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THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

The World Court

Samuel S. Markham, B. L., L.^lL. B.

February, 1924

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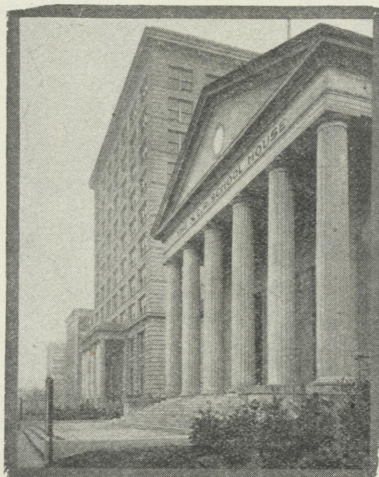
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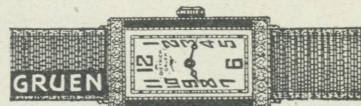
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXII

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 2

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Statesmen

By John H. Holtvoigt

OFTEN in the daily round of Life it becomes necessary for men to recall the most obvious and primary truths. Use and wont, color all familiar objects until they are unrecognizable. We lose the knowledge of things as they are and clothe them in forms and semblances. When we do this in our relations with our fellow men, the thing assumes often a tragic character.

Our concept of that class of men named "statesmen" is a case in point. "Statesmen," i. e., "state's men," "man for the state." A very real and very necessary concatenation of historic and social events is, no doubt, responsible for the existence of such a class of men or at least for the concept of such a class. Of "statesmen" there can be, it seems, little question as to reality. That there **are** statesmen seems entirely obvious and self-evident.

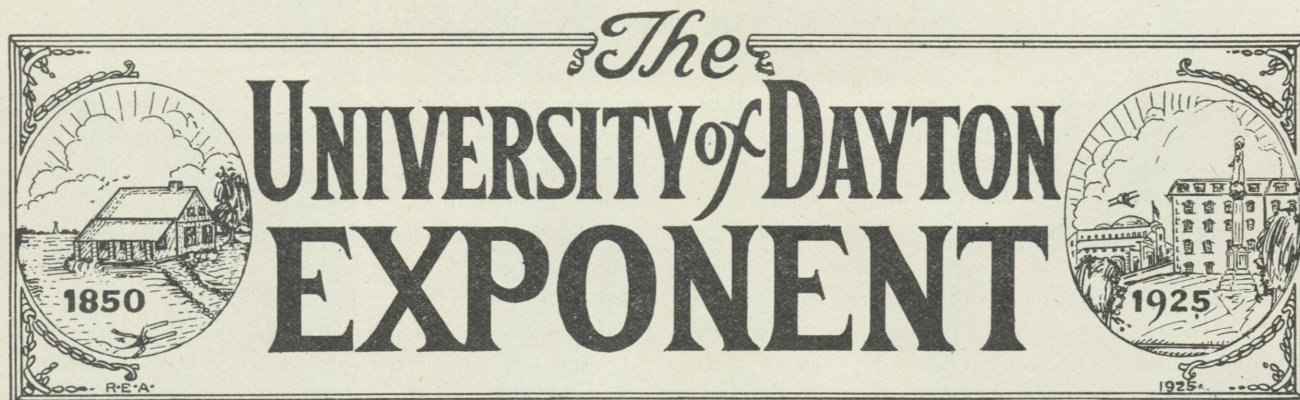
And yet if we will but look deeper into this matter there does appear a considerable doubt. It seems to me that after all there is no such thing. There is no, what we call "statesman." No man belongs to or exists for the state. No man exists primarily in the state. Though clothed in the vesture of supreme authority, appearing publicly before all men to guide the destiny of the state, of all men, he belongs still, in the innermost heart of him, to himself; and has but one purpose in this life, to guide as best he may the destiny of his own single personality.

Though these considerations be little better than truisms, it seems to me to be necessary that they be recalled from time to time. A very considerable portion of the literature about great men is concerned with this very effort to get at the human side of their lives, to discover after they have gone, not how they controlled the crises of the state but after what manner they were captains of their souls. That is recognized as being, in the end, of the supremest importance.

For, I repeat in corollary, a man does not, as we are often, by circumstances themselves, led to believe, a man does not develop his strength and fortify his soul in order to save the state. We shall arrive at a far more just estimate of things if we hold just the contrary, namely, that a man saves the state precisely because he would develop his strength and fortify his soul.

We like to have faith in our public men. We like to believe that they are greatly striving for us, striving to make the history of our times glorious. That is mere flattering deception. The man there laboring in the public eye, for the public good, he is perhaps unconscious of that same publicity, he is in all probability striving with dubious success to perfect his own low and imperfect being. If the seething masses of men surrounding him were to realize this more clearly, there would, I think, be more felicity in public offices. There would be less dependence of man on man, more self-sufficiency of private citizenship.

The world, this last month, lost one of these we name "statesmen," perhaps one of the greatest that have made their appearance recently in the world. All our relations with him were colored by that seeming most important fact of statesmanship. His name will go down in history as the promulgator of such and such a doctrine of statecraft. Men individually and collectively will reverence or revile his memory as they believe or disbelieve in his "idea." And the touch of humanity, his inner life, at which, if there were any fountain of spirituality there, men might draw far deeper nourishment, is lost.



Vol. XXII

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 2

The World Court

By Samuel Markham, B. L., L.L. B., Faculty of Law

THE establishment of a World Court for the settlement of disputes between nations and looking to the final abolition of war is a thing, the very thought of which is alluring. Certainly the proposition is one which cannot be condemned by any one without careful consideration.

The advocates of the World Court most vehemently argue that it is but the last step in an historic process which has seen the legal prohibition of fighting between individuals, and the prevention of war between great commonwealths such as the states of the American Union. If disputes between individuals may be settled in our law courts, and disputes between American States in the United States Supreme Court, why may not disputes between nations be satisfactorily disposed of in the World Court? Further, these advocates contend that the World Court does not involve as does perhaps the League of Nations a super-state which limits the independence of nations.

Let us now examine these analogies. We at once see that the ordinary law courts having jurisdiction over litigation between individuals are creatures of a body—the state—which has power over the individual litigants and which limits their independence. We at once see that the United States Supreme Court is a part of a super-state, superior to the individual states. Has not the Federal Government an executive, a legislature, an army—all those requisites of a sovereign power? And the question arises—can the World Court function unless it is a part of a world state of which the now independent nations form a part?

A moment's thought makes it apparent that a court can not act in vacuo. The United States Supreme Court in deciding disputes between states is guided by the Constitution of the United States, it-

self the foundation of a government superior to the states. Ordinary law courts in disposing of litigation between individuals, use the law as given by state legislatures. Courts must have laws to guide them in reaching decisions. These laws must be created by some one and changed by some one from time to time as conditions require. Must not a World Court have a World Congress to legislate on the questions of international law to furnish the principles to guide the Court in its decisions? And if this Congress is not provided will not the Court itself, if it makes its own laws in effect become a Congress or Legislature as well as a Court?

It seems to the writer that the World Court is but the commencement of a Super-State and that the arguments against the League of Nations are available against the Court. If one is in favor of the League he should be in favor of the Court and vice versa. There would seem to be real logic in the assertion that by adhering to the court we are entering the League by the back door.

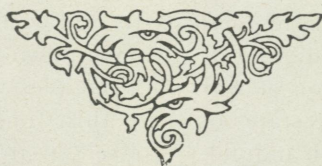
The question of the advisability of entering the League is of course one which has been much debated. One's position on that question must be determined to some extent by one's general attitude toward the issue of nationalism versus internationalism. In other words, are we more interested in Americans and America than in citizens of other countries and their nations? As things now stand the United States is the most favored nation in the world from all points of view. It is the most powerful and most wealthy. An international super-state would have a leveling tendency, of that there can be no question. We see that force at work in our own country where the Federal Government collects one-fourth of its income tax in New York State but does not spend one-fourth its money in

that state. The poorer states are inclined to look with envy on New York. Would not the World Court, or World Legislature look equally with envy on the United States and would not its decisions be colored by the thought that the United States can afford to pay?

What sort of judges would sit in the World Court? How honest, how impervious to public opinion in their own countries would they be? Is their training such that they will see things as we do, however, honest they may be? The people of Ohio are so much like the citizens of Indiana that the former do not object to being tried by one of the latter sitting in the United States Supreme Court, but could the United States safely trust an important matter to a Scandinavian judge sitting in the World Court? Would he be sufficiently acquainted with our manners of thought to render a judgment we would consider intelligently just?

A small weak nation has much to gain by way of protection from a World Court or Legislature. Has the United States? But even if it has not should we not, nevertheless, go in, for the good of mankind? Or can we retain our advantages and yet

acting alone serve the world? These are questions of great import but consideration of them is necessary in order to intelligently decide the question of the World Court. That project is not the simple thing its advocates contend it is: and while, even so, it may be desirable, nevertheless, it should not be accepted without full realization of everything involved. It is not enough to say that the World Court will prevent war, and to suppose that its membership composed of all types and kinds of men from all the different races and nations will be able to render impartial justice. The old question of practice versus theory confronts us, a question too often overlooked in these days of over-legislation when each person with an idea which looks good on paper immediately demands its enactment into law without knowledge (and frequently without the means of or desire for knowledge) of how the thing will actually work out in practice. Questions of cost, of the fallibility of human nature in working out a plan are scorned by such fanatics; such questions are too much like our everyday problems of life and they seem too far away from the millenium.



To—

By Frank Potts

When stars in the summer night
Gently dance and twinkle bright,
I put out my bark to sea
Sailing through the dusk to thee.

