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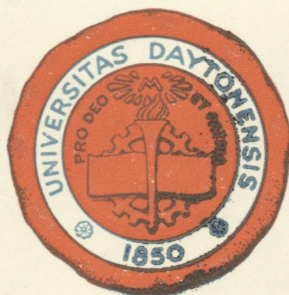
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*The* UNIVERSITY of DAYTON  
EXPONENT



MAY 11, 1922



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# The University of Dayton Exponent

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## Table of Contents

Frontispiece—The Mother Supreme	
Poem—On Mother's Day .....	D. Herbert Abel
Essay—The Evolution of the Violin.....	George Marie
Poem—Spring Call.....	John H. Holtvoigt
Novelette—The Noble Crooks.....	Varley P. Young
Essay—National Institutions.....	Robert J. Von Koemel
Poem—The Infinite Sacrifice.....	James O'Brien
Short Story—The Discovery of Biezwackz.....	D. Herbert Abel
Satire—The Eleventh Plague.....	George W. Krug
Poem—Thy Wristlet and Thy Sword.....	D. Herbert Abel
Editorials—Friendship .....	A. C. C.
Thrift .....	A. J. S.
The Classical Tongues .....	J. H. H.
Newspaper Publications .....	V. P. Y.
Alumni Notes.....	Edmund J. Klass
University Chronicle.....	Edward J. Finan
Athletic Notes.....	Richard Horwedel
Frolisome Folly.....	Murphy

## ILLUSTRATIONS

The Mother Supreme—Frontispiece  
John H. Patterson  
The Queen of May

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THE MOTHER SUPREME

# The University of Dayton Exponent

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VOL. XX

MAY, 1922

No. 5

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## On Mother's Day

D. HERBERT ABEL

Sweet are the memories we cherish so dear;  
Sweet were the songs we oft used to hear;  
Sweet was each loving and tender caress;  
Sweet was each smile of happiness.  
Sweet were the long and wearisome hours;  
Sweet as the fragrance of dew washed morn  
Was each toil and sacrifice bravely borne  
By those angel guardian mothers of ours.

What can we do for that care-worn brow?  
How can we aid those feet, weary now?  
How can we gild those silvery strands?  
How can we soften those work-scarred hands?  
God grant that each be a dutiful son  
And pay love with love ere this May day is done.

Our prayer be that he reward you right well  
The depths of our love never poet can tell,  
Our hearts are your own, dearest mothers, Farewell.



## The Evolution of the Violin

GEORGE MARIE

**J**UST when, just where, or under what circumstances, the invention of the violin took place, has never been ascertained, nor is it probable that it ever will. In its crudest form it was perhaps first conceived by some savage, in response to that longing within him to seek beauty and harmony. In its present form it never had an inventor—it is the ultimate product of a gradual evolution.

This evolution was in its inception, very slow, but as the instrument took definite shape, the development became more rapid. The appearance of the first and crudest type of the bowed, stringed instruments, was, from what we learn from the archaeologists, simultaneous with that of the harp, and the lyre. The lyre found favor among the mediocre people of Greece, Egypt, Persia, and many other nations of Asia and Eastern Europe. The harp was introduced into the courts, and retained its high station for many centuries, but this embryo of the present-day violin was fostered only by the savage tribes, and during the many centuries that followed, it shared the fate they suffered, or triumphed with them, and likewise passed into oblivion.

This instrument of the savage tribes, however, was very much unlike the instrument of today. At its very best it was nothing more than a fantastic shaped, hollow box, with a single string tightly drawn across it, and a reed, with which to set this string in vibration.

For several centuries the development consisted of additions, and very few alterations. Instruments having two and three strings unobtrusively appeared but they had, otherwise, a rigid resemblance to the original. At a still later period, instruments having an entire sound-chamber, sound holes, and a block of wood supporting the tightly drawn strings came as evidence that progress was being made. There is extant no instrument which we might call an intermediate step between this instrument and the one of the present. Perhaps it is the former was sufficient to suggest, the possibility of a still greater development.

There is a lapse of many years since the appearance of this last mentioned instrument during which all the knowledge of its develop-



ment, of the violin itself and all its admirers, has apparently been lost or forgotten.

This was but the lull that precedes every great storm of progress, for with the sixteenth century came its rebirth, and from this time on we have tangible proofs of its whereabouts, its construction, and its further development, in the accounts and records of those who fostered it.

These records begin about 1570 or earlier. About this time there suddenly appeared in Brescia (Italy), an instrument which stirred up no little commotion. It was elegant in appearance, it had the double purfling of the instruments (of certain make) of the present day, it had a large sound chamber and proportionally large sound holes. The tone was brilliant, deep, and solemn. It bore the name of Gaspar da Salo, to whom is attributed the violin of today.

The demand for the violin became so great that within a few years we find pupils of da Salo and his contemporary, Andrea Amati, working hard to supply the demand.

From this time on, the development received a new impetus, cause by the rivalry between the pupils of Gaspar da Salo and those of Amati. Two large schools were formed where the new art was perfected—the Brescian founded by da Salo and the Cremona founded by Amati. They were the outcome of the urgent demand for violins of a certain (tone) quality of tone. Each of the masters tried to satisfy his patrons, and as a consequence, violin making advanced in the two schools, but along individual lines.

It becomes necessary to distinguish the violins of the Brescian and Cremona make before their further development can be properly traced. There are two principal characteristics which distinguish the one from the other, viz.: their outline or general appearance and their tonal qualities. The violins of the Brescian school are generally rugged in their outline, large in body, with a tone that is deep, rolling and solemn. Those of the Cremona school are more delicate in outline, with a soft sweet, tone. The high notes are especially characteristic—those on the Brescian violins are transparent and bell-like, while those on the Cremona are decidedly nasal.

The pupils of these two schools carried on the work of their masters, deviating from their teaching, only when such a deviation contributed to the betterment of the instrument, and under such prudence they are advanced as it had never advanced before.

A pupil of Gasparo da Salo, Giovan Paolo Magini, became the representative of the Brescian school. His instruments resemble those of his master in having the double purfling, and large body, but



he made several noteworthy contributions. "Magini's instruments are very large, the sides low, the swell of the arch high and full towards the end, giving a largeness of tone and a deeper than ordinary on the D and G strings." In beauty, too, his instruments surpassed those of his teacher. The varnish is exceptionally transparent exceedingly fine and pure. What can be said of his instruments is truly characteristic of the Brescian school—the tone is grand, penetrating and noble. To him is attributed the honor of having definitely fixed the form of the violin.

The violins of Andrea Amati, the founder of the Cremona school, present a decided contrast to those of the Brescian school. They are small, the middle arch very high, and the resulting tone is exquisitely soft and sweet, but it lacks the volume and power of those of Magini.

The Amati family became the representatives of the Cremona school. Their violins very closely resemble each other until the time of Nicolo, the prince of the Amati family. He changed the models and patterns, gave greater perfection to the curves, and also improved the varnish; he made the swells less abrupt, planned the thicknesses with great care, and for a reward he secured a violin with a more powerful and more brilliant tone than those of his ancestors, yet retaining the same sweet, silvery tones. The notes on the second string however, are thin, due to a too sudden decrease in the thickness of the belly toward the sides.

The violins that followed were the result of slavish imitation of these two great masters. Little were they improved upon until the time of Antonio Stradivarius, the king of the Cremona school. Although his violins have all the characteristics of the Cremona school, he avoided the defects of the Amati violins; Stradivarius lowered the arches, gave greater breadth to the middle curves. These alterations caused wonderful improvements in the tone—he also made the corner blocks more massive. The tone resulting was mellow sweet, sonorous and far-carrying, and during his life enjoyed the reputation of holding the secret of constructing violins, so beautiful in appearance and still more beautiful in tone.

But within the last fifty years, opinion has become divided. Many maintain that his contemporary, Joseph Guarnerius, holds first rank. This would naturally lead us to investigate if Joseph Guarnerius had made any improvements.

The study of his instruments makes us hesitate to consign to him a place in either the Brescian or Cremona school. He holds a place apart from both schools. His violins unite the good qualities of the Brescian and Cremona make. They are larger, somewhat



rugged in outline, with a quality of tone intermediate that of the Brescian and Cremona violins. The tone is of wondrous volume, with a mellow sweetness that rolls out from the body of the violin, as it does from the violins of no other maker. This impresses the listener as if there were no string on the violin, the tone coming from some unknown source. The comparison between these instruments and the best of the present day is indeed a sad one, and all admirers of this instrument cannot but hope that its construction will again become a known art.



## Spring Call

JOHN H. HOLTVOIGT

Well anyway, it is sweet to know  
That somewhere pleasant waters flow,  
That fields lie green beneath the Sun  
And the Spring-flowers have begun  
Their early task of decking out  
The valleys with the pleasant rout  
The winds love in the early spring  
Amidst their scented harvesting.

'Tis sweet remembrance that I know  
Somewhere in the sunny glow  
Birds and children happy grow.  
In the lazy sunshine now  
That the buds are on the bough,  
And the Winter sable king  
Has had his mournful harvesting.

And I hope that some day Spring  
Grown weary of such wantoning  
Up and down the valley halls,  
By the streams and waterfalls,  
Shall with all her heart of pity  
Suddenly hie her to the city,  
That I may cease such songs to sing  
And have with her sweet harvesting.



## The Noble Crooks

A NOVELETTE

VARLEY P. YOUNG

I wondered afterwards what prompted me to take a walk in Central Park that particular morning. It was a very unusual thing for me to do. No doubt it was the bright sunshine of a spring day that lured me from my dusty library of dead romances to a world all alive. People were scurrying to and fro on the streets, in a hurried manner which bespoke of work—work—work. But here were hundreds of men on the benches, with that far-away look on their faces, which conversely bespoke of the want of work—work—work.

Some were reading newspapers, some talking to companions, and some just existing. All, that is almost all, were swearing out of the depths of their souls filled with bitterness toward the world.

One in particular stood out from among that cosmopolitan crowd, the dregs of the earth, as something foreign. I mean not only foreign to that spot but foreign in appearance as well. People would never call him handsome, but would, without a doubt, turn to give him more than a passing glance. Black straight hair topped a well formed forehead from which glistened two bright hazel eyes. He had about him, as I approached, a look akin to despair, but from those eyes emitted a light that could conquer worlds.

Just as I was preparing to sit beside the man a smallish girl approached and without ceremony placed herself beside him. He scarcely deigned to notice her. Scenting something of the unusual I chose a bench diagonally across from theirs and awaited further developments; my wait was short.

"Say, kid, you're busy?" the girl inquired, looking up into his face.

"No, why?" he vouchsafed, with a withering glance.

"Oh, just a little business proposition, that's all, 'r you interested?" she replied.

"That all depends on the proposition. What have you to offer me?" He looked more human now. Doubtless it was the sweet look on the face of this pseudo-acquaintance.

"Well, it ain't just exactly a job or anything like that, but it'll sure pay money, if you got the goods," she answered.



"Really, Miss, I'm interested in a job exclusively and primarily, but tell me about the proposition," said he, with his very sweetest smile. It is remarkable what the mention of future cash will do even with an apparently impregnable person such as this.

