, which lies somewhere beyond the hard palate. These hard and soft things are not to be confused with the palettes used by artists to let everybody know that they are artists. Now the exact position of the palates seems only to be known by pre-meds and their professors who strive to guard their secret very carefully. However, it is generally accepted that one sure way to discover the snore producer is to have some one point out the hard palate to you, and then work back from that. But it is rather useless even to attempt to reach the thing; and, besides, death by choking is very unpleasant, so they say.

There are a lot of people in this world who have tried to make a study of snoring, but most of them die young from loss of sleep and discouragement. You will always be able to recognize a "snore psychologist," whenever one comes your way, by the deep, dark, and deceiving circles under his eyes, due to sitting up late night after night, watching people sleep and listening to them snore. It soon becomes music to the ears, food for the soul, and eventually a pain in the neck. A snore specialist must be a very patient individual and not easily moved to thoughts of suicide or other desperate measures that oftentimes prove harmful, for in the course of his noble pursuits he will run against many disheartening obstacles. For example, there

is the sad story of one determined fellow who spent three solid years of his young life trying to find out how a man will snore when sleeping in a bathtub dressed in evening clothes, the morning after the night before. He thought his long-sought ambition was about to be realized. After having trailed his victim for eight miles from the bright lights of Main Street to his humble abode, he watched for his opportunity. At last he stole through the window, forced his way into the bathroom and placed himself in a comfortable position next to the tub in order that he might not miss a single note of the reveler's snoring. Just as the first welcome notes of the vibrating palate reached the young man's ears who should come bounding in but the subject's irate spouse. On seeing the intruder she immediately proceeded to call the police, and all our hero got for his pains was a few more in the nature of a pedal stimulant on the post meridian and thirty days in the local jug for trespassing on private property. So you see, it's a hard life.

One cannot fully appreciate the real music and wide variety of snores that emanate from the human anatomy until he takes time out himself and really listens. No better laboratory for such an experiment could be found than any dormitory on some peaceful night, when all the residents are sound asleep, each snoring in his finest fashion. Let us take a stroll down the dark and quiet corridor of one of these snore observatories. From over the transom of the first doorway which we approach gently flows the melodious sound of a splendid specimen of the crescendo snore. In this case the snoree takes long and infrequent breaths. At the beginning of the intake the air enters rather slowly, but steadily gathers speed. In this way the first notes are somewhat low and uncertain rising to a surprisingly high pitch, as the snore works its way up to the climactical crash. This type of snore, unfortunately, is not at all common, hence, one should not neglect the opportunity to tune-in on this naso-pharyngeal symphony

On we go to continue our treasure hunt for snores. A few doors down we are arrested by a noise that could pass for the contented vociferations of a sea-lion peacefully tearing some poor unfortunate fish to shreds. Sea-lions certainly enjoy shredded fish for breakfast. But, anyway, this peculiar genus of snoring results from the snoree's

taking short, infrequent breaths. Whenever you hear this spasmodic gurgle you may be sure that the subject probably has the idea that snoring is a very disturbing art sometimes, and therefore awakens in the midst of each snore just in time to check it in the bud. This staccato kind of snore is rather prevalent among track stars and piccolo players, both of whom have to get used to breathing sharply.

Seldom does one have the good fortune to run across a sleeper whose snores end up with a whistle. Ah! there is a snore. About four doors removed from the last object of our survey we hear a splendid specimen of the whistling snore. Now, that's really music to the ears, if ever a snore is. First, there are the long even bass vibrations of the intake, a brief pause for some little trick of the anatomy or something to take place, and then comes the melodious shriek of the whistle. This is nothing like an ordinary whistle. It is rather the delightful combination of two different kinds of canaries and the tuneful little pipe on a peanut stand. It seems to float off the tongue and lips like the glistening ripples of a woodland stream. Of course, now and then it may be a little sharp or flat, but, then, accuracy in technique is not requisite to effective snoring.

Did you ever see the way comic-strip artists depict a man snoring? They always seem to pick on the same kind of snore all the time, namely, the one that sounds very much like a mechanical man sawing an obstinate log. Not all snores should be so depicted, but the average run of comic-strip artists utterly ignore the individuality of the various snores. The "saw-wood" snore, as it is commonly called, is caused by the action of the air which is being expelled and inhaled simultaneously. Thus, the sleeper gets in two noises in place of one, which is, in a sense, more practical, if the purpose of the snoree is merely to make life miserable for all those within earshot of his breathing. But the real effect of sawing wood is best illustrated when a huge homo of the obese variety is doing the snoring; for, he can take in good substantial breaths and release them with a gusto. But when some little short-winded individual attempts this type of snore the result is super-comical. Instead of the deep and re-

sounding thunder of the thickly vibrating palate and the subsequent basso-profundo flapping of the under lip during exhalation, all that is audible is the soft hum of the intake and the gentle hiss of the out-blow. It sounds very much like your radiator on cold and frosty mornings, when it can't make up its mind whether to get hot or just stay nice and cold and let you shiver into your clothes when you finally decide to get up;—you know, sort of an impassive series of weak whistles and hisses. This is a terrible excuse for a snore and something ought to be done about it.

Up to this point we have confined our survey exclusively to masculine snoring. For a time there seems to have been some doubt as to whether ladies really snored at all, but after interviewing a host of married men the point is definitely settled. They do. But here again is a new one. Young ladies, especially, seem to have a slight antipathy towards snoring, for their weak attempts usually sound rather muffled and indistinct. The palate evidently refuses to work after hours, owing to excessive manipulation during their waking hours. You really can't blame the thing any more than you can shut the women up. This characteristic of loquaciousness in most women of all ages probably accounts for the fact that the gentle snorings of most of the fairer sex, is often interspersed with lengthy bits of conversation.

At present there is a movement afoot to organize some sort of a National Society for the Advancement and Study of the Snore or something, and these brave and noble gentlemen who are doing the organizing feel that they are accomplishing big things in the field of science. They have sent representatives into all parts of the civilized world and even to such wild and dangerous places as South Africa, Siberia, Chicago and Kentucky just to get a line on the way various people snore. They have every possible kind of snore classified, and should you go to one of them he will tell you just by giving you the once-over exactly how you snore. If you have any doubt as to just how to snore under certain circumstances merely write to the N. S. A. S. S., and they will gladly send their free booklet on the "Proper Snore at the Proper Time" for a very nominal fee.

