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The UNIVERSITY of DAYTON
EXPONENT



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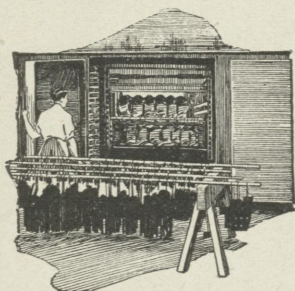
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ERIN'S CROSS OF HOPE

The University of Dayton Exponent

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MARCH, 1922

No. 3

The Homeland

JOHN H. HOLTVOIGT

Slow fall at Eve along thy dusky ways
The sunset-tinted lights, and fade afar;
Thy hills grown regal in their last amaze
Fade slowly into dusk and are no more,
Wide o'er thy fallow moorlands sounds of war
Re-echo weirdly in the chilly haze
Awhile the ancient ocean darkling plays
Its heavy monotone along thy shore.

Sweet island-mother in all things grown sweet,
Each wild primrose and melodious bird,
Each drop of dew attests thy loveliness.
Now opening vistas thy worn visage greet
And all thy sons, grown wise in Hope deferred
Shall come and lead thee to thy happiness.

Ireland Today

ANTHONY A. McCARTHY

"She's the most distressful country
That ever you have seen,
They're hangin' men and women
For the Wearin' of the Green."

EVER since 1172, seven hundred and fifty years ago when Strongbow landed at Waterford has not this same condition prevailed in Ireland? Is it not by far worse at present, owing to the innumerable inventions of more horrible death-dealing devices, invented by minds whose god was destruction in the recent World War. Again the stage is set in Ireland, a stage not for the presentation of Peace, for the dove of that blessing has long flown from that devastated land.

For seven centuries the history of Ireland has been written not in golden ink, by a pen of gold, and an historian unbogoted; but, by the blood of the Irish, the sword of the English, and officials who seem in their very natures to be devils incarnate. For seven centuries the Irish people have suffered a martyr's death. For seven centuries the Irish have remained true, true to their God, despite the ingenuity and treachery of the English to turn their hearts from the Diety.

The hope of the Irish Free State has been built on promises made by the British, promises which in their very conception were never intended to be fulfilled. An example of these many promises has clearly manifested itself in the peace parley held at No. 10 Downing Street, the home of Lloyd George, Premier of England. This parley resulted rather in a complete victory for British imperialistic diplomacy than for Irish aspirations. "The British forced their terms upon the Sein Fein negotiators, after their traditional manner of the armed footpad." "Take what we offer, or we will devastate Ireland with every terror of modern warfare," threatened Lloyd George upon the refusal of the Irish delegates to accept his terms.

It was then after short deliberation, the time having been limited by the Premier—that the Sein Fein diplomats signed the Treaty of Peace which like other agreements with England will never become a reality; for it is characteristic of the British Empire never to fulfill treaties with any country unless compelled by sheer force.

Viewing the same situation in the light which Lloyd George sees it, the Irish at present are supposed to be free. However, not later than three weeks ago, he ordered his Hell Cats, namely the Black and Tans, composed of murderers, thieves and robbers, to be taken from the various prisons in England, that they might serve their time as police in Ireland. This order forcibly demonstrated the fiendishness of such an act, which could be enacted only on the stage of war, presenting Premier Lloyd George in the leading role. If the Irish fail to fulfill his unjust commands the century-old scene will be re-enacted. An Imp of Hell will turn again his army of convicts upon the Irish nation and again its people will welcome death, not to music of angel harpists, but to the clamoring and clashing of Briton's cold steel.

What pity, what misfortune that in the late World War, Emperor William of Germany did not properly estimate the fighting strength and military genius of the United States. If his consideration had been true, the possibilities are certain Germany would have remained on friendly terms with America. England would today be tasting some of the tortures and grievances she has heaped upon the Irish for over seven decades, not in the same manner, however, for the Irish were the recipients of unjust punishment at the hands of a bloodthirsty tyrant and Germany could hardly be compared to England in administering excruciating pain to her subjects.

The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury speaking in the House of Lords said with just indignation, "What is being done in Ireland is what we blamed the Germans for doing in a lesser degree in Belgium."

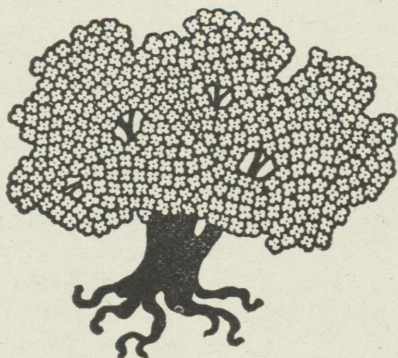
Ex-President Wilson's "Issues" for entering the World War in defense of Humanity are being daily trampled upon. "Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of people over whom they have no right to rule, except the right of force?" "Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interests?" "Shall peoples be ruled and dominated even in their own internal affairs by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?" "Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?"

These are the "Issues" for which America entered the World War and whole-hearted Americans will stand at ease and watch this ever monster tyrant of the world crush our issues to the ground unwinningly.

The world has been asleep. America has been asleep. Neither heard the call of distress from that green emerald in the Atlantic prior

to the untimely death of Terrence MacSwiney, Lord-Mayor of Cork. Then like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, the European countries rose in protest against the injustice. America immediately appointed a committee of one hundred to investigate conditions. The committee investigated them thoroughly. Yes. But with what results? This needs no answer. One has but to look at Ireland today. The answer is self-evident, in the destruction of both public and private property, and in the merciless snuffing out of human life. Ex-Premier Asquith recently declared, "Things are being done in Ireland with the knowledge and approval, if not under the direction of the government officials which would disgrace the blackest annals of the lowest despotism of Europe."

Ireland, in the future as in the past will continue to suffer unless the civilized countries of the world unite for her defense, not by war, if the aversion be possible, but by treaty with acknowledged power of enforcement. Permit this nation like others to enjoy the fruits of a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," and not, as in the past, a government of the few, by their friends, for the people. Innis Fail "The Nation God Forgot" will cease to exist and "The Republic of Ireland, the country God blest," will be born anew.



The Building of the Long Worm

JOHN H. HOLTVOIGT

AT that time, when Harold Harfagr ruled in Norway, it so befell, that the king desired to lead a great fleet of ships into the land of the Isle-Dwellers. The order went out over the length and breadth of the land; and much work was done. Many men came from the mountain lands, adown to the sea to get themselves in the employ of the king. Many were the ships there gathered at the quay, and many were the men come to join with the king against the land's foe. There came also the wise men of the realm. So also the king commanded to be brought to the chief town the shipbuilding men, that many a new ship might be added to his fleet. To that end came all the great earls and whosoever knew aught of the making of ships. Many a brave sea captain answered the call, and many a roamer of the seas; all toilers of the sea were they and loyal men all. But there came not in answer to the king's call no braver king's men, nor more learned in the craft of the sea, than Harold Thorgfell and Olaf Bluetooth. Strong men were they, and fierce and loyal in battle, so that through all the land went out the fame of their brave deeds on the sea. Long had these two fought in the seas of the North; there had they garnered much gold, and fame. Many an outland thrall felt the strength of those men, and now were they come to do service for king Harold.

When they had come there at the chief town by the sea, great welcome they got from the king and his men. They got themselves at once in the king's pay, and so great were they held, they were made masters in the king's yards, where already many a brave keel was fashioning. Furthermore, the king commanded them that on the morrow should be begun the king's ship, many an ell longer than any that had ever been seen on that coast, and the greatest in Norway. To that purpose were Harold Thorgfell and Olaf Bluetooth set over a great crew of men, and they had the making of that ship. Such a ship should it be, that should be the marvel of men. And the king proposed a sail in the midst of the summertide and desired that speed should be set thereto.

Right well had the king chosen his men. No ship grew faster. There wrought the king's men many a fair week through, and it is told, never so fair a ship been seen in these lands. Much rivalry be-

twixt the building carles rose up and the work flew apace. It was seen by all how Harold even sang at his work among the men, but Olaf was grim and guileful of mood. Belike Harold cared not for the king's pay, but was mirthful; nevertheless did Olaf drive the work grimly ahead, and ever sought favor in the king's eye. Each tried often to excell the other and much talk among men they got for it. The sides of the ship grew up and fair was it fashioned. Therewith was the king much pleased and often would he go down to the ship-building yards and watch the men work. And he thought "Surely no one is better fitted to master my fleet and sail this ship than Harold Thorgfell or Olaf Bluetooth." So the king fell debating within himself which was the better man; but he craftily bided his time and mentioned aught of this to no one. Meanwhile the king's ship grew to a great size and was the marvel of men.

Now it is told that Harold loved much a certain maid of that country called Thora, who dwelt in the town by the sea. Fair and sweet was she fashioned and the prize of many a man's eye. Belike Harold had ample reason to sing. But Olaf loved no maid, though men said that verily he was the fairer of the two. Because of this it was seen he waxed grim and guileful but a doer of deeds withal. No man drove men harder than he, or yet to more purpose. Still was Harold a master of no small account. But ever the name of Olaf was cast before the king as a builder of ships and a driver of men withal. So waxed he in the favor of the king. Of these things came tidings to Thora the beloved of Harold and much did she ponder thereon. She thought "How great shall be he, who is made captain of the king's fleet. Surely will the king choose between Olaf and Harold." Belike these things move much the heart of a maid, for she loved Harold no longer and loved Olaf. She kept always his company and in many ways she wooed him. So loved she Olaf and Harold was grown sad and grim. Now were they rivals in work and in love. But still Olaf drove forward the king's work, and found favor with the king. And the two men so toiled that soon was the great ship come close to completion. But Thora loved most Olaf Bluetooth, for she thought of the favor of the king. So in the sweet summertime were they wedded man and wife. Of this thing Harold said nothing but toiled daily in the king's yards and still sang. For this did he get much love from the shipbuilding men.

Thus fell it to pass, midway in the harvesting tide, the king's ship was finished. Still men were at work on it, carving thereon weird tales of the kings of the land, of great warriors of the past. Many fair deeds were carved there of Thor and of Odin. But the prow was shaped to the likeness of a dragon's head; so also was the

rear part shaped to a dragon's tail. Beaten gold was the dragon's head and wondrously fair so that all men marvelled and praised the craft of the king's men. It was seen that the ship was very large and strong, and of great oaken beams. In the fashion of the north was it shaped as all king's boats were, broad and long. And the front and rear thereof were little higher than the midmost, for such was the fashion of those men of Norway. Of this boat was the great king Harold Harfagr exceedingly proud, and very often would he journey down to the quay to behold how it was growing and to watch his two shipbuilding masters at work. And then when as the news of the finishing of the ship was brought to the king he was exceedingly merry and called Harold Thorgfell and Olaf Bluetooth unto him. He thanked them much and gave them much praise. Thereto was **added a goodly portion of gold.** Still was the king debating with himself which was the better man to captain the king's navy. Forsooth was Olaf the greatest of men-handlers, yet Harold for his mirth won much love among the men.