"Sure, just pin back your ears and listen," she commanded. "Now I'm not a crook, don't for a minute get that idea in your bean. I'm just a poor workin' girl who has got tired of workin' and wants to collect a livin' from the world, providing I can get the help of a smart young fellow, such as yourself. Get me?"

"I'm very sorry, but I don't 'get' you," he smiled.

"Then I'm gonna make you. No more foolin'. I want some guy to go in partnership with me to fool the wily old citizens of Noo Yawk out of some real jack," she said.

"By what means, Miss, really I'm not a burglar—" he began.

"I know you're not and if you were I wouldn't be talkin' to you this way," she interrupted. "I heard you talkin' yesterday to a bum here in the park and I knew you were the bird I wanted to help me. I want a partner who's educated and can help me make money. You look like a dago or some foreigner and so do I, did you notice it?"

"No, I can't say that I did, but now that you speak of it I think that you really do," he assured her.

"All right. I want you to be the Duke of Limberger or some other fancy name while I'm the Duchess. See? Then we'll get 'admitted' into some of the most exclusive homes. When they find out we're not the real stuff they'll pay and pay big to keep it quiet or they'd be called fifty different kinds of fools. Am I clear?" she concluded.

"Very," he said with slight sarcasm.

"Good. Are you game?" she asked.

For several minutes he refrained from speaking then throwing back his head and standing up he said, "I am. When do we start?"

"Right now, partner, follow me," she answered and they walked down the park arm in arm.

\* \* \* \* \*

I thought little more of this incident from the day it happened until the day I received a little grey invitation to attend a reception. "In honor of the Duke and Duchess of Esthonia," it read.

Ordinarily when an invitation begins with "In honor of" I stay away, but my interest was fanned by this happening in the park so I concluded that I had best go. I looked in the encyclopedia for Esthonia and was actually surprised to find it. The book said it was



a province of Russia between the gulf of Finland and Livonia. Everything sounded true but as the old Scot said, "I hae me doots."

Nevertheless I went to the clothes-press and got out the dress suit which had been neglected for so long. Stevens, my butler, pressed it up for me and I was ready in no time.

When I arrived everyone was a flutter and excited. All were anxious to meet the duke.

"He's so handsome and manly," declared one of the debutants of two decades ago to her companion.

"And what wonderful eyes, they say they're hazel, you know, Tillie, I just adore hazel eyes," said another.

"But what a shame, girls, he's married," came from a third.

I walked away in disgust. I'm not egotistic or anything of that sort, but I hate to be practically ignored by every woman of my age in the ball room. The object of my walk was the conservatory where I hoped, I could smoke in peace.

"The Duke and Duchess of Esthonia," came from the portly butler, before I had reached my goal, and nothing was left for me to do but advance to meet the guests of honor.

Imagine my surprise, as I approached the nobles, to discover that they were the same pair whom I had seen in the park. I didn't know whether to cry out or faint. My better judgment conquered, I didn't faint, but I couldn't resist giving them just one dig. "No I've never had the pleasure of meeting you-all, but I remember distinctly of seeing you one morning in Central Park," I said.

"Yes, M'sieu, we frequently promenade in the park, it is so lovely and peaceful there," the duke replied, undaunted.

Boiling with rage I strutted with all my dignity out of the room and bought a stiff drink from the footman.

Later in the evening, as I noticed the Duke was unattended, I approached him and tried the grand bluff.

"Say, my friend, I think I'm on to your game. In fact, I know as much about it as you do. You two are no more a duke and duchess than I am," I sprang as a starter.

"M'sieu, is doubtless plentiful with wine or he wouldn't so speak. I am the Duke of Esthonia, there is no doubt," he replied in a most pleasing voice and without the least flutter of excitement.

"Well I won't argue with you here, my lad, but I would like to call on you. You certainly are blessed with 'la grande nerve,'" I concluded.

"It will be a pleasure to have M'sieu call. Say Tuesday afternoon?" he suavely asked.



"Tuesday afternoon it is. I will be there at three," and I strolled away.

The intervening days until Tuesday I spent very profitably. I secured a book explaining all the royalty of Europe, their birthplace, relations, properties, etc. From this I gleaned that the Duke of Esthonia should have two living relations, the others having been killed by the bolsheviki. The first was old Count Henry whom, everyone knew, had been at the point of death for months in his Chateau in France. The other was, of course, his ward, the beautiful Countess Nina. Where she was or how to find her was beyond the writer of the book. The last heard of her she had set sail for America.

Tuesday afternoon arrived and I arrayed myself in my best morning suit. It sounds a little inconsistent to wear a morning suit in the afternoon but that's only a name, for it is very seldom donned before noon. Those who wear them are scarcely awake before that hour. Losing no time I jumped into a taxi and was whirled away to Riverside drive. My knock was answered by an immaculate maid who spoke very little English. My French came in so handy that my wait was short.

That day in Central park my attention had been confined almost exclusively to the man who had subsequently styled himself Duke. The girl was a negligible quantity. But now all my attention was centered on her. She was beautiful. Her height could not have exceeded five feet four or five inches. But in that small being was centered all the grace that one mortal could have. It would be exceedingly easy to convince me that she was really a duchess. Her big violet eyes focused themselves on me and smiled at me a wondrous welcome.

"I know this is Mr. O'Mally, whom I met at the reception the other evening. Vanya has mentioned that you were to call today. He will be here in a short while. Won't you be seated?" she directed. I could detect but a faint foreign accent in her speech.

"Thank you, Madame, has your husband told you my reasons for calling this afternoon?" I inquired.

"Why no, I don't think—oh, yes. You are the gentleman who was so skeptical about our identity. You know, I just can't blame you. The good American people have been fooled so many times with fakes that it is hard to convince some of one's real identity," she replied.

"Very true. No doubt you could produce proofs that you are really the nobles of Esthonia, could you not?"

"Well, that all depends on what you call proofs. We have our



family jewels, which were saved after the bolsheviki destroyed our home. But papers bearing the 'Little Father's' name are considered worthless because poor Nicholas is dead," she pouted.

"Yes, yes, I understand all that, but could you not show me something specific which only the nobles of Esthonia could have," I begged.

"No, that I cannot do. It is not within my power. Not I alone am concerned, but one near and dear to me. Oh, here comes Vanya now," she finished.

"Why how do you do, Mr. O'Mally, and you Nina, why did not you call me sooner?" greeted Vanya.

"I am fine," I returned, "and I have been having a most entertaining talk with Madame the duchess."

He must have detected the tone of irony in my voice because the point at issue, the reason why I had called, flashed before him and he withdrew into himself.

"Yes, you called on business, did you not," he asked.

"My business can wait," I bantered.

"It can, but it shan't," he shot back.

"Very well. I was just asking your companion to furnish me with proofs of your being what you claim you are and she tells me she cannot. What have you to say to it?"

"I have but one thing to say. That is that I want you to leave this house immediately and never show your spiteful face in the doorway again. If I ever hear of you trying to disprove us I shall take the great pleasure of beating you to a pulp."

"Very well, I shall go," I sparred very bravely. "But I shall return and, by all the gods that Greece ever had, I'll have you jailed in 24 hours. You're a fake."

"I shall take great pleasure in throwing you out if you aren't out of here in the space of one minute," was all that he would say.

"Furthermore, I just want you to know that I saw your first meeting in Central park, and you can't pull the wool over my eyes like I was a child," was my parting shot.

Just as I was slamming the door I heard him say, "If he wasn't an old man I'd crown him."

Luck was ever with me it seems for the evening paper carried a three-column cut of old Count Henri, who it seems had defied all laws of old age and had sailed to America. His ship was to dock at four-fifty. Here was my chance for revenge. I hated to do it but I had been insulted, I felt.

I arrived at the dock in the nick of time. The ship was just there.



After a wait of half an hour or so the passengers began to pour down the gangplank. I looked for Henri. I would know him from his pictures. He was supposed to be a very saintly looking old scout with an amplitude of whiskers.

Sure enough. That would be him right there in the middle of the plank. He seemed in a great hurry. His secretary followed him down the gangplank. I decided it would be useless to speak to him with so much pressing business on hand so I drove to his hotel.

It was almost two hours later when I was ushered into his presence. He was a fine looking old man. Heavy beard which disguised his features, but his eyes gleamed through his grim visage like two burning coals.

"Your name is O'Mally," he said coming forward and grasping my hand. "I am very glad to know you. You stated on your card that you would see me on business?"

"Yes, Count Henri, I would see you on very important business," I replied. Ordinarily I would have felt uneasy in the presence of royalty but with him it was different.

"Well, I will talk with you. I make it a practice never to talk on an empty stomach so I invite you to dinner with me *n'est-ce pas?*" he said with a smile.

"You are too kind, sir. I shall accept with pleasure." I replied.

We descended into the dining room and seated ourselves. Every eye in the place was centered upon us. It seemed he really was a distinguished personage. The meal was soon over. Neither of us strove to keep up the conversation during the courses. When the coffee and cigars appeared we began. I thought it my place to start.

"The business upon which I come had best be stated in plain unne-  
ney words, Count," I began. "The fact is there is a young couple here in New York who have styled themselves the Duke and Duchess of Esthonai. They are at this very moment at a dinner in their honor at Rensaleer's home."

"What of it, my friend, what has that to do with me?" he bantered. It was easy to see that the Count had not been styled "the Great Diplomat" for mere foolishness.

"It has a lot to do with you, I should say," said I. "The Duke of Esthonai is your cousin. You should know him, should you not, if you saw him?"

"Most assuredly, sir. We are the best of friends," he answered.

"Then let us be off to view this Duke. For I, myself, saw this pair meet in Central Park one morning when they were not so royal." I declared.



"Explain yourself, man, what do you mean?" he quickly rejoined.

Then I told him the story. At the finish he was dumbfounded. I could read the light of hope fading from his eyes. He seemed as one in a dream.

"Why do you look so surprised?" I inquired.

"Listen closely to me. I am in this country solely to find this man about whom you speak, that is if he is the Duke. I have not seen him for three years. Ah, God, what a man he is. And my little ward, Nina, where is she?" He talked as if he were in a daze.

"Let us go off to the house and see them. That will be the answer," was my suggestion.

"Yes, we will go. Oh I hope it is. I am an old man and alone in the world. If only I could find Vanya," he almost sobbed.

We called a taxi and hurried to our destination. The house was all aglow and radiated that strange serum of pleasure with which society seems to be pregnant. We had no trouble being admitted into the presence of our hosts. They chose to allow the Duke and his consort to receive us in the library, where we could be alone.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. O'Mally again. What can you wish now?" sweetly spoke the "duchess."

"Oh, Mon Dieu, it is Nina. Come here you elf. Why did you leave your old daddy," came in a hoarse whisper from Count Henri.

Nina fluttered into his arms without a whimper. Tears were in her eyes.

"It was because you had not the money to keep me, darling," she spoke. "You were so good, but I couldn't let you."

"All is right now, you shall never leave me," he kept repeating. And the man he had not yet seen. Only now he entered the room.

"And you, Vanya, you here," gasped the old Count.

"Why, Henri, what does this mean. Hugging my wife," came from Vanya.