Prince and Jailbird

By GREGORY MEIER

SLEEK and modishly attired dancers swung their lithe female partners across the polished floor to the brazen music of the Pelican's eight-piece orchestra. The orchestra seemed to be playing with just the least bit more vigor this evening, and the light-footed waiters wore a somewhat broader grin and appeared extraordinarily accommodating as they glided aristocratically through the tangle of well-occupied tables and chairs that skirted the rectangular floor-space occupied by the dancers. "Tony" Bolsilla, new prince of bootleggers and man about town in Dalton, was there.

Bolsilla's table was far to the rear and well away from those occupied by the rowdy drinking parties that constituted the large majority of the clientele of the Pelican's Roost. Had he wanted to, he could have named off-hand seventy-five per cent of the occupants of the roadhouse, from the little bald fellow with the bottle of gin to his lips down to the head-waiter. But Bolsilla was there on business tonight and had no interest in acquaintances present. He was a robust bully of a man, with chalky, flabby features and a lower lip that curled in such a fierce scowl that it almost rested on his flabby double chin. His eyebrows were whirled and tangled, perfectly adapted to their environment of two relentlessly penetrating and diabolic eyes. His presence was heard, felt and seen at all of the chamber of commerce meetings and men's club luncheons in Dalton City.

He was seated at his table with his board of directors, consisting of several flashily dressed, beady-eyed gentlemen, crouched over the table-top and with ears trained to catch a conversation of very confidential nature. One of them poured forth a good half glass of whiskey from a bottle which he had drawn from an inside pocket and was in the act of putting the liquor to his lips when Bolsilla reached across the table and slapped the glass from the fellow's hand, spilling its contents over the flashy attire of the drinker.

"Don' drinka so mooch, you peenhead. Wan I'm talk bizniz wit' you birds I wan' for you to listen wit' clear heads. You have a harda time enough to getta t'ings straight wan you are sober."

The offender calmly mopped several splotches from his vest and with an attempt at indifference, lit a cigarette. Bolsilla settled himself firmly in his

chair and after a waiter had brushed past the table, set his puffy lips in a stern snarl and continued—

"Now seence our fren' (this in mock affection) Meester Scar Paloma be sant up de river already for two week, it shoulde be planty time for to get to work on hees territory!" Here, he shifted to a more comfortable position and with a look of self-satisfaction, continued— "De sales force here (indicating a stout little fellow across the table and a dapper youth at his side with glances of mock dignity) will please go start rightaway."

He produced a notebook containing the list of customers and handed it to the fellow on his right. Then he added as one who gives a bit of advice to a parting friend—

"Don'ta forget to boosta de geen an' de scotch. Dey are——"

The little fellow with the cigarette cut Bolsilla's sentence short, "You ain't goin' to cop Scar's district?"

"Ha! For why you t'ink I hada dat teenhorn framed,—for a New Year's prank?" He laughed loudly, showing two rows of uneven yellow teeth. But the little fellow was not to be quieted so easily.

"You can't do that to Scar. He's too white. You ain't fergot that Mulhooney job two years ago? Why if it hadn't been fer his pull with that D. A. we'd be hullin' rocks yet."

The eyes of the committee shifted to Bolsilla to watch the effect of the little fellow's words on "the boss." Bolsilla's countenance became a mask of rage. He shook his bloated head from side to side in an aggravated manner. His better self (if such he had) was hurting him. He could not bear having this little fellow throw up the same thing to him that had been troubling his own lax conscience for the past two weeks. After all, he thought, Scar was a great fellow and had gotten his gang out of trouble more than once. But his greed for power and money soon killed any remorse that might have been aroused within him. He said:

"Ha, my fran'! So you be taka up welfare work, eh? Mebbe you feel lak a son by me, 'cause I sava your hide de time you trya to crack a "pete" under dat night-watchman's nose?"

He sat crouched over the table-top, grinning evilly at the little fellow, whose eyes were narrowed to crescents and who was puffing furiously at his

quickly diminishing cigarette. The latter was seemingly staring at the big moon-face, but his alert mind was working fast and feverishly. He could not let them steal Scar's district after all that he had done for them. Scar had done him many a good turn and he could not sit by now and see such an injustice rendered him in return. He saw that it was useless to appeal to the honor of Bolsilla, so he groped for a new mode of attack. After what seemed an age of tense silence among the party, he inhaled a deep lung-full of smoke and carelessly tossed the cigarette to the floor. He bore a look of triumph and determination as he leaned farther over the table, face to face with the "Prince of Bootleggers."

"But what about Jake and Percy? You know them boys wuz Scar's right-hand men and they'll fight like the deuce to keep his business in runnin' order until they kin git him out, which time ain't so remote from the present."

Bolsilla grinned broadly and his shaggy brows arched highly. Then he took on an expression of hurt dignity—

"Ha! What you taka me, Bolsilla, for? You t'ink I no got sense enough for to knowa dat?"

"But those two birds'll make a helluva fuss if we go hornin' in on that district. You know them two boys kin make it plenty hot fer us if they want to. They'll put up a devil of a fight."

"Hardly my fran'." A grin of evil satisfaction contorted his countenance into a terrible sight.

"What do you mean, hardly?"

"I meana da Jakey and Percy, them boys no gonna live for long. I am expecta news dey be dead, ver' soon now."

He now leaned far back in his chair grinning more than ever. The little fellow fully realized the significance of those last words. He was picturing the limp forms, that had once been Jake and Percy, being tossed into a ditch at the side of some lonely road. He arose abruptly and resting on the palms of both hands leaned far across the table, hissed through firmly set teeth—

"I didn't think you were that kind of a rat, you— you dirty "wop." He spoke with effective vehemence. "Everything's rosy now ain't it? You're Bolsilla, 'Mighty Prince of Bootleggers,' and Scar's just No. 7645? But some day and plenty soon Scar is gonna git out and when he does there's goin' to be a helluva war and I'll be in the front line, fightin' fer Scar Paloma."

Bolsilla stiffened, his lower lip curled into its familiar horrid scowl and he raised a clenched and hairy fist, held it poised in mid-air for an instant, then thinking what an embarrassing disturbance any scuffle would cause in the nightclub, slowly

lowered it. The little fellow turned abruptly as if to go, but "The Prince of Bootleggers" was around the table in a cat-like movement and grasped the shoulder of the departer.