Then said the king that they should dight the ship ready, for on the morrow he would come down to the sea to look on it completed. That was very early in the morning and all through the day the ship was made ready for the king's coming. That eve much feasting was held in the king's town by the shipbuilding men, and everyone to the lowest house carle was merry. The king's gold flowed freely, and red wine was there a-plenty. There came also Olaf and his young wife Thora. But it was seen that Harold Thorgfell was not there, and men said that verily Harold waxed sad for Thora. In sooth he grieved much thereover.

But now grew the night tide over and the sun rose up fair over Norway. Three hours the king rode through town and by tillage to the town by the quay. In the town were all men biding the king and his train. Many women and children were there. Harold Thorgfell and Olaf Bluetooth came down to the quay with the king's men, and the king debated with them concerning the ship. Great was his pride therein. Many hundred knights full armed followed in the king's train. In the town was a great press of people and they followed after. Great pomp and happiness was there.

Afar off the king saw the great ship lightly at anchor, in the quay and fell a-praising it; but when he was come down along side great consternation fell on him, and the people there round. There had been much evil done. The side of the great ship was bitten and cut by an axe. Great was the damage done; huge holes were cut in the gunwale of that ship. From stem to stern was it hacked and deep had the sharp blade gone. Strong was the arm and bold the heart,

that had served the king's ship thus. Thereupon great wrath seized the king, and the people gave a great shout of anger. All men gazed around to espy the one guilty of that evil deed.

Then the king said to his two shipbuilding men, "Whosoever hath done this deed shall be served with death! Knowest thou aught what dastard hath done this?"

But Harold Thorgfell answered, "Yea king, verily I wot who hath done this. Knowest thou king it is I, hath done this deed."

Great surprise fell on the king and his men, and the king said, "Now tell me why thou hast done unto me so great a harm. For a surety thy life is forfeit, unless thou repairest this damage done."

But Harold smiled and called unto him a number of men. Then he commanded them in the sight of the king and the people to shave off the side of the ship evenly, till the last notch and axebite had been smoothed therefrom. So also he commanded them to cut away the other side in like manner, till the ship should be balanced again. For a long time the king and the people waited. Olaf Bluetooth was seen to grow wroth at Harold for the deed he had done, and urged the king strongly to slay him. Nevertheless the king waited for great was his wonderment.

Soon came the men on the ship down to the king. And behold it was seen of all that the king's ship was grown twice as beautiful as before, with the sides curving down in the midmost. Never before was seen such a ship. All the men marveled greatly and the people gave a great shout of praise. Thereon was Harold made the king's man and called by the king the greatest of shipbuilders. The fame of his deed went far into many lands. Thereafter all the ships were built after the manner of Thorgfell's long-ship which was called "The Long Worm."

Thus got Harold Thorgfell to be captain of the king's fleet. Thereafter with Long Worm fought he many battles in the great sea, and was the terror of the Isle-Dwelling folk. In the land of his birth his fame might never die. But of Olaf Bluetooth, it is told, that he got many children and waxed rich withal on the land. And still it is questioned, by the witan who ride to the Thing, who was the happiest man, Harold Thorgfell who got a king's favor, or Olaf Bluetooth who got a maid's favor.

THE END

A Message to Erin

D. HERBERT ABEL

Shure an' shamrocks bloom in Erin
Along Killarney way,
The colleens all are wearin'
The good ould green today.
Shure Irish hearts are merry
An' Irish eyes shine clear,
If you come from Cork or Kerry
Shure we're with you "Over Here."

With the starry banner o'er us
To keep our homes from harm
An' our Uncle Sam before us
To wave off tyrant's arm;
Our hearts are with our brothers
Whose hearts will never quail
'Till the land of Irish mothers
Is a new, free Innis Fail.



The Shale Oil Industry in the U. S.

EDWARD G. SANDER

THE shale oil industry in this country, while still in the experimental stage, is each day becoming more important and considering its almost unlimited resources, the depletion of the present petroleum supply, and the undoubted needs of the future generations, it seems destined to surpass the greatness of our present petroleum industry. Although almost everyone has read and heard of shale oil as a future source of gasoline, the above statement itself should be sufficient to arouse the interest of all, even though not technologists or financiers.

The increasing need of petroleum oil is steadily outdistancing the supply. While statistics show that the output is increasing, it is not increasing at the same rate as is the consumption. Thousands of machines such as automobiles, trucks, tractors, air-planes, stationary gas engines, which use gasoline or other oil products as fuel are being turned out every day. The substitution of fuel oil for coal has already taken place in a number of our larger vessels in the merchant marine. Besides these needs several foreign countries, especially France, look to America for most of their supply. In 1911 the total consumption of petroleum in the United States was 217,000,000 barrels; in 1918 this increased to 412,000,000 and in 1921 to 470,000,000 barrels. At the present time the United States is producing over sixty per cent of the world's total output, yet is not producing sufficient for its own domestic consumption. If such is the case now, what will be the condition when the supply begins to fail? It is estimated that the curve of crude oil production will reach its peak within a few years, and based on the present yearly increase in demand for petroleum products, it has been likewise calculated that the available supply of the United States will be exhausted in fifteen years.

What will make up for this deficit is as yet uncertain, as there are many possibilities. We could increase importations from foreign oil fields but this would have its limitations. Mexico and Russia, both are in an unsettled condition and to depend upon them for increased production would not be advisable. A change in the design of our present internal-combustion engines, so that a lower grade of fuel could be used, and increased recovery from our oil fields by more efficient operating methods, might relieve the shortage to some ex-

tent. Of more importance is the use of benzol and ethyl alcohol as motor fuels. They are already being tried out, but their success depends upon cheap production, design of a suitable engine and upon other factors which are still undeveloped. Taking all these considerations into account, however, it is the opinion of most experts that the oil shales hold the greatest possibility, principally because of the great supply of raw material available.

Before we proceed with our own, it will not be out of place to give a brief review of this industry in other countries. It is not new as many suppose, for as early as 1694, we read that Eele, Hancock, and Portlock made "pitch, tar, and oyle out of a kind of a stone from Shropshire," England. In 1761 oils were distilled from bituminous shales for medical purposes, and in 1815 a works near Sunderland, England, produced petroleum and ammonia from coal. The shale oil industry made its first appearance in France in 1830, when Laurent obtained paraffin by the distillation of bituminous shales. About three years later, the working of the Autun shales was started and flourished commercially until about 1864, when this industry was paralyzed by the introduction of American and Russian refined petroleum. It was further stunned in 1893, when the French Government reduced the import duty on petroleum one-half. Today there are five or six works producing petroleum from bituminous shales. In Scotland oil was first produced from bituminous mineral on a commercial scale by James Young of Kelly, Scotland, and to him much of the credit for the progress in that country is due. In 1850 he was influential in establishing at Bathgate a commercial plant for the extraction of oil from Boghead coal. From this time on the number of plants began to increase, until in 1864 about fifty-seven were in operation. In the latter year, the industry was checked, just as it was in France because of the importation of American kerosene and in addition competition had caused a great reduction in prices. The result was that all the plants except those efficiently managed and operating on a large scale were forced to stop. In 1920, the five largest companies consolidated and today there remains but this one company.

The principal oil shale deposits in the United States are found in the Green River formation in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming. There are deposits also in other Western States and in a few Eastern ones, notably Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky. Reports as submitted by the United States Geological Survey give some idea of the magnitude of some of these deposits. The total extractable petroleum in the known oil fields is estimated at seven billion barrels. Contrast this against the Uinta Basin in Colorado and Utah, covering about 4,000,000

acres of oil shale land and which it is estimated will alone yield over 40 billion barrels of crude petroleum. Added to this there is other land in Colorado which will yield at least 36 billion barrels. Investigations are now being carried on in other states with regions almost as extensive and equally rich in oil being discovered.

Some of these deposits have been known for years, being discovered by the pioneers. They observed that when they built their fires upon certain rocks, these rocks ignited. Oil shale is an argillaceous deposit and occurs in beds or strata ranging in thickness from a few inches to several feet, and its yield of oil ranges from practically nothing to 90 gallons or more a ton. The shales vary in color from dark gray to almost black. They contain an oil-forming substance known as "kerogen," which is obtained only upon destructive distillation at low temperature. Oil shales are not to be confused with oil-bearing shales, from which petroleum may be obtained by extraction with solvents or by mechanical means.

While there are no plants operating on a commercial scale in this country, an attempt nevertheless will be made to give an outline of the methods, which will in all probability be used in the mining, distilling and refining of the shale, when one is established. The plants in other countries and our experimental ones make this possible. The underlying chemical principles have been established and proved years ago. All that is subject to change, besides the more perfect elucidation of some of those principles, is the most economic application to the conditions existing.

As we proceed it will be of advantage to compare the conditions which will be encountered in this country and those which were met in Scotland, where the plants are a financial success. The first thing to be taken up is the mining of the shale. This can be done in this country with much greater ease and far less cost than in Scotland because most of the shale in America is exposed and can therefore be stripped by means of steam shovels, while in the latter country it had to be mined like coal with shafts running far below the surface. This is one big advantage which the operators of plants in this country will have over those in Scotland. The deposits in this country are constant and uniform in thickness and lie in a horizontal position, while those of Scotland are in irregular beds, which thicken and thin out, and have been thrown into geologic faults and folds that greatly increase the cost of mining.

The broken down shales are then transferred to the retort department of the works either by wagons, cars or in the modern way by conveyors, and emptied into the breaker. Here the shale is broken into small pieces, about 6 inches square, by passing it between two

toothed drums or rolls. From the breaker the shale drops into cars which travel up an incline on an endless chain to the top of the retort bench, where they are tipped and discharged into iron hoppers at the top of the retorts.

Many forms of retorts have been devised but at the present time there are only three types in use, namely, the Pumpherston, the Henderson, and the Young and Fyfe. All of these are based on the same principle, so a description of one of these will suffice. Since the Pumpherston is the most popular,—over 1500 retorts of this type are operating in Scotland at present,—it will be selected. This retort is vertical and consists of two sections: the upper or cast-iron portion, and the lower or fire-brick portion. Each section is fifteen to twenty feet long and two to three feet in diameter and cylindrical in shape. At the bottom there is a disc support, or table which supports the column of shale in the retort. This table is provided with a revolving arm, or quadrant, which removes the spent shale by revolving at regular intervals. The retort is heated by causing hot gases to circulate around in a chamber which envelopes the whole retort. The heating gases mixed with certain proportions of air enter the chamber at a point near the base of the fire-brick section and then continue their journey upward, diminishing in temperature as they proceed. The lower portion should have a temperature of from 1200 to 1600 deg. F. This is sufficient to burn off all the carbon from the oil-spent shale and by doing this in the presence of steam which is injected at the bottom, ammonia is produced by the hydrogen of the steam uniting with the nitrogen contained in the shale. In this way about sixty per cent of the total nitrogen is converted into ammonia and thus recovered. The cast-iron section should have a temperature of about 400 deg. F. and it is in this part of the retort that the destructive distillation takes place, the oil vapors passing out together with the ammonia and other gases into an iron main below the hoppers.