"Yes, Vanya, Henri is my foster-father. But why did not you tell me that you were the real Duke of Esthonia. It would have made me feel so much better," broke in Nina.

"But, my dear, you must remember that I thought you were but a waif of the streets. I had no idea that you were the far-famed Countess Nina," replied Vanya.

"Well, all is well now. Neither of you have a thing to worry about. Our mines in Siberia have been sold at a great profit to a company in America and we are once more rich," Count Henri said.

By tacit mutual consent we left the room leaving the young lovers to themselves.

"Oh, Vanya, you were so noble to marry me when you know not who I was," Nina said. They spoke in French, which language is noted for its ability to help lovers.

"Darling, and you also. You thought I was educated but I am not capable of, even now, realizing what a wonderful woman you are. I loved you from the first, I would have married you even had you been a street-waif," came in soft tones from the man.

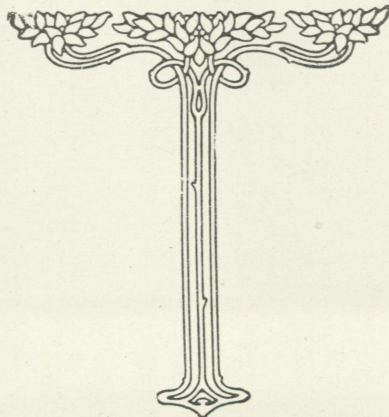
They embraced and kissed each other as we stole from the house, arm in arm.

\* \* \* \* \*

To this day I dine with this happy household every Sunday evening, and we talk of the day when I thought them imposters. We tell each other of the funny things that occurred while they were being wined and dined as "those Russians."

I am older now and so is Count Henri. He often speaks of old Russia, but when he reads of the conditions there he is content to remain in America. Vanya and Nina realize that he is new to his surroundings and make life as pleasant for him as possible. He has learned golf and we play together each day.

I just wanted to tell the love story of Nina and Vanya. It is not finished and will not be for many years, but of that no man can write. It is too sacred.





## National Institutions

ROBERT J. VON KOENEL

**N**ATIONAL institutions are those rules, and maxims of a country, which are established for the prosperity and protection of all, for the prevention of crime, the benefit of the weak, the instruction of youth, the encouragement of fine arts, religion, science, and all that adds to national honor and prosperity.

These laws and regulations, are for the mutual protection of all citizens, the security of their property and the safety of their person, the diffusion of knowledge, the advancement of art, science, and commerce.

Mutual protection is insured, by the laws which regulate society, prevent and punish crime. A movement is growing toward the establishment of public institutions for dependent children, truants, and incorrigible, where in connection with industrial training, the elementary branches are taught.

Security of property is insured by the formation of police forces, courts and the penalties, which are attached to all crime. Wherever human society exists, the right to visit with penal consequences is exercised against all actions which threaten the order of society.

Diffusion of knowledge is accomplished by the establishment of public schools, colleges and seminaries, by lectures, concerts and exhibitions of various kinds. Education, the art of developing and cultivating the minds of men, is as old as the race, and has always had for its purpose the supplying of some human need, and these needs have been overcome, by the establishment of schools and colleges, of all branches of learning and science.

Advance of commerce is gained by the establishment of laws protecting the mercantile interests of the community. Commercial law is varying and indefinite. It ordinarily includes, the legal laws, which relate most directly to every-day mercantile transaction, and which have been modified by the usage of trade.

Advance of science is encouraged by the incentives offered to inventions, discoverers and scientific research of all kinds: by the laws protecting patents, and acts to promote public scientific research work. Invention is the act of making something new, or never be-

fore made. In the law of patent rights, the term invention is applied to any art machine, manufacture or composition of matter, or any new and useful improvement. In such cases inventions under certain conditions, can be made the subject of rights, of a letter patent.

The advancement of art is encouraged by the establishment of picture galleries, concert rooms and other public places, where fine arts are exhibited and encouraged.

The most prominent means of promoting the advantage of national institutions, are the public press, public speakers, and public libraries. The spread of education has called into existence innumerable libraries, with books selected for all class of readers. There is a free library in every city and since the increase of libraries, better faculties for the distribution of books have followed.

For the support of these national institutions money is necessary, hence we have taxation. This tax is levied by authorities, from the income of private people, to defray the expense, of government or other public services. A standing army is also necessary, and a body of armed men, so organized and disciplined as to act together according to the absolute will of one man, should always be prepared to obey and carry out the command of the country.

Civil law is necessary above all for the support of national institutions a country must have rules respecting the limits, rights and obligations of the government.

It is therefore concluded, that without national institutions ably supported and encouraged by public bodies, countries would be in a state of perpetual anarchy. Liberty could not exist where crime would riot unchecked, nor safety be possible where laws were not recognized. The destruction and downfall of national institutions are followed frequently by revolutions. The strongest bulwark of national institutions lies in the justice and power of civil law, which it is the duty of all to support.





## The Infinite Sacrifice

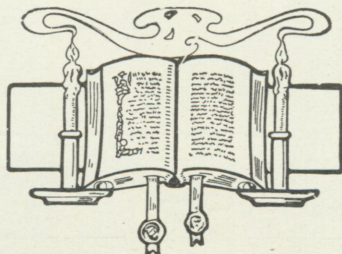
JAMES O'BRIEN

Bowing down in adoration  
The Sacred Host held in his hands,  
Midst the Heavenly choirs of angels  
The priest devoutly stands.

And at that solemn moment  
When mutest wafts the air,  
"Hoc est enim corpus meum,"  
Breathes the priest in potent prayer.

And reverently he raises  
For sinners to adore,  
That God, who, by his death, hath opened  
The Gates of Heaven forever more.

The bloody cross on Calvary's heights  
And Victim of the altar  
Both are an infinite sacrifice  
For us lest we should falter  
In our daily endless strife  
To reach eternal endless life.



## The Discovery of Biezwackz

D. HERBERT ABEL

THERE was a certain uncanny atmosphere about everything that was associated with Professor Eric Biezwackz, something not so much ethereal as it was mysterious. You were oppressed with ominous foreboding whenever you came in contact with him or his household. There was ever an imminent possibility of some strange occurrence, of some freak in nature, a possibility engendered by the milieu of the man and the man himself.

On this particular evening that I recall we entered the door of his drawing room. Here especially we noted the uncanny environment that seemed soon to reveal some startling discovery, some long-sought-for end. The weird Oriental lamp cast ghost-like shadows about the richly tapestried walls. About the room were coats of mail that harked back to Launcelot and Merlin, a mummy of an Indian chief, several Alaskan totem-poles, skeletons of all shapes and in various stages of corruption—like the professor's pipes—and various other relics more suggestive of morbid, sepulchral solitude than of a real social being.

At the little secretaire sat a long-armed, hunch-backed and wizened-faced individual poring intently over some notes that he had evidently just been transcribing. This was the first glimpse I had of Professor Eric Biezwackz, anthropologist, scientist and philosopher par excellence. Here was a man whose fame redounded throughout the entire world. The brilliant names of Einstein, Pasteur, Weismann, Newton and others sank into significance when compared with so brilliant a beacon as Biezwackz. His researches in Organic Chemistry started him on the road to fame; his treatise on human understanding out-revolutionized all the current revolutionizing theories in its absurdities—for which absurdities he was proclaimed a great modern philosopher. And last, but by far not least, he was an anthropologist, an evolutionist in regard to the origin of man, an evolutionist who burned what his cherished predecessor, Charles Darwin, had adored.

The great man turned in his chair to face us. I confess I did not feel perceptibly impressed by the man's personality. Where I had expected a piercing eye, I found a watery one; a firm chin was sub-



stituted by a most weak projection of bone and flesh. All in all, I felt terribly disappointed in him. My friend was the first to break the silence.

"I have brought with me this evening, Professor, an old friend of mine from Duluth. He was very anxious for an interview with so great a man as yourself, so I thought I would oblige him."

"It gives me the greatest of pleasure to meet you, Mr. . . .," he said in a squeaking voice.

"Gordon," I replied. "Jack Gordon, reporter on the Duluth Times. I thought perhaps you could give me a story. To find so important a personage in such palatial surroundings as you have here, and living in a little town of scarcely fifteen thousand! Why, a personal-interview story will be a tremendous scoop. Could you give me some idea of your present researches?"

"Well," replied the little man, "not at the present. As you know I am at variance with Darwin in his history of the origin of man and soon I feel that I will have found a satisfactory link between the brute creation and man. If you are staying in town I beg of you to drop in day after tomorrow; I think I'll have something for you by that time."

"Oh, very well. Thank you, sir. Inasmuch as I am spending this week with my friend, Mr. Arkinton, I will be glad to visit you again."

---

The night after our visit to Professor Biezwick, Tom Arkinton and I were walking down the road which for lack of a better and more appropriate cognomen had been dubbed "Main Street." Far down the road could be seen the beacon in the portico of the Professor's house. That red light shown for a mile up and down the road. Tom and I were busily engaged discussing the weather and other incidentals when, all of a sudden, a flame spurted from the roof of a house directly across from the Professor's Mansion, "Glenhaven."

All was excitement and turmoil at the scene of the fire, at which we arrived by dint of considerable sprinting. Even the queer old professor was at hand doing all he could to aid the volunteer bucket brigade. The fire, however, had too great a start to save much of the dwelling. It was an old frame building and, when the last embers had been extinguished only one corner of the house was left standing.

With the fire out and the crowd abating, Tom and I continued our walk down the road, after promising the Professor not to fail in my appointment tomorrow evening.



The following morning dawned bright and clear. According to my long-established custom I arose at an early hour and took a long hike through the country on the other side of town. Whenever I was on a vacation I always got all the exercise I could because I knew that it would stand me in good stead some day. Tom, on account of his business, could not accompany me. He had a small bird and fish emporium not far from the court-house, in which he disposed of everything from gold fish to poodle dogs. Tom had told me to stop in there this morning as he had some airedales he wanted to show me. Accordingly I promised him that I would.

After a long and strenuous walk, followed by an amazingly large breakfast I betook myself to Tom's store.

"Good-morning, Tom," I cried as I entered the place.

"Hello, Jack. Here's these airedales. I think one of them would make a fine birthday present for your wife. I haven't forgotten, you know, that her birthday comes in this month."

I was diligently inspecting the varied assortment of airedale pups when suddenly Professor Biezwackz burst into the store carrying a common green parrot in one hand, an exultant and triumphant smile playing over his face.

"Ah, I have found him!" he cried. "At last! The reality! The dream of the ages!"

"What's the matter with you?" I cried.

Tom looked at me with a rueful smile, pointed to his head and nodded sadly. It certainly looked as if the poor Professor had suddenly gone insane.

"Ah! Tom, my old friend," he cried, slapping Tom on the back. "Do me a favor will you? Keep the bird for me until tomorrow and do not let the least harm come to him. He's not for sale, you understand."

"Where did you find this thing, Professor?" asked Tom.