"Ha! I no do t'ings lak dat. Sure I looka like a bigga sucker to letta you go an' spoila my plan." He nodded to two members of the sales force, who quickly arose and took their stand, one on each side of the captive. The three, in this formation, strode very unobtrusively through the chattering crowd with Bolsilla following close behind, nodding and smiling friendly at the merry-makers.

Once outside the Pelican's Roost, the little captive was ushered carefully into the rear seat of a high-powered touring with the covers down, that stood in readiness at the curb. Bolsilla seated himself comfortably beside the driver, who inquired, "Reg'lar route?"

Bolsilla studied for a moment.

"No," he said. "We go by Maple Street, then so soon as you crossa de railroad crossing, turna nort' and outa Dry Creek Road."

The car sputtered for a few seconds then chimed into a muffled hum. Newsboys were starting to pour onto the main thorofare, shouting "Wuxtra! Big doubleee murdah" and "Victims of night-ride found in ditch!"—and peeling off paper after paper to the scandal-hungry pedestrians, who little realized that the large touring car, lurching out into the lane of traffic, contained an occupant, yes, an honorable crook who was on his way to meet the fate of Jake and Percy for sticking with a friend in need.

* * * * *

At about the same time that Bolsilla and his men had entered the "Pelican's Roost," there was much excitement at Silversville, the home of Staten Penitentiary, some ten miles distant from Dalton City. The siren at the penitentiary had suddenly found its voice after a silence of almost two years, and now its alarming scream caused much confusion. Inquisitive villagers ran from neighbor to neighbor—

"Who was it 'broke jail' this time? Anybody heered yet?"

"Yup! Think it's a feller named Scar Paloma; a bootlegger." "Scar Paloma! Why, wasn't that the big bootlegger from Dalton City and hadn't the papers carried column after column concerning his conviction two weeks ago and his boast that no jail was big enough to hold him?"

Doors were barred and few pedestrians were to be seen on Main Street. Guns were shouldered by those lanky farmers who were nervy enough to take the chance of capturing the fugitive and of winning the reward money. Such a sum was not to be sniffed at by the townfolk of Silversville.

Two penitentiary guards were searching the little hillside thicket that lies between the penitentiary grounds and the tracks of the D. S. & Y. Railroad. The two guards approached each clump of brush, each tuft of tall grass, with renewed hopes, and groped cautiously about, poking their long rifles defiantly into the tangles of foliage. Presently the one guard straightened and glanced idly in the direction of the railroad tracks, some hundred yards distant. He evidently spied some object of interest, for his eyes squinted a bit and he reached over and tapped the other guard lightly on the shoulder.

They both stood motionless and peered intently into the darkness. A train whistle screamed shrilly and the sound of coasting cars grew more and more audible. A great flood of light swept across the rails. The engine was just making the curve and its polished outline was just coming into view. The two guards watched like hawks now. A figure plunged from the bushes at the side of the track and started at a fast pace along the track, stumbling along in the same direction as the approaching train. The guards stood crouched with eyes glued on the running figure, and, as the engine's powerful light enclosed it in a brilliant halo, smiles of satisfaction played on their faces. For that running human form was clad in a drab, pajama-like suit and the bare head displayed a fresh prison-haircut.

The guards did not hesitate, but knelt on the ground and shouldered the rifles, aimed and fired simultaneously at the convict who had made a mad lunge for the swaying cars. It seemed he loosened his hold for a split-second, then with a great exertion pulled himself safely onto the bobbing car, as the speeding train roared on down grade toward Cavanaugh and melted into the night.

The two guards reached the tracks just in time to see the little red speck of the caboose's light flicker and vanish. One of them was searching the ground around the tracks with a large searchlight. He stooped swiftly and ran his hand across a little spot of ground, then arose to a standing position and played the bright rays of the light on his open palm. A glaring smudge of crimson flared in deep contrast to the grimy black of the rest of his hand.

"We got him somewhere," he said.

A few moments later a metallic ticking emitted from the screened doorway of the telegraph office of the little wooden station at Cavanaugh, just four miles down-grade from Silver City. The old operator came limping at top speed out of his office waving a slip of paper in his right hand. He bounded along on the crunching boards and en-

tered a screened doorway at the far end of the loading platform, through which the hacking sound of labored snoring floated to break the stuffy quiet of the close night. The old man hobbled to a wooden bench in the center of the room, on which the sleeper lay. He shook him roughly—

"Hey, sheriff! Here, read this here. Quick!"

The sleeper arose, stretched his lanky limbs, and yawning, reached for the proffered paper. The pair were out on the platform in a hurry, and the sheriff carried the paper beneath the swinging lamp that hung from the ceiling, and read aloud in a southern drawl,

"Stop southbound freight. Search for wounded man in prison dress," while he fanned the light-bugs from his ears with his free hand.

He handed the paper to the old operator, whom he left standing there, reading it over and over again in the yellow light, while he bounded from the platform and made out across the tracks. Presently the sheriff returned with two half-asleep and well-armed deputies. The operator extracted a cumbersome watch from a vestpocket—

"She's due in half a minute," he said.

The shrill notes of a train whistle snapped the posse into action. One of the deputies fixed a couple of redlights firmly into a solid tie just as the blaring headlight of the engine beamed like a big silver bar over the tops of their heads. The engineer had seen the red lights, for the big puffing engine came to a jarring halt with screeching brakes and the grating of steel on steel.

The sheriff ran up to the engine cab,

"Hold over fer a spell. Got orders to go through the train."

The engineer, who was gently mopping his forehead with an oversized red bandana, merely nodded consent and the sheriff and his deputies strode back along the string of cars.

In a little while the three came walking back toward the engine.

The sheriff approached the cab again—

"Feller couldn't a got into enny o' them cars. Thar all sealed. He must either fell off er jumped off back where you slowed t' make the trestle. Well, you kin git goin' now." And as he noticed that the fellow in the cab was still gently mopping his forehead with the red bandana, remarked,

"Hot job you got, on a night like this."

The return was a puffing and screeching of the locomotive, which started to roll off toward Dalton City.

The train was picking up speed now. Had the sheriff back at Cavanaugh been the least bit more observant he would have noticed that the engine cab contained but one occupant, the supposed en-

gineer with the big bandana. As the train sped on, the man in the cab swayed ever so slightly and feebly removed the red handkerchief from his forehead. As he did so a stream of warm crimson liquid trickled over the beads of perspiration, clustered on a well-formed brow, and seeped into the once bright eyes and along the bridge of the well modelled nose of a handsome face. He felt a sickly emptiness in the pit of his stomach. His knees grew so wobbly that they could no longer support his athletic frame and he sank to the floor of the cab, where he lay still. His head was thumping painfully, but a cynical little smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"Good shots, those guards; too good to be wasting their talent in a racket with so little compensation." A cigarette! That's what he needed.