If the seas be rough and wild
And the waves unreconciled,
Then upon my steed I be
Riding through the dusk to thee.

Or if the skies be in travail,
Too dark for flank, too rough for sail,
My thoughts of Love I then set free
Which through the dusk shall come to thee.

A Slap or A Pat

By Varley P. Young

THERE are two ways of greeting an innovation—be it animate or inanimate. One may viciously slap the thing on the back, or assiduously pat it in the same place. The first method, if properly applied, will result in an added impetus being given it; the latter plan will result in a smaller impetus being given the thing. In either case it moves forward. If it is not worth saving, the slap will hasten it to annihilation, but if it is worthwhile, either the slap or the pat will hurry it on to—to what? Success, we suppose.

The thing we have in mind at present is a new magazine which made its appearance the first of the year. It is appropriately titled "The American Mercury" and it is edited by our friends of "Smart Set" days. George Jean Nathan and Henry Louis Mencken.

Just why Mr. Nathan and Mr. Mencken were routed from, or left, their comfortable berths in "The Smart Set" magazine, which places they held for so many issues, is not within the grasp of our meagre knowledge. Perhaps they tired of the "ads."; very plausible if you have read the "Smart Set" advertising section. Again it is barely possible that the board of directors bored them. It is probable, however, that they decided that the human race would be bettered some degrees should they select another field. Sounds magnanimous, to say the least, of the parties concerned.

Not being concerned with the whys and wherefores of their leaves-taking we wonder why we wasted the above space. The important thing is that we have set about to lend to, (if they will pardon us) Dr. Mencken and Herr-Professor Nathan, a kindly yet enthusiastic pat. We only hope that it will increase their movement forward and eventually land them in the coveted place for which we do not doubt that they are striving—a niche in real American literature.

While it is not essential that the reader of this new American magazine be conversant with both style and history of Nathan and Mencken, it certainly enables one to more thoroughly enjoy the compositions offered—especially their own papers. One must understand, for example, that Nathan has been a professional theater-goer and critic for a number of years; during which time he has become more and more convinced that our American theater, from point of artistry, is less than the dust. Exceptions there are, of course, even Nathan admits this; but the exceptions are so few and far

between that, taken in its entirety, the representative American play seems to be the current Ziegfeld "Follies." Nathan confines his tomes mostly to facts either directly or indirectly pertaining to the theater. He has written not a few books on his favorite subject including his very excellent "The Popular Theatre," "Comedians All," and "The Critic and the Drama." Throughout Nathan's works there is a vein of humor that will assert itself despite the sordidness of the subject at hand. Nathan does not deride the faults of the theater, he is content but to sympathize—much like the kindly parent to the errant child. His sentence structure itself is peculiar as are also his similes and metaphors. Some of them are ridiculous—or should we say ridiculously droll?

H. L. Mencken is to the cursory reader much more profound than his compatriot. We say to the cursory reader only; because Nathan with all his nonsensities is guilty of fully as much deep thinking. Mencken confines his efforts to literature which must needs call for a deeper study as well as a heavier treatment than a theater which is admittedly light per se. It is doubtful if a more comprehensive study of the American language, as differential from English, than Mencken's "The American Language" has ever been offered to a needy literature. Again, Mencken's three series of "Prejudices" are without compare in their respective fields. And in "A Book of Prefaces" he displays a knowledge and insight into literature—in the form of a series of criticisms—that would be most difficult to duplicate in this day and age.

It is understood, we sincerely hope in this all too brief discussion of Nathan and Mencken's "The American Mercury" that, in order to read the publication in point, it is necessary to be something more than a bill-clerk in a railroad office. The same person who would enthuse over "Are Red-headed Girls Bow-legged?" by Harold Montayne in the mis-named "Real Life" magazine, would consider three-fourths of the material issued in "The American Mercury" as sheerest bunk. And, contrarywise, the same person who would go into ecstasies over James M. Cain's "The Labor Leader" appearing in the current "Mercury," would without the shadow of a doubt, consign Montayne's rubbish to the ash-barrel in which it belongs. To appreciate the weakness of near-beer, one must have at some time or other tasted Houck's "Pride of Cincinnati." To a college student the problem is con-

siderably easier; he is by way of being more or less in harmony with true literature. Otherwise why in the name of reason is he in college. When Nathan refers to Arthur Schnitzler one must understand that he is not referring to the corner baker; and when Mencken alludes to Brandies, J., one must immediately think of a justice of the Supreme Court and not the gentleman who manufactures wireless head-pieces.

* * * *

We think we have devoted ample space to a mention of Nathan and Mencken as writers. Our real intention in assembling these few sentences was to convey the idea that "The American Mercury" as a living, thinking and analyzing publication, should not be ignored.

Good fortune enabled us to purchase a current issue and, in justice, we must admit that we enjoyed nearly every article therein. The February docket, containing as it does a matter of eight indictments, three petitions, at least a half dozen demurrers and a host of thought, is most admirably select in its contents.

Nathan and Mencken have continued their practice of "Smart Set" both in the "Editorial" and in "Clinical Notes." The editorial is entirely serious in mien while "Clinical Notes" presents its usual serio-comic aspect on a number of things among them the farce of Prohibition. Further than that Mencken has given us the value of his experience as a reader and book-reviewer in "The Library" while Nathan has done likewise in "The Theater."

This being an avowedly Catholic magazine, we will, of course, be accused of a slight prejudice in saying that Gerald Johnson's "The Kluxer" is the first true explanation of the growth of the klan that has come under our sensitive nose. That Johnson is able to explain as well as prove each statement proffered goes without saying. Another quite excellent indictment that is surprisingly frank and brutally condemnatory is Carleton Beals' "Carrying Civilization to Mexico." Beals is by way of accusing the American people of a rash and uncalled-for attitude towards Mexico and Mexicans because of the sentiments of not a few of our *gelehrten* who yearly sojourn in the land of alkali and gunpowder.

"The Labor Leader," the first of a series of "American Portraits" by James M. Cain, is delightfully satirical yet unquestionably true. Howell Sykes in writing "The Part-Time Missionary" has

without a doubt struck the real reason for the gross failure of missionary work in China. That he is an authority on Oriental matters is too well known to devote space for proofs. "Americana" has more than its usual bundle of "dumb-breaks" garnered from the four and a half corners of these United States.

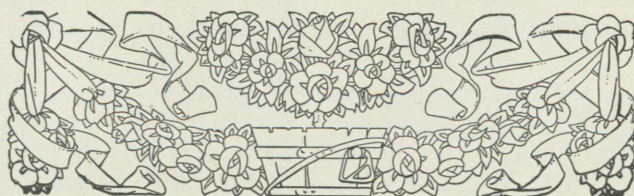
That we agree with but a part of H. M. Parshley's theory on "Heredity and the Uplift" has little to do with the case and certainly does not affect the merit of the article in question. Whether heredity or environment has more to do with the future of a man is a mooted question, hence, for every dissenting opinion there will be two concurring ones advanced. Morris Fishbein by permitting us to read his treatise on "Osteopathy" has made up our mind that we will notify a few friends given over to osteopaths' treatments, to promptly discontinue their trips "eight-flights up."

The above articles, together with a two-act play "All God's Chillun Got Wings" by Eugene O'Neill, "The Grammarian and His Language," by Edward Sapir, and divers notes on science and art, to say nothing of Charles Willis Thompson's "Pinchot" and to ignore all together Leon Kellner's "A Note on Shakespeare," are likewise among the best manuscripts in the February issue of "The American Mercury." Minor matter (major matter in most magazines) goes to make up the complete number.

* * * *

Our mission in writing this bit concerning a new publication, is not so much to enable Nathan and Mencken to keep up a respectable bank-account as it is to indicate to our readers that here is a bit of writing worth while. It is worth while in ways too numerous to tabulate, chief among them being from point of thought and structure. It is what devotees to "The American Magazine" and like inspirational periodicals, would term "high-brow." Thank God for that.

A half-dollar expended for "The American Mercury," we feel sure, will not be fifty cents distributed "to the winds." It will be amply repaid in the gathering together of a fund of knowledge on many and varied subjects. And if someone should ask "Is it a good thing?" we will promptly reply with characteristic terseness "Orbis Terrarum Dicam."



“Friends”

By Jack Adair, Jr.

PURCELL BARTON was hated. There was apparently no reason for it. I should not say that he was hated, though. He had no real enemies. In fact his acquaintances enjoyed his company immensely. They laughed at his drolleries and sympathized—after a fashion—with him in his misfortunes. Rather should the word hated be changed to—there is no word. Barton was an enigma.

When first I set foot into the college I was struck by the peculiarity of the boy. I say boy but really he and I are of the same age almost to the month. He is twenty-two. I entered the college as a junior last fall while Barton, also a junior, had been there four years. Failed in the freshman year, he explained. Barton was a good looking chap of average height and build. He was a prolific reader—hence was a most interesting talker. His wit scintillated; his metaphors and similes were faultless and amazingly quaint.

Barton and I met through chance. I picked up a copy of James Huneker's "Iconoclasts," and discovered in the pages a short note addressed to Barton. I sought him out and, so engrossed did we become in the discourse on Huneker that I completely forgot about the note until the next day. I returned it to him and—well we became speaking friends, then eating friends and later, as now, fast friends.

But always Barton remained a mystery to me. At times pensive, he would scarcely deign to speak. Then becoming quite the opposite he would harangue on the most meaningless objects in the world making them seem at the same time sensible and tangible. I remember one discussion lasting the best part of an hour during which time we missed entirely the story of the motion picture being run off before us, on no more than the vast difference between California and Florida oranges. I liking the Florida oranges—but why bore you with a repetition of my defense of Florida oranges.