"Ah! I will tell you. This morning I went over to the scene of the fire with Mr. Platten. We were wandering around the ruins of his house when we heard a hoarse voice exclaim sorrowfully: 'Gee Whizz! Gee Whizz!' We traced the voice to a water-soaked curtain. And there we found Polly. I picked him up and smoothed his feathers. He looked terribly desolate and forlorn. 'Poor Polly. Poooooor Polly,' I said. 'Aw shut up!' Polly snapped. 'Polly wants a cracker.' I then decided to bring him to you. On the way down here, I figured the thing out psychologically. Ah! I shall be famous. Take good care of him till I return."



And with this he ran out of the store. I confess that I was absolutely dumb-founded. This man must be an idiot. I looked at Tom. He smiled and set the parrot down on the counter.

Polly, however, was not idle when left to himself. He had had nothing to eat that morning and had swallowed a considerable quantity of smoke. After considerable deliberation, he overcame his natural aversion for fish food and tried to gobble up a pair of *Pterophyllum scalare*, valued at forty dollars. Tom caught him in the midst of the act.

"Hey!" cried Tom. "You'll have to cut that out! This store don't belong to you."

"Aw shut up!" said the parrot. "The eats! Bring on the eats!"

After Polly had voraciously devoured a triple portion of sunflower seed hash, which, by the way, is a very popular dish among parrots, and after he had drunk three cups of water he smoothed down his feathers and said:

"Gee Whizz!"

After the terrible experience with the *Pterophyllum*, Tom decided that the cage was the best place for Polly. So Polly went to the cage. Tom and I, with Polly safely caged, were just discussing the extraordinary conduct of the Professor when he burst into the store again, more vociferous in his manner than before.

"Ah!" he cried. "At last I have the solution. I have the refutation of Darwinian evolution of mankind."

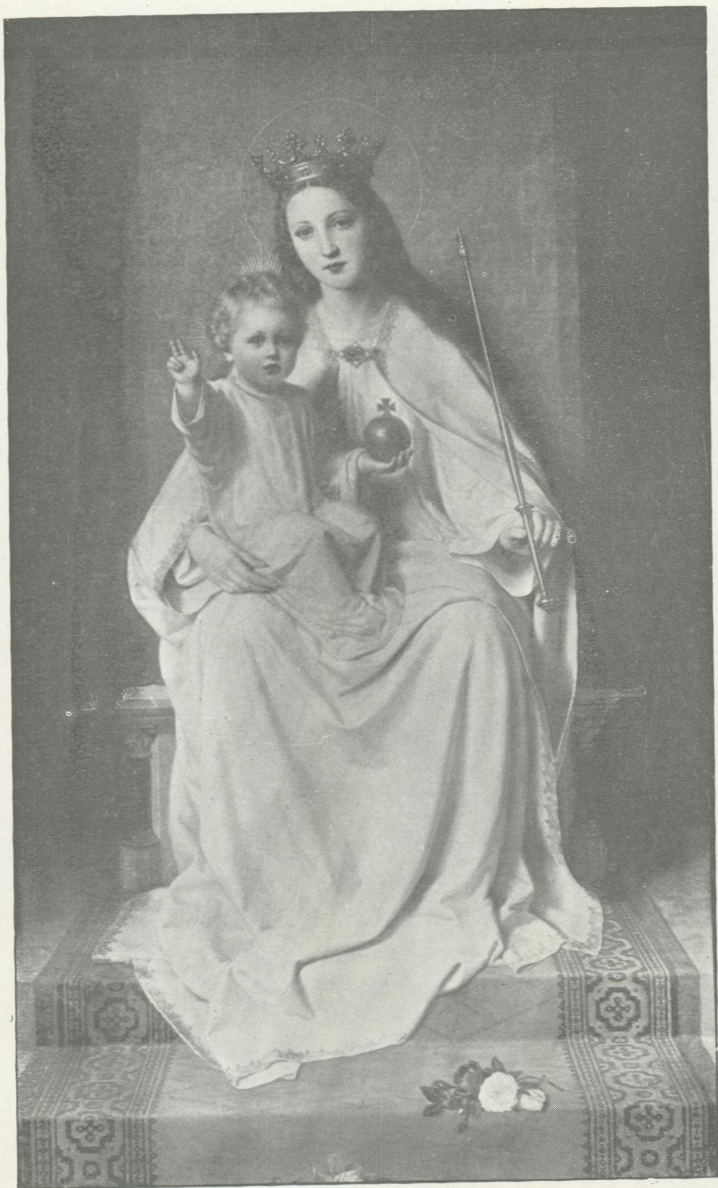
"What on earth is wrong with you?" Tom asked.

"You see, Tom, it's this way. Darwin in his theory of the origin of man was all wrong. He looked for a missing link in the bodily characteristics. There was one fact, however, which he could not account for. That fact was the use of the mind, the power of the mind over the body. It is I, Eric Biezwick, who have discovered the true Missing-Link, a being which does exert the power of mind over body. For, is not this exertion of the power of the mind over the body a distinguishing characteristic between the animals and man. The animals are guided by their instincts, man by his reason. Hence, in looking for the missing link I have been searching for the animal who most resembles man in regard to intellectual operations and I have disregarded the physical characteristics. For, are not the physical characteristics common to animals and man?"

"What are you driving at?" I asked.

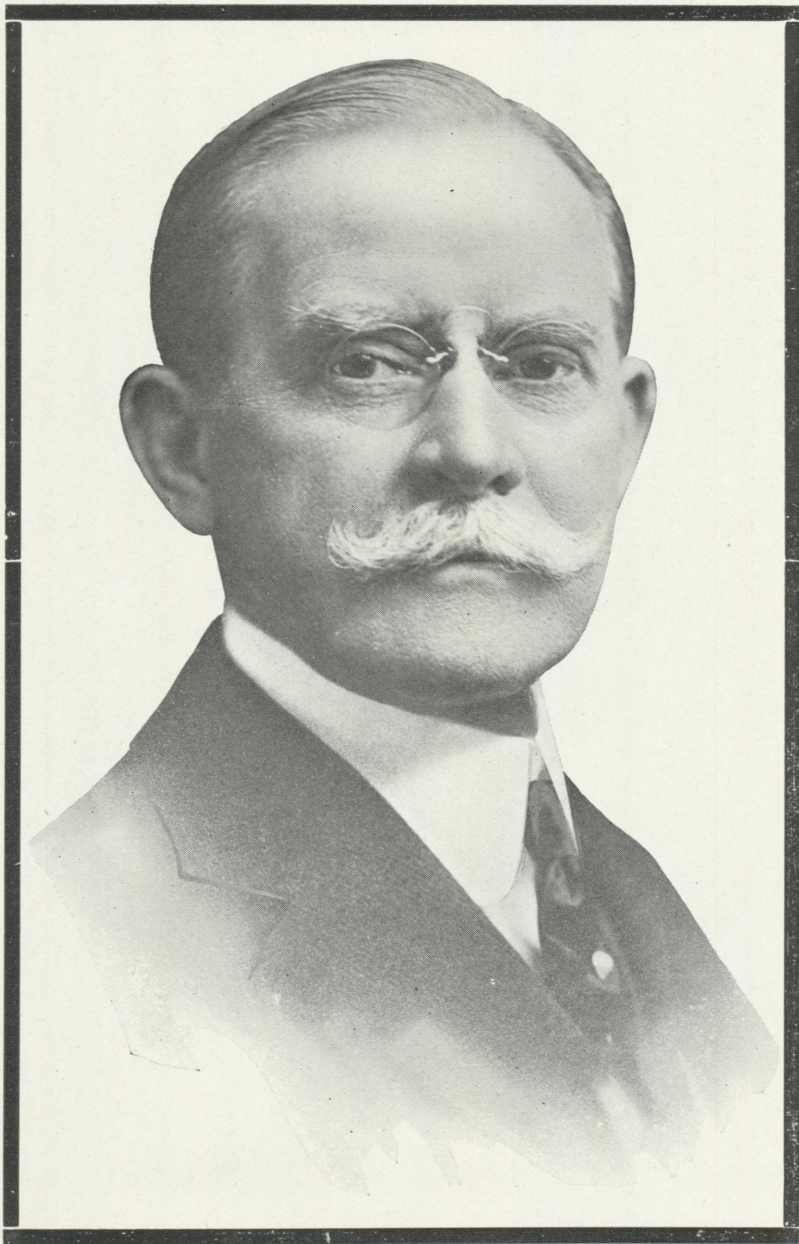
"Briefly, it is this," he replied. "The missing-link is the parrot. The parrot——"

"What?"



THE QUEEN OF MAY





THE LATE JOHN H. PATTERSON, '58  
Dayton's First Citizen

"Yes, the parrot. I figured it out psychologically. The parrot exerts more power of mind over body than any other animal, and this particular parrot is for me the true missing-link."

"How do you make that out?" Tom queried.

"This way," he replied. "The parrot in question showed marked influence of mind over body, first of all, in taking refuge in the water-soaked curtain. The parrot realized that water was inimical to fire and therefore took refuge in the wet curtain."

"Furthermore," he continued, "Mrs. Platten took the bird out of the cage and started out of the house with it when the fire broke out. The parrot squawked and fluttered out of her arms. Why? You know yourself that it was a cold night. The parrot preferred the warmth within. He knew that it was dangerous, but at the same time, he, no doubt, felt a sense of duty to stay with his home and if possible save something from the wreckage."

"Rot!" I exclaimed under my breath.

"After," the professor continued, "after the fire waxed warmer the parrot did its best to acclimate itself. I have found out that Polly is a Mexican parrot, and had lived in Mexico for some time. It was, therefore, only natural that he should be used to hot things, such as tamales, chile con carne and the like. I would even venture to say, that since Mr. Platten is a Christian Science Minister, the parrot had imbibed the Christian Science of his master and therefore decided to stay behind."

Tom looked at me and I looked at Tom. We were both speechless. Such a display of philosophical reasoning was not to be scoffed at!

"After a time," the professor continued, "it no doubt got very hot. I don't know how the continued presence of the parrot in the house can be accounted for except on two grounds. First, it might have been a heroic resolve to stay by his old home or, secondly, it might have been a result of his concentration upon an object foreign to conditions around him. He might have concentrated his thoughts on Iceland and thus warded off, inhibited, by his mental processes the uncomfortable surroundings. If you add to all this the fact that the voice of the parrot resembles closest the voice of man, what room is there left for doubt?"

Tom sank wearily into a nearby chair, while I, despite the cold outside, wiped my brow quite vigorously.

"Yes, I am certain," said the Professor, "that we have reached the true missing-link. The power of mind over body cannot be denied in man, and after such a marvelous exhibition as Polly's we



cannot with any show of reason deny it in the parrot. We are all derived from the parrot; we are merely perfectly developed parrots. Ah! To think that I have solved it. Yes, I, Professor Eric Biezwackz, now proclaim to the world, that the parrot——”

Just at this point the door opened. A man in a dark blue suit entered. Walking up to Professor Biezwackz, he said:

“You’re coming with me, my man. We’ve been watching you for some time, at the suggestion of your wife. She thought you were going crazy on evolution;—in the light of recent events, I know you have. A sanitarium for you!”

