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The University of Dayton Exponent, January 1923

University of Dayton

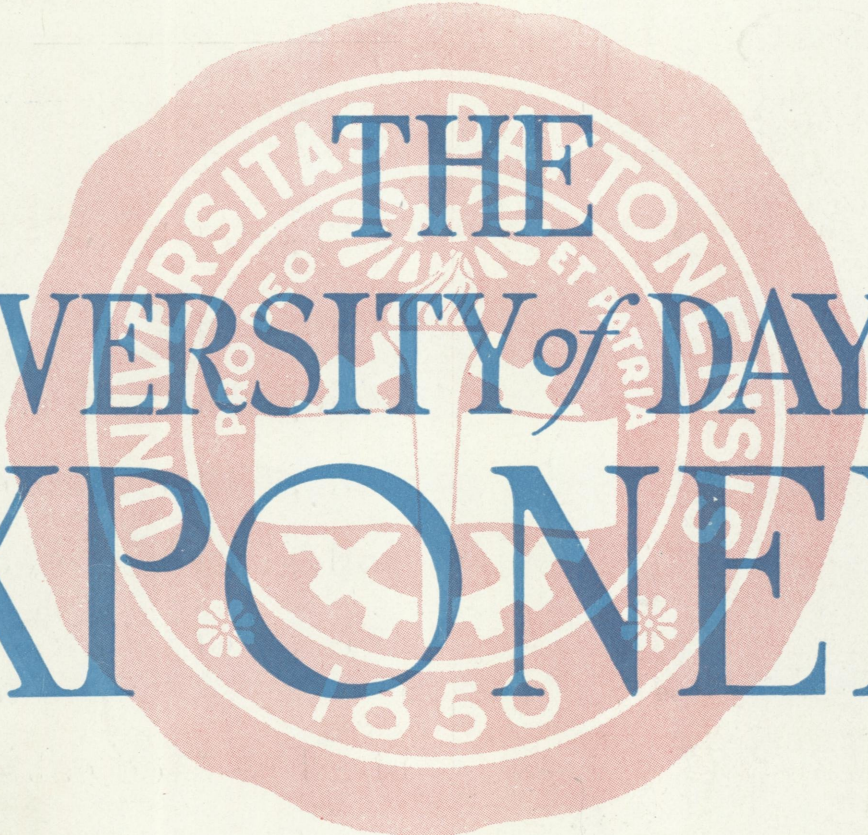
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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a gear. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is printed in a reddish-brown color.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

PRO PACE MUNDI

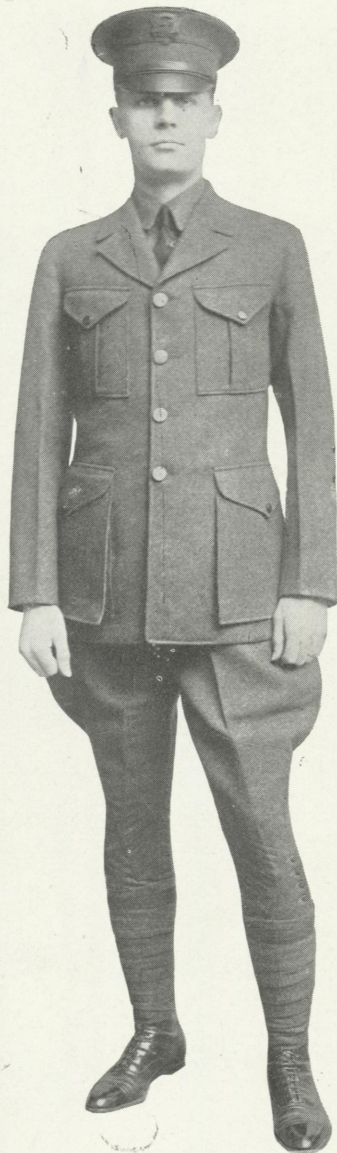
By L. J. Tebbe

EUGENE O'BRIEN: AN INTERVIEW

By V. P. Young

January, 1923

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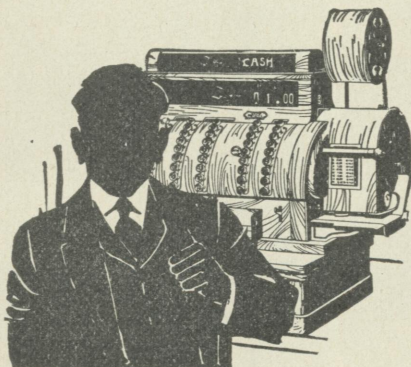
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXI

JANUARY, 1923

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Mr. Eugene O'Brien

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Pro Pace Mundi

By Lawrence J. Tebbe

THE history of man from his very origin is largely a chronology of changes. Self-preservation, greed, revenge and glory are the powerful human instincts which have made our world an ever-changing stage. Empires have flourished and have fallen, customs were cherished and forgotten and today we have not one man-made institution which has remained unchanged through centuries. And the only institution which has ever remained the same is stable only because God and not man is its founder and because He promised to be with His Holy Catholic Church and her earthly leader, the Pope, until the end of time.

Gratifying indeed is the fact that God's hand not only directs the Church but that it also seems to control the successive order in which the Popes have occupied the throne of the fisherman. The salient characteristic of the majority of them was that they were naturally adapted to be the Church's visible head in the time in which they ruled. Let us take the most recent ones. Leo XIII with his splendid brilliance was the man of the hour for the age of industrial and social activity in which he reigned. Pius X was the model of piety for his time and Benedict XV was the skilful pilot whose tact guided us safely through the stormy seas of war. And now in the bursting period of reconstruction, demanding vivacity and force, comes Pius XI with his mighty plethora of physical and mental vigor.

Before becoming known to the world as Pope Pius XI this sturdy leader was Achille Ratti. He was born of that large substantial Italian middle class, one of six children. Ratti's brothers followed their father in the silk industry but Achille received the divine call early and he assiduously began the studies which he is continuing this day. He was a lover of athletics and coeval with the development of his mental faculties he built up his physique into a bulwark of strength and endurance. He loved

Alpine climbing and has climbed a number of peaks which had never been scaled by human being before. Even in the last few years, although in his sixties, Ratti seldom went to bed until one o'clock in the morning and was up again at five for prayer and Holy Mass. To him, time was a precious gift which it was sinful to squander and he even spent the afternoons of feast days teaching catechism to the ragged urchins whom he brought together from all parts of the city to the church of St. Sepulcro. Although he was prefect of the Ambrosian Library at Milan and Assistant at the Vatican Library in Rome, he found time to instruct these neglected children of poor chimney sweeps. It was these things that showed his true zeal and kindness and shaped the character which today carries dignity without a single trace of hauteur.

Pope Pius XI has never written any important books; his past has been that of a student, diligent alike in both classical learning and modern problems. He is an authority on art and history, is well versed in the classical tongues and Hebrew and is fluent in German, English, and French. His only works, a few historical monographs and his labors on "Liber Diurnus," an authoritative code of procedure for Papal ceremonies, show careful and studious efforts. As an archivist Ratti was unexcelled. He had an expert's knowledge and skill in all that pertained to the preservation and restoration of old manuscripts. Several thousand letters of St. Charles Borromeo, the great Cardinal of Milan, were preserved by him. Ratti was the most industrious member of the Lombard Historical Society, of the Royal Commission for Italian History and the Historic and Civic Archive Commission of Milan. To him, however, the studies of many languages, art, theology, history, Oriental literature, palaeography and many other abstruse sciences, all were secondary to the profound and assiduous science of sanctity. His pen and alpenstock were always ancillary to his devotion to God.

Above all, Pope Pius XI is a thinker. Everything he does or says is carefully weighed and because of this fact he was often consulted by Pope Benedict XV in regard to the belligerent powers. Ratti was given the right to enter the Papal apartments without formality and he spent many hours with the Holy Father. In 1918 the Pope sent Ratti as nuncio to Poland. Here he gained fame for feeding Polish children, releasing prisoners from the Bolsheviki and his heroic refusal to leave Warsaw when the Red Army drove to its gates, all the other authorities and the cabinet having withdrawn to safety. The following year he was made Archbishop in the Cathedral of Warsaw.

However preponderous the questions confronting Rome may be, the Catholic world may well have

faith that the diligence and understanding of Pope Pius XI will be equal to the task. He has dedicated himself to the attainment of universal peace and the response is great. There is no great nation except our own which does not contemplate diplomatic relations with Rome and there is no vindication that Rome desires diplomatic relations with the United States since between them there is no religious political question of mutual concern. The war has taught the other nations the expediency of Papal relations. As to the great host of other problems which this period of reconstruction will usher in, we feel justified in our faith that all will be well taken care of by the sturdy student who has ascended the chair of St. Peter.

L. J. T.

The Beggar

By Frank Potts

From step to step,
Door to door,
She makes her way,
A woman poor.
All she can offer,
A smile and a plea,
Many to scoff her,
Many to see.
Yet too few to help her,
Too few to give,
Heaven has given
The life she must live.

Begging in rags,
Asking a bite,
Food for the daytime,
Lodging for night.
Like some poor rose,
Intended to bloom,
Wearily fading
Down to her doom.
Made like the rest,
Perfect in form,
Yet, they are sheltered,
Kept from the storm.
So in its beauty,
So in its pride,
Wearily faded,
Wearily died.

Those who have helped her,
Those who have given,
They are but making
Their ways into Heaven.
They who have helped her
Keep from starvation,
Are giving themselves
Eternal salvation.

Daytime is weary,
Nighttime is chill,
Yet she survives them,
Trusting His will.
Death would be welcome,
Living is sorrow,
Begging today,
Begging tomorrow.
A smile when she's helped,
A tear when she fails,
Her day is divided
One smile and ten wails.

Scanty her life is—
Rich is her soul,
She will rejoice in
Heavenly goal.
She has no pleasure,
Grief is her own;
Joys which you treasure
She never has known.