One day Barton was sitting in my room reading. Without the vestige of a warning he threw the magazine across the room and cried "God, I can't stand it, I can't, I can't."

In a moment I was at his side. I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Look at me Barton and tell me what's up."

"Nothing. Everything. They hate me and—Oh, how I love them."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Tell me. I'll help you; that is if I can," I consoled.

"It's too late. But by God, I'm not beaten yet. Not by a hair, I'm not beaten," he screamed.

* * * *

Almost a week passed until I had a favorable opportunity to talk with Barton. We were sitting in my room. It was a dull February day. The sun was trying as hard to peep through the low hanging clouds as I was trying to penetrate the pall which hung over Barton. It was I who broke the silence.

"Last week," I said to him, "You almost exploded in front of me. Can't you tell me what was, what is wrong with you?"

"Oh, what's the use. You wouldn't understand. It's deeper than we like to go in our talks. Then, too, I wouldn't know how to begin," he replied.

"Try to begin, Barton, and I will try and help you," I answered. "Besides I think I know what you are trying to say."

"You know. Ha! You haven't the slightest conception. Don't be a fool," he laughed.

"I'm no fool, Barton. Believe me, I'm your friend and I know that you are attempting to explain, first to yourself, why it is that you have no friends, and secondly, that you are trying to tell me about your failures."

"You've struck it," he admitted. "Now we'll have this thing out."

* * * *

"You see," Barton began, "I came here four years ago with a queer notion of college life. 'The Rover Boys,' 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' and the Lord knows what not books, gave me that. I thought that everything was—well different than it is. I thought that college life would be four years of gay camaraderie, good fellowship, football, baseball, dances, studies at times, more dances—I could go on for an hour explaining."

"Surely," I volunteered, "but I know what you mean."

"Yes, you know—at least you think you know what I mean. Well, anyway," he continued, "things weren't that way. It didn't take me but a week to discover that. The idea—that is the idea of being alone in a crowd—came to me one day in the club room. Art Blicken was playing the piano—as he always is and say, Rodney, doesn't he play terribly?"

"Awful," I agreed, "Go on."

"Then in the corner was that confounded Merking telling about his next poem for 'The Zipper.'"

He writes some bum poetry, don't you think, Rodney?" again he digressed.

"None worse. Do go on, Barton," I acceded.

"Don't mind me. I'm just trying to form a sentence to tell you what I mean to. Well in another corner was Tuffy McNutt and Skin Blake and—you know the crowd—talking everlastingly of football. Now picture to yourself that combination! Art at the piano, Merking reciting poetry, Tuffy and his admirers settling the next game and—the prefect at the table reading "The Queen's Work."

"I have the picture firmly in my mind, Barton, you need go no further."

"No, I'll go no further but I will go back a ways. You know I'm an only child, as they say. My father has been dead since—since I can remember, then a bit before that. There were no kids around me when I was a little chap. My mother raised me when I was between eight and eighteen as if I was grown. At twelve I criticized Wilson for not getting into the war sooner—now I wish to Heaven he'd stayed out of it. At fifteen I thoroughly enjoyed "Madame Butterfly" and—worse—understood it. At eighteen—use your imagination," he commanded.

"I am," I modestly admitted.

"Then it will not be hard for you to imagine the rest. Here I was a grown boy at twelve, a theatergoer at fifteen, a "man-about-town" in a sense, at eighteen and at twenty I became a college student."

"Do you know what it meant for me to become a college boy at twenty? It meant going back to the age of twelve for me. It meant my dropping discussions about Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell and the fallacies of Mary Baker Eddy to replace them with assinine—at least to me—conversations about Hokum college's next game with Bunkam. What did I care either about Hokum or Bunkam. Personally I should have been greatly pleased had both teams been taken seriously ill with influenza. They were not, however, which meant that weekly—yes bi-weekly—I had to trudge out on that darned cold football field and watch twenty-two fools bang away at one another. Once or twice I was minded to drop into the melee and bang away myself—indiscriminately. I refrained, though."

"Yes I would think you—" I began.

"Now don't interrupt me if you ever want to hear the rest of this. I'm just in a mood to talk and I don't need encouragement. Where was I—oh, yes, talking about football. Well let's drop that. Needless to say I took no interest in football. After a game we'd drop back into the clubroom and some of the technical experts usually played it over for the benefit of interested parties. During this process I read Ring Lardner. Then there was al-

ways Art at the piano, Merking reciting poetry and Tuffy on the lumber gridiron."

"I turned about to discover at least one person who read—or talked—anything but Rube Goldberg. I found none. To one or the other I had expressed my opinions of football. The opinions were promptly reported to the remainder of the students and I was regarded as a curiosity—if not an insane exhibit. Did it bother me, you ask? No, Rodney, I wouldn't say that it bothered me. I was too insanely wrapped up in myself at the time. Remember that was three years ago. Oh, it was hard to get the cold shoulder fifty times a day. Don't think I didn't suffer. No man can remain unaffected when he walks up to a group of his supposedly friendly companions only to be plainly ushered out. At first I got mad—even fought. But what was the use? They laughed—God how they laughed. I laughed too—biting my tongue all the time."

After a time I got used to it. I let them laugh—even laughed with them—publicly. That wasn't the worse, though. My laughter irritated them as much as their laughter irritated me. One night—it was Hallowe'en I think—the prefect had planned a celebration. They called it a blow-out. It was—for me. I was blown out. Art objected to my criticism of his piano playing, Merking thought my condemnation of his poetry was unjust and Tuffy literally disagreed with my scheme of things. He went so far as to decorate me with, as he called it, a 'shiner.' They took me out and unceremoniously dumped me into the swimming pool. Certainly I caught cold. Remember, I didn't even swim in the summer, this was October—and a blamed cold one.

"Oh, after all, it was a good thing—this wet dumping incident. It told me the truth—that I didn't have a friend. After that I kept to my room. I told them all to go to the—clubroom. They did I suppose. The next year I returned and the same thing happened. The new fellows learned from the old ones and I was more alone than ever."

"But the faculty. Didn't they help you?" I suggested.

"You remember that play don't you, Rodney, about the lawyer who wanted a verdict in favor of his client—a murderer. He knew the people wanted an acquittal so he sent newspapers into the courtroom with favorable write-ups. Whether or not there is such a thing as mental telepathy, I don't know. But in the play the murderer was acquitted. The same process took place here. Not a word was spoken to the faculty but they knew—of course they knew. Several tried to console me; but they weren't sincere. I shunned them too.

The school years passed and I with them. Then you came. You, the first person that I ever called

friend. You are to blame for my breakdown."

"Me? Why man you're insane, raving—"

"No, I'm neither insane nor raving. Imagine, please, Rodney, how it felt to be stripped of friends, for three years. Get used to their insinuations and their insults. I forgot they existed. Then suddenly I gained a friend—you. It brought back to me the true concept of the things which I had lost. That part was harder to me than the loss itself. You know that, Rodney. Just like pain to the animal is dulled because he has little or no comprehension of it. It was the same thing here. My loss was not felt because I had trained, schooled myself not to miss it. You stepped in and filled my mental idea of all that a friend was. Oh, I'm not

blaming you. You didn't know—probably don't now. But I do. We'll go on being friends, Rodney, won't we? Surely. But—you will know, as I will, that we never should have met."

"No, Barton, you are wrong. We should have met and we did. It wasn't fate—because you and I, Barton, know that there is no such thing. It was chance and luck. Do you know—but of course you don't—that I am a counterpart of you just as you are a counterpart of me. The story that you told me just now is my story too. I belong in there instead of you. I am the man without a friend. We are the men without friends and such we shall remain in the years that follow. Take my hand—my friend."



Bird Notes

By Harry McFarland

WITH the first sign of yielding on the part of grim winter there is a stir throughout all birdland. As spring comes on apace, up from the South moves the restless host and scatters over the entire Northland until every field, forest and park has its quota of feathered tenants. To one who has the love of Nature's melodies in his heart and whose eye is keen to appreciate her beauties, the advent in early March of the first bluebird, robin or song sparrow is a very important event in the calendar. Not only does their coming mark the approaching end of the dreary season of cold and snow, when life in the open is at its lowest ebb, but it announces in no uncertain tones the advent of spring with her many and varied attractions. Who does not feel a thrill of vernal joy when on some black and sunless day in March there comes to his eager ears the trumpet-like hark, hark, hark of wild geese as they make their hurried way across the leaden sky, bound north.

It is with keen admiration and a feeling akin to awe that one beholds the sudden appearance of these hardy forerunners of the migrating army; and one wonders at the strange instinct that prompts them to leave their comfortable quarters in the distant Southland and start upon what seems to us a long and wearisome journey, whose goal is the frozen and forbidden North.

About thirteen thousand species of birds are known to science. The structure of many of these have been carefully studied, and all have been clas-

sified, at least provisionally. Taken as a whole, the class Aves, in which all birds are placed, is more clearly defined than any other group of the higher animals. That is, the most unlike birds are more closely allied than are the extremes among fishes or reptiles, and all living birds possess the distinctive characters of their class.

When compared with other animals, birds are found to occupy second place in the scale of life. They stand between mammals and reptiles, and are more closely related to the latter than to the former.

The characters that distinguish birds from mammals on the one hand, and from reptiles on the other, are more apparent than real. Thus flight, the most striking of birds' gifts, is shared by bats among mammals.

Birds breathe more rapidly than either mammals or reptiles, and their pneumaticity, or power of inflating numerous air-sacs and even certain bones is unique. The temperature of birds ranges from one hundred degrees to one hundred and twelve degrees. In mammals it reaches ninety-eight to one hundred degrees, and in the comparatively cold reptiles it averages only forty degrees. In mammals and birds the heart has four chambers; in reptiles it has but three.