These vapors are then led from the main into large upright air-cooled condensers where the vapors pass through several hundred feet of piping. The crude oil and ammonia water condense and are collected and run into a separator, where they are separated by allowing to stand, since they have distinct specific gravities. The uncondensed gases are drawn off by exhausters and then undergo a washing in the ammonia scrubbers, to recover any remaining ammonia, passing afterwards through a naphtha scrubber, where the lighter gases, which could not be caught in the atmospheric condensers, are washed out with mineral oil, and a good quality of the lightest, or naphtha oils are thereby recovered. The remaining gases are known as permanent gases.

The products of the distillation of the shale in retorts may be summarized as follows: crude oil, ammonia water, permanent gases, naphtha, and spent shale. Each of these will in turn be taken up and studied more closely.

The crude oil after separation from the ammonia water is pumped into charging tanks, from which the oil flows by gravity into the refinery stills. The separation of the crude shale oil into its various products does not differ very much from that practiced in connection with the refining of petroleum, possibly a little more complex and slightly more costly. It is based on fractional distillation, that is, distillations carried on at different temperatures so that products of different boiling points are obtained separately. A number of distillations are made, according to the nature of the oil, what final products are desired and the use to which they are to be put. The distillations are carried out in large cast-iron pot stills of 2,000 gal. capacity. During the progress of distillation, steam is forced into the stills in large quantities, which serves to prevent decomposition, to carry the oil vapors over, and to lower the boiling point of the oil. The first distillation is for the separation of the more volatile portion generally called naphtha or benzine, from the heavier oils. When this fraction is collected, the temperature is raised and the next fraction vaporized. So in turn naphtha, light oil, heavy oil, and wax are obtained. Each of these is again fractionated into intermediate oils. Paraffin is obtained by subjecting the oil from the second distillation to a freezing temperature and then by filtering off the oil, pressing into cakes by hydraulic pressure and further purification, it is made into paraffin-wax. In the final distillation the oil is heated to dryness, leaving a residue known as oil-coke, which is a high grade of fuel. The removal of impurities from the distillates is accomplished by agitating the mixture by means of a stream of compressed air, first with sulphuric acid and then with caustic soda. The contents are left to settle, the sludge and tar forming a sediment at the bottom, with the oil above as a clear layer. This oil is then drawn off and all traces of chemicals removed by washing with water. The products obtained by refining the crude shale oil may be summarized as follows; motor gasoline, illuminating oils, gas and fuel oils, lubricating oils, paraffin wax, and coke.

The ammonia water after separation from the crude oil is pumped to a lead-lined tank and here bubbled through sulphuric acid. A precipitate of ammonium sulphate forms which is caught on plates having perforated bottoms, allowed to drain and then carried to a drying room, after which it is ready for the market. It is the most important by-product formed, since its value as a fertilizer makes it al-

ways in demand. The financial success of the Scottish shale-oil industry to a great extent was due to the recovery of this product.

The permanent gases are the retort gases after they have been freed from all condensible and absorbable matter. They are forced into a main and returned to the retort for use as fuel. They constitute a large percentage of the total fuel used at the plant.

Naphtha is obtained both in the distillation of the shale and in the refining of the crude oil. Its recovery was described above.

The spent shale is the waste material, which is removed from the bottom of the retort. As from sixty to eighty per cent of the raw shale put into the retorts is taken out as spent shale, and most plants will have a throughput of at least a thousand tons a day, the mere handling in its removal to a waste dump is a large problem itself. Much experimental work has been done on this residue in order to find some practical use for it, with more or less success. It has been used in road and brick making, as a fuel, in the cement industry, and as an electrical insulator. That these uses are limited and unprofitable as yet, is shown by the huge waste dumps to be seen near the Scottish plants. A useful application for this waste material is of great importance and almost necessary for the successful establishment of the industry in this country.

In conclusion, it may be said, that the shale oil industry is no business for the man of little experience and small capital. It is a large scale manufacturing enterprise requiring capital, time, and trained men. Large sums of money will have to be spent in order to carry on research to perfect present methods. Many millions of dollars must be invested in equipping plants, an ordinary plant costing from one to five million. Such development will require the services of trained executives and experienced technicians, for without them no company could be successful. That the investor will have to wait for a return on his money is evident, since the shale oil industry cannot compete with the petroleum industry under present conditions and can only prepare for the time when it can. Another discouragement for the investor with the "get-rich-quick" idea, is that getting oil from shales is not a gamble, as is the drilling of an oil well. The amount of oil recoverable from a given tract can be easily estimated, for a few test holes and analyses will give the thickness and richness of the bed, and thus eliminate the element of chance, but in drilling for oil there is always the possibility of a large immediate reward on a small investment.

Up to the present time more than one hundred and fifty companies have been organized for the purpose of developing or selling stock in oil-shale enterprises. Some of these are apparently stock-

selling organizations only, but others are really interested in making the industry a success and have been organized on a firm basis. They have already spent considerable time and money on experimental work and much credit is due to these pioneering companies.

Facts as brought out in this brief paper show that come what may, our immense oil-shale deposits assure us that this country will still have its own sources of petroleum products. That we should never have to be wholly dependent on foreign countries in this respect is of great importance to our national welfare. Therefore while we are waiting for the shale oil industry to become a reality, we can say with pride, that while our country is the largest consumer of petroleum, it is likewise and will remain the largest producer.

The After Dinner Story

D. HERBERT ABEL

NOT long ago I attended a banquet. After the usual amount of "good eats" had been disposed of, and when the party felt like standing up for a "stretch" we were acquainted with the fact that we had a toastmaster present and that impromptu speeches were the order of the day. The company was terribly embarrassed to say the least.

One by one the various members floundered more or less nimbly through a few halting remarks until finally one guest from whom least was expected was called upon. He arose with a quite gracious smile and after taking in the assembly in one comprehensive look and seeking for inspiration in a large drink of water he gave this toast.

"My friends: When this little affair began I must confess that I was shaking in my shoes. I've never been called on to make a speech like this, so you know it's rather embarrassing for me. I asked Bill, alongside me here, what I ought to do because I didn't have any idea what to talk about. Bill said: 'You got me. I don't know what I'm gonna do. The best thing I can think of is to crawl under the table or say a prayer.' Now I couldn't crawl under the table without drawing considerable attention to myself. I was just thinking about praying when the toastmaster called me. And now, that I'm on my feet, the only prayer that I can think of is the one my sister Mary used to say when mother would call her in the morning: 'Oh, Lord! How I hate to get up!'"

With this he resumed his seat. That toast was the best that was heard that evening. And I want to say right now that the toast at the same time voiced the sentiments not only of those present at that banquet but also the feelings of many a man and woman who is called upon to speak in public.

Many people who are caught unprepared in this way feel that they would like to do what the minister was exhorted to do by a church-member who abhorred his sermons. This particular minister got up before his congregation one Sunday morning and, after several coughs of embarrassment, said:

"After perusing the various texts from which I might have chosen a topic for today's lecture I could not find any that I thought would apply. Accordingly I am going to leave it up to the congregation. Whatever they will suggest, that will I talk about. I am open to suggestions. Now what shall I talk about?"

Silence reigned through the church for a few minutes. Then, like a bolt from the blue, the church-member above mentioned blurted out:

"Talk about a minute and then stop!"

This, no doubt, is what many a person would like to do when called upon in an assemblage of friends and asked to give his or her opinions on some topic. It is a common failing especially among the coming generation that they cannot express themselves when called upon in this manner. It is not so much a characteristic of business men since they have learned by bitter experience that there is nothing so essential to public prestige and influence as the ability of self-expression and that nothing is so harmful to personality, character and culture as a halting embarrassed mode of address.

There was once an old Irishman who had been having plenty hard luck in this world. He had always been a poor working man. His name was Pat, as Irishmen's names usually are. Well, after some years Pat got the grippe and died. As all good Irishmen do, he went to heaven. Arriving at the Golden Gate he looked around at the diamond studded walls and finally espied St. Peter.

"Hello," said he. "Shure an' it's a foine place ye have up here, doiamands an' everything."

"Yes" replied the Saint. "This is a wonderful place, Pat. Up here we reckon a minute as a million years and a cent as a million dollars."

"Shure," said Pat, "O'i'm rather short on funds just now. Would ye be after loanin' me a penny?"

"Certainly," replied St. Peter. "Wait a minute."

Are we going to wait such a minute as this before we remedy this fault in American youth. Should we not attempt to encourage public speaking in every way that we possibly can in order to drill the youth into giving proper expression to his ideas? Ought we not to use all means in our power to aid him in overcoming that bugbear called "stage fright" and help him to make himself a good talker?

What are the means?

They are many. The first is to give the boy the opportunity. Youths should be given chances whenever possible to express themselves. If more social gatherings were enhanced by this added feature we would soon notice an increase in the ability of public speaking. If, at dinners or parties, a part of the time would be devoted to this form of diversion the time would be spent more profitably and more agreeably than in senseless babble and still more senseless amusement. If a little more time were given during these affairs to some form of public speaking, the guests would derive much more profit and without doubt as much amusement as is derived by listening to attempted "harmony singing" and popular music.

Another means to facilitate the development of this wonderful asset is to encourage the speaker. Do not deride his mistakes. Encourage him by your approval. If you can't praise his effort, then "shut up!" Silence is ever golden.

Another, and by far the best means, is an interest and the taking of an active part in dramatic art. There is no other art which affords better opportunity of expressing emotion, there is no other way in which we can better overcome the phenomenon of stage fright than by taking part in dramatics. If it is impossible for you to participate in a dramatic performance you can at least take an active interest in the work by preparing light readings and recitations and by giving them in a little crowd of your friends. It is much easier to get up and say something when you know what you are going to say, when you have every word in your mind. This is the best method that can be suggested to overcome stage fright. Stage fright is just like swimming. You'll never learn to swim unless you get in the water. You'll never overcome self-consciousness unless you get into the acting or the public speaking game and express yourself to the best of your ability. Public speaking will be a great factor in your future success. Are you going to sink or swim?



Aunt Maggie's Car

From the Memoirs of Robt. Cosgrove Carrollton
JACK ADAIR, JR.

TO get down to the statement of facts which I feel in all justice to Bill Florry should be written. It all came about by Aunt Maggie buying an automobile. We all told her to buy it until the time came for the thing to be purchased. Then, after her declaration that she'd drive it or bust, we feared the latter and tried to persuade her that at her advanced age such an idea would be absurd. Her reply, however, would never do for publication and the car was bought.

Aunt Maggie never did anything by halves. The car she bought was the highest powered car she could get hold of and I refuse to mention the name because I wouldn't please them to advertise it. The blamed thing would make seventy and could climb a hill like a deer. The first time Aunt Maggie tried to drive it she hit a little colored boy on his bicycle. If it had been a white boy it would have killed him as he lit on his head, but Providence was with her and she got off with a five-pound box of candy.