Wearied her feet,
Aimless her way;
House after house,
Day after day.
Help the poor creature
You who are human,
God shaped and made her,
And christened her woman.
Fate was unkindly:
Ever since birth
She has but wandered
Over the earth.
Unthought of, unpitied,
Her refuge is you;
Her sorrows are many,
Her blessings are few.
Those who have helped her,
Those who have given,
They are but making
Their ways into Heaven.

Sons of Cyclops

By George Krug

THERE were three of us, Dick Howell—an old friend of mine from St. Louis—Eldon Carroll and myself, comfortably ensconced before one of the spacious arched windows of the hotel lobby. In the street below the sudden swelling of the passing throngs by the hungry ones proclaimed that it was high noon.

"Old P. T. was certainly right when he made that famous little assertion about suckers," Carroll was saying, "and your little old New York goes him several better in the annual production. Why the average person of this city goes about with his money virtually plastered on his back and all you have to do to get some of it is to pick it off. Talk about taking candy from a child. Why it's so easy to get money from those people out there that professional pick-pockets even consider it a disgrace to their profession to take advantage of them."

Dick, who had hitherto been rather moody and abstracted, suddenly came to life at the conclusion of this little epithet hurled at the "Four Million" in general. Here was a splendid chance for an argument and a good, hot one too. So I thought that it was about time for Dick to show signs of animation and uphold the sacred traditions of his native state. He rose splendidly to the occasion.

"Carroll," he said, "Barnum was the greatest showman of the world in his time, but he was only half right. Did you ever watch a circus crowd getting rid of the so-called 'Filthy Lucre'? If you did you probably noticed that it does fall for and bite at any kind of bait. When people go to a circus they spend money on the most foolish and worthless trivials imaginable. But did you ever stop to consider that what they are really paying for is amusement. Usually they go to the circus grounds with a certain amount to spend and how and why they part with their cash is immaterial to them just so long as they are being amused in the process."

"That's why the fellow who sells cheap safety razors for a quarter and throws in a bar of soap makes a living," he continued. "Keeping in mind this fundamental principle of amusement he interests the crowd by announcing that he will shave with one of his razors in record-breaking time. 'Thirty-eight seconds from lather to finish, gentlemen,' he cries as he distributes the razors among the crowd which buys them so he will give a demonstration afterwards. He does and they all crane their necks to see how many times he cuts himself. That's the spirit in which they buy. Take away

the factor of amusement and that man would not sell a single razor."

We were looking out of the window on the tide of humanity ebbing and flowing before us. Eldon was silent and Howell did not continue the argument.

A man separated himself from the stream of pedestrians across the street and opened a suitcase he had been carrying. From it he took a small tripod and set the suitcase upon it. The case seemed to contain tiepins and rings of the cheaper variety. He was a street-hawker but seemed to be unsuccessful in enticing prospective customers.

"You see," said Howell, "there is a hawker who is evidently a new hand at the game. He is trying to use pure logic and argumentation in making sales. At that rate he will be there all day without making enough to buy his supper. Now if he would only use a little ingenuity and devise some way of attracting attention and amusing, he would be more successful. For example: if he had a chart illustrating a short monologue on methods of distinguishing between real and imitation diamonds and also a magnifying lens, his chart would attract attention, his talking would hold it and letting people use the lens to inspect the stones would amuse. At the same time very few would really be able to detect the difference between his stones and real diamonds, so he would sell without much difficulty.

Carroll indulged in no comment but seemed to be cogitating deeply upon Dick's remarks. At this point a rather corpulent, genial-looking old gentleman joined our little group by the window.

"Pardon my intrusion, gentlemen, but I was standing rather close here," he explained, "and could not help but hear some of your remarks. I was very much interested and wanted to hear the outcome of the discussion even at the risk of boring you. I gather that you two gentlemen (indicating Dick and Eldon) cannot reach an agreement. Am I right?"

"Quite," answered Eldon. "Won't you have a chair with us?"

The chair squeaked in vain protest as the newcomer arranged his bulky person comfortably in it and in the next instant he had set us all agog with an idea to settle the dispute one way or another. In a whimsical, half-serious and half-humorous way the old fellow unfolded a plan which was to decide with finality the contention, to-wit:

We should put a few silver half-dollars into small envelopes labeled "Blind Bargain." Then Carroll

by way of substantiating his disparaging remarks against the inhabitants of the Metropolitan City should sell at least two of the envelopes at a quarter each in a half-hour. And that by pure salesmanship unassisted by any subterfuge to attract attention or amuse.

If Eldon should succeed in doing this it would be taken as sufficient indication that he is right and New Yorkers will "bite hard" at almost any kind of a selling proposition. Because after all a package represented by an entire stranger to be a real though blind bargain is not what one would call a safe investment. And conversely if he should fail, the intelligence of the "Broadwayites" would be upheld.

"That's fine," said Carroll, "Just the thing and I'll bet almost anything that it proves me correct."

"How much?" put in Howell quietly.

"A thousand dollars even money."

"Covered."

They shook hands to clinch the deal and wrote out checks immediately. Then while a messenger was out cashing them we slipped a few half-dollars into small envelopes, sealed and marked them.

Eldon said that he would try his luck on a very busy corner near the hotel, probably Broadway near Forty-seventh.

The messenger returned with the money but we were in a quandary as to what to do with it. The others wanted me to be stakeholder but I refused to act as a human bank and carry that amount of money about the streets with me. I had a vision of blackjacks, brass knuckles and revolver butts swiftly descending upon my scalp. The rest saw my point.

The jovial individual spoke up then:

"My name is DeJaggers, gentlemen. I am manager of the hotel and if you wish it perhaps I may be of service by locking your stake safely away in our vault here."

"You're a friend in need," ejaculated Dick passing over the high denomination bills to him without further parley.

As we were bundling into our coats I saw him place the currency in a long envelope which he handed to one of the clerks with a few brief words. He returned to us in time to wish Eldon good-luck and to express great regret at not being able to accompany us because of pressing duties. The clerk would give us the envelope containing the stake whenever we wanted it, he said and further charged us to look him up without fail and tell him how our adventure terminated.

Arriving at the busy corner Carroll immediately began the business of disposing of the little packages while Howell and I, watch in hand, stood off to one side and waited. The test of the intelligence

of New Yorkers and, since that city is so cosmopolitan in population, of the human race at large, had begun. The experiment was after all a really simple one. Merely an attempt to discover whether the average person makes risky purchases because of the persuasiveness of the seller or because he is really paying for amusement. However, if the trial would turn out in such a way that the former would hold true it would certainly not redound to the credit of the average human intelligence. But from the start of the test Dick appeared to have all the advantage.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," began Eldon loudly, "For twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar you may purchase one of these little packages which I guarantee will contain more, in fact double the value you pay out. They look small but size is no criterion of value. Napoleon was a little man. So step right over here and get your package now while they last. Only a quarter, twenty-five cents and you get double the value in this little package."

But talk as vociferously as he might and expostulate till he was blue in the face he produced no visible effect on the passing hundreds. At the end of fifteen minutes he had made no sales and had attracted only a few dirty, ill-clad urchins with still dirtier mongrels to his side. Dick nudged me, a half smile playing about his lips. Already his features were beginning to take on the stereotyped expression for I-told-you-so.

Carroll was beginning to look worried and desperate. His favorite thought-house was tumbling down about his ears. Suddenly his jaw set in grim and mighty resolve. He button-holed the first man in his way and forced him to give attention while he explained all over about those ridiculous little packets. And under his terrific fire of arguments the man unbent sufficiently to take one of the packages and examine it. He turned it over and over in his hand. Felt it, weighed it, even smelled it. But he was evidently finally convinced that the proposition was too risky for he shook his head and walked on.

The next likely person to stumble into the perspective of Eldon's eye was a girl of about nineteen.

"Pardon me, miss," he stopped her with, "I have something here which I think will interest you very"

"You got me all wrong, kiddo," she interrupted and winked distinctly as she passed on.

Carroll looked daggers at her and I thought for a moment he was going to say something nasty but he evidently thought better of it and turned his attention once more to prospective customers.

He was even more unsuccessful with the next individual he accosted. This happened to be another girl, pretty and slightly older than her predecessor.

But Eldon's suave salutation she merely answered with an indignant toss of her head and walked on. This stinging rebuff I thought would be his finish. His face actually took on an ashen hue. But he pulled himself together for one final great effort and turned his attention to a well-dressed middle-aged man clinging to an umbrella. The time of the test was about up now. Only five minutes left.

"I have a proposition here which I think would interest you, sir," he began again as he fell into step at the side of his intended customer, "This little envelope is labeled 'Blind Bargain,' and I can assure you with absolute certainty that it is a bargain. I am charging only a quarter for it but can guarantee that you will receive more than twice that in absolute value. Now just feel this and"

But his further progress in that direction was stopped by a veritable mountain of blue. The long arm of the law in the person of Patrolman Kelly had encircled Carroll. Dick and I pushed our way through the crowd which had quickly gathered, to his side. And after much haggling with the suspicious bluecoat we finally persuaded him that Eldon was not an arch-criminal and that it would be perfectly safe to take him over to the police court in a taxi instead of the patrol-car.

So to the West Side court we all journeyed and were immediately ushered into the presence of Police Judge, Allerton. And to the satisfaction of that worthy we finally proved that Carroll was an honest and law-abiding citizen and was not attempting anything fraudulent. Eldon in the end got off with a two-dollar fine for trying to sell on the street without a license. He paid his fine to the court

clerk with four of the half-dollars from the envelopes. However we may have satisfied the judge, the clerk was still suspicious. He bit the coins, dropped them on his desk and on the floor, knocked them together, viewed them through a magnifying glass and went through all known evolutions for the purpose of detecting counterfeits, before he was at length convinced that the money was legal tender.

We hailed another taxi-cab and drove back to the hotel. Eldon was considerably crestfallen after the events of the last hour. His pet idea was shattered, New Yorkers were not such "suckers" after all, he had made a perfect fool of himself on the street and he had lost a rather large amount of money. On the other hand Howell was jubilant. His countenance fairly beamed good humor and he hummed a few refrains to himself as the car sped along the smooth streets.

Arriving back at the hotel we walked leisurely through the revolving door and checked our wraps. Carroll was still rather glum and not inclined to indulge in conversation, but Dick and I discussed the experiment as the three of us sauntered across the lobby to the desk.

