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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 book. 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 rendered in a reddish-brown color.

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON EXPONENT

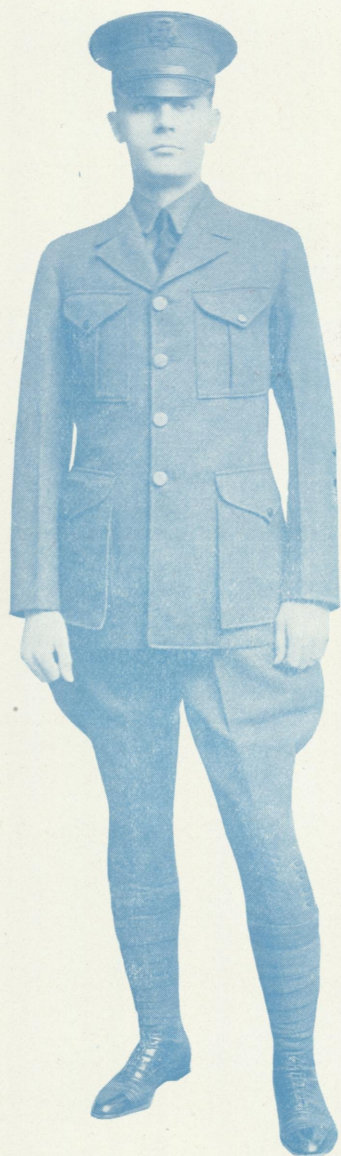
Frontispiece: A PEN AND INK STUDY
By C. J. Himes

A SCIENTIFIC ROMANCE
By A. F. Rabe

OUR PERSONAL CONTRIBUTION
By C. Paulus

February, 1923

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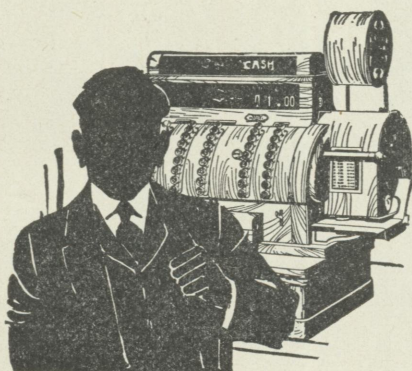
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The University of Dayton Exponent

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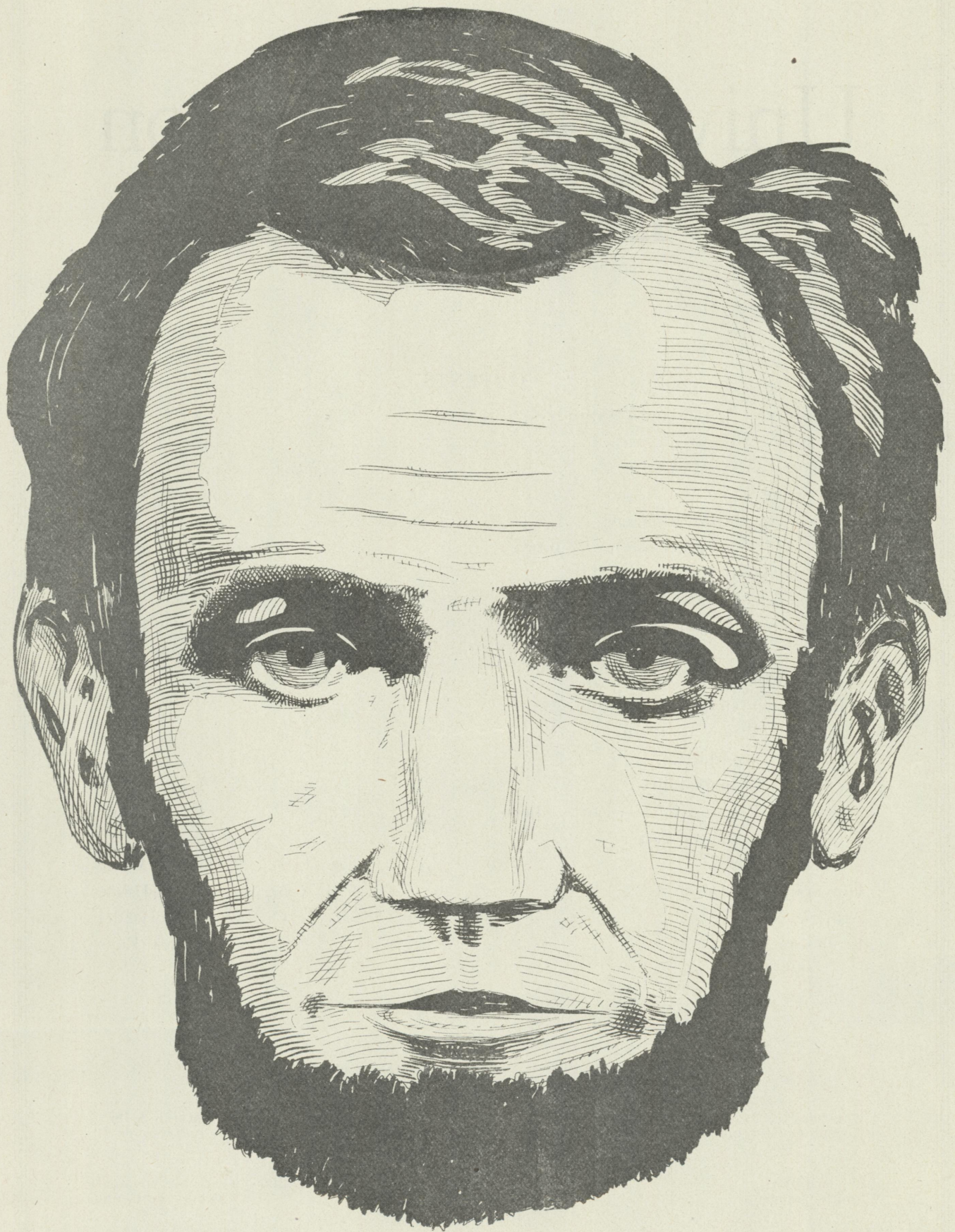
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His Visage

By Ades Cholley

This face doth hold the charms of noble deeds,
Although 'tis said he was uncourtly plain.
Grave is his visage, but does not obscure
The spirit from within that makes it live.
For such compassion as his countenance bears
We seldom see in human face elsewhere
And makes us feel that we are brothers of one land.

Yes this is he,—our worthy martyr's face.
The years have stamped a wisdom on that brow,
A thoughtful air that only duty gives,
Brooding beyond the tempest and the day.
That gentle human mouth and yet so firm,
Those silent patient lips so much foretell
Life tragedy hid in those doleful eyes.
With cheeks so rugged and so full of wealth
It seems the face we see was never young.

Yes, this is he who ruled a nation wide,
The soul and center of a benign power
That wields a hand humbly with faith sublime.
And when the coming days grew dark with threat
His high prophetic vision beaming still,
Calm and serene unto the end he past
And bravely met his martyrdom at last.

"Honest Abe"

By F. Leonard Canavan

HAWTHORNE in his story "Great Stone Face" bases his plot on the psychology of environment. His chief character born in the vicinity of the mountain phenomena grows from boyhood to manhood. His whole life is centered about the realm of the great stone face. So often as he looked at the genial man of the mountain that his own features take on the expression of the face. Hawthorne wrote a great story, one that has been translated into many languages, and one that made him justly famous. Yet Hawthorne living during the same period as Lincoln could have improved his story by basing it upon the face of Abraham Lincoln.

Who has not heard of Abraham Lincoln? Surely no man of America but knows his history, for the history of America is so interwoven with the life of Lincoln that the two are inseparable. Many historians have welcomed the task of portraying his life. Talented pens have paid tribute upon tribute to the "rail splitter." Sculptors, world-famed, have moulded and shaped the Lincoln of America. His picture adorns the pages of many volumes—and there lies our duty.

Pick up any history of the United States and in its pages you will see the print of Lincoln. Some are old photographs, some photographs of busts and full figures, but all represent Lincoln. What is there about Lincoln that is so attractive? Surely not the long figure of the Kentuckian? Surely not the position of the figure, accented by the stoop shoulders, and the position of general sturdiness? No! More than that! It is the face of Abraham Lincoln that holds our attention.

The face of Lincoln, I tremble to endeavor to depict it! My talents are too unworthy of such a sacred trust. Yet although I fall far short in my endeavor, my inward feelings are those of admiration. I can say little to improve upon what has been said worthier hands than mine have accomplished this end. Since early boyhood I have admired Lincoln and I know that I shall ever admire him.

The striking feature of Lincoln is his face. No one characteristic, except the eyes, dominates. The shaggy, unkempt hair, the bushy eyebrows, the high cheek-bones, the straight nose, the furrows about the nose and mouth, the set jaw—all these unite in forming a face that is expressive of honesty, integ-

riety, and devotion. The eyes of Lincoln tell the soul of the man. They fathom everything that comes within their range and they understand. They can be soft and appealing and at once stern and demanding. Yet they are not angry, they sympathize with man and they ask if aid can be rendered.

The face of Lincoln, studied in its entirety, reveals something that is hard to explain. A brief mention of the striking occurrences of his life may serve to enlighten us to some extent.

Lincoln was born of humble parents. He obtained his early education from his stepmother and by his ambition to amount to something. He split rails. He saw the slaves of the South maltreated and sold. He entered politics and worked his way to the Presidency of the United States. He freed the slaves and preserved the unity of our country. Today we would call Lincoln a self-made man, a genius, but any sobriquet we might give him could not equal the "railsplitter," "honest old Abe," or "the great Emancipator."

Despite Fortune's decrees Lincoln rose by dint of perseverance. His honesty and integrity tiding him through many of the complexities of the world.

Again the face of Lincoln—the face of world humanity. Lincoln passed through all the phases of life from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to fame, and always he learned his lesson. Never did he forget his duty to his God, his country, and his fellowmen; always he remained humble,—no worldly position made him forget himself. The imprint of civilization is on the face of Lincoln. Lincoln never forgot to be human. He probed so deep into the affairs of men that on his face was imprinted the rise of civilization. That is why the face can beam so pleasantly and yet bear a stern aspect.

Hawthorne's character was likened unto the face on the mountain but Lincoln by close association with all the stages of life is made like man, man in all his moods, from the depths of suffering to the height of joy. Hawthorne portrayed naught but an eccentricity of nature and Lincoln is a man of the people and of the nation.

We have said nothing of him who is the model American but we might add an extract from the late Henry W. Grady's "Tribute to Lincoln"—"In him were combined the merits of Cavalier and Puritan and in the depths of his great soul all the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Cavalier or Puritan in that he was an American."

The Blood-red Rose

By Lawrence J. Tebbe

IF facial expression counts for aught in this cosmical age the redness of Frank's face must be explained. The happy glow of expectation, the strong flutter of the heart when within reach of life's fortune added to the red of clover blossoms with which nature tints her children of the soil gave a ruddiness to Frank's cheeks which spoke of the unusual joy to come. Although he had never been on a train before he was comfortably happy for his mind was far away lurking among the dusty paths the drooping elms and flower-blown fields where he had whiled away many pleasant hours with her when the day's tasks were over. He was with her again herding the lowing cattle and pattering barefooted in the warm dust and living again that whole string of happy memories whose fruition was the engagement.

Then had come that tempting letter from New York. A mysterious letter it was, offering big money and social prestige and Florene's parents had induced her to try. Two long years had gone by since the sorrowful day of her departure and Frank had not spoken to any girl for Florene was ever with him in the truth of his simple fidelity. She had steadied his hand at the plow, she had made sweet all his dreams and all his thoughts had tended to that happy day when she would be twenty-one and he would come to New York to take home his bride-to-be.

So here he was, nearing New York. Would it not be a happy meeting? With her birthday still a few days off would he not surprise her? They had exchanged no letters although Florence had written that she was a fashion model at Madame Laudette's "Elite" and Frank had composed an answer to express his happiness but the words seemed so clumsy and so empty that he tore up the paper. Frank's faith needed no expression: they understood.

Frank's mind was still in the happy flux of his ever-revolving dreams when the train pulled in at the Grand Central. He hopped off and took to the streets. With a small parcel in one hand and gripping a crumpled envelope in the other he plowed his way through New York's ever-stampeding herd of pedestrians. He hated those little city cars that swayed with sea-sick motion and the policemen's answers of "three miles" and then "two miles" to his queries, were strains of music which grew sweeter as he neared the address scribbled on the envelope. How his heart fluttered as he came nearer to the domicile of his future wife; and how his eyes bulged when at last he stood before the

beautiful mansion that answered to "Elite-on-the-Hudson."

"Poor Florene; how terribly out of place she must feel here," thought Frank as he hopped up the steps and pushed the largest of a half dozen buttons. A dapper bellhop finished in brass opened the door and said stiffly, "please sir; card sir?"

"Is Florene home?" blurted Frank.

"Well-a, you mean the Mademoiselle Cartier I presume?"

"Yes, Florene Carter," came his puzzled answer as he took out an old card, scribbled "Frank" on it and gave it to the bellhop.

Frank waited until the delay made him nervous and he had just decided to rush in and meet Florene when the bellhop returned and with a swooping bow gave Frank a note. It read:

"Dear Mr. Claude:

"I ask your humble pardon for not being able to see you as I have other prearranged engagements. Meet me tomorrow night at the Elite Social Ball, Hudson Hall. I shall have a dark rose in my hair.

