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## The University of Dayton Exponent, November 1931

University of Dayton

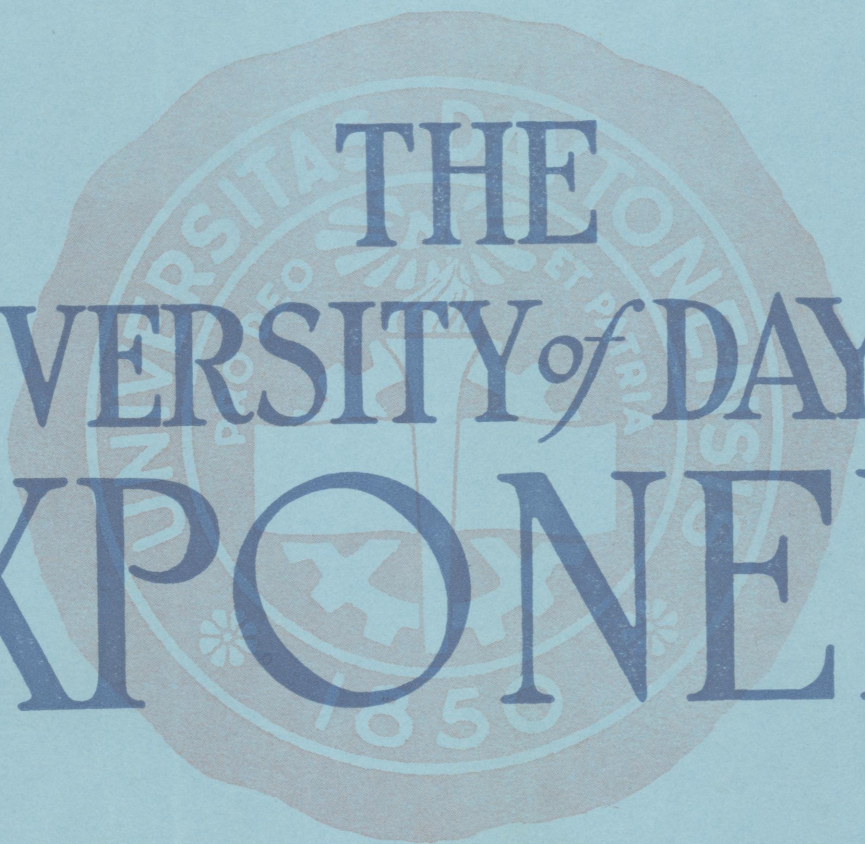
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The background of the cover features a large, faint, circular watermark of the University of Dayton seal. The seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" around the top and "1850" at the bottom. In the center of the seal is a shield with a cross and a book.

# THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

*Dedicated to the  
Alumni*

*November 15, 1931*

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only one

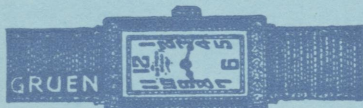
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# The University of Dayton Exponent

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Vol. XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 10

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The University of Dayton

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## *Ode to Autumn*

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*Across the hills, your golden mantle  
Spreads, and mocks the heaven blue.  
Across the fields, the dying clover  
In communion with the dew,  
Sings of your soft desolation.  
Of your peace and consolation.*

*Trees of russet, trees of amber  
Raise their arms in supplication.  
You, the power, give them answer,  
Give their souls a bleak realization.  
You would have them standing bare,  
In your sympathetic stare.*

*Autumn, as in years before this,  
You will put my soul to rest.  
Knowing well that melancholy  
Serves to soothe my spirit best.  
I shall look upon your sadness,  
With a bright, increasing, gladness.*

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## To The Future Alumni

By WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

WHEN we have discounted the technical training involved is there anything else, any other influence that benefits a college student? Unquestionably there is. A university student's whole life, his entire thinking, his character blend more or less with the colorful background given him by his alma mater. The adjective, college-bred, has often been abused. The word has been translated so much as meaning the product of a "four years' loaf," that the slander is rather trite. Yet in answer to this old sneer I will say that college-bred means a great deal more than a "four years' loaf." Whether a student's academic course has been a success or not from a technical point of view, he still takes away with him that intangible quality which is sometimes termed as "college-bred." The college bred man usually possesses a finely trained mind. His vision has been enlarged by the reflected glow of daily association with brilliant teachers. Better understanding has given him a more tolerant view of the things against which he might have been prejudiced. In short, by becoming college-bred, he has entered a slightly higher mental caste. This statement might shock those among you who worship the goddess, democracy. But in spite of the Utopian idea that men were born and created equal, in spite of Bolshevistic doctrines to the contrary, this equality is purely physical and not mental. If you admit this then you will agree that by becoming college-bred, a

man acquires a more highly trained mind together with a certain indefinable superiority. Of course there may be exceptions to this rule, but I claim a certain latitude in my statements.

How does a man become college-bred? One will naturally answer, "From college atmosphere, of course."

Since that point is settled we will go to the next. When a graduate steps upon the rostrum, clad in cap and gown, receives his sheepskin and a handshake from the President of the University, does his passing from the college atmosphere destroy that illusive influence his alma mater shed over him? The answer of course is with the student himself. But I contend that no matter how faint the quality becomes, he never completely loses the influences his school cast over him. For proof I will remind my readers of the intense interest taken by alumni in all the affairs of the school. This is true of every American university. Who howl the loudest when the football team gets on the wrong side of the score card too often? Who cheer more sincerely and earnestly at intercollegiate struggles? The Alumni of course. When Rockne was asked which team he would prefer coaching if he and Notre Dame severed relations, he answered,

"I'd sooner coach Sing Sing. I wouldn't expect so much trouble with the Alumni if I lost."

This rather overstates the case for Rockne was fond of his jokes. But it aids me in showing that

School Spirit is strong even after one has graduated from his alma mater. If it were not true we would have no alumni clubs.

This post graduation influence is as old as the institution herself. The Home-coming Day of pre-football days was celebrated in a novel and interesting manner. After chapel and breakfast in the old dining hall was over, classes would be held faithfully as they had been in days of yore. If the spirit of burlesque crept in, it was all in fun. At recess the same old molasses bread was served on large round pewter platters. Many a dignified alumnus amazed his family by his antics on Home-coming Day. Perhaps there would be a baseball game, probably filled with errors. Then the games of long ago would be replayed and many a man would end by saying that he was not as good as he used to be in his youthful college days.

It might have appeared silly and undignified to the onlookers who did not understand, but those alumni, no matter how dignified and dry in every day life were living over again the time-mellowed memories of the four years they spent under the incubating wings of their alma mater. Something happened to them during that time which they valued greatly for the rest of their lives. They recognized it as the product of college influence and so from year to year, they chose one day on which to be regularly inoculated with the serum of this college influence.

The modern home-coming is somewhat different. Due to greatly increased numbers all of the ancient rites are impossible. But the football game helps to make up for the difference. Whether the team wins or loses, it reminds them of their own athletic glory, now long buried in musty athletic records. Of course each man's team was the best and all of that sort of thing, but that is merely human nature. They feel that their own group of athletes, if restored to youth by some miraculous fountain could have won the day. Then the alumni take a great interest in the present student body and are ever eager to help and to aid in any way those that have come after them. All these little points prove that the college has left an indelible mark upon her children and that her sons regard this mark as an expensive gift.

You are the future alumni. It is your duty to carry on the traditions solemnly founded and sacredly kept by those who have dwelt before you in the classic halls of your alma mater. It is not only your duty, but for your own benefit. Increase all you can the power of this remote control which

the university still possesses over you after graduation. It will keep the spirit of your youth ever present in you. In the future times will most certainly change, and to keep alive the fine traditions of the school should be your purpose.

Since it is well to stay as much as possible under the guiding influences of your college why not try to improve your means of contact? An active membership in one of the alumni clubs would be a logical step. By working together, the alumni can accomplish much for their school. At that same time you enjoy social and business advantages that otherwise might be denied to you. Man is sometimes called a gregarious animal. He seldom works well alone. To have the opinions, support, constructive criticism of his fellows means a great deal in deciding future problems. It is the old adage of:

"Together we stand. Divided we fall."

That sounds trite but the principle is as good as it was the day the thirteen colonies decided they could get farther ahead by opposing England together than by starting thirteen, separate, mild disturbances. In union the needs of the university will be gratified. Necessary buildings, equipment, scholarships and so on will become concrete things. So the advantages are mutual—to the college and to the alumnus.

Another method of further improving this post graduation influence on yourself is by occasionally associating with the professors. Year after year the teachers see classes come and go. Often they wonder what the individual results of their labors were. To make an investigation would be practically impossible. A letter once in a while might prove to be advantageous to the alumnus and instructive to the teacher. We are never too old to learn. The professor is always happy to give advice long after the student has finished taking his courses. Logan, the Iroquois chief of Revolutionary days told his rebellious young warriors,

"You no longer listen to old Logan. You say he can teach you no more. The Algonquin tomahawks will drip with your blood before the new moon."

In other words, if we disdain the sage advice our professors can still give us, our ship might still go on the rocks.

There are many other ways in which we can still augment this post graduate influence of the university upon ourselves. The methods themselves rest with the individual. But in general I say do not let graduation be the death of your college life.

# Myth Number One—Overproduction

By JOHN CONNELLY

*The first of a series of articles on economic questions by Mr. Connelly.*

THE EDITOR.

A few years ago we were apparently in a prosperous condition. Newspaper editorials and magazine articles spoke of prosperity as an indisputable fact. Yet, despite this, most of our farmers, many of the miners, and a good percentage of our textile workers were anything but prosperous. This caused some thinkers to begin to wonder if we really were prosperous or whether we were merely fooling ourselves by a process of inflation.

However, it is not my purpose to attempt to disprove that the period extending from 1922 to the latter part of 1929 was an era of real prosperity. Books have been written by economists giving facts and figures for their reasons for rejecting this otherwise article of faith.

What is needed at the present time, though, is some sound, constructive thinking on the present conditions rather than on the past.

The purpose of the introductory remarks concerning prosperity was to show you that the popular theories extemporized by our leaders of industry and finance and also by some of our so-called economists are not always sound theories. They can reasonably be challenged even though the immediate conditions are heavily in favor of the amateur theorist who is upheld by about 99 percent of the people.

Now if these leaders, these spokesmen for America, are such sound thinkers and are following the right path of thought why are we in this present deplorable condition?