"Will you give us the envelope which Mr. DeJagers left for us please?" Howell asked the clerk.

The man complied with alacrity and brought us from an inner office the long envelope, which Dick deftly tore open. He took out a note on which were written these few words:

"Barnum was right, gentlemen. An obliging man is not necessarily a hotel manager. You are all easy. Thanks and Goodbye."

And that was all.

Winter

Lawrence J. Tebbe

O Winter, gnawing at my fingers
Pinching my face with icy breath,
I fear your fangs, your blood-red eyes
And lolling cry of hungering death,—
You are a lone cruel wolf.

Are you in agony cruel Winter,
That you cry so day and night,
With your falling tears, the snowdrops
And your hunger-maddened bite,
The winds that cut my flesh?

But I love you, cruel Winter;
Biting fangs and whistling song,
Mournful threnodies of evening
To life's entourage belong.—
For death is part of life.

I. We Americans

A STUDY IN TRADITIONS

F. Leonard Canavan

IT happened by accident that I was made a spectator of an interesting argument. The incident occurred on a railroad train. I came into the smoker to enjoy a cigarette and had taken a seat behind two old gentlemen who were in the throes of debate. For a while I wondered what it was all about and then over the back of the seat came this: "I don't care what you say, I tell you that America has no traditions, no coloring, no historical backing." The answer was curt and well placed. It consisted of four words. They were, "Aw go to grass."

For a long time I sat there and thought over those words, America has no traditions. I wondered if she had any coloring. I wondered if she had any historical backing. The more that I thought the more I was convinced that she had. Hence when I arrived at my destination I was in a sore state of mind. I don't wonder that race riots start on the slightest provocation. I was ready to start a young war myself. I saw red.

Things went on all right for a while when I happened to hear another remark about the dullness of the native American. The fellow next to me was roused more quickly than myself and went sailing in hands and feet. The next day I read where he got off with ten dollars and costs for assault and battery. Hence instead of following that man's example I decided to look into the traditions of America and be ready to argue about them. You can't get pinched for arguing. if you moderate your language. Then I found that I could not hold myself in check so I decided on the safest course, I would write what I thought.

The first place that I looked was in the dictionary, under tradition I found the following, "Tradition—the oral transmission of events, opinions, doctrines, practices, etc., through the ages." "Oral transmission." Where was I to get traditions from this source. I went over to a neighbor's house and asked an old man what he knew about tradition. Here is the story as he gave it to me. I have not added to what he told me, the story stands as it came from my old friend.

"Sonny, I'll tell you one thing and not two, the United States of America is the best country that exists today. These howling yaps that demand unearned increment, down with the government, we know what we want, and all that kind of stuff, are nothing but a bunch of cranks that can't let any-

body alone, they are jealous and too lazy to work. A soap box gives the man easy living and you will always find as Barnum found "that there is one born every minute." It is a shame that they don't let a two-fisted American at them once in a while, that would do more convincing than an armful of laws. There is always a way to get by a law but you can't always duck a well-aimed fist.

"I am going to tell you something that I have not told many people and it is this, you asked me about tradition, I am going to tell you the history of our family and when you consider that there are hundreds of families in the United States just like ours, why then you can judge for yourself whether we have any traditions in America.

"My great-granddad came from England. He might have missed the first boat load but I am here to tell you he made the second. Now I don't claim to be one of these first Americans but what I am telling you has been told in our family for many generations. Well after he landed in America he worked for a long time with a family by the name of Morris. The Morris family lived in the State of New York or what is now the State of New York. I have heard my father tell me of the dangers that our progenitor encountered while he was with this family.

"Danger from the Indians was ever lurking in the gloom of the great forests. Never were they certain that the Indian would not attack. Even when the Indian came on messages of peace he was always covered by an unseen gun. So great were the dangers that sometimes the men took turns keeping nightly vigil. Even when they went to work in the fields they carried their guns and plenty of powder. Going to church on Sundays always meant taking a gun along with you, for the Indian had no scruples about attacking a church. White men's scalps were the same whether they were taken from a church or from the house or fields.

"After leaving this family my great-grandfather went to Virginia. Here he worked for a planter and it was in this colony that my grandfather was born. When my grandfather was fourteen years old the following incident occurred. Great-grandfather had gone quite a distance from the house to look at some early spring plantings that he had put in, he was accompanied by two of his sons. When he reached the spot he found that things were not as he expected and needing some implements he

sent the boys back to the house after them. As the boys were returning they heard a shot, hurrying their steps they soon came within sight of the planting ground. What a sight they saw. There lay their father behind a log while circling about him were three Indians. Just then another shot rang out and one of the Indians lay still. The other two kept advancing. Suddenly they charged and a hand to hand battle began. The two boys stood spellbound, then incited by the bravery of their father they came on at a run. One of the boys had a gun. Their action, however, was too late for although their father had dispatched two of the Indians he fell a victim of the third and was killed. The boy that had the gun fired and killed the third Indian. Thus you can see that the early life in our colonies was not the life as we live it in America today. I wonder how many boys would have the courage to face such a scene today? I am afraid not many.

"Not very many years after this incident my grandfather had a chance to accompany another family who were moving westward. He accepted the opportunity. For many days and many weeks they followed an unbeaten trail through the wildernesses of America. Finally they came to a country that looked fertile and decided to settle there. I could relate to you many things that happened. I could tell you about the work they encountered clearing a place to build their cabin. I could tell you of nightly watchings, of raids, of their hunts. I could relate their struggle for life against sickness, disease, cold, and famine that stared them in the face. It shall be some day the great epic of the American people. For no struggle is equal to theirs or even touches theirs in the lofty idealism that it embodied.

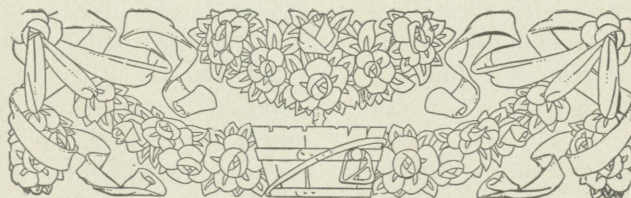
"I have purposely skipped an important part of my history and that part includes my family's participation in the wars of this nation. Dinner is nearly ready so I shall have to make that section of my story short.

"My grandfather fought in the Revolution. He died for his country, not on the battlefield, but at

Valley Forge. I am in no mood now to picture that scene. Some other time I may tell you about it. I myself fought under Grant in the Civil War. That story, too, I will tell you at some later date. I did not fight in the Spanish-American war but our family was represented by my son.

"So you can readily see what I think of this country of ours. America is now entering upon an era of greater development and if she can advance herself with the same vigor that she used in the past years, I feel assured that in a few generations that we will be the masters of all the world. Never let any of the radicals tell you that America has no historical background. It is a lie. America has traditions more sacred, more holy and more convincing than any other nation in the world today. What nation can portray scenes in her life equal to our early settlements, the hardships we underwent, our battle for existence? Does every nation have a Valley Forge, a Bunker Hill, a Yorktown? What nation can cite similar circumstances as those that occurred during the Civil War? My boy you can search the pages of history from Rome and Greece down to the present day and in all the lore of the ages you will find no story parallel to that of the growth of the United States. The United States stands alone."

For a long time after the old man had finished I sat and pondered over what he had told me. I would like to have heard more and I vowed that I would get the rest of the story at an early day. I looked back, and I came to the conclusion that the first fellow I heard say that America had no coloring, no background, no history, would either have to be a lot bigger and a lot more powerful than myself to escape with an entire anatomy. I meant to take the matter into my own hands. What are ten dollars and costs if you have the satisfaction of realizing that you have taught one person a lesson and that instead of yelling about the United States he will be humming the "Stars and Stripes Forever."



Eugene O'Brien; An Interview

By Varley P. Young

HANDSOME, courteous, famous, a good fellow and a Catholic!

These few words describe, in a small measure, the writer's thoughts and impressions gained after an hour and a half interview exclusively for the Exponent.

Eugene O'Brien is one of the few stars upon whom the finger of scandal has never rested, and not without reason. Mr. O'Brien puts his work before all things and after a good day's labor there is, in his opinion, no time left for "wild parties" and the other much heralded diversions of the California folks. "That is the crying shame of Hollywood, if there is a crying shame at all," said Mr. O'Brien, upon being questioned in this regard, "there is altogether too much leisure. The movie folks are, as a general rule, a Bohemian crowd. They have tasted of both poverty and success; many have not the education or the religion necessary to fight the many temptations of that life, with the all too obvious result."

"Oh, you want me to tell you about how I got in the movies," gleamed Eugene O'Brien. "Well, I could make it a long story but I won't. You know, young man, I've been on the stage a long, long while. Many of my friends had been insistent that I try my hand in the movies and I finally decided to do so. I went to California and had really unusual luck, I was cast in a picture with Mary Pickford. Then one thing led to another until I finally did "Poppy" as leading man for Norma Talmadge."

"But 'Poppy,' was some time ago, wasn't it?" the interviewer inquired.

"Yes, but you see I played "The Country Cousin" on the legitimate after this, in fact I played it on

the road for a whole season. My future was outlined for me, though, I was 'made' in the movies. So I returned and was tendered a contract with Selznick, the rest you know. Now after four years on the screen I am delighted to return and hear that welcome applause, for you know, old top, we don't

know whether the people like us or not while we're making a picture. It's just like the other night when they asked me to broadcast from a radio station. Great stuff! I didn't know whether they walked out on me or not, I hope not," he concluded.

"By the way, Mr. O'Brien, tell me about your accident in Los Angeles. You know they told us through the newspapers, that you were as good as dead," pleaded the interviewer in his best reportorial manner.

"That's the time I fooled them. They all thought I had concussion of the

brain but a fine Irish head like mine is hard to break. I can't tell you much about the accident, however, all I know is that I was walking peacefully down the sidewalk and stepped into the street to be hit by a big truck. The next thing I remember was the information that I had thirteen stitches in my head. You see the scar don't you, looks like I'm bald but I'm far from that. Thank God, it was only a scalp wound," Mr. O'Brien smiled.