"Mademoiselle Cartier."

Frank was stunned. The note cut him to the heart. Half dazed he turned away with slow ponderous steps reading and re-reading those enigmatic lines.

Had he made a mistake? Was this the correct address? Was this Florene,—to write "Dear Mr. Claude" and "Mademoiselle Cartier"? Was this his own dear playmate who had helped him herd the lowing cattle and for whom he had chased the big yellow morphos? No! No! It could not be! He knew it was not. But what could he do;—he had no other address.

Decided to await events, the puzzled lad procured a substantial room at a nearby hotel. Restless and baffled, Frank fatigued himself by walking the floor but he could not solve the puzzle. To relieve his mind, he bought a paper. He was trying to interest himself in the sports and editorials when a casual glance caught the words "Elite Ball" and Frank eagerly devoured the social announcement. To him it looked like an "upper 500" affair for it was replete with expressions like "Society's best," "grand temps," and "Midsummer Soiree."—Oh! How unlike Florene!

The agony of the puzzle in place of the presence of her for whom he had come to New York was driving Frank mad.

"Could it be true," he thought, as he paced the little floor of his room, "that poor Florene is a victim of all this damnable society; that one of these

silk-lined butter fingers has poisoned her pure and simple heart with sophisticated society flatter;—that the restle of silks, the twinkle of jewelry, the lure of money and pride of beauty had worked havoc in the heart of his own dear Florene? Could she have forgotten the true and simple hearts at home,—those twilights spent together, the blessed life of peasantry all because of the cogent flattery of New York's aristocracy?"

Till midnight Frank's mind was in a turmoil of conflicting ideas. Then, somewhat consoled after long and fervent supplication to God that all his suspicions may prove false, he fell into a troubled sleep. Fantastical dreams, all woven about Florene, tortured him until a gloomy morn found him nervous, fearful, and bewildered. His visit to the mansion seemed a dream and he was trying to invent a way of finding his real Florene, but then—here was that note on the bedroom table.

Frank spent a terrible day. He never left the room but sat in the same chair all day with his face buried deep in his hands while his mind tried to struggle free from a thousand capricious vagaries that were strangling it in an endless net. At times it seemed that his stout heart would break and a flood of tears would rush to his eyes only to be repulsed by sheer pluck. Towards evening he dressed as neatly as possible and wearing a hideous, forced smile, he went to the Hudson Ballroom Hall.

Here he waited anxiously until quite late before a monstrous machine drove up and two couples stepped out, daintily tripped up the white stone steps and ascended in a waiting elevator while the machine snorted away. Now came a horde of machines bringing couples of "Society's best." Effeminate men in full dress with white kid gloves and silk hats and ladies bundled up in immense furs and fancy low-drawn hats greeted Frank's eyes. Ordinarily he would have laughed long and loud at these fragile dandies but now a lump stuck in his throat and he swallowed hard as he blinked away the tears. The whole promenade of the elect passed but no Florene stopped to speak to him. He slowly turned away. His gaunt eyes were those of a child utterly lost in a dark jungle and the perfunctory smile on his lips had melted to despair. But had not one of the ladies turned twice to glance at him?

But had she not then thrust up her chin and rushed into the elevator? Grasping at this last feeble straw of hope, Frank decided to view the dancers but he could not even enter.

"I'm sorry sir," said a burly doorwatch, "you must have a partner and be in full dress and have an invitation card before you can enter here."

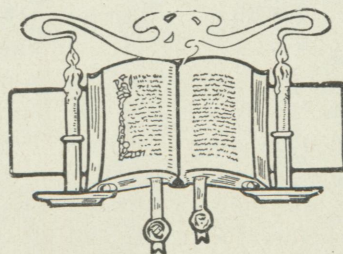
Since Frank had not the first two requisites and doubted the validity of his invitation, he slouched down the steps. Exhausted by his long anxious waiting he dragged himself into the shade of the building and sat down to clear his head.

"Could this possibly have been Florene? No! Never! Never! Never!" All reflection,—everything in him told the farmer lad it was not Florene. But why that double glance, that furtive look? It was curiosity.—But probably it was not!

Right beside him a rusty steel ladder climbed straight up the wall and lost itself in the darkness above. Up this the half-crazed lad nervously climbed until he was far above the winding boulevards below. Strains of lively music and sounds of shuffling feet came to his ear. He climbed dizzily higher when lo!—through a black ventilator he looked down on the most gorgeous sight that had ever met his eyes. Fashion's children, arms and shoulders bare, gowns glittering with beads and jewels, laughing faces made wild by the sputtering arcs, were having boisterous revelry. Frank forgot all about his dangerous position as his mind carried him off into fairyland. Iridescent gleams of a thousand jewels floated beneath him like a swarm of fireflies over fields of waving wheat. Graceful fairies in the embrace of palefaced lovers swayed smoothly to hidden music. The fairies' glittering hair were like the ripples of a silvery sea. Some had golden nets, some had glittering crowns and others had fiery broaches, and one—a blood-red rose! He looked!

"My God," he sighed, as he clasped his hands in prayer. It was too late! His body plunged through the darkness.

The next morning an "Elite" favorite, glancing through the papers, read the few lines of a Mr. Frank Claude being found dead. She turned to the society page and nonchalantly lit another cigarette.



A Scientific Romance

By Alvin F. Rabe

OF the many theories relative to the principle of heredity that have been proposed, there is one which seems to recommend itself above the others, and that is Mendelism. In fact the great field of modern genetics is the outcome of experiments in selected breeding carried out scientifically in 1865, by Gregor Mendel, a Silesian monk, Abbot of the Augustinian Abbey at Brunn. Its reasonable plausibility is backed not only by his own experiments, but also by those performed by other investigators.

Mendel's observations were made about the time that Darwin's views were being given to the world. The result of his experiments and the conclusions he drew were published in the pages of a not very well-known journal. At the time they excited no attention, but forty-five years after their publication they were brought to light by several men of science. In the year 1900 the botanists De Vries, Correns, and Tschermack, working independently, each brought out conclusive evidence confirming Mendel's conclusions and the full value of his work was finally recognized. Soon after Bateson demonstrated that Mendel's principles apply to animals as well as to plants.

According to the common acceptance of the term, heredity is the transmission from parent to offspring of physical and intellectual characteristics. It is a tendency of an organism to reproduce the characteristics of its progenitor. Heredity manifests itself in different ways. Qualities may blend or alternate; the qualities of one parent only, may be in the child or inherited qualities may come from some ancestor not immediate. The fundamental feature of Mendel's method in explaining the process of heredity is the directing of the attention to single characters of the organism, not to the organism as a whole, and to the observation of the behavior it is found that these characteristics under processes of breeding behave according to a very definite law and not in the haphazard manner as was commonly believed.

Mendel's principles of heredity can best be illustrated by a simple case of his own involving only one pair of characters in which one of the pair comes from the female parent and the other from the male. Mendel crossed two types of ordinary garden peas, one parent plant producing yellow peas and the other green peas. A hybrid producing only yellow peas resulted from the cross. In this case the factor for yellow is "dominant" and that for

green is "recessive." The hybrid, that is the generation of yellow peas, produced plants which were then intercrossed or self-fertilized and the resulting peas were found to be mixed. The pods contained both yellow and green peas but in the proportion of three to one; the yellow or dominants being three times greater in number than the greens or recessives. These in turn were grown and again self-fertilized. The green peas or recessives bred perfectly true none but green peas resulting. But not so the yellow or dominants. Some of the latter bred true producing only yellow peas in one pod but some of them acted like the first hybrid generation of yellows and produced yellow and green peas in the same pod in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter. In no case were there intermediate colors.

In reasoning out the significance of these results Mendel concluded that something is carried in the germ cell which produces the factors in the seeds,—in this case being color. One original parent contained a factor for yellow, the other for green. Fertilization of the germ cells from the two parents brought both factors into the ovule which developed into the hybrid. Both factors do not come out when the peas are formed: one, recessive, remains latent, the other, dominant, predominates over the first with the result that all of the hybrids are of the same color.

Further experiments with other pairs of characteristics such as tallness and dwarfishness, etc., led Mendel to lay down the law that "in every case where the inheritance of an alternative pair of characters was concerned, the effect of the cross in successive generations was to produce three and only three, different sorts of individuals, viz., dominants which bred true, dominants which gave both dominant and recessive offspring in the ratio of three to one, and recessives which always bred true."

Many have been perplexed as to why one child may have dark eyes and another of the same parents have light eyes while both parents have light eyes, both dark eyes or when the one parent has light and the other dark eyes. Mendel's theory fully accounts for this. If the child has dark eyes it is because in the germ cell contributed by one or the other of his parents towards his origin, there was a specific determiner for that unit character. The dark tendency will triumph over the blue tendency because darkness of eyes is due to the presence of a positive determiner while blueness of eyes is a negative quality due simply to the absence of the

pigment determiner. Accordingly the dark quality is dominant and the blue is recessive. Some dominant characters come out just as strongly in the developed organism when "simplex," that is when the determiner is supplied by only one of the parent cells, as when "duplex" or contained by both cells, and some do not; as ink and water when mixed looks black as in but wine and water mixed does not look red as wine. If a determiner for a trait is present in all the germ cells of both parents then the trait must reappear in all the offspring. If a determiner is absent from the germ cells of both parents the trait cannot be inherited by the offspring. If contrasting tendencies exist, the dominant tendency will assert itself in the descendants, but of the germ cells developed in these descendants one-half will convey the dominant and the other the recessive. Therefore the children of a black-eyed and a blue-eyed parent will have black eyes, while of the grandchildren three will have dark eyes and one will have blue eyes.

The scheme of inheritance which Mendel was the first to enumerate has been confirmed by repeated experiments on so many different plants and animals with many different characteristics, that the main conclusions of Mendel are now universally accepted. The complex characters which do not seem to segregate or Mendelize at least in any simple way that can be predicted, are the problems with which modern experimentalists are occupied. The failure to comprehend the operation of these characters is due to a lack of facilities for observation rather than to a deficiency or error of principles. The Mendelian principles have gained much ground since they were first made known to the world and they still continue to do so.

One of the most recent writers on the subject claims that the results which have been obtained by work along Mendel's lines have been of sufficient import in themselves to show that his discovery "was of an importance little inferior to those of a Newton or a Dalton."

Martini's Guitar

Lawrence J. Tebbe

In winter when the nights are long and wailing
goes the wind
We sit before the leaping flames and cares are left
behind:
Martini plays the light guitar and wandering goes
the mind.—
"Strum," "strum,"—the soft notes come
And with the mellow tune
We are again the happy twain
'Neath a Venetian moon.

Upon the bay the ripples play
That spring from lambent oar.
From side to side they gently glide
And kiss the distant shore.
In mystic shade gondolas fade
But songs of gondolier
From everywhere creep through the air
And melt upon the ear.
"Strum," "strum," so softly hum
A thousand lovers' fleets.
"Strum," "strum," the echoes come
From thousand liquid streets.

Italian night, the stars are bright,
When 'neath the casement bar
There comes again the mellow strain
From lover's light guitar.
"Strum," "strum," oh "come," "come,"
"Come to thy love" it sings,
Then 'neath the moon the lovers croon
The joy which love-day brings.
And still he plays Italian lays
Until the night sinks deep;
The fireplace glows,—her black eyes close;
Martini's love's asleep.
"Strum," "strum," so softly hum;
Martini's love's asleep.

The Father of Our Country

II. A STUDY IN TRADITIONS

By Joseph B. Wentker

ON February 22, we celebrate the birthday of that illustrious patriot, dear to the hearts of every American,—George Washington. It is altogether fitting that we recall the man whose name has been so inseparable with the very foundation of our mighty republic.

George Washington was born at Mt. Vernon, Va., in 1732. Little is known of his boyhood. His education was elementary and defective. At the age of sixteen we find him a surveyor; at nineteen a major in the army. In 1775 he was appointed commander of the Virginia militia. Three years later he married. On July 19, 1775, Washington was commissioned the commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United Colonies. The War for Independence, the Treaty of Peace—our cause had been won. Then higher honors and higher duties summoned him to be the first president of the new republic. After a life of service dedicated to "the land of the free and the home of the brave" he died on the fourteenth day of the last year of the eighteenth century.

This, in short, has been the life of Washington. To say more would be to repeat that which everyone is already acquainted with. His memory is cherished by all. His name is appropriated by many cities, a state and the capitol residence. Does that not prove the respect we have for him?

Yes, but it is merely respect and nothing more. We honor a person not by erecting dead memorials, but by living reflections and deeds. We will have a regard for those things which have exemplified his life, and for the ideas and ideals which he has offered for our betterment.

It is for us then to delve into his life not for bare facts, but for whatever is worthy of deliberation and imitation. Since he has been linked with our very political existence we must look upon him from two different points of view; first, as an individual; secondly, as a counsellor in national affairs.

Taking the former aspect we will notice two outstanding characteristics. Every person should strive to attain these ennobling qualities. In this unsettled day and age of fickleness we have special need of them. I speak of that fortitude with which only a Washington could animate the suffering forces at Valley Forge; of that unconquerable perseverance which helped him to overcome the colonial poverty, exasperating annoyances, and the selfishness and stupidity of his fellowmen. Let him be our model in the march to success.