He fumbled in the overalls pockets for a few seconds—

Such luck! And just his brand too. "Pretty good scouts, that engineer and fireman. Too bad I had to make them hop off. But I suppose that was the most sensible way." Wouldn't that dirty Bolsilla, like to see him in this condition. Bolsilla! The mere thought of that name sent a growing hatred surging to his brain. He was more determined than ever to reach Dalton City now. He was anticipating with glee the expression that would be on that big moon-face when he went to settle accounts with the yellow rat.

He was peering out into the darkness now. He saw scattered specks of lights. Farm houses! That's what they were. He was nearing Dalton. The sight gave him renewed vigor and he arose shakily and scooped a shovel-full of coal to fire the engine, for she was slowing up considerably now. But the task was beyond the limit of his strength and the shovel and its contents fell to the floor.

He was entering the city now. Sure enough! There was Dry Creek Road right alongside of the tracks and he could see the Maple Street crossing, far ahead, where the road crooked at a right angle to cross the tracks and intersect Maple Street. Had he been at the window on the other side of the cab, he would have seen a speeding car, a touring, with covers down, approaching the crossing from Maple Street.

The engine was just nosing over the crossing now and the speeding auto made a lunge to cross

the tracks. There was a sudden impact, a muffled thud, and the man in the locomotive saw the battered car swept aside. He gathered all his strength and applied the air-brakes. The train came to a jarring halt that threw him against the firebox door, where he poised in a standing position for an instant, then fell heavily to the gritty floor.

When he opened his eyes the sound of a jumble of excited voices came to his throbbing eardrums. Then suddenly the impact and the sudden stop came in a panoramic flood to his memory. He tried to raise himself, but was far too weak to move. Some elderly gentleman had climbed up into the cab and was bending over him now.

"Are you hurt badly?"

"I'm all right." It was with great effort that he managed to speak. "Whose car was it that I hit? Anyone injured?"

"The car belongs to Bolsilla, the 'bootleg king.' All the rest of the occupants of the car, four in number, escaped injury, but Mr. Bolsilla is in a critical condition, they say."

"Bolsilla!" He repeated the name after the stranger. His voice trailed to a whisper and a diabolic grin of evil satisfaction made a hideous appearance of his bloody features.

"Help me up quickly, will you please?" He was talking very softly now. The stranger helped him to his feet and kept close behind him to see that he did not fall. He groped weakly for the cab-window on the right. He hung limply onto the sill and watched the milling mob around the ambulance part to allow a clear path for the two men who were approaching, bearing the bulky and mutilated form of Bolsilla. The form at the cab window now straightened and turned his face toward his attendant:

"Would you do me a great big favor?" The words were hardly audible.

"Certainly. Is it someone whom you wish me to notify?"

"No," he said, and turned again to the window to watch the body of Bolsilla being lifted into the ambulance. "Just don't let them put me in that ambulance," and a thin little smile froze on his lips as he dropped dead in to the stranger's arms.

The corner's verdict on Bolsilla the next day read, "Died on the way to the hospital, etc."

An Inglorious Adventure

(With apologies to Richard Halliburton for desecrating a racket which he glorified)

By THOMAS DEVINE

IT was dark. Yet, perhaps, that wasn't so strange after all, since it happened to be well after sundown; but anyway it was dark. I sat hands on chin, and gazed contentedly out the open window. The blissful breezes of Spring struck lightly in my face and carried with them to my ear the song of the Open Road. Spring—and here I sat in a hard, hard chair, supposedly resting after a sumptuous evening repast before attacking the arduous scholastic assignments of the morrow. But in reality I was listening to the tale the warm wind wafted into my overly receptive ear.

From down the dormitory corridor there drifted the plaintive wailing of some would-be-Valee, to the monotonous strum-strum-strum of an antiquated and battered ukelele. Across the building there was the whine of an unwilling fiddle, the screeches emanating in answer to the energetic pulls and pushes of the neophyte Kreisler. Next door, the spartan-hearted victrola ground out its doleful song. Music? It was nothing more than grouped but discordant sounds, or to be frank, a lot of meaningless racket. The true song was on the wings of the wind; that was music. This other was racket that would soon drive me crazy.

True enough, I wanted to go places but going crazy was not listed among them. Something had to be done. Those racketeers would not act, so that left it up to me. Now the question was what would I do?

The wind took unto itself a body that was clothed in red and had dangling behind it a lash-like tail. This playful creature caressed my cheeks, unknotted my tangled brow and whispered tauntingly into my ear, "Leave all this foolishness to those inconsequential uke strummers and bedlam creators; you are above that, leave it all, set out, go places, meet people and do things in a big way."

The demon tugged at my shoulder and urged speed. I rubbed my eyes to make certain I had not had a lapse of memory, and for a moment I thought I was in class and had taken a flight into Slumberland. No, I was in my own room and therefore safe from the danger of any tutorial taunts. My impish advisor grew impatient. "Hurry up, Hurry up," was his constant charge.

I wanted to leave this noise-infected domicile all right. I didn't care where I went, but—. I whispered to my red-attired counsellor; "I can't. I'm a typical collegian; therefore, broke." Had I not been accustomed to the hall's continual uproar, I would never have withstood the volley of epithets the imp hurled at me. "Drat you plagued creatures who inhabit this country and think of nothing but greenback. You're all blankety-blank-blank idiots." To that statement I readily acquiesced and then queried, "But what can we do about it?" He grinned his best and most impish grin, and then he and I went into a huddle.

After a prolonged confab I lifted my head from the desk and watched the betailed little scamp flit out of the window and away into space. He was gone, but the ideas he had lodged in my cranium were still there. Each word he had imparted to me during our secret session popped up and down in my befuddled brain and further confused me. With each passing minute the idea of pulling stakes and going somewhere became more attractive. I would do as the satanic agent had suggested, return to the land from which I had so long absented myself. I would return to Kentucky, the Land where Horse is King. The only thing that worried me was the parting shot of the imp, "If the going gets tough, disguise yourself as a basket of oats or as a feed bag and you will get along all right." Well did I know the going would get tough, and I had had little experience in the art of make-up. However, for the moment I put the thought aside and went about the task of taking inventory of my worldly possessions.