"Say, Mr. O'Brien, I don't doubt but that you get bushels of letters from the flappers. Tell me about them," again piped up the interviewer.

"I'm very glad you reminded me of that matter," said Eugene O'Brien. "It is a funny thing to say, I know, but as a matter of fact I would rather not meet any young ladies personally while on a road tour. I would much rather have them see me on the stage. The reason, of course, is apparent; that



Handsome, courteous, famous, a good fellow and a Catholic!

when they meet someone whom everyone knows of, they take it as a personal matter while in the theater they share the enthusiasm, if you would call it that, of many hundreds."

"However, be that as it may," he continued, "I get from ten to thirty letters almost every day. I would like to answer them but don't find the time. Some are badly written and for the writers of these I have only pity, others are sensible and interesting, but most of them are from stage-struck young girls who think I can help them to get in the movies. I could help them get in but I couldn't help them stay there."

Then the conversation in his dressing room drifted around his new play, "Steve," written by Robert Dempster and directed by Laura Hope Crews. Mr. O'Brien was most pleased with it himself but realized with the newspaper critics, locally Mr. James Muir, of the Dayton Daily News, that

the play's forte lies in its lines and not in the matter.

"Well, you see, I wanted to have the part of a simple, direct-from-the-shoulder American chap," he said. "I have very nearly always played these terribly 'dressed-up' parts of the clubman or millionaire and I was just plain tired of them. In the last act you saw where Steve was willing to sacrifice the thing that he loved best on this earth, for a rival whom he positively knew was not worthy to receive it, simply because Steve thought she loved the other suitor. Everything turns out lovely in the end, though, and my audience goes away happy."

"Then too," Mr. O'Brien concluded, "Steve is symbolical of every honest-to-goodness movie actor that I have known. I am well satisfied with the play and the part and I hope everyone who saw it liked it too."

The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

Cash on hand\$1,488.23

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Total Cash on hand Jan. 10, 1923.....\$1,608.40

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made of the receipt of the Annual Scholarship of \$60.00 from the C. S. M. C. Unit of Notre Dame Academy, Dayton, Ohio, for the support of a Japanese student for the Priesthood at the Apostolic School of Urakami. This is the sixteenth annual scholarship presented by the students of Notre Dame Academy for this worthy cause. May God bless them abundantly for their generosity.

Is Prohibition Prohibitive?

By Merle Smith

NO one can be ignorant of the ruin which drunkenness has wrought among our people, nor can any one disregard the need there is of united effort in order to save the nation from the disaster which this arch-demon is ever threatening to inflict. Every one is thoroughly acquainted with the attempts of prohibitionists to put an end to the use of liquor, and the opposition offered by the "Drys." When the Eighteenth Amendment, which was intended to remedy this evil of first magnitude, was added to the Constitution in January, 1920, many of us believed that the old rum demon had been dealt a fatal blow, and that nothing remained but the obsequies. Today, three years from the date of its going into effect, this sumptuous law has become one of the gravest problems ever confronted by the United States. The nation-wide question seems now to be: "Is Prohibition prohibitive, or is it merely a costly nuisance.

It is now impossible to determine with accuracy what the consumption of intoxicating liquors is at present in the United States. Prohibitionists claim that the consumption has decreased not less than eighty-five and not more than ninety per cent. They publish many such statements estimating the supposedly improved condition of the country due to prohibition. However, according to available statistics the decrease is put at about eighty-eight per cent, but this takes no account whatever of smuggled liquor, moonshine whisky, private stock, laid in before the law became effective; liquor obtained by fraudulent permit or by illegal methods; and last of all, "home brew." A just conclusion, therefore, is that consumption must be actually greater than the maximum fifteen per cent accorded by prohibitionists.

The entire United States is affected and has been since July, 1919, with a booze complex, which, like prohibition, is nation-wide in its rebellious reaction to law. Today the liberty of the citizen is so sacred in the eyes of dunces and philanthropic fools, that they insist on protecting the drunkard's liberty to make slaves of his wife and children. The good, the peaceful, the law-abiding have no right against the drunkard. He must be free to ruin, to deflower, to disgrace and even to damn. But the dry leaders claim that all this incessant, clamorous, stupid, witty talk of booze cannot change one line of inexorable law. The foray to obtain beer was firmly and emphatically repulsed, and now public drunkenness has decreased. But considering one of the things most frequently mentioned in an argument for prohibition which is the increase in bank de-

posits, the question arises whether or not this is due solely to the comparatively dry state of the nation. The industrial and economical conditions generally and local conditions specifically would rather be taken as factors in the movement of bank deposits upward or downward. Still, the drys go on to say that prohibition has prevented drink from bringing death to the peace, comfort, happiness, the very idea of home. No longer can the drunkard destroy the health, the hope, the honor, the innocence of those whom he should cherish as the very life of his own soul. Nor is there the bitter recollection of unkindness, of injustice, of insult, or the fierce remembrance of cowardly blow, or cruel, savage and inhuman torture. They even advance that prohibition has brought material prosperity, and has added thousand-fold the true comforts of life and the deep contentment of holy and happy homes. Oh, if such were really the blessed achievements of prohibition, surely there would be no more violations of the law. It would be welcomed by the people of the nation; it would be a popular legislation. But considered from a nation-wide viewpoint the marvelous effects of the Eighteenth Amendment are indeed doubtful.

Prohibition, now in its third year as a part of the organic law of the land is no nearer its goal than it was on the first day of its course. No nearer, for since we first had it all classes have learned to violate the law expertly. Almost overnight, a large per cent of the people of this country came under the influence of this booze complex, and have been under its influence ever since. It at once became, and has ever since been the butt of popular ridicule. Then nearly the entire nation went on a home-brewing venture. Now, rum-running and bootlegging have become an industry which makes millionaires in a night. These bootleggers of questionable character have the popular merit, not only of defying and circumventing an unpopular law, but also of helping others to successfully violate it. Numerous American citizens break this law, contrive against it, go to incredible lengths to frustrate it, and are naturally helped in their operations by the great, professional, bootlegging contingent that is reaping the profit of their malfeasance. This breaking down of the public morale is marked by another feature. There is more drunkenness; not public drunkenness, for that has decreased, but private and concealed drunkenness and a large amount of it not so carefully concealed at that. Already in this United States there is too little regard for spiritual and civil authority. Many believe that, if the perpetrator is not caught, the vio-

lator of the law is legitimate. Today infringement is a business, and evasion is considered a vocation. The work of subversion is the active employment of many and the incidental attempt of many more. There is likewise the burdening expense of Prohibition to the government. Besides the heavy loss of taxes there is the heavy cost of enforcement, and the extra outlay for court procedures due to the activities of the enforcement officers. These are natural consequences of an un-American imposition which a minority of hypocritical reformers dare to call law.

There is no possible way of checking the flow of liquor in the United States. Some places are wetter than before Prohibition; others are fairly dry; but bone dryness is almost unknown. Prohibition is decidedly not prohibitive. After the good old American fashion it has been consistently laughed out of existence, and if that scheming minority had not been with us beforehand we would after the same old fashion, have laughed it out of court. For

now the United States is saloonless by legislation, but wetter than ever in spite of legislation. Surely such a law with a counterfeit mark of holiness in it is a pitiful thing. If prohibition be considered a conditioner of prosperity, then there is no hope for our nation. The big percentage of people, who before prohibition drank to excess, will continue to drink to excess after it, regardless of the prohibition law. There is hope for just a few of them. However, to expect most of those men and women, who are worthless and weak, suddenly to change their minds, and become resolute self-denying and heroic, is to expect a marvel more fanciful than the fairest of all day-dreams. So, we wonder why Prohibition, or a circumscription of the liberty of all, is imposed upon all citizens in a great nation when it is in every way unconstitutional and sumptuary; when it has made social conditions worse instead of better, by engineering a new corps of law violators and especially when by defeating its own purpose it has not been prohibitive.

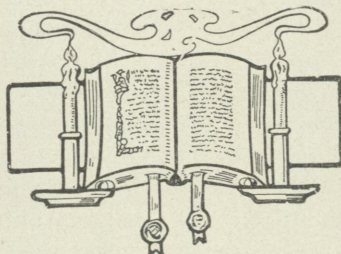
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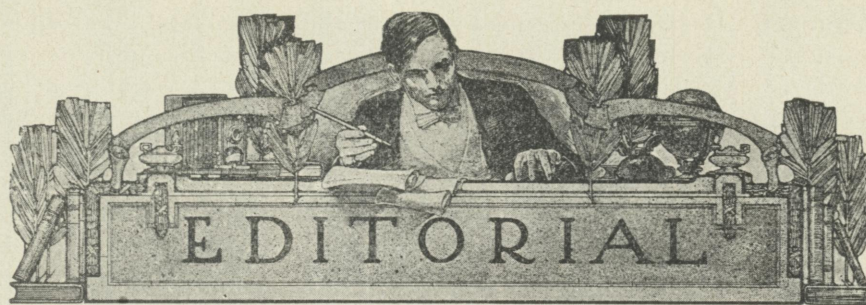
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Attention is called to the remarkable showing made by the Freshman High-E Class. The class has proved itself 100 per cent efficient. There are 32 pupils in the class and their contributions total \$32.00.





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A Happy New Year

The book of the New Year with its three hundred and sixty five pages is opened untouched. What time will write in it we must patiently wait and see. Sorrow, misfortune, success and happiness will all be dealt out it is sure—but what is our portion? So 1923 we salute you with eager solicitations for the best. May God grant that the fleeting days give peace and happiness to the world; national prosperity and bring each individual nearer his supernatural end.

The Exponent in the name of the faculty wishes the blessings of health and happiness to all friends, patrons and Alumni of the University of Dayton.