Rightfully has he been named the "Father of Our Country," for in his hand lay the fate of the new-born republic. It was his sound judgment that, under circumstances even more trying than the War for Independence itself, bound the weakened colonies together into a nation.

America, turn back to the never-failing guidance of your Father! Heed his advice! Today more than ever you need his assistance. Prove that you honor him by deliberating upon those principles of government with which he bade us farewell. "Nothing," said he, "nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded." The unsettled state of world affairs, sentiment and hope of present gain do much to influence us to transgress this doctrine. Let us be on our guard lest we fall.

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is in extending our commercial relations to have with them as little political connection as possible." Here too must we be careful, for a false sense of security and our charity towards bleeding and mangled Europe may entangle us in politics.

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." In the attempts and plans of reconstruction there are suggestions of this nature. "Eternal vigilance," must be our motto.

"All obstructions to the executions of laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and are of fatal tendency." Oh, ye dormant and unsuspecting take heed of these words! How fittingly may we apply them at these times when the hooded demons are showing their poisonous fangs in all parts of the country in a bold attempt to cast aside the legal authority constituted for the protection of society; when bigots are undermining the rights of a certain people to fulfill what conscience dictates; when crazed reformers seem determined by fair means or foul to deprive us of personal liberty.

Certainly that is not in keeping with the democratic principle that all men are "endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty and Pursuit of Happiness."

It is now that we must decide what the future shall hold in store for our posterity. How shall we treat these many difficult internal and external problems?

We cannot turn back the pages of history and call forth the noble Washington to lead us. But we

have the spirit and power of a Washington in the application of his parting counsel. Let us accept it. With his support, we shall set our hearts to the mighty task before us, while we proclaim: "Our country right or wrong; if right to be kept right, if wrong to be set right!"

Our Personal Contribution

By Clarence Paulus

THE laborer is worthy of his hire. This economic principle was laid down centuries ago but its truth still stands unchallenged. Truly there is a great difference of opinion on the question of what the laborer should receive in return for his effort. Some men are rewarded with wealth and power; others are abandoned to abject poverty. Some are given position and respect; others are left in obscurity. Some are obsessed with a craving for larger wages; others are satisfied with little. Some measure their life's work by the bank account it gives them; others yield their lives to ceaseless toil, working to the very limit of their strength, and get but the pittance of a recompense.

What then are the laborer's wages? By what criterion should a man's worth be judged? Are wealth and position the only measures of success? Or do men strive for a reward that is grander than money and more ennobling to mind and soul?

These and similar questions occur to us and we cannot help but think oftentimes, that the world rewards best the man who loves her best. He who serves the capricious world in all her demands often receives the grandest prize of her treasure, and frequently the man who contributes most to the true cause of humanity is forgotten and unthanked. Our sculptures and monuments bear witness to this—that the world pays tribute to but few of her great men. We seek long and fruitlessly for the memorials of our unnamed benefactors. But surely their noble deeds did not go unrewarded. It could not be so. Somewhere in the Eternal Court of Justice they were repaid. And their's was a prize a thousand fold more glorious than all the transitory riches and joys the world ever had.

Go with me to that sunny peninsula across the seas where five hundred years ago there walked from town to town and city to city a young man who was filled with an overpowering ideal which he meant to develop. At every turn he was met by sneers and jeers. He struggled on however in pursuit of his ideal until at last he died in a pauper's prison. But Christopher Columbus wrote his name so high in the annals of history that the whole

world respects his undying courage and intrepidity in the face of the most obstinate difficulties.

Down in the deep and dark defiles of a mountain pass a mere handful of strong men have planted themselves in the path of the invading hosts. All that is dear—life, home and happiness—is at stake. The mighty and irresistible army of the enemy surges toward them. A single man from among the defenders rushes forward and receives in his embrace a dozen hostile thrusts and falls transpierced. Through the narrow path which the hero opened by his death comrades crowd to victory. Liberty was bought that day but Arnold Von Winkelreede had no money for the buying. For an inestimable treasure he gave a priceless boon, his life. He gave that which all the accumulated wealth of the world could not have purchased.

Long ago in a little town not far from Florence, was born a child who grew up amid all the luxuries that wealth could offer. But they gave him neither satisfaction nor happiness. And as he wandered through the squalid streets and mingled with the beggars he felt envious of their good cheer. His only joy was in giving them alms. Can we wonder then that when his father demanded that he quit the poor and live in the enjoyment of his riches, that young St. Francis was supremely happy in choosing the company of the penniless?

These are but a few among those who have served God and man in the fullness of their abilities. But not all the names on the Honor Roll of Noble Deeds are found on the pages of history. Think of the thousands and thousands of men and women who gave all for the betterment of mankind and their heroic sacrifice is nowhere recorded save in the annals of the "Eternal Years."

Why, we may ask, why did they do this? What was it that inspired them to climb such heights of self-immolation? What was it that drove them on and on through derision and pain unto death? It was not a sordid ideal of financial gain. It was not the hollow goal of political power. It was not the monstrous desire for business preponderance. It was not the passionate covetousness for social pres-

tige. It was not the insatiable hunger for notoriety. Nor was it the grim necessity for livelihood.

It was, however, the response of noble minds to an ideal set high among the stars. It was the same power that enables an artist to withstand all earthly suffering till he can re-create that image which haunts his grand mind. It was the same thing that makes a noble soul persist in the face of adversity and temptation. It was the same factor that sends the missionary from home and loved ones to the far-reaching shores of the earth. It was the eternal pursuit of an ideal; an ideal that ever finds a harmonious response in noble souls; an ideal that is ever beckoning, yet never reached on earthly shores.

We of the twentieth century must esteem ourselves fortunate in being the heirs of a noble heritage, a heritage won by the lives and deeds of our forefathers. They labored and died that we might enjoy the harvests of their labors. We would, indeed, be ingrates if we failed to give thanks to those who contributed so generously to our welfare.

They were not paid with this earth's goods. All the gold in the world would not have cancelled our debt to them. What was their reward? It was a secret reward of all rewards. It was the conscious-

ness of duty well done. It was the satisfaction of following an ideal that led to heaven's own gate. It was the joy of work and suffering. It was the hope of further achievement. It was the love for struggling mankind. It was the faith of treasures laid up in heaven where neither the rust or moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through and steal!

Unfortunately youth pictures success as having its culmination in a life of luxurious ease. He chooses a mercenary ideal to prod himself to greater effort toward the realization of his ambitions. Are we doing our duty to posterity by setting him an example of what one's ideas should be? Or do we shirk this sacred responsibility? Too often today money and position are offered to men if they will abandon the cause of right and lend themselves to sinister forces. My friends, in the hour of trial, how will it be with you? Do you wish to write your name on the roll of those who served themselves before their neighbor, or is it your desire to serve your fellowmen so well that millions now unborn will breathe your name in gratitude as one who lived for more than money.

The Old Man

By Frank Potts

I often see him walk apast the little gate;
His back is bowed, his step is short and slow,
He seems more feeble and depressed of late,
His head seems buried in a drift of snow.

Whene'er I see him totter down the lane,
I think of Spring that bloomed then died away,
Insisting still to live its life again,
Though wintry blasts consume the weary day.

E'en yet there's something in his meager stride,
Or in his tidy dress, or wrinkled face,
That plainly shows the marks of youthful pride,
Too deep for Age's hand to e'er erase.

I always smile at him as he goes by,
Or wave my hand, or say a word to him;
For as he passes he will raise his eye
And peer at me, as though his sight was dim.

One day I saw him at our garden bush,
He plucked a rose that was a pallid red;
He gazed at it and kissed its pinkish blush,
And pressed it to his heart and shook his head.

And as he stood against the garden wall
He brought a picture that I'd seen before:
It looked as though he were both young and tall,
And stylish seemed the shiny clothes he wore.

His cheek was full, and bright his youthful eye,
A rose he held that was a failing red—
The picture faded, and I could but sigh
To see the old man standing there instead.

How much he looked like one I'd seen before
Upon a picture that my mother kept.
One day she took it from a dusty drawer,
And held it close upon her breast and wept.

Years after that, when she had gone away,
I found the picture in its dusty place:
'Twas of the old man in an earlier day;
I knew the garden bush; I knew his face.

Look by the gate, and see him as he goes,
Beneath the bush he stops—O heartless Time!
'That you should take the romance from the rose,
And make such men to wither in their prime.

Little Fairy

By Varley P. Young

OSCAR GREENLEAF FAIRFIELD was a grouch. Not in the ordinary sense of the word, however, was he a grouch. Hardly ever was he seen without a smile on his face and this fact was often remarked by folks who came in contact with him. He even had a cheery word for people who came in contact with him provided—here was the hitch—provided that they and the things with which they surrounded themselves met with his approval.

For example, Oscar Greenleaf Fairfield didn't approve of Children, he didn't approve of olives, theaters, Oscar Wilde, skyscrapers, long skirts, lawyers, and—most of all—ventilation. He simply refused to go through life ventilated. Suppose, he would argue, it does prolong one's life, who the devil cared to live always in a draft.

So it will not be hard to imagine his state of mind on a certain morning in December—one of the coldest and windiest Decembers on record—as he read a letter. It informed him that his little niece would arrive that afternoon for an extended visit. He forthwith worked himself into a terrible rage and calling his housekeeper, insurance agent, secretary and sparring partner to his side, said: "Miss Gill, read that note."

Miss Gill followed his directions, as she always did. She raised first, her eyebrows and then her eyes in a meaning look.

"I ask you, Miss Gill, isn't that a condemned shame. Just as I was settling down to enjoy my new library in comes this young snide to disturb me," he said.

"But how old is the child, Mr. Fairfield?" respectfully inquired Miss Gill, with a mental note to provide toys, dolls and other things for the darling.

"Now that's just it. I don't rightly remember," pondered Mr. Fairfield in reply. "Let me see, her mother, my sister of course—"

"Yes, yes of course," helped Miss Gill.

"My sister," continued Mr. Fairfield unperturbed, "ran away with an actor about twenty years ago. Then she died about twelve years later so the girl must be eight or ten years old."

"Oh, the little darling," breathed the prim secretary.

"What—little imp you mean. Coming here to live off me. I wonder who in thunder sent her here. I've a good mind to ship her back."

"Well, Mr. Fairfield, wait until you see the little dear, perhaps you'll change your mind." Miss Gill suggested.

"Never," firmly stated Fairfield. "You know I don't approve of children. You may go, Miss."

"Thank you, sir," was all that Miss Gill could think of to say and she glided noiselessly from the room.

* * * * *

It was almost dusk that evening when Miss Gill moved slowly and cautiously to the door in answer to the bell. She opened the door and stood bewildered. A voice from the twilight asked in very sweet tones, "Is this where Mr. Fairfield lives?"

"Of course," answered Miss Gill as if the idea were preposterous, "won't you step in."

The beautiful creature did so but sighting Fairfield through the open door of his study she advanced almost to him without an announcement and stood there until her presence was noticed.

Oscar Greenleaf Fairfield looked up at her then jumped to his feet in amasement. Never had he seen such a delightfully refreshing sight. Shapely, young, pretty, the girl stood before him. Little wisps of her bobbed hair peeped from beneath a becoming turban hat while her big brown eyes sparkled as she looked into his. She broke the awkward silence.

"I just know you're my Uncle Oscar, aren't you?" she pleaded.

"Who are you to call me uncle?" barked Fairfield. He had recovered his poise sufficiently by this time to bark.

"Why I'm your niece, Marjorie Riley?" she pouted, "don't you like me?"

"It's not that, er-er Marjoriem like you, I don't know you. Besides you look like an actress and everyone knows that I don't approve of anything about the theater."

"Oh, I'm so glad. You'll like me then, because I've never been on the stage. I'm a movie actress," she said with a sigh of relief.

"Movie, movie," he continued in a roar. "Worse and more of it. I never heard tell of a Marjorie Riley in the movies and I see 'em all."

"No wonder, you old darling; I don't use that name. I'm known as Beatrice Grace."

"Oh, Mr. Fairfield," spoke Miss Gill, heretofore quiet as a mouse, "that's the girl you always liked so well. Remember her in 'Fruits and Nuts' and how—"

"Silence, Miss Gill! Speak when you're spoken to," he interrupted. And Miss Gill silently and shamefully left the room to prepare the finest meal she could for her favorite screen star.

"Now, young lady," began Uncle Oscar.

"Just a minute, Uncle, dear," Marjorie broke in, "this is the stuffiest old room I ever was in." She moved to the window and raised it.

"Oh, ye Gods! This is the last straw—you young rascal, I hate cold air."

"Of course you don't now," she murmured, "but there's a lot of things you haven't liked up to now that you're going to be crazy about."

"That's what you think," Uncle Oscar informed his new-found niece, but you've got another think coming."

"Don't be silly, Uncle. The reason I came here is to get you out of this old rut you've gotten yourself into. Oh, don't say a word," she remonstrated, as the staid Mr. Fairfield began to speak. "I know all about you. A girl friend right next door has been writing me about you for two years, and I've decided to reform you."

"Oh, you have, have you—well let me tell you this—" again protested Oscar Fairfield.

"Sh-sh-sh—not a word. You're only forty-six years old and you act like you're sixty. Do you know what you're going to do?" inquired Marjorie.

"You bet I do. I'm going to throw you out, then take a cup of coffee to settle my nerves. That's what I'm going to do."