The relation of birds to man is threefold, the scientific, the economic, and the aesthetic. No animals form more profitable subjects for the scientist than birds. The embryologist, the morphologist, and the systematist, the philosophic

naturalist and the physiologist all may find in them exhaustless material for study.

The economic value of birds to man lies in the service they render in preventing the undue increase of insects, in devouring small rodents, in destroying the seeds of harmful plants, and in acting as scavengers.

But to appreciate the beauty of form and plumage of birds, their grace of motion and musical powers we must know them. Then, too, we will be attracted by their high mental developments, or their human attributes. Man exhibits hardly a trait which he will not find reflected in the life of a bird. Love, hate; courage, fear; anger, pleasure; vanity, modesty; curiosity, memory, all these we may find exhibited in the lives of birds. Birds have thus become symbols of certain human characteristics, and the more common species are so interwoven in our art and literature that by name at least they are known to all of us.

Some species are always with us. Long after the leaves have fallen and the fields are bare and brown, when insect voices are hushed, and even some mammals are sleeping their winter sleep, the Cherry Juncos flit about our doorsteps, the White throats twitting wilyly from the evergreens, Tree Sparrows chatter gayly over their breakfast of seeds, and Crows are calling from the woods. Birds are the only living creatures to be seen; what a sense of companionship their presence gives; how desolate the earth would seem without them!

Having learned a bird's language, you experience an increased feeling of comradeship with it. You may even share its emotions as you learn the significance of the notes. As time passes you will find that the songs of birds bring a constantly increasing pleasure. This is the result of association. The places and people that make our world are ever changing; the present slips from us with growing rapidity, but the birds are ever with us.

Birds are both interesting and amusing. In truth, it may be said that of all creatures, they possess the greatest variety of attractions. Their songs charm the ear, their colors please the eye, and their lives are made up of interesting habits, which we may study with both pleasure and profit.

No other form of animal life is so widely distributed, and no form is more perfectly adapted to meet the conditions which surround it. Amid the ice and snow of the far North, on the burning desert, in mid-ocean, on the mountain heights, in short, throughout the length and breadth of the earth, are found forms of bird life fitted to meet the particular conditions of the regions in which they live.

Bird plumage shows a great variety of color. It also varies in texture. With birds which live in the far North as the Snowy Owl, the plumage is very thick and warm, extending even to the toes. In milder climates the covering is much scantier and the legs and feet are bare. The plumage of birds changes much during the period of development. With those varieties like Ducks, Geese, Grouse, and Partridge, that leave the nest as soon as hatched, the first clothing of the youngsters is a thick, warm suit of down, velvet-like in texture. This dress is retained by the aquatic birds and makes a waterproof suit of underclothing of great service in keeping their bodies dry, even though they be on the water constantly. With those that live on the land like the Sandpipers and Grouse their first covering is soon replaced by the regulation dress of feathers which serves every purpose. The young of most land birds when hatched are nearly naked, and require the mother bird's protection from heat, cold and storms. But the feathers grow rapidly that in a very few days their bodies are well covered, the wing and the tail feathers being the last to be grown.

All birds oil their feathers to keep out the wet from an oil gland nature has provided. So effective is this that in the hardest rainstorms, although they may appear drenched on the outside, yet their skins are dry.

The color of bird plumage depends largely upon the surroundings. It has been observed that individuals of the same species vary greatly in color in different localities. They are in general darkest in moist regions, much lighter in dry regions. Song Sparrows; which inhabit the greater part of North America, furnish an example of this fact. In arid Arizona they are sandy color; in humid Alaska they are dark brown, almost black; while in the intermediate regions they are of colors between these extremes.

A very interesting relation is often observed in the harmony that exists between the coloring of a bird's plumage and the prevailing tones in its usual surroundings. The Sparrow family, for the most part, ground dwellers in field and pasture, have those shades of grey, brown and black closely resembling the very colors of the earth's carpet of dry grass. The Meadow Lark, Plover and Bob White living mostly on the ground have similar coloring. The Snowbunting, when he comes down from the North to visit us in winter, is almost as white as the snowbark he lights upon.

In the South Kensington Museum in London there are displayed several varieties of birds from the desert of Sahara resting upon the stones and earth characteristic of their habitat. So complete

is the harmony of color between the plumage and their surroundings that they are quite protected.

To the great majority of people birds are most attractive in their vocal utterances, as one hears very many songs when the singer is not seen.

A bird's vocal expression may be divided into general classes, call-notes and songs. While practically all utter notes, song is limited to certain varieties and for the most part is confined to the males. Song is the expression of emotion, the joy of living in the mating time of spring. This is so keenly felt that it demands expression, and we are treated to rich and varied melody.

Each variety has its own utterances, but not all may be classified as music. Often there is a striking resemblance between the songs of the different members of a family. For example, with the Thrushes, by all bird lovers declared to be the very prima donnas of the bird chorus, the songs of the various species differ greatly, and yet there is a quality of tone common to all their songs that is quite unmistakable when one has become familiar with the notes of this family. The same is true of the Vireos and perhaps the family resemblance is quite as striking.

With the varieties of some males they alone sing; in others both sing with equal skill. Other varieties, as Cranes, Crows, Jays, Ducks, Snipes, and most of the wading and water birds, have no song at all. Even that exquisite creature, the Cherrybird, has no song, its only note being a faint lisping "seep," "seep," not especially sweet or musical.

Bird song is almost endless in its variety. The "sweetheart" notes of the Chickadee, the tumbling torrent of the Bobolink as he hovers above the flower-strewn meadows, the measured anthem of the Hermit, his evening hymn of praise are good examples of the variety that are found in nature's chorus.

In birdland life is a constant change. With those birds that migrate, the winter months are passed amid scenes which suit the individual taste of each variety. No doubt food habits play a very important part in the selection. To be sure of an adequate supply of their favorite food, the Flycatchers journey to the land where Jack Frost rarely, if ever, visits; while seed and berry eaters may remain where the weather is much colder, the hardier varieties even in the land of snow or even zero temperature.

During the winter months most migrants often in loose bands made up of several varieties, but having similar feeding habits, lead a nomadic life, apparently care-free except for the necessity, which they constantly face, of securing the daily food supply. So generously does bountiful nature provide

for her children, this is not usually a difficult task.

Several months are passed in this easy-going sort of an existence. But the first breath of spring which has its beginning in some indefinable region to the southward, which seems to stir our bird friends there to memories of happy resting sites amid summer's flowers, strewn fields and parks, or shady forests far away to the north. With some varieties as the Robins the preliminary to the journey is a great gathering of the clans, sometimes tens of thousands in a loose flock scattered over miles of country. After a few days of socializing, they break up into small squads and, in response to the migrating instinct, set out upon a journey, long or short, according to the relative location of the winter haunt and summer resting grounds. All the members of a given family move at the same time and, if the observation is made south of their resting grounds, usually pass a given point in a few days after the first individuals of that species appears. Then they are seen no more until the return in the late summer or fall.

The great highways of the air, which are traversed every spring and fall by millions upon millions of birds, have a general course that conforms with the director of the coast line and the river valleys. During fair weather the flight is high, probably more than a mile above the earth, where their progress is unobstructed. But when fog and rain set in the flight is much lower and they are often confused as to their proper course.

Despite the long distance travelled, their goings and comings are made with great regularity and we can predict with much certainty when they will come in spring. And yet when the migration begins in the fall, these western dwellers travel eastward to join their brethren for the long journey, notwithstanding that their winter home could be reached by a much shorter land route, via Mexico and Central America. Truly instinct is a most exacting master. Is it not a strange and powerful impulse that prompts birds to cover these enormous distances with all the perils and vicissitudes incident thereto?

The cause of these movements is still a mystery, although scientists have given much attention to the matter. The most reasonable explanation seems to be that they had their beginnings ages ago when the ice cap, which covered a great portion of the Northern Hemisphere receded and advanced under varying conditions of temperature. It seems that much force is given to this theory by the fact that birds of the Southern Hemisphere where the ice movement did not occur do not, as a rule, migrate but are permanent residents in their various localities. It seems clear that the migrating movement

can scarcely result from the food problem alone, or the desire for secure resting places, for in neither case would the northern journey necessarily help them.

The northward journey is ended when the bird has arrived in resting grounds which are to its liking. As a rule, members of a given variety occupy the same general region, the area of which varies greatly with the different species.

Very soon after arriving in the region selected for the summer home, usually as soon as the stains of travel have been removed and tired bodies rested, attention is turned to the very important matter of selecting a mate. The males then are clad in their gayest suits, and their best songs are ready to woo the ear of the coy female. A few varieties are said to keep the same mate year after year, but this seems rather unlikely. However, the choice is soon made, an agreement reached, and the attention of the pair is turned to the selection of a suitable site for the nest; and as to choice of location a wide range of preference is made by the various families.

Some are expert builders, spending much time in the construction of the nest. Others are indifferent workmen, merely gathering a pile of sticks and reeds with little form and no beauty. The great majority of birds, however, build substantial nests which, in some cases, serve as the home of two broods in a season. The nest completed, the eggs are laid sometimes on consecutive days, sometimes with an interval of several days between. Then follows the period of incubation, varying with different species from ten to twenty-one days. With other birds the male expells her, so that she may seek her own food and rest from her irksome task.

With the coming of the helpless fledglings begins the busiest period of the year for the birds. Not only must there be an almost incessant hunt for food adequate to meet the demands of the voracious youngsters, but they must be protected from all marauders, thieving birds, snakes, squirrels and cats. With a few families as the Ruffed Grouse the male bird takes no part in the care of the flock; in fact it appears that he deserts the female even before the period of incubation begins. But with practically all the song birds and many others as well the domestic duties are shared by both parents, and they seem fully absorbed, and withal very happy in the work of rearing the brood.