The aforesaid inventory did not take a great while, for my traveling kit was through necessity going to be very compact. A complete survey (exclusive of what clothes I now wore and would wear for some time) revealed one vest pocket notebook, a stub, which if you stretched your imagination you could call a pencil, a shirt that had been through a local laundry and had emerged in such shape that it would not have taken a Sherlock Holmes to guess the Agency of Destruction, one Sense of Humor, slightly distorted and sadly in need of reconditioning and lubricating service. I bundled them all up

in a red bandana, placing the Sense of Humor on the top of the pack where I could have easy access to it.

That task completed, I pondered over my next move. Yes, I guess it would be a good idea to tell some one what I was going to do. Those uke strummers, fiddle fumlbers and victrola hounds couldn't be trusted, so I sought out one of my more sober comrades and confided in him. He took it all in a very matter-of-fact way, his only request being, that I send him a story of my vagabondage which he would attempt to sell to an old clothes and junk man. That I promised to do, provided I could at one time or the other beg, borrow, bum or steal a postage stamp.

Bright and early the following morning after eight hours of ovaltine-induced sleep, two hours of which were secured prior to the hour of midnight as per my physician's advice, I crawled from beneath the snug covers of my cot, donned my traveling togs with alacrity and was off for the land "Where Horse is King."

Just as I stepped out of the building and began my journey I met up once again with my little imp friend. I questioned him as to his presence and intentions and with devilish delight he chuckled and said, "I only taunted you into coming because I wanted company for the trip." Right then and there I should have known that the imp was a typical product of the Buckeye State wherein we were standing, and with that knowledge, naturally enough, I would have quit the project flat. What could a Buckeye accustomed only to the ordinary things of life possibly know about horses, one of God's greatest gifts! The answer is he neither could nor does know a thing; but only the fretful future of experience was going to prove that to me.

I allowed the imp (whom I had by this time christened "Buck," a panhandle that was constantly to serve as a perpetual curse upon his native state) to climb upon my shoulder, a la Sunny Boy, so that he could without difficulty drip his constant flows of questions into my ear.

Naturally enough, once on the highway, we experienced little trouble in getting rides. I would grab Buck by his tail and swing him madly around in very energetic fashion. The motorists mistaking the red-bedecked scallawag for a traffic light or a railroad signal would stop, and then it was only a question of pulling my Sense of Humor off the top of the traveling kit, and, presto, we had a ride.

That was the sole use of Buck. However, when I wasn't swinging him around he was constantly pestering me to look at his efforts to assume the proportions of a nose bag or some other similar but just as outlandish form. Very peacefully we rode along in fashion to the termination of Ohio soil and then alighted.

I was determined that all progress in Kentucky was to be made on foot, for in that way we could acclimatize ourselves to the Southern manner of doing everything in a delightfully slow fashion. Too, we could drink deep of the scented air of the Blue Grass section, we could mellow our mood into one that was all friendliness. So, walk we did.

Everything pertaining to the excursion was going off without a slip. I was daily handing out learned discourses in Kentucky history, lore and scenic beauty to my impish companion. To all of my eloquent orations he nodded and monosyllabically added agreement. It seemed as though the satanic mite had fallen under the sway of my powerful righteousness. What few moves he did make were all harmless and he would even encourage me to tell him more of Man o' War and the fascinating sections of the state wherein the ancient feuds were their outstanding claims for recognition. This I refused to do, because I assured Buck that these were the first two things that we would view when the serious part of our travels had begun.

No sooner had we hit the center of the Blue Grass region, than we were off to see Man o' War, the greatest thoroughbred that ever faced the twitching barrier and heard the whining urgings of the satined pilot in his saddle. About midway in the afternoon we arrived at the Palace of the King, and within a few minutes were in his Royal Highness' presence. What a masterful composition of horseflesh, every inch that of a champion, sleek, well groomed, and, despite his long absence from the track looking as fit as on the day that he had answered the bugler's call of "Boots and Saddle." I was conversing with the animal's dusky caretaker about the greatness of the animal, his glorious past and the prospects of his offsprings' attaining the heights of their illustrious sire, when Buck, the little demon, edged up and to the darkey said: "Hey, Mister, don't he do any tricks?"

At that very moment all the wrath of the King and all of his subjects was called down upon Buck and me. Human legs would not convey me fast enough to avoid all of the crockery that was cast after me because of the idiotic remark of Buck, and as this is being penned we are still in hiding, waiting for things to quiet down. Needless to say, and thanks to Buck, a typical representative of his native state, the trip is definitely at an end. I did not dare venture into the feud district with him, for an ill-timed remark there would mean a resumption of warfare and I have no hankering for that.

Thus, I here disclaim all acquaintance with Buck, or any sympathy for any of his fellow statesmen, for he, with their diabolical support, has brought an end to "The Inglorious Adventure".

The Small School Complex

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLE

TWO young men are returning to college. The railway coach is crowded. They find themselves sitting on the same seat. Spontaneously one makes an introductory remark and a conversation ensues. It might happen like this.

"We are going to have a good team this year," one remarks.

"Who is?" the other might inquire.

"Why State will. That's where I go to school, you know. Going back to school too?"

"Yes," the other nods in embarrassment.

"Where?" his inquisitor asks.

The questioned one feels a certain inferiority. His temporary companion attends a school with an enrollment of over ten thousand, while he—

"Podunk College," he replies with an apologetic air. "It's not much of a place but we get along."

This very unfortunate young man is afflicted with a mental disease sometimes known as the small school complex. It is not only in meeting others on railway trains that this sense of inferiority possesses the son of a small Alma Mater, but it pervades his whole life, business, and social activity. Because he has attended or is attending a college with perhaps not more than five hundred enrollment, he feels a certain mental inhibition when he compares his school to one with an enrollment of ten thousand or more.

Why does this curious mental condition exist? Is it because a certain, ill-informed group on the enrollment of large colleges feel a large-school complex, or a certain sense of superiority in the presence of men from a small institution? Are the two mental conditions complementary? Does a large and powerful name mean more learning, finer finish, or better education? If so, the small school complex is justified.