"Oh, no you're not. I need someone to take care of my affairs. You're going to do it. I've a lonely bungalow in Hollywood—"

"Heavens on earth, take me to a sinful place like Hollywood! Not on your life." Uncle Oscar stood adamant here.

"You know nothing about it. It's as quiet as Winona Lake, Indiana. Now listen closer. I've just made a contract for twelve pictures within the next two years, for which I will get close to a million dollars, and I want you to help me manage my own affairs. I already have an office in the tallest skyscraper in Los Angeles—"

"Skyscrapers! That's the end," shouted Mr. Fairfield as he started to rise.

But he was ingloriously pushed back into his easy chair, and she serenely continued, "Not only that, Uncle Oscar, but if you're real good, I may let you play a part in one or two of the pictures," finished the little Miss.

There was a long period of silence broken only by the noise of breaking china in the kitchen as Miss Gill in her nervousness dropped a cup or two to the floor.

"I'll be d—I beg your pardon—if I won't. "Why didn't you come here three years ago," he asked, while his face broke into one large smile.

"Because I was scared, Uncle. I heard that you didn't approve of me," Marjorie replied, almost sobbing.

"Don't be silly," cautioned Uncle Oscar. Come on, let's eat. I'm starved."

Eternally for Peace

By Lawrence J. Tebbe

UNLIKE many courses of events that have become a part of history, that of the Papal Succession is replete with piquant romance. Filled with tragedy as is the lot of God's Church on earth it is at once both wonderful and glorious. Born in hardship and struggle she has advanced through undulations of suppression and triumph until today She is the wonder of all nations, a congregation of three hundred million souls.

Of the first thirty Popes that ascended the throne of the fisherman, twenty-nine died martyrs to their cause. Born in blood and guided by the hand of Christ, beneath each sanguine blow of oppressor the Church sprang up more powerful than ever. Never were found lacking men who were willing to give their lives for Her cause. Little wonder that an institution with so cogent an appeal, so worthy of sacrifice, should attract great consideration throughout all ages to this day! Little won-

der that mankind, lost in the hazes of infidelity and groaning under the pains of war, should turn to her for enlightenment and peace!

And the Popes have not been slow in accepting their responsibilities. "It seems plain to me from history," says Cardinal Newman, "that the Popes from the first considered themselves to have universal jurisdiction." To say the least, it is indisputable that before the year 200, the Bishop of Rome was recognized everywhere as the successor of St. Peter not only as head of the local Church but also as presiding over Christendom.

Such being their position, people naturally flocked to the Pope for advice and they presented their difficulties to him for solution. In the year 274 we find Aurelius leaving the Bishop of Rome decide concerning some property at Antioch and from the time of Peter to Leo the Great in 440, the Church may be called "Civilization," and when the heretic

Vandals plundered Rome the people saw in the Church their only ark of refuge. Then came the great Papal Monarchy which practically guided Europe for over a thousand years. In these years we have the extension of Christianity, the broadening of the field of civilization.

Exemplary of the great power accorded to the Pope by popular volition is the fact that they became the mediators in not only ecclesiastical but also political and social differences. They were asked to give decisions on wars, to confer royal titles, to admit new kingdoms to the family of Catholic nations and in all these various phases their word was accepted as authority. And through all their effort there ran a dominating note of peace;—peace to nations, to industry, and to society for all time.

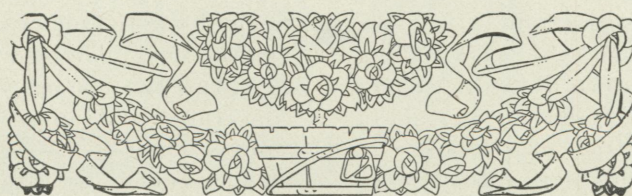
Still fresh in our minds is the great work of pacification performed by Leo XIII. Not only did he labor for industrial prosperity but he exerted influence in almost any phase of life which had to do with human progress. Even staunch Bismarck was mollified by his diplomatic skill in settling an ominous question with Spain over the Caroline Islands. The Popes have ever believed that that country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy people and with this principle in mind, let us consider the logic of the statement of Leo XIII that "natural reason recognizes the need of giving the first place to consideration of justice since this is the first foundation of the happiness and permanence of states." So ardent have been the efforts of the Popes for the restoration of order, the regeneration of society, industrial prosperity, peace within the nation and among nations, that we can never surmise what the State of civilization would be today had not their good work been so often frustrated by the pride and selfishness of man.

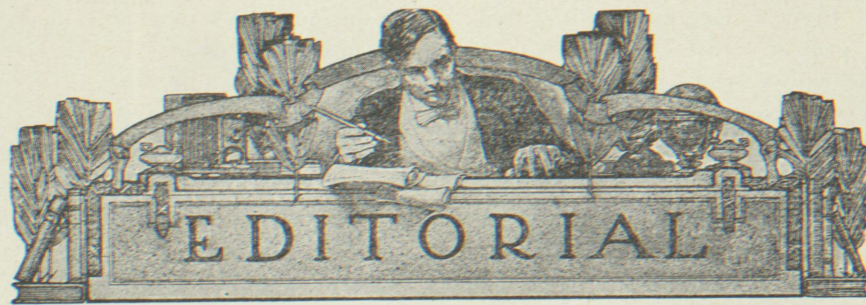
There is an age in history immortalized by the superhuman Epic of Dante in which the Christian

ideals of peace, brotherhood, and holiness found reality. This age was one in which the Pontifex Maximus was King of Kings and Lord of Lords, judging all men and judged by none. The advancement of civilization and beauty of human thought nourished by this age of peace has enshrined itself in the wonderful works of architecture of that time.

Never before or after has such an epoch appeared. The rod of dominion so fittingly placed in the hand of the Pope has been appropriated by the rabble: and the rule of humanism, full blown in the religious revolution of the sixteenth century and the social revolution of the eighteenth century, has sown its seed; and, today is reaping the whirlwind. The world is discontented and escaping reform. Suffice it to say mankind shall not find peace in any new structure of its own hand but it must revert and bow again before the Throne at Rome where four centuries ago it began its sorrowful digression. There alone shall it find the road to peace; a road made solid by centuries of experience with human nature.

Into the Papal chain whose history has ever been one of untiring efforts for peace among mankind, our present Pope, Pius XI, is a very fitting link. Filled with an energetic zeal for international comity and dedicated to peace, we may well have faith that humanity will benefit by his efforts. The selfishness and stupidity of nations has made a tragedy of many Papal endeavors in the past but to us Catholics this is not discouraging: it is only a prophecy and its fulfillment. Driven from Rome over eight score times, over eight score times the Popes have made a triumphant return, unmarred by the sacrilegious hands of the enemy. Just as the work of God is seen in the work of the glorious past, so also have we faith that in the gigantic tasks presenting themselves to Pope Pius XI, God's will be done.





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Poor Man, Rich Man Success is a relative term and the rich man may be poor and the poor man may be rich in the things that count. It is the achievement of the really worth-while things that confers merit on an individual.

Measured in the amount of gold he has accumulated, he may be rich, but when gauged by the measure of manhood and the service he has rendered the world the rich man may be the poorest. Often a rich man has at his call every kind of attendant and service, yet he may not possess good health, happiness or contentment, and what would life be without any of these. He often finds out too late that money cannot buy happiness and health.

The poor man may come home from his day's work to feel perfectly contented and happy. He will partake of his meagre, humble viands but the appetite honest labor has given him makes him relish them more than the millionaire who sits down by his table to partake of delicacies garnered from the four corners of the earth. The poor man will lay himself to rest perfectly happy and without any fear, putting all his trust in the Almighty, whilst the rich man may lay awake all night wrestling with business problems and schemes of all sorts to conserve his worldly interests. The rich man may have a palace to live in and the poor man a mere four-walled shack but if love, devotion and consid-

eration abide there with him and his family, that is Home, the greatest place on earth.

What a contrast between rich man and poor man, yet we are all brothers and in the end will each have to give an account of ourselves to God. We are, all of us, really only stewards. No matter be you rich or be you poor, remember it will be better for you if after passing through this world, you will have left it richer and better for your having gone through it.

W. J. K.

Who's to Blame

It is considered a fact in the minds of many people that there are too many social lodges, club houses and boarding places tabulated under the misnomer "American Colleges." There is no doubt that many of these institutions serve very efficiently in aiding youth to climb the dizzy ladder of social giddiness. Many others they lull to a fascinating nonchalance on the toboggan of moral decadence.

If this be what the great class among those who are enrolled, really wants, then the schools must be credited with willingness to accommodate, if nought else. If the prospective member selects his school because of these things it is self-evident why some schools revel in exploiting their scandals and heterodoxy. It makes very effective advertising. If it is the duty of the school to accede to every whim and foible of a riotous student body, then our presi-

dents and boards of directors are eminently fitted and their attitude is praiseworthy.

But there are some who wish to study and they go to school in order to gain the opportunity. It is to these students that the American College has a most sacred duty. To her is entrusted an endowment totaling millions and millions of dollars—given by one who hoped that it would aid coming generations. Some one wanted to give the opportunity for study to those whose fortunes are their eagerness to learn and not their father's bank account. Some one wanted research to be continued in order that humanity might be relieved of drudgery. There are hundreds of these benefactors who contributed so generously in order that man might come to a greater appreciation of the nobility of life.

There are others to whom the American College is indebted—others than those who gave her wealth and prosperity. To these she has a consecrated responsibility. She is the custodian of those priceless accumulations of the past, for which ages struggled; to which her children contributed so generously. She is the repository of their ideals and trusts. They labored for her and gave that she might give to others. Struggling mankind looks up to her for guidance. She is the beacon to progress and achievement.

In the present period of educational iconoclasm the American College has much to answer for. She who boasts so proudly cannot separate the worthy from the unworthy and claim credit for all their merits and deny responsibility for those of whom she is not proud. She must own them all. In the light of this analysis it is slightly provocative to see the student blamed for all that makes our collegiate standard lower than it should be. If the American College is as faulty as some of our college presidents claim she is, one's high estimation of the fitness of her directors leads one to trust that they will not be too cursory in their self-examination before they condemn the youth of a nation.

C. P.

Solitude

We may regard a place of solitude as one in which the surroundings do not draw our thoughts to exterior things. It may be a little barren room permeated with stillness where one can sink into the depths of his inner man: it may be a forlorn country place where one can listen to whispering nature and feel the power of her enchanting stillness. But a wise man, a man of reflection is never alone;—"Numquam minus solus quam cum solus."

Solitude is not for the beast since he is wanting in intellect and therefore in reflection. Reflection is a divine gift given to man alone that in the trials of

life he may reason what is best and see the future through the eyes of the past. By examining yourself you can acquire the most precious knowledge that can be attained. Think!—you will discover the extent and the limit of your forces and will see the plain upon which they should vibrate.

Men in the past have become great because they delved deep into solitude's pools of wisdom. Unmindful of the vicissitudes and vexations of life they planted the seeds of wisdom in solitude and great indeed were the blessings received. It is the duty of every man to strive to a correct conception of the significance and purpose of life. The human mind is a vast labyrinth and its exploration is most difficult but by constant application of our internal observation and reflection we can penetrate its hidden secrets.

J. P.

Dependability

In this world of ours there is one fact that is every day becoming more and more evident. That is the utter lack of dependability that can be placed in the greater part of mankind and in its institutions. The business man begins the day with fear that the public service corporations will fail to do their part towards the accomplishment of his program for the day. At his office he always has some work which he will not trust to others. By painful experience he finds his assistants have failed him too often. Though he seeks the world over he finds hardly a man whom he can truthfully call dependable.

The average student in the colleges of today is preparing himself for some position in the world of the near future. He will soon be thrust into the mercenary realm of business politics. The first observation he will undergo will be to determine whether or not he can be relied upon. The early impressions of the employer are lasting. Once formed it is hard for the young man to change them.

The young man brands himself as trustworthy or not, and more or less decides for himself whether his life be a success or failure, by his training and discipline in College. It is there that his character is formed as it will be throughout his life. He cannot expect that after entering the business world he will remedy his habit of putting forth, not his best, but just enough to slip by. For the habits of adolescence are the habits of life.

Too many graduates with such slipshod ways are leaving the portals of our Colleges. They serve as a poison that prejudices the minds of executives against every college bred man.

When students are willing to fight the gambling spirit, which breaks down every moral reserve, and become intent to perform their academic and religious duties thoroughly, then only can they be called true successors of their glorious predecessors

who have handed down the heritage of Christian learning.

C. P. M.

Return of American Soldiers

With the landing of the last ship-load of American soldiers in Georgia one recalls that memorable day of June 26, 1917. On this day the American dough-boy first set foot on foreign soil. Their successful transportation was, practically speaking, an experience whose results were unexpected. How absurd was the thought of sailing 3,000 miles over a sea infested by submarines and planted with mines; in vessels wholly unequipped for the purpose. How precautions we then were to guide them safely over the broad expanse. The news of their arrival brought with it the confidence that follows achievement.

Through an uninterrupted period of eighteen months, vessel after vessel coursed the wake of its leader. Finally the armistice was signed and with it came the great task of bringing the men back home.

The departure of the first American soldier for France may be highly contrasted with the arrival of the last American soldier in America. They left our shores when patriotism and Americanism were at their peak, and they were animated with the spirit of liberty and democracy. Five years later they arrived back home. The cause for which their brothers gave their last full measure has been lost! They returned leaving an unfinished task? They left for France with the evident purpose of ending a bloody conflict. Their arrival in America marks the beginning of a still greater war, one which will solve the question of years: "Will France or Germany survive?"