The early comers have their broods well along

toward maturity before the latest migrants arrive. Early in June young Grackles and Robins, in their short tailed spotted coats, may be seen about the parks in some of the eastern states. As a rule, however, March arrivals do not begin nest building for several weeks, waiting until weather conditions are more favorable.

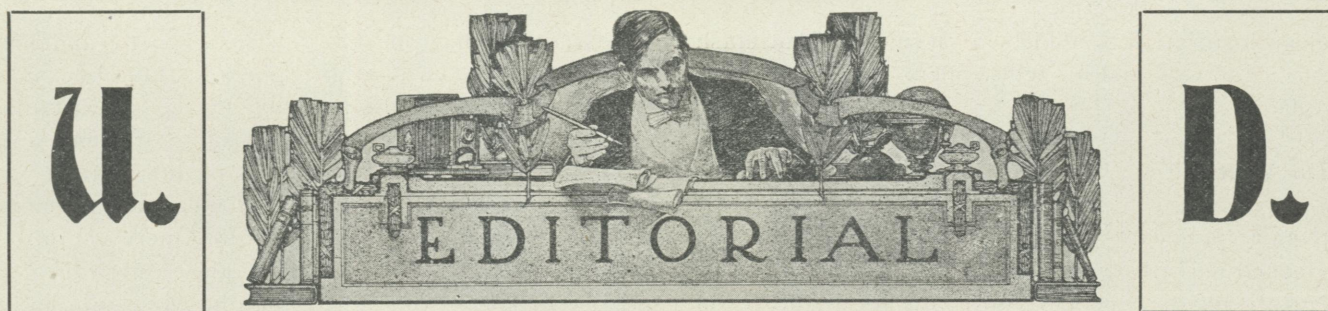
With the later arrivals there is less delay, except in a few notable cases of which the Cherrybird and Goldfinch are conspicuous examples. These birds spend the spring and early summer in careless roaming about the country, delaying the domestic duties until the season is well advanced.

With many migrating birds soon after the young are full grown, old and young gather in flocks and for several weeks roam happily about the country before taking up their southward journey. But prior to their departure is the moulting which follows close upon the breeding season. Then birds are very quiet. There is little song and activity of all kinds is at low ebb. Then the gay suits of the males are doffed and sober colored coats better adapted for travel are put on.

The southward flights begin early in August. Tree and Bark Swallows are among the first to leave and several of the more delicate warblers begin their journey well ahead of the advent of Jack Frost. With these birds the stay in the resting grounds is very short, just long enough to rear their broods; a period scarcely more than two months. This seems a very brief period when the length of migration is considered. But those sturdy heralds of the spring, the Grackles, Robin, Bluebird and Song Sparrow stay late, some of them seeming to leave with reluctance only when cheerless winter is close upon them.

A bird's life is one of ceaseless activity with much of danger and many difficulties to overcome, but withal, we may believe, with much of joy. Under normal conditions birds seem very happy. We know little about the hardships they encounter during their absence, of the countless numbers that perish from the vicissitudes of travel. They tell no tales. They return to us clad in their best clothes, bubbling over with song, giving no sign of having grown old. We accept them as they appear, and feel a deep sense of gratitude that we live in a land selected as a summer home by the host of feathered songsters who give us much to enjoy in beautiful plumage, and cheering song.





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Brother

John Gilbride

The death of Bro. John Gilbride on February the 14th, at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, came as a distinct shock to the majority of U. D. students. The seriousness of his illness was not generally known, and that it should prove fatal was entirely unexpected.

The University of Dayton and the Society of Mary have sustained a great loss in the decease of Brother John. As a scholar and teacher he ranked with the very best. As a religious he was honest, faithful and true.

In the classroom Brother Gilbride was remarkable for his earnestness and exactitude. He was clear in his exposition of the subject and thorough in his demands. Though small in stature he always exercised perfect control of his class. His presence commanded respectful attention and lecture classes were controlled by the mere glance of his eye.

Bro. John Gilbride was born February 8, 1892, at Denver, Colorado. He did not attend school in his native town for when he was of school age his parents had moved to San Francisco. In this city he attended St. Joseph's Parochial School which was conducted by the Brothers of Mary. While a pupil John gave evidence of traits that characterized him all through his life. He was frequently commended for his neatness and diligence in school-work. His papers in penmanship were models of exactness and painstaking effort.

When John had completed his eight years of grammar school, he heard the call of the Master to a higher life and chose to enter the juniorate of the Society of Mary.

In 1908 he entered the Novitiate of the Society in Dayton. Here under the wise guidance of superiors he cultivated and developed the precious grace of the religious vocation and after a lapse of Department of the University.

His first teaching appointment was at St. Joseph's High School, San Jose, California. Here he showed himself to be careful and energetic. He profited by his contact with the older and more experienced Brothers of the community, and prepared himself for his life work as a teacher.

In 1915 Brother Gilbride was appointed to teach at the University of Dayton. He began his career as instructor in Chemistry and Geometry in the Preparatory Department. In 1920 he took courses in Special Chemistry at the University of Chicago, and soon after taught Chemistry in the Collegiate Department of the University, in addition to the High School course.

Since the time of his additional duties Brother Gilbride began to fail in health. Beginning with apparent simple indigestion his illness developed into a complication of stomach diseases that necessitated an operation. On February 8th he entered St. Elizabeth's Hospital and was operated upon. Weakened as he was by continuous work, the strain of the operation sapped his vitality and in a few days death followed.

Bro. John Gilbride has gone to his reward. It was God's will that he should end his labors in the morning of life when hopes were high and prospects bright. The memory of Brother Gilbride will ever linger in the minds of pupil, confrere and friend,

as an inspiration to noble self-sacrifice and unselfish service to God and his fellow men.

—Donnelly, S. M.

Do Your Bit The student body at the University of Dayton may boast of two popular publications. The one, *The Exponent*, has gleaned no little fame in the collegiate world of literature by its excellent contributions to the realm of student thought and activity. The other of recent birth, *The U. of D. News*, although of a different nature is slowly but surely following in the path of its big brother.

We look forward with pleasant anticipation from issue to issue of both *Exponent* and *U. of D. News*. They are the criterion of our thoughts, the history of our ideas, the means of communication between faculty, alumni and student body. We feel that without either of these two publications we would be at a loss to experience that power of sentiment, that mutual understanding that is communicated in the ideas of one student, as author, to another student, as reader and critic.

A very small representative part of the students of the University are solely responsible for the publication of these two periodicals. The burden of composition lies upon their shoulders. With each issue we see the result of their splendid efforts and theirs alone. We might hint that the entire life of these magazines is dependent upon the eagerness and willingness of these ambitious literateurs. If there is any glory to be distributed or any thanks to be given, there are no others to claim it than these few.

Of course we will all agree that these two publications are of the highest calibre, but we will also admit there is room for improvement and in so far as we are desirous of seeing them reach a greater standard, we should be more than willing to do our bit by contributions. To do our bit does not necessarily mean that regular contributions are a requisite. But we do mean and strongly urge that each and every student who enjoys these papers contribute at least for one of every two issues.

—Deddens.

As I Was Saying It should be the goal of every American to speak the English language, as it should be spoken—correctly. There is but one way in which to acquire the art of speaking correct English. That way is through reading. And, after one has read extensively, one naturally turns to writing—for reading induces thought and once a human being is initiated into the "process of thinking," that being will not selfishly secrete from the world his thoughts. It is contrary to reason to believe otherwise.

Granting that one has read extensively and has commenced to write a bit. The first thing of which he is conscious is the fact that there is a vast difference between English "as she is spoken" and English "as she is written." It is this strange yet existing fact that, at least in a measure, accounts for the rarity of literary artists in America. In order to write a sensible paper, the American, because he speaks differently than he would normally write, must subject his thoughts to a translating process before he can reasonably believe that his work will be considered anything but the product of a three-year-old mentality.

The obvious thing to do, when one is aware of this truth, is to improve one's speech.

But that is easier to think about than to actually accomplish. The American student is as well versed in grammar and rhetoric as his English fellow. Therefore a further study of rules and regulations governing construction is of little avail. What is to be done, then? The answer: Read and digest; the rest will follow.

However, there is an appendix which warrants much more thought than the bare statement advanced above. That appendix tersely stated, is simply, What shall we read? And again the answer: The best of literature, be it novel, drama, poetry or periodical.

The novel is long, the drama is longer and poetry, to many, is wearisome. All right, eliminate them. Turn, then, to the periodical. America's best writers—the authors of novels—write for the current periodicals. Indeed their essays, as they appear month to month, are quite frequently assembled and issued as books.

A college student should take to periodicals much as the proverbial water to the oft-spoken-of duck. We mean, of course, by that, to the best of periodicals. At no time is there room enough in our lives to read trash—the sum total of many magazines of today.

—Young.

Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation On February 15, 1924, there was officially launched a nation-wide campaign for the purpose of raising \$1,000,000 to be used in part for the preservation of Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello, in part for the dissemination of the ideals which Jefferson held. The people of the City of Dayton are asked to contribute to this cause.

The Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation was organized on April 13th last, the 180th anniversary of Jefferson's birthday, for the purpose of establishing his home as a permanent national memorial. The Foundation has actually made a first

payment on the home and grounds about Monticello,—a sum of \$100,000 contributed by New York State. The property will come to approximately \$500,000 and the remainder of the million raised will go to the furtherance of Jeffersonian ideals.