With this thought in mind, I finally mustered enough courage to attempt to disprove the idea which in my mind is the greatest fallacy of the day. It is the greatest fallacy because it is holding the world back and is causing untold suffering.

What am I going to denounce?

Why it shouldn't be necessary to tell you. You yourself probably will say that it caused the depression. Oh! With that hint you can easily guess what it is. Yes, you are right; **Overproduction**—that empty term which is so loosely used by nearly all of us even though we have not a clear concep-

tion of what we are talking about. If we had we would probably keep quiet and look for the real cause instead of just taking someone else's word for it.

Do not think that I am posing as a great economist. Nor do I claim to hold any secrets on what ails the world. You will not find any statistics in this article or any quotations from books but merely my ideas on the subject. This article is written for the purpose of stimulating individual thinking rather than to present any formal findings.

First of all, let us ask ourselves just what we mean by **Overproduction**. If your definition is "the production of more than can be sold at a profit" then you have wasted some time in reading this far and you would better turn to some other article. However, overproduction, as used by most of us means "the production of more than can be consumed."

Now let us ask ourselves if this is possible. Can we produce more than we can consume? You may say—why certainly, isn't that exactly what happened in 1928 and 1929? It is said that we have overproduction despite the fact that we have a great deal of want among the masses. I say, and reasonably so, that we have NOT overproduction because we have want and suffering. To my mind the two terms, overproduction and want, are incompatible and could not possibly exist in the same economic society at the same time. Try to imagine being thirsty because you had too large a glass of water in front of you; or, better still, is it possible to be hot because it is cold? Don't you see how foolish it is to say that we are hungry because we have too much food and shabby because we have too many new clothes.

Perhaps the question on the possibility of general overproduction has not been answered so let us continue. It is not possible until the masses of our people are in a better condition than has been dreamed of in the Utopias, and then its possibility can only be admitted with some reservations. The reason that general overproduction is practically impossible is because of the insatiability of human wants.

The amount that a man can consume by eating and drinking is limited by the capacity of his stomach, but there is no limit to the amount he can con-

sume by use. "The more you have the more you want," expresses the idea I have in mind in reference to clothing, motor cars, all kinds of equipment, and other conveniences and luxuries.

So, since human wants are insatiable and therefore general overproduction impossible, what causes us to believe that we are in a stage of overproduction?

In order to get a better idea of the sources of this belief it will be necessary to trace one half of the turn of the business cycle.

We will consider the cycle to be in the position called "normal." Nearly everyone is working and everything that is produced is sold to the ultimate consumer. This condition may be idealistic but it best serves the purpose of illustration. This perfect condition does not last long because in a short time we experience a general increase in prices. A wave of optimism sweeps over the country and as a result people buy more instead of hoarding their money as they did during the previous period which was known as a depression. It is this increased demand that causes the above mentioned rise of prices.

Production is then speeded up because wholesalers are beginning to buy in the hope of making money by holding the products for a time and then selling them at higher prices. Thus goods are produced for storage rather than for immediate sale.

With this increased production inefficiencies creep in—a dominant element—which increase the cost of production and are responsible for further increases in prices.

During this time the wages of labor are increased, but they lag behind the general level of prices. Remember, though, production is booming, labor considers itself better off than usual and the stockholders are well satisfied with the management and decide to expand the plant and equipment. Everything looks bright. This is what we call prosperity. The expansion of industrial facilities makes things even better and everyone decides that nothing can stop America.

The next thing we know the new plants have been equipped and the old ones are running several shifts a day. Production is thereby greatly augmented. Prices are still rising so the wholesalers and even many retailers are increasing their inventories. Why not? They'll just hold the goods a few months and then sell them at better prices. No one ever heard of the laws of supply and demand. They must have been repealed by the last congress.

But about this time the laboring man—who buys, it is said, 85 percent of all that is produced—has refused to pay the exorbitant prices charged for the products. He would like to have them but he realizes they are not worth the price.

Besides, he could use the money to buy stocks in his own company and become a part owner instead of just a laborer. Aren't his employers offering him stock on easy payment plans? Surely! He is going to get in the swim and make some "real" money.

Now we come to a period like the one we experienced in 1929. Business slows down. Manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers have large inventories on hand but sales are dropping off. The stock market "discounts" this condition and then our eyes are opened—or only half opened as we shall see later.

The depression starts. Buying further slackens and layoffs are in order. Yes—there were such forces as the laws of supply and demand despite our disobedience of them.

People look around and see surpluses of every kind of product imaginable and conclude that overproduction caused the depression. Unemployment increases, prices fall and pessimism is the order of the day (except for the politicians). That is where we are today and we attribute the cause of all our ills to overproduction.

All kinds of socialistic plans are then proposed to limit production after this, and prevent these recurring periods of hard times. Production means wealth but these people would limit production and thereby limit wealth. Strange as it may seem they say we will grow wealthier by limiting our wealth.

If we could only get the idea into our heads that money is not wealth but merely a medium of exchange, we would change our conception of economic theory. Money creates an illusion which conceals the real purpose and effect of production. This money illusion leads to the false theories which act as a detriment to world progress.

If it is not overproduction then, what is it? you will ask. Disregard of the laws of supply and demand, I say. Increased production raises the standard of living—a desirable condition—but when production increases prices **must** come down—all other things being equal. Mass production should mean lower prices producing a true prosperity instead of higher prices which produce a mythical prosperity and inevitably leads to a crash.

Still our economic ignorance is appalling. Our eyes were only half opened. We have large surpluses and have slowed down production to a considerable extent. What is then done. Frequently money is borrowed from the government, especially for agricultural surpluses, so that the surpluses can be kept in storehouses while many people are hungry and shabby. Prices should be determined by the laws of supply and demand—and are in the long run—but when the demand falls off because of decreased payrolls and fear on the part of the work-

ers whose future employment is uncertain, prices do not always drop in the same proportion.

Bear this in mind. The surpluses could be sold if the prices were low enough. If you don't believe this just look at the crowds in the stores on "bargain days." You may say that the surplus could not be sold at any price because the unemployed have no money to buy, but remember these people are getting some food from somewhere, probably charitable institutions, which have a certain amount of money to spend and could buy twice as much if the prices were decreased 50 percent. Then too, the great majority of people are still buying and would be more than willing to buy more if prices were further reduced.

It doesn't make any difference how low the prices are at the present time in comparison with what they were a few years ago. The surpluses are now realities and we are not going to be better off socially by either keeping them in storage or destroying them. The Federal Farm Board would have us destroy a third of the cotton, a tenth of the cows and the Lord knows what else in face of conditions where people do not have enough clothing to keep them warm and enough milk to keep them nourished.

When we hear of these plans and policies to make us prosperous it makes us disgusted with these government agencies which give us "free information."

If you think my theory of forcing the sale of surpluses is wrong what do you think about their theory of "Destroy and Prosper?"

It may be argued that this forced selling would demoralize the markets and work an injustice on the producer. The answer of the first objection is that it would be better to demoralize the markets for a few months—distribute the surpluses and then start the wheels of industry going and get back to normal conditions sooner rather than to demoralize the whole country by violence which will surely result if these conditions continue. You can't blame the hungry for breaking into storehouses to steal food, can you? Well, then why not get down to Christian principles and have these surpluses consumed, thereby getting back to normal quicker.

Prosperity has been just around the corner for two years now. It's about time we bring the corner towards us instead of chasing it while we are blindfolded.

To answer the second objection raised above, namely, that forced selling would be unjust to the producer, let us reflect for a minute or two. If the producer permitted inefficiencies to creep in that caused the cost of production to increase, he just has to pay the penalty now. Furthermore, if he

produced more than he could sell at a profit that is his fault and society should not be made to suffer.

But let us see if he really is going to suffer. Sound merchandising principles teach our department store managers to have sales at the end of the seasons. If they buy 100 dresses at \$5, sell 90 of them at \$10 they consider that they have made a good showing so they sell their "surplus" of 10 dresses at any price they can get for them; or, if necessary, send them to a charitable institution rather than destroy them. They sold their "surplus" at a loss but made a profit on the entire transaction.

Why don't industrial concerns adopt the same policy? If they did—or if the government forced them to by putting a good stiff tax on their surplus—we would see the laws of supply and demand keep the country in a more stable position. **We would consume what we produce and since we could always consume more we could always produce more.**

The laws of supply and demand will inevitably operate, but this takes time because we try to stifle these forces by price fixing schemes and "prosperity" plans. However, by forcing the sale of the surplus by heavy taxes on stored up products which are carried over from one season to another instead of loaning money to help create surpluses we would hasten the operation of the laws of supply and demand.

These surpluses are really mill stones around the neck of the industrialist and agriculturalist because they eat up large amounts of money in interest charges, depreciation, and insurance. The surpluses we have now are the accumulation of several years and even though they did cost—say \$100 to make, they could probably be remade for \$50. So when we consider it this way the corporation would not be losing as much as the figures on the books indicated.

Recapitulating, we see that we have surpluses, and we have want. We have not overproduction because we have **not** produced more than we can consume. What is to be done? Many must be fed and clothed. It would not be wise to conscript money from the wealthy because this would retard our future progress. I'll admit the last sentence is an unproved statement but it takes several chapters of economics to prove it, so you will have to take my word for it, or else study the subject yourself. You will find it treated in any text on economics. I do not mean that the wealthy should not give to charity—far from it—but charity and conscription of wealth are two different things.

The only thing left for us to do is to sell the surpluses for what they will bring and give the rest to charitable institutions if it is a suitable type of product. These will then be consumed, more arti-

cles will then be demanded, industry will respond, and we will again be in a normal condition.

Some say that we have emerged from every other depression, so we don't have to worry about this one, because history will repeat itself. Well, we don't want history to repeat itself. Minor depressions are inevitable, but major ones like the present are a telling evidence of our economic ignorance.

If we change our ideas of prosperity from a period of rising prices and reckless spending to a period where everyone is able to work less and buy more, then we will enter our first period of actual prosperity. We don't necessarily have to have a constantly increasing wage scale in dollars and

cents, but we must have a constantly increasing purchasing power for the workers, which means either higher wages or lower prices. Remember it is not money that counts—it is purchasing power.

In conclusion: If my ideas don't suit you, what better ideas have you? I don't consider myself an economist, as I said before, but I refuse to believe in any theory which I honestly think is a false one even though it is supported by 99 percent of the people.