M. O.

"Useless Letters"

Efforts are now being made to prune all unsounded letters from the words of the English language. According to statisticians, twelve out of every hundred letters, composing the words of our language are silent. These "useless letters," cause a yearly expense of \$37,500,000 to English-speaking people. A language based upon phonetic spelling is suggested; because such a language would eliminate the difficulties a foreigner has to overcome when he wishes to acquire a knowledge of it, and would minimize the cost of printing.

Such are the arguments offered by those who favor such a change, but they fail to see the value a language ever changing, and richly varied in both word and meaning. If the spelling of our language were reduced to simple phonetic rules, the change would cause a loss, that is not compensated by the gain of dollars and cents.

Our language has been developing from century to century, and although each succeeding age may change the form or meaning of a word it does not change it to the extent that precludes the possibility of tracing the word back to its original form. Thus each age leaves a distinct impression upon the character of a word, and through these impressions we gain some knowledge of the times and customs of the people.

Again our language contains many words of the same sounds in the same sequence. To make these conform to phonetic rules would be to introduce difficulties equally as hard to a foreigner as those which now encumber our language. It would be far better to exercise our inventiveness in seeking a cheaper preparation of ink, than to hack to pieces, the language, that has proven itself adequate for the expression of every thought or emotion that a human being can experience.

G. M.

The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

Cash on hand January 10, 1923.....\$1,608.40

Recent Contributions

St. George School, Cincinnati, Ohio, per Bro. Anthony Weber, \$50.00; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. T., per Bro. A. H. Eiben, \$25.00; St. Michael School, Baltimore, Md., per Bro. Francis Mayer, \$10.00; St. James School, San Francisco, Calif., per Bro. Peter Maier, \$5.00; St. Mary School, Pittsburgh, Pa., per Bro. Charles Knebel, \$5.00; St. Joseph School, Covington, Ky., per Bro. Adam Peth, \$5.00; Rev. Francis Smith, Dayton, Ohio, \$1.00; from the Uni-

versity of Dayton: Second High-B Class: Joseph Blum, \$1.00; William Teasdale, \$1.00; First High-A Class: Charles Maxwell, \$1.00; William Motza, \$1.00; Robert Weller, \$1.00; Carl Thornton, \$1.00; John Van Rooy, \$1.00; Norman Miller, \$1.00; Robt. Buzzard, \$1.00; First High-C Class: Charles Lamoureux, \$1.00; John Clancey, \$1.00 E. G. Breen, \$1.00; First High-D Class: Timothy Obando, \$1.00 Jos. Tritschler, \$1.00; Lawrence Lafferty, \$1.00; William Bothen, \$1.00..... 117.00

Total cash on hand Feb. 1, 1923.....\$1,725.40

Exchanges

By George Marie

THE MOUNTAINEER: In the December-January number of this pleasing magazine, two works hold our attention. The poetry of Matthew Arnold is a searching criticism purposing to show that the dominantly impressive characteristics of Arnold's poetry are in a large measure due to the combined effects upon him, of his environment, and of the influence of the age in which he lived.

The happiest and lightest verse of Arnold, according to this critic, is in particular, that which "embalms the poet's memories of pleasant days spent at Oxford," and, in general, all his earlier verse. This finding somewhat confirms a later deduction of the critic, viz., that the unvarying tone of sadness that distinguishes Arnold's later poetry, is the result of the conflict in the poet's mind, between the faith that had been bequeathed to him and the skepticism of the age.

It would seem that this skepticism ultimately mastered him, for the critic gives several passages from Arnold that forces this conclusion upon us. Upon these passages the critic established his belief that the exhortations of Arnold to lead a higher life are not spiritual in the true sense. We concur with the critic in this belief, for if Arnold's creed was that "we live no more after we have done our span," we cannot understand what inducement to live a higher life he could have that would be comparable to an immortal existence.

"Glasgow Philosophy" is a poem of unusual appeal. It contains many passages strongly suggestive of the settled quietness of an evening by the fireside. Then it runs in a vein of semi-serious Scotch humor, that brings out a faint and uncertain smile and it is only after reading the last stanza that we can decide whether to smile freely or repress it. The charming simplicity of the poem will always appeal to those who love poetry untrammelled by stilted or labored expression.

Loyola Quarterly: One of the most technically finished stories that have yet reached us is "Compounding a Felony," appearing in the December issue of the Loyola Quarterly. The introduction is short, and immediately excites interest. The conversation becomes animated as the action becomes more rapid. It might be said that the story centers upon the thought that the writer has skillfully ex-

pressed in the words of one of the principal characters: "Boy, to whom does a man owe his highest duty; to those he loves, or to those who place their trust in him?" The ending, although it has a somewhat unexpected turn, is nevertheless very pleasing.

"The Mists of Dawn," is a beautiful picture of daybreak. Few poems that we have reviewed surpass it in imagery. The various transitions that take place as the sun rises, especially the dissipation of mists by its warmth, are admirably described.

De Paul Minerval: The uniformly high standard of the articles in the January number of the welcomed De Paul Minerval, make us hesitate in our choice: "The Scarlet Scar," is a story with excellent character portrayal. That of the young woman about whom the story centers is especially well delineated. The story is based upon that popular form of deception the gravity of which has seemingly been extenuated or diminished by calling it "kidding" or by other titles equally suggestive of triviality.

The girl's keenly felt loss, and her embarrassment are forcibly brought out, and in a manner that shows the folly of swerving from well-established customs, just because other people do so.

A dismal note is struck at the very start of "At Castle Cove," and its depressing influence is never once alleviated by a joyful scene. The suspense, however, as is well sustained, as the changeless, depressing tone. The characters lack definition. In her attempt to envelop them in mystery, the writer has obscured them by the very shadows in which she places them. That of the grandmother, however, is sufficiently developed.

"Living" and "Memory," are poems as beautiful in thought as they are in expression. Though they bear different names, they nevertheless have a single theme of unquestioning trust in the ways of God.

We gratefully record the arrival of the following magazines during the past month:

Alvernia, Argus, Ariston, Bay Leaf, Sigma, Canisius Monthly, Duquesne Monthly, St. Vincent College Journal, The Laurel, St. Mary's Messenger, De Paul Minerval, The Mountaineer, The Nazarene, St. John's Record, The Spectator, The Viatorian.

Alumni Notes

By P. A. Kass and C. P. Murray

Kuntz Excursion February third marked the return to Dayton of the Peter Kuntz Lumberman Special. This well appointed special train had transported seventy-five members of the Peter Kuntz Company Associate Lumberman on a two weeks' journey through the centers of the lumber industry in the South. After the business of the trip had been accomplished the social features came to the fore. The various reception committees, we are told, furnished royal entertainment for all.

The Alumni of the University were well represented in Peter, Martin, William, Edward and John Kuntz. Richard Kuntz, who is still among the ranks of the students, likewise was aboard. Richard reports a fine time on the trip. We suspect that he enjoyed mostly the return trip for then business was forsaken for the social features. We can easily imagine how he enjoyed not only the famed culinary art of the South but also the scenic beauties of the fairy Southland among which we might name greenclad hills in midwinter reflecting the light and warmth of God's bright sun.

We wish the Kuntz family the most bounteous measure of prosperity for 1923 and all the ensuing years to come.

Frank & Charles Hollencamp, '96 An old adage wisely says, "Pep is that which causes the soles of the shoes to wear out before the seat of the pants." And especially if these pants are purchased at Hollencamps, who celebrate their golden business Jubilee in the clothing industry this year. Their ever increasing success can be scientifically reduced to two causes. First, persistent industry and unimpeachable honesty in their business dealings, and secondly, the fact that they have always advertised in the Exponent.

Robert Wintermeier, '22 Robert has two things in common with George Washington. Both were born practically before they were aware of it and both were Majors at nineteen. However, we feel confident that these stupendous facts will not interfere greatly with Bob's studies at the Miller Business School, Cincinnati, Ohio. You have the best wishes of all your friends at the U. We hope that you will perpetuate and augment the splendid record that you made while here.

Matthew G. Mackmull, '20 When the Kappa Psi fraternity members of Jefferson Medical School chose a treasurer they

picked a jewel from the Gem City in the person of Matt. More power to you. And may your lustre shine in Philadelphia as it did at the University.

Richard L. Withrow, '22 Information has come to us that Dick is now teacher of Mechanical Drawing at Portsmouth High. Having graduated from the University and further pursued his studies at Ohio State, he is fully qualified for his pedagogic duties. Now that they have drafted you for service, Dick, you may proceed to show them a few things about drafting.

PASTE THESE IN YOUR 1920 CENSUS

Coldwater, Mr. and Mrs. (nee Anna Laura McCoy) Ohio Jos. A. Oppenheim, '12 announce the arrival of Joseph McCoy Oppenheim on November 28, 1922. Congratulations are in order.

Dayton, Ohio Prospective student for U. of D. Joseph Schaeffer III Born to Mr. and Mrs. (nee Mary Kette) Jos. J. Schaeffer, Jr., '20, on January 3, 1923. The happy parents have our best wishes.

Dayton, Ohio We are delighted to chronicle: Elizabeth Ann Behringer Born to Mr. and Mrs. (nee Myrtle Lukaswitz) Ralph F. Behringer, on November 28, 1922. We hope that Betty takes after her mother. Won't we have some loyal rooters at that University of Dayton-Yale game fifteen or twenty years from now?

Piedmont, W. Va. Yes we were glad to know that Mary Jane arrived on January 4, 1923, weighing 9 pounds. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Strattnr, '11, have our heartiest felicitations.

Fred. Martin, '19 Carlyle says genius is an infinite capacity for hard work. Then Fred is a genius in the full sense of the word. He is chief chemist for the Holt Caterpillar Tractor Company, Peoria, Illinois. His home address is 1600 Lincoln Ave. Some time when you are not too hard pressed in your research work let us hear from you, Fred. For bee it ever so bumble there's no hive like your Alma Mater.

Robert Scales Let us initiate you into the new method of writing Alumni Notes. First of all you select a victim, say Robert Scales,

of Wayland, New York, and his occupation—agent for the Metropolitan Insurance Company. Then hunt up some cut and dried, zoological, historical or geographical fact, anything that might show how much more you know than the ignorant reader, say, there is a stream in New York called the Black Brook which is real ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from the region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle, the acid of one unites with the iron of the other forming a true ink. After unearthing this fact you must then draw some neat and ingenious comparison, such as the fact that Bob Scales living in a state where the ink flows in rivers, has little excuse for not writing. Simple, isn't it?

Bill Sherry, '90 You've got to **hand** it to our interesting friend, Bill. He's a thumb among fingers. He is now in New York City organizing a new branch of the Pennsylvania Laboratories. Don't forget that River of Ink, Bill. Proving quite conclusively that that is is that that is not is not, is that not it?

Joseph M. Gooding, '77-'84 An Alumni Note (independent variable) depends principally on where the alumnus is and what he is doing (dependent variables). Therefore the quickest way to solve for the unknown time of its appearance in the Exponent is to differentiate with respect to the time it takes us to connect with said alumnus. In other words sooner or later information will reach us about all the old boys. The latest one to enter the Found Column was Joseph M. Gooding who recently paid us a delightful visit and informed us that he is now practicing law in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. He entertained us with many interesting stories of the old days, and we shall remember his brief stay for many a day. We hope that he will respond to our encore for many future visits.

Hugh C. Wall, '84 Horace C. Mann, the famous American educator of Antioch College, said "You may be liberal in your praise where praise is due; it costs nothing; it encourages much." And we say in all sincerity that if anyone is deserving of our humble panegyrics that man is Hugh C. Wall. His generous, unstinted, self-sacrifices as treasurer of the Alumni Association have manifested themselves time and time again. Hugh is a Certified Public Accountant and associate partner of the firm of Wall, Hardman & Lane, 1077 Reibold Building, Dayton, Ohio. Long life and power to you!

Eugene C. Gerlach, '12 Another of our worthy officers is Father Eugene C. Gerlach, assistant pastor at the flourishing parish of St. Peter, Chillicothe, Ohio. We assure you, Father, that you have always our choicest best wishes. May your many years in the vineyard of the Lord teem with happiness and fruitful activity.

Jack Deible, '21 A stock report informs us that the net profits for the General Fireproofing Company of Youngstown for the year 1922 amounted to \$334,850.17. We wondered where the 17 cents came in, but matters were considerably clarified when we learned that our old friend Jack was on the job. We wish you a long and successful spin, old top.

E. P. Elardo, '22 We'll say that Frank is a "hustler." He is the king-pin of a brand new organization, the G. E. L. Company. They are located at 11 West First Street, Bimm Homestead Building, Dayton, Ohio.

G. E. L. stands for the three organizers, Geo. A. Gnau, Frank P. Elardo and Carl Luehrs. It also symbolizes the company's slogan, "Good Electric Lighting." They will specialize in lighting fixtures for residences, stores and factories.

We shall watch the progress of your new undertaking with interest, Frank. Drop in occasionally. Remember that You don't need a University of Dayton Illuminator to read the welcome on our doormat.