A. A. C.

Nature

Beautiful indeed is the literary anthology that has been inspired by the wonderful character of nature! A part of nature herself, bound by her many laws and adapted to live only by co-ordination with her, man never tires of contemplating her beauty. We all feel her pulse;—her diastole and systole awaken sympathetic notes in the most adamant heart and blessed indeed is the poet who alone has the magnetic key which can open the portals of our hearts and give wings to our thoughts. There is the joyful exuberance of new life in the bursting buds of spring and song of the buoyant lark; there is a touch of sad-

ness in the quiet flutter of a leaf to eternal death; there is a moan of pain in the northern wind sighing through the somber forests of November;—and for the poor prosaic in whom nature finds no resonance we can have naught but infinite pity.

Yet we cannot love nature;—we can only admire her. The same nature that grows the golden corn grows the rankling weed. The poet has said, "Nature is one with rapine," and how terribly true it is. She lifts Shelley's skylark high into the glad morning and then some cold night freezes it into eternal silence: she has glassy seas that reflect the golden moonlight and that same sea will swallow poor man, will crack his bones and wash the crimson foam from its jaws and appear as innocent as ever. Nature blesses man with sunshine and rain year after year only to break out in the mad fury of a Vesuvius, of a Black Death or a Swatow. Man builds a shelter but no sooner has he erected it than nature is there with her destructive tools of erosion and in time the stately edifice is scattered dust; and man himself,—poor man! In youth,—the exuberance of ignorance; at noon,—the awe of consciousness; and then,—the inexorable hand of death and the silent metamorphosis of the grave.

And how unnecessary we are to nature. A solitary wish of the Designer Infinite and mankind would disappear and the earth would be none the better or worse for it. White-walled cities and cul-

tivated farms would again give way to nature's garb of tangled forests: Birds would sing and flowers would bloom and neither charm would be less because man was not there. How wonderful is all life and all death and how joyful we should be that God has manifested Himself in such wonderful ways!

L. J. T.

Knowledge Does Not Make Character We hear so much of education these days and read daily of overcrowding of our schools and colleges that we are sometimes wont to say, "What is it all about and what good of it all?" We also read of men who are on trial for any number of different crimes, who are college graduates and we wonder what could have been the cause.

Whilst the end of education is to form character it is also quite clear that education alone and in itself does not make character. No matter how much we may know of good or evil, no good can come from this knowledge if we cannot make the right choice between the two.

In our secular schools of the present day too little time if any, is devoted to the training of the mind and heart of the child. God is eliminated entirely from the ordinary public school curriculum, and the child is not taught that he is a responsible being who will have to some day give an account of all his words, thoughts and actions. This same sort of education goes on even through college with no thought of God and higher things, but merely of the best way to rise in worldly power and wealth, by means which may or may not be morally sound.

And from such training through a period of sixteen years, eight in the grades, four in high school and four in college, what more could be expected. But our high purpose of forming a good character can be accomplished by bringing the children up to be God-fearing men and women whose minds and hearts have been trained and whose intellect has been enlightened and whose will has been strengthened to discern and choose right from wrong. This does not mean that the secular branches must be slighted. On the contrary both are being taught at some schools and the graduates of these institutions are big men, faithful to their God, their Church and their Country.

W. J. K.

Exams As examinations approach there occurs to many students that there is one, or there may be several branches of study in which he is a bit rusty. He may have forgotten formulas or some necessary but little used rule has slipped into the background of his memory. Every day he resolves that tomorrow will be the day on

which he will lay aside some favorite distraction or pleasure and apply the time to review.

But alas! Day by day in divers ways he finds some reason for postponing this semi-annual brushing up of the mind. The result is that on the eve of the examination he is faced with a dread spectre of a failure or at least a condition in one or more studies. Then comes the process which, however detrimental, is nevertheless universally indulged in. The student crams. The first exam day finds his mind full of mal-assimilated facts. The brain is worried at a time when it is most necessary that it be alert and active. The last day of the tests finds him worn out in mind and body alike, which harm far counterbalances the benefit of a slightly higher average.

The review for examinations rightly should begin in the early part of the year. As the weeks slip by the careful student will note that he is in need of a bit of review in some line. It is then that he should turn back. Such irregular trips through the pages one has covered will prove of inestimable value. The repetition serves to impress the mind. On the advent of examination a mind clear of a jumble of crammed facts will readily recall that which was learned in the early part of the semester. The student thus wisely prepared will come forth with a good average and a mind unencumbered, and needing only a bit of rest before beginning a new pursuit of learning.

C. P. M.

What We Owe to the Engineer When Lord Kelvin stood in the mist close to the mighty Niagara he heard the thundering roar and saw the marvelous beauty and grandeur. His was not an appreciative nature. He enjoyed it as well as any man. But his master mind thrilled also with a deeper insight. He saw this untamed brute of nature in its untrammelled fury, spending its God-given energy and accomplishing nothing. He saw also the nobler and more sublime beauty of a Niagara harnessed to the wheels of industry, and giving its limitless capacity to serve that mankind may be relieved of drudgery.

Division of human effort there is non-comparable to this. He has given all men the right to live and progress.

Accuracy is one of the greatest needs of the world of today. Accuracy in its teachings, in its actions, and in its beliefs. Progress requires an exactness of information to meet the needs of this day when no man is independent of his fellows. Without this exactness, this accuracy, efforts toward advancement are endangered and progress becomes speculative. The vital dependency of the world upon its industrial organization dictates that haphazard be replaced.

This has been the engineer's problem. His has been the opportunity for serving mankind. And he has served well. He has created for us an industrial institution vast, powerful and independent. In less than one-half a century this globe of land and water has been transferred into one gigantic institution. Where the discoverer's lone footprints were once left undisturbed industry now serves man for the preservation, comfort and refinement of life. Commerce knows no nationality and industry speaks all languages.

The engineer has his reward in the consciousness of work well done, in the joy of achievement, in the feeling of power which gives him the opportunity to direct the courses of men even before they are aware of the source of authority.

C. P.

The Church Unity Octave Four centuries ago the church unity was broken when Luther and Calvin first broke from Mother Church and started their own creeds. The number of sects have so alarmingly increased that it has caused a dissatisfaction throughout Christendom. Protestantism on different occasions has made evident its insufficiency and expressed a desire for reunion. There are many hearts earnestly seeking the Truth that reason demands and are willing to forego much to embrace it.

At all times it has been the concern of Holy Mother the Church, that Christians who have un-

fortunately withdrawn from the Catholic religion should at length be recalled to her.

So in order that the desired end may be more easily attained through united petitions, the Church, as in former years, set January 18 to 25 as the Church Unity Octave, that prayers may be offered to God, all over the world for the reunion into one fold.

The eight days of the Octave are marked by special daily intentions which are:

Jan. 18: The return of all the other sheep into the fold of Peter, the one Shepherd.

Jan. 19: The return of all Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

Jan. 20: The submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

Jan. 21: That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way back to the "Holy Church."

Jan. 22: That all Christians in America may become one in communion with the chair of Peter.

Jan. 23: The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

Jan. 24: The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25: The Missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

The prayer recommended for these intentions is one decade of the Rosary said for the particular intention of each day and Holy Communion as often as possible during the Octave.

The Exponent earnestly requests all its readers to respond to this Octave in all sincerity.

A. C. C.

Exchanges

By George Marie

A subject, that has been buffeted about by sociologists and economists for many years, and which still clings pertinaciously to those who evince the slightest tendency to disputation, finds an adherent in the autumn issue of the Abbey Student. In the opening paragraphs is clearly pointed out the moral obligations of the employer and employee to each other, but in the concluding paragraphs he goes somewhat astray of his purpose.

From the title we inferred that he purported to treat of the generality of the working class. If our inference is correct we cannot admit that the generality of the working class think that the next best thing they can do is to hurt their employers. Whether the writer alluded to strikes as the means the laborer used to hurt his employer, we are un-

able to ascertain, but even strikes do not preclude charity in the laborer's dealings with the employer. If he refers to the recent outbursts of violence attending many of the recent strikes as the means resorted to, it might be well for him to remember that although such outbursts were widespread, they were nevertheless started and aggravated by radical individuals, and therefore must not be charged to the laboring class as a whole.

We cannot account for this inconsistency of the writer. He starts out with the manifest purpose of vindicating the laboring class, but he is led (unwittingly we think) into making statements antagonistic to his aims and incriminating to the class of which he wished to treat sympathetically.

Seldom do we find in college publications such an effective mingling of irony, satire, and humor, re-

strained by apparent sincerity, as in the "Essay of Eupheus" in the November number of the Boston College Stylus. They are inseparably blended through four pages of discourse, yet they are neither strained nor affected.

The author's severest satire is directed at those self-styled reformers of the present day, and especially at those who are attempting to centralize our school system. He fearlessly exposes the undercurrent of this reform, and hints toward its ultimate outcome. "I Must Have Been a King" is characterized by a playfulness of fancy, and a touch of imagination. The verse flows with a spontaneity and evenness that is truly suggestive of regal ease.

The greatest appreciation that a grateful posterity can have for the good that a man has done, can be expressed more adequately by acts than by words. One of such acts would be the proposal of his good example for the imitation and betterment of mankind. Such is the conclusion reached by the author of the short biographical sketch of Johann Gregor Mendel in the December number of the Canisius Monthly.

Besides being a model of logical and systematic arrangement, the article is more valuable because the author draws from his theme a lesson, which is at once a refutation and an inspiration—a refutation of those pseudo-scientists whose theories do not admit of the existence of God—and inspiration to

those who refrain from entering into scientific research for fear of losing their faith, viz. that religion and science are not irreconcilable, but on the contrary, true science and religion are necessarily conjoined.

The eternal cycle of the seasons has ever been a source of inspiration to poets. To this source comes a poet who in the autumn number of the Academia gives us a picture of autumn. The predominance of consonants and a skillful combination of dissonant alliterations gives to the poem effects suitable to the expression of the thoughts contained therein. The last stanza is characteristic of the poem.

"Yet faster, faster and more abandoned yet
In one exulting fling she clears the stage,
And all the beauty, all the fury met,
A withering fate before Winter's rugged rage."