"Robert, will you take this car and do with it what thou wilt?" she said to me, just after the accident.

"Yes, Margaret, it will be a pleasure to take that death-defying machine away from you, but what shall I do with it?" I inquired with mild surprise.

"I don't care what you do with it, give it away, to the milkman, anywhere, just so you get it out of my sight," was her only answer.

At my advanced age and with lumbago I hadn't the time or the inclination to monkey with the thing so I turned it over to my old friend's son, Bill Florry.

In my day an introduction was necessary but I strongly suspect that such was not the case with Bill and Faith Marshall. Faith Marshall was an exceptionally pretty girl. She was, in the condensed opinion of practically the whole town, not only an exceptionally pretty girl but an exceptional girl. Bill was in love with her. Anyone with one eye could discern that. Bill told me that meeting happened on the golf course but I have never known Bill to play golf since 1919 when he drove a ball through Amanda Winter's window hitting her butler near the telephone and nearly causing a damage suit.

Nevertheless they were together on the evening that the whole mixup started. It was a reception held in honor of a visiting French count, who, thanks to Bill's knowledge of French, picked off the trees in Normandy, was later proven phony. They, Faith and Bill, certainly "looked cute." That is together. Anybody who ever said Bill looked cute was either an imbecile or blind.

I saw Bill approaching. He said very nonchalantly, "Say Jenks," Bill always calls me Jenks because, he says, I have such a long face. Of course my right name is Robert Cosgrove Carrollton. "Will you lend me ten bucks?" he continued.

"What in the name of common sense do you want with ten dollars, William," I mildly inquired.

"Well, I want to spend it," he replied. "I've invited a girl I met the other day to go for a ride with me, it's so stuffy here, and I haven't any money with me."

"Oh, I see. I don't think you've got any money anywhere else either, but here's your five dollars," said I, extending him this amount.

"Ten dollars, please," he demanded very impolitely.

"Very well, William, ten dollars," and then I admonished him, "William, be in early while you're staying with me and don't speed with Aunt Maggie's car."

"Don't worry, Jenks, the sky's the limit," he said with a peculiar grin on his face. I was to learn later the reason for this grin.

Probably an hour later Faith approached me and inquired the immediate whereabouts of Bill.

"The last I heard of him, my dear, he was to take a girl for a ride in the car," I answered.

"Yes, yes, Jenks,"—she also had the Jenks habit,—“I know, I was the girl, but we returned and now I can't find him anywhere. He's borrowed money from all the boys and I just don't know why," she said half sobbing.

"What did he want with money?" I asked, "I gave him ten dollars just before he left."

"I haven't the slightest idea, but ten dollars was just a starter for him, I'll bet he's got a thousand by now," she said.

When the reception was over and the visiting count had industriously kissed all those present on both cheeks, I decided in the absence of Bill to walk home—it was just a step. Grace, my wife, was out of town.

I had no more than entered the house when a messenger rang and gave me a telegram. It was from Bill. It read: "Have great scheme to make real money. Don't worry. Don't tell Aunt Maggie I'm gone. Return Thursday, if able."



THE FOSTER FATHER OF THE CHRIST CHILD



THE SPIRIT OF LENT

When I had sufficiently adjusted myself,—for the very idea of Bill making money was astounding,—I found the phone bell ringing.

The voice at the other end was that of Aunt Maggie. She said, "Look here, Robert Carrollton, where has Bill and my car gone?"

"Control yourself, Margaret, how did you know Bill was gone?" I inquired.

"Listen to this, from Los Angeles," and she read me this telegram: "Have great scheme to make real money. Don't worry. Don't tell Jenks I'm gone. Return Thursday, if able." "What do you think of that!" she finished, all out of breath. "And my car's gone with him. Oh I wish I had never bought the thing!"

"Control yourself, M——" I started.

"That's the second time you've said that!" she snapped, "get to work and locate him. The poor thing is in trouble, I just know he is, they'll hurt him. Your intelligence is that of a child, letting my little Bill——" I listened to no more but rang off.

I got in touch the first thing in the morning with the Chief of Police in Los Angeles and after several hours' patient waiting he sent word that a certain William Robert Florry was entered in the annual stock-car race on the track. Said race was to start in four hours.

Well, I never knew afterwards how I got to the train but suffice it to say that several hours later found me in Los Angeles. I hired a taxi and went to the race track. I was just a minute late and the race was on. Every car had a body on it but the fenders and top were missing. I looked for Bill in the rear but failing to find him shifted my glance to the front and there he was in the lead. To describe this race would be simply to bore you. Bill won it in a walk, as the parlance goes.

"Well, Jenks, how'd you like that amateur race they tried to pull off. I showed 'em didn't I?" he said, smiling.

"You certainly did. But the best thing you can do is to take that car and get out of the state with it. Aunt Maggie has filed charges with the police against you for stealing it," I told him.

"My heavens, that'll never do. If they find out about that they'll take the prize away from me. Quick come, let's get her on the phone," he cried, grabbing my arm.

We succeeded in getting to a phone and reaching Aunt Maggie. She was easily persuaded to drop the charges providing Bill gave her ten per cent of the prize money. He gladly consented to this. Next he loaded me in the car, fenderless like it was on the track, and when I recovered I found myself in front of my own house. Never was I so glad to see my home.

Bill had telephoned ahead from a little town we hit—I speak literally—to Faith and she greeted us.

To my utter astonishment Bill swept her into his arms and kissed her. We went into the house, and washed up for dinner. Aunt Maggie came over when she learned we were home, never cracking a smile all through the meal.

Bill rose and offered his explanation of the affair. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to announce the engagement of Miss Faith Marshall and William Robert Florry," he began. "A week ago I asked Faith to marry me. She replied that I was a ne'er-do-well and living off my parents, but that she really loved me and would marry me if I could earn thirty thousand dollars. The same day I read of this stock-car race in Los Angeles," he smiled radiantly at each of us in turn.

"Aunt Maggie, how did you ever come to get a car with the same engine in it that won the road race last year?" he asked.

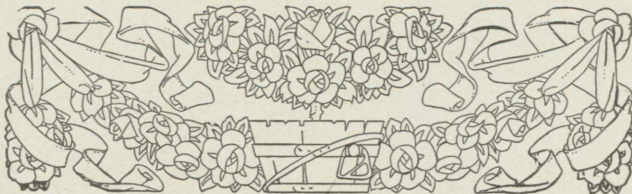
"I don't know, but rest assured, young man, if I knew it I'd have ran it in the ocean; this suspense is terrible, hurry up," she replied.

"Very well, I'll cut it short. I was fixing the car and noticed the number of the engine was the same as the one which won this race so I made inquiries and discovered it was the same engine. That made up my mind. I entered my name for the race. The purse was twenty thousand and I borrowed a thousand making with it ten-to-one bets. All together I cleared up thirty thousand dollars. I'm open for congratulations."

"Well I'll be d—, I mean hanged," I exclaimed, "you can have mine and another ten thousand to boot."

"And mine too," came from Aunt Maggie, "take the car for a wedding present."

(To be Continued)



Dawn and Evening

FRANK POTTS, Prep.

Come little birdie, the night is gone.
The red sun brings the blush of dawn.
The air is fresh, the day is new;
The flowers are damp with the sparkling dew.
The grasses still are curled in rest—
Come little birdie, leave your nest;
Come sing that the day begins aright,
Your songs were hushed in the quiet night.

Come! Your brother has voiced his tune
And the farmer returns for his meal at noon.
The sun now rides in her path on high.
Blazing and burning the lovely sky,
The bees have feasted on many a flower,
And still work on in this torpid hour.
Come little birdie and sing your love
For your happy flights in the skies above.

To rest little birdie, the night is here,
The moon is shining bright and clear;
And silvery clouds are blotting out
The little stars that dance about.
The farmer's work is ended now,
And sleep relaxes his weary brow.
The day is o'er, the day is done,
To be born again with the coming sun.

The night winds sing to the sleeping world;
While flowers in slumber are drooped and curled;
And all is still, save a croaking frog
That calls his mate in a nearby bog.
The moon finds rest o'er the shadowed hill.
The night is come, and all is still.
To rest little birdie, and dream that love
Is only found in the skies above.

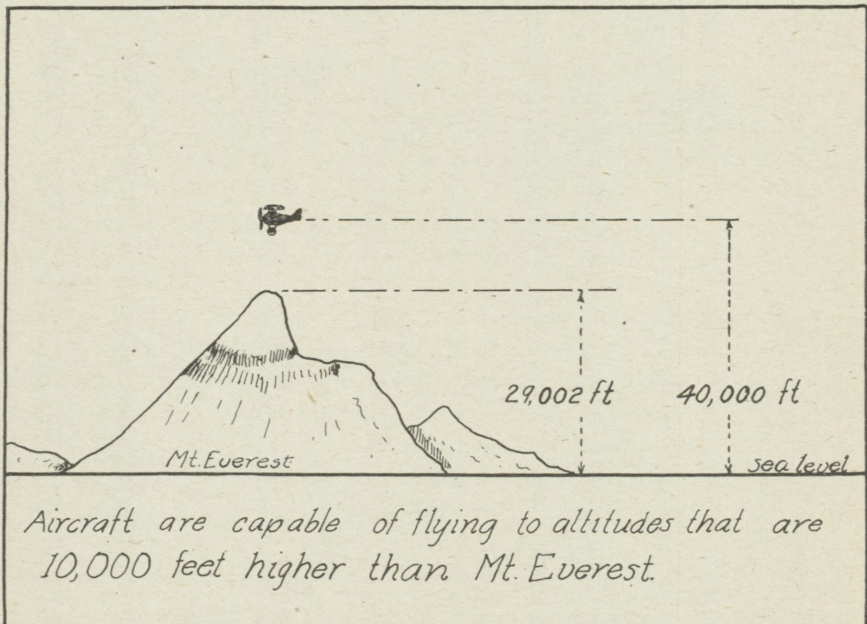
The Top of the World

CARL J. CRANE

NO doubt when nature's wonders began to unravel one by one to us, and when we were obliged to commit to memory the various countries and their natural features, we came across the name Everest, and immediately associated the name with the highest mountain in the world. Indeed Mount Everest holds the distinction of being that bit of Mother Earth which is closest to heaven, probably the reason why expeditions are continually being made to reach the summit. With this latter, the persevering efforts being made to scale Mt. Everest we will be directly concerned here.

Mount Everest bears an immortal tribute to the name and labors of George Everest, who merits the credit for planning and carrying out the survey of India.

Quite some attention is at present being attracted to this mighty peak of the Himalayas due to the fact that March of this year will



witness another attempt to scale the hitherto invulnerable heights of Everest. A party of scientists led by Gen. C. B. Bruce will constitute the expedition this year. Gen. Bruce takes the place of Col. Howard Bury who has done so much toward exploring the regions about Mt. Everest, and who will be unable to assume leadership this year.