Barry S. Murphy Don't let anybody feed you that **Jos. B. Murphy**, old folderol that there is nothing in a name and that a rose smells just as sweet by any other name. The advertising agent for a large advertising company once interviewed a prospective customer to solicit his patronage. But the client interrupted his long-winded harangue with

"But I cant' advertise man. My name is Failure."

"That's all right," salved the agent, "use your first initial.

"But my first initial is A."

"When then," said the agent, "give your first name."

"Worse yet," returned the man, "My first name is Adam."

This little story has a moral. Pick out a good handle like Murphy. It has come to be almost synonymous with success. The two under discussion have achieved it in an enviable degree. Joseph B., graduate of Notre Dame Law School, professor at our new College of Law, and his brother, Barry S., constitute a very vital part of the firm of Murphy, Elliff & Leen, attorneys. Their headquarters are at 1001-6 Schwind Building, Dayton, Ohio.

OBITUARY

True it is that the Grim Reaper spares neither the bearded grain nor the flowers that grow between—it is the inexorable decree of nature that all must sooner or later fall before his Sweeping Scythe of Death. Nevertheless even frequent meditations on this portentous subject do not entirely assuage the pang of grief and sorrow that invariably accompanies the death of a tried and true friend. Such were the sentiments which animated our hearts when we learned of the sudden demise of Bernard P. Wagner, '74, one of Sidney's most prominent sons and one of the warmest friends that the University of Dayton ever had.

Mr. Wagner was born in Sidney on February 1, 1865, and after completing his elementary education in the parish school, came to St. Mary's College where he left an indelible impress.

Mr. Wagner, it seems, suffered a severe sunstroke in Italy while touring Europe last summer. However, recovering from this affection, he returned to America in apparent good health, where he resumed charge of his multitudinous business interests. Ignoring the cautions of solicitous friends and relatives, he plunged in with a zest that ill-fitted his health, enfeebled by the coup de soleil abroad. The inevitable nervous breakdown forced him into retirement at Martinsville Sanitarium, Martinsville, Indiana. Bright's disease soon set in and in spite of the skill of specialists he answered the final summons on Tuesday, January 30.

From his earliest boyhood Ben had an appreciation of the beautiful in Art and Esthetics that amounted almost to a passion and all who came in touch with him soon fell under the refining spell of his personality. This is in brief an epitome of his entire life. A rare flower, plant or shrub gave him ecstasies of delight, and many are the testimonials that his big-hearted, philanthropic ideals and his highly developed cultural sense have erected. The Wagner Park Conservatory, beautified streets, homes, etc., etc. He held the open sesame to all

Nature and was in sympathetic vibration with all her changing moods and caprices. Her great face with wooded mounds, warbling songsters, purling brooks, gleaming stubbles, and luxurious flower-spangled meads smiled at his approach. Though unassuming and making no pretenses to wide and profound erudition he was a widely quoted authority on Horticulture and Landscape Gardening.

Coupled with this Platonic Idealism and inherent love of the beautiful was a practical business sense that often smacked of the intuitive. With his brothers, William H., Louis and Milton, he organized the Wagner Aluminum Mfg. Company, that has given international prominence to the family name. At his death he was vice president of the —Wagner Mfg. Company, president of the Wagner Park Company, president of the Wagner Realty Company, and secretary of the Wagner Hotel Co.

Thoreau, another great Nature lover, writes about the death of friends, "Even the death of friends will inspire us as much as their lives. They will leave consolation to the mourners, as the rich leave money to defray the cost of their funerals and their memories will be encrusted over with sublime and pleasing thoughts, as their monuments are overgrown with moss." And indeed, Mr. Wagner's edifying death, fortified as he was with all the consolations of the Holy Faith, is an inspiration to any true Catholic. It was like a beautiful and exquisite ritardando from Chopin. After a solemn Requiem Mass at Holy Angel's Church his mortal remains were laid to rest in the parish cemetery.

Mr. Wagner is survived by his wife and three children, Jerome, Bernard and Elizabeth. We extend to them our heartfelt sympathies in the loss of so devoted a husband and father, as do all his former associates and professors at the University, and we breathe a fervent prayer that his journey to the land of Eternal Beauty, Sunshine and Music far sweeter than the Pipes of Pan, may be a short and expeditious one.

The Father Chaminade Burse for Missionary Work in China

Contributions Received During the School Year 1922-23

Previously acknowledged..... \$56.70

St. George School, Cincinnati, Ohio, per Bro. Anthony Weber, \$25.00; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. T., per Bro. A. H. Eiben, \$25.00; St. Michael School, Baltimore, Md., per Bro. Francis Mayer, \$10.00; St. Joseph School, Covington, Ky., per Bro. Adam Peth, \$5.10; St. Mary School, Pittsburgh, Pa., per Bro. Charles Knebel, \$5.00; Rev.

Francis Smith, Dayton, Ohio, \$1.00; from the University of Dayton: First High-A Class: Herbert Becker, \$1.00; James Cline, \$1.00; First High-C Class: Francis Gabel, \$1.00; Vincent Maher and Robert Lensch, \$1.00; First High-D Class: Otmer Willhoff, \$1.00 76.10

Total, February 1, 1923 \$132.80

University Chronicle

By F. L. Canavan and Roy A. Hesse

HIGHEST HONORS FOR JANUARY

College Division

Senior Arts—Michael O'Shea, 91; Ades Cholley, 90.
 Senior Electrical Engineers—Elmer Steger, 99; Alvin Rabe, 97; Alfred Poliquin, 93; Clarence Paulus, 93.
 Senior Civil Engineers—Carl Theuring, 92; Frank Kronauge, 91.
 Senior Chemical Engineers—Herbert Hannegan, 88; Walter Krantz, 88; Frederick Pfarrer, 87; John Schomaker, 87.
 Junior Arts—Lawrence Tebbe, 92; John Holtvoigt, 91.
 Junior Electrical Engineers—Frank Williams, 92; Lewis Sherer, 90; Edmund Flowers, 89; Edwin Rohr, 87.
 Junior Civil Engineers—Matthew O'Boylan, 96; Ernest Gerber, 88.
 Junior Chemical Engineers—Cyril Scharf, 88; Harold Carmony, 85.
 Junior Mechanical Engineers—Carl Crane, Richard Sayre.
 Sophomore Arts—Merle Smith, 92; Elwood Hoppling, 91; Joseph Higgins, 90; Chris Murray, 90.
 Sophomore Engineers—John Alexander, 95; Carl Ziegenbusch, 93; Thomas Bliley, 90.
 Sophomore Commerce and Finance—Robert Bremer, 93; Lionel Bradmiller, 91; Joseph Adlard, 89.
 Sophomore Pre-Medics—Robert Norris, 91; Paul Fox, 90; Richard Hochwalt, 89; Rollins McGriff, 88.
 Freshman Arts—James Reinhardt, 91; Jos. Wentker, 90; Martin Murphy, 90.
 Freshman Engineers-A—Eugene Cetone, 93; Peter Babb, 93; Ralph Hommel, 92; R. Johnson, 89.
 Freshman Engineers-B—Chas. Pederson, 92; Waldo Zander, 87; A. Zittel, 86; Geo. Murphy, 85.
 Commerce and Finance—Richard Garster, 90; H. Weimerskirch, 90; William Dorgan, 89.
 Pre-Medics—Kenneth Kurtz, 90; Gerald Dennis, 89; Jos. Koehler, 89; Howard Mahen, 89.

High School Division

Fourth High-A—Herman Brunner, 97; Joseph Unger, 94; H. Reboult, 93; Walter Paul, 92.
 Fourth High-B—Jerome Gibson, 94; Louis Stuhl-dreher, 94; Robert Wirsching, 92; William Oldt, 91.
 Fourth High Commercial—John Moran, 93; Robert Minnerup, 91; Henry Wolf, 89.
 Third High-A—Cyril Stein, 99; James Sherman, 99; Joseph Keller, 98; John McBride, 98.
 Third High-B—Louis Gitzinger, 98; DeWitt Ash-

ton, 95; Leo Goetz, 93; Robert Valiquette, 93.
 Third High Commercial—Matthew Marzluft, 96; Richard Hosler, 91; Louis DeCelis, 86; Allen Tehan, 83; Louis Boecke, 83.
 Second High-A—Charles Mitchell, 96; Francis Moyer, 94; Charles Schriml, 94; Robert Man-nix, 93.
 Second High-B—Charles Deger, 98; Thos. Grimes, 97; Driscoll Grimes, 96; Chas. DeBanto, 95.
 Second High-C—Theodore Hoffman, 99; Victor Hart, 96; Alan Johnson, 95; Michael Moran, 95.
 Second High-D—John Will, 98; Joseph Desh, 98; Leo Nortker, 98; Carl Wenzel, 97.
 First High-A—Ireneus De Brasse, 100; Regis Wur-dock, 99; Bernard Hoefler, 99; Charles Max-well, 96.
 First High-B—Edward Sherer, 94; James Boggs, 93; Jerome Mitchell, 93; John Schuler, 93.
 First High-C—Jerome Zimmerle, 98; Lawrence Gough, 97; Louis Tschudi.
 First High-D—James Charf, 94; E. Zimmerman, 93; Charles Schmidt, 92; Lawrence Hughes, 89.
 First High-E—John Stickney, 98; John Loges, 97; Joseph Neuhoff, 97; Adolph Synck, 97.

JANUARY EXAMS

College Division

Senior Arts—Michael O'Shea, 92; Ades Cholley, 90.
 Senior Electrical Engineers—Elmer Steger, 99; Alvin Rabe, 95; S. Hosfield, 91; Alfred Poliquin, 90.
 Senior Civil Engineers—Frank Kronauge, 94.
 Senior Chemical Engineers—Herbert Hannegan, 87; Walter Krantz, 86.
 Junior Arts—Lawrence Tebbe, 91; John Holtvoigt, 91.
 Junior Electrical Engineers—Frank Williams, 92; Edwin Rohr, 89; Lewis Sherer, 84; Alphonse Stelzer, 83.
 Junior Civil Engineers—Matthew O'Boylan, 94.
 Junior Chemical Engineers—Cyril Scharf, 82; Har-old Carmony, 81.
 Junior Mechanical Engineers—Carl Crane, Richard Sayre.
 Sophomore Arts—Merle Smith, 92; Chris Murray, 90; Joseph Higgins, 88; Leonard Canavan, 86.
 Sophomore Engineers—John Alexander, 95; Thos. Bliley, 93; Carl Ziegenbusch, 91; Paul Kass, 90.
 Sophomore Commerce and Finance—Robert Bre-mer, 89; Lionel Bradmiller, 87; J. Adlard, 86.
 Sophomore Pre-Medics—Robert Norris, 88; Paul Fox, 87; Vernon Roden, 83; Richard Hoch-walt, 82.

Freshman Arts—Joseph Wentker, 90; Martin Murphy, 90; Thos. Fleming, 89.

Freshman Engineers-A—P. Babb, 94; Eugene Cetone, 93; Frederick Hooven, 90.

Freshman Engineers-B—Charles Pederson, 90; Albert Tischer, 87; G. Murphy, 86; W. Zander, 84.

Freshman Commerce and Finance—Richard Garter, 90; Harry Heider, 89; H. Weimerskirch, 88.

Freshman Pre-Medics—Howard Mahan, 88; Jos. Koehler, 87.

High School Division

Fourth High-A—Herman Brunner, 94; Walter Paul, 94; Herman Reboulet, 94; Joseph Unger, 93.

Fourth High-B—Robt. Wirsching, 94; Jerome Gibson, 91; John Waliuszus, 90; William Oldt, 90.

Fourth High Commercial—Robert Minnerup, 91; John Moran, 91.

Third High-A—Joseph Keller, 99; Cyril Stein, 99; Richard Schneble, 97; James Sherman, 95.

Third High-B—Louis Gitzinger, 98; DeWitt Ashton, 96; John Carroll, 88.

Third High Commercial—Matthew Marzluft, 95; Richard Hosler, 92; Allen Tehan, 90; Linus Boeke, 90.

Second High-A—Francis Moyer, 95; Charles Mitchell, 94; James Pappert, 93; John Schwieterman, 90; Philip Wilkerman, 90.

Second High-B—Charles Deger, 96; Robert Dinkel, 95; Thomas Grimes, 93; Charles DeBanto, 91; Driscoll Grimes, 91.

Second High-C—T. Hoffman, 97; George Kramer, 93; M. Moran, 93; P. Cobian, 89; Bernard Steuve, 89.

Second High-D—Joseph Desch, 98; John Will, 98; Carl Wenzel, 96; Leo Nortker, 94.

First High-A—Ireneus DeBrasse, 100; Bernard Hoeffler, 97; Regis Wurdock, 98; Charles Maxwell, 95.

First High-B—Edward Sherer, 98; James Boggs, 96; Louis Frey, 96.

First High-C—William Diemunsch, 98; Lawrence Gough, 97; Bernard Hegman, 97.

First High-D—L. Hughes, 94; P. Schommer, 92; Otmir Wilhoff, 92.

First High-E—Adolph Synck, 97; William Krane, 95; Francis Pack, 94.

Apollo Concert Company The evening of January 29 proved a most delightful one for the patrons of the University Lyceum Course. The Apollo Concert Company rendered a varied and interesting musical program. The "Apollophone," a new instrument on its first tour, was for the first time presented to, and delightfully

accepted by a Dayton audience. Saxophone, cornet, piano, bassoon solos completed the program. We believe the audience was well pleased, judging by the applause.