If this article has stimulated any thought on the subject then it has fulfilled its purpose, if it has not then I hope someone else is able to succeed in arousing constructive thought on this all important subject.

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## Strategy

*You won't guess the answer to this one*

By RAY BLOSSER

“YOU say you want a real master, not so? Ah!” Signor Vincetti used his most secretive and mysterious tone, although he needed have no fear, for he was in his own home in Rome. It seemed as if he were a spy and was afraid that he might be overheard. For that matter, the Signor should have used such a tone, for his reputation in dealings of precious paintings was not of the best.

His prospective customer was Luther C. Shephard. Shephard was just the kind of man who always used his middle initial—plainly an American of some little money who had been directed to Vincetti by one of the latter's numerous operatives. Shephard eyed him with skepticism. He knew that Vincetti would not be apt to have an authentic master on his hands, and also realized that the government was taking all precautions to prevent them from leaving Italy.

“Soon you will be telling me that you have the Mona Lisa for sale,” he said.

“No, no,” the signor protested. He permitted just a trace of patronage to show through his politeness—a touch of pity, almost, for Mr. Shephard and his attempt to belittle him. Plainly Mr. Shephard must be put in a better humor. So Signor

Vincetti called a temporary respite and filled two tall and ancient Florentine goblets from a bottle on which spiders, long dead, had mummified beneath the thick dust.

“Tell me,” Mr. Shephard said at length, “what is this painting which you claim is real?”

Vincetti made a grimace, a shrug of the shoulders as if the entire world were misunderstanding him. “Did you ever, Signor Shephard, hear of Innocenza Da Imola?”

The words brought an immediate gleam to Shephard's face. He was well-enough versed in art to think that he did not need an expert's services when he selected a painting, and knew that Da Imola was an Italian painter, although not quite up to the rank of a master, who lived about 1500 or 1550.

“How would you like to buy ‘A Madonna and Saints,’ I believe you call it?”

Another skeptical glance came to the face of Mr. Shephard. Didn't he know that it was now hanging in Colonna, an art gallery in that very city, Rome, with many other paintings of the same rank?

Vincetti read his features. “Ah me, you do not believe. I have the painting, here, in my own home.”

“Ha,” exclaimed Mr. Shephard. If you care to

go into more detail, Mr. Shephard said, "ha, ha." Not once, but twice. "Do I not know that it is now hanging in the Colonna? Do you think I am ignorant of paintings?"

"Hanging there, eh? So the world thinks, but the world, signor, is wrong, and so are you. Do you want to see it, signor?"

Just try to keep him from looking at it, thought Mr. Shephard. But it would not do, no, it would not do to make his eagerness too evident to the sharp-eyed Vincetti. So he replied with an unenthusiastic, "oh, if you wish," just as if he were favoring the Italian.

Vincetti mysteriously inserted the key into the lock of a room which Shephard had not noticed. They entered, together, on tiptoe, as if afraid of being disturbed. In dim light hung the much-discussed picture. There was the click of an electric switch, and before them, glowing in all its mystic beauty, was the "Madonna and Saints."

"Just how," Shephard finally begged, "did you get it?" There was awed reverence and an eager pleading in the tone of his voice, born of assurance that the work was real.

"I'll tell you the whole story," Vincetti replied, "but first let us have some wine," and they filled the goblets again.

"No one besides myself knows that Da Imola painted two complete and identical pictures of the 'Madonna and Saints,' Vincetti said, and was interrupted by a gasp of surprise which he seemed to anticipate. "Perhaps he was not satisfied with the first, and put it away, thinking to destroy it later. Then he painted another, and that is the one which is in the Colonna. But I have seen both and think that this one is better."

Shephard said nothing, but urged Vincetti on with a convinced look on his now far-from-poker face.

"I bought this from a peasant who didn't know its true value, although that is no reason why I should not charge you just as much as it is worth." He seemed to think that the sale was already settled, as in fact, it was.

"How much," was the eager question of Shephard. It looked to Vincetti as if the very value of the painting had unnerved him, made him forget to conceal his feelings.

"Signor Shephard, I ask you, would you care to buy it for a million-and-one-half lire?"

Shephard's eyes narrowed. A mere one million and a half lire, or about \$75,000 or \$80,000 for a duplicate of a near-classic which was better than the original!

He cleared his throat and moistened his lips. "The price," he said, "is fair enough, but I couldn't get the picture out of Italy."

"I assure you, Signor Shephard, that all we need to do is to fool government experts, who are fools already."

"How?" was the practical question.

By way of answer, Signor Vincetti produced a box containing tempera water-color paints and brushes. "We will make of this masterpiece one big fake, so big a fake that even the government experts will laugh at it."

For nearly two hours he applied minute brush strokes of tempera upon the lovely varnished surface, subtly coarsening the master's line, distorting his drawing, his perspective; making the light a bit more brilliant in spots and darker in others.

"There," he exclaimed in satisfaction, "we have turned a masterpiece into a worthless copy. Tomorrow morning I will, with the airbrush, spray shellac over the tempora so that no eye can see in the gloss of the patina a single tell-tale flaw. But when you, Signor Shephard, take the painting to America, twenty minutes of work with a little cotton, some wood alcohol and some water will restore it to the original.

"Good," chuckled Mr. Shephard. "Good!"

That very afternoon, in the Colonna gallery, Mr. Shephard sat by while Signor Vincetti did his best to convince Doctor Palazzo Bertoldo of the authenticity of the painting.

"Nonsense," said Doctor Bertoldo, "I would not give you ten lire for it."

"I'm not trying to sell it to you," cried Vincetti, "I merely wish to return to the government that which belongs to it."

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders with an exasperated air, "I tell you," he said, "it is but a worthless copy, not fit, my friend, not fit for even my dog to see. And my dog, my friend, is not fit for you to see."

"There would be no objection, then, if I buy the painting to take home?" questioned Shephard, taking his cue from the apparently disgruntled Signor.

"Of course not," came the reply.

They left the gallery, looking at one another with delight. "You are going home soon, my friend?" asked the Signor.

"Tomorrow," said Shephard, "after I have the painting insured in America by wire."

Upon his arrival in New York, Mr. Shephard was very much disconcerted to discover that he had no painting.

And why was it stolen, presumably on the boat? You might ask Signor Vincetti. He is probably the one who knows best, for Signor Vincetti went so far as to bore holes into the frame where it was put together, and to insert some precious jewels safe from the prying eyes of customs inspectors.

# In Defense of the Entomologist

By NORVAL OSBORNE

“AND what are you going to be?”  
“Oh, I expect to become an entomologist.”  
Occasionally the totally blank look won't be present on the face of the questioner but you can bet that it will be there in at least nine-tenths of the people who propound this question. Now when a person asks you what you're going to be, you are supposed to tell him, and when you see that blank look you elucidate thusly: “It's the study of insects.”

The greatest shock that is likely to occur at this time is when your questioner takes this information sympathetically. You see, it's very seldom that you will find a person who can resist the temptation to make some wise crack concerning “bugologists.” And most of the remaining few just can't possibly see why anybody would want to go through life chasing butterfly. And that's just the rub. Why will people insist on thinking of entomologists as butterfly chasers? I will admit that all butterfly chasers are entomologists, but on the other hand all entomologists are not butterfly chasers. To be brief, when you hear the word entomologist try not to picture in your mind's eye an eccentric old gentleman wearing a sun helmet galloping madly across a field in idiotic pursuit of an elusive butterfly. Try instead to see a scientist engaged in working out some perplexing problem that in all likelihood has a direct relationship to some phase of your life. You know that old joke, “What is worse than finding a worm in your apple?” Well, it's the entomologist that is trying to take the worms out of those apples. You ought to appreciate that quite a bit, but here's something better yet. It's about mosquitoes. Have you ever tried whispering those nice little words in the best girl friend's ear when a mosquito was whispering in her other ear? Of course I'll admit that most of the fellows that will read this will scoff at the idea that a mere mosquito would have a look in when they were handing out their pet line, but just the same it is a very disturbing factor. Now won't you admit that the entomologists are giving you a big help by eliminating the mosquitoes? And you had the nerve to give rise to a thought that anyone that would study insects was slightly off center.

To be serious, let's see just what part entomologists do play in this world of ours. You all know that the French attempted the building of the Panama Canal twenty years before the United States undertook this task and that the French attempt

was a failure, but do you know that the lives of 40,000 men and \$260,000,000 were needlessly sacrificed in this undertaking because of ignorance concerning the causes of those two extremely fatal diseases, malaria and yellow fever? These plagues made existence in Panama practically impossible until it was found that their origin lay in the bite of a mosquito infected with the tiny parasites causing these diseases. It was then up to the entomologist to discover ways and means of ridding the country of the mosquito. Now when we are preparing for a tough football game we try to find out all we can about the other team. We scout their games and see what they do and how they do it. The mosquitoes were tackled in much the same manner and when their life habits were bared their elimination was comparatively simple. Thus principally through the work of the “bugologists” thousands of lives have undoubtedly been saved, and from one of the most unhealthful spots in the world, the Isthmus of Panama has become one of the most healthful. The death rate of the city of Panama is now the lowest of any large body of people in the world—less than eight per thousand.

I am using this example because I believe it to be one of the outstanding achievements of man in the war between the two-legged and six-legged inhabitants of this planet for its possession.

If we will just look around us we will see countless ways in which insects vitally affect mankind. The example just cited can leave no doubt in your mind concerning their importance in regard to health. Economically also they are of prime importance. The annual loss due to the destruction of agricultural products by insect pests amounts to millions of dollars. The corn borer, the cotton boll weevil and the Italian fruit fly are just a few of the better known insects which through their depredations are affecting prices of commodities throughout the world. Thus we can readily see that any science which deals with insects must necessarily play an important part in the welfare of humanity.

There may be various reasons for a person belittling an occupation or profession. The dominant one, I believe, is ignorance. A common failing is to scoff at things we do not understand. When one sees a subject which really commands an important field so little known an attempt should be made to bring its importance before the public.

The attempt has been made.

# Odes and Automobiles

A SKETCH IN ONE ACT

By EDWIN H. SAUER

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## CHARACTERS

Bradson, a poet.

Mercer, another.

A stranger.

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Scene: Attic residence in the Bohemian quarter, New York.

Time: Present. About 4:30 of a winter afternoon.

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(At rise of curtain, Bradson is seated in a chair reading. After a moment, Mercer enters in hat and topcoat.)