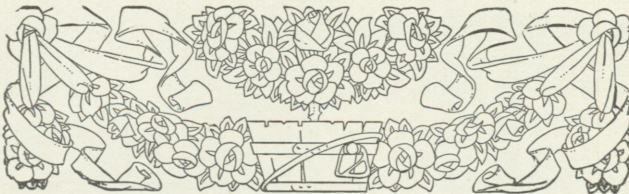
“The idea!” cried the professor. “Me, a lunatic! To think that I, Professor Biezwackz——”

But the strong-armed man was dragging him out of the store.

What a wonderful scoop for the paper, I thought. I could have punched Tom’s head for bringing me down here to interview that idiot. But Tom was talking.

“How about that airedale, Jack?”

“Hang your airedales,” I yelled disgusted.



## John H. Patterson, '58

On the evening of Sunday, May 7, the "Extras" heralded the sad news that Dayton's first citizen had suddenly expired while on his way to Atlantic City. He was suffering from a chronic cardiac ailment, and it seems that the salt air of the Eastern resort was a source of relief to him. But death won in the race and he passed away just as the train was nearing Atlantic City.

It is safe to say that many of the alumni of the University do not know that Mr. Patterson was once a student of "St. Mary's Institute." One of the older members of the faculty says that the prominent manufacturer entered in 1858 and attended as a non-resident student during one term. He finished his preparatory studies in Old Central High School in 1862. While at Miami University he answered President's Lincoln's call for volunteers to serve in the United Army for one hundred days. He received his A. B. degree at Dartmouth College in 1867.

In 1881, he and his brother, Frank Patterson, formed the Southern Ohio Coal and Iron Company. An old ledger in the treasurer's office shows that Frank and another brother, Stewart, attended S. M. I. the last semester of 1857 and of 1858. In connection with the five mines in Jackson County, the brothers operated a general store for supplying the miners.

John Patterson heard of the cash register which was being manufactured in Dayton, and he ordered two for his store in Coalton. The worth of the machine was proven by the increase in the profits of the store. In 1884, Mr. Patterson and his brother Frank bought the controlling stock in the cash register business. In December of the same year, the National Cash Register Company was incorporated.

The relations between the N. C. R. and the Brothers of Mary have always been of the friendliest nature. The lumber in the original buildings of the University, which have since burned down, was cut from the trees on the Brothers' property and sawed in the "Pattersons'" mill. The original factory was located in the Callahan Power Buildings in an alley east of Main Street, between Second and Third. When Mr. Patterson felt the need of removing his factory to more commodious quarters he found himself in want of ready cash. Relying on his friendship with the Brothers, he offered for sale to Bro. Zehler, property south of St. Joseph Hall, now used by the Rubicon Club for family gardens. The consideration was \$6,750. The acquisition of this money enabled Mr. Patterson to move his factory to South Park and to lay the foundation of that wonderful plant which is a monument to his energy and business genius.

Mr. Patterson showed personal interest in the development of the Technical Department of the U. of D. When the Mechanical Testing Laboratories were being equipped in 1912, he contributed \$2,000 to the fund raised for this purpose. The balopticon used in the Biological Laboratory and several motors and equipment in the Electrical Testing Laboratory were also donated by him.

The University has lost a friend and Dayton its first citizen. Millionaires have passed away and left great philanthropic foundations; but Mr. Patterson did real personal, and direct good while he lived. To do good was his religion, and the thirty years of his success are crowded with deeds of welfare and charity. We trust that He Who has laid down Charity as the first law will amply reward Him.



## The Eleventh Plague

### A VICTIM'S LAMENT

GEORGE W. KRUG, Senior Prep

**H**OUSE-CLEANING must surely have been included among the original plagues which persuaded old Pharoah and his contemporary half-wits that Moses was a good man and meant what he said after all. I stoutly maintain that this is its origin and that careless historians have merely mislaid the important documents proving this. At least, no one will deny that it is an extremely effective mode of torture, certainly so far as the male of the species is concerned.

Like all phenomena, it has undergone gradual evolutions and devolutions until today it exists in a form of disease common only to the female of the species.

Spring is the season of the year in which this dread disease of housewives — commonly known as cleanitis — becomes particularly violent. The positive symptoms are: a fevered look about the eyes, a strongly noticeable under-current of excitement, and lastly—the final deciding one, which once displayed all hope is lost—the expression, “John! Advertise for a man to help with the cleaning.” When these signs of the approaching malady are observed by mere man, he is filled with an inexpressible horror and vague apprehensions, with a sense of impending evil. For he knows that mistress housewife is again on the war-path against dirt, and that, consequently, he is once more doomed to pass through a period in which he is either a slave or a nonentity. Nay! Less than a nonentity! An actual burden to the female population and not to be tolerated for a minute either in rooms which have already been cleaned or which are in the actual agonizing process. He is for a time, virtually a member of the wandering tribe of Ishmael.

March, April and May comprise an awful period in which industrious General Housewife marshals her grand army and takes the initiative in a surprise attack along the entire front of the crafty enemy. Dirt. With her efficient field force of brooms, dust-pans, mops, dust-cloths, vacuum-cleaners, furniture and silver polish, carpet-beaters and wash-machines, she begins a furious offensive against her foe. And this assault ceases only when the forces of Dirt are driven, in

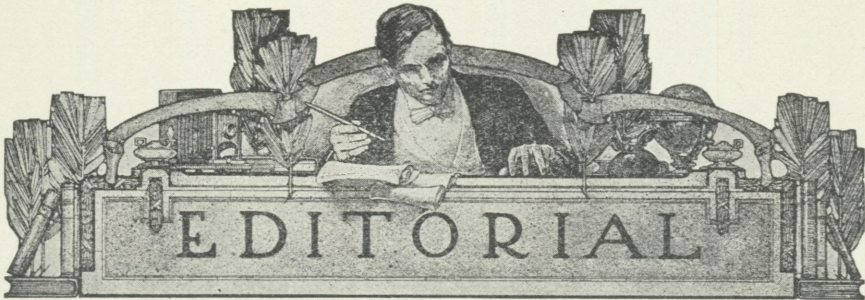


hasty retreat, from their last stronghold; and forcefully ejected from her domain.

Then woe to the man who is unwittingly or unwillingly pressed into this house-cleaning service. To his very death he will rue the day, the ill fates, or his colossal ignorance which caused him to be initiated into its intricacies. He must seemingly wash miles and miles of windows. He must take up expensive rugs (being sure not to tear the fringe) and beat them until his arms ache. He must scrub floors and clean wallpaper until his back is about ready to break. After this he is compelled to carry chairs from the cellar to the attic, beds from the attic to the second floor, pictures from the first floor to the attic and back again to the first floor. Then he must move the piano from the wall by the fire-place over to the opposite end of the living-room, after first changing the location of the davenport and library to make the move possible. The new arrangement is viewed by the practiced eye of the housewife, declared unsuitable, and the piano is moved with infinite labor to its first position. About this time her sharp sight discovers a small spot on the wall where the piano had stood only a moment before and—the whole manoeuver must needs take place all over again so the piano can hide that spot. Still perspiring freely from this exertion the poor man is made to undertake hanging a picture. After bending half a keg of nails, knocking most of the plaster off the wall and smashing three fingers, he finally succeeds in this, only to discover that his tormentor has changed her capricious mind and doesn't want the picture there at all. At this point the miserable fellow begins tearing his hair out by the roots and—but why continue the dismal recital? It's an experience with which nearly all men are familiar.

It is my firm conviction that spring house-cleaning has sent more men to sanitariums for the insane than all other causes combined. Consequently, the men should, by all means, get together and form some protection for themselves in this matter or it may even result in their total extermination. It has been quite impossible for me to determine why our lawmakers putter around with such trivial things as the tariff question and disarmament conferences when we have such a crying need for restrictive legislation in the altogether unrestrained spring house-cleaning. This would make a great issue in the next presidential election if one of the parties would take it up; and, I believe that the candidate supporting it would surely be elected because he would undoubtedly get all the men's votes.



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**FRIENDSHIP**

We meet many folks journeying through life,  
 But true friends we meet are but few,  
 That's why we ever cherish the thoughts,  
 When we think of friendship that's true.

Friendship is the attachment that comes from mutual esteem, usually between persons of the same character and views of life. The fruits of friendship are never reaped, only from seeds that have been planted in sincere, sympathetic, unselfish hearts. The giddy boy may have his companion, the business man his associate, and the bandit his accomplice, but only the virtuous can have a true friend.

True friends have a perfect agreement and understanding in all things. They seldom quarrel, never find fault with each other, unless to correct each other's defects. Friendship is inherent in the soul,

and like heat radiates from one heart to another without being visible or being diminished.

There are three requisites for true friendship, truth, tenderness, and kindness. Truth is required that you can trust your friend. He places his trust in you, and it is no more than just that you make him your confidant, so that neither entertains any doubts or suspicions as to the sincerity of the other love. Their faith in each other is built on a rock, not on sand, and the strongest gale of misfortune cannot overthrow it.

Tenderness demands your love and consideration; unselfishness in your actions.

Kindness must always be ready to maintain itself without effort, at all seasons, and under all circumstances, then it will be that from hearts, which are united to the hearts of friendship, that kindness will flow, naturally just as the flowers give forth their perfume and the birds their song. In the most trivial things of life the spirit of kindness should render friendship attractive and beautiful, for without kindness the idea of friendship as love would be inconceivable.. When these three requisites are present we can feel assured that friendship exists and flourishes.

How fortunate is the person who is blessed with a friend. He goes through life like a person passing through a bed of roses. When struck by adversity he finds in his friend encouragement, hope and consolation, besides material welfare. The friendless man's path of life is up a steep mountain covered with rocks and thorns.

A. C. C.

### Thrift

There has never been a time in the history of our country when the practice of thrift by individuals, corporations and government was more vital. During this era of readjustment and general business depression, economy and thrift have of necessity become a part of the average individual's life. Thrift which really includes economy is the crying need of the hour.

The American people in general, have not until today really learned the vital importance of the "save and have" law. Always accustomed to normal industrial circumstances, the abnormal business conditions of the war period only served to sharpen his appetite for spending and wasting. In his financial prosperity he forgot that rainy days will come and that the sun does not always shine. Now that hard times are here he is not prepared to meet them and many are suffocated under the avalanche of poverty.

If a sound and lasting lesson of thrifty methods is all the good that results to the American people from this era of business depres-



sion, we can indeed be thankful. It was thrift, the elimination of waste and the utilization of so-called waste products that enabled Germany to build up the immense industrial structure which prior to 1914 was the backbone of her strength. The American people must learn to practice the same methods and now is our opportunity to apply them. Experience has always been the best of teachers and now she is teaching us forcibly a much-needed lesson in economy. It is a hard lesson for some to learn and brings upon them much misery but from the midst of their dire waste they will rise a changed and greater people.

A. J. S.

### The Classical Tongues

From the beginning to the end of Life, man is confronted with problems, the solutions of which will in a varying degree, mark out his success. In the quest of such solutions he is engaged in the fundamental purpose of Life, the attainment of Wisdom. A remarkably potent factor in this business of Life, is the clearness of vision, with which we confront our questions, i. e., the faculty we develop of seeing them in a clear and lucent light, square-cut and unmistakable.