Davies Opera Company Tuesday evening, February 6, the Davies Opera Company appeared

in the U. of D. auditorium in the old-time comic opera, "Olivette." So true was their rendition of Audran's famous play that they brought down the house time and time again. The quartet numbers by Valentine, Duke, Olivette and Bathilde were the high lights of the play while the solos by Valentine and by Olivette ranked as pleasantries of the program. Coquelicot, by his humor, amused the audience and lent much comic color to the complexity of the plot. The cast of characters follows:

Marnejal, Arthur Spencer; Valentine, Miss Non-das Young; Capt. DeMerrimac, Mr. Harry Davies; Bathilde, Miss Ella P. Fleck; Duke, Mr. John Wilson; Coquelicot, Mr. Harry Davies; Valentine, Mr. Harry W. Smith.

R. O. T. C. Rifle shooting is one of the chief

R. O. T. C. activities again this year. Four company teams are competing for the school championship, and the University team is now in the midst of the annual intercollegiate meet for the championship of the fifth corps area. Last year the Dayton team took second place in the fifth corps shoot and took first in the national championship. Although this year's team is minus many of the stars of last year, chances for finishing high are good. The members of the team are: Williams, T. Kirk, Crane, Kramer, Wirsching, Scharf, Koors, Kavanaugh, Makley, C. Stelzer, Schoney, Koehnen, Virant, Eggers and C. Wagner. In the first stage of the corps area match, this team knocked off a score of 880 out of a possible 1000.

Major Harry F. Hazlett, U. S. A., local P. M. S. & T., and the Mrs. Hazlett entertained the thirty-six members of the advanced course at their home in Vernon Place Saturday evening, February 3. The student officers were served a delicious supper by the hostess. The commanding officer handed out smokes.

Music Notes The U. of D. banjo quartet entertained the Ancient Order of Hibernians after their installation of officers January 14. Members of the quartet are: Morrie Richard, Joseph Bender, Lawrence Nieto, Ruiz Godoy.

The U. of D. College student orchestra played for the Hibernian ladies auxiliary society January 18. Members of the orchestra were: Harold Melia, Cyril Scharf, Francis Clifford and Jerome Muth.

Engineering Department

The mechanical engineering department are at present conducting some interesting experiments.

An experiment not performed at the University for several years is a test of the power plant.

A new course to be incorporated in the curriculum of the mechanical engineering department is that of graphic statics. Brother Schad will conduct the course.

Pre-Medics

On February 3, the Freshmen Pre-Medics organized the University of Dayton pre-medical society; its purpose being to serve as a vehicle in advancing their knowledge and perceptive faculties in the medical world.

Innumerable privileges are at the hand of such an organization, and evidently their principal activities will consist in visiting the various hospitals and medical institutions, participating in lectures given by other medical societies, and other useful pursuits. During the meeting the following were elected to head the organization for the coming year: Herbert Dwyer, president; John Brown, secretary; Charles Bost, treasurer.

The Law School

The signs of the times clearly indicate that those of us who are so fortunate in being a part of the

student life of the University of Dayton are privileged in participating in the great changes inaugurated during the last few years at our institution. A program of athletic expansion, a larger collegiate enrollment, an extension course, a course in commerce and finance and lastly a college of law have been the outstanding lights in the development and the signs surely portend that the U. of D. will soon be serving the scholastic palate, with courses covering every phase of collegiate study and pursuit rivalling the great seats of learning on either side of the Atlantic.

The average student is familiar with most of the above-mentioned ideas, with the exception of the newest development, the law school, hence a few moments at this article may not be counted as time lost.

The U. of D. Law School was opened in answer to an often heard demand of college students and the citizens of Dayton for such a course, and the expectations of the founders have been both satisfied and amplified.

The course was opened October 2, 1922, with an enrollment of near fifty students, a list which practically remains intact today. The faculty are lawyers whose standing before bench and bar is the highest, and whose pedagogical qualifications have been proven in a most masterful manner.

The Dean, Mr. Shea, is president of the Dayton Bar Association, Past Grand Knight of the K. of C., Dayton Council, and an alumnus of the Universities of Dayton and Notre Dame. His deanship, coupled with his ability as a lecturer, has been a vital factor in the success of the program.

Mr. Markham, professor in torts, whose learning and disposition have won for him respect and favor among the scholars, is a graduate of Harvard.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, an alumnus of Notre Dame and of U. of D., and also past president of our Alumni Association and a member of the Alumni Board of Governors; a barrister whose broad experience in the handling of difficulties in domestic relations with both client and court, has made him invaluable as a fountain of information and expounder of that vital branch of law which governs the pulse of society. He is instructor in his line in the College of Law.

Mr. Wells, an associate professor and a graduate of Cornell, is also welcomed for his sound knowledge and his valued points on study and practice.

The student body is composed of Arts students of the College, young men employed in law offices, and business men and women who, acknowledging the power of law, realize that it cannot fail to advance them in the light of useful and profitable citizens.

The course is conducted in the evening from 5:15 to 7:30 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The popular lecture and case book system is being followed. The statutes and texts are studied together with cases elaborating or clearing points in the text. With the organization of the University Law club it may safely be said that the walls of our library will smile upon the scenes which the club intends to enact in the form of trials and moot courts, till even the great forensic orator Erskine will walk in spirit amid them and bend ear for points on judicial arguing, while Blackstone's ghost will be there with pad and pencil to take back to his master strange and unused jottings on principles and axioms which he heard originated and advanced by such capacious legal intellects in the embryo.

H. E.

Fourth High Preps

A new idea inaugurated and adopted by Bro. Joseph Trunk in the Fourth High class is a course

in supplementary reading. Under this plan each student selects, each month, a standard classic from a list. At the end of the month he makes a report and criticism of the book. With the co-operation of the students this will undoubtedly prove a success. A course in Civics will be added to the curriculum of the senior high for the second semester. Bro. Charles Belz will teach the course and we have all the promise of an interesting program.

Second High-B During the last two months the student editors of second high B's class paper, the "Buzzer," have been taking a needed vacation, but as soon as the good ship "Examinations" is well below the horizon they will again resume their duties and publish the Easter edition. After the literary contents of this issue have been digested, a new departure in the line of class papers will be introduced.

Just at the present time many of the boys are frisking about in an atmosphere of happiness for they have survived the offensive recently hurled against them in the form of exams. Others are not so joyful for they have been partially maimed in this same attack and there are just a few whose colors were trampled down in ignoble defeat; but even these latter are not unduly depressed, for the spirit of Second High-B sustains their hopes of redemption.

CALENDAR FOR THE COMING MONTH

Literary and Social

- Feb. 14. Valentine Day
Feb. 21. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, at Memorial Hall
Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday
Feb. 28. Chaliapin, operatic singer, at Memorial Hall
Mar. 22. D. Lee Fitzpatrick, lecturer

Religious

- Feb. 14. Ash Wednesday
Feb. 21. Ember Day
Feb. 23. Ember Day
Feb. 24. Ember Day
Mar. 7. St. Thomas Aquinas
Mar. 17. St. Patrick's Day

- Mar. 18. Passion Sunday, General Communion

- Mar. 19. St. Joseph Day

Sports, Basketball

- Feb. 15. Antioch College at Yellow Springs
Feb. 16. Baldwin-Wallace at U. of D.
Feb. 17. Preps vs. Cathedral Latin at U. of D.
Feb. 22. Baldwin-Wallace at Berea
Feb. 23. Rosenblum's at Cleveland
Feb. 24. Western Reserve University at Cleveland
Mar. 2. Preps vs. Lima at U. of D.
Mar. 3. Wooster at University of Dayton
Mar. 9. Ashland College at U. of D.
Mar. 9. Preps vs. Aquinas High at Columbus
L. G.

Athletic Notes

By C. Richard Horwedel

BASKETBALL

THE first basketball trip of the 1923 season was rather disastrous for the U. D. basketballers. On Thursday evening, January 11, the Red and Blue quintet received their initial defeat at the hands of the strong Quaker five at Wilmington College, 17 to 15.

The U. D. players were distinctly off form and their small score was the result. However, the Wilmington team was in little better shape and the game was in doubt until the closing moments.

"Swede" Wagner was the big noise for the Dayton five, scoring 7 of the 15 points. This was Wagner's first appearance at center and his playing showed bright predictions for the future.

Chance, Quaker forward, practically won the contest for his team by his superb foul shooting.

The line-up:

Dayton

Blake..... R. F..... Chance
Fulweiler..... L. F..... Shaw
Wagner..... C..... Farquar
Doyle..... L. G..... Dodd
L. Mahrt..... R. G..... Wood
Field Goals—Blake, Wagner 2, Lange, Fulweiler 2, Chance, Shaw 2, Farquar 2.

Wilmington

On the following evening after the Wilmington contest, Capital U. was met on the latter's floor. The strange floor handicap again caused the U. D. downfall. However, the Dayton youngsters displayed a better brand of ball and gave the Capitol five a royal battle throughout. At one time during the second stanza, the Gem City lads held the lead for several minutes but failed to hold it until the final whistle blew.

Wagner again was in the limelight making 10 points. His foul shooting was a big feature while Ridenour's long shots kept the crowd in suspense.

The line-up:

Dayton

Capitol U.

Blake..... R. F..... Vernon Ridenour
Fulweiler..... L. F..... Shelley
Wagner..... C..... Victor Ridenour
Doyle..... L. G..... Keapler
L. Mahrt..... R. G..... Shoman
Field Goals—Blake 2, Fulweiler 3, Mahrt 2, Wagner 1.

Bluffton Col. 23 The Varsity inaugurated their return home by trimming the Bluffton five handily 25 to 23. This game was a hummer from the beginning and the decision was in doubt until the final whistle. The

Bluffton five was slightly underated and threw a scare into the U. of D. adherents by taking the lead right off the reel. However, the Varsity came into it's own and took the lead in a few minutes. The half ended 11 to 5 in the visitor's favor.

The second stanza was all Dayton, and by some excellent shooting and passing they soon managed to be on even terms with the visitor's score. With a few seconds to go, Blake caged two in a row from the center of the floor and brought the bacon home to the South Parkers.

The scoring honors were very evenly divided between Blake and Fulweiler, the former caging 6 points while the latter rolled in 10.

The line-up:

Dayton	Bluffton College
Blake.....	R. F. Welby
Fulweiler.....	L. F. Hostetler
Wagner.....	C. Moser
Doyle.....	L. G. Lugebill
Mahrt.....	R. G. Stearns
Field Goals—Blake 3, Fulweiler 5, Wagner 2.	

The second trip taken by the Dayton five had little better success than the first one. Ashland and Kenyon Colleges were tackled on successive nights. The first night, the Varsity ran into a snag and dropped the opener in a rather one-sided contest 38 to 22. Wagner was the bright light for the Dayton five, scoring 16 of the 22 points. Hastings, forward, was the whole works for Ashland, scoring 20 points out of 38.

Dayton	Ashland
Blake.....	R. F. Hatfield
Fulweiler.....	L. F. Hastings
Wagner.....	C. Wood
Doyle.....	L. G. Miller
Mahrt.....	R. G. Hoat
Field Goals—Wagner 2, Mahrt, Fulweiler, Muehling, Hastings 5, Hatfield 4.	

On the following evening, January 20, the U. D. five journeyed on to Gambier, Ohio, for a tussle with the strong Kenyon quintet.

This game marked a great improvement in the general showing of the Varsity, although they lost the game. The contest was nip and tuck throughout, the Kenyon lads copping the tilt by a lone foul. Wagner as usual played a star game copping another ten points, while Small, forward for the locals, was the big luminary for Kenyon, caging 23 of Kenyon's 31 points.

U. D. 27 The Varsity continued their winning streak on the home court by administering a neat trimming to Defiance College 27 to 12. The game was rather one-sided affair as the visitors were able to cage

the ball but once during the entire fracas. The local lads assumed the lead early in the contest and were never headed. The entire team showed splendid form and the scoring honors were about even.

The line-up:

Blake.....	R. F. Debut
Fulweiler.....	L. F. Conroy
Wagner.....	C. Kershner
Doyle.....	L. G. Lankeneau
Mahrt.....	R. G. Rubel

U. D. 24 On February 2, the Varsity **Capitol U. 12** more than evened up their old scores with Capitol U. at the South Park gym. Capitol, confident of an easy win were treated to a rude surprise by the local outfit. The game was exceedingly clean and hard fought throughout. The Varsity started at a whirlwind pace and never let up throughout the entire contest. Dayton took an early lead through the sole efforts of Bill Blake. The little forward, playing a wonderful floor game, managed to cage three field goals in the first few minutes, all being exceedingly hard shots. Capitol never got under way as their star forward men were kept under close watch at all times. The half ended 11 to 6 in the local favor.

In the second stanza "Swede" Wagner started to get the range of the hoop and dropped in field goals in a steady stream. He accounted for five field goals and three free throws during this half, scoring more points than the entire visiting outfit did in the entire game.

Vernon Ridenour was the mainstay for the visitors, but he was so closely guarded that he never had a chance to show his worth. Capitol was held to one lone field goal throughout the contest.

Blake.....	R. F. Vernon Ridenour
Fulweiler.....	L. F. Shelley
Wagner.....	C. Victor Ridenour
Doyle.....	L. G. Schoman
Mahrt.....	R. G. Klappter

Field Goals—Wagner 5, Ridenour, Blake 3, Fulweiler.