Mercer: Subways and sonnets! They don't mix very well, Bradson. In fact, I'm beginning to realize that New York, itself, doesn't agree with me.

Bradson: New York doesn't agree with anyone; that's its secret.

Mercer (He has remained standing, but has removed his hat and coat): You're right. Almost everyone you meet on the street has the same blank look on his face. And those that haven't the blank look have an even more disconcerting frown.

Bradson: What's the matter? Didn't Sheary's care for the sonnets?

Mercer: Humph! What does a printing house care about any sort of poetry, nowadays? They're catering to the masses and the masses are too ignorant to understand verse. The public wants spicy stories, filth and indecency, but the public doesn't want artistic and aesthetic expression. (He sits down.)

Bradson (after a pause): I think you're wrong. I think the public is only fooling itself when it asks for such rot. The public really wants beauty but I think that those to whom the public looks for it are unable to present beauty in a conspicuous and thoroughly interesting manner. Do you catch my point?

Mercer: You mean that we really are at fault; that we do not possess the facilities for writing of the things which most interest the great majority.

Bradson: Exactly. We confine ourselves to certain subjects which are rather above the average person, consequently the average person neglects to read them. Isn't there some sense to that reasoning?

Mercer: No. We write about the things which we know to be beautiful, which we feel are classic in themselves. The ignorant man possesses none of these, nor is he able to understand them.

Bradson: But my dear fellow, he does possess them. The ignorant fellow loves; that is beautiful. The ignorant woman gives birth to children; that, too, is beautiful. The ignorant man strives to educate the minds and hearts of his children; that is very beautiful. And yet have you or I ever penned a poem in honor of the laborer who loves the girl in the canning factory? Have we ever attempted to define the poignancy which must necessarily, exist in the heart of Mrs. Cassidy, wife of the hod-carrier, as she prepares for the agonizing moments of childbirth? Have we ever sought to describe the pride in the heart of Mike O'Toole as he brings his two sons before the parish priest, asking the religious to see to it that the boys are "taught some knowledge" so they will grow up to secure better positions than that which he, Mike, has. I daresay we never think of such things and yet these things are so intimate a part of humanity that they become far more attractive, far more beautiful than the subjects which we consistently "harp" on. And do we harp on them? Why? Only because the masters before us used those subjects; only because we believe that nothing new, nothing modern can be shaped just as perfectly as were the things of other days. Why, I think that if Keats were living, he would consider our downtown skyscrapers "things of beauty; joys forever." I believe that Shelley would be lamenting something like Prohibition, and Byron, bursting into ecstasy over some pretty girl whom he found working in a chain drug store. We're afraid of absolute realism because we think it too sordid, too despicable. And yet every one of us is a part of that sordidness. Isn't that its redeeming quality?

There are two classes of men in the world, Mercer, and all the democracies in the world can't do away with those two classes. There's the educated, the cultured, the refined individual, and there's the ignorant, unintelligent, creature. One is more attractive than the other, quite naturally, but each is essential to the other; each is essential to the perseverance of right-order. Therefore, isn't it only

correct that we devote our talents to amusing the one as well as the other?

(Mercer says nothing. Bradson resumes his reading. After a moment's pause, he rises.)

Bradson: I—I've got to go downtown for awhile. I'll be back about six and we'll get a bite to eat somewhere. (Exit.)

(Mercer, alone, walks to the room's one window, and stares into the street below. He is evidently considering very deeply the words of Bradson. He is unaware of the entrance of a stranger, who walks to the center of the room and sits in the chair from which Bradson has just risen. Mercer turns from the window, and on seeing him is startled.)

Mercer: I say! What do you want here?

The Stranger: I—I-a- overheard the conversation which you and your friend were having. I was standing in the hall. It impressed me very much. You see, I too, have some very definite ideas on the subject.

Mercer (interested): Yes? Well, what is your opinion?

Stranger: Perhaps I should first disclose my identity; that will clear things up a bit.

I was called Virgil, when I lived on this earth, about two thousand years ago. I wrote an epic which I titled "the Aeneid" after its hero, Aeneas. I suppose you have read it; almost everyone does read it at some time or another. I certainly never expected it to exist this long.

Mercer (only much startled): Virgil!—but surely not!—Surely this is only a dream.

Virgil: No. I am granted one day on earth every ten years. This is that day and I have chosen to spend a few of its moments with you.

Mercer (seizing his opportunity): Then what is your opinion in regards to the argument we were having? Are the commonplace things of this great country, or even the things which are very great but very modern, worth our time and attention?

Virgil (after a pause). I wonder if you have noticed that I am clothed in modern garb. I wonder if you have noticed that I am wearing a coat, shirt

and trousers much the same as yourself. Had I worn a toga, I would most certainly have made myself quite ridiculous, in walking through the streets. I would be too conspicuous, impossible, entirely out of place. So, I have chosen your dress, which was the only thing for me to do. Thus it is with poetry. While often the subject matter of poetry is common to all ages, is beautiful in all ages, nevertheless, circumstances change, and it is with these circumstances that the poet must frequently wrestle. In my time Aeneas was no more outstanding, no more important a figure than are the adventures of your own day. I wrote also about the men whom we considered ignorant, and yet I believe I found real beauty in their ignorance. I found that they too, had feelings, emotions, and I sought to describe those emotions. If posterity is the judge, I succeeded. And my work was read by the ignorant, as well as by the educated, which is certainly not the case with the poetry written today. You are imitating masters of other decades, whereas, you belong to an entirely distinct era. Pick out the worthwhile qualities of this era (and there are many of them), and unless you are very blind, you will find that these things exist, principally, in commonplace things, in those events which are common to ignorant and educated man, alike. Give the lower fellow some of your time and talent; you'll find that he'll support you far more industriously, than will the more cultured. Yes, Mercer, I quite agree with your friend. Your fault lies in believing that your poetry should be beyond the lower fellow, which is wrong. He is a part of humanity, Mercer, and therefore he is worthwhile. Do you understand me?

Mercer (softly; he is much impressed). Yes.

Virgil: Then I must, really be going. Twenty-four hours go by so quickly, and there are so many places that I wish to visit yet. Good-day, (Exits.)

Mercer: Good-day. (Rising.)

(He stands quite still for a moment, then as if struck with an idea, walks quickly to his table and begins to write vigorously as—the curtain falls.)

# Engineering Old and New

By WM. F. ROTTERMANN

THE archaeologists remind us that two factors need to be borne in mind in considering early engineering feats. In the first place, time was not taken into account, for many years were spent in erecting colossal buildings and impressive monuments. In the second place, private enterprise was practically unknown, for all the large undertakings were worked upon by thousands of men, who were paid out of the public treasury. According to Herodotus, a tradition was current in his time that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied a hundred thousand men for twenty years, and it has been shown that these numbers are quite credible. Again, thirty thousand men were engaged in the building of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. These two factors explain in a measure the colossal scale of the buildings and other engineering triumphs of early civilizations, and the extraordinary attention that was paid to details of construction and to points of finish.

The methods adopted by these early civilizations for transporting and lifting such huge masses of stone have proved very puzzling. The old Assyrian sculpture in the British Museum gives a representation of a large number of slaves dragging a sledge with levers. The great Temple of Diana, built at Ephesus about 600 B. C., had 127 columns, each 60 feet high and 7 feet in diameter, shaped from single blocks of marble. These great columns were moved eight miles from the quarries to the temple site by enclosing them in wooden frames and rolling them across the country with the help of oxen. Herodotus tells us that an inclined road of polished stone was constructed from the banks of the Nile to the Great Pyramid, about three-quarters of a mile, for transporting the blocks brought down the Nile from the "Arabian Mountain." He also mentions that ten years were spent in making this road.

The remains which have been discovered, combined with contemporary evidence, enable us to form a fairly accurate estimate of the tools which the ancients used in the undertaking of their engineering works. The principles underlying ancient tools do not differ from those of our present-day tools, although, as is to be expected, very considerable development has taken place in the actual form of the tool. The principal tools of the ancients were saws, drills, and lathes, and probably

the Egyptian was the earliest civilization which applied these tools on any large scale.

The engineering productions or attainments of any given time are in reality an accurate and clear indication of some of the principal characteristics of the nations in which the results of engineering practice are found. The water works, roads, and other engineering structures which were built so effectively in ancient Roman territory showed that the Romans were born engineers and builders. They were resolute in what they undertook, they were good thinkers, not only in the engineering field but in other professional fields.

I have shown that mechanical applications have existed all the way back to the building of the pyramids and that simple machines for construction purposes were used throughout the ancient times, yet there was no profession of mechanical engineering. Up to comparatively recent times civil engineering was synonymous with the term "engineering." It is only since the Industrial Revolution that there has been specialization, and that the many widely different branches of engineering have been developed.

The first branch of engineering to be recognized as separate from civil was mechanical engineering, which did not really come into being as a recognized profession until after the invention of the steam engine. It is impossible to estimate the value of this invention to material civilization. Providing a source of power to replace the men and animals who formerly did its work, it produced a complete industrial revolution. It made possible a new rapid transportation by land and sea, manufacture by machinery, and later, the generation of electricity. In the beginning the engines were crudely made by mechanics to serve some immediate purpose, such as pumping water out of a mine, and improvements were added by the people who operated them. As an example of this, in the early engines the various taps or cocks which controlled the entrance of steam or of the cold shower had to be operated by hand, and required constant attention. On one occasion a boy by the name of Potter was responsible for this operation. His desire to accompany his companions at play probably stimulated his mental activity to the invention of a rudimentary valve gear by attaching strings to the two cocks and the beam in such a manner that they

operated by the beam's motion. It was not long until this crude contrivance was replaced by more appropriate rods and levers.

When the steam engine was realized as an accomplished fact, men began to study mechanics and thermodynamics, and there came an exceedingly rapid progress in the making of machines of every variety and for every purpose, until the art of designing them came to require extensive study. Thus, in the middle of the last century, it became one of the dignified scientific professions, and it passed out of the hands of the skilled mechanic into those of the trained engineer. The universities instituted courses in mechanical engineering, and it became the convention for boys to get their education in this way rather than by becoming an apprentice in a machine-shop.