Rising 29,002 feet above the level of the sea, Mt. Everest, with its almost vertical walls of granite, offers a problem that has in the past been well nigh incapable of solution. The expedition of last year approached within about 6,000 feet of the summit. Many paths have been tried but those pursued so far presented difficulties that man and beast have not yet been able to overcome, so Mt. Everest still stands in frozen mute defiance of human efforts. Mt. Everest offers the title of "Conqueror" and is in somewhat a similar position as the poles of the earth were, some years ago. Last year's expedition led by Col. Bury succeeded in reaching a point on the northeast scarp of the mountain from which a practicable path to the top is supposed to exist.

Violent storms, intense cold and the rarefied atmosphere prevented a further penetration last year. Even the most experienced are handicapped considerably by the tremendous demands made upon the physical constitution and on June 5th last, Dr. Kellas weakened by previous exposure succumbed to the grind at Kampa Dzong. Dr. Kellas will be greatly missed in the coming expedition as his knowledge of Himalayan travel and likewise his devotion to the work were determining factors in the progress already attained.

Besides the interest taken in the mapping and photographing of Everest, great scientific value is placed on the escalade of Everest. Great attention has been demanded by the "human footprints," "wild hairy men" and "Abominable Snow Men" that are associated with the adventures of the expeditions. Some few years ago William Hugh Knight while traveling alone near Gantok was startled by the formidable looking figure of a stark naked wild man of a pale yellow hue and bearing the muscular development of a gorilla.

Apparently not phased by the bitter cold of November the wild man upon seeing the man of civilization, took to his heels and disappeared with incredible speed.

The factors that render the escalade of Mt. Everest such a perplexing problem may be summarized as follows:

1. Natural Difficulties.

- (a) The contour of mountain presenting the difficulty of approach.

(b) The physical hardships incurred due to extreme cold and high altitude.

(c) The length of time away from a base of supplies.

2. Political Difficulties.

The political difficulty is the fact that Nepal will not allow the explorers to take the most direct course from Darjeeling in Bengal to Mount Everest. This fact has likewise prevented the survey of a great portion of the surrounding country.

Many ways and means have been suggested for overcoming the natural difficulties but so far no solution has been found. The use of aircraft has been hinted at but the writer is inclined to believe that not enough has been done in considering this all-important factor that bears of a favorable solution to the natural as well as the political difficulties.

As the present-day airplane may be specially fitted for high altitude work, it would seem that aircraft could be employed to good advantage towards reaching the peak of Everest. Aircraft are now capable of flying at about 40,000 feet above sea level. This would allow a safe margin for the ultra performance needed when flying near the summit of Mt. Everest.

The physical hardship due to the extreme cold would be somewhat eliminated due to the protection afforded by the airplane. The time away from the main base certainly would be reduced very much and it would probably be a matter of hours instead of days.

It may be of interest to consider here the details that would have to be incorporated in any aircraft used under the conditions imposed. As Darjeeling has been considered as a practical base from which to operate and since Darjeeling is somewhat over 100 miles from Mt. Everest, any craft used should be capable of a sustained flight of about six hours. This feature is not difficult to obtain. Then since the craft will be forced to fly in the rare atmosphere of 29,000 feet, the engine will have to be equipped with a supercharger. The supercharger is an apparatus for compressing the rare atmosphere of high altitudes and feeding it to the engine. This feature used in combination with a variable pitch propeller will give the desired qualities to the airplane used for the work. Special landing gear and proper oxygen supplies would be incorporated, all of which can easily be done. With this equipment and a good pilot nothing more could be desired for undertaking the flight. Photographic equipment of the type now used for making aerial surveys could be used to map the district about Everest.

The summit of Mt. Everest may allow a landing of an airplane and it may not, but even if a landing could not be effected much valuable first hand information would be gleaned that would aid materially in directing the climbers. In case a landing could be accomplished and probably the contour of the summit will allow it, the information gained would certainly justify the expenditure that may be incurred.

Certainly Nepal could not object to the use of the air above it and hence the logical conclusion is that the airplane would offer a very neat and efficient solution of which would well justify the efforts made.

Such is Life

A Tragedy in Two Scenes

JACK GORDON

Cast of Characters:

John Higgins, with an aesthetic sense.

Bill Higgins, his father.

Mary, his mother.

Scene: Sitting room in Higgins' Home above the butcher shop, Barton, Massachusetts.

Time: Early evening in June, 'most any year. We'll say: 1930.

(John Higgins, a young man of about 24, discovered seated at table writing. He is a precocious child, wears tortoise shell glasses, affects a cane and "Havana '76" cigarettes. He seems out of his milieu. At present there is a very worried look on his face.)

John (looks up from paper, reads): "The balmy air comes flitting o'er the lea, To waft you from another's arms to me—Alas! Alas! 'Twas only memory—That—that—that——" Now what word would I use to rhyme with "memory."

Bill (outside). Gregory!

John (disgusted). Oh! How can I concentrate my mind on this lofty poetic effusion when in the midst of such degrading surroundings.

Bill (Enters. A stout butcher of 50, has on butcher's apron, large butcher knife in hand). (Calls.) Gregory!

John. Father! Why don't you address me by my proper cognomen?

Bill. Yer proper cognation, is it? I don't approbate all them high soundin' terms you been a-usin'. Ef ye mean "yer right name" I'll say this. Yer ma calls you John, but you was christened John Gregory Higgins an' thet's what ye be.

John. Very well then. What do you want?

Bill. What do ye be doin'?

John. The Muse has just given me a wonderful, a magnificent inspiration.

Bill. A what?

John. An inspiration. A florescence of the Muse. An idea for a poem.

Bill. More o' thet poem rot, is it? Well, you just drop thet rubbish an' come in here to the kitchen. Tomorrow's Saturday an' I got to get this side o' beef cut.

John. Father, you must not interrupt my inspiration. You must not disturb the trend of thought. I feel the urging of my aesthetic sense.

Bill. Aesthetic sense, is it? Ye've been hobnobbin' around with that spalpeen of a poet, thet comes up here fer the summer. Ef ye'd stayed to hum an' learned sumthin' about the butcher business ye'd at least have sumthin' to make a livin' by. Ye're waistin' yer time with that bunk. Who ever heard of a poet havin' enough to eat? Most of 'em starve to death!

John. Longfellow wasn't poor.

Bill. What do I care about him? I want ye to amount to sumthin'. An' even if Longfellow did have a little hard-tack, don't forget that that was Longfellow. Now, look-a here. I'm tired o' this. Come out here an' help me with this side o' beef.

John (determinedly). Father, if you will not allow me to pursue my aesthetic tendencies here, I shall go elsewhere. I shall go to New York—

Bill. Ho-ho-ho! New York, is it? That's good. You'd get lost a-fore you was there five minutes. I can see you makin' good in New York.

John. Your contempt is exasperating. I must leave. I've saved up a little money and I'll use all of it rather than be thwarted in my life's most cherished dream!

Bill. Dream is it? Ye'll wake up in a gutter some place an' find yerself a-starvin' to death.

John. I could no more reconcile myself to a life here, here among an avalanche of pork shoulders, sides of beef, to say nothing of hams, than I could to pass my existence in the Orgean stables. (Dramatically). Ah! How I have prayed that your contempt for my life

work be destroyed! We are in perpetual tempest of discord because I feel that my work lies among the nobler aspirations.

Bill. Aspirins? We got some o' them right here. What are ye goin' to New York to get them for?

John (more dramatically). Stop! I forbid jesting about anything so sacred! No you shall not extinguish the fondest ambition my heart has known. The fires of poetry have blazed bright in my prophetic soul and I will not have them quenched. You shall not stifle the brightest, most roseate hopes of my young life.

Bill (swinging butcher knife). Ef you don't stop usin' them cuss words at me ye won't even have a chance to learn the butcher business fer some time to come.

John. Father, I hate to wound your proud old heart in this way. I must leave. The lure of success, the beckoning of fame is too great. I know I shall become a master poet. I feel it right here (touching his heart). I must go to the big city to get my start, to get my name before the public——

Bill. Now look here, me boy——

John. I'm going. I'll write to you often of my——

Bill. It must be hay fever! It's gone to yer head.

John. No, I'm perfectly sane. But I must go.

Bill. You think you're going. Just wait until I——

(Bill starts after John swinging the butcher-knife. As he starts after him there is a quick curtain.)

(Note to Stage Manager: This curtain must be exact. The great success of the modern drama lies in keeping the audience in suspense as to whether the hero is still alive or not. It is for this reason that the curtain is dropped at this point.)

SCENE II

The same. Four months later. Bill Higgins and his wife, Mary, are discovered, seated at table. Both crying very loudly.

(Note to Stage Manager: This must be very pronounced as it makes the audience wonder what is coming next and prepares them for the terrible tragedy soon to follow.)

Bill. Boo-hoo! An' he used to write to us so often.

Mary. Yes. I know he's dead. The poor dear boy. Boo-hoo!

Bill (wiping eyes with red bandana). No. 'Tain't that, Mary. The authorities in the city would have notified us. John always carried his diary with his name an' address in it.

Mary (wiping eyes on apron). Listen to what he said in his last letter. (Takes out letter and reads). "You don't know the wonders of poetic life. Soon I shall be nominated to the hall of fame." (Looking up). Isn't that grand? (Continues). "There is, however, one

wolf"—(Looking up)—I wonder what he means by that. He uses poetic language so much I can't undersrtand half he says—(continues)—"one wolf that is hanging around my door continuously. I shall soon put him to rout, however, and then all will be well." I guess he meant an enemy of his when he wrote about that wolf.

Bill. Yes, I suppose.

Mary. An' I think the enemy must have killed him. He certainly would have written to us before this, had he been well.

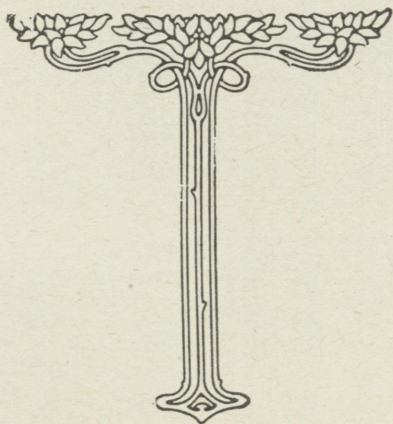
Bill. No, Mary, 'taint that. He's been successful. He's been nominated to that hall o' fame an' now he's forgotten his ole dad who helped him along. I wanted to see him go. He riled me a little but when I saw he was in earnest I wanted him to go an' be a great poet. I even give him some money to help him out. An' now he's forgotten me an'—

(Doorbell rings. Note to Stage Manager: This must be very loud as it must prepare the audience for the climax.)

There's the bell. I'll see who it is. (Goes to door and opens it to admit messenger boy. Takes message and pays boy, who leaves. Bill opens note). Listen to this, Mary. (Reads). "Father meet me at the old bridge at midnight and bring with you a coat, a vest and a shirt. I have a hat. John."

