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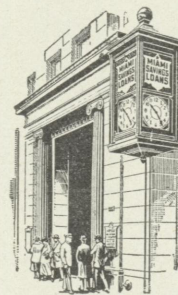
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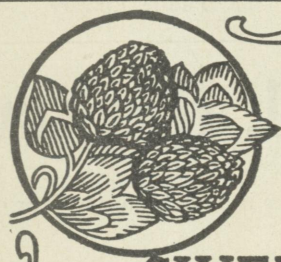
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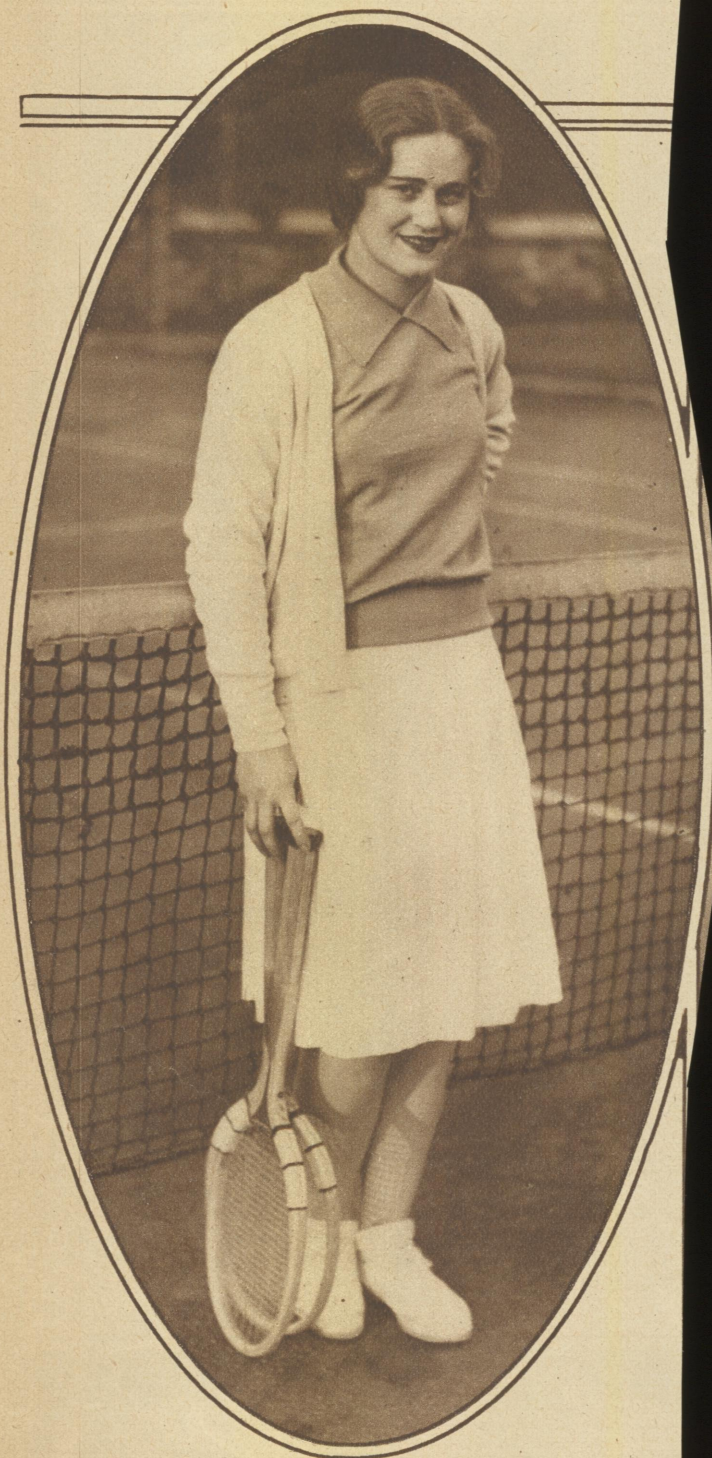
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AN AMERICAN
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FRANCE: ROSY BERTHET
of New York, Who Won the National Junior Singles
Title and the Mixed Doubles Championship With Marcel
Bernard in the Tournament on the Courts of the Croix
Catelan in Paris.

(Times Wide World Photos, Paris Bureau.)

Sunday, October 12, 1930



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM K. CARTER,
who Were Married Recently at Williamsport, Pa. Mrs.
Carter Was Formerly Miss Elizabeth North Burrell, Daugh-
ter of the Rev. and Mrs. David DeForest Burrell, and Mr.
Carter Is the Son of the Rev. Dr. William Carter and Mrs.
Carter of Brooklyn.
(Times Wide World Photos.)



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Vol. XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1930

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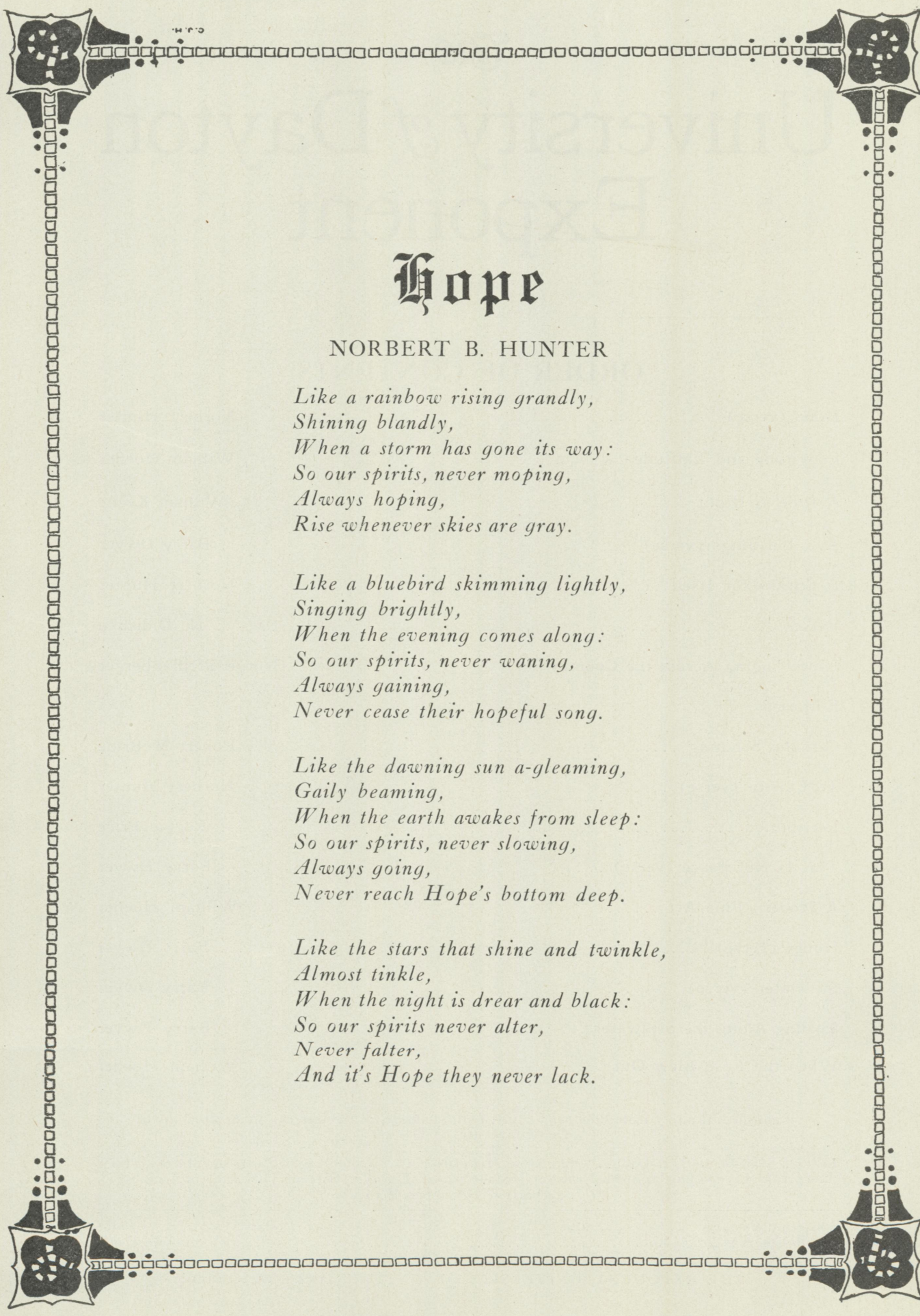
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Hope

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*Like a rainbow rising grandly,
Shining blandly,
When a storm has gone its way:
So our spirits, never moping,
Always hoping,
Rise whenever skies are gray.*

*Like a bluebird skimming lightly,
Singing brightly,
When the evening comes along:
So our spirits, never waning,
Always gaining,
Never cease their hopeful song.*

*Like the dawning sun a-gleaming,
Gaily beaming,
When the earth awakes from sleep:
So our spirits, never slowing,
Always going,
Never reach Hope's bottom deep.*

*Like the stars that shine and twinkle,
Almost tinkle,
When the night is drear and black:
So our spirits never alter,
Never falter,
And it's Hope they never lack.*

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 1

Longitude and Latitude

(A Short Story)

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

IN the Year of the Lord 1558 the Spanish monopoly on Central and South America was harassed by an ever-multiplying of unwashed scoundrels, known to history, as the English pirates. With their long, low, rakish craft, carrying all the canvas possible, they would lay in wait for the high, beautifully-built, but cumbersome treasure galleons, headed for Spain with Mexican and Peruvian gold. Often the Spanish fleets would give chase. Sometimes they captured a pirate craft and scuttled her. Probably you know what they did to pirates in those days. More often the pirate escaped to the impregnable fastnesses of Tortuga, where the French, ever jealous of Spanish wealth, protected and fostered these activities. This was the general situation on the day that Admiral Don Jose Santa Maria Estaban y Espinosa boarded the quarterdeck of his treasure galleon. As he entered his palatial cabin on the "Annunciation", he was very much disturbed. By some rare fortune he had received news from a captured pirate that the entire character of his expedition was known in Tortuga.

He was perplexed. The hoard of gold bullion and jewelry in the bowels of the "Annunciation" must reach Spain at all costs. In spite of every precaution the buccaneers at Tortuga had discovered it. He knew what they would do. They would form a great fleet among themselves, sweep down upon him through the Windward Passage, sink his ships, take his treasure, and he, Don Jose would probably find a resting place in some shark's stomach.

Finally he called a consultation of his captains

and decided to duplicate Magellan's feat and take the passage about the Horn.

Once the decision was made Don Jose wrote two letters and sealed them with his ring. They were to a certain party in Spain. He left instructions that they should go to Spain on different ships as the mail was extremely uncertain in those days. The letters explained his reasons for taking the long, Pacific route. On a second thought he signed a document, changing the informing pirate's sentence to a mere, merciful hanging.

Shortly after the "Annunciation" and her escort ships, "Ramona", and "San Isadore", lifted anchors and favored with off shore winds, quickly left Cartagena but a memory on the ever dimming horizon. If any one had told Don Jose that in 1929 A. D. Dr. Eckner would circumnavigate the globe in twenty-one days, he would have consigned him to irons as a dangerous lunatic. As it was it required twenty-one months for Don Jose to reach Spain again. When he arrived he had neither the "Annunciation" nor the treasure. He explained that the "Annunciation" had caught fire from burning arrows, which were shot at his little fleet by natives of a little island in the South Pacific, when they had anchored there in order to procure fresh water. According to this story the vessel had sunk in the bay and the depth of the water made recovery impossible. He had taken the longitude and latitude of the scene and entered it in the log of the San Isadore and left.