To Virginia belongs the honor of being the first sovereign state in history to enact a law insuring freedom of religious belief and worship to its citizens; and to Thomas Jefferson, its gifted son, belongs the credit for this great achievement. He wrote the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom and led the seven years' fight for its adoption and had the pleasure thereafter of seeing the principle he so warmly espoused incorporated in the Constitution of the United States through the first amendment.

It is hardly surprising therefore that men and women of all religious faiths are enthusiastic in their support of the movement to establish a fitting tribute in a permanent memorial to Jefferson at Monticello. The Foundation recently announced that representatives of three great religious bodies had accepted membership on its Board of Governors. They are the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York; Reverend Dr. Nathan Krass, Rabbi of the Temple Emanu-El, New York; and Reverend Dr. Ernest M. Stires, Rector of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, New York.

—Gordon, Jr.

Basil

Gildersleeve

The literary and artistic world lost a great leader and a profound scholar in the passing of Dr. Basil Gildersleeve, authority in Greek, and Latin as well as an eminent teacher of Philosophy. Dr. Gildersleeve, besides being professor of belles letters in Johns-Hopkins University, was an author of repute and editor of the "American Journal of Philology." His list of scholastic achievements and honors cover a period of ninety-three years and were replete with matters classical.

It is unquestionably true that Basil Gildersleeve was the one American professor who made of Latin and Greek, living languages in contradistinction to the profusion of teachers and lecturers who hold, in their attempts at the *reductio absurdum*, that these ancient tongues are dead in thought as well as practice.

Of the many tributes anent Dr. Gildersleeve, perhaps one of the most touching, from point of eminence, was written in "The Outlook" of early February. It states, in part:

"Basil Gildersleeve made these ancient tongues alive because they were alive to him. They lived with him. He did not think so much concerning Greek and Latin as he actually thought in Greek

and Latin. He achieved the almost impossible feat of bringing to his pupils at John Hopkins a deep appreciation of the literatures he loved in the natural languages of those literatures.

"Dr. Gildersleeve, then, may well for many years stand out as a fine exemplar of American scholarship at its best, as the author of excellent textbooks, as the founder and editor of the 'American Journal of Philology,' as the writer of a matchless study of the odes of Pindar, as the recipient of many scholastic degrees and honors. But it is likely that much longer will last his memory as one who breathed a spirit of life into the great literatures of Greece and Rome and made them really significant to others as they were significant to him."

—Overberg, S. M.

Editors and Editors

Not often has it been our privilege to gaze upon such a condensed array of sheer buncombe as was printed in one of the local papers under recent date. Starting out with the ominous title of "World Court" this young tome contains not alone a prize group of asinine statements, wholly illogical and certainly nonsensical, but it is built up so as to intrigue—for want of a better word—the various street-car conductors, ash-men, mechanics and soda-clerks, into believing that the World Court is by way of being equal only to a refreshing swallow of rare Benedictine.

The editorial writer who concocted this anything but unique dish of nouns, verbs, pronouns, conjunctions and indefinite articles, if shown the article today, and forced to read it slowly, must surely be convinced of its utter worthlessness.

To begin with this writer, speaking of some plan or other for a "preface" to a World Court, states as nothing less than dogma that "we need to get back, so to speak, to the old-fashioned but nevertheless important neighborhood spirit which ruled in other years." Bosh! Never in the history of America, Jugo-Slavia, Russia, South America or Portugal, to say nothing of the rest of the civilized and uncivilized world, was there ever a spirit of neighborliness. We demand proofs!

One need read only the next sentence wherein he says "Out of such a spirit originating in America could be broadcasted a world-wide spirit of a similar character," to become convinced more soundly that only such a sentiment, as well as such an editorial, could possibly originate in any other country than America. Even if the idea were profound and logical, the nations of the earth would, without the shadow of a doubt, forthwith consign it to the files marked "Absurdum" because they had so many times before been sheerly hornswoggled by

America under the tutorage of petty politicians and other quasi-craftsmen.

We are not through, yet. The editorial genius continues in like tenor. "Religion largely is unified, so is science and politics, but there is this one thing—" but we stop here. Imagine that first thought: "Religion is largely unified." Since when! It certainly happened recently. Is it possible that the "Fundamentalists" have acceded to the "Modernists"; that the Catholic has compromised with

the non-Catholic, the Jew with the Protestant, the Mohammedan with the Buddhist and so on ad infinitum.

Only one thing do we agree with in the whole five inches of typographical effort. That is this: "In the cycles of human activity there is always a place for clear thinking, right thinking and coordinated thinking." You're right, there. Only the application is wrong—or should we say missing.

—Young.

Exchanges

By John H. Holtvoigt

WHOEVER originated that myth about "Silent Cal," told most excellently by Francis X. Foley in the January number of *The Duquesne Monthly*, was certainly a humorist of comprehensive genius. If it be really original with the above mentioned author, we extend to him our most sincere congratulations. For he has taken a humorous incident, colored it with a certain phase of our national psychology and made withal a most pleasant satire.

The story goes that the then Governor Coolidge attended, with his wife, a funeral service, at which the assistants were deaf mutes beloved of the deceased. The Governor sat in a corner, inconspicuous, while the wife hastened to console the household and be of use in meeting the steady stream of mourners. After some time, all available space having been used up, the assistants were forced to surround the Governor's position with a veritable bank of votive wreaths. The silent man remained unperturbed. Finally a large "Gates Ajar" was brought in and the attendants mutely placed it directly before the taciturn one seated in the corner. Entered one slightly tipsy with drink, stood before the Gates Ajar and made the following expression of deepest sympathy, "He make a fine corpse but what's the undertaker got him sitting up for."

Incidentally it might be apropos to note that the gullibility of the American populace has once more been demonstrated by the appearance of floods of this mythological literature. And this article "Silent Cal" is a delicate satire on said foolishness.

"As Shakespeare Represents Them" by Theodore Benedict in the *St. Vincent's College Journal*, is a very unique way of handling a Shakespeare critique. As the author says, "It would scarcely be possible to say new things regarding the characters in 'Julius Caesar.'" Therefore the words of each of the four main characters are quoted as they

express their impressions of each other. Thus a just impression is achieved, of the way in which Shakespeare conceived his characters. Also we have before us in a compact way all the essential material for a study of the characters.

"From the Philosopher's Corner" a department of the *Rosary College Eagle* is very decidedly feminine. "The Wallace Record Club," "A Vital Question Solved" and "Bobbed Hair" represent three interesting phases of the modern quest for beauty. They sometimes appear so utterly absurd to the present writer that he doubts whether or not it is not profane to even mention them. Therefore we will quote a redeeming passage from the section on "Bobbies." Remembering that the sure way to drive a woman to a fatal step is to urge her not to take it, let us leave the "bobbies" in peace and turn our energies and intellects toward really vital issues."

The Far East—One of the Loretto Sisters who recently went to Han Yang, China, to co-operate with the Columban Missionaries, tells an amusing story in the February "*Far East*" (St. Columbans, Nebr.). Two chickens were needed for dinner. The Chinese servant knew no English, the Sister (just arrived) knew no Chinese. How did she convey her meaning?

She just raised two fingers—and crowed!

This is one of many experiences, diverting and otherwise, related in a highly interesting contribution.

The personality and labors of Father Ruppert, S. J., the Alaskan missionary who was frozen to death last Christmas, are described in an intimate sketch by one of the students at St. Columbans, who had the privilege of living with the heroic priest in the lone northland.

Other features of the February "*Far East*" are a lively short story, Children's pages and excellently illustrated missionary articles.

Alumni Notes

By Peter Babb

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Term expired February 1, 1924—

Joseph B. Murphy, '01
Harry Solimano, '07
Joseph B. Ferneding, '14
Lawrence W. Strattner, '11
Joseph L. Sutton, '11
Rev. Eugene C. Gerlach, '12

Term expires February 1, 1925—

Hugh Wall, '84
Harry Cappel, '98
Martin C. Kuntz, '12
Frank J. Heile, '75
Virgil Terrell, '00
T. Francis Hart, '04

Term expires February 1, 1926—

Michael J. Gibbons, Jr., '98
William A. Keyes, '99
William M. Carroll, '04
Roman Gerber, Sr., '86
Edward C. Schoen, '03
Rev. Charles Ertel, '05

We congratulate the successful candidates who form the new group of the Board of Governors as a result of the recent election.

Term expires February 1, 1927—

Harry Murphy, '77
Albert F. Hochwalt, '84
Carl J. Sherer, '06
Rev. Wm. P. O'Connor, '08,
Sedamsville, Ohio
John F. Maher, '96, Greenville, Ohio
Thomas J. Coughlin, '13, Cleveland, Ohio

The reorganization of the Executive Committee will take place in March, 1924. The retiring Executive Committee are as follows:

Presiden: Martin C. Kuntz, '12
Vice-President: Rev. Eugene C. Gerlach, '12
Executive Secretary: Joseph B. Murphy, '01
Financial Secretary: Harry Cappel, '98
Corresponding Secretary: Rev. John C. Gunzelman, S. M.
Treasurer: Hugh Wall, '88

Joe Cook, '04 Readers of "The American" magazine will take pleasure in reading the excellent notice given Joe Cook, '04, famous vaudeville headliner and at present featured with Earl Carroll's "Vanities of 1923" on tour. Joe reflects credit on his Alma Mater wherever he goes, it seems. We certainly hope that Keith's booking agents will see fit to place him in Dayton when he returns to vaudeville—we'll see you again then, Joe!

Rev. August Frische, S. M. We received your card, Father Frische, and hope sincerely that you have recovered from your recent illness. Friends and former pupils of Father Frische will be glad to know that he is at Maryhurst, Kirkwood, Mo., in the Western Province of the Society of Mary. Many inquiries have been received in the Exponent offices in regard to Father Frische recently.