(Quick Curtain)

Editor's Note—We publish this as an example of the modern play in which the audience is fooled, not mystified. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Like most modern plays of recent writing there is not a feather's weight of dramatic interest in the plot and the denouement is a painful "reductio ad absurdum. In order, however, that others may profit by the mistakes of moderns we are publishing this choice morsel.





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History of Lent

Are you slipping? The Lenten season is well advanced and no doubt the fervor with which you imposed small penances upon yourself is beginning to wane in intensity, and the spiritual muzzles you placed on your everyday inclinations and appetites are beginning to feel irksome and disagreeable. Just a few thoughts on the history of the Lenten custom will strengthen the will and help you bear the little cross of your own choice more calmly and humbly.

If we examine the records of early Christian life, we find that almost the entire Christian world was observing some sort of preparation for the feast of Easter. Especially was the week preceding Easter a time of strict fasting and abstinence. But no mention is found of any well-defined universal practice until the year 331, when we read in St. Athanasius' "Festal Letters" that he enjoins upon his flock a period of forty days of fasting, preliminary to, but not including the stricter fast of Holy Week. Later, in 339, the same Father exhorts the people of Alexandria to imitate the rest of the world in the observance of a forty-day fast. Forty was the number of days chosen, probably suggested from our Lord's fast of forty days in the

desert, and also from the fact that He remained entombed for forty hours.

During the next four centuries the Lenten fast was observed for forty week days, which were all fast days, and six Sundays. All flesh meat was forbidden during the entire period, as was also all "lacticina"—such as eggs, butter and milk—even on Sundays. Only one meal was allowed and that had to be taken in the evening. About the eighth century, however, certain relaxations were introduced. We find in the annals of Charlemagne that he took his meal at 2 p. m. and later the evening meal was allowed to be taken at noon. About the ninth century, evening "collations" came into general use. The word "collation" was given to the repast because the drink was taken at the hour at which the "Collationes" (Conferences) of Abbot Cassian were being read aloud to the brethren.

Since that time the laws regulating the observance of Lent have been made more and more lenient, first permitting the use of meat on Sundays and later on several days of the week until at the present time, only the semblance of the once rigorous observance of the early Christians remains. We see, therefore that in comparison with the early Christians, we have a much easier rule of fasting and abstinence. We should, however, enter so much the more into the spirit of Lent, which is a spirit of penance for our own sins and that of the whole world.

A. G. H.

Irish Faith

To Patricius, a Roman-Gallic priest, afterwards canonized as St. Patrick, the Irish owe their first knowledge of their Faith. It was St. Patrick who planted the seed that has blossomed into a marvelous growth whose sprouts, being spread far and wide, have helped to beautify and purify the world. Irish faith is characterized by the same remarkable attributes that marked the belief of St. Patrick—splendid courage and firmness. Nowhere are these marks so evident as in the Children of Erin; nowhere are they accompanied with such admirable purity,—for even such cold-blooded things as statistics prove the unrivalled purity of the lads and lasses of "ould Ireland."

Irish folks have their failings, including hot-headedness and an inclination to judge too impulsively, as have the rest of men, but the strong ardor of their faith softens or eradicates their faults. This faith, purified and tempered in the forge of persecution, stands out in a materialistic world like a nugget of gold in a bed of coal. When things are sifted down to their lowest level, the causes of practically all the centuries of misfortunes which Erin has suffered, have been

religious ones. In nearly all cases, the calumniators of the Irish have aspersed them because of their faith. Even in our day, not less dark than other days in the tearful history of the brave Hibernians, these people have been ridiculed and slandered, ostensibly for some political reason, but always at the bottom lies the question of religion. And the opposition offered to their enemies, by the Irish today, is as strong-hearted as in past ages. From such sturdy behavior in the defense of faith do many blessings flow.

Ireland, often called the "Isle of Saints," could as well be called the "Isle of Martyrs." No land is so deserving of the title and no people have been forced to suffer so much, so poignantly or so continuously as the Irish. Perhaps Erin will continue to bleed to the end of time, perhaps her rainbow will soon arch the clearing sky. Who knows? At any rate, St. Patrick's sowings have produced a saintly harvest. That is the most divine of consolations.

J. R. H.

**Catholic
Press Ideas**

Although the month of February was set aside by His Grace, the Archbishop of Cincinnati as Catholic Press month the Exponent has a few ideas in this regard which may prove beneficial, even though they come rather late. It is not necessary to declaim at length upon the worthiness of the Catholic press. That is a fact that no Catholic will dispute but it is good to consider some of the reasons why every home should have in its library one or more periodicals which express the sentiments and ideas of the great minds of the Church.

Within the past decade the country has been deluged by oceans of magazines, both daily, weekly and monthly, which have their origin at the headquarters of the various non-Catholic churches. While they are not malicious or vindictive they are solely for the advancement and glory of the church which edits them, and it is clearly to be seen that it is essential to fairmindedness and justice for our Church to have means to combat and argue the points which these periodicals publish.

Recently the writer ran across an article in the official organ of a Protestant church, which condemned as foolish and non-essential, the practice of Monasticism. In the next week's issue of a Catholic periodical appeared an article refuting this writing and setting forth reasons, and good ones, why Monasticism should be encouraged. This shows that the Catholic press is not "asleep at the switch."

Furthermore, these articles condemning the practices of Holy Mother Church from centuries back, are not confined to non-catholic issues. A local paper of Ohio has a so-called history of the Christian

Era in its pages every evening. The writer of this series is unreasonably biased and the one-track mind reading the articles would see things, which appear innocent enough in themselves, as true, thus forming bad ideas of their religion.

Every father and mother should consider it a part of the education of their children to have a Catholic paper or magazine in the home. It is in these and these only that correct impressions of religion are contained. When the child, who has the habit of reading Catholic literature, grows to manhood he will have nothing to be ashamed of when his religion is spoken of by outsiders. He will have the true facts and nothing can force them from his mind.

As to the literary value of the Catholic papers and magazines: there is none higher. Comparisons are usually odious but it is clear to all that a paper edited and written by men who have devoted their whole life to just what they are writing about can far surpass, in construction as well as thought, the shallow minds that compose our modern-day newspapers.

It is not usually the purpose of the Exponent to make specific recommendations to readers in its editorial columns, but in a case like this it seems only fair to state that, in our opinion, the three best periodicals in the Middle West are, the Catholic Telegraph, published at Cincinnati; the Columbian at Columbus; and the Indiana Catholic, Indianapolis. These papers are highly recommended to our readers as the continued expression of Catholic thoughts and ideals.

V. P. Y.

Collegiate Morality

Considerable investigation is being made into the moral status of the American college-man. There are those who claim that the student-body of America is infested with immorality in its worst phases and who attribute it to the prevalence of the libertine tendencies compromised in the otherwise meaningless term of "jazz."

Without doubt there exists among the student-body of America a great percentage of evils which may be traced to the "jazz epidemic." No doubt the students of many colleges and universities throughout the country are in the hey-day of their fling and no doubt there is, in consequence, a great leaning toward immorality.

But to what may this be ascribed? To a man of sound ethical principles it will be manifest that this is attributable not so much to the "jazz" tendency as to the scheme of education. The "jazz" is more the result than the cause of such libertine conduct. The true cause lies in the lack of proper moral training for the college man.

Consider the large number of non-sectarian colleges and universities. We cannot see how Christian morality can be inculcated in institutions of this kind where there is a variance of creed and where an appeal to one belief will be a stab at the belief of another. It is a practical impossibility to give a sound religious foundation in institutions of this sort.

But let us take an institution in which the religious is a dominant factor, in which the religious education of the youth is as much sought for as training in mathematics or sciences. Here religion will come to the aid of secular education. There will always be a sound conscience code to regulate the morals of the students and to enable them to pursue their studies in the light of true Christianity. They will have a training of the heart and the will that will inhibit the insidious inroads of immoral suggestion. They will not be merely intelligent machines, but feeling, responsible men, men who know their duties and who will sacrifice themselves in the performance of these duties to God and their fellowman.

The crying need in America today is a return to the Creator and the Common Father of All. When men realize that life is not a mere striving after honors, fame and wealth, when they realize that, coupled with these, there must be an equally earnest endeavor to live rightfully and to observe the mandates imposed upon them by the very fact that they are men, then and then only shall we have a truly Christian manhood and womanhood in America, then and then only shall we have done with the present prevalent wave of immorality.

If we educate the men of tomorrow in the same mistakes as we have educated the men in the past, how can we hope for amelioration? "Remember thy Creator in the days of Thy youth." Now is the time to plant true Christian morality. Youth! And fortunate indeed are those young men of America who receive the truly Christian education: religion side by side with secular knowledge.

D. H. A.

Knowledge Among the many features of intellectual development, cultural training may be considered the first and most beneficial. "To be capable of getting the most out of life; to know the best that has been thought and said in the world" is the greatest source of satisfaction.

It is in our very nature to know, for true knowledge is the object of our intellect, and this being the case we can only be satisfied when our mind possesses this knowledge for which it strives.

If we would direct the senses to those things of the greatest worth to the higher life of man, and educate them that they might

more distinctly convey these values to the mind, then our heart would respond with greater fervor, until we find opened up to us a wealth of noble sentiments and emotions never before experienced.

Knowledge is a means to the higher life of man, a life of the soul; true knowledge is the incentive which animates all our tendencies in life.

The chief object of education should be to instruct our senses that they may always nurture the intellect with life's better things. A prerequisite of an aim for higher development is that we realize the importance of schooling ourselves, that we may be better qualified with our understanding intellect, and dependable judgment, to select the ennobling from that which is degrading.

To maintain that man does not need a liberal education in order that he may comprehend, and appreciate the real values of life, is absurd. Cultural learning helping him as it does to choose and delight in the good, the beautiful, and the sublime, in the object world about him, certainly must be fruitful. Through the medium of our minds our hearts expand, for it is natural whenever knowledge points out the good and lofty that, that which is elevating in us acknowledges it.

Our experience with those about us makes clear the advantages the learned enjoy. The speech and conduct of people; the company they esteem, the kind of amusements they seek, and the literature that appeals to them, all this manifests covetousness for material things or intellectual tendencies.

Seemingly, perhaps, they are getting the most out of life, but are they not only wandering? They have never stood on the threshold of knowledge and had a clear vision of the satisfaction derived from it. Are they not drifting on a gross, unnatural film of superficiality, unable to pierce it and behold the real treasures that lie below?

"False like straws on the surface flow,

He that seeks for truth must dive below."

Thus whatever our aim may be in life, whether to prepare for some hereditary seat, or the performance of the simplest of duties, let us never lose sight of the satisfaction derived from a higher life, which flows from the wealth of knowledge.

A. C. C.

**John Philip
Sousa**

Questions regarding Sousa's nationality, etc., have been so frequently asked that Sousa himself gave the following answer:

"Seriously, I was born on the 6th of November, 1854, on "G" Street, S. E., near old Christ Church, Washington, D. C. My parents



THE UNIVERSITY RIFLE TEAM

First Row, left to right—Holtman, Stelzer, Kohl, Hannegan, Luthman;
Second Row—Wirshing, Kirk, Wagner, Schroer, Puig; Third Row—Major
Hazlett, Cadet Captain Lause, Cadet Lieutenant Hagan, Cadet Colonel Hieber.