Don Jose's superiors were quite angry and his admiralty was taken away from him, whereupon Don Jose retired to private life.

In the year of the Lord 1925 Professor Henry

Matthews happened to be in Spain, attempting to solve some point of the ever vague lost Atlantis mystery. Don Jose's father had done some work on this same question in the sixteenth century. To the ancient domicile of the Espinosas came the Professor in quest of these documents that somehow had not been consigned to the loving protectorship of a museum. Professor Matthews presented his petition and a stipend to the present descendent of Don Jose. Both were gladly accepted as Don Jose XXIV had fared ill at Monte Carlo that winter. In going across the Lost Atlantis documents, Professor Henry Matthews discovered Don Jose's account of his voyage, which had met a tragic end at "largest and centermost island of the archipelago, in the bay thereof. Longitude—Latitude—."

Casually the student of history inquired the price of the entire collection of writings. Don Jose XXIV immediately discovered that they were historical and held a great deal of value to him in sentiment. Of course all the big museums of Europe had tried desperately to secure them, but to date Don Jose had kept them safe in the family archives. Finally he asked a thousand dollars for them. To Don Jose who hoped at the most to get half of that, Professor Matthews' acceptance was a great surprise. Then the Professor made two mistakes. He consented to let the age-browned scrolls to remain where they were pending his wiring for funds, and he aroused Don Jose twenty-fourth's curiosity. But then he supposed that if the secret of the document had been safe these four centuries, another day or so would not hurt.

Perhaps the present incumbent of the Espinosa title was the first to read his ancestor's document. He readily realized the value of the secret he had permitted to escape. His Latin brain, with characteristic dexterity began forming plans. He immediately made a copy of the document. Then he sent a marconigraph to a friend at the Riviera, who used a palatial yacht to voyage between his gigantic plantations in Brazil and Europe. He merely requested to charter his friend's yacht for a summer cruise. He felt certain that his request would be granted for his friend had bemoaned the expense of wharf rent, crew and so on during his prolonged stays on the older continent.

Don Jose knew it would be useless to refuse the manuscripts to Professor Matthews, for the astute scholar probably had an English copy about his person. Indeed he wondered why the professor offered to buy them at all. Perhaps the professor wanted to eliminate all possibility of competition. Well, it is little things that decide the big issues of life. The professor had made a slip in judgment. When Don Jose handed over the manuscripts to

Professor Matthews three days later, upon receipt of a certified check upon the Bank of England for two hundred pounds, his suave face was blandly innocent. He waxed his mustache ends and wished Matthews all sorts of good luck in his research. Little did the professor know that Don Jose's friend had already sent his yacht through the straits of Gibraltar, enroute to Lisbon in preparation for a search for the royal gold which Don Jose the first had lost.

Matthews immediately gave up his present work. From Lisbon he took a steamer for London. As he left the Portuguese harbor, he did not dream that he would see the beautiful yacht that he examined disinterestedly from the deck of his steamer, on the scene of Don Jose's fiasco. From Liverpool he took a Cunard liner for New York. He was not in the city an hour until he was on the Twentieth Century Limited bound for Chicago. Chicago was the professor's home town. Here he hastily put his affairs in order, and in another day was headed for San Francisco via transport plane.

In San Francisco he immediately approached a friend who was a member of the local yacht club. Richard Bryne was hard to convince but finally capitulated. Bryne immediately ordered his yacht, "Sylvia" to be outfitted for a summer's cruise. Through his friend, Admiral Tucker, recently retired from the navy, he gained access to naval files. He picked out a list of men that had been divers in the navy and had not re-enlisted. From this list he secured three that were unattached and willing to go diving "for a scientific expedition interested in submarine life".

In two weeks, the "fish expedition" as the newspaper jocosely termed it, steamed through the Golden Gate. The professor had traveled fast and wasted no time whatever. The captain and crew were informed of the nature of the expedition once the "Sylvia" was ploughing the swells of "Mare Pacificum". The Captain, Turner by name, somewhat dampened the spirits of the treasure seekers when he informed them they might never find the islands. Matthews and Bryne were as suspicious as any of John Silver's cutthroats. But Turner told them that Don Jose's map was indefinite. "According to Longitude and Latitude, the treasure is ours for the taking", the professor snapped suspiciously.

"If there's any treasure", the captain replied with dubious accent on the if, "I'd like to find it as well as you. I know I'll probably never get such a chance again."

"What's the matter with the longitude and latitude of the map then?"

"Nothing except this." The captain spread a map

on the table in his cabin. "This is the most detailed map we have of these waters. No islands have been discovered at all here. Of course that isn't final. The Pacific Ocean is about the biggest piece of geography on earth. Thousands of islands have never been seen by a white man and many by no man. Don Jose's islands may be some of these."

"But according to longitude and latitude—"

"Don Jose was under great mental strain when he took those deductions. Besides his navigation instruments were primitive. As I said before, the location he gives is indefinite."

"Well, can we find the place?"

"If it's there we will. We will have to cruise for weeks perhaps before we satisfy ourselves."

"What do you mean—if it's there? Of course it's there.", the professor said. "Didn't Don Jose see it?"

"Yes", Turner agreed, "but these waters are subject to earthquakes and volcanoes. Our island may be under a hundred fathoms or more of water."

The result of this conversation was that the professor was somewhat less sanguine than he had been. It was late in the afternoon a few weeks later when Captain Turner called Professor Matthews and Richard Bryne to the bridge. Turner was peering intently into a sextant when they arrived and then consulted the reading that Matthews had secured from Don Jose's documents.

"This corresponds exactly to the reading you gave me", he told them.

They looked about. The Pacific was as smooth as a glazed surface. Her moody calm was split occasionally by the leap of a flying fish or the appearance of those spine-chilling, black, triangular dorsals. The setting sun seemed to turn the water to a fiery, molten gold. Had not it been for artificial power, the "Sylvia" would have been quite as helpless as the bark of the ancient mariner. The air was hot—as only salt air can be.

"But where is the island?" expostulated the scholar.

"Is this a hoax, Matthews?" Bryne wanted to know.

"I think that Don Jose's instruments were very imperfect," interposed the captain. "I'm as anxious to get a chance at that treasure as you are. We're all stockholders more or less in view of the shares that Mr. Bryne has promised us."

"Have you given up?" Matthews asked Bryne rather hopelessly.

"What do you think, Turner?" Bryne evaded.

"If there is a group of islands", the captain said, "We ought to discover them by a systematic search. We could run an ever-widening circle, with this point as the center. The island ought to be within a hundred knots of this location or Don Jose had

no business being an admiral in the Spanish king's navies, even after allowing for the faulty instruments of his time.

"We'll try it", decided Bryne.

On the fourth day, just after the watch had announced six bells, the lookout in the masts announced a smudge on the horizon. Turner immediately had the yacht put from her course and headed for the smudge. At first, even in the telescope, the smudge was a blur. It might have been a ship, seaweed, or a school of whales. The men on the Sylvia held their breaths. Presently the lookout shouted.

"Land ho!"

Presently Turner's better trained eye announced that they had discovered four or five small islands. From the distance they appeared to be a precious bunch of green, rich tropical green, in a blue ocean. The Sylvia was headed for the largest and "center-most" island. Into a small natural harbor she was directed and then anchored.

The professor was dismayed and angered. So were Turner and Bryne. The island conformed rather imperfectly to the description given by Don Jose but this was not the reason for their anger. Riding gracefully at anchor was a beautiful yacht, with the Brazilian flag floating from her mast and the name, "Marajo" painted on her hull. Nearby was a diving stage and a crew of divers were busy.

Angrily Bryne, Turner, and Matthews launched a small boat and rowed over to where the "Marajo" swayed with the incoming tide. They were received pleasantly on board by Don Jose the twenty-fourth.

"What are you doing here?" the professor wanted to know.

"The same thing you are doing", Don Jose answered politely.

"But you sold me the manuscripts?"

"But not the secret. I really think the treasure should go to be in view of my family connection with the treasure's loser."

"I'll report it to the Spanish government first", Matthews stormed.

"We won't stand for that", Bryne said, his hand resting significantly on his hip.

"We're in this game", agreed Turner, his fingers playing with a bulky object in his right-hand coat pocket. The sailors in the rowboat were armed with Winchesters. Of course the expedition had not paid a polite call upon the "Marajo" without due precautions. Don Jose shrugged his narrow shoulders and smiled disarmingly.

"As you say in English, gentlemen, finders keepers. You are welcome to search. We have searched desperately for a week and have as yet not discovered my noble ancestor's treasure."

It is a pity that Don Jose was so peacefully inclined. Otherwise this might have been a better story. Somewhat mollified the professor asked,

"How did you get here so quick? I didn't think anyone could travel as fast and organize as quickly as we did."

"We sailed from Barcelona before you left Liverpool", smiled Don Jose. It was a simple trip across the Mediterranean to the Suez Canal, then through the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. I really think I traveled much less distance than you, my friend."

"That's so. We'll start operations immediately. Remember, finders keepers."

In a few hours they had constructed a diving platform, from materials especially brought along for the purpose. The yacht was not stable enough to dive from with safety and the three divers insisted on this.

Within a week they had explored the entire bottom of the bay, as Don Jose had already done. The Americans were losing hope also, Turner was talking of giving up the expedition, when Matthews stayed him. Calling Bryne for a conference, he said,

"I'm beginning to recall bits of a course in geology that I once took. This island has a different form than that on Don Jose's map; there are four islands instead of five as Don Jose said; and all signs indicate a violent earthquake or disturbance of the crust at one time."

"Then the treasure is lost?" Bryne asked dolefully.

"Yes, or—it's on the island itself."

"I don't understand."

"The bay of Don Jose may have been depressed far down into the ocean floor, or thrust upward, adding to the island by some gigantic disturbance."

"Then the galleon may be above water? Impossible!" Turner said. "When I went ashore for water, I explored the entire place."

"Don Jose said the 'centermost' island," the professor said. "But there are only four islands. One has disappeared."

"But none of the others have bays or answer to the description!" expostulated the captain.

"In view of our new theory of an earthquake, it is not necessary", the professor answered calmly.

"You mean your theory", corrected Bryne.

"My theory", agreed Matthews pleasantly. "However doesn't the curious absence of natives concur with it. Don Jose mentioned them as the cause of his disaster, if you'll remember."

"You mean they were all killed?" asked Bryne dubiously.

"Exactly."

The professor had his way and they decided to explore the other islands. Turner sent a sailor over

to the "Marajo" and invited Don Jose to a fishing trip. This was their method of throwing dust in the rivals' eyes. Don Jose may have wondered at the great number of fishing trips that followed the first one, which he had politely refused to join. Perhaps he wished he had joined to settle his curiosity, but feared his rivals because of the belligerent attitude they had assumed on the first day. However, Turner was not annoyed by the Brazilian yacht.