Interclass League With the basketball season in full blast, the collegiate division has formed its annual interclass organization. Four teams have been entered, each class having a representative outfit. Keen interest is being manifested by the undergrads and some lively contests are promised for the near future. As we go to press, the Juniors are in the lead, with a record of three wins and no defeats.

The Bowling League The bowling league has been featured by some snappy games. Close scores have been the general rule. The "Gumps" who seem to have a stand-

ing lead were overhauled and passed by the "Berries" who held their lead for a few days. The Gumps then went into first again. Gargoyles and Cubs, however, are not far behind and it's a hard task to pick the best team. Only the finish can show that. Quite a few bowlers spurred on by the offer of a ticket good for twenty games have passed the 200 mark.

J. H.

U. D. Preps Handicapped by injuries and illness of several members of the Prep squad, the High School quintet dropped a hard game to St. Rose of Lima 17 to 16, and to St. Raephael High of Springfield 25 to 22. Against St. Rose the Preps were barely nosed out in the last minute of play and continually threw a scare into the victors throughout the entire contest.

Against St. Raephael's the Red and Blue were severely handicapped by the absence of Captain Marzluff and Lange who were out on account of illness. In this contest the Preps played a steady game but were off in their shooting ability, Bach being the only one to hit the ring with consistency.

This month the Preps will engage in a banner attraction when they tackle the strong Cathedral Latin quintet of Cleveland on the South Park floor. Latin comes here with a long string of victories against several formidable aggregations of Northern Ohio.

Inter-class League The Senior High has organized a basketball league during the past week, four teams being chosen and four games being played. The Dwarfs are in

the lead with the Flashes, Sheiks and Tigers tied for second place. Much interest is being displayed in these games and there are many promising battles for the future.

Sophomore Preps The U. D. Sophs annexed their sixth victory when they gave the Walnut Street Juniors a neat trimming 27 to 3. The game was all Soph, the youngsters outclassing their opponents in all departments. Berghoff and Sanchez were the luminaries through their close guarding, their opponents caging but one field goal throughout the contest.

Another championship aggregation is present in the Soph Division in the form of the strong Celts. These youngsters so far, have accumulated an unbroken string of victories, gaining decisions over teams of bigger size. At present they are the undisputed possessors of the 100-lb. championship of Dayton, due to the fact that they have not lost a game in two years. Their victories include decisions over the Hartford U. B. Juniors, Rialto Juniors, Spotlights, St. Brigid Juniors of Xenia and other strong combinations.

Freshmen Preps Since their return after the holidays, the Freshies have hit their stride again. To date, they have registered four consecutive victories; the Rosarian Juniors, Troop 48, Spotlights and Shrimps being the victims.

Although these youngsters are new at the court game, they show great promise of rounding out into a first-class outfit.

Frolicsome Folly

By Jack Kass

(Ed. Note—Due to the unavoidable absence of Sarley Prim Youth who is in New York this month demonstrating his newest invention, the University of Dayton Calumniator, Mr. "Jack Kass" has been appointed at a fabulous salary to select for our readers what he considers some of the best and most representative College Humor of recent months.)

Dad Fox—"How did you drag down such good grades in French?"

Archie Leary—"Why, I had a cold in my head for the last month."—Elamingo.

Mrs. Noah: "Noah, dear, what can be the matter with the camel?"

Noah: "The poor devil has both the fleas."

—Wasp.

Byrne—"Why the crepe over the wash bowl? Who's dead?"

Madigan—"Crepe? Oh, that's the towel."—Pelican.

JACK OF CLUBS, PLEASE COPY

"Bean" Mahoney—"I don't believe that "Husky" knows anything."

McCarthy—"Know anything? Why he doesn't even suspect anything."

Wm. J.—"How did you get that cut on your head?"

Souse—"Musta-hic bit myself."

Wm. J.—"How could you bite yourself up there?"

Souse—"I gesh I mustha stood on a chair."—Pitt Panther.

Reno—"Ain't this the Dog's Life?"

Steve—"What's the matter now?"

Reno—"I just had my permit **cur**-tailed again."

Deddens—"What's your room-mate like?"

Scheck—"Darn near everything I've got."

Irate Englishman (to Traffic Cop)—"Sir, do you realize that I am Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Double Eagle—"

"Shure," responded Pat, "and I'm Officer of to-night, last night, tomorrow night and every other night."

There was once a terrible leopard,

Who placed a young shepard in jeopardy.

At this little trifle,

Unslinging his rifle,

The leopard he terribly peopard!

—Sun Dial.

Garrity—"I see they sent two of the Metropolitan Opera people to jail."

Marie—"Where did they send them?"

Garrity—"Sing Sing."—Lampoon.

THE AFTERMATH

"When I looked out of the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simkins."

"We wuzzn't playing marbles, Ma. We just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."

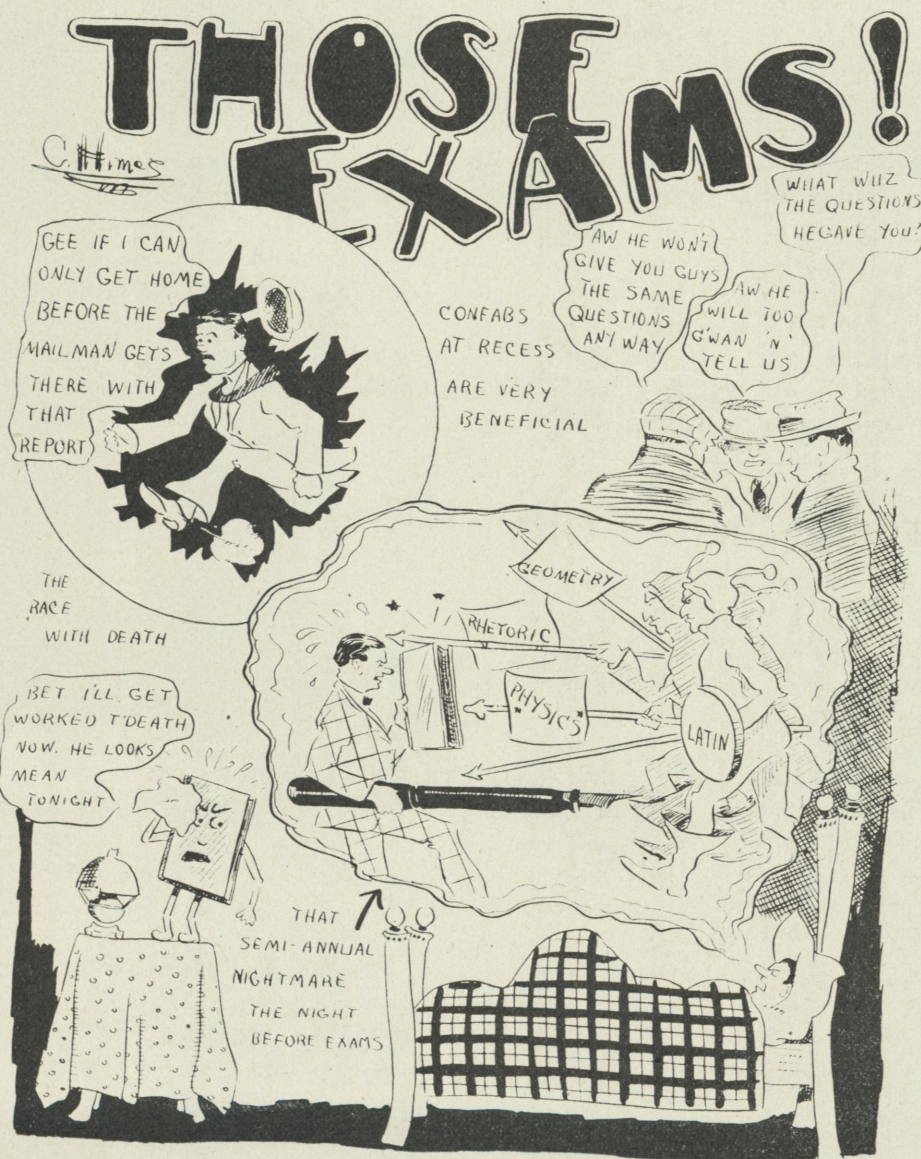
—Judge.

Editor—Some of these jokes are dirty.

Snappy—Put 'em on clean paper, you dumbbell.

Byrne—Are you not interested in my "welfare?"

She—No, but if the two syllables were transposed, I'd not only be interested but enthusiastic.



Slowly they moved toward each other, one as pale as a ghost, the other blushing red. The green beneath them was as soft as velvet, while they approached each other in a mysterious silence. The distance between them grew less. There was a hushed quietude. They met—they kissed. Then a voice broke the uncanny stillness, "Confound it! If I had had just a little more English on the white ball I would have made that billiard."—St. John's Record.

Englishman (eating a fish-cake for the first time): "I say old chap, something has died in my biscuit."—Punch Bowl.

"Hell's Bells!" said Quay as the Third Alarm sounded.

Kind Old Gentleman—"What do you call those two kittens, Johnny?"

Small Boy—"I call 'em Tom and Harry."

Gentleman—"Why don't you name them Cook and Peary after the great explorers?"

Small Boy—"Aw, gwan, mister. These ain't pole cats.—Black and Blue Jay.

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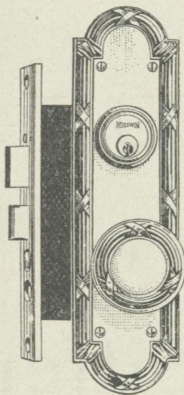
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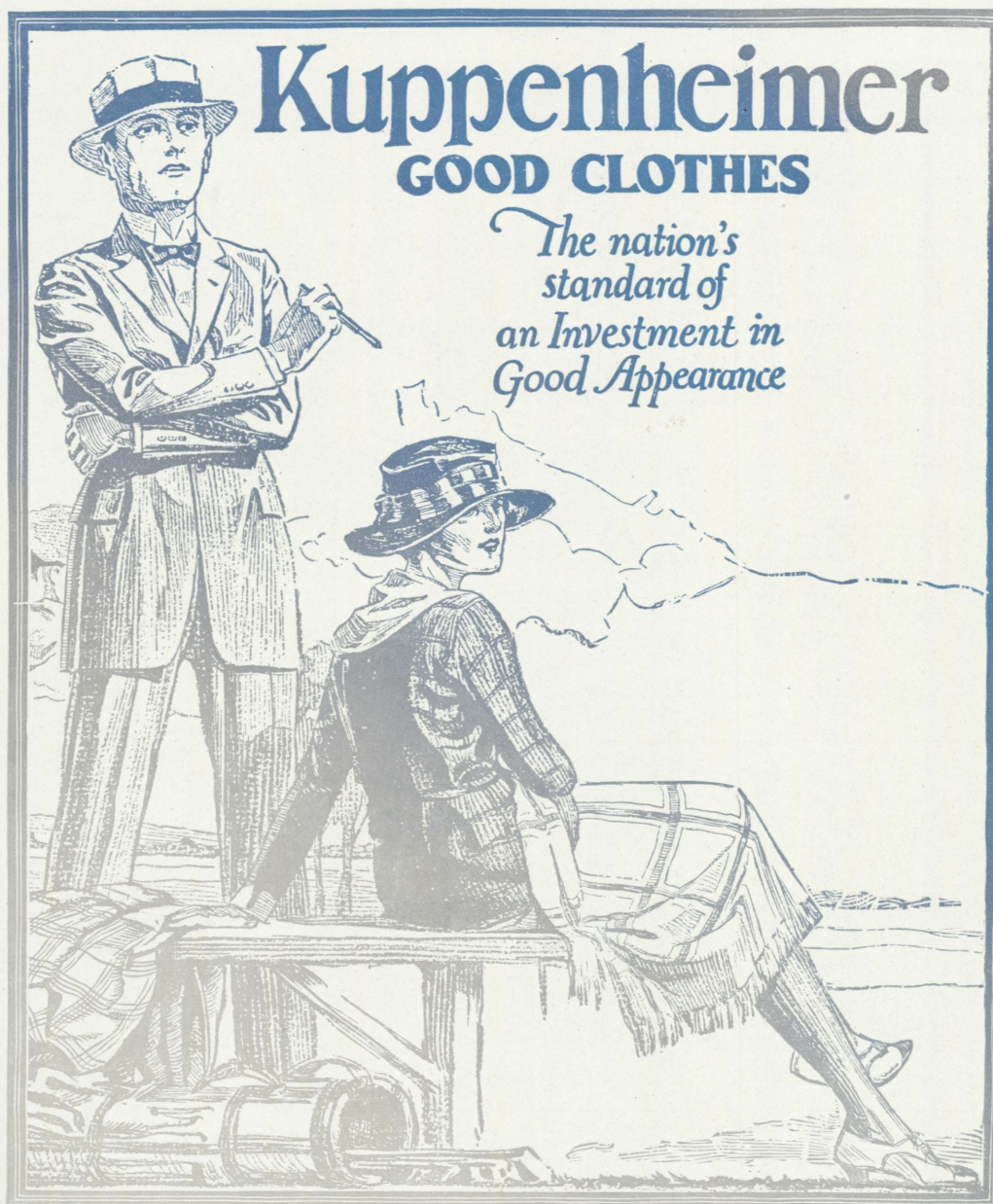
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