Decidedly contrasted to the coarse alliterations and harsh consonants of Autumn are the mellow, flowing vowels of the "Lullaby," in which the preponderance of soft, long-drawn vowels, gives to the poem a charming musical quality, well attuned to the sentiment and to the purpose of a lullaby. "Pieta" exhibits a depth of feeling uncommon to college poetry. Two very touching and impressive lines are given here:

"No faintest moan from thy pierced heart is wrung
From perfect faith a perfect trust is sprung."

Alumni Notes

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

General Officers, Dayton, Ohio

President: Martin C. Kuntz, '12.

Vice-President: Rev. Eugene C. Gerlach, '12.

Executive Secretary: Joseph B. Murphy, '01.

Financial Secretary: Harry C. Cappel, '98.

Cor. Secretary: Rev. John C. Gunzelman, S. M.

Treasurer: Hugh Wall, '98.

The Alumni appointed by the president to serve on the U. of D. Athletic Committee are: William M. Carroll, '04; Harry Finke, '08; Martin C. Kuntz, '12; Francis J. Powers, '14.

ALUMNI CHAPTER ORGANIZATIONS

Ohio

Akron—

Carl E. Stuber, chairman.

Dr. John E. Monnig, secretary.

Cleveland—

Judge Virgil J. Terrell, chairman.

Thomas Coughlan, vice-chairman.

Eugene A. McCabe, secretary.

Chillicothe—

Roman T. Gerber, chairman.

William A. North, vice-chairman.

Edward Meyers, secretary.

Canton—

Victor Lippert, district secretary.

Columbus—

Joseph Hinterschied, chairman.

Albert J. Zettler, secretary.

Coldwater—

Joseph Oppenheim, district secretary.

Celina—

Edward Hierholzer district secretary.

Fremont—

William Smith, district secretary.

Greenville—

Rev. F. Gnau, district secretary.

Kenton—

Allen Ochs, district secretary.

Lima—

George Feltz, chairman.

William Pflaum, vice-chairman

James O'Connor, secretary.

London—

Patrick Lannigan, chairman.

Herbert Lannigan, secretary.

Middletown—

L. E. Gough, chairman.
Emilio Donisi, vice-chairman.
Harry Wolburg, secretary.

Marion—

H. J. Fiedner, chairman.
Ed. Steuber, vice-chairman.
Rev. Thomas Kearns, secretary.

Newark—

George Brennan, district secretary.

Piqua—

Elmer B. Hess, chairman.
Joseph Chronenburg, vice-chairman.
Roderick Collins, secretary.

Sandusky—

George C. Steineman, chairman.
Frederick H. Andres, secretary.
John A. Feick, Treasurer.

Springfield—

Joseph McHugh, chairman.
Dan Shovlin, vice-chairman.
Rev. Leo Walsh, secretary.

Sidney—

Louis R. Wagner, chairman.
George B. Quatman, vice-chairman.
Ralph Gerlach, secretary.

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John D. Ovington, chairman.
Rev. Herman Tague, vice-chairman.

Tiffin—

Albert W. Schreiber district secretary.

Toledo—

Albert Krantz, district secretary.

Wilmington—

Rev. Charles Ertel, district secretary.

Washington C. H.—

Joseph McDonald, district secretary.

Wapakoneta—

Cletus Zofkie, district secretary.

Youngstown—

Paul C. McGovern, district secretary.

California

Los Angeles—

Edward C. Purpus, district secretary.

Illinois

Chicago—

Edward Schoen, chairman.
Matthias Blumenthal, vice-chairman.
Edward Grimes, secretary.

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Richmond—

James Harrington, chairman.
Marcellus Pohlmeier, secretary.

Kentucky

Covington—

Dr. Joseph A. Auerdick, chairman.
William Rabe, vice-chairman.
Leonard Heile, secretary.

Maryland

Baltimore and Washington, D. C.—

Rev. Robert J. Sherry, district secretary.

Michigan

Detroit—

Edmund C. Von Mach, district secretary.

New York

New York City—

William B. Sherry, district secretary.

Wayland—

Victor Kimmel, district secretary.

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William Rossenbach, chairman.
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Hilo—

Henry Lai Hipp, district secretary.

Honolulu—

Dr. Francis Wong Leong, district secretary.

Argentine Republic

Buenos Aires—

John Breen, district secretary.

China

Hongkong—

W. S. V. Curtis, district secretary.

Mexico

Mexico City—

Manuel Galan, district secretary.

Reconstitution of the Board of Governors will take place in February, 1923.

University Chronicle

By F. Canavan and Roy A Hesse

HIGHEST HONORS FOR DECEMBER

College Division

Senior Arts—Michael O'Shea, 90; Ades Cholley, 89.
 Senior Electrical Engineers—Elmer Steger, 99; Alvin Rabe, 98.
 Senior Civil Engineers—Frank Kronauge, 96; Carl Theuring, 93.
 Senior Chemical Engineers—John Schomaker, 93; Herbert Hannegan, 92.
 Junior Arts—Lawrence Tebbe, 94; Joseph Deddens, 93; John Holtvoigt, 90.
 Junior Electrical Engineers—Maurice Aufderheide, 92; Lewis Sherer, 91; Alphonse Stelzer, 90.
 Junior Civil Engineers—Matthew O'Boylan, 96; Thomas Murray, 87.
 Junior Chemical Engineers—Cyril Scharf, 92; C. R. Horwedel, 86.
 Junior Mechanical Engineers—Carl Crane, Richard Sayre, Francis Tsu.
 Sophomore Arts—Elwood Hopping, 94; Chris Murray, 93; Merle Smith, 93; Joseph Higgins, 92.
 Sophomore Engineers—John Alexander, 95; Thos. Bliley, 94; Carl Ziegenbusch, 93; Paul Kass, 92.
 Sophomore Commerce and Finance—Robert Bremer, 94; Lionel Bradmiller, 93; Edward Koehnen, 89.
 Sophomore Pre-Medics—Robt. Norris, 95; Richard Hochwalt, 93; Paul Fox, 91.
 Freshman Arts—James Reinhardt, 92; Charles Gas, 91; Larsen Wagner, 91; Jos. Wentker, 91.
 Freshman Engineers—Peter Babb, 95; Eugene Cetone, 93; Roy Hesse, 92; Ralph Hommel, 91; Roland Johnson, 91.
 Commerce and Finance—Harry Heider, 94; Chas. Daugherty, 93; Jos. Wagner, 91; Howard Wiemerskirch, 91.
 Pre-Medics—Jos. Koehler, 92; Howard Mahan, 89; Lawrence Gerlach, 88; Gerald Dennis, 88.
 Freshman Engineers-B—Chas. Pedersen, 93; Geo.

Murphy, 90; Albert Tischer, 87; Waldo Zander, 87.

High School Division

Fourth High-A—Robert Babb, 97; Jos. Unger, 96; Walter Paul, 96; Louis Schulze, 95; Herman Brunner, 95.
 Fourth High Commercial—Robt. Minnerup, 95; John Moran, 95.
 Third High-A—Cyril Stein, 99; Richard Schneble, 98; Joseph Keller, 98; John McBride, 97; Aurelio Gonzales, 97.
 Third High-B—DeWitt Ashton, 99; Louis Gitzinger, 99; Robt. Valiquette, 95.
 Third High-D—Matthew Marzluff, 94; Richard Hosler, 92; Allen Tehan, 91.
 Second High-A—Chas. Mitchell, 99; Francis Moyer, 98; John Schwieterman, 96; James Pappert, 94.
 Second High-B—Chas. Deger, 97; Thomas Grimes, 96; Robt. Dinkel, 92; Chas. DeBanto, 92.
 Second High-C—Theodore Hoffman, 99; Victor Hart, 97; Michael Moran, 97; Alan Johnson, 95; Herman Kroger, 95; Wm. Leglen, 95.
 Second High-D—Joseph Desch, 99; John Will, 99; Carl Wenzel, 98; Leo Nartker, 98; Norbert Kobes, 92; Jack Ren, 91.
 First High-A—Ireneus DeBrasse, 99; Regis Wurdock, 97; William Hoefler, 96; Chas. Maxwell, 94; Francis Murphy, 94.
 First High-B—Jerome Michel, 97; Edward Scherer, 97; John Schuler, 97; Franklin Klaine, 95.
 First High-C—Wm. Diemusch, 99; Jerome Zimmerle, 99; Wm. Althoff, 98; Francis Gabel, 97; Bernard Hegman, 97.
 First High-D—Laurence Hughes, 98; Paul Schommer, 97; Elsworth Zimmerman, 95; Jas. Charf, 94.
 First High-E—Clement Kroger, 97; Jos. Neuhooff, 97; John Loges, 96; Francis Pack, 96.

OUR TRAVELERS

Very Rev. Bernard P. O. Reilly, S. M., Provincial of the Eastern Provinces of the Society of Mary, and President of the Board of Trustees of the University, set sail in December for Belgium. He attended the General Chapter of the Society held at Reves, Belgium. The Provincial was accompanied by Rev. Brother George Sauer, Inspector of Schools and Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the University; and by Rev. Bro. Adam Hoffman, S. M., Head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering. Our travelers are expected back in early February.

CHRISTMAS VACATION

Christmas vacation began Tuesday, December 19th, and extended to Thursday, January 4th. Two good solid weeks at home! From the reports of the returning students the time was not idly spent.

The students from distant countries like China, Japan, Ireland, Hawaii, Mexico, Brazil and Korea, together with the faculty, passed an agreeable vacation at the University. Besides the religious festivities and joys provided by the culinary department there were frequent movies, thanks to Bro. Joseph Wiesman.

LATIN-AMERICAN CELEBRATION AT THE U.

About twenty-two Latin-American students at the University joined in an impressive celebration Monday, December 12th. This celebration was to celebrate the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Juen Diego, on Mt. Tepeyac in the little village of Guadalupe.

The program began with solemn High Mass, at which the students and many guests from the city of Dayton attended. The feature of the day was the banquet which followed. Mr. Gutierrez acted as toastmaster. Rev. Joseph Tetzlaff, Rev. John Gunzelman, Bro. Lawrence Drufner and Bro. Fred Paff each responded to the toastmaster's call.