When they had thoroughly explored the lone island to their left and had found nothing, they turned their attention to the nearest island on the right. They landed and found it thickly overrun with vines and creepers. It was slow work, this systematic searching, but toward noon, a sailor stumbled over an object in the grass of a small vale. Investigation proved it to be a section of rotted timber. They found quite a number of these, arranged in a systematical order suggesting the skeleton of a galleon. It was with a great effort that the seekers remained calm while the boat was sent back to the "Sylvia" for tools. When the picks and shovels arrived, little urging was required to set the men to work. A great hole was dug by evening, unearthing more and more evidence that the vessel had been a galleon of some sort, when the pick of Captain Turner bit into a chest. The work was concentrated on this article and soon it was brought to the light of the sun for the first time in three hundred and sixty-seven years. It proved to be filled entirely with gold bars. Further digging found a smaller box nearby, with many times the value of the gold in jewels.

Don Jose may have wondered why the Americans gave up hope so soon. Perhaps he thought they were running short of supplies, even as he was. At any rate, when the "Sylvia" raised her anchor and steamed out of the harbor, Don Jose followed suit. In truth he had given up hope before the other ship appeared. He had merely remained to see what they should discover. The men on the "Sylvia" suspected that Don Jose knew what they had found, when he followed them. But presently they were relieved when he set a different course and presently disappeared below the horizon. Perhaps Don Jose really suspected that his rivals had found the treasure, from the happy faces that he had seen through his telescope. But then, as I noted before, this story might have been considerably more interesting if Don Jose twenty-fourth, had not been so peace-loving and minded his own business so well.

"Well, we got the treasure", observed Richard Bryne.

"And now I'm not afraid to go home to my wife", the professor sighed with relief.

A Ride at Night

By WILLIAM P. KEANE

THE wind was blowing furiously. A heavy blanket of snow covered the streets, and as it was shifted by the air currents it drifted into every unprotected nook and corner. All signs of life were fast being obliterated. Footsteps were covered over in a few minutes. Tire tracks did not last long. The few pedestrians still abroad were sent skurrying for their homes by the inhospitable elements. It was scarcely midnight, but Ogden Avenue was practically deserted. This was unusual for ordinarily the street was crowded with late theatre goers, and night club frequenters. The bitter cold and the biting wind kept pleasure seekers at home tonight.

As "Dutch" Monahan hurried down the street he kept smiling to himself. A better night could not have been wished for. Few loiterers would be around, and the biting cold and howling wind would play havoc with the eyes and ears of the Law. No wonder he was happy. He descended the stairs to a basement barber shop. The door was slowly opened in response to his knock. It seemed that those on the inside were very cautious about admitting anyone. He dispelled their fears with a laugh.

The room into which he stepped was fitted with two chairs and a bootblack stand. To any chance observer the blind was perfect. Dutch threw his heavy, well tailored coat over one of the chairs and began pounding the snow from his shoes. A door leading out on one side was opened, and a voice called a cheery welcome.

"We had been waiting for you, kid. Tim wants to see you."

"He does? Well, Tim can wait. I'm cold. Have you a little snort handy?"

"Yes, come in, and get on the outside of some of this brandy."

Seated around the table were three well dressed young men. They would have been a fair representation of any average men in the city. The party was smoking and sipping brandy. Dutch entered and pulled a chair up to the table. He drained two glasses of brandy and tilted his chair so that he would be resting easier. He did not smoke.

"What has the old man on for tonight?" one of the trio asked the newcomer.

"Hasn't he told you?"

"Naw, he's been inside all night."

"We go on that Maywood job tonight", Dutch vouched.

"Just how does this job come off? Pete here has been telling me that we do not pack rods."

"I will take care of all the shooting tonight", Monahan told them. "Tim thinks you boys are a little too hasty with the trigger. You see he has two brothers on the Maywood force, and if they are called out he doesn't want them plugged. They are just as crooked as Tim is, and you can depend on it they will be very much in the background. All the same those are the orders about the gats."

"The old man thinks we are too reckless, eh?"

"You are still young at the game", the leader laughed, "Time will mellow you,"

The inside office door opened and a middle-aged man emerged. Tim Murphy was tall and well built, with a slight tint of grey sprinkled through his coal black hair. To all appearances he was the well-to-do merchant or captain of industry. He spoke rapidly and to the point.

"Leave your guns with me tonight. This is an absolutely safe haul and there is no need of running the risk that some of you will spoil it. Dutch will have a gun if anything happens."

"You are to enter by the side door, along the Aurora and Elgin tracks. Dutch has the key. The safe is in the office at the end of the corridor. You have the key for that office also. There is no need for any noise at all. Wait in the office until the coaches are passing and then blow the door off the wall safe."

"If you hear any noise it will be the night watchman. He is an old man and if you hide behind the desks he will never see you. Don't bother with him, he won't cause any trouble."

"If there are no questions you better get started at once."

"O. K., Chief. Will you be here?"

"Yes, I'll be here."

The boys left and Tim returned to his inner office. He locked himself in. From a small cabinet on the wall he took a private phone and called a number. The operator repeated it twice and then a buzzing sound indicated that she was ringing the party.

"Hello", came over the wire.

"Let me talk to Pete."

"Who wants to talk to Pete?"

"Never mind. Call him and be quick about it."

That last sentence seemed to get results for a muttering at the other end of the wire indicated that someone was being called.

"What do you want?" came to Tim's ears.

"You don't know me so don't ask questions."

Tim was speaking in a disguised voice. "Tim Murphy's gang will get to the Crescent Manufacturing Company at one o'clock. They are using the side door."

Tim rang off hurriedly and replaced the phone. He smiled faintly. At last he could get out of this racket. For years he had been piling up a fortune by all sorts of illegal ways. Lately he had wanted to quit but couldn't. Too many enemies wouldn't believe him, and those dependent on him wouldn't stand for his backing down on them. But those who are determined to do a thing will find a way. Ethics meant nothing to Tim Murphy.

A way out had suggested itself the past week. Murphy would double-cross his gang and get them bumped off, taking care that the leader of the rival organization was put out of the way at the same time. He could depend on Dutch getting Pete on the first shot, and then since the other of his men were unarmed Pete's gang would get them all. It all appeared very simple and Tim wondered why he had not thought of it before. He was chuckling audibly now. With Dutch out of the way he would have a clear field in winning Rose, his gunman's steady. Like a flash he again crossed the room to the phone and gave the operator a number.

"Hello, Rose, this is Tim talking."

"How are you Tim? Dutch isn't here."

"I didn't ask for him, did I?"

"No. you didn't."

"I want to see you tonight, Rose. Get your glad rags on and we will go places. What say?"

"Don't act childish, Tim. What would Dutch say, and besides I don't care to go out on a night like this."

"I don't think Dutch will ever know, Rose, and if you don't care to go out I will be over in a little while."

"What do you mean, he won't know? You know this place is watched ever since Pete's men tried to trap him here."

"He will be busy for a long time, Rose, and then no one will tell him about it."

"That's a lie. He said he would be here at 2:30. If you want to die young come over and let him catch you here."

"He won't call on you tonight, Rose. I must see you. Pete and his gang are going to work the same job Dutch is on tonight."

"Who told you that?" Rose exclaimed, and added, "Why don't you do something, you big dummy?"

"Too late now, Rose. I'm coming over", Tim added before he hung up.

The girl was hysterical. She dashed about the room like a mad person. She halted in front of the phone, and, as if suddenly inspired, called a number. She did not get an answer. As she replaced the receiver on the hook the sense of her predicament dawned fully on her. It seemed to quiet her. She dressed quickly, and hurried to the street. A cab was at the curb.

"To Maywood, quick", she instructed the driver.

* * * * *

Tim did not go directly to Rose's hotel. He stopped at his downtown apartment to change to evening clothes. When he did a thing he always did it the best way possible. There would have been no pleasure in spending an evening anywhere if Tim were not dressed for the occasion. When his pulled up in front of the hotel the street was deserted. This was nothing unusual, and Tim did not pay any attention to the matter.

Rose met him at the door. She was dressed, and spoke about having to hurry or Dutch might return. She did not seem to notice the smile on Tim's lips.

As they entered the cab Tim was surprised to feel a steady pressure on his lower ribs. The car was occupied, and someone was pushing him in. The Kid was driving! It was all clear now. The machine started and sped away as an officer slowly rounded the corner. He was a little late tonight and did not take more than passing notice of the car. Rose was nowhere in sight.

A Robin Sings—Triolet

By BARRY DWYER

*A robin sang for me today.
What of that say you.
Why nothing—yet his song was gay.
A robin sang for me today;*

*An old man smiled to hear his lay;
The sky turned blue.
A robin sang for me today.
What of that say you?*

It Speaks for Itself

By NORBERT B. HUNTER

THERE were two outstanding features which called for special attention. First, it was snowing: nothing remarkable in itself; but a close inspection might reveal the fact that there was a certain quality of seeming artificiality about the frozen raindrops. They sparkled brilliantly despite the overcast sky and as sometimes happens, they, as if afflicted with hypertrophy, were somewhat larger than the average flake of snow. Second, there was a sort of superficiality to be seen in the distant landscape. It had that unrealistic touch found in many of the painted backgrounds used in movies when the director thinks he can improve on nature. Perhaps it was only the snow and the grayness of the atmosphere which imparted this sense of pseudonymity to the remote scene.

But even though it was snowing, the river which flowed nearby had thawed and large blocks of ice floated down stream, bumping into each other as freely as automobiles on a slippery street. The water, hyperborean in its extreme unfriendliness, swirled blackly about the chunks of ice. And, as if in apology to the impolite manners of its own brother, the ice beckoned cheerily to all to jump on its broad back and scamper across to the opposite shore.

Then, in the distance, faintly sounded the baying of dogs. Their bark was shrill and rasping, of the kind that sends little shivers running up and down the spine of the listener. The advance of the dogs was somewhat impeded by the snow which had already fallen but the tracks of their quarry had not as yet been covered up. The energy and virulence with which the hounds pursued their prey boded ill for the latter when caught.

Over the crest of a little knoll some four or five hundred yards from the river appeared the figure of a shabbily-dressed woman carrying a thickly-wrapped bundle which appeared to be a child. The woman staggered in her slow and painful movements and more than once seemed to be on the verge of utter collapse. But by a call on latent, stored-up energy she was able to continue her spasmodic efforts to escape the pursuing dogs. For such seemed to be her object: she threw hurried glances over her shoulder every few minutes as if expecting to see the hounds appear at the summit of the hill, and every time the animals gave voice to their nerve-racking cry her face became ex-

pressive of fear and she tried to quicken her already faltering steps.

Despite the fact that the woman was now scarcely three hundred yards from the river, it appeared as though her pursuers would reach her before she reached the river. The man who held the leash of the dogs was urging them to the utmost of their powers and cracking a long, black, vicious-looking whip above the heads of the beasts. His face was the epitome of all that was mean: his forehead was broad and prominent indicating the possession of cunning, cruel and wicked; his eyebrows beetled above small, cold, calculating eyes which flashed with severe and pitiless harshness; his mouth, which seemed capable of producing a passable smile, was, however, twisted into a hideous, leering grin which imparted a sardonic and unnatural expression to the whole countenance. The man's burly figure gave the impression of a brute strength used unfeelingly. The pagan delight he seemed to receive in his incessant driving and urging of the dogs was indicative of the man's character.