Every high-school and college student has just such a question to solve for himself in regard to the Classical languages. He is confronted with them, as a major branch, a branch which he is told must be learned, being all important. How does the average American high school or college student face this certainly vital issue? In what light does he see the problem arise? These things determine his success in mastering them.

I believe this problem of the student, can be couched in simple language; in one lucid, ungrammatical illustration. Here is his Latin or his Greek grammar, his classic text. The trouble he assumes in mastering these is the price he pays. What is the value received? And I answer this question by pointing to what I may safely call, a great, great, priceless value, unmeasured and unfathomed. I point to the Literature of Greece and Rome, I allude to the wisdom of two great civilizations, the greatest storehouse of human wisdom and achievement man knows. Here is a small ordinary looking volume, a Greek grammar! I say to myself "This is a key, master it and it shall unlock the treasure of Ages, the learning, the culture, the beauty the art of Greece." No question can be more simply put, no answer can promise more to the questioner.

J. H. H.



**Newspaper Publications** Recently in one of the Sunday supplements of a local paper there appeared an article by a certain English writer,—we don't say writer of English,—named Kelsy. The article dealt with the life of St. George, the national patron of Great Britain.

In this article the author treated the life of this great saint of the Church as a myth and spoke so lightly of him that it was absurd. In several places he calls him a "chap" and in general the spirit of the article is essentially that which should belong to a satire on Ponzi or some other public name.

In itself this article could probably do very little harm. There are several reasons for this. In the first place any well-read person would certainly know that there was a St. George, and furthermore that St. George did the few things that the Church claimed he did. Any attempt to disprove a historical fact admitted by parties of both sides is a waste of good ink on the press-rollers.

We do not wish to censure the newspaper which published the article. Far be it from us to do that, for that particular paper has treated us at the U. very kindly. Our press-agents are welcome guests in the editorial rooms of the paper in question and are not just tolerated, they are received. But so much we do say, that that newspaper should not be afraid to use the long shears on the desk of the city-editor nor the blue pencil of the managing-editor on articles of the stripe and color of the one we have reference to. Writings of this type are not only untruthful but useless.

Some of our bigoted non-Catholic friends simply wait for a chance to pick the saints of the Church to pieces and they just revel on something like the writings of Kelsy.

We have committed ourselves by saying the article on St. George did no material harm. But let us show where a certain series of things printed in this same paper every evening does do harm.

We refer to those list of articles known as "John-A-Dreams." In these the writer answers queries in reference to dreams people have. One which gave us a good laugh the other night was this: A woman writes in that she had a dream concerning the finding of a lost wedding bouquet. The column tells her to accept the next man who proposes to her.

Let us suppose she obeys the wishes of this column-czar. He may turn out to be anything but a nice husband. He may drink, if he can get it. He may try to starve her, but the dream-man said to marry him and forgot to say anything about living with him. So there is a case for the Judge.



Simple-minded people read this column with their eyes as big as dollars. They swallow everything, "hook, line and sinker." They obey the edicts of this pseudo-oracle only to be disappointed in the end.

But all this increases the circulation of a newspaper so we guess we had better not try and revolutionize the little world of press and just let 'er slide with a kick like this once in a while.

V. P. Y.

## Alumni Notes

EDMUND J. KLASS

### UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

Old St. Mary's

Come Prepared to Be a Boy Again

THREE DAYS OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP

JUNE 10, 11, 12

Don't be the Only One of the Old Boys Not to Show Up!

### REUNION OF ALUMNI AND FRIENDS

Have you received the official notice and reservation card, sent out by Mr. Hugh E. Wall? Send in your card immediately, so that Mr. John Cobey can arrange for special return rates. Here's the program that Mr. William M. Carroll sent you. If you have not received the invitation, because of wrong address, come anyhow and tell us so.

#### PROGRAM

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1922

Morning Reception Committee: Harry Cappel, Walter Muth.

Duties: Meet Alumni members at Depot and see that they are taken by auto to the University.

10:00 A. M. The President presents keys of University of Dayton to the Old Boys.

Registration Committee: Hugh Wall, Chairman.

Assignment of Rooms and meal tickets.

12:00 M. Luncheon.

2:30 P. M. Baseball game between Alumni and Varsity.

Committee: Harry Finke, Al. Mahrt, Harry Solimano.

6:00 P. M. Dinner (No soup).

7:00 P. M. Band Concert in the park by the R. O. T. C. Band.

8:30 P. M. A special program we are not permitted to publish.

### SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1922

When you

Get Up Breakfast.

10:00 A. M. High Mass. Baccalaureate Sermon to be delivered by Rev. Matthew O'Brien, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

12:00 M. Dinner (No soup).

2:00 P. M. Auto excursion to points of interest, including Miami Conservancy Dam at Englewood, Hills and Dales, Soldiers' Home and McCook's Aviation Field. Harry Cappel, Chairman.

6:30 P. M. Alumni Banquet at University. Good speakers, and side-splitting stunts.

### MONDAY, JUNE 12, 1922

When you

Come to Breakfast.

8:30 A. M. Breaking of ground for Alumni Hall. Services conducted by Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, Prov. of Society of Mary. Official turning over of the sod by Rev. Geo. Meyer and Bro. Ed. Gorman.

12:00 M. Dinner (No soup).

2:00 P. M. Commencement exercises at Memorial Hall.

Address by Mr. C. F. Kettering, President The Delco Company, Vice President and Chief Engineer of The General Motors Corp.

6:00 P. M. Homeward Bound.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS,  
University of Dayton Alumni Association.

### Gibbons Brothers

Recently a Dayton daily paper bore on its first page the following headline in large, bold type: "Dayton to Have 20-story Hotel in Fall—New Owners of

Phillips House Announce Plan." The new owners referred to are none other than the Gibbons brothers, James F., '90, Arthur M. J., '90, and Michael, Jr., '95.

The article mentioned above reveals some of the plans. As mentioned the hotel is to be twenty stories high, towering Dayton's tallest building by six stories. The material used will probably be of red brick and terra-cotta. An auditorium seating fifteen hundred people will be a feature. The new owners plan to cater to the commercial trade and will go after large conventions. Eight high-powered



electric elevators will be installed. Wherever possible Dayton architects, contractors and laborers will be given preference.

With the taking over of the Phillips Hotel property the Gibbons family is now interested in three hotels, the Warner in Chillicothe, and the Gibbons and Phillips in Dayton. That family has done much of the building of the downtown section. A very large and valuable frontage on Third Street near Main is owned by them.

Arthur M. J. Gibbons is head of the Gibbons Electrical Co., James F. is managing director of the Gibbons Hotel, and Michael, Jr., is head of the Gibbons Supply Co.

Much credit for the success of the Extension Fund Campaign in Dayton is due to the local chairman, Michael Gibbons, Jr.

We are sure that alumni will join in and wish for success to the Gibbons family in their large undertaking.

#### **With the Seminarians**

At the Interunit Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in Cincinnati, many of the old boys were present. Mr. Abel, the University's representative has submitted a list of those he met. All were boosters for a greater University of Dayton. Many expressed the intention of being present for the Commencement and Alumni Banquet in June. Among those seminarians who attended the conference were: Henry Weinert, Lawrence Montanus, Aloysius Huber, Anthony Wolf, Anthony Hemmert, Michael Maher, Al. Fischer, Joseph Finan, Carl Ryan, Francis Garrity, and John Hannahan.

#### **Ordinations**

On Sunday, May 7, Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller ordained several alumni to the Priesthood. They are: Carl Ryan, Holy Angels Church, Dayton; Raphael Sourd, Fayetteville, Ohio; Francis Garrity, St. Joseph Church, Springfield, and John Oberlander, Woodlawn, Pa. All are of the class of '16, a class whose members were famous for their manliness, their high type of scholarship and their application to duty. Father Ryan was editor-in-chief of the Exponent and Father Sourd an assistant editor-in-chief. Ad Multos Annos!

#### **Edward Horan, '21**

"Pat" is employed in the research laboratory of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron. He runs Hydrogen diffusion tests on balloon fabric. His address is 87 N. Arlington, Akron, Ohio.



**Arthur Damm, '20** A member of the Faculty has received an interesting letter from Arthur J. Damm of the Commercial class of 1920. He is engaged with Alfred and William Damm in the bakery business at Elyria, Ohio. In January he went to Baltimore and took a three weeks' course in cake baking at the International Cake Baking School. After his visit there he spent a week in and around New York. The Damms have enlarged their bakery and are now specializing in pastries and cakes; for Arthur says that this line seems to be the best for the baker of smaller capital. The large wholesalers have the bread business killed he says.

The Exponent wishes you and your associates a success in the business.

**Porto Ricans** Joseph and Eugene Falkenbach, H. S. '19, on their return from a pleasant winter trip through the West Indies bring some information concerning the present occupations of a few of our Porto Rican alumni.

Alfredo Aponte, a member of the Commercial class of 1920, is engaged with his brother in the hardware business. They have their establishment in San Juan.

Marco, Commercial '20, and Santiago Tomas are taking care of their father's business while he is visiting in Spain.

Ferdinando Alvarez, Commercial '21, is engaged as bookkeeper for his father.

"All wish they were back in the States, and especially at their Alma Mater.

**Joseph A. Oppenheim, '14** Joseph Oppenheim, Treasurer of the New Idea Spreader Co., of Coldwater, Ohio, has renewed his subscription to the Exponent. He pays a compliment to the Alumni Department of the magazine, saying that he finds the notes very interesting, as they seem to serve one good purpose, i. e., keeping him in touch with the doings at Alma Mater. He also enjoys the editorials and athletic notes very much. He says that he only hopes that some day the University of Dayton will have an athletic spirit that will compete with our eastern universities who have held that fame for years.

Come again, Joe, we like to hear from you.

**Elmer Platten Commercial '21** Elmer Platten is working for his father, M. P. Platten, a cement contractor. In writing to a faculty member he says that he is sending out letters soli-



citing work for his father's contracting concern. Contracting jobs, according to Platten are rather difficult to land, because one who considers the laboring man may figure labor too high and therefore make too high a bid. Considering all this the Platten Company seems to be doing a good business.

Success to you, "Tony."

### WEDDING BELLS

**Moynihan and Swift, '13** The wedding of Miss Marian Moynihan to Leonard John Swift took place in St. Agnes Church, Dayton. Mr. Swift is a member of the High School Dept. class of 1913 and was graduated in mechanical engineering at Notre Dame University. The couple will make their home in Kansas City, where Mr. Swift is engaged in the real estate business.

**Bueker and Burns, '16** Miss Marie Bueker and Sylvester Burns were married in St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ohio, Wednesday, April 26.

After graduating from the University of Dayton, Mr. Burns attended Notre Dame. He was with the 322d Field Artillery overseas during the World war. He is engaged in the oil business in Xenia and he and his bride will make their home there.

**Orput and Stoppelman, '14** Miss Luella Orput and Mr. William B. Stoppelman, '14, were united in marriage Thursday, May 2, in Holy Trinity Church, Dayton. Miss Orput is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Orput, and Mr. Stoppelman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Stoppelman. He is the brother of Sister Agnes Elizabeth, S. N. D., of the Summit, Cincinnati. In business life, Mr. Stoppelman is associated with the Maxwell company of Dayton.