Unless he is ignorant the student of a large university does not feel that way. I have attended two very large universities and have found but little of this spirit of snobbery. An intelligent man never says,

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" He knows that a great and nationally renowned football team is not an index to the amount of education possessed by the students of that particular university. Large schools are well-advertised and subject to all

the faults of advertising. An advertisement tells you that something is good and hints that that something is better than other goods of rival companies. Due to the widespread fame of a large institution, students of the smaller college might auto-suggest themselves into a condition of small school complex to such an extent that they believe that "no good can come out of Nazareth." When we get into such a condition we should pause with Gray and remember,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air;"

all due to lack of advertisement and a mistaken notion.

Besides this advantage of reputation, I cannot attach any other advantage to a large university unless it be that they possess more complete libraries and laboratories. This advantage is more than offset by the closer union between professor and student which the member of a small student-body enjoys. At the large schools which I have attended I have hardly known my professors well enough to have borrowed a cigarette from them. The professor is a business man that appears in a lecture-room at an appointed time, gives his lecture and departs. He does not try to enter the social life or to know a great many students intimately. To try would be useless. In a small college the students and the professor generally become the best of friends. He helps them over the difficult spots and is ever eager to discuss misunderstood points out of class.

The student of a large school is necessarily a product of massed education, while a student of a small college is often moulded by hand. Whereas, this massed education, undoubtedly has value, the hand-tooled article, I believe, is more apt to be perfect.

These are the only advantages that I can observe between the two types under question. Generally, all other things are about equal. Large colleges and small colleges follow, more or less, a standard curriculum. Their texts and lines of thought are similar in most cases. I cannot see any reason why the graduate of a small college is not the equal of

the graduate of a large one, all other factors being constant.

The cause of this inferiority complex might possibly be a social one. Surely the student of a large college meets more people and becomes broadened socially beyond a point which the student of a small school can scarcely hope to attain. Even here I contradict. There is a limit to the number of fellow students a man can meet and remember in a large college. The college has perhaps an enrollment of ten thousand and more, but the only people who meet them all are the thirty or forty secretaries and their help in the registrar's office. The acquaintance of the students is limited to a narrow circle, at least as narrow as that of the small college man. The student who knows intimately five hundred fellow students is a rare exception. The members of the football team are known universally, but often only by name. They lose themselves in a sea of studious humanity between Saturdays. I was in Brownson Hall at Notre Dame a full semester with another student of this university. I never knew him intimately until we both met at our present Alma Mater, compared notes and discovered that although he had sat only a few desks from me in the Brownson Hall study-room, we had been perfect strangers.

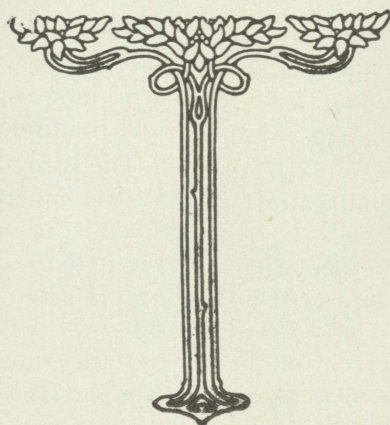
Many small colleges enjoy an excellent faculty, and are jealous concerning its personnel. Small colleges are famous for excellent courses in special subjects. The student of the large school is often taught by young inexperienced professors and sometimes by careless ones, particularly in the Freshman year. A large university cannot keep as close a check on its faculty as a small school can. The University of Dayton enjoys a faculty of which any college could boast. Its members are the pick

of the Society of Mary, and most of its members have taken post-graduate work in Europe and America.

The life of a small college is a social one at large while the social life and acquaintance of a large school is often limited to fraternity, sorority and boarding houses. In a school of ten thousand enrollment the importance of a student to the faculty and to other students might be expressed by the fraction, one-tenthousandth. The student of a college of five hundred enrollment is about twenty times as important to the institution, and this importance might be expressed by the fraction, one-fivehundredth. True, both fractions are small, but the latter is a good deal larger than the former.

So when all other things are equal, the student of a large college is not higher socially, not more finely educated, nor more important than the student of a small one. If the misgivings of the man with a small school complex were true, then skilled hand labor is inferior to mass production; then a Stradivarius is inferior to a factory violin; then a university is a collection of books instead of men. The small school complex is essentially founded on a false premise, namely, the superiority of the large school.

When a man, questioned about the identity of his Alma Mater, answers proudly and vehemently, "I come from dear old Podunk. 'It's the greatest little college in the world,'" he has the correct school spirit, and will be respected for it. Only ignorance believes that the individual small college man is inferior to the individual large college student. The man who is proud of his school, however small, will be respected, by intelligent people. The rest do not count.



Reverie

By JOSEPH STAAB

HOW many times we have heard said and have repeated the phrase ourselves, "If those old walls could talk, I'll bet they'd say plenty." You have all seen Alumni Hall, surely you have. A beautiful building, isn't it? But have you ever noticed the little one behind it? A tool shed, yes, since time has turned it from the purpose it once served. Notice its latticed windows, that once bore glass, and you will see that it might have been a little chapel in the dim past. No, you are right again, not a very big one, but large enough for the priest who wished to make his daily offering to God. The next time you pass it you will almost be able to see the quietness and serenity that still tends to linger about this modest temple.

Now just turn in your tracks a little. What is that over there? It looks like an old barn. No, it's a grandstand. With wit one may say, "Or what used to be one." Many a happy heart has yelled its cheer of victory; or some other, its tale of woe over a defeat. Those voices now are gone and younger ones again help mellow its old timbers. A brave attempt it makes to rival its friend across the way. But memories still make it a cherished spot to those who have moved on. Soon it will be torn down and cast aside as decayed and useless. May its journey be an easy one.

Where is Liberty Hall? Ask the lad who is next to you. Its architecture is long past the stage of modern trend, but its creaking stairs tell of the many tired feet that have climbed to rooms that now are used for rest. Time has not yet taken its toll, but the barnacles of years are rapidly attaching themselves to that old landmark.

Orphans of the storm? Perhaps, like triplets in a new-born world they stand; moss-covered in places and hoary with age. They, too, have heard the cry for efficiency. Do I have to give you the names of those three buildings? The first is St. Joseph's Hall. What more appropriate name could have been attached to a men's dormitory! A constant protection thru the nite! At one time all the property was called Nazareth; hence the name of

the other building. This hall is the oldest one on the campus. It only survived the fire of '83. Then Zehler Hall was annexed; being named after the brother who was head of old St. Mary's Institute. This man also helped in the rebirth of the N. C. R.