The University of Dayton's R. O. T. C. Rifle Team won high honors by taking second place in the Fifth Corps Area Intercollegiate Rifle Championship Match.

This gives our team the opportunity to compete in the National Rifle Championship Match to be held between the four winning Senior R. O. T. C. teams of each of the nine Corps Areas of the United States.

This is the first year the University has competed in this match.

Great credit for the success is to be given to Major Harry F. Hazlett and Sergeant Walter Ervin and Sergeant Philip Kearney, who coached the men.

Members on the team who do not appear on the picture are: Joseph Lamoureux and George A. Pflaum.

THE FINAL SCORE

De Pauw University.....	5465
University of Dayton.....	5394
Culver Military Academy.....	5301
Indiana University.....	5261
Ohio State University.....	5220

were Antonio Sousa and Elizabeth Trinkhaus Sousa, and I drank in lacteal fluid and patriotism simultaneously, within the shadow of the Great White Dome. I was christened John Philip at Dr. Kinkel's church on Twenty-second Street, N. W., Washington, and might mention that if I had an opportunity to be born again, I would select the same parents, the same city, the same time and—well, just to say that I have no kick coming."

Mr. Sousa's father was Portuguese, whereby he derives the name of Sousa, which can be traced in direct lineage back to the fifteenth century. His mother was a Bavarian, who came to America when quite a young girl, and was married in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Herbert L. Clark in the "Musical Messenger."

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade



D. HERBERT ABEL

APUD NOS

PARAMOUNT among the Mission features of recent date was an address by Father John Handly, C. S. P. Father Handly is a pioneer Crusader and radiates enthusiasm for Mission work with every word he speaks. His address to the entire Unit kindled anew the fires of Missionary zeal. He emphasized the necessity of a Catholic lay-leadership and pointed out to the Unit the marvelous field for Missionary achievement that lies open in Dayton.

* * * *

The Stereopticon Lecture on the Dayton Convention of 1921 was presented to the University Unit under the auspices of the Secretary, Mr. Abel. This lecture was prepared by Mr. Hayes of Maryknoll and is indeed a very praiseworthy effort. One practically lives the convention all over again by seeing the slides and having the business of the Convention explained in detail. Notable among the slides was a replica of the cablegram to the delegates from the late Pope Benedict XV.

Work of the Spread Committee is getting under way. The committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Abel, has a vast program outlined for the affiliation of new units. Substantial results are expected in the near future. * * * *

Much credit and commendation is to be given to the Sophomore High C class for their ardent prosecution of all activities connected with Mission work. Stamp Collection, Magazine Collection, Mite Boxes, Pep Meetings, Spiritual Works! There's real spirit manifested. Mr. Schreck and Mr. Haft cannot be complimented too highly on their efficient organization and still more efficient results. * * * *

The Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier was observed by the Unit. The attention of all was called to it, leaflets were distributed and in many classes public devotions were held. * * * *

INTER ALIOS

February 22 at St. Louis was held one of the greatest events of interest in Mission Work. A Mission festival, consisting of solemn High Mass, allegorical pageants, mission booths and addresses by prominent exponents of Crusade activity, was participated in by twenty-one Units. The conference was a stellar success. Notable among those present were: Msgr. Francis J. Beckman, S. T. D., Rev. Francis A. Thill, Mother Drexel of the Blessed Sacrament Sisters, Rev. Eugene McGuinness of the Catholic Church Extension Society, M. J. McNeal of the Catholic University of Tokio, and Rev. Philip Gordon a full-blooded Chippewa Indian from Racine, Wisconsin.

The St. Mary Parochial High School has organized a Junior Unit in the grades of St. Mary's School. An interesting program in connection with the furtherance of Mission Work was given recently.

Holy Angels Parochial School has also been affiliated as a Junior Unit through the work of Father Handly.

Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to our fellow-Crusaders. We are at their disposal at any time in the furtherance of Mission activities. * * * *

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following periodicals: The Bengalese; The Lamp; The Field Afar; Maryknoll-at-Ten; China; The Far East; The Brighton Crusader; The Indian Sentinel; Catholic Missions. * * * *

To the University of Dayton Unit:

Can we promote a mission conference?

Help our Spread Committee.

We await your suggestions.

Alumni Notes

EDMUND J. KLASS

University Extension Campaign

With the Dayton campaign formally closed and with alumni in several other cities organizing for active campaigns, there is a feeling of confidence that our goal will be reached. Dayton decided on three hundred thousand dollars as her quota, and it fell short by only sixteen thousand. Eighty thousand of this came from outside Dayton. Students of the University subscribed a total of one hundred and two thousand dollars, surely a gratifying amount. Of this, fifty-one thousand came from resident students. Subscriptions from every source total approximately four hundred and eighteen thousand dollars. There is every reason to be optimistic when we consider the fact that intensive campaigning is in progress in only two cities, Chicago and Cincinnati. During this month active canvassing will begin in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Springfield, Toledo and a number of smaller cities. Following is a list of chairmen or heads of teams in the several cities:

Canton, Ohio.....	Victor Lippert (Dist. Sec.)
Chicago	Edward Schoen
Chillicothe, Ohio.....	Rev. Eugene C. Gerlach
Cincinnati	Rev. Marcellus Wagner
Columbus, Ohio.....	John B. Drury
Covington	Dr. J. A. Averdick
Erie, Pa.....	A. L. Lechner
Kenton, Ohio.....	Allen Ochs (Sec'y)
Lima, Ohio.....	George Fetz
London, Ohio.....	Patrick Lannigan
Marion, Ohio.....	H. J. Feidner
Middletown, Ohio.....	L. E. Gough
Newark, Ohio.....	Leo Brennan (Sec'y)
Piqua, Ohio.....	Elmer B. Hess
Pittsburgh	C. B. Nash
Rochester	Wm. Rossenbach
Sidney, Ohio.....	Louis Wagner
Springfield, Ohio.....	Jos. McHugh
Steubenville, Ohio.....	John D. Ovington
Washington, C. H.....	Jos. McDonald

Wilmington, Ohio

Chas. Ertel

Youngstown, Ohio.....Paul McGovern

Visitors

Lawrence Tebbe of last year's Sophomore Arts class, visited former professors and friends on February 11. He attended the meeting of the Gregorian Sodality of which he was formerly a member. In his little talk to the Gregorians he gave them some nice thoughts and suggestions. Tebbe is now engaged in teaching school; but he intends to return next year to complete his course.

Arnold Favret, also of last year's Sophomore Arts class, came up from Cincinnati to see his school (St. Xavier's) play basketball. "Cotton" seems to like the non-resident life, and he is doing well.

Come again, boys, we're always glad to see you.

What They're Doing

Julian Van den Brock is prosecuting attorney of Henry County (where Napoleon is located).

Robert Scott of Georgetown, Ky., is law partner of A. Mitchell Palmer, former attorney-general. They are practicing in Washington, D. C.

John McDonough of Cleveland, is collector of internal revenue in Cleveland.

George Donovan, '13, is New York correspondent for the **Kansas City Star**.

Fred Norckauer, '94, is selling Chevrolets in Xenia.

Columbus Alumni

The younger element of the Columbus alumni of the University gave an informal dance at the Knights of Columbus hall. One who attended says that it was a great success.

Edwin

Edwin writes from Holy Cross College, Worcester. **Moosbrugger, '19** He is a junior (Arts of course) and seems to be doing splendidly. Philosophy seems to bother him in quite the same way that it worries some of our beginners at the U. of D. (your Alumni editor included). Philosophy is one of the first things that "Moose" talks about. He is now studying Epistemology. So are we, and we sympathize with you.

Edwin seems to think that we aimed rather high when we set two million as a goal in the extension campaign. We'll get it "Moose," for we are as confident as you say you are, and we are working with all our might.

Come again, Edwin, we are always glad to hear from you.

Jas. Torrence McMahon The fat boy of 1913 dropped in lately to see his friends and former prefect. McMahon is in business with his father forming the Stimpson Scale and Electric Co., Northville, Mich. He is doing very well. When he stopped here he was on his way home from a protracted business trip in the South. He was agreeably surprised and pleased at the wonderful improvements since his time. His company was instrumental in placing two scales, gratis, in the University.

Jim's address is 2916 Collingwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Edward A. Blumenthal We have learned that Edward Blumenthal, B. S., '03, chief of the Gabriel Snubber Shock Absorber Company, is erecting a new factory in automobile row. We wish him success in his new undertaking.

WEDDING BELLS

Shoup and Farrell, '12 On January 12, in St. Bridget's Church, Xenia, there was solemnized a wedding which the society editor of the Evening Gazette calls "probably the most brilliant of the winter's social affairs." The ceremony united in marriage Miss Catherine Shoup, daughter of Judge Marcus Shoup, and Henry Lawrence Farrell. Edward Hogan, '12, acted as best man. The young couple are spending their honeymoon in Bermuda. Upon their return they will reside in New York City.

Henry is with the United Press Association in New York as sports editor. During the war he spent twenty-four months in service as a member of the Thirty-seventh Division, Artillery, and he was overseas ten months.

The Exponent congratulates him and extends to him and his bride best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

Moynihan and Swift, '13 The engagement of Miss Marian Moynihan of this city to Leonard J. Swift, '13, is being announced, the wedding to take place in early spring.

We extend hearty congratulations. Leonard is in the real estate business. He is a graduate of Notre Dame University.

Welcome Stranger A neat little card comes from Cleveland announcing the birth of Mary Teresa to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Silch, February second, nineteen hundred twenty-two. Wm. Silch graduated in ...? His address is 1363 E. 91st Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

OBITUARY

Robert O'Hearn On the twelfth of January there passed to the other world one of the most popular of the recent alumni. Robert O'Hearn was a chemical engineering student up to the time of his withdrawal from school on account of illness. Had his health permitted he would have graduated with the class of 1921. Even in the face of his ill health he was an active and a very bright student. Looking through a list of awards we find that his name appears frequently in the first honors place. Teachers and classmates were very sorry to hear that it was necessary for Robert to give up definitely the hope of graduating.

Robert was a good and exemplary Catholic young man. He was a lover of sports and served his college on the Varsity basketball team. His love of sport did not however, make him a lax student, for he was one of the leaders in his class. His pleasing disposition won him a host of friends who are shocked and deeply grieved at his death.

The deceased is survived by his sisters, Mrs. Gould Moore and Mrs. Grant Fink, and one brother, Edward O'Hearn. His father and mother preceded him in death.

To those who mourn, we the sharers in grief, extend our sincerest sympathy, and we earnestly recommend his soul to the prayers of students and alumni.