Among those who attended the banquet were: M. Gutierrez, toastmaster, F. Olivers, E. Puig, L. Nieto, F. Bustillo, B. Cellis, A. Irigoyen, J. Alimis, J. Sanchez, A. Longoria, R. Berlanga, E. Gonzales, E. Rodriguez, H. Harrah, P. Cobian, F. Fernandez, W. Garcia, P. Uucero, T. Obando, B. C. Parera, and H. Ramos.

Lyceum Course Word has been received that the Appolo Concert Company is to be the next interesting feature of the Lyceum Course. It is rumored that they have added something to their already promising program which means another delight for the students. The Appolo Concert Company plays at the University auditorium Monday, January 29th. Tickets at Tressler's Drug Store on West Third Street.

R. O. T. C. Since "Old Jack Frost" arrived the practical work of the R. O. T. C. has been reduced to a minimum. The time allotted is utilized to acquire a knowledge of the theory of military science. This theory reaches from the fundamental to the fine points of offense and defense. Two lectures were given by Major Harry F. Hazlett to the entire battalion, one, "The General Organization of the Army," and the other, "Various Grades of Office and Their Respective Insignia."

Preliminary work has already begun in anticipation of another rifle team of championship calibre. The plan is as follows: Each of the four companies will have a team and inter-company matches will be held. The men having the best records upon the completion of these matches will then compete for the varsity team.

The team of last year was victorious in the national-intercollegiate match and this achievement has resulted in our being recognized by many universities of high standing. We have challenges from the University of Pennsylvania, Drexel, Wisconsin and a score of others. To keep U. of D. on top means hard and consistent work.

On Monday, December 18th, Captain Johnson, inspector from Corps Area Headquarters, paid a visit to the university and expressed himself as being well pleased with the splendid results being obtained here in the Art of Military Science and Tactics.

Sodality The Senior Unit of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin met with their Moderator, Rev. George Renneker, on December 10th. Officers were then installed for the coming year as follows: Ades Cholley, president; John P. Garrity, vice-president; John D. Byrne, secretary. The next meeting is scheduled for the latter part of January.

The organization of the Freshman Unit of the Sodality occurred on December 11th. Rev. John Gunzelman presided at the meeting. The following officers were elected: Andrew Zittel, president; Joseph Madigan, secretary. Francis Campbell was chosen as speaker for the next meeting which will be held the latter part of January.

Music Department One department of the University that lives up to its high reputation is the Department of Music. Much credit is due Bro. Louis Vogt for his co-operation with both the social and athletic functions of the University.

Our band is gaining renown not only in the city of Dayton but in the surrounding community. They have received many offers from various societies to partake in their ceremonies.

F. McL.

Senior High The bowling league of the Senior High Division promises to be one of the best in recent years. Enthusiasm is keen, and a glance at the scores show us the calibre of the various bowlers.

The outstanding factor is the rapid rise of the Gumps to first. Led on by Captain Wagner they have succeeded in making a spectacular rise which at first seemed impossible.

All the members are enthusiastic and have a firm belief that their team will cop the honors.

M. G.

Third High-C Third High-C, the banner class of last year, has resumed its activities. They have responded nobly to the Crusade dues, having come across one hundred percent. They also did splendid work in the sale of football and lecture course tickets.

The credit for this work belongs mostly to President Albert Schreck and Vice-President Bob O'Brien, who by their activities are striving to pull all the honors for their class again this year.

The members of the class are anxiously awaiting the opening of the inter-class basketball league, determined again to win the championship.

The Mission Crusade is coming to the front rapidly, and it is in this field that the class expects to carry off all the honors. A meeting is held every Friday, the object of which is to rouse enthusiasm among the members.

A. S.

Freshman The Freshies are always contriving new ways of keeping up interest during recreation periods. The latest innovation is "Speed-ball." Whenever the weather permits the campus is used by the boys of the different teams. At present the Tigers are leading with the Fighting Irish and the Bulldogs crowding them close.

F. S. G.

In Memoriam The class of Third High-B wishes to extend their most heartfelt sympathies to Mortimer Ray, who has recently suffered the loss of his beloved father on December 24th.

CALENDAR FOR THE COMING MONTH

Literary and Social

- Jan. 22. Paderewski at Memorial Hall.
- Jan. 29. Hugh Walpole, Novelist, Lecturer.
Appolo Concert Company at U. D. Auditorium.
- Feb. 6. Davies Opera Company, in "Olivette."
- Feb. 12. Lincoln's Birthday.
- Feb. 14. Valentine Day.
- Feb. 21. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, at Memorial Hall.

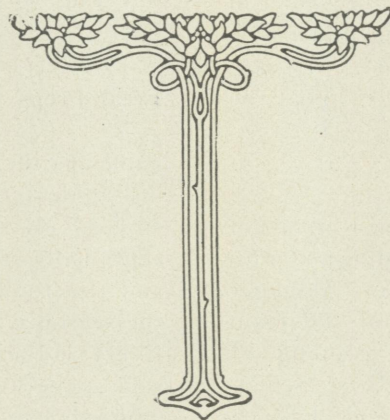
Religious

- Jan. 20. Sodality Meeting.
- Jan. 21. General Communion.
- Jan. 29. St. Francis DeSales
- Feb. 2. Candlemass Day
- Feb. 14. Ash Wednesday.

Sports: Basketball

- Jan. 12. Capital U. at Columbus.
- Jan. 16. Bluffton College at U. D.
- Jan. 19. Ashland College at Ashland.
- Jan. 20. Kenyon College at Gambier.
- Jan. 26. Defiance College at Dayton.
- Feb. 2. Capitol University at U. D.
- Feb. 15. Antioch College at Yellow Springs.
- Feb. 17. Baldwin-Wallace at U. D.
- Feb. 22. Baldwin-Wallace at Berea.

L. Gerlach.



Athletic Notes

By C. Richard Horwedel

VARSITY SCORES DECISIVE VICTORY IN INITIAL CONTEST

Friday, December 15, 1922

IN the curtain-raiser of the 1922-1923 court season the Red and Blue quintet of the South Park school decisively defeated the visiting Kent State Normal five 26 to 11. For the opening game, the home team showed up remarkably well. They exhibited a brand of defense work which bodes ill for the opponents in future contests.

To the followers of the Red and Blue, it was a very interesting affair as it not only marked the season's opening, but also gave the fans a glimpse of the new material which forms a greater part of the squad.

The first half was marked by rather ragged pass-work and poor shooting, in which both sides contributed markedly. However, to "Swede" Wagner went the honor of throwing the first field goal of the season when he caged a long one. The contest see-sawed back and forth until shortly before the end of the first half when the local lads forged ahead by a great spurt. The half ended 11 to 5 in favor of Dayton.

The second half was played in the same fashion as the early part of the game. However, the Dayton lads showed a slightly improved eye for the rim and managed to acquire a safe lead when the final whistle was blown.

Johnny Mahrt showed all the brilliancy of his usual form and managed to cage four fielders. Wagner displayed unerring accuracy in shooting fouls and managed to connect also for a lone field goal.

Coach Van Hill used every man on the squad in order to see how they would shape up under fire. Huge, visitor's center, was their mainstay by caging nine fouls. Kent scored but one field goal the entire game.

The U. D. Preps

The Preps under the mentorship of Coach Hill is fast rounding out into a first-class aggregation. Manager Nunn has arranged a stiff schedule for the team and the boys will have a merry time copping off several of the contests. Games have been scheduled with Cathedral Latin of Cleveland, Urbana High, Aquinas of Columbus, Hamilton Catholic High, St. Rose of Lima, and St. Raphael of Springfield.

Captain Marzluft, Wagner, Bach, Stubbers, Tancred, Gitzinger, Lang, Scott and Murphy remain on the squad after its final cut.

Junior Preps The Junior Preps won a sweet victory over the supposedly strong Mormons 32 to 29. The game was a hard fought affair the Juniors barely nosing their opponents out in the last period. The early period was the heavy scoring section for the Preps and which in the end proved the decisive factor in their victory. Zimmer and Happer starred for the Preps by dropping in 11 field goals between them. Charlie Hecker of the Mormons proved to be the thorn for the U. D. boys and his brilliant shooting kept the Mormons in the game.

The Juniors also annexed an easy victory over the Marathons to the tune of 37 to 5. The opponents never had a look in with the Preps. The entire Prep outfit played a first-class game while Prechtel, former Panther star, was the shining light for the Marathons.

Soph Preps The second high division has the reputation of putting out some splendid basketball quintets and this year is not an exception. This season they are represented by a splendid aggregation which will give battle to any quintet their size. In their initial contest, they gave the Emmanuel Sparks a handy lacing 16 to 6.

While this is the representative division team there are several other good quintets amongst the youngsters. The Freshman "Sparks" of last year have reorganized under the name of the Alts. Also, the Soph Reserves have gotten together and organized a sterling quintet which promises to show interesting times to other opponents of their class.

Fresh Preps The "Freshies" of the U. of D. have the same idea of winning their games as the big teams. They made a good showing against the "Dakotas" as also with the "Keystones." Both of the aforementioned teams are exceptionally strong having played the Soph Reserves and the Junior Aces. The "Shrimps" also started the season with a win over the "Holy Angel Cubs." Every lad in the Fourth Division is becoming a star at the five-man game. All take part in the organized Senior and Junior League. In the Seniors the Reds and Blues have a merry time of it fighting for the seat on the pedestal. The Juniors have four star aggregations, the Oranges, Whites, Greens and Browns.

F. A.

Frolicsome Folly

By Varley P. Young

HIS being an unconventional column and the writer being an exceptionally unconventional person, the conventional "New Year's Resolutions for Students," so customary in College publications of January, will be left in other hands, namely the hands of the Himes brothers, staff artists. They better be good.

She doesn't powder, rouge, or paint,
for this I love my Sadie;
I'll see her when the circus comes,
For she's the bearded lady.

"My papa is a mounted policeman," said little Freddie to his mother's caller.

"Is that better than being a walking policeman?" she asked.

"Course it is," replied Freddie. "If there's any trouble he can get away quicker."—Boston Transcript.

It wouldn't be a bad idea, though, for Bill Kramer to make a resolution to wear officers' boots instead of leather puttees—he looks like a stork in the latter.