**Blandford and Hochwalt, '13** Miss Helen Blandford became the bride of Mr. Cyril E. Hochwalt at Corpus Christi Church, Tuesday, May 9th. Miss Blandford is the daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Blandford, and a member of one of the old, staunch, Catholic families which came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore. Miss Blandford received her education in Holy Rosary Academy, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Hochwalt served two years in the World war, one year being spent in foreign service with the 322d Field Artillery. He was recently elected treasurer of that organization. At present, Mr. Hoch-

walt is a partner in the Windle Barber Supply Company. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Hochwalt, of Forest Avenue.

Dr. Norman Hochwalt, '17, acted as best man, and Mr. Carroll Hochwalt, '19, as an usher.

### OBITUARY

**Mrs. Schoen** We have been informed that the mother of Edward '03 and Alex '04 and William '07 Schoen of Chicago, departed this life March 20.

Edward was the first editor-in-chief of the Exponent. He is chairman of the Extension organization of Chicago.

We wish to extend to the relatives of the deceased sincerest sympathy.

**Patrick J. Maloney** Patrick J. Maloney died during April after an illness of sixteen months.. He was born in Dayton in 1860, attended St. Joseph's School and later this University. He was one of the city's best known baseball fans. During the seasons when Dayton had a team he never missed a game.

Surviving him are his widow Theresa; two daughters, Mrs. Austin Phelps and Mrs. Nulie Minser; and one son, Edward.

## The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

Cash on hand .....\$1,154.23

### Recent Contributions

Mrs. Caroline Leies, \$15.00; Miss Clara Sieben, \$3.00; Val. J. Seng, \$1.00; Margaret Seng, \$1.00; Theresa Wagner, \$1.00; Catherine Leick, \$1.00; Eva Wagner, \$1.00; Elizabeth Becker, 50c; Marianna Koegel, 50c; Clara Haefner, \$1.00; Elizabeth and Caroline Rehm, \$1.00; Wm. Lorenz, 50c; Joseph Lorenz, 50c; Elizabeth Verin, \$1.00; Phylis Klose, \$1.00; Theresa Lorenz, 50c; Anna Lorenz, 50c; Anna Bregenzer, 50c; Anna Kauss, \$1.00; Peter Kalter, \$1.00; Catherine Brandenburg, \$1.00; Margaret Gerken, 25c; Mary Ruck, 25c; Margaret Kohnen, \$1.00; Augusta Dompke, \$1.00; Elizabeth Nicholson, \$1.00; Barbara Schomer, \$1.00; Anna Weishar, \$1.00; Alma Schneider, 50c; Anna Schneider, 50c; Cecilia Schmitz, \$1.00; Marie Lorscheider, \$1.00; John Lorscheider, 50c; Mary Schuetz, \$1.00; Catherine Hambrecht, \$1.00; Louise Huber, \$2.00; R. C. R., 50c; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Helen Butzen, \$1.00; Susan Zey, \$5.00; Mrs. Catherine Kummer, \$1.00; Angela Schug, \$1.00; Math. Schug, \$1.00; Peter Schug, \$1.00; Barbara Widua, \$1.00; Anna Mueller,



Anton Duventester, \$1.00; From the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Grades of the Boys of Holy Rosary School, Dayton, Ohio, per Bro. Anthony Saletel, \$20.00; From the Boys' Classes of St. Martin's School, Baltimore, Md., per Bro. George Ebert, \$5.00; From the Boys' Classes of St. Mary's School, Erie, Pa., per Bro. Joseph Seubert, \$20.00; From the Boys' Classes of St. James School, Baltimore, Md., per Bro. Francis Saxer, \$10.00; From the Boys' Classes of St. Mary's School, Cleveland, Ohio, per Bro. Joseph Banzer, \$10.00; From the Boys' Classes of St. Mary's School, Pittsburgh, Pa., per Bro. Charles Knebel, \$20.00.... 148.00

Total cash on hand May 1, 1922 .....\$1,302.28

### THE SIXTH JAPANESE SCHOLARSHIP

Brought down from above amount for the Sixth Japanese Scholarship..\$110.28

## University Chronicle

EDWARD J. FINAN

### HIGHEST HONORS FOR APRIL, 1922

#### Collegiate Department

Senior Arts—D. Herbert Abel, 97.

Senior Chemical Engineering—Joseph Murphy, 98; Clemens Hellebush, 94.

Senior Electrical Engineering—Anthony Horvath, 98; Raymond Schmitter, 97; Edward Kremer, 97.

Senior Mechanical Engineering—Ralph Pauly, 97; Stephen Maloney, 95.

Junior Arts—R. Von Koenel, 91; Anthony McCarthy, 87.

Junior Chemical Engineering—Walter Krantz, 91; John Shomaker, 90.

Junior Civil Engineering—Frank Kronauge, 89.

Junior Electrical Engineering—Elmer Steger, 95; Alvin Rabe, 95.

Junior Mechanical Engineering—Victor Buckner, 83; Norman Marker, 81.

Sophomore Arts—James O'Brien, 94; James Haley, 93; Cletus Miller, 91.

Sophomore Engineering—Frank Williams, 95.

Freshman Arts—Merle Smith, 96; Joseph Higgins, 95; Elwood Hopping, 95; Joseph Koehler, 95; Christopher Murray, 95.

Freshman Engineering—A—Robert Leighey, 96; Gerald Lyons, 95; Carl Ziegenbusch, 94; Harry B. Harn, 92.

Freshman Pre-Medics—Robt. Norris, 94; Richard Hochwaldt, 91; Paul Fox, 91.

#### High School Department

Fourth High-A—Martin Murphy, 91; Thos. Burkhardt, 95; Edward Keefe, 95.

Fourth High-B—Theo. McCarthy, 95; Charles Himes, 93; Charch McGee, 93.

Fourth Commercial—Jos. Yearling, 92; Wm. Westbrook, 90; Wilfred Sherman, 87.

Third High-A—Herman Brunner, 97; Walter Paul, 97; Louis Schulze, 97; Jos. Unger, 97.



Third High-B—John Waluiszis, 94; Louis Stuhldreher, 93; Wm. Oldt, 92; J. A. Sanchez, 92; Norbert Stechschulte, 92.  
 Third High-C—Herman Reboulet, 95; Jerome Gibson, 94; Thomas Kirk, 93.  
 Third Commercial—Richard Williams, 94; John Moran, 92.  
 Second High-A—Cyril Stein, 95; Cletus Corbett, 93; John McBride, 93.  
 Second High-B—DeWitt Ashton, 99; Louis Gitzinger, 96; R. Valiquette, 94.  
 Second High-C—Albert Schreck, 98; William Ferree, 98; Wm. Lukaswitz, 98.  
 Second High-D—Joseph Keller, 96; J. Joseph Leibold, 95; Charles Lowry, 94.  
 First High-A—David Mitchell, 98; Michael Moran, 97; Robert Mannix, 96.  
 First High-B—Harold Antony, 97; John Wellen, 96; James Cunningham, 95.  
 First High-C—Joseph Desch, 98; Ted Hoffman, 98; Alan Johnson, 95.  
 First High-D—John Will, 99; Carl Wenzel, 97.  
 First High-E—Francis Moyer, 99; Anthony Deddens, 98; Charles DeBanto, 98.

**Choral Art Society** Featuring the presentation of Theodore Dubois' "Seven in Concert Last Words of Christ," the Dayton Choral Art Society delightfully entertained a large audience at Memorial Hall, Tuesday night, April 4, in their third annual concert.

The feature number was highly inspirational and most appropriate for the Lenten Season. Its rendition was beautiful and has earned for the society a great amount of well-deserved praise.

The secular half of the program included "Wynken, Blyken and Nod," by Nevin; "Hunting Song," by Mendelssohn, and "The Battle," by Weidig. "Praise the Lord," by Randegger, was the last number sung.

The audience was keenly appreciative of this most enjoyable musical treat. Dayton should be proud of the Choral Art Society.

Many students from the University of Dayton attended.

#### **K. of C. Night School Closes**

On Thursday evening, March 20, the closing exercises of the Knights of Columbus night school were held in the University of Dayton auditorium. A good-sized audience heard several interesting addresses regarding K. of C. school work, and amusing dialogue, entertaining musical numbers, a debate, the valedictory by the Rev. Father Joseph A. Tetzlaff, S. M.

Following the musical opening, an address was made by Prof. G. O. Weinmer, principal of the K. of C. night school.

Next, Mr. J. J. Walsh, Department Director of the K. of C. night schools spoke. He told of the wonderful work being done by the Knights in hospitals.

Mr. Walsh's address was followed by a humorous dialogue presented by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Abel. There was not a dull moment in the entire twenty minutes—the action having to do with laughable domestic difficulties.

Mr. Michael J. Gibbons, chairman of the local educational committee of the Knights of Columbus, spoke optimistically of the plans for next year.

A fiery debate on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should within the next five years grant independence to the Philippines," after strenuous argument was won by the negative, represented by Mr. L. A. Meyers.

Mr. W. L. Stonebarger, Grand Knight of the Dayton Council Knights of Columbus, spoke on the question of education from the standpoint of an employer. He urged all to accept all educational opportunities at their disposal—especially those who intended entering the business world.



The exercises closed with the singing of "America" by the audience and the playing of "The National Emblem" by the student orchestra. Our orchestra and its leader, Bro. Lous Vogt, S. M., deserve to be complimented upon their splendid playing throughout the evening.

Out of four hundred and fifty registered in the K. of C. night school three hundred and fifty graduated—a most admirable record.

#### **Catholic College Week**

Catholic College Week, April 30, to May 6, has been established by the National Catholic Welfare Committee for the purpose of having a larger part of our young manhood and young womanhood attend Catholic schools of higher education. It is estimated that over half the Catholic collegiate students are in non-Catholic schools. The University aided in the campaign by issuing a special number of the "Exponent News" devoted to the cause of higher education for Catholics in Catholic Schools.

#### **Seminar Club**

The Seminar Club is still an active organization at the University. A very interesting meeting was held on April 28 at which Mr. Edward Kremer gave a valuable description of scientific farming pointing out the many applications of engineering to modern agriculture. Messrs. Ferrara, Pauly and Paulus each gave a short technical address on modern scientific topics. The moderator, Bro. Beck, concluded the meeting with an appropriate criticism of the subjects discussed.

#### **Oratorical Contest**

The tenth annual Dr. D. G. Reilly Oratorical contest was held on the evening of April 10, 1922. Six contestants appeared in succession, on the stage, to present their views on very up-to-date subjects. The over-crowded house was very appreciative of the efforts being made by the young orators. Quite frequently the speakers were interrupted by hearty applause.

The winner of the first prize, Ades C. Cholley, who chose as his subject, "Censorship of the Movies," was very forceful in his delivery even provoking the attention of one of Dayton's leading business men, who challenged him to open debate.

The second prize was awarded to Leo F. Collins, who chose for discussion the "Insanity of War." Forcefulness of delivery characterized the ability of this speaker.

The third prize was won by Merle P. Smith. His subject, "Is Prohibition Prohibitive?" was indeed timely and exceedingly well handled.