By now the woman was scarcely a hundred feet from the ice-filled river. But the pursuing hounds were already coursing down the side of the hill and at their present rate would have small difficulty in overtaking the woman before she reached the river. She, meanwhile, after one terrified glance at her pursuers, had fallen upon her knees in the snow and began to sob violently. In two minutes the dogs had reached her and were about to attack when the man, in an act entirely alien to his nature, jerked sharply on their leash and commanded them to be quiet. Then he stood glaring down at the kneeling figure.

The woman, as if feeling the fierce stare, turned on her knees and raised her moist eyes to his. Her face was a pitiful sight on which to look with its tears freely streaming, lips trembling and wisps of black, curly hair blowing wildly about. She opened her lips to speak.

But no words came. Her lips continued to move as if she could not hear whether she was speaking or not. There was an unearthly silence; the stillness was unquieting.

Finally, however, the operator in the projecting room had fixed his mechanism, words came again, the audience gave an audible sigh of relief and the talking picture version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" continued.

Roses

By N. DIDISHKO

*Roses scent the balmy air,
Incense sacred rising high,
In their petaled chalice bear
Smokeless praises to the sky!
Heaven's jewels, earthly jems,
Pendant on your em'rald stems,
Breathe your fragrance in my heart,
Guide my tributes, guide them where
Softly all your praises part,
Where the roses bloom for e'er.
Blossom roses! Roses dear!
In my garden all the year!*



The Lake

By N. DIDISHKO

*Quiet lake; deep and dead;
Dark thy resting soul;
Not a sound, not a tread,
Not a ripple, not a roll,
Calm and peaceful on thy breast
Silver moonbeams dreaming rest;
Mirrored in thy crystal eye
All the slumb-ring nature round;
All is calm but tell me why?
Not a single sound.*

Shoestringing Across the Country

SEATTLE

By GEORGE W. PFEIFFENBERGER

WE had now been on the road for thirteen days, and the next afternoon were scheduled to arrive at our long-awaited goal. On the evening of this day we camped in a tourist camp at Cashmere, and made preparations for our entry into Seattle, and so, early on the third of July we set out on the last short lap. Nothing of consequence occurred until we reached Renton, a small suburb of Seattle, where we became involved in a heated argument with a truck driver for making some sort of a queer turn against the traffic rules. We had been breaking traffic laws all the way across the country, so to us it was a minor detail, but our antagonist seemed to consider it a major crime and made much ado about it. We drove along side by side all the way into the city, arguing the matter over. Finally he left us, and as we turned the next corner, we got our second flat tire of the whole trip. As we were anxious to meet Bud's friends we fixed the flat in record time, and started out again. After quite a bit of driving and inquiring we finally found the place.

Much to our surprise, however, there was no one at home, and we learned from the neighbors that they had gone out of town on their vacation. Upon further inquiry we found that they had gone to Tokeland, a small summer resort situated on the Pacific Ocean beach about one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Seattle. It was now nearly six o'clock in the evening, but as there was nothing else to be done we set out immediately for Tokeland. This part of Washington has some fine broad highways, and we made excellent time to Olympia, the capital city of the state. It is an old-fashioned town of narrow streets and low buildings, not nearly as progressive as its neighboring city of Seattle. It is situated near the famous Mt. Rainier, and we secured an excellent view of this noted peak from here. We stopped long enough to see our first movie since leaving Dayton, and then started out once more. We drove till about 2 a. m. and then parked alongside the road and slept in the car as best we could for the remainder of the night. Early on the morning of July 4th we arrived at Tokeland. It is merely a sleepy little village of summer homes, with a nice long beach, affording an ideal place for

a quiet restful vacation. After some inquiry we found our friends' cottage, but upon going around there, found no one stirring yet, so we went out on the beach and stretched out on the sand behind some huge driftwood logs for a much needed nap after a well nigh sleepless night. About an hour later we returned, and found the family stirring. We received a warm and cordial reception.

The chief occupation at this resort was clam digging and crab hunting, and it was with this novel sport that we occupied ourselves during a good part of the day. Clam digging is done immediately after the tide has gone out, and the water is at its lowest stage. The clams are located by means of small holes which they leave in the sand when they burrow themselves under. One person digs with the spade while the other thrust his arm down to seize the clam before it has a chance to get away. Although they are completely enclosed in a shell, as are our mussels around here, they have exceedingly great agility in digging down deeper out of range of the spade, and many good specimens are lost by slowness on the part of the diggers.

When we went out to the farthest sand spit, the water was low and were obliged to wade only at ankle depth, but we remained there so long that upon coming in again the water reached to our waists. Fortunately we were wearing white duck sailor clothes, which were not harmed by the salt water. However, this day spelled the end of my wrist watch. When we first started digging I removed the watch from my wrist to my trousers pocket to protect it from the sand and water while digging, but upon the return trip I completely forgot about it until I had reached water up to my waist. Then it dawned on me what I had done, so instead of saving my watch by the transfer, this was really the cause of its ruination.

That night everybody repaired to the shore where great log fires were built at intervals of about one hundred yards all along the beach for about a mile, and this with the great number of fireworks shot out over the moonlit ocean formed a very pretty sight indeed, and was a fitting climax for this novel and exciting Fourth of July.

We remained at Tokeland for nearly a week,

spending our time resting, playing horseshoes swimming, and reading, in other words, just loafing around and getting a good rest from our long journey. The day before we were to leave we tried our hand at horseback riding. Although it was very exciting and amusing, it also turned out to be somewhat painful.

When we went to get the horses Bud remarked to the owner that he wanted a horse with some real life and pep in him, and not some old worn-out nag. The man promised to fix him up, and he certainly did to the nth degree. The first difficulty came when he tried to drive out the gate, the horse didn't want to go, so he promptly bumped into the fence and stood there snorting and pawing the ground, until with the help of the owner we finally got started down the road. Hardly had we urged the horses into a little speed, however, when Bud's steed went on a rampage. He tore down a path off the side of the road and crashed in between two small trees with a lot of underbrush around, which very neatly scraped Bud off the horse's back. After some little difficulty he caught the animal once more and remounted. All went well for a few minutes until he saw another bridge path leading through a woods. He left the road at a tangent and went plunging along this narrow path, directly under a tree with a low overhanging branch. Bud grabbed on to this branch with about all the breath knocked out of him, and the horse passed on leaving the hapless rider clinging to the limb. He was pretty much disgusted by this time so we took the horses down on the hard sand on the beach and ran them up and down there for a while, where there were no such hazards as we encountered in the woods. It was great sport as long as the horses remained at a walk or gallop, but when they shifted from one to another and broke into a trot it was real torture. By the time our rental hour was up we were perfectly willing to return the horses, with the mental reservation of doing our riding in the automobile for some time to come.

The next day we returned to Seattle, and were taken to the Boeing Airplane Company, where we both secured jobs as helpers in the sheet metal assembly department. We then took a little walk around town, chiefly in search of the post office. We inquired the way of a postman, who told us to walk down the next street until we came to the dirtiest building in town, and that would be the postoffice. And it was even so, as is the case in many cities. Through the help of a rental agency we located a wonderful boarding house in the southern part of the city, and made arrangements to move in the next day.

At this time we had just about run out of money, so we were indeed glad to get to work. Our first

day was very interesting, and not difficult. However, the second day they put me on a job of bucking rivets, which is about the most monotonous and arm breaking job possible, and I was glad to be relieved of it when we left. After work that evening we moved to our new boarding house, and liked the place very much. It was as pleasant and comfortable as living at home, and did not tally in the least with what previously had been our ideas of a boarding house. We grew to like the place very much during our short stay, and left with some regrets.

In the evening after work we would either go for a walk, or take the car and see the sights of the city. Just two blocks away from our lodging place was an immense park and recreation center, bordering on beautiful Lake Washington. We also made good use of the tennis courts here, as we had brought our equipment for this sport along with us. We had to be very careful with our money, so we could save enough for us to finish our journey, first to California, and then back home again, as we did not have any idea of getting work in California. Reports from that part of the west coast were very discouraging as regards working conditions.

One Saturday night we went down to the dance pavilion at the park, and upon disclosing the fact that we were tourists, we were given a royal welcome and free admission to the dance. The proprietress was an elderly lady, with lots of pep. She asked our names and where we hailed from, and then took us over and introduced us to a party from San Diego. The evening was a huge success, and constitutes one of our pleasant memories of Seattle.

We did not stay in Seattle more than two weeks, so did not have opportunity to see all that we would have liked to, but for my part, I saw enough to make me long for the first opportunity to return. The climate is the most delightful that we had ever experienced. Although it was the middle of July we did not have a hot sultry day in all the time we were in that section of the country, while the evenings were cool and pleasant, turning somewhat chilly later in the night, making sleep come very easily. Often we thought of the folks back home, who were probably sweltering in this humid atmosphere, trying to find some cool spot. Add to this the beauty and freshness and newness of the city itself, and you have one of the most pleasant places to live that anyone could want.

Seattle prides itself on being the cleanest city in America, and large signs on the streets exhort the populace to help keep the city so. These signs are observed too, for paper and refuse lying in the streets in any amount is rare. There have been many new buildings erected within the last few years, the largest of which is the Smith building,

an imposing edifice of forty stories. Many of the buildings are built in modernistic style with new effects for lighting the outside at night. The result is a very well lighted city, and some striking scenes, similar to those often seen on the new type of advertising. The stores, movies and places of amusement here are just as high class and rich looking as any that can be found in the East.

The city abounds in beautiful parks, at one of which is a fair sized zoo, where we spent one evening, and were greatly amused watching the queer sneaking walk of the eagles, of which there was quite a number. They are majestic looking birds when perched or in flight, but on the ground, they are the most ungainly and gawky looking creatures one could hope to see anywhere. Two small bear cubs afforded us a hilarious half hour as they put on a special wrestling match, going through all the motions and gyrations of a professional tumbler.

Another place of interest is the great water front, at which the huge liners and freighters dock, while loading or discharging cargo and passengers. Seattle is the gateway to Alaska, and is rapidly becoming a great center for shipping to the Orient, perhaps surpassing even San Francisco in this respect. We made an attempt to obtain work on some vessel going to Alaska, but were unsuccessful as we had no idea whom to see, or just how to go about applying for such positions. We were somewhat disappointed over this, as we certainly would have liked to have gone to that great land of which one hears so much, both mythical and real.

The people themselves in Seattle, are of course no different than in any other large city of the United States, except perhaps in that they are equal to the New Yorker in singing the praises of their own city. They never get tired of telling the visitor what a wonderful place it is, how fast it is growing, etc., etc.

It was now getting late in July, and we were desirous of getting home early in August, so we decided we had better pull stakes for other parts.

Consequently, on Sunday, July 21st, we left Seattle, and headed for the central part of the state, towards the great fruit regions. Our beneficent landlady had packed us a huge lunch which we placed in a box fastened on the running board of the car. However, much to our sorrow, the box bounced off after several miles of driving, and about half of our lunch was gone.

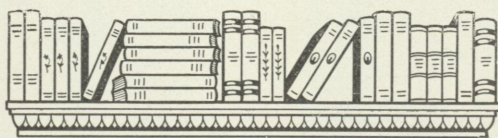
Our intentions were to stop at Yakima and get a job picking fruit in the orchards, but on every hand we were told that the fruit was unusually late that year and that there would be nothing doing for a couple of weeks. As there were already hundreds of people camped around this territory waiting for the same thing, we thought we had better keep moving, and not waste too much time here, so we pushed on towards California.