Today mechanical engineering is one of the most necessary of the applied sciences. The other branches of engineering have become entirely dependent upon it. The civil or mining engineer derives from it his transportation, his cranes and derricks, and every tool with which he works. The electrical engineer depends on the heat engine for power to operate his dynamos. Mechanical engineering has greatly advanced all the other branches. It was primarily responsible for one of the greatest civil engineering achievements, the railroad. It is interesting to trace the effect of mechanical improvements in locomotives on the problems of railway building. The locomotive was invented in England, and the first American locomotives were modelled on the English pattern. These were practical enough on a straight, smooth track, and could go around gentle curves, but the sharp curves or rough tracts caused accidents. The result was that railway building became very expensive.

In England, where the distances were comparatively short, this was financially possible, but American railroad engineers soon saw that the companies would become bankrupt unless cheaper construction were made possible. They turned to the mechanical engineer, who soon solved the difficulty by improving the locomotive. First, he invented the swivel truck, which made it possible for a locomotive to go around a curve of almost any radius. Next, he devised the equalizing beams or levers which kept it from running off a rough track. Further improvements increased its flexibility and hence its adhesion to the rails, giving better climbing power, so that it could go up steeper grades. This is a striking historical example of the assistance given by the mechanical engineer to the civil in economizing his work.

The invention of the internal combustion engine made possible the rapid improvement and vastly

increased the usefulness of the motor vehicle, and an entirely new industry began demanding thousands of mechanical engineers. So it is with every new invention of scientific discovery for no sooner is it conceived in the mind of the inventor than hurried calls are sent out for mechanical engineers to give it form or make possible its development. Generally nowadays the inventor is a mechanical engineer himself. We hear a good many romantic stories of wonderful inventions by laymen, but as a rule they are made practical by engineers.

Mechanical engineering depends primarily on the principles of mechanics and thermodynamics. Mechanics is a mathematical study of the action of force upon matter to produce motion or a tendency to motion. It includes statics, the study of force without motion; kinematics, the study of motion without reference to force, and kinetics, which deals with the relations of force and motion to each other. Thermodynamics is that branch of physics which concerns the relations between heat and mechanical work. Both of these studies are fundamental in the education of a mechanical engineer, although in his later work he may find little use for thermodynamics. He may devote himself to the design of some such machine as a cash register, in which case he will not be concerned with heat or power. Yet he is required to study heat engineering in his technical school course, just as he is required to study surveying, although he may never need it. These requirements are a good thing, because they keep one's education from becoming too narrowed. It is perfectly possible that an engineer may be obliged in later life to change his specialty. In the recent decrease in production the shutting down of mills and factories has forced many engineers who had devoted years of their life to a particular sort of machine to take up something else.

The business side of manufacturing often attracts men away from the technical, and we find many directors of large corporations who began life as engineers. Unquestionably, any business man who goes into the manufacturing industries would be enormously aided in most of his work by a technical education, so the engineer is most excellently fitted to take a business position of this kind. It is natural, too, that an engineer who has had much to do with all the manufacturing processes in the production of some article should want to have an interest in the business and to measure his income by its success. There are plenty of chances of this kind for a man who knows his job and does it well.

The mechanical engineer has less outdoor life and less adventure in the solution of his problems than the civil and mining engineers, but his work is intensely absorbing, especially if it is an experimen-

tal job and is concerned with design. There are phases of his work which require great originality of thought, invention, resourcefulness, and careful research. The results when successful are always exceedingly gratifying, because they are so obviously productive. There is a quality about a mechanical creation which no work of the civil engineer possesses for its motion makes it seem alive and aggressively active while the civil creation is impressive only its massiveness or durable qualities.

Of course no engineer spends all his time in producing things that are entirely new. In fact, the greater part of his work consists in improving on the designs of others. Every device which increases the efficiency of a machine is a new triumph for the engineer who devises it. In all the history of mechanical invention it is difficult to discover who are the actual inventors because the men

who devised the improvements which have made possible the present efficiency of machinery have made possible the present efficiency of machinery have really been of as much service as the inventors themselves.

No one should be discouraged from taking up the career of mechanical engineering by the present unfortunate conditions in production. The field is so broad and the necessities of life which have come to depend on the work of the mechanical engineer are so many and varied that there can never come a time when the demand will materially decrease. Civilization has reached the point at which the inhabitants of the greater part of the world must be clothed, fed, and transported by machinery.

We may be confident that the future will be bright enough for production of all kinds, and hence for that master producer, the mechanical engineer.

## *Requiem*

By BARRY DWYER

*Silver spears of rain  
Strike blue-black street  
And darkened window pane.*

*Sodden autumn leaves  
Reluctant fall;  
Expose the lonely eaves.*

*The arc light's steady glare  
Made weak by wind  
Turns glances everywhere.*

*God pity those at home  
In new abodes  
Beneath the fresh turned loam,*

*And bless us all who stay  
A little while.  
We, too, must move—someday.*

# The Typical College Student

By DON SHARKEY

*Mr. Sharkey's articles have attracted a great deal of favorable comment in the past. We are confident that this contribution will not disappoint his expectant readers.*

THE EDITOR.

I had started the conversation, and so it was my duty to keep it up. I had been looking out the window of the traction car when a sour-faced gentleman in a grey suit sat down beside me. "It's a wonderful day," I remarked. I should have known better. Had I kept quiet I could have continued to look out the window in silence. Now it was my duty to try to keep the conversation alive, and this is no easy matter when the party of the second part is a sour-faced gentleman in a grey suit.

To my opening remark he had gruffly answered "Uh, huh," as if resenting my impertinence in venturing an opinion on such a vital topic. This was not particularly encouraging, but after a moment's silence, I tried again. "The car is a little behind schedule today?" I said amiably.

"Yeah," he answered in his same gruff voice, "the service is terrible."

Now I had always considered the service very good, but always agreeable, I said, "Yeah, it is terrible."

"Yeah, terrible," he answered.

There wasn't much left to say on that subject I thought, so I began racking my brain for new topics of conversation. I tried the depression, the latest style in women's hats, and the decline in the popularity of miniature golf; but still I received no response except gruff monosyllables. Finally I happened to say something, I forget just what, about college students. For the first time my companion, if he may be so termed, seemed to take an interest in what I was saying.

"College students, humph," he grunted. "I don't know why they are called students. It's certainly not because they study. When I went to college, we had the idea that we were supposed to learn something. Young people go these days in order to have a good time. When they learn something, it is quite by accident."

"But don't you believe," I ventured rather tim-

idly, "that the college student is more intelligent than the average individual?"

This, it turned out, was the right question to ask. At last my fellow passenger began to talk, and for the remainder of the trip he talked about his idea of the typical college student. To a certain extent he dropped his gruff manner of speaking, and at times he became almost eloquent. It sounded as though he had prepared a lecture on the subject and was practicing it on me. Part of what he said I am recording here, for I was forced to admit that he was speaking the truth.

"Of course the college student is more intelligent than the average individual," he began. "I'm not denying that. But he uses his intelligence principally to devise means of getting out of doing his school work. He merely attends the lectures, takes a few notes, and then forgets the course entirely until the next lecture period. Just before a test he humps himself a little and studies, but only what he thinks will be asked in the test. Often he does not even buy a textbook, but relies solely upon his notes. If he is given an assignment to write, he copies it from one of the few industrious students or from a newspaper or magazine. If he but exerted half the effort in preparing his lessons that he displays on the dance floor, he would be a brilliant fellow indeed.

"I do not mean to say that when he graduates he will have learned nothing whatsoever. Anyone sitting through several lectures a day for four years is certain to learn **something**. He can't help himself. I do say, however, that he will have failed in the most important respect; he will not have learned to think. Instead of becoming a leader of thought he will join the common herd. He will be swayed by every passing fancy of the crowd. He will follow the man who makes the most noise rather than the man with reason behind his arguments. He will vote Republican or Democratic as his father before him voted or as the people about him vote—provided, of course, that he takes the trouble to vote at all.

"The students of other countries are radicals. They are the first to grasp new ideas. They keep the political life in a turmoil. But the American student certainly cannot be accused of being radical. In the words of Waldo Frank, 'He is not even

conservative; he is not anything.' In fact, he hasn't the slightest idea as to what is happening outside his limited sphere of activity. He knows who is the President of the United States, and he might know the names of his Senators and Representatives, but that is about all. Ask him his opinion on any current event, provided it isn't a murder or a scandal, and you will be greeted with a shrug of the shoulders. He doesn't know anything about it, and, what is more, he doesn't care.

"The only parts of the newspaper he reads are the comic section, the continued story, the sports page, and the latest developments in the current murder trial. He thinks editorials are all right for old men with long beards, but who wants to be an old man with a long beard? Watch him sometime when he picks up his favorite magazine. Does he turn to the serious articles right away? He does not. He immediately buries himself in a love story and never so much as glances at the serious articles.

"The principal concern of the college student is to have a good time. And he thinks that in order to do this he must be constantly on the go, and must be continually spending money. Not having to work for his money he does not realize its value and spends it as fast as he can get it. He buys new clothes oftener than is necessary. He buys cigarettes and passes them around to his fellow students. He sees two or three picture shows a week. He borrows the family automobile and uses gallon after gallon of gasoline. The other students think him an all-round good fellow, but it is his father who foots the bills.

"The college student is supposed to have tastes above those of the ordinary citizen, but has he? When one of Shakespeare's plays is broadcast over the radio, does he listen to it? No, he most certainly does not. He is too busy listening to Amos 'n Andy. He thinks them the greatest comedians of all time. He roars with laughter when Andy

says 'I've requested.' 'That's real wit,' he will tell you. He would no more think of missing the toothpaste minstrels for a single evening than he would of missing his dinner or of going to school with his work prepared. He never listens to the works of the great composers. His favorite musical selections are, 'Nobody Loves No Baby Like My Baby Loves Me.' 'Kissable Baby,' and 'Bend Down Sister.' As for his taste in art—well, one has but to look at the pictures hanging on the walls of his room..."

With this my companion paused as if awaiting some comment from me. I believe he guessed that I was a college student, and it seemed to me he had taken delight in my discomforture whenever one of his remarks applied to me. That is if sour-faced gentlemen in grey suits may be said ever to take a delight in anything. Seeing that no comment was forthcoming he continued.