Edward R. Connelly, '06 After slipping on the ice in Dayton three times last week, Ed, we are inclined to think that you haven't such a hard time of it in California. How's

the trip anyway? You know, fellows, Ed represents the P. M. Harmon Company out in the tall sticks!

J. A. Averdick, '70 An event which will undoubtedly be an occasion of rejoicing for all U. of D. Alumni will be the celebration of Dr. Averdick's Golden Jubilee as a practitioner in his chosen profession. It was on March 22, 1875, that this the most loyal of alumni received his degree. Dr. Averdick is, as far as we know, the first one to go on record as predicting the marvelous progress of his Alma Mater. He foretold the day when "St. Mary's Institute" would be a University in a class with the greatest of the country. We now see that by the loyal support given by her loyal Alumni, the University of Dayton will celebrate its Diamond Jubilee surrounded by evidences of success and facing a future undreamt of by even her most optimistic friends. The Exponent, in the name of the faculty, students and Alumni take the privilege of congratulating Dr. Averdick on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee and say Doctor, we'll tell the world we're proud of doing so. We hope to see you present when U. of D.

celebrates her Diamond Jubilee and will show you that "Greater U. of D." is no longer a dream but a reality.

Albert and Henry Goldcamp In the town of Ironton, Ohio, there is an industrial plant where the "Exponent" is always welcome. There are no less than two grads of U. D. connected with Goldcamp Bros., Albert, '07, and Henry, '13, are anxious to hear of their classmates and friends, but they seem to be rather bashful about telling us about their successes. Remember, boys, just as you want to know about your U. D. friends, there are many who would be interested in the doings of the Goldcamp brothers.

Rev. E. C. Gerlach, '12 There is no alumnus who is as proud of the '24 basket ball team as Father Gerlach. The wonderful record set by Varsity has proven that it is one of the best pill-shooting teams of the State and reminds Father Gerlach of the greatest team that ever fought for Alma Mater, the '12 team, State Champions, which he so ably managed. Father

Gerlach is now stationed at Greenfield, Ohio, as vicar of St. Benignus Parish.

Lieutenant Drake, '22 Lieut. Thomas D. Drake, former instructor in the R. O. T. C. at the University sends his sincere regards to the faculty and student body. After receiving his commission last September, he was transferred to the tenth U. S. Infantry, now in winter quarters at Fort Thomas, Kentucky. Early this spring his regiment will leave their present station and move to their summer training camp, Camp Knox. Lieutenant Drake is looking forward very eagerly to this coming summer's R. O. T. C. camp, for he will again come into intimate contact with students of the University attending that camp. He assures the advance students of a very pleasant and interesting summer camp, as extensive plans are now being formed at Corps Headquarters and Fort Thomas for conducting a camp quite superior to those of previous years. Lieutenant Drake's length of service here was rather limited, nevertheless he hopes that some time in the future he will again be fortunate enough to be assigned to the military staff at the University.

University Chronicle

By Gable Fleming

Undine A new statue has been placed in the parlor of Saint Mary Hall. It is a creation by Joseph Mozier.

Mozier is known in the chronicle of art history as one who did creditable work in the line of sculpture. He was born in Burlington, Vermont, in 1812 and died at Faids, Switzerland, in 1870. From 1831 until 1845 he was a merchant in New York City. Finally answering the persistent call of his real mission in life he went to Rome to open a studio and practice as a sculptor.

He produced about eleven figures of note. Some of his work holds honorable place in the Metropolitan Museum. Another of his works is in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

The statue of Undine was chiseled to represent the chief character of La Motte-Fouque's, first notable writing. The character of Undine has been eulogized in the following words:

"The fragrance of poetry and the songs of night-ingales were put into words by Fouque, and he called it Undine."

The statue was sent to the University from the postulate school of the Society of Mary, Beacon-on-the-Hudson. When the postulate was pur-

chased from a wealthy merchant of New York the statue was allowed to go with the purchase.

Cornerstone Laying It might be said that the Extension Department formally closed the first chapter of their work on Sunday, February 3, when the cornerstone of the Alumni Hall was laid. Rt. Rev. Francis J. L. Beckman, Bishop of Lincoln Nebraska, formerly of this diocese, officiated at the ceremony. The assisting clergy in the ceremony represented the Society of Mary and members of the faculty. The laying of the cornerstone was attended by many friends of the University.

Contest The Ancient Order of Hibernians have begun a contest to be participated in by all high school and collegiate students. The subject chosen is "Captain Jack Barry, the Father of the American Navy." Those writing must throw a new light on the subject and give all the details possible relative to the subject. The contest is to be judged solely from a standpoint of historical value rather than from a viewpoint of

composition. There are ten prizes ranging from the first prize of \$20 to six \$5 prizes.

Examinations The scholastic year has been diminished by one semester with the closing of the semi-final examinations. On January 21, 22 and 23 the exams of the High School and part of the College were held. On February 1, 4, 5 and 6 the examinations in Law were held. During this time also the Extension courses had their mid-year quizz.

Students have been greatly relieved both by the passing of the exams and with passing the dreaded telltales. The second semester has started its march toward the final goal to be reached sometime around June the first.

Lyceum On February 3 another number of the Lyceum Course was held in the University Auditorium. The Mary Adel Hays Opera Company of New York furnished the entertainment. This was an exceptional number on the course. The members were particularly interesting and proficient in their work. The number was voted one of the best so far. The program, which follows:

PART ONE

Excerpt. Second Act "Martha" Flotow
Place—The Young Farmer's Home

PERSONNEL

Lady Harriet, or "Martha" (a guest of the Queen) Mary Adel Hays
Nancy, or "Julia," Lady Harriett's Maid..... Mildred Haley
Plunket, a wealthy young farmer..Leonard Cowley
Lionel, his foster brother.....Louis Jennings

PART II

Piano—"Valse in A Flat" Chopin
Grace Martin
"Plainte D'Ariane," Ariadne's Lament....Coquard
Mildred Haley, Mezzo Contralto
"Nichavo," Nothing Matters.....Mana Zucca
Leonard Cowley, Baritone
Aria—From the "Mad Scene" (Lucia di Lamermoor) Donizetti
Mary Adel Hays, Coloratura Soprano

PART III

Excerpt—"The Music Lesson Scene" (From the Daughter of the Regiment).....Donizetti
Place—Countess Berkenfeld's Home

PERSONNEL

Marie, the Daughter of the Regiment.....
Mary Adel Hays
Countess Berkenfeld, her aunt.....Mildred Haley

Sergeant Sulpizio Leonard Cowley
Aria—"Rudolph's Narrative" ("La Boheme")
..... Puccini
Louis Jennings, Tenor
Duet—"Jolly Beggars" Lane Wilson
Messrs. Cowley and Jennings

PART IV

Impression from the Opera "Madamme Butterfly" (Second Act)Puccini
Place—Cho-cho-san's Home
Cho-cho-san (Madame Butterfly). Mary Adel Hays
Suzuki, her devoted maid..... Mildred Haley
Piano Solos Selected
Grace Martin
"Amaryllis," Melody of Louis VII.....
Arranged by F. L. Smith
Misses Hays and Haley,
Messrs. Cowley and Jennings

Arthur Leen With the completion of the first semester the course of law study met with a change. Judge Routzohn has been replaced by Arthur Leen who will teach Partnership in place of Wills which was taught by the Honorable Judge of the Probate Court. Mr. Leen is a notable attorney in Dayton. He is a graduate of the College of Law of the University of Michigan. In Dayton he is associated with the law firm of Murphy, Elliff, Leen & Murphy. Mr. Leen promises to be a most thorough and proficient professor.

An Appreciation We rejoice that among the annals of our University history there is recorded the name of Judge H. N. Routzohn as a member of the faculty. We avow it a privilege to here speak of him in grateful and appreciative recollection as one of our instructors, as a professor of law, as one of the most eminent of our judges, who showed in the chair the same high qualities that contributed to his eminence when on the bench.

As a professor and lecturer, he manifested an enthusiasm for the lecture-room. He taught in words that sparkled with high ideals and with, perhaps, a negligence toward his own personal concerns; for he was extreme in his solicitude for the welfare of his pupils. We speak of him as a jurist of profound understanding, as a professor of large capacity for and in the teaching of the law with an astonishing degree of legal precision; instruction that encountered no passive resistance among the students who were glad to become his willing receptacles.

He had a severity that was rigorous, yet a touch that was kind toward our embryo lawyers. In analysis, we adjudge him almost perfect. With a

penetrating mind he extracted the matter, the kernel of the inquiry, unbroken, undivided, clean and entire. In this process, such is the instinctive neatness and precision of his mind that no superfluous thought, or even word, ever presented itself; still he said everything that seemed appropriate to his subject. There was a luminous simplicity in the order of his reasoning. His arguments were remarkable for their separate and independent strength, and for the solid, compact, impenetrable order in which they were arrayed. A professor in a high degree, of the power which we have ascribed to him, of mastering the most complicated subjects with facility. He lectured without a breach in the train of his thought. He showed a faculty of developing a subject by a single glance and detecting at once, the very point on which every controversy in discussion depended. He may perhaps be somewhat warm in support of his opinions, but never exceeding the bounds of propriety, which a man of his goodness and prudence and knowledge is incapable of transgressing.

It would seem to be a disrespectful familiarity to a man of his rich endowments, lofty spirit and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them—but we rejoice that we live in the same age, that we have listened to his eloquence and have been instructed by his wisdom.

Harold E. Smock, '26.