Between Yakima, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, we passed through quite a bit of semi-arid land, which abounds in jack rabbits and prairie dogs. One day, while stopping for lunch, we managed to sneak up at a fairly decent distance to a large jack rabbit, and toss him a carrot. At first he ran away, but curiosity finally got the better of him and he returned to see what this strange object was. Living out in this desolate place all his life he had probably never seen a carrot before, and he was very wary about investigating. Finally, however, he picked it up in his mouth, but evidently it did not suit his taste for he dropped it again, and was gone with a bound; which proves that tastes in animals, as well as in men, must be cultivated.

We now traveled by easier stages than we had on the outgoing trip, and took a long time to prepare our meals. We did all our own cooking now, and in fact from the time we left Seattle, until we reached Dayton again, we performed all our own culinary arts.

Nothing of particular moment occurred on the trip through Oregon. We followed the beautiful and wild Columbia river to Portland, where we crossed and struck directly south on the coast highway through hilly farming country, covered with immense grain fields. Now and then we got glimpses of harvesting operations, and the huge combines and machines used on the large farms of the West today.

At last we reached the borders of the great commonwealth of California, the Golden State, so often told of in song and story, and we looked forward with pleasure and anticipation to our entry into this state. It was within its boundaries that a very strange and almost miraculous incident occurred, which leads one to believe that the world is not so large after all.



EDITORIAL

BARRY DWYER, Editor in Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

WILLIAM HOEFLER

ROBERT McBRIDE

BERNARD FOCKE

N. DIDISHKO

ROBERT BRENTLINGER

The usual thing for the new editor to do is to say a few words on his advent to office. We will say a few—a very few. We take a tip from our betters and say that business is good. In fact this will be one of the Exponent's Gala years.

Take a look at the staff. That is all we have left from preceding years. If you feel the urge to write, do so. We will take care of all the work.

Concerning a School Annual How would you like to see a school annual this year? Good, so would we. We could get along without one, but that isn't the idea behind an annual publication.

An Annual would bind together a class more permanently. That is benefit enough. Outside of that we have that elusive thing called "School Spirit".

Well this is just a tip. How about getting behind the plow?

The Band Here they come. Seventy strong. Down the field with horns blaring. The crowd's cheering. Here is the picture of the spirit at a football game.

The Band, your band, the school's band. What pep and enthusiasm they give to your game. And what do you give them? A few cheers at the most.

That Band deserves your support at all times. Talk them up at home; talk them up when you're with your friends.

Do you realize that yours is the largest college band for an institution of this size in the country? And quantity is not the only mark of merit. They know how to play.

Give Maurice Reichard and Brother Louis Vogt the appreciation they deserve. Give the Band a little encouragement and they'll play twice as peppy.

The Anthem We have a school anthem at this school, but you would never know it. Whenever it's started we have a solo, or a duet. At the most we have a snappy quartette. These are all perfectly correct in their own sphere. But that sphere does not include the half at a football game.

What the school needs is some good chorus work. You may not be able to sing; still you can swell the general chorus. Make a noise; do something as long as it isn't maintaining golden silence.

Many of the students object that the Anthem is too difficult. It isn't a popular song; it's a musical composition. If you can't memorize the words, write them out and read.

This composition cost Brother Louis and Doctor Boll a great deal of work and worry. The most we can do is expend a little lung power.

Catholic Scouting

By ROBERT L. McBRIDE

TO some readers Scouting may be associated with unpleasant memories. Advanced money—drill—devastated camp sites—noisy bugles—broken furniture—smashed windows—angry janitor—fights—disorderly assemblies—loss of interest—and finally disbandment. To others Scouting calls up to mind years spent with clean, cheerful companions, years of pleasant and profitable experience seeking the Scout ideals of Truth, Friendship and Knowledge.

The former class is exceptional, although it is a distinct surprise to discover at work, school or play one who is equally enthusiastic over this great Brotherhood. But when one meets those whose associations with Scouting were marked with failure or disappointment he is strangely at a loss. Examples of how a troop went wrong are always distressing, but never discouraging, for we see in them the possibility of correcting the faults that were another troop's downfall.

The causes for the failures in Scouting are few and unfortunate. One big reason is the regrettable lack of leadership. Often troops that are organized with a flourish of trumpets are tossed on the rocks by the incompetent work of a leader who may have been urged to accept the work because no one else was willing.

But that is no fault of Scouting. It shows, rather, the inaptitude and inefficiency of adults to recognize the necessity to meet the requirements of the younger generation. When adults fail to realize, or if they are acquainted with the advantages to be derived from Scouting fail to use and develop it to the best advantage, the reflection is upon the grown-ups and not upon Scouting nor the boys.

The well meaning effort of some to cater to the entire boyhood often defeats the purpose of Scouting. If one would consider the principal cause for the failure of Scout troops, probably the misconception that all boys can be Scouts and will be Scouts if they are invited would unquestionably be the first to come to mind. Nothing can queer Scouting in a parish more easily than swamping a troop with new recruits, irrespective of whether the boys seriously intend to keep their pledges and apply themselves to work.

The need in Dayton is for leaders. Leaders who are willing and capable of giving to the boys not only Scouting, but good Scouting. Not only good Scouting, but good Catholic Scouting. There are two good ways for a man or woman to look at Scouting. Either as his hobby or vocation. Some ardent Scouters consider it both a game, a happy game with God's happiest creatures, and an avocation that leads the boys God-wards just as surely as any other organization that has as its aim the training of the heart and soul of the young. Such leaders can and must be secured. It is to be hoped that the example of the two pioneer Catholic troops in the city serve as an incentive as well as an example to others. Roland Wagner, a graduate of the University of Dayton, is Scoutmaster of the Boy Scout Troop at St. Agnes parish and has associated with him Bob Wagner and Eddie Mahlmeister.

But no good will ever come of general precepts no matter how eloquent they may be. The only expedient thing to do is to analyze the condition in Dayton.

Boys there are a-plenty. Boys who are willing and anxious to take the pledge and who are sincere and earnest in their request to join the Scouts even though there is no troop in their own parish. Potential leaders are just as plentiful. The difficulty is that they are not as readily secured and trained as the boys and as yet no one and no group has ever taken upon itself the duty of encouraging men to undertake such noble work.

There is more than one method by which this could be achieved. In England, whose example we would find well worth emulating, Catholic Scout Guilds were formed in the interest of Scouting. Their work does not conflict with that of the local council. To the contrary it accomplishes work for which it has been highly commended by archbishops as well as executive leaders. It encourages and stimulates Catholic men to participate in Scouting. Such a Guild would also assist in the religious instruction in the troops as well as enabling the boys to attend mass while at camp. The local council is already considering the promotion of an active Scoutmaster to the position of special deputy commissioner for the purpose of guiding the Cath-

olic troops already in existence and giving an impetus to those parishes which are considering the possibility of organizing a troop.

The Scout Guild might commit the mistake of sponsoring a drive for Catholic Scouts and leaders by an extensive publicity campaign but in doing so it would kill itself in infancy. It requires more than advertising and propaganda to strike deep enough into the hearts of adults to touch the latent emotions that respond only to the spirit and enthusiasm of boys.

Catholic Scouting can only increase by a very gradual process of development. No big push will ever attain any definite results. Scouting must necessarily spring up from a natural demand for it within the parish and its needs must be secured through the parish. Boys must ask, parents have got to push, the clergy must consider its advisability and men and young men must be willing to serve.

"We Catholics are, as our Lord always said, very much like sheep", writes Vera Barclay. "We will follow splendidly, but we are peculiarly helpless and, indeed stupid, unless we are given a lead. Also we have a loyalty like a sheepdog's; we can't possibly rise to the necessity of doing anything that has not been required of us by our pastors. It is an extremely safe and laudable attitude—if rather hard on the said pastors!"

If there is little initiative among the adults in the parish there will never be any Scouting until the pastor manifests his approval of the organization and urges the loyal sheep to get out and lead the lambs.

* * * * *

Scouting, as our Holy Father has more than once expressed, is something bigger, more vital, more spiritual and more important than membership in social clubs whose purpose it is to stop the leakage or to keep the boys off the street.

Father Drinkwater, speaking to an audience of laity and clergy at the inauguration of a Catholic Scout Guild said:

"There is only one way to hold in check the leak-

age and that is good teaching of the Faith and of the practice of it. There is only one reason for starting Scouts and that is because Scouting is a good thing for boys and Catholics ought to be eager to do good things. Scouting is a spiritual and corporal work of mercy all at once, but it is no more a legitimate way of luring boys to Mass than giving away boots and blankets at the church door. Of course Scouting will make the boys more regular at their Catholic duties; but this should not be its direct purpose as a parochial activity."

It is true that Scouting does create a street proof environment, but that does not necessarily say that it is adaptable to but a single class of boys. Scouting is good for all boys. Those who already have an excellent home environment succeed much more easily and more rapidly in Scout endeavor, but the "street rat" whose home life is of a precarious nature has much more to gain from Scouting than any other boy.

"But", you may object, "you speak of ideals. Of claims, promises and pledges that no boy can equal."

Ideals, yes, and high. And they are ideals toward which every Scout troop is perpetually striving. Occasionally a Scout and less frequently a troop comes up to them, but we are always consistently striving toward our goal. In the Church holiness is one of the highest marks bestowed upon the saints, but are we all saints?

A question that is sometimes a source of misunderstanding to those not well acquainted with Scouting is how the different religious sects and the like can co-operate so closely in this boys' work when in other endeavors they are so antagonistic. Scouting is inter-denominational. Catholics can band together and practice their Faith and yet remain wholly loyal to the movement. But after all, now that the Holy Father has sanctioned our being good Scouts and the Chief Scout has sanctioned our being whole-hearted Catholic Scouts, surely there's no reason why everyone can't be good Catholic Scouts. And there's no reason why the parishes in the city of Dayton can't sponsor many more troops than are already in existence.

To Colette

By NORBERT B. HUNTER

Like the honied fragrance of an orchid rare,
Like the crisp and tangy scent of autumn's air,
Like the breezy, racy, od'rous fir and pine,
Like the teasing smell of honeysuckle vine,
Like all these and more are you, oh sweet
Colette.

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Like a squirrel leaping lightly limb to limb,
You can change your mood to meet my slightest
whim;
Like a vacillating wind, now east, now west,
You can vary all your thoughts to suit me best;
But despite all these, don't change your mind
concerning me.

Retribution

By REGGIE PRICE

MOTIONLESS, a Mongolian guard sat cross-legged at his post by the window, gazing with stoic indifference upon the inert forms of his three slumbering fellow-guards. The ruddy glow from a flickering fire rendered sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye however, struggled in vain to reach the remote corners of the room. The encrimsoned gleams endowed the objects with a fantastic aspect of grotesque unreality. Without, a pale glow in the skies heralded the approach of dawn; a light haze rested on the extensive Mongolian plains that seemed infinitely vast in the uncertain gloom.

"Help!" a faint cry broke the heavy stillness and penetrated the brain of the dozing guard. In a panic he grabbed his rifle, and awoke his comrades, then collecting his scattered wits, he cautiously opened the door. Ten yards from the threshold, a man lay grovelling on the ground, the warm blood trickling from a long gash on his throat. A ghastly scar on his right temple disfigured his face and rendered his pale and drawn expression all the more hideous in appearance.