"You may think I have been too severe in my criticism of the college student. True, the picture I have painted of him has not been too complimentary, and yet I have tried to remain unbiased and to portray him exactly as he is. I do not know what is to account for the college student's being what he is. Perhaps it is his home training. Perhaps the colleges are to blame. Perhaps he should be working instead of going to school. If I were to hazard a guess, however, I would say that the blame lies chiefly with our late lamented 'unparalleled prosperity.' History shows that many nations have become too wealthy for their own good and that the citizens have then lost sight of all else in their mad pursuit of pleasure and excitement. If this is the case, our present economic depression may be a blessing in disguise. Perhaps the student, not having so much money to spend, will give up his craze for having a good time and will become more serious. Perhaps he will even learn to think. At least we can hope so."



# The Trooper

By WM. J. HOEFLER

*A section of the life of a "trooper" by Mr. Hoefler, who spent quite a little time under canvas this summer. He informed us that this story is not so fictional as factual.*

THE EDITOR.

GEORGE DOUGLASS sat on his suitcase in a small, dusty railway station. The depot bore the name of an unenterprising Kentucky town of the Big Sandy Valley. He was engaged in a mental invoice of his financial condition. He counted the scanty change in his right trouser pocket for the third time. No he had made no error. His fortune amounted to exactly eighty-seven cents. Wistfully he gazed down the single track.

"New York, 2300 miles," he soliloquized. "Little, old Broadway was never so far away."

It was Douglass' ambition to star on Broadway. He held this wish in common with every other person who can be designated as a trooper. While he possessed considerable Thespian ability, he had never attained his goal. As the years advanced his ambition dimmed. The main trouble was that although he acted like a Hamlet, he drank like a Falstaff. Another contributing factor may have been that Douglass did not inherit the saving qualities of his Scotch ancestors, though this trait is uncommon among theatrical people.

Douglass was forced to face the hard present. The traveling show, of which he had been a member, ceased functioning when the sheriff waved a few legal documents in the manager's face. The equipment had been seized and the actors had left for parts unknown, via train, automobile, hitchhiking and box cars. The various hotels and boarding houses were holding an auction sale on second hand clothing and traveling bags. Douglas fortunately had dropped his suitcase out a back window and had saved his luggage.

"I need a job," he concluded to these various premises.

He purchased a Billboard at the local drug store and began reading it carefully. He found the column he wanted. An item struck his eye.

"Stubb's Superior Show playing Paintsville," he muttered. "That sounds like a good lead."

Paintsville was thirty long, dusty miles away. He picked up his suitcase with new resolution and

began his journey. His right thumb was rather sore as he drove into Paintsville that evening with a benevolent farmer. His dinner consisted of a hamburger sandwich and a cup of coffee. Then he sauntered over to the box office, revealed his Equity card and claimed professional courtesy.

Stubb's Superior Show proved to be a combination of doubtful drama and unmusical comedy. It played under canvas and was moved by truck. He yawned through a version, more or less bloody, of "Jesse James, the Missouri Outlaw." Then he entered the male dressing room, if it can be honored with that title, and found he knew several of the actors. Lastly he approached Stubbs himself and gently suggested to the latter what a great actor Belasco had overlooked in him.

"Well," Stubbs replied, "Jasper Todd, our villain, got in jail for speeding today and we need a man to take his place. I guess you're elected."

He spent the night in an intensive study of his parts. Feeling that he had mastered them enough to get through the following night, he felt the need of fresh air. He descended the steps of the fifth class hotel and passed out to the street. The constable, with two guns placed in threatening positions, paused before him.

"Listen here," the officer observed. "I'm watchin' you show birds. The first suspicious move and you'll be in jail with the other ham."

"But, officer," Douglass objected, "I haven't robbed the bank yet."

"Don't get flip with me or I'll jug ya."

There was but one thing left to do and that was to paint the town as deep a crimson as possible, and that is what occurred.

The doors of the big top opened promptly at seven-thirty. The show went on about nine. The admission was a quarter. Once inside, the customer found that a decent place to sit cost fifteen cents more. The bill for the night was entitled, "Orange Time." It lasted about an hour and comprised but half the evening's entertainment. To witness the last half, cost a dime more. Stubbs extracted the silver gently.

After the performance the manager came back stage and moaned to the assembled actors,

"Folks, it was awful. They came in without paying and lifted the sidewalls. The law wouldn't protect us at all. I'm sorry. I can't pay you your

salaries this week. I'll have to put you all on commonwealth."

There was but little criticism. The actors were more or less used to this. By commonwealth was meant that the proceeds of the show, if any, would be divided evenly among all concerned after the expenses were deducted.

Then the villain entered in the guise of the head canvasman.

"Stubbs, this show doesn't move tonight until we're paid off."

"But I'll pay you in the next town—if we have a good night."

"She doesn't move," the canvasman said firmly.

"You're fired," said Mr. Stubbs briefly.

"Come on, boys," said the boss canvasman.

Stubbs looked after the deserting canvasmen in dismay for a moment and then turned with determination to the actors.

"He thinks he put us in a hole. We'll take this tent down, transport it and put it up in the next town ourselves."

So they toiled far into the night, slept in the truck seats, started the journey at dawn and had the top up by noon the next day. What was said in regards the canvasmen was much and bitter. Troopers always insist with, "On with the Show!"

For their pains that night they had a riot. A fight began in the audience. In attempting to quell it the wrath of the townfolk turned on the actors.

"Hey Rube!" Stubbs shouted at the top of his voice.

Douglass calmly finished his drink in the dressing room, tied a once-white towel around his left arm, secured a mall handle of about seven pounds weight, and joined his brother Thespians in entertaining the town folk. After a bit the fighting got too rough. He jerked off the towel and crawled under the truck, waiting for the storm to cease.

All the damage consisted of, when an invoice was made, was thirty broken chairs and ten cut ropes. The week stand was cut to one day. That night they moved on to the next town, where they expected the usual better luck. Fortunately the rec-reant canvasmen came back on the job, somewhat more sober, and the actors could pay more attention to the stage. All went well until the third day, when the canvasmen and a few appointed deputies were forced to use violent measures in keeping out the gate-crashers. Stubbs warned,

"Don't lift your hands against them, boys."

So the canvasmen used their feet. In the morning Stubbs found that his tent had been burned beyond repair.

"They can't lick me," he told Douglass. "I'm going to rent the High School Auditorium in Prestonsburg. That's our next date."

"On with the show!" Douglass quoted.

"Another thing, Douglass," Stubbs added. "I'm going to star you."

"At last," George sighed. "Some heavy role, like Cyrano or Macbeth. I know I'll be a great success."

"Nix on that stuff," Stubbs vetoed. "You know as well as I know that all these hicks want is hokum and then some more hokum. I'm going to star you in the "Hick Constable."

"What! A great dramatic star like George Douglass playing a hick constable! Why I won't do it. You know how I handle even the heaviest lines. I never missed a cue. And now this."

"Too late!" Stubbs said without emotion. "The advance man has already billed the town, "Whoopee Douglass in the Hick Constable" and here's a tip. A big producer from New York has wired for comps. He is making a study of tent show game. He might give you a chance in the big town.

Whoopee Douglass played as he never played before in that famous rural comedy, "The Hick Constable." It was a pleasure to play something that resembled a theatre once more and Douglass responded nobly, his vision in sight at last. As he sat in the dressing room, removing his makeup with cold cream, Stubbs entered.

"It was an awfully poor house, folks," he began. "The high school board got afraid that I wouldn't pay the rent. Those scenery people attached us too. I guess we'll have to fold up."

"But what about that New York producer?" Douglass wondered.

"I forgot to tell you. He didnt' show up."

It was a different railway station and a different time but the scene remained the same. Douglass sat on his somewhat more battered suitcase and thumbed the lapels of his threadbare suit. He had expertly recovered his suitcase from the hotel and now was gazing at a weatherbeaten sign: New York 2400 miles. He sighed and said, "Well, that's a hundred on me."

# This Thing Called School Spirit

By BARRY DWYER

THE approach to this topic is obstructed by two great barriers. The first; a great mass of unreasoning sentimentality and triteness. The second, which is in part an outgrowth of the first; popular cynicism. You may say that I am possessed of astounding conceit and confidence if I think myself capable of surmounting these. Perhaps you are correct. My only plea is that the confidence is innocent in origin, and the conceit is the normal quality of a Senior. The contention is this, wrong or right, that one immured for four years in an atmosphere sometimes charged by the electrical quality of the subject under discussion, sometimes deadened by its absence, should, if his eyes and ears are open, discover something of its nature. This is a reasonable supposition. The fact is, the vast majority of students either do not know or do not care what spirit is. Consequently, we must state that the majority can neither hear nor see. The alternative, paralysis of expressional powers, has no basis in fact.

"Very well," you say, coming to the attack like a good man and true, "you tell us what school spirit is. We never see you breaking your arm waving a pennant, or straining your voice shouting. We're willing to be told. You tell us—if your able."

Yes, that is what you would say to my face. So I place it right there at the normal point of interruption.

"You tell us what school spirit is." Nothing could please me better at the moment. But let us consider a few points before we come to a precise definition. If I gave my answer now you would read no further. It would be like giving a solution to a problem without the adequate presentation of the problem itself. And I do want to get this thing out of my system, once and for all time.

Let us take two students through the course of college life and watch their reactions. We shall name these students Damon and Pythias for obvious reasons. Damon and Pythias are inseparable. Upon graduation from high school, they decide to enter the same college. The college is convenient, and they wish to remain together. They know nothing of the customs, traditions, or rules of the school. Now just because Damon and Pythias are

close friends does not mean they are alike. As in all such cases, one is superior, in natural talents, although each has virtues which the other admires. In this example Damon is blessed with the natural ability, which of course causes Pythias to admire in him something he does not possess. To Damon, Pythias is his audience, but to give him credit, he looks upon the perseverance and intellectual honesty of Pythias with a respectful envy. Damon's flame of brilliance is, as is too frequently the case, lambent.