Mrs. Charles Murray Mrs. Murray, wife of Charles Murray, '19, died Wednesday evening, February 16th. Her death was the result of an illness of five days from pneumonia. Three weeks before her death she was received into the Catholic Church by Father Handly, C. S. P., who was then giving a mission for non-Catholics at Holy Angels' Church. Mrs. Murray was fortified with the last sacraments.

Mr. Murray has a host of friends here at the University who extend to him sincerest sympathy. Charles will be remembered as the able editor of the wits section of the Exponent.

Card of Thanks The following card of thanks was received from Mrs. G. N. Moore, sister of Robert O'Hearn: "We gratefully acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind expression of sympathy shown us at the death of our brother Robert—priests and brothers, also the class of 1921 for the beautiful floral tribute, and classmates for their many spiritual bouquets.

(Signed) Mrs. G. N. Moore and bereaved Family."

University Chronicle

EDWARD J. FINAN

TRINACRIA OPERATIC COMPANY ENTERTAINS

The last number of the Lyceum Course was held in the University auditorium Thursday evening February 16. The Trinacria Operatic Company furnished the entertainment. The company consisted of Raoul S. Bonanno, baritone, Mrs. Gwendolyn Bayless-Bonanno, accompanist, Miss Ivy Elinor Moody, soprano, Miss Elea Gruhlke, contralto, Mr. John Louis Black, tenor.

Mr. Bonanno sang the Aria from Ernani by Verdi. Several English songs were offered by him, an Ave Maria by Luci. The audience was delighted with the two songs sung by Mr. Bonanno for the Victor Company and soon to be released: T'Amo Ancora by Tasti and Lei Bella sei splendida by Belitti.

Miss Moody sang amongst several beautiful selections "Un bel di" from Madam Butterfly.

Miss Gruhlke was delightful especially in her number "Bitterness of Love" by Dunn. Mrs. Bayless-Bonanno gave a number of entertaining readings.

Mr. Black's most convincing number was Rudolph's Song from La Boheme.

Mr. Bonanno, of the Paris Opera Company has won international recognition as an artist both in opera and concert. He has made numerous extensive tours in America and has given the first lecture recitals of Italian folk-songs ever offered in America.

Mrs. Bayless is a product of the American schools of music, and a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Her versatility is extraordinary for she excels as a soloist and an accompanist. Her readings were also appreciated by the audience.

Glee Club

At a meeting held last Friday afternoon, the Glee Club was rehabilitated and the spirit of its members rejuvenated by a decision to make the club a dramatic as well as a musical organization. About forty fellows, crammed with "pep," were present and the various motions and proposals were discussed with great freedom. An admirable spirit of co-operation was constantly evident. Such a spirit will not fail to carry the Glee Club through to big accomplishments.

In the very near future, a "Varsity Night," marked by musical selections, readings, and humorous skits, is to be held in the college club rooms. After the Easter vacation, an elaborate program, on which students of varying talents will have a chance to display their abilities will be presented. The planning and rehearsing of this performance is to begin at once. The present members of the Glee Club, reinforced by the encouragingly large number of new members who attended the last enthusiastic meeting, invite, cordially and earnestly, all students of the University to become a part of the "Greater" Glee Club.

Players' Club

The fourth and final offering of The Players' Club was given February 7th and 8th. The attraction was the

three-act Comedy of mystery, "Ready Money," by Jas. Montgomery, the author of "Irene." It is perhaps Montgomery's most clever piece having as the basis of its plot the idea that it takes money to get money and you can't get it without it, that all you have to do is to show the money.

The cast was exceptionally large, there being a preponderance of male characters. This necessitated considerable addition to the club's personnel. And although the new members were practically novices they acquitted themselves remarkably well of the roles in which they were cast.

Herbert Abel in the leading part of Stephen Baird, the needy and resourceful young mine owner, had a very long role which he handled very successfully. This part was originally played by William Courtenay. Joseph J. Abel, co-starring, played the sharp, shrewd counterfeiter's part to perfection. There was a certain manner to his work in all of the Club's productions that set him off as something more than a mere amateur.

Norbert Pfeiffer as first juvenile played the part as only Mr. Pfeiffer could play it. His two friends, portrayed by Mr. W. A. Kramer and Jas. Dwyer, kept up with him the lively interest in "Steve's mine." Mr. Dwyer and Mr. Kramer showed themselves to very good advantage in this production.

Varley P. Young while not cast in a long role, made his part stand out distinct from the other interpretations. There is a certain attitude which Mr. Young assumes that sets off his part in a peculiar manner. His naturalness cannot be too highly commended.

Among the new members of the company special mention is to be made of Mr. Edward Richardson and Mr. Herbert Smith. The former planted each of his lines far over the footlights, and one would have thought that he had been a member of many previous amateur companies. Mr. Smith makes a wonderful butler. His appearance, voice, manner and carriage all combine to make him fit for the part in which he was cast.

Music Notes

The U. D. Orchestra consisting of 32 members, assisted in making the entertainment given by The Players' Club February 7th and 8th the most enjoyable Lyceum number of the year. The musical numbers were well rendered and much appreciated by the audience. Following is the program:

Triumphal March—"Entry of the Gladiators".....By Fucik
Overture—"Pique Dame" Suppe
"Polish Dance" Scharwenka
Serenade—"La Sorella" Barrel-Clerk
March—"The Billboard"

Encore numbers: "Pals First and Pals to the Last"—Trombone solo by Cyril Scharf.

Fox Trot—"Yoo Hoo"

March—"Baby Boo"

At the matinee the Student Orchestra played popular music.

Extension

The Wot Not and Thia clubs were responsible for a successful dance given at Miami Hotel Friday evening, February 10, for the benefit of the Extension Fund.

Fund Dance

Music was furnished by the "Harmony Four." The well-known University entertainer Mr. McCarthy entertained the merry-makers with several songs. Senior College resident students were permitted to attend the dance.

Athletic Notes

DICK HORWEDEL

Capitol U.

The Varsity completed a successful week when they chalked up a second victory at the expense of Capitol U. on February 3rd. When the whistle sounded at the end of the second period, the Red and Blue were leading 24 to 21. The game was one of the hardest fought battles on the U. D. court this season and the Varsity was forced to extend themselves the whole game. At the end of the first half, the Columbus lads were leading 12 to 11. The visitor's court game was of the first water and at times they exhibited sensational. However, the Varsity was equal to the occasion and due to the spectacular shooting of "Step" Lange and the defensive work of the Becker-Mahrt combination, the Varsity copped the bacon in the final period. The all-around playing of the Ridenour brothers featured in the visitor's exhibition.

Thiel College

The Varsity's home record of unbroken victories received a dent on February 10th, when the Thiel College quintet from Greenville, Pa., took the Red and Blue's measure to the tune of 12 to 10. The Varsity's showing was a surprise to all, since it was a complete reversal of the form exhibited against Capitol U. The local aggregation simply could not find the rim at the critical times. The game was close at all stages and was very rough due to the close guarding of both fives. Both team's shooting was abominable; the Varsity being able to cage only three fielders while the visitor's total was four. The Red and Blue lead at the half 6 to 4. However, due to the individual playing of the visitor's leader, Christman, the Pennsylvania team managed to cop the bacon in the last few minutes of play.

Dayton 14

St. Xavier 10

February 17th of Dayton's '21-'22 court season will remain long in the minds of the Red and Blue followers, for on that memorable evening, the locals triumphed over their ancient enemy, St. X., to the tune of 14 to 10. This was probably the best game played on the U. D. court this season. Due to the intense rivalry of the two institutions, the game was fiercely fought throughout and the final results were ever in doubt until the final blast of the whistle. The first half was evenly fought and at the end of the half the score stood 6 all. The second stanza started with a rush by the Blue and White, Hart and Noppenberger caging sensational shots. However, the Varsity guards stopped the scoring in short order. The game went on until only a few minutes were left with the Varsity trailing by a fielder. Then Clifford tied the score with a neat shot and a few seconds later, Johnny Mahrt sneaked in and caged the pill. Once again he repeated his performance and the whistle sounded with the score standing 14 to 10 in the local's favor. All credit and dues must be given to Captain Johnny Mahrt for his all around playing. He was all over the floor and did the timely shooting. His work stamped him easily the best performer of the evening.

**Muskingum
College**

On the evening of February 23rd the Red and Blue journeyed to New Concord, Ohio, to engage in a fracas with the Black and Magenta. The Varsity's road jinx was ever present and the local aggregation came out on the short end of a 29 to 22 score. The game was rough and the Muskies gained a good portion of their score through the accurate foul shooting of their leader Moore, who caged the ball eleven times out of fifteen tries from the foul line. Mahrty put up the best brand of basketball for the locals.

Red and Blue 31 The Varsity ended their regular schedule at home on
Baldwin-Wal. 22 March 3rd, when they trampled on the strong B.-W. five 31 to 22. The Varsity played a pretty game of ball on their final appearance at home, and gave every reason for their followers to be proud of them. They played a fast, clean game throughout and only during the early part of the first period were they in danger. The Berea quintet got away to an early lead due to the accurate eye of Robinson, but the Varsity scoring machine got under way and at half-time, the home five were the leaders 13 to 11. The second half was all Dayton, Lange caging the ball with amazing regularity. The Dayton lads soon amassed a comfortable margin and were never headed, the final count being 31-22. Step Lange again held the limelight by caging 7 field goals and dropping in five free throws. He played a stellar floor game and was the best performer of the evening.

The Final Trip On March 9th the Red and Blue began their final jaunt of the season. Capitol U., Baldwin-Wallace U. and Bluffton College will be played in the order named. This will wind up the '21-'22 season of the U. D. Followers of the Red and Blue are hoping that the local five will shake off the hoodoo that has been persistently following them on the road, and return with a goodly majority in the winning column.





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 Fritz—To stand on my head awhile, thus giving my feet a rest.
 Gerber—No more canned complexion.
 Stuhlmüller—To get all the money possible out of the Senior Class.
 Hochwalt—Once again to swear off the weed.
 Stewart—To reach the Philosophy class room at 7:30, each morning.
 Kirby—To emulate the example of Stewart.
 Pauly—To begin studying in earnest.
 Abel—To lead the Senior Arts Class (N. B. enrollment of one).
 Holtvoigt—No more "Airedales" for dinner.
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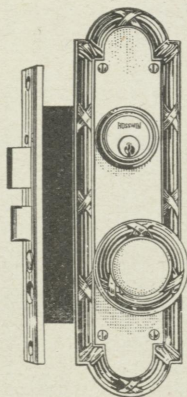
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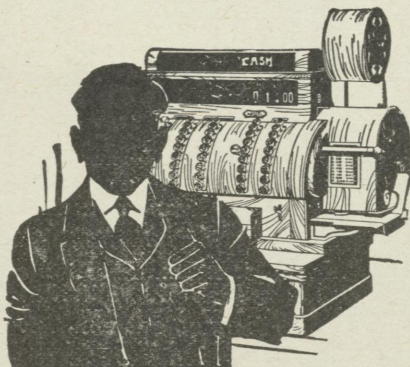
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