Excessive loss of blood having weakened him and resulting in a severe attack of delirium tremens, the suffering man raved and babbled for a whole day as he lay tossing on his hospital bed. For ten hours he kept up an incessant flow of incoherent babble; he raved of horrible scars, of murder, or ruthless, bloodthirsty bandits, and of precious, fabulous treasures. At length, however, he regained consciousness, and this is the tale he untold.

"A party of twenty including myself, set out last night, for Manchuli. We were carrying stuff worth about a million dollars (Chinese) and it was believed that we had kept our secret perfectly intact. Although at first we were a little uneasy, five hours of undisturbed travel served to reassure us, and we decided to stop for the rest of the night.

"Wishing to build a fire, I went in search of a little firewood. I had not gone fifty yards, when upon circling a mound, I came upon a man crouching, and his rifle levelled at our camp. Step by step, trembling with excitement, I cautiously advanced; I had successfully stalked the man, and never dreaming of my imminent peril, I raised my rifle to strike him. Suddenly a million stars danced

before my eyes, and I felt myself falling, falling, into utter oblivion.

"I recovered consciousness a moment later however, and dragged myself toward our camp. The bandits, evidently had shot every man in our company and were now crowded around their bloody spoils and gloating over them, talking excitedly of the immense value of their haul. Suddenly the leader rapped out an order and the blood-thirsty vandals, picking up those of the victims who still moved, calmly set about slitting their throats. Turning my head, I had a fleeting glimpse of our leader making frantic efforts to reach his rifle; a bandit bent over him...ugh! he was a terrible brute, enormous..." here the wounded man was so carried away by his emotions at the recollection of what he had undergone, that, regardless of his weak condition, he sat up on his bed; the doctor and nurses were so spellbound by the gripping tale that they allowed him to continue unmolested. "An enormous bandit, with a terrible expression...a delivish grin on his diabolical face, he...the human devil...he killed our leader. Caressing his own big throat, the infernal devil slit our leader's throat, he opened his jugular vein. In spite of the terrible fear that paralyzed me physically, that action struck familiar chords in my memory. The inhuman brute, having done with our leader, next came to me. Struck dumb with fear, and paralyzed with terror, I remained immobile, waiting for the end. He lifted me up, and as he toyed with his blade I saw...the 'throat scar'. The hypocrite, the leader of the bandits, had an enormous scar on his throat...the infernal traitor was..."

A choking gasp, a struggle and he fell in an inert heap on the hospital floor.

For a full minute, no one moved, then simultaneously doctor and nurses rushed to pick him up. A day later, he recovered consciousness, the wound which had burst open again had been sewed, but either as a direct result of the nervous ordeal he had undergone, or from the effects of the fall, the poor man was completely deprived of his memory.

* * * * *

About two years later, the sequel and conclusion to this tragedy was enacted in an insane asylum on

the outskirts of Manchuli. A wealthy mandarin had financed the building of a large asylum for the free treatment of dope-fiends and people afflicted with insanity. Dr. Wu-Hu the man in charge of the asylum was an extremely eccentric gentleman, one of his pet vices being that of labelling everyone an insane or to use his favorite expression, "partially demented". Losu, a ghastly scare across his right temple, and afflicted with the loss of his memory, was chief assistant. From the first day of Losu's arrival the local inspector of police was in the habit of making frequent though brief calls at the asylum; he would always ask the same question, "Do you remember the man with the scar on his throat?" And would as inevitably receive the pathetic reply: "Inspector please stop making fun of my plight." But at the same time that the inspector admitted the futility of questioning Losu, he noticed with growing perplexity, that Dr. Wu-Hu would blanch perceptibly and would cast furtive looks about him much as a trapped animal would look about it for an avenue of escape; moreover, he noticed an expression of abject terror that would steal over Dr. Wu-Hu as pulling high his collar, he would retreat from Losu.

About the middle of December, two years after Losu's unfortunate experience, the asylum was honored with a visit by the wealthy mandarin Fu. In view of his arrival the asylum was thoroughly cleaned and made to look spick and span.

Accompanied by a numerous retinue, Fu arrived in pomp and ceremony at the asylum, but the wan, condescending smile vanished from his face as he gazed spellbound at Losu, and his pale skin turned a sickly grey. But only for a few fleeting seconds did Fu lose control of himself; a moment, and he was once again his former self, suave, unctuous, condescending. But Dr. Wu-Hu, that eccentric gentleman was panic-stricken. In a hoarse whisper, he ordered the mandarin to be put in chains. "Quick, Oh, la, la, mandarin Fu is partially demented."

Struggling in impotent fury, and indignation, the mandarin commanded his one remaining servant to call up the chief of police. Underestimating the physical strength of the mandarin, the asylum guards eased their grip on him. Quick as a hare, Fu broke loose and lunged at the muttering Dr. Wu-Hu. His long, curved fingernails caught in the silken shrouds of the Doctor's neck cloth and ripped it clean away from his throat and chest. With a terrible cry of fear, the Doctor, stood cowering in a corner. Glancing at the trembling man, Losu, suddenly realized the significance of the Dr.'s high neck cloth, for across the bare throat of the cowering man, stretched a long and ghastly scar. All that the chief of police had told him of the ban-

dit's cruelty, now rushed through his tormented brain and with the pent up hatred of two suffering years, he launched himself on the ashen Dr. Wu-Hu.

Like a toy in the hands of the half-demented man, the terrified doctor lay powerless to resist, and only the opportune arrival of the chief of police saved his life.

Meanwhile the mandarin had been divested of his silken robes and clothed in the asylum uniform and left to rage and curse in a cell. The chief of police, accompanied by the now pacified Losu, entered to release the mandarin. The inspector was a man that seldom showed surprise. He had listened with stoic indifference to the tale of the wailing Doctor and looked on the scar on his throat without any external evidence of surprise, but now as he entered the cell, he was rooted to the spot as he gazed on a long red weal on the mandarin's exposed throat. Little did the mandarin guess of what was brewing in the shrewd brain behind those cold staring eyes; little did he expect to hear a confirmation of the crazy Doctor's verdict from the chief of police. But: "The doctor is right. Insanity is clearly manifested in his eyes. Put him in a room with an electric bulb, but no switches", were the only words said by the inspector as he calmly walked out of the room.

That night the mandarin slept in a room that was absolutely pitch dark. A single electric bulb hung from the center of the ceiling, but half an hour's frantic searching revealed no trace of a switch.

Toward two in the morning, the mandarin was awakened from his uneasy slumber by a ceaseless tapping at his window. Sitting up in his bed, the mandarin heard a groan from the outer darkness, a voice of nameless dreads. The mandarin felt the flesh creep on his back, beads of perspiration formed on his forehead, and forgetting his former futile searches, began to hunt afresh for a switch. Suddenly a face appeared at his window, a hideous, grinning face with a ghastly scar across the right temple and crimson drops of blood trickling from his throat. The face was illumined by a sickly phosphorescent glow, and the trembling mandarin recognized the grinning face of Losu. With a dreadful cry of "god of my ancestors!" the terrified man pitched forward on his face.

Immediately the room was flooded with light and the inspector entered the room. A moment later, the mandarin recovered consciousness and looked dazedly about him. "What is it?" came the inspector's quiet tones, "I heard you scream". The mandarin stammered something about bad dreams. "I hope you can tell me more of this dream the next time you have it." With which cryptic remark the inspector left the room.

For three successive nights, the mandarin was

awakened from his fitful dozes by the incessant tapping only to fall unconscious at sight of the face at the window. Unable to bear it any longer, the mandarin asked for the inspector and confessed to the murder of seventy-two citizens, and the attempted murder of Losu. "The ghost of Losu comes to haunt my dreams, kill me and put me out of my misery!" The inspector's only comment was: "I know."

That night, the mandarin slept feeling assured of no further molestation. At two in the morning, the same ceaseless tapping awoke him; a cool breath of wind in the room told him that the window was open. Every muscle of his body quivering, the mandarin sat waiting, not daring to move, the while, the perspiration streamed from his pores. At last it appeared, but no more was it a grinning face, no more did it remain motionless; slowly and with tantalizing deliberation, the glowing face advanced. Now it was in the room, now it was over him and yet the mandarin was powerless to move. The hideous face of Losu twisted into a terrible expression of hatred, of gloating anticipation, and he leered as a long bony hand, lovingly clasping a

knife, was lifted above it. But a moment more and the knife would reach the mandarin's throat, and the realization of his peril served to break the tension. With the strength born of desperation, he lunged at the face, only to fall headlong onto the floor. The face was not there.

Shaking and ashen, the mandarin closed the open window and fell onto his bed. He had not lain ten minutes, when the creak of the window opening, awoke him. Spellbound, he watched as the terrible face of Losu, approached. Two feet from him it stopped and from the corner of the room a blood-curdling cackle arose. He, he, he. Hi, hi, hi. The cackle rose to a shriek and suddenly the knife in the upraised hand flashed, and the apparition disappeared; the mandarin felt the warm blood trickle from his throat where the falling knife had made a slight cut. And so it continued, every night, the wound on his throat ever increasing, till something snapped in the mandarin's tortured brain, and he became insane.

When asked by people why he did it, the inspector would answer non-committantly, "That's my idea of retribution."

This Is Not Peace

By BARRY DWYER

This is not peace; to stand aloof,
To feel a calm more like to death,
More like a gray day,
A sunless February noon.

This is not peace; there is no joy,
No thrilling call within my soul,
Only a silence,
Silence that lulls my heart to rest.

This is not peace—to stand aloof,
To watch mist from a dim lit room—
More kin to sorrow:
Guard well and know; this is not peace.

A Modern Fine Art

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

CAPTAIN Timothy Clay ascended the bridge of the sturdy, old sailing vessel in a manner that indicated the action was far from unfamiliar. The lookout had just shouted down from his position, high up amid the billowing canvas.

"Rum Row ho!"

The Henrietta had just arrived at that famous position twelve miles off Sandy Hook. Up to the present time, Tim Clay's business had been perfectly legitimate. The Henrietta had been loaded in Liverpool with several thousand cases of choice rye and was apparently booked for Rio de Janeiro. Some grave error must have been committed, for here she was riding deep in the swells off the Jersey coast. Old Tim smoothed his gray beard once or twice and gave the command,

"Throw the anchor!"

As far as the eye could see, were rows of ships, averaging from a few hundred yards apart to several miles. Facing them were a great number of Coast Guard Cutters, ready to challenge any vessel that crossed the deadline. Tim smiled. The situation was positively ludicrous. The vessels would remain innocently at anchor during the hours of sunlight, but once night had fallen, and especially a dark night, the scene would assume great activity. The Coast Guard couldn't be everywhere at once. The runner laughed when he thought of the various things that were hidden in the bowels of the ships. There were swift motorboats, aeroplanes, yes and even a submarine or two. Timothy Clay did not believe in these expensive methods of circumventing the law. He had been in the business for ten years and considered liquor running a fine art. He felt that he was ready to receive his diploma in this field of endeavor.

"Timothy Clay, R. R.," he mused. "Well, none of these young fellers kin get ahead of old Tim."