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST— ETC.

One day when the family was entertaining the minister and his family at a farewell dinner party Dorothy was privileged to sit at the table and had conducted herself well in the presence of the invited guests.

At last, growing weary of the formality, she asked to be excused before dessert was served. She tiptoed to the kitchen and would not have been missed had she not called in an excited tone, "Mamma, oh, mamma, come here."

Replying softly, the mother said, "Yes, Dorothy, mamma will come presently."

"But, Mamma," shrieked Dorothy. "I say come now, the cat is licking the cream all off the dessert."—Capper's Weekly.

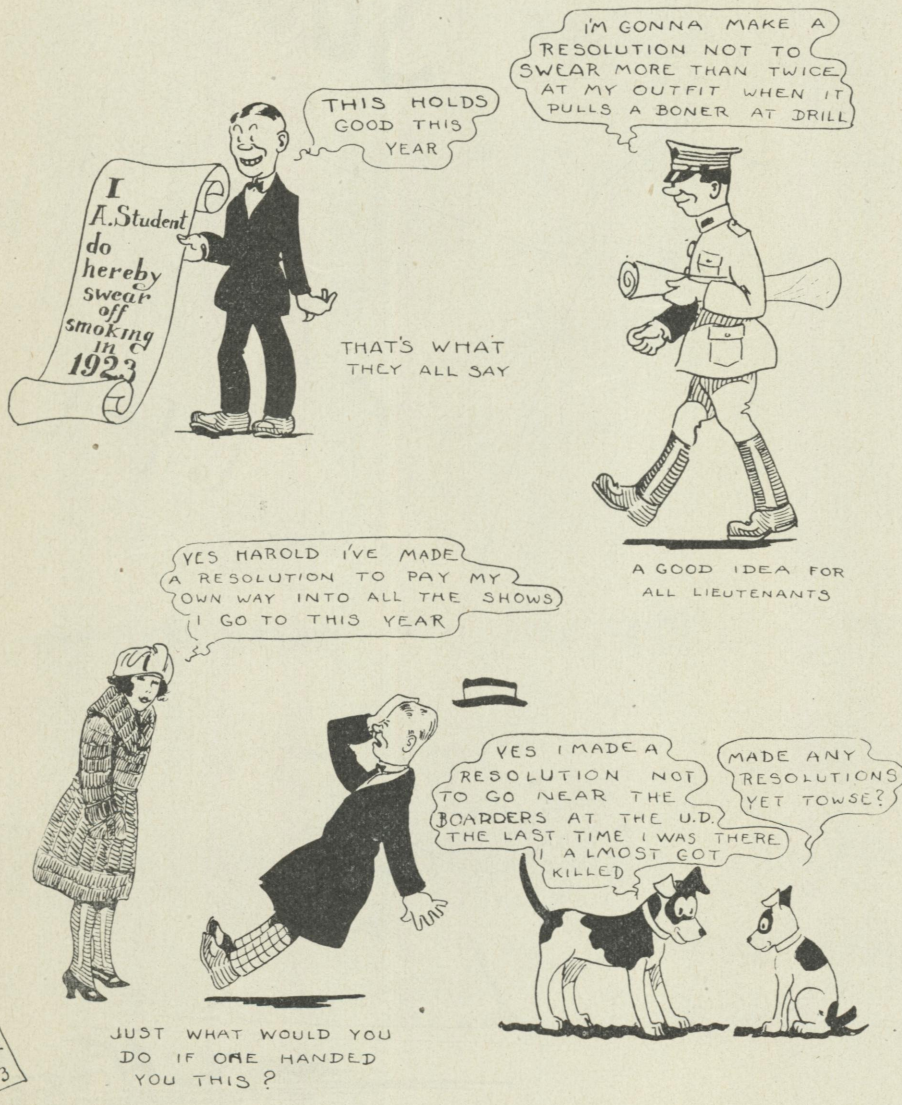
A certain golf hound, so the story goes, died and ascended to the land of the angels. Upon inquiry he discovered that golfers were at the other place. His request to be allowed to descend was granted and he was ushered into the presence of none other than the devil.

"Yes, we have golf links right over there, and the caddies to your left, plenty of clubs here—just make yourself at home," explained that fiery individual.

"But where are the golf balls," inquired the man.

"That's the hell of it—we haven't any."

SOME NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



Through a mistake it was learned too late that a position had been secured for Carl Crane, in the Singer Midget Company at Keiths.

YOU ALL KNOW THIS!

Since the Brown Street car line has gone in for one-man cars, the favorite sport of the operators has been intriguing the students of U. of D. into a foot race in order to catch one of the things. It helps the track team quite a lot, in the long run, but certainly ruins dispositions.

BLILEY FOR MANAGER OF THIS HOUSE

A big house in London, Ohio, is thinking of opening a branch in Paris, Ky.—Judge.

On November 24 to 29, 1922, there was held in Massey Hall, Toronto, Canada, an international convention against alcoholism, called under the auspices of "The World League Against Alcoholism."

Think you this column is the proper place to put this announcement?

HORRORS, GIRLS!

Oh! To what shame is the Exponent subjected. In the exchange column of the "Academia," of St. Mary's Academy, Portland, Oregon, the editor calls us "Frolicsome Polly." Now you chase me a while.

And, furthermore, boys, if you are boys, let us inform you all that the little dears criticize our impregnable business-manager, Shenk, for having advertising matter before the copy in our magazine. Well, of course, Shenk only followed the example set by Cosmopolitan, Red Book and kindred publications, so he's to be excused.

EXPLAINED

John Supensky came in the other day and said: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Well, John, we knew almost all of that excepting the place you were from.

THEY MUST KNOW ADES BY HEART

First Vamp—I've discarded your friend Cholly. He's impossible.

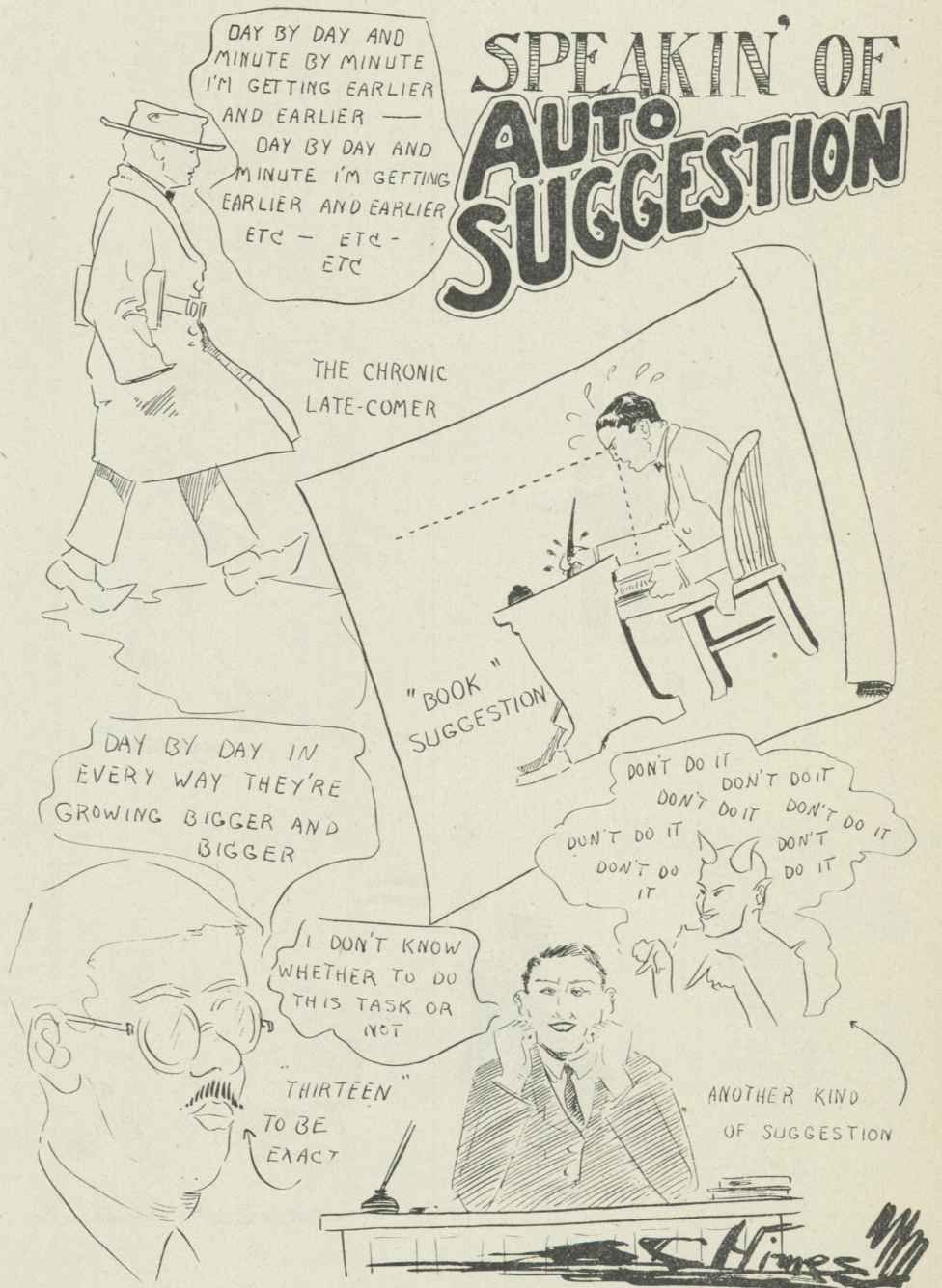
Second Vamp—Absolutely impossible! He can't be done.

—Judge.

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Movie Vamp: "Haven't you a tighter gown than this?"

Tired Wardrobe Manager: "No, madam, I am a costumer, not a taxidermist."



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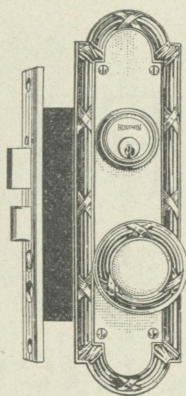
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