Ivy-covered and niched: our Chapel. A place of worship and spiritual repose. Quite a step from the one mentioned before. Thru all these years its mellow bell still rings its welcome call to all the faithful to come and worship. Recent days have seen its walls change to scarlet and gold. Truly, in spite of its age, it is now a more beautiful home for the great King.

Proud and noble stands the monarch. Many a heart now borne by shuffling feet, skips a beat as it passes that old structure. It still finds place in many an old grad's mind. This hall is one of the oldest on the campus. The paneled entrance contrasts strongly with modern flimsiness, as do the massive beams which make up the sturdy ceiling. I've forgotten the name? Need I tell you that? St. Mary is the name, as the carved stone above the door will show. Quite a mixed building, this; with the many class-rooms, dormitory, private rooms and laboratory—not to mention the many purposes it served in bygone years.

And last but not least; that little squat house to the left. A building of many vocations (if that is the proper word), it is our gym, our lab, our theatre, our basket-ball court, our everything. Good Old Faithful, it too, will soon be a memory.

There are new buildings on the Campus too! Would nineteen hundred and four be called old? Then let us start with Chaminade Hall, named after the founder of the Society of Mary. This is given over entirely to Prep work, a department which was very flourishing not many years past.

Modern architecture? Yes! First in line is Alumni Hall, that magnificent dormitory built but a short time ago. The only happy home without a mother! Advertisement? No, that is the truth. It was built by the Alumni, hence the name, for the purpose of housing many men with as nearly the

comforts of home as modern genius could provide. And the attempt has been successful. Of course it has yet to be hallowed with the fond recollections and traditions that have made sacred its more ancient fellows.

The latest of the new structures is the beautiful Albert Emanuel Library, built by Victor Emanuel, an alumnus of the University, and dedicated to his father. Long after we have faded from the campus picture and scores of years after we have passed

into the great beyond, this impressive colonial edifice will pay its silent tribute to a loyal alumnus of the University of Dayton.

As for the stadium, beneath whose green carpet the Rubicon babbles on its unseen way to the Great Miami, what memories will reecho from its concrete stands when we return with our sons and grandsons, once again to raise our faltering voices to the inspiring strains of Alma Mater, O Alma Mater!

"It's In The Air"

By LOU TSCHUDI

*The Earth, once freed from Winter's rule,
Proclaims a new King, who, less cruel
Inspires his subjects, you and me,
With joy of living, sets us free
From fetters made of ice and snow,
From torments of the winds that blow.*

*The world presents a changing scene,
Its bareness hid 'neath garments green.
Soon Kilmer's picture of the tree
Shall come to life for you and me.
Of such glad tidings robins sing,
"The King is dead, long live the King."*

"By The People"

By C. REILING

THE familiar words "for the people and by the people" taken from the Constitution ring about as true as "all men are equal" and "there is no class distinction in these United States." We cannot deny that the government is for the people and especially for those people who are in a position to manipulate policies so that personal benefit may be smothered by a humanitarian act such as all have witnessed in the late Harding administration. The term "for the people" excludes about 90 percent of us and yet we are the ones who place the administration in power. We are the ones who probably boast that we put so-and-so in office. Yes, we voted for the best man, the best policies, but yet how do we know who is the best man and which are the best policies.

Just read the papers was the answer that I received when I was in a position to vote for the first time. But what a surprise I received when my search for the best man and the best policies began. Voting was to me, I believed, a privilege, because as a legal citizen of organized society, functioning therein and subject to its dictates I should do what was in my power to make the United States a better place to live in. Parents, political organizations, non-partisan interests, churches and theaters all widely urged me to take advantage of my voting powers and fulfill my duties as a proper citizen. Thus fully persuaded, both by my own reasoning and by outside contacts, there was nothing left to do but to vote.

Each night I scanned the newspapers thoroughly trying to find some reason why I should vote for any particular party. The distinction between the two parties has been drawn so fine that to vote entirely for either would, to me, mean nothing. The only ideas I received concerning political parties was that the Republicans had run into a depression and that the Democrats were due for a few victories, so that the best thing at the moment was to pick a Democrat. That, at least, would give me the satisfaction of saying that I was on the winning side. Yet this plan did not appeal to my sense of justice and sportsmanship, so I looked further for a reason which would justify my voting for any particular party. No other reasons were in evidence. The newspapers were loaded with advertisements about each candidate, loudly proclaiming his hon-

esty, efficiency, and public service. Superlatives were plenty, but my better judgment told me that each one could not be the best. A false note was sounded at the very outset, for I knew that the principles of advertising copy call for a "reason why" which gives actual facts, past accomplishments in plain language, void of superlatives. There were some political advertisements that enunciated several reasons why I should vote for this or that candidate, the most convincing of which were "efficiency during the past term." I overlooked these technical errors and tried to console myself that may be politicians did not have to conform to principles of advertising.

My confusion became greater when both of the Dayton newspapers were compared. Here again I could not set my finger upon anything truthful enough or worthy enough to allow me to form any definite judgments. Each paper had its own candidates, published editorials about their particular party affiliations, which no doubt cost the candidates plenty, for either paper would gladly change views for an increase in advertising space sold. Still I was not dismayed. Another alternative offered itself. Why not ask someone about the candidates, someone who was more intimately acquainted with the past service of some of the politicians? Upon first inquiry one candidate for a state office proved to be an ex-Kluxer, although according to my instructor, he was a good man. Still, my instructor questioned the advisability of voting for a man who had belonged to the K. K. K. This, again, led me nowhere.

A local newspaper man told me to be sure and vote for a certain Dayton official. "He was," this man said, "the best available candidate, honest and far superior to his opponent." A long list of the sins and abuses of the opponent quickly followed, so that I became convinced that the future of Dayton depended upon the choice of one of these two men. However, when my last counsellor was pinned down to brass tacks he informed me that if a certain man, the one whom he suggested, was elected, all legal notices would be published in his paper. The amount for a year was staggering.

These experiences left me still with the desire to exercise my right and I was determined to vote for the best man. So far my ideas of politics were all

the more befuddled, and I began to wonder at the convictions of prominent writers, such as Brisbane, who in his daily article scored those who did not vote, urged every man and woman of age to vote, to exercise their rights, to determine policies and get the most good from public officials. Brisbane worked on the assumption that some evil must be carried in order to get a little good, or perhaps, he depended upon the law of averages, or perhaps, he meant to show that if everybody voted, the best man would get into office.