He did not consider his profession morally wrong. Indeed he felt that he was a great humanitarian, for supplying a thirsty nation with excellent bonded goods and preventing, a certain amount anyway, from killing themselves with wood alcohol or whatever it was that they were drinking. Abstractly he wondered how many lives he had saved in the past ten years.

A coast guard officer had laughed at his queer theory. All the coast guard knew the Henrietta and her captain. In the midst of his mirth Old Tim had reminded the officer that whenever the supply from Rum Row, for some reason or the other was shut down, the wood alcoholism in New York increased by leaps and bounds. The said officer had admitted the force of Old Tim's argument but told him the Coast Guard must do her duty regardless. Clay respected him for this sentiment, so whenever the Henrietta appeared upon the scene a good-natured game of hide and seek ensued.

Tim waited three days patiently and then like many others lifted his anchor, apparently disconcerted by the vigilance of the Coast Guard. That night he returned to a different point and boldly, without lights, ploughed past the limit. Within a mile of his unloading point, a searchlight of a patrol boat found the broadside of the Henrietta.

She quickly dropped her anchor when a shot splashed past the bow. There was no resistance as a half-dozen guardsmen boarded the Henrietta.

"Well, we caught you this time, Tim", the lieutenant laughed.

"I suppose so", Tim answered quietly.

"We'll have to take you in."

"I'm ready. Sam Kenny will have to wait till I go back for another load now."

The Henrietta was moored to a dock in the East River and quickly unloaded, into waiting vans. The guardsmen completed this phase of the operations somewhat before dawn. The crew of the Henrietta looked about them in surprise and some chagrin.

"Say, ain't we pinched?" Happy Jim, the mate, wanted to know.

"Merely hijacked", Old Tim grinned.

There were a dozen exclamations but the captain of the Henrietta quieted them with a motion of his hands.

"They had us covered pretty close", he said. "I knew it all along. There wasn't any need of shedding any blood. I prefer to let other people do that."

"Who did it?" Jim wanted to know.

"It was Terry O'Brien's mob."

Wherever on this globe you find danger, you

generally find Irishmen; the more danger, the more Irishmen. One of these was Terry O'Brien. While the big van was careening through the streets of East Side, he was stripping off a lieutenant's uniform gleefully. He felt that he had put a good one over on Old Tim and without half the trouble he had been expecting.

The big vans pulled up before a warehouse that opened on a wide alley. O'Brien sprang down from the foremost truck and said, "Quick, boys, we want to unload this before daylight."

"Oh no you don't!"

"Well, I'll be—"

O'Brien found himself looking into the barrel of an automatic rifle, held firmly in Old Tim's grasp. Before the rest could recover, they found themselves checkmated just as effectively. Two minutes later the alley was vacant except for O'Brien and his gang. As far as that individual could see, he had merely loaded the trucks for Old Tim and saved the seamen that particular bit of labor. He knew that within the hour, the contraband would be safely stowed within Kenny's warehouse.

The following day, Tim met O'Brien in a popular hotel up town. He smiled pleasantly but the latter grinned sickly and would have passed on, but Tim's hardened hand detained him.

"Terry", he said, "how's business?"

"You needn't rub it in", the other growled.

"The trouble with you young fellers is that you haven't the finesse that an old hand like me uses."

"I don't suppose so", O'Brien admitted. He had a rather lower than usual opinion of himself that morning.

"Now Terry, you and I could do a big business around this town."

"How do you mean? You're a runner and I'm a hijacker."

"Well, Kenny and the rest have given me a dirty deal on the count and price. I don't like it. Just as you said, I'm a runner and you're a hijacker. We could double our profits a couple of times. All I do is run rum and all you do is hijack it. Don't you see?"

"I can't say that I do", O'Brien frowned. "It sounds crazy to me."

"Just like a young fellow—no imagination. Now listen closely. There are about five or six big buyers in this town. You know them as well as I do. I sell my load to Kenny, you hijack him. I hijack you. I sell to Gitman and so on and so on. Wheels within wheels—don't you see?"

O'Brien's eyes widened. He was stunned for a moment and then exclaimed, "Tim, you're an artist."

"And this game is a fine art. We'll work this racket until they catch on. I'll sell under a different name every time. When this town gets too hot to hold us we'll move to Boston or the Great Lakes and operate there awhile."

"Supposin' it get's too tough up there?" O'Brien wanted to know.

"Then we'll come back to New York."

That night Kenny's warehouse was hijacked by parties unknown. An especial fine batch of liquor was sold by Tim to a prominent East Side liquor king. Then the operation was repeated. Within a few weeks, Tim was headed again for Liverpool with approximately three times his original selling price. O'Brien had an equal sum, for it had been carefully divided in a private suite of the Claridge hotel. The liquor trade had assumed a big business aspect with the usual big business qualities of finesse and co-operation.

Hours

By BARRY DWYER

*My lovely, transient hours why are you fled?
Hours passed with hurried foot and laughter light,
Vagrant winged why are you fled tonight,
When these your dreary sisters from the dead
Pass before my soul with veiled tread;
Chain MY soul from joyous flight?*

Stillwater

By BARRY DWYER

*Wand'ring by your grass-grown margin;
Peering into pools leaf-shaded;
Pausing where the winding shallows
Mark the cadence of your singing,
I have talked with you, Stillwater.*

*Where the lily pads lay sleeping
On your calm and peaceful bosom;
Where the Sycamore's old wisdom
Stilled the Bluejay's guady tirade,
I have dreamed with you, Stillwater.*

*When the fierce, wild, vengeful heavens
Lashed your breast in sudden anger;
When the frigid voice of winter
Sealed your heart with false caresses,
I have wept with you, Stillwater.*

*I have seen you smile when herons,
Standing stiff-legged, fished for minnows;
Or when killdees ran in terror,
Screaming lest their young be started,
And I smiled with you, Stillwater.*

*Now I come to you in sorrow,
Saddened at the hour of parting.
Once more shall your calm day fill me;
Once more shall the ripples murmur,
Then—farewell—farewell, Stillwater.*

Loafing Along the Stillwater

By BARRY DWYER

TO those of you searching for literary merit in these sketches, I say, "Lay them down". To those who have never loafed; who never went fishing day after day without catching a fish; who never speculated as to the course a spider would take up your trouser-leg; in short, you who have never lived; "Do not pick them up".

The day on which these adventures began (for they were truly adventures) was a clear and shining one in the middle of June. Cutting the lawn was tedious and uninteresting and the mower was dull. Nothing was needed save an excuse. The excuse rounded the corner of the walk, in the person of two "Huckleberry Finns", tipping the scales at about four hundred pounds gross. Huckleberry Finn number one had a disreputable hat, a pipe, two fishing rods, a portable easel, a paint box, a mystery bag slung over one shoulder, and a broad smile. Huckleberry Finn number two had no hat, no pipe, a portable easel, a paint box, a seine, a rod, a mystery bag in the same manner, and a broad smile. Numbers one and two halted, gazed about, and sniffed.

"Going fishing?" I asked, trying to appear industrious.

"Maybe", said number two.

"Where?"

Number one revolved his arms like a semaphore under the mass of paraphernalia and made vague noises through his pipe. After several ineffectual attempts he took the pipe from his mouth and spoke: "Come along."

Need I say that the invitation was forced? After grabbing a note book and pencil, rod and pipe, we banished the lawn from sight and conscience.

We passed the roadside, whitened with dust, in silence. We passed the deep blue gentians, bathing in the dust, with never a glance. We were away to fish, to loaf, to bask in the sun and cool in the shade.

The river came. A watery path beneath the arched trees. Here were summer camps, noise and tin cans. We pressed on toward the horizon in the north. Houses became more sparse. Fields were broader. Trees brooded over the road, splashing the white dust with blue shadows. Meadow larks

sent up their clear call from the tops of trees. Killdeer circled over the fields, punctuating the air with shrill cries. A perfect day in early summer.

We turned from the main road into a by-way leading through a wooded area, bordered by an ancient, straggling, wooden rail fence. There is something intriguing in the very bearing of these fences, aside from their age. They are unassuming, and homely. They struggle and sag; are overgrown with wood vine, wild sweet potato and later morning glory vine, until they seem a natural part of the surroundings. Your wire fences may be more substantial, but they are also garish. They strike a discordant note in the face of nature. Old rail fences are more friendly; more inclined to a neighborly chat. Nor do they forbid access; imagine a rail fence forbidding entrance. Why the very "No Trespassing" signs tacked on them seem to wink and grin as at a great joke.

This fence extended down to the brink of the Stillwater. On a very grassy bank stood several magnificent, battle-scarred sycamores. We sighed and divested ourselves of various burdens; then lay upon the grass full length and gazed through mottled leaves and branches at the impenetrable blue sea where sailed a few great galleons. Pipes were produced. Soon we were adding our own little clouds to those already performing their cloudly function.

An unusual silence aly upon the river, unbroken save by one bluejay's curious screaming. Downstream a heron raised his awkward flight from a grass shallow. Nothing is so dignified, yet awkward, as a heron. We watched the bird circle out of sight, then stretched and got to our feet.

"Must get some bait if we're goin' to do any fishing", said H. number one.

"Well, get the seine out. There should be plenty of craws below here."

The art of catching craw-fish, especially without the aid of a seine, is a very interesting one. The object is to creep up on the hunting spot from the river side, lift a rock and dive in after the elusive animal with both hands. If you're lucky, or an expert, success is the reward; if not, merely a good splashing. Only one thing to remember; pick out

a shallow spot. Once—but that will come later.

Our efforts were rewarded with a host of “hard-shells” that day. The season was too early for “soft shells” or “doubblers”. These technical terms apply to the consistency of hardness in the shells of the crustaceans. It’s a shame to tack such a title to them. To progress. We selected suitable spots for our fishing. Mine was an excellent arm-chair in the roots of one of the Sycamores. Sycamores; how they express the soul of a summer day on the river. There is something of melancholy in their stateliness; something of peaceful decay in their pride.

At this point the two companions set up their easels, placed their rods and went to work. Here I took off my wet shoes and socks and put them in the sun. Then to the taking of notes. Let me refer to those notes. It is marked that Huckleberry One (may his identity remain concealed by request) preferred to wear his sodden footgear. He having suffered from poison ivy in the recent past and fearing a renewed attack. Number Two disdained footgear, mosquitoes, ivy, et al., with a fine disdain.

If the soul of that day could be placed in words! What a picture! The nearest thing to it would be music. Hazlitt was wrong on companionship in his tramps. Companionship is (that is if the companions are compatible) the incense that increases the fragrance of such expeditions as these.

Suddenly the air was rent by a groan. We all ceased operations and looked about. The sound came again. It was from over my head. We looked and could see nothing. Relaxation. Again! We must look into this. It being my tree, mine was the brunt of the investigation, also. It is easier to climb trees farefoot than any other way. More so in this case for there were no branches for some distance from the ground. The search revealed that my sycamore was a bass viol. The bow was a branch of a smaller tree. The musician the wind. And so we were serenaded by a bass fiddle solo.

As the day wore on the movement went from andante to allegro. Great battleships of heaven thundered out of the West. Evening wore on rapidly. We were in for a “blow”. The waters were chopped into fine lacework. Bright swords of sunlight pierced the massy armor of the cumuli, breaking on the turrets piled high into the very floor of heaven. Trees bowed before their lord, the wind. We, not to be outdone by nature, also bowed our heads, homeward.