From the outset, we see the difference in character of our subjects. Damon is petulant at the time taken in registering; Pythias takes it as a matter to be expected. Damon balks at buying a Freshman cap, and later at wearing "the silly thing;" Pythias does not complain. He is being initiated into a life different from any previously known. He is willing to do anything within reason. When they meet upper classmen, who are a genial lot at this school, Damon assumes his most ingratiating personality and wins the name of a "good fellow." Pythias' characterization is: "nice guy, but quiet." Both continue their Freshman year in much the same manner. Damon's social life is a step higher than Pythias', but he still calls him "pal." Pythias continues to take life at college as a matter of course, but is tempted now and then to be a trifle irritated at Damon. Damon's companions have initiated him into the fraternity of the knowing. He knows all about this activity and all about that activity. His knowledge consists in knowing all the "bunk those guys get away with." Pythias signs up for one or two activities. He becomes a Sodalist, and a member of the Band, which brings forth polite razzberries from Damon. Damon is confident he will get a "break" which will place him right in line for a prominent position. He hasn't decided what he wants, but thinks he might take the editorship of a publication, or the presidency of one of the larger organizations. He is confident that he will be a class officer (a matter of course), but he will not associate with the minor activities, and under no circumstances will he take part in athletics without remuneration. If he must run the risk of a broken arm, he's going to be paid for it. Ergo, since he is not good enough to merit a scholarship, athletics are out.

Damon is an apt student in the art of sleeping under the professor's eye, and of concentrating on subjects foreign to the class. However, he is always ready and willing to "pan" the prof on his method, subject, personal appearance, or anything else directly or remotely connected with him. Pythias is not a brilliant student. He is forced to study, since he came to college to get something out of it. Some of the courses he does not like, some he does, but he realizes that they are all a part of his education. Pythias receives moderately good grades; Damon, because of his natural ability, is marked about the same. Nevertheless, he feels wronged, for he knows that he is more intelligent than Pythias.

So the years go by, with Damon constantly waiting on the breaks, and cursing fate and everyone else for not furnishing them. Pythias never did wait on the goddess of chance. She was entirely too inclined to stop and look in other peoples' windows. Damon's grades dwindle until expulsion seems the only course left for the college officials, but they recognize his gifts and give him another chance. He has decided not to try for any activities, because he knows a "drag" is necessary to get any place there. Whenever he sees Pythias' name in the student newspaper, it infuriates him, for Pythias is his particular hate. Pythias is a "grind." Pythias says nothing, but the punch on the jaw he gave Damon at the end of the Sophomore year was intelligible.

In that year Damon became more knowing than ever. He understood all of the workings of the school to perfection, and if we were to take his word, the machinery was constantly in need of a good lubricant. There were several innovations on the campus that year. The pioneers attempted an all-student musical production. It was successful, but Damon's verdict was that it was a flop. He gave it no support. Pythias said nothing to Damon's continued criticism during the first semester, but it finally began to wear raw on his nerves. Damon became obsessed with his myopic viewpoint. Finally they broke. It was over a matter of comparative unimportance late in the second semester. Damon had complained of the rainy weather for a week. He had been campused for an habitual infraction of the rules. Saturday night saw Pythias preparing to wear the ragged edges off his social life. Damon in melancholy mood ana-themized the benefits of society and the faculty. He then referred to the "breaks" that always seemed to come the way of some people. Pythias' obliviousness to his monologue gave him a target for bitterness. His tirade never approached a climax, for with the first bars of the overture, Pythias ended the show and rang down the curtain. Da-

mon sitting on the floor, felt his jaw, and discovered something tangible to hate. He moved out the same night.

We may end our tabloid here. Nothing new will occur in the lives of Damon and Pythias until they leave the college. Nothing is changed save that Damon now calls Pythias a "snake," and no longer numbers him among his "pals." I, for one, would be interested to know what Damon and Pythias will do when they leave the university. This much I do know; Pythias will for the rest of his life be a working element of his university; Damon will not be a working element, but he will impress those who do not know as being Mr. University, himself. His college days will mellow strangely in later years, and his listeners will hear of good, old days the light never beheld. He will almost believe his own stories until the thought of Pythias and the punch on the jaw shall arise and give him a true perspective. He will never forgive Pythias.

My Damon and Pythias are composites of two classes of students. Some of us belong to one group and some to another. Most have a mixture of both running through our veins. The trouble is that the majority have a little too much of the blood of Damon.

The objections will now spring up like a broken water main. You say that Pythias is a dull, loutish fellow? Not so. He is not dull, nor (heaven save us), loutish, but I have, for my own purpose taken away his color in this article. You see, there is quite a bit of color to the expression of school spirit, but the color is not the school spirit. It is an accident depending on the spirit. Many people confuse these two, so I took the liberty of removing all the appearances from Pythias which might give color, and at the same time might confuse. Your objection; Damon is out of drawing, is answered in the same manner. Damon with his pleasant husks removed is destructive criticism.

Let us follow the reasoning which makes Pythias possess the intangible quality, school spirit. It is very simple. The school exists for the common good of the students. Pythias is a student. Therefore, the school exists for the good of Pythias. Now, since the school exists for the good of Pythias, he should do all he can to forward the name and interests of the school. The method by which the undergraduate is able to forward the interests of the school is by participation in activities, curricular and extra-curricular. Here we have the answer to the attitude of Pythias.

The objection, students do not reason thus, presents itself. Whether or not the students reason out their every action, I have shown above that the action is reasonable. Do we reason out all of our actions? Our answer must be: No. But we do

will every conscious action, and each one of you must admit there must be a little more effort of the will where the activity is hampered by opposition and indifference. I could say, where the opposition and indifference are stronger they force the student to reason out his position, but this statement would not be applicable in all cases. Let us assume however that college men are intelligent as a whole.

I should not mention the next objection if it were not forced on me. This is the selfish attitude; I am paying for my education and will not waste my time in useless work. Here, of course, the useless means, useless to me and my ends. This statement always has filled me and always will fill me with a great bitterness. In the first place, are you paying for your education? I know a certain amount of money must be paid to the treasurer at the beginning of each semester, but do you honestly think this money pays for your education? Do you think a few paltry dollars can buy the atmosphere, or the spirit of the school? I blush to mention such a medieval reply, but these things, like everything worthwhile, must be bought by personal sacrifice. Do you think that money buys the services of your teachers? It does not, especially in schools like our own. The amount paid for tuition here would never pay for the services of the faculty, if they worked for a salary. Fortunately for you and me they do not. They work for some

silly reason, like the honor and glory of God, or the salvation of our souls. If you think a munificent endowment fills the coffers of the school to overflowing, you are even more of an impractical dreamer than I. What then must be said of the student who, with a great amount of leisure, selfishly reaps the fruits of other men's labor? Unfortunately, we have a censor.

Let us leave this unsavory discussion of unpalatable persons for those of more humanity. There are a great many who do not find themselves able to partake in activities, or who think they are not fitted for any of them. We must sympathize with the first class, for they are involuntarily missing a part of their education. And no one realizes it better than they, for they are usually of the type that must find an outlet for physical and mental energy. The second is either a little lazy or quite backward. In this group I do not include those who use inability as an excuse. There is a sufficient diversity of work for any group. For the lazy or backward what is said may be said as a warning. They must learn to wear their own spurs, others will soon tire of encouraging and exhorting them.

Surely, if there ever was a paucity of laborers, we have it in our activities. And when I say laborers, I do not mean drones. I mean those who are willing to sacrifice a little of their latent energy.

## Poignancy

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*I walk alone.*

*No more to hear you laughing at my side;  
No more to hear the tender things you said;  
No more to feel the confidence of youth.  
Love dies—and all the world is dead.*

*I walk alone*

*Among the ones who cannot see  
What I have meant to you, and you, to me.  
I walk alone and humbly bow my head.  
Love dies—and all the world is dead.*

*I walk alone*

*And laugh—but ah! my laugh is cold.  
And so my gaze is sad and dull; instead.  
I shy from others for I think they know  
Your love has died—and all the world is dead.*

# A Freshman Looks at College

By WILLIAM FRIES

A few weeks ago, I began the glorious adventure of a college education. To me, it was the most glamorous of undertakings. The privilege seemed to be a signal honor in itself, and I immediately formed exalted and definite ideas concerning the thing I was about to do, and how I was to profit by it. I promised myself that I would study and become educated in order that I might advance among my fellowmen. I wanted my education to be a door of opportunity, and a means of escaping a mean position in life. I hoped that a higher education would serve as a talisman to erase my personal shortcomings, and that I would emerge a perfectly cultured being, capable of attaining any end to which I might aspire.

When, during the previous spring, I had been given a few words of advice, handed my diploma, and left to my own devices, I was sure that I was then as well fitted for life as anyone could be. I was normal in every respect, and I graduated with grades neither high nor exceptionally low. I had done a great deal of mediocre work, for which I received satisfactory marks, and consequently, I had marvelled a little at my own brilliance. To be able to get average grades with minimum effort gave me a smug satisfaction with myself. Certainly, I thought, life would not be difficult for a person of my ingenuity. Nevertheless, I realized that a college education would be a definite advantage, and when the opportunity of further schooling presented itself, I took this means of prolonging my idleness.

Strangely enough, my first day at college was not an exciting one. I came and went largely as I was told; I obeyed orders, and asked no questions. The people around me seemed tolerant enough of my presence, and I was satisfied to remain for the present in obscurity. I felt none of the symptoms of a collegiate, and observed nothing of the great and fearsome transition between high school and college. I was puzzled about the cautionary remarks my teachers had given me, and not a little disappointed that college should be so easy and natural.

After six weeks of college life, I find that the bottom has dropped out of my plan, and that the air-castles I had so carefully built have faded in the light of actuality. I have found college quite

different from any school I had previously attended, and these differences, along with their effect on the people about me, I am about to record.

The most noticeable thing is the way in which the college ignores the individual. The student is exposed to truth and knowledge, but the action depends upon himself. He is urged, perhaps, to do certain things, but the responsibility has shifted from the teacher to the pupil. It is the first time I have seen students in school so left to work out their own destiny.

This responsibility is, as a rule, assumed. I have noticed an air of eagerness and willingness to learn that is not present in a high school. I hear regrets that holidays should break up the classes. There is less tendency to bluff through, and most important of all, there is no need of discipline. The students realize that they are in school for a serious purpose, and there is attention and quiet without the mention of either.

We are no longer treated as children. If we turn in a piece of work that is not clearly conceived, or well executed, the grades are such that we must do better or fail. We are treated like gentlemen, and our word is not questioned without reason. We are slowly becoming a part of a grown-up world.

All these factors compose what we call, for lack of a better word, the atmosphere of a school. This quintessence of school life is the thing I find most different about college. It is something that is almost conspicuous by its presence at all times, and yet it is impossible of definition or analysis. It seems to be a combination of the work and play, the joy and misery, the friends and enemies with which we surround ourselves. This spirit or atmosphere may be temporarily ignored or belittled, but at some time it forces an impression on the consciousness of all the students here. For this reason, I consider the spirit of the school the most potent force in the change of the students themselves.