Other contestants were Jame R. Haley, A. Cletus Miller, Alvin J. Rabe. Judges of the contest were Rev. John Sailer, pastor of St. Agnes Church, Dayton, Ohio, Dr. A. C. Wintermeyer, of Covington, Ky., and the Hon. Hugh Wall, of Dayton, Ohio.

A very fine musical program was rendered by the U. of D. orchestra.





## Athletic Notes

**Spring Football** Over fifty candidates answered the call for spring football training issued by Coach Van Hill last month. During the week, the entire squad were instructed in the fundamentals of the game. The week's drill concluded with a regular game between picked teams. The game took place in a sea of mud and the regulars managed finally to cop the contest when Moody slid across the line for a touchdown. The practice brought forward several promising candidates for next year's team.

**Election of Captain** At conclusion of the training camp, the letter men elected Johnny Mahrt, Varsity end as leader of the gridiron aggregation for the 1922 season. Johnny has been a star performer for the Red and Blue in all sports during the past season. We extend Johnny our hearty congratulations and best wishes for the coming season.

Manager Wagner announces also that John Byrne of the '25 class has been appointed as one of the assistant managers in football.

### BASEBALL

**Notre Dame 10  
U. D. 0** On April 23, the strong Notre Dame nine took the Red and Blue into camp to the tune of 10 to 0. As the score would indicate, one would think that the contest was slow and uninteresting, but such was not the case. For five innings the much heralded South Bend aggregation was held at bay by the baffling slants of Johnny Bradley, the Red and Blue hurler. For five innings the Irish were practically helpless and were held to two measly hits. However, in the sixth, the strain became too great for Bradley and the South Benders collected three runs off his delivery. The next inning finished him, for two errors, three hits and a pass netted the visitors four more counters. Hagan then took up the burden for the U. D. and fared not much better for he was as wild as a March hare. Martin derrickd him in favor of Agnew. The visitors were held to two runs in the final session through the fine field work behind Agnew.

Both teams put up a splendid exhibition of the national pastime but the local pitchers weakened toward the finish. Magevny, Notre Dame hurler, pitched his first game of college baseball and performed the job very creditably. He had the Varsity batters eating out of his hand and allowed but two hits and issued only two passes. He also struck out nine men. Reese was the thorn in the local side for he collected three safe swats out of four times at bat.

For the Varsity, the "kid" battery, Bradley and Sullivan showed the best. Although Bradley weakened, he made a very creditable showing while on the mound. He struck out seven men and issued only two free walks. All in all, the Varsity showing was very good and success in their remaining games seems assured. Box score:



Notre Dame	A	B	R	H	O	A	E	Dayton U.	A	B	R	H	O	A	E
Sheehan, ss	3	3	1	0	2	0	0	Melia, 2b	2	0	0	1	2	0	0
Prokop, 1b	3	0	1	9	1	0	0	McCarthy, 2b	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
Kane, 3b	4	1	1	2	2	1	0	Emerick, ss	3	0	1	2	3	1	0
Murphy, c	5	0	2	9	3	0	0	Becker, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Kelly, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	Geppert, 1b	4	0	0	10	1	0	0
Castner, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	Flowers, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Thomas, lf	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	Scharf, lf	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
Foley, 2b	4	1	1	6	4	0	0	Watermeir, rf	3	0	0	2	0	0	0
Reese, cf	4	1	3	0	0	0	0	Healy, 3b	3	0	0	1	2	1	0
Megevny, p	3	2	0	1	0	0	0	Sullivan, c	1	0	1	6	2	0	0
Total	32	10	11	27	12	1	—	Schmitters, c	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
								Bradley, p	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
								Hagan, p	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
								Agnew, p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
								Total	23	0	2	27	11	2	—

Notre Dame	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	1	2	—10
Dayton U.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Sacrifice Hits—Melia, Hagan, Prokop. Stolen Bases—Sheehan 2, Thomas. Two-base Hits—Murphy, Thomas. Three-base Hits—Foley, Sheehan. Left on Bases—Notre Dame, 4; U. D., 4. Struck Out—By Bradley, 7; by Megevny, 9. Base on Balls—Bradley, 2; Megevny, 2. Umpire—Hetzl. Time of Game—1:50.

**Baseball Captaincy** Shortly before the game with Notre Dame, the Varsity elected Ray Geppert, first baseman, as leader of this year's nine. Ray has been a consistent player on the Red and Blue nines of the past four years and it is with the deepest sorrow and regrets, that we note that this is his last year with the U. D.

**Tennis** With fine weather being the program of the past few weeks, the genteel sport called lawn tennis is creeping slowly to the foreground. This year the Red and Blue intends to support a varsity team, and most probably a strong schedule will soon be arranged. So hearken ye wielders of a mean racquet and report yourselves to Eddie Finan who has been appointed manager.

**Interclass Baseball** Within the next few days, the ancient rivalry between classes will be resumed through the medium of the great national pastime. Bro. Laurence Drufner will be the "Judge Landis" of the circuit. These games will take place after supper, and the organization will be known as the U. D. Twilight League. If the past intermural athletics are an indicator, there ought to be some thrilling affairs out in South Park, shortly before dark. At present the Sophs hold the silver trophy, by virtue of their record of last year.

**Basketball** "The early bird snaggeth the worm" so the sages say. The maxim may well be applied to our newly appointed basketball executive Wallie Kranz. With the cage season scarcely put in moth ball's, our energetic manager has informed us that he has booked several games already. According to his statements, the U. of D. will be in possession of one of the best basketball schedules it has ever owned. The following is already tentative lineup:

January 20—Kenyon at Gambier.  
February 2—Capitol at Dayton.  
February 10—Antioch at Yellow Springs.  
February 23—Rosenblum Credits at Cleveland.  
February 24—Western Reserve at Cleveland.  
March 3—Wooster at Dayton.  
Baldwin-Wallace at Dayton (date unsettled).  
Baldwin-Wallace at Berea (date unsettled).

### The Preps

Not to be outdone by the Varsity, the Preps also will soon be represented by a nine this season. At a meeting held before the Easter holidays, "Chubby" Thesing was elected captain. Joe Doppes will act in the role of coach. While Joe may be a trifle young at his job, yet he is well capable of holding his new position. He has already had his candidates out for several workouts and declares the outlook to be very promising. Bush and Chester have shown the makings of a couple of good hurlers. Tex Puig will take care of the back-stopping duties in which art he is a past master. Burdick, Doppes, Newman, and Thies will form the infield, while Gill, Murphy, and Stenson will be the probable gardeners. With these men shaping up in promising style, the Preps ought to have a success in the diamond pastime. The following is a tentative schedule arranged:

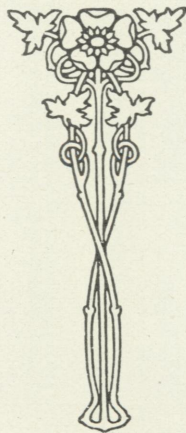
April 30—R. U. B's.

May 7—St. Mary High of Piqua at Dayton.

May 14—Grand High at Dayton.

May 21—St. Mary High at Piqua.

May 31—Catholic Order of Foresters







"JOE" MURPHY

### COLOR PHENOMENA

The color quickly left her cheeks.

She carried no umbrella. The shower came sooner than she expected.  
—Xavierian.

### A TAKING POSE

Photographer—It would make a much better picture, young man, if you put your hand on your father's shoulder.

Dad—Huh! it would be more natural if he had his hand in my pocket.  
—Exchange.

Miss Fluffy: "That old cat says my hair is dyed. It's false!"

Miss Take: "H'm. That makes it worse."—Punch.

We rise in horror to remind Mr. Carmony that the middle of the railroad tracks at Main Street is no place to hold a protracted conversation with a young lady. The extreme concentration of both parties rendered an accident very probable.

Some famous last words: "Thank you, Father."

### SENSITIVE SOUL

A certain unnamed Senior sat comfortably in a crowded Oakwood, when the conductor, thinking he was asleep, tapped him on the shoulder, with the injunction to "wake up."

"Oh, I wasn't sleeping," murmured Roman, "I just closed my eyes because I hate to see woman standing."

Some fellows work their way through college—others shirk their way.

### LEMON AID

Her (sipping tea)—"Isn't this delicious?"

Ferrara (innocently)—"I love to take tea with a little lemon."

Willie Fritz is quite athletically inclined. Every time you see him on the street he has a dumbbell with him.

### PHILOSOPHIA

Prof.: What's the difference between vision and sight?

Ferrara: Well, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but never call her a sight.

It's some college whose orators can chase theatrical managers out of town.

Captain (sharply)—Buton up that coat.

Frosh (absently)—You do it, my dear.

Prof.: This is the third time you've looked on your neighbor's paper.

Stude: Yes, sir; he doesn't write plainly.—Pacific Weekly.

Hellebusch: "Do you think I can catch the 2:50 train, porter?"

Porter: "You might, sah. It's only got ten minutes start."

### THAT'S DIFFERENT

Lieutenant (roaring with rage): Who put these flowers on the table?

Orderly: The Major, Sir.

Lieutenant: Pretty, aren't they?—Breeze.

It is suggested that screens be put in the windows at the eastern end of the chemical lab, because of "flies."

Maybe you don't know it, but our historic walls harbor a great philosopher. Every day, Fritz Ferrara astounds the Senior class with the depth of his wisdom and the erudition of his speech. Some of Mr. Ferrara's more startling contributions to scientific thought are:

"The sun is a vacuum."

"Internal sensation is a chemical reaction."

"Subordination means the arrangement of causes according to effects."

Mr. Ferrara has also a theory to the effect that the soul is automatic, or an automobile, or something, but we failed to get the words down in time.

Klass: I'm going to have my voice tried.

Penjak: If you do it'll be convicted sure.

Ain't it noticeable what good grades those Junior Engineers get in "Gas Power"?

If time drags, use the spur of the moment.

Into our editorial ears has been wafted the report that a certain someone lives only for the happy day in the light of whose effulgent irradiation he will read an original joke in the "News."

We regret our inability to learn the nomenclature of this misanthrope, else we would be pleased to gratify his ambition by publishing his name.

Don't argue with a wasp; it always carries its point.—Ex.

A famous phrase in Dayton: "Let's go down to the grill."

Broadcasting: telling a secret to your wife.—E. G. Sander.



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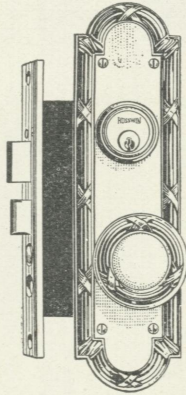


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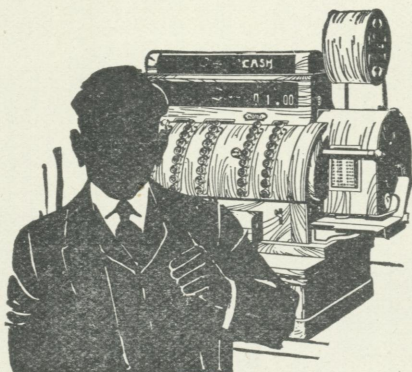
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