We were not wet above the feet that day. We caught no fish; but O, the appetite! So ended the first of our adventures on the open river and much was our satisfaction at our success, for if we caught no fish we caught a something else, more indefinable than fish or mosquito bites.

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When the Fuze Blew Out

or

THE HAZARDS OF NIGHT FOOTBALL

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

BRAYTON was just a small college. She was quite old and therefore possessed traditions, hoary with age. Her academic existence would have been quiet, serene and peaceful had she not been unfortunately located in the capital city of the state. Her very near neighbor was the noisy and quarrelsome State Universtiy. In the good old days of antiquity their respective student bodies had been about equal. But now, through the slow, devious machinations of the march of progress, State numbered about eight thousand to Brayton's eight hundred. Despite this difference in size the rivalry of the two institutions continued with unabated zeal.

The dark specter of tragedy hung over the small college. Brayton had not won a football game from State in twenty-five years. Only the hope of a victory the following year had sustained the lagging spirits of the Braytonites. Athletic scholarships and other methods kept State's team on a high plane of efficiency. Brayton could not afford to follow her example. However, one bright memory was ever present in the minds of the Braytonites. In the year of 1905 Captain Sampson and his iron men of Brayton had soundly trounced State in a memorable football game to the tune of 21 to 0.

Brayton had tasted nothing but bitter defeat since that date. She was never given a chance to forget it, for both schools enjoyed the metropolis jointly. An eminent newspaper statistician stated that 60 per cent of the troubles of capital police were due to State-Brayton friction. One riot that stood out in the memories of all was directly due to some vandal painting the statue of Captain Jim Sampson a sickly looking yellow. Now Chicago may have her Eckersall, Notre Dame may have her George Gipp, every college probably has a Merriwell, but Brayton had her Sampson. The football team of 1905 may have been of quite ordinary fellows but tradition, football coaches and kindred influences had turned them into eleven supermen, Captain Sampson standing head and shoulders above the rest. The insult resulted in the near-

wrecking of the capital. Wherever students whose alma maters were not the same had met, be it in theatres, dance-halls, hotels, or speakeasies, there resulted considerable damage to the personnel and material directly concerned. The police managed to gain control after forty-eight hectic hours of stress and strain, during which the city jail was packed to overflowing.

When the 1930 season opened up Brayton made a supreme effort to build a team that might stand some chance of beating State. They were booked to meet the Saturday before State met a large eastern college. State merely considered Brayton a "breather" before this important game. The Braytonites hoped to take the larger college by surprise and engineer the coveted upset, which frequently occurs in football.

The squad was hard at practice. There were many there that would only have endured the rigors and hardships of training for the hope of beating State on the gridiron. Captain Packard was talking earnestly to the coach, while the various teams were running off a line-charging drill.

"Great gang of boys. I think we have a chance of beating State this year. If we do Brayton will be crazy for months."

"Yes", Coach Lane agreed. "We have a chance to win if that State bunch doesn't get wise and point for us."

"They won't", Packard said confidently. "They beat us pretty badly last year. The score was thirty-three to nothing, wasn't it? It's the worst we ever were beaten. All the old grads were rather bitter. They said it would never have happened under Sampson and his iron men. By the way, I hear that young Jim Sampson, Jr., is enrolled. Has he come out for the freshman?"

Lane was astonished. No such information had been given to him. He said to Packard.

"I haven't heard from him. Maybe he's one of the bashful sort that you have to coax along. I'll look him up. It'll be great for the morale to have the students and boys know we have Sampson

blood on the team. I hope he's half the player his father was."

Lane shortly afterwards gained access to the registrar's files. He speedily discovered that a James Sampson, Jr., was enrolled in the Electrical Engineering course and boarded about two blocks from the campus.

"Does a fellow named Sampson live here?" he asked an obese landlady shortly afterwards.

"Up the steps and first door to the right", she snapped tersely and returned to her vacuum sweeper.

Lane lost no time in following her directions. In great eagerness he took the steps three at a time. Momentarily his hand rested on the knob of the door. In a sort of ecstasy he visualized a tall, keen-eyed, broad-shouldered youth, his father's speed suggested in his every movement. Perhaps the good old days would return at last to old Brayton.

He swung the door open wide. A youth had been deep into a text book on the desk before him. Apparently startled by this abrupt intrusion, he turned about. Lane nearly fainted. He saw a thin, serious face, the eyes shrouded by huge, horn-rimmed spectacles. His loose, clumsy clothing could not conceal a rather spare frame, flat chest, thin shoulders and the general impression of anemia.

"What is the meaning of this unwarranted intrusion?" a high, tenor voice demanded.

"I was looking for a fellow named Sampson", Lane said and added, hoping against hope that he was correct, "but I guess I got into the wrong place."

"My name is James Sampson, Jr.", the thin voice shattered his illusion, "what is it that you want?"

"I was looking for a football player", Lane said sadly. "I guess you're not the man your father was."

"I am not interested in football", the youth said coldly.

"It's just as well", Lane retorted, but with an after thought added, "Where's your school spirit?"

"What's that?" Sampson inquired without the slightest hint of guile.

Lane clenched his hands to control himself. He decided to have Sampson out on the freshman team. While physical service was out of the question, he could lend invaluable moral support to the team. Perhaps he, Lane reasoned with an abnormal stretch of his imagination, could even be made into a mediocre quarterback. All Sampson would have to do was to go through the motions.

"It's love of your school. Why not come out for the freshman team? You must have your father in you somewhere."

"My relations with Brayton College are on a

purely business basis", young Sampson said in a matter-of-fact way. "I pay my tuition for an education in electrical engineering. There the contract ends. It does not call for football. My mother never permitted me to indulge in these vicious sports. She was always opposed to my father's playing football. She once told me that she married him to reform him. I intended to go to the State University where the electrical laboratory facilities are marvelous. My mother agreed with me. However, my father, for sentimental reasons, sent me here. If I had known I would be faced with this problem, I would have persisted in my intention to go to State."

Lane stood silent for perhaps the space of a minute. His hands clenched and unclenched; his lips struggled for the words that would not come. Finally in supreme disgust he turned on his heel and left the room, slamming the door violently behind him as an outlet to his feelings. He reflected bitterly that history was again substantiated in the fact that a great man as a general rule does not have a great son.

Brayton proceeded just as hopefully without James Sampson, Jr. The college at large ignored the son of Sampson, the iron man. The lack of school spirit at Brayton was a heinous offense. Several State would-be journalists acquired the information as to the status of the son of the iron man and lampooned the subject in the campus papers, which always reached the Brayton readers. One of the worst was a cartoon, which caricatured Sampson Senior and Sampson Junior and suggested it as symbolic of Brayton's decline. All of which drove the iron a little deeper.

State met opponent after opponent on the gridiron, winning all but one of her games. This loss was no disgrace for it was to a team that had a habit of being acknowledged as the national champion nearly every year. Indeed the close score was considered in the nature of a victory.

Brayton won every game with her greatly improved team, but her opponents were small and unknown colleges like herself. State continued to regard the coming game in contempt. Night football had been introduced in the capital city. The municipal stadium had been wired for this purpose. As a general rule Brayton played her games on Friday night and State on Saturday afternoon. The great stadium also saw many high school conflicts.

Then one evening the sun set and the respective colleges of Brayton and State prepared for their historic meeting. Due to the facility of attending an evening game, the municipal stadium filled with guests, for the savagery of a State-Brayton game had become a byword. The Braytonites in particu-

lar prepared to lose ten years of nervous energy that night.

Sampson's door opened suddenly that evening at ten minutes till eight. Though Saturday was considered a holiday, particularly that Saturday, Sampson was buried in some calculus. The visitor snorted in disgust. Sampson Junior saw a tall, broad-shouldered man, his grey eyes sharp and clear, his hair ungreyed by the passing of years. It was Sampson, the iron man.

"Good evening, father", was the rather formal greeting.

"Aren't you going to the game?" the elder man asked impatiently.

"What game?" innocently asked his son.

The iron man bit his lip savagely to prevent a torrent of torrid language. Then he abruptly turned on his heel. A moment later the door slammed, much as when Lane had left that room, but with considerably more vehemence.

"By Jove", Sampson Junior soliloquized, "I had forgotten. There is a game tonight between Brayton and State. Perhaps I had better go. The floodlight scheme would be of interest at any rate. Now where is that student book they gave me?"

Sampson Junior did not take the place in the stadium that his ticket called for. He moved freely about as hundreds of others were doing. Instead of watching the game in tense excitement as the others, he examined at great length the electrical system used for the floodlights. When he finally had exhausted this subject, his attention, for lack of other attractions, was fixed on the game itself. He speedily discovered that the half was just ending. The score was in favor of State, 7 to 3. He saw his father and the players on the benches below. How disappointed they looked! The students were still hopeful but realized that State was not making a great effort.

Then the miracle happened! James Sampson, Jr. began to feel the first ravages of school spirit. He felt a great sorrow that his team was losing and hated the openly contemptuous State rooters. Apparently the Brayton team had very little chance of scoring a touchdown. The State team had played with them during the first half, using their second and third teams almost exclusively. It appeared that the first team was being rested for the big game of the following week. The Brayton supporters seemed to feel this.

Sampson Junior felt a great desire to help his team. He could not help them by brawn as his father had done. What was left? Nothing but brains. So logically enough Sampson Junior be-

gan to use them. As he possessed imagination and inventive genius he slowly evolved a daring plan.

It was the middle of the fourth quarter. The third State team was facing the tired Brayton regulars. Brayton secured the ball on their own forty yard line by a punt. Captain Packard received the ball on a lateral pass and started on a wide end run. He cleared the first line of defense. Then the State backfield men converged on him from all points. It seemed that he was about to be thrown for a slight gain. Then, as every eye was tensed on the play, every light went out!

Women screamed. Men yelled. Some insisted they had gone blind at last from poison liquor. Cautious people gripped their purses tightly. The majority were struck dumb. The engineers phoned hurriedly to the powerhouse, where it was discovered a fuse had blown. They quickly replaced it. Such a thing had never occurred before. They had used extremely heavy cable for the floodlights.

The return of the lights restored order. There had been a near-panic. The referee discovered Captain Packard sitting on the ball between the State goal posts. He claimed a touchdown. State protested. There followed fifteen minutes of the hottest argument yet to be seen in the municipal stadium. Finally the referee pulled out his book. It contained the football rules, his only bible.

"The rules say", he said belligerently, "that the play is legal. The play was started. There was no time out. I can't help it. They don't say anything about lights going off. It's as fair for one as the other. Brayton might of got mixed up and made a touchback or something."

So a touchdown was recorded in the records for Brayton. It took all the police could do to keep the State stands in order. State rushed in her first team, but Packard kicked a goal. The State team was a strong aggregation but they could not score on the inspired men of Brayton then. The game presently ended in Brayton's favor, 10 to 7. Armageddon arrived!

A twelfth man had won the game, though perhaps his methods were unorthodox. He had made a bare spot on two cables and crossed them at the opportune moment. An investigation by the police revealed the duplicity. They had little time to consider it, however. Someone had whitewashed the statue of State's favorite dean and the officers were called to suppress a riot. State agreed to meet Brayton again the next year—but not in a night game. Jim Sampson Junior was the unsung, unrecorded, unknown hero or villain of the game, depending on the Brayton and State points of view, which somehow conflicted.

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