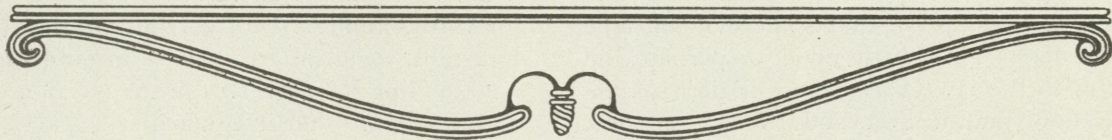
It was fortunate that my position was no further complicated, by violence, such as is prevalent in Chicago. The day of voting came, but I was in no way subject to harm, force, or rebuke if I did not conform my voting ideas to those few who knew little or nothing of the respective merits of the candidates but who did know that a certain candidate was willing to pay for a number of votes regardless of how they were gotten. In the final analysis, I did just what most of us do, that is, I voted because I liked the sound of the man's name, because I knew personally several candidates, was a neighbor of a few, and sincere in a selection of some. This gratified me, in so far, that I was able in my

quest for the right thing to know that I did not entirely go amiss. The very nature of my hit-and-miss selections can be made to fit the majority of us. Whatever other information there may have been was not open to me. My sources were those available to all. Yet we are scored for not voting, for voting aimlessly, for corrupt politics, for lack of foresight, for disinterestedness in public affairs, for not thinking for ourselves in the election of officials and a host of other irregularities.

Now that I can look back over the whole affair, certain benefits have accrued. Dishonesty of people, meaningless editorials, prejudices, graft and personal feelings of individuals gave me a keener insight into the workings of the human mind. Granted that my voting education was along disagreeable and negative lines, yet I might be able to count my experiences as extra-curricular work in political economy. My future procedure in voting will no doubt assume a position similar to that of Descartes wherein I will doubt my own doubt, and, much as in a game, I shall elect the right people and thus aid in sustaining beneficial policies, so that the United States of America may always be "for the people and by the people".



EDITORIAL



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By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

It was the fond hope of the Exponent staff to have our chief back with us in time to mount his humble rostrum, the erstwhile soap box. In his absence, the editor's mantle, this time, hangs rather inelegantly on one, who is conscious of his lack of editorial vision and of the free and easy expression which characterized all previous utterances of this department.

* * *

It is one thing to write a short story, another thing to ventilate one's opinions on a much controverted issue, only to have some argumentative student of finance tear them to shreds, and it is, above all, mostly another thing to dispense wisdom and scintillate wit from the uncertain heights of a more or less treacherous soap box. But when one has no choice, he goes to the hangman's noose voluntarily.

* * *

With much pleasure we report that Shanachie has again ventured a little flirtation with the muses. The surgeon has evidently spared Shanachie's poetry vein, for this issue is enriched by two fine effusions from his lyric pen. Would that all of us could enjoy the trees and flowers and all the diversified and inspiring phenomena of nature as does the editor; there would be less to distort our perspective of life.

* * *

And because the voice of Shanachie was silent for a brief spell, the last issue of the Exponent was a verseless number.

Page thirty

The old school waxes strong and grows fat these days. As the eagle-led legions of the Romans conquered the civilized world for the Eternal City, the debating teams go out for the University and wage a wordy conquest with the forces of darkness. They stand ready at any time and any place to prove either the affirmative or negative sides of their respective questions. This year the University is represented by two very able teams. Thus far they have tasted little of defeat. The best way in which the undergraduate body of this school can show their appreciation for the time, exhaustive study and skill which these men have put into debating activity, is to attend the home debates occasionally. If they have been negligent in this way they can support these men by taking a greater interest in debating next season. The best method of sustaining the fame that the present teams have gained in college circles, is to have as good a team next year. Interest at home will be a powerful force toward attaining this ambition.

* * *

Another force which has helped to increase the ancient renown of the school is the rifle team. This is indeed a banner year for the local gun club and the University. Night after night the members of the team have spent their time in hard work, to increase their skill on the target range. The result of their patient labors has become evident. They have been rated as one of the best teams in the country. They have brought great fame to the school. A Dayton man is often surprised when he

discovers that his Alma Mater is well-known among the students of other schools. Often the rifle team is largely responsible for this. The prestige thus gained by these men should be recognized by the University and the student-body. Any man who is a gifted marksman should lend his skill to furthering the interests of the rifle team and raising the general averages. A loyal son of his Alma Mater always seeks to serve her to the best of his ability and in the light of his best talents. The rifle team is as much an organization as the football or basket ball team. It deserves your support.

* * *

The University has made another record. She is the first school to inaugurate an indoor artillery range. Ye editor, as he sits here, typing his bits of comment in the shell-torn Exponent Room, feels akin to Mr. Floyd Gibbons when he recorded the events of the Great War. However, we do not feel that the indoor artillery range will continue as an institution due to the destructive effect on morale and property. We are not superstitious but it is odd that the event came on Friday, the thirteenth. We will dismiss it as a coincidence despite the protests of those who dwell in fear of black cats and the space between a ladder and the building. It was a lucky Friday, the thirteenth, as well as an unlucky one. The accident was regrettable, but it is fortunate that there were no casualties. It may easily have been different. We should feel thankful for the Blessed Mother's protection, as well as for the destruction of an unknown menace, which has hung over our heads for years.

The student of history has often been impressed by the action and then the reaction of a movement. In the good old days of the nineties and the early part of the twentieth century, baseball was in its heyday. Since then its popularity has steadily been waning as football gained the ascendancy and approval of the masses. It is doubtful if football will retain its present degree of popularity. When it does begin to lose its grip, let us hope that the glorious, old game of baseball will regain some of its lost popularity. Of course baseball is still played and patronized in the major leagues. But gone are the fiercely contending teams of the sandlots. In college, baseball has threatened to become a minor sport. The game is still there but students are no longer interested as they were in former years. When the varsity team goes out this spring, let us give them the support which they rightly expect, and with time we may witness a reaction in favor of the national pastime.

* * *

This magazine is not meant to be a medium of expression for one student or for a small oligarchy of writers despite statements to that effect by members of the student-body. The pages of the Exponent are open to all who have a thought or opinion to express. If their opinions and thoughts die in the bud they have but their own lethargy to blame. The members of the staff are always willing to enter a brain-throwing contest through legitimate channels, i. e., through the pages of this publication.

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