This revolution of ideas is not yet broad in its extent (being still in its early stages), but it is already quite noticeable. It is not a change of an outward nature, but rather a settling or a discovery of a principle. Men are becoming students, and are reaching for things in life that they have hitherto

ignored. They have found need of a greater medium of life, and they are setting earnestly about to acquire it.

What force or combination of circumstances is causing the change is not certain, but they seem suddenly to be overwhelmed by a sort of self-disgust. It is a sensation of having missed something of great importance, and the truth dawns with the clarity and brilliance of the morning-sun.

Their actions and policies of the past are now obsolete, and they become suddenly aware of the trivialities and meannesses of their own characters. Thus college works the change. What further change it causes in its students, I can only conjecture, but we have suddenly found that we are yet far from being educated, and the greatest lesson we have had is that of humility. To learn it well is the best start for which we could hope.

## Nocturne

By N. DIDISHKO

*When the god of darkness fails  
To love the quiet moon  
Serenely and softly she sails,  
Lighting the mists of the night,  
With a mournful light.*

*And floating 'neath the nestling stars  
She whispers naught to them,  
But all her melancholy bars  
From each twinkling eye;  
Uttering only a sigh.*

*Now she sails thru a clouded forum,  
Then forth the goddess of night,  
In all her ethetic decorum  
Bursts thru the clouded sky,  
With a mournful sigh.*

*There by the lake where lovers dream,  
The moon her tears sheds  
In a mist, like a silvery stream  
Softly they fall and break,  
Breathing a hymn to the lake.*

*Serenely and softly sailing above,  
Glides the sorrowful moon;  
'Tis the sorrowful moon that I love!  
Lighting the mists of the night,  
With a mournful light.*

# I'm Lucky To Be In College

By MASON C. BENNER

I'M lucky to be in college. Now don't go away yet, because this is not intended to be a blithering ballyhoo account of glorious sentimentalities, but just a hard-headed account of how one can do worse.

Four years ago, a young man was attending a small mid-western university because he wanted to, because he liked it and knew he should, but he didn't know why. Before he had finished unusual circumstances forced him to quit. Out of a clear blue sky he was on his own. There was no one to lend a guiding hand and his training, so far, had been without purpose. Well, imagine his dilemma.

Of course the next step was to find a job. Without a pater to say, "Son take the desk in the comptroller's office," or an uncle Ted to say, "Come out to California, son, we'll find an opening for you," this first job was the most trying, although enlightening experience, he ever had had. Traveling from one employment office to another was a real course in psychology, but inclined to be a bit pessimistic. These excursions, daily, did not encourage a superiority complex in the youth. Prospective employer's demanded experience, even though no one even dreamed that the world could ever suffer from another panic, or perhaps the popular term is depression. He could not even offer himself as a college graduate, although this alone did not seem to impress the guardian of the sanctuary, the employment managers, who were often only graduates from the school of hard knocks, and seemed to resent his having even attended any school.

Necessity forced him to be persistent. It was some consolation, that proverb at least, held good in the business world. After three months of making himself a nuisance, but nevertheless a familiar caller, one of the gigantic corporations surprised him with a job. This was not the kind of work he had hoped all his life to do, but it paid money without which he could not even keep alive.

He was put to checking huge columns of figures day after day. Many of the nights, which he yearned for throughout the tedious days, the only time when he had time to think, to read, to write, or to realize that humans lived, breathed, loved and hated, were snatched from him to help check more

of the figures entering into the giant corporation's income. During the endless series of days, he could occasionally glance out of the seemingly barred window and perceive people walking freely up and down the streets. He gazed at them enviously, wondering at their freedom, meditating on their purposes as they seemed to scurry, ant-like, from his lofty perch.

On clear days he could even see the distant outline of the university silhouetted against the autumnal mural of the hills. Then he pictured himself amongst the old inspirational surroundings, compared it with his then dull dislike, and perhaps regretted all the wasted opportunities.

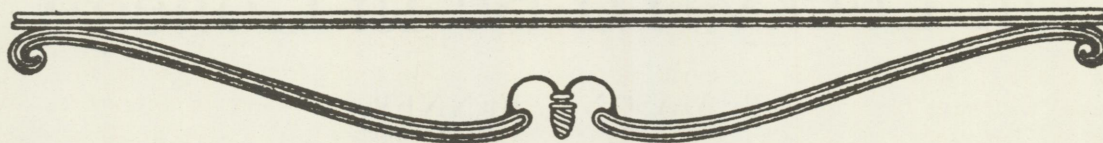
There seemed no salvation. The giant octopus had a death grip on its employees. To lose their jobs was worse than the wrath of God. None were satisfied. They cursed the fates that ground out their individualities in a hideous routine, but held with a tenacious grip on to the slack encouragement of rosey promises and slick profit sharing schemes that promised great returns on their invested pitances. They protested unfair treatments but their protests dwindled to infinitesimal specks by the time they had reached the "voice powerful" that controlled the hopes, fears, and even destinies, of 200,000 cogs in a Cyclopean machine.

The young man worked on desperately for three years, never knowing where it would end. Finally came the crash. Everyone is familiar with that term today. He was squeezed out of what he thought to be his only hope of subsistence. The octopus had succeeded in so mystifying him that he thought that all was lost. Fortune suddenly eked out a slight grimace. Due to an almost forgotten ability, he was enabled to re-enter the old college, almost forgotten in his dreams.

The opportunity dazzled him. After such an experience, it seemed almost a miracle. He sometimes pinched himself in class, when his new opportunity to come back and be the man he had a right to be, seemed to fade back into that miserable cubicle where he had suffered and dreamed. Now he was free to expand and create. Don't you think he will?

I'm lucky to be in college.

# EDITORIAL



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EDWIN SAUER

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DR. LAWRENCE BOLL, S. M., Faculty Supervisor

## THE EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

This number of the Exponent is dedicated to the Alumni of the University of Dayton. Perhaps you wonder at such a move, and point out that Alumni have a magazine for their own purposes. Such a statement would be the outgrowth of the mistaken idea that Alumni and Student Body are two groups as widely separated as third cousins. They are not, for the Alumni and Students are the elder and younger sons of a common mother, the same mother we salute as gracious.

No better month could be found for this dedication than November. In this month many of the elder sons return once more to mingle with the younger still under the protection of the school. There is a peculiar justice in that November, the month usually symbolized by sorrow and parting, should warm our hearts with reunion and festivity.

So we remaining at home salute those who have been physically separated from us, on whose foundations we are building, and whom we shall soon join as elder sons.

\* \* \*

I owe an apology to the Engineers. Unthinkingly, I placed their article in the October number in the rear of the magazine. If they will notice the offence was not recommitted. But I must make some sort of a reply, and when I assure them that we of the staff consider each page of the magazine as good as the other I am not overstating. Then, too, someone must have his article placed there. Did you ever notice who fills the last pages? Stop right now and look at the number of the page.

Leaving that matter aside, I am so confoundedly

glad to have the Engineers writing, I will give them all the pages they want for print. Or anyone else who will give me the opportunity.

\* \* \*

I do not recommend articles in this space as a general thing, but leave the choice to the reader's taste. This month, however, we have such unusually good material that my reaction is one of gloating pride. No, I do not think I will recommend any special article after all. My purpose is not to give a resume of the magazine. Take your pick; but if you want my frequently maligned advice, read them all.

As for the gentleman who informed me that the publication was too intellectual, I cannot decide whether to be complimented or insulted. He did not say why the poor mag was intellectual. Heaven knows, those writing in its pages don't consider themselves elevated in intellect. At least they never said so to me, and they usually tell all to the Editor. But I think this remark was meant to signify a false note of assumed intelligence. We do not claim to be intellectual, but we do put our minds to work in an effort to be intelligent. No, no, do not place us in the ranks of the poseurs, our long hair is an indication of poverty.

\* \* \*

There were so many interesting topics to write up this month, we couldn't decide where to begin. The we signifies all of us. There were the old subjects in keeping with the month, for it is the month of the Poor Souls, of Thanksgiving, of the Homecomings in all universities, and a score of other

things including Armistice Day. Well, it was a very pleasant state to find ourselves so confusingly fertile. But after the firing ceased everyone was very, very proud to find that we did not have one football story with a last minute touchdown.

\* \* \*

When this issue comes from the press the fate of the Annual will have been decided. I am convinced that the outcome will be successful. Surely, those in charge deserve success, they have striven for it in the face of unsurmountable mountains of difficulty. If, however, their effort has been a failure we should all buy a yard of crepe, and tack it on our foreheads. Let the brother in the amen corner do his duty.

\* \* \*

I was talking with a friend the other day on a topic of mutual interest—books. Now please understand that books are not my sole absorbing interest. I have seen too much of those who spend their lives inside pages. But books have been and always will be one of the most gracious gifts to me. And like most gifts they are frequently abused. Excuse these digressions. We were not talking about authors who were kind enough to give us anodynes for care and cocktails for dullness. I thought of Jerome K. Jerome. Jerome is

not well known today. He is not a realist. He is humorous, leisurely, what we term whimsical, and very much in love with living. What has happened to Jerome, his "Three Men in a Boat," and his "Idle Thoughts of An Idle Fellow"? I wonder if the reading public prefers the stark realism of scooping mud from the gutter to riding on the river with the Jeromes of literature. We know the "facts of life;" why keep repeating them to us? I think we can take a few things for granted.

\* \* \*

Someone asked me what the asterisks between these paragraphs meant. Aside from a perfectly commonplace duty of separating the paragraphs, they indicate long lapses of time. Some of them mean a day, some an hour, some a few seconds. This brings me to one of the most interesting points in reading.

Did you ever stop to consider the situations under which writing is done? Not that I consider myself a writer, but just for the purpose of example, let me illustrate. It is almost twelve o'clock. All day I have worked to get this book ready for the printer. I am beginning to suffer from brain-fag. I shall see words in my sleep tonight, but I feel strangely content.

Goodnight.

## *A Thought at Dawn*

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*Be gone dark night; steal silently away.  
Be gone, but let thy peace and ease remain.  
Be gone, the city wakes, the hum of life begins.  
Be gone for man is up to seek his gain.  
Be gone; I would that I might hold thee here,  
I find within thy darkness rest and cheer.*

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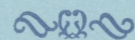
*Thanks!*  
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