College Dance The second Varsity Dance was held on Monday evening, February 25, at the Greystone. The dance was known as the "D" dance. The arrangements were in the hands of a competent committee. Thomas Murray chairman; the other students on the committee were: John Supenski, Leo Collins, Earnest Gerber, Carl Crane, and John Garrity.

Blueprints Received The department of Mechanical Engineering of the University of Dayton, gratefully acknowledges receipt of six volumes of blueprints. These volumes represent up-to-date methods in design of punches, dies, jigs, fixtures, cams for automatic screw machines, etc., as used by the National Cash Register Company.

The department appreciates the help it affords to be in touch with the best practice as also the good will and interest which prompted the donors.

Mr. Walter Behm Mr. Walter Behm of the Wayne Avenue bank has taken up his duties as professor of Practical Banking in the College of Commerce and Finance, replacing Professor Miller, of the Dayton Savings

and Trust, who completed his course in Theory of Banking, hence concluding his stay at the University.

Mr. Miller was one of the most well-liked instructors in the college and was particularly competent.

The new instructor comes highly recommended as a master of his subject and a capable teacher.



Bro. John Gilbride On Thursday, February 14, the faculty and student body of the University of Dayton sustained a loss that can neither be measured or replaced, in the death of Brother John Gilbride. Brother John had been a professor at the University for the last nine years. He came to the University in 1915 from St. Joseph's High School of San Jose, Colorado. He was professor of Organic Chemistry, Trigonometry, High School Chemistry, Geometry and various other subjects while at the University. His loss is mourned by the faculty and student body.

Examinations Fourth High Commercial went through the examination in good order and all general averages were above the fatal 70. Brother Herman expressed surprise and gratification at the excellent results obtained from all his drumming on the principles of Bookkeeping, Law, Phonography, etc. In the typewriting exam the class furnished almost everyone with a very pleasant surprise. Typing averages ranged from 35 to as high as 45 words per minute for thirty minutes.

Immediately after the exams were finished the Fourth High Commercial class held a class meeting at which plans were discussed for the publishing of the second edition of the "Commercial," the class paper. Many new and clever ideas and novelty features and sections were suggested and

adopted, to be used in the next edition, which will probably be circulated just previous to the Easter vacation.

At this class meeting the members of the class were given two real treats in the line of public speaking. Allan Tehan, assistant editor of the "Commercial," gave an excellent talk depicting the value of resolutions, backed by a determined will. He took a short sketch of the life of Horace B. Maynard, prominent business man. Robert Sizer furnished the second treat with "Men Who Are Making the West" as his topic. Sizer spoke of the business methods of the West and plainly displayed how they differ with those of the East. Both speakers were excellent examples of self-control and were highly complimented by Brother Herman.

Another new idea will go into effect soon. At least two members of the class will be called upon to speak before the assembly at each meeting hereafter. Business topics, or any other subject of importance may be used.

On Wednesday, February 20, a new name was added to the Commercial Thirteen. Jack McGrath, former football star of Glenville, was given a seat

with the regulars, for Bookkeeping, English and Typewriting. Jack received a hearty welcome from the whole class and won instant favor.

Hosler, Prep.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. The funeral of Right Rev. Msgr. **Wm. D. Hickey** William D. Hickey, vicar-general of the archdiocese of Cincinnati and chaplain of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Price Hill, Cincinnati, was held from the Cathedral, Tuesday morning, February 5.

Monsignor Hickey was for many years pastor of St. Joseph's Church of this city, and both in his capacity of pastor of a Dayton church and a friend of the University was a frequent visitor at the U. of D., being counted as one of our real friends.

Monsignor Hickey was esteemed in civic as well as church circles in Dayton and was always an advocate of sports. Some years ago he established the Rev. Hickey handball tournament in the local Y. M. C. A., and the contest is looked forward to with keen interest. Alumni students and faculty unite in extending to his brother, Rev. Charles Hickey, of Sacred Heart parish, this city, their sympathy.

The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

Cash on hand January 1, 1924.....\$199.79

Recent Contributions

Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholson, \$5.00; Margaret Kohnen, \$2.00; Wm. Kloempken, \$2.00; N. W. Hesch, \$2.00; Mary Merfy, \$1.50; Helen Keller, 50c; Helen Butzen, \$1.00; Mary Schuetz, \$1.00; Magdalen Ebertshaeuser, \$1.00; Dr. Peter Latz, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Aloysius Resch, \$1.00; Gerard Resch, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Eva Wagner, \$1.00; Anna Mandik, \$1.00; Catherine Toussaint, \$1.00; Rosalia Merle, \$1.00; Elizabeth Vering, \$1.00; Josephine Kraut, \$1.00; Gertrude Mueller, \$1.00; Amalia Tripp, \$1.00; Mrs. Eva Lorscheider, \$5.00; Alex Leies, Sr., \$5.00; Mrs.

Caroline Leies, Jr., \$5.00; Henry Frische, \$5.00; John P. Daleiden, \$5.00; Miss Clara Sieben, \$3.00; Barbara Widua, \$1.00; Elizabeth Becker, \$1.00; Marianna Koegel, \$1.00; Marie Konitzer, \$1.00; Barbara Schomer, \$1.00; Mary Ruck, \$1.00; Theresa Lorenz, 50c; Anna Bregenzer, 50c; Theresa Wagner, \$1.00; Catherine Leick, \$1.00; Elizabeth Krier, \$1.00; Mary Poeppel, \$1.00; Clara Teschke, 75c; Emilia Vogel, 75c; Mrs. Carolina Mueller, \$1.00; Felicitas Ellwanger, 50c; Rose Wiltgen, \$1.00; Marianna Free, \$1.00; Catherine Bercher, \$1.00..... 75.00

Total Cash on hand Feb. 10, 1924.....\$174.79

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made of the receipt of the Annual Scholarship of \$60.00 from the C. S. M. C. Unit of Notre Dame Academy, Dayton, Ohio, for the support of a Japanese student for the Priesthood at the Apostolic School of Urakami.

This is the seventeenth time that this scholarship has been presented with unvarying regularity by the students of Notre Dame Academy for this worthy cause. May God bless and reward them abundantly for their generosity.

Athletic Notes

By C. Richard Horwedel

VARSITY BASKET BALL

ON the evening of January 19, the Wilmington College five visited the local court and went home with a hotly contested battle 24 to 22. The game, one of the best of the season on the U. D. court, was a real treat to the spectators as both teams played an excellent brand of basket ball and the decision was ever in doubt until the final moments.

At the half, the visitors lead by the margin of a lone point 11 to 10. Dayton, however, was unable to obtain the lead and the visitors took advantage of every opportunity to increase their margin.

Zigler, Wilmington forward, was the individual luminary for the visitors by annexing five field goals and three free throws. Captain Blake was the outstanding star for the locals with four fielders and two free throws to his credit.

On January 23rd, the Red and Blue quintet began their initial trip of the season. The first contest was with Bowling Green on the latter's floor. Bowling Green tried desperately to even old scores but were not equal to the occasion. The Varsity lead throughout the contest and were never seriously threatened. Step Lange sprang into the limelight by caging 8 field goals and a free throw. The entire team played a splendid game. Incidentally, it was the first contest that the Red and Blue has captured on a foreign floor in three years.

On the following evening, the Red and Blue annexed their second victory on the road by trouncing the Huntington College five 20 to 16. This game was a hard fought contest but the superior condition and team play of the Red and Blue five won for the visitors. Captain Blake again distinguished himself by his timely shooting and especially by his sterling floor game.

The evening of February 2nd, proved a very dark evening to the adherents of the Red and Blue for they were downed in a hotly contested fracas by the veteran John Carroll quintet 23 to 19. The visitors proved to be a powerful first-class team and proceeded to exhibit their wares with a determination that finally boded ill to the hopes of the Red and Blue. Carroll took an early lead through the accurate eye of their pivot man O'Brien and maintained it throughout although they were in danger several times. At the half they were in the lead 12 to 10.

The second stanza was a heartbreaker for the Red and Blue woke up and began to register a few

points. They managed to overhaul the visitors but at the critical moments, the ball would not go into the net for the locals. The spurt was magnificently staged but it fell short for the whistle sounded with the Red and Blue still four points behind.

Dayton really lost this tilt through their consistently inability to hit the hoop at the critical moments, for they had double the opportunities but could not make use of them. Carroll presented a well balanced team and had the necessary punch to capture the victory.

On February 8, the Dayton U. five sprang several surprises upon its followers. First, they ran up 41 points, their highest score of the season. Again the quintet representing the Red and Blue was by far the best that had played on the U. D. court this season.

The local lads started off with a rush and never were in danger at any phase of the contest. Dick Snelling starting his first regular contest of the year, was the bright luminary of the evening by annexing 8 field goals and two free throws. The stocky Cleveland lad had the eyes of a hawk in the shooting end, and at the same time played an excellent floor game. Moir also starting his first contest at center was a big factor in the victory by his steady floor game and meanwhile managed to cage the ball four times.

On the evening of February 14, the Red and Blue scored their sweetest victory of the season by trouncing the Wilmington College five on their floor to the tune of 24 to 21.

This game was a hard fought contest, since the rivalry between the two institutions is of the keenest type. Again, in the previous contest the Quaker five had taken the Dayton lads into camp by a close score. The Red and Blue started off with a rush and never were really headed throughout the remainder of the game. At the half Dayton was in the lead 7 to 2. In the last stanza, Wilmington crawled up and managed to tie the score but a foul throw by Snelling and a timely fielder by Blake carried the honors to the Red and Blue. Blake again was the bright star by dropping in four field goals. The team in general played a first-class game and credit is due to the defensive work of Doyle and Mahrt, whose close guarding did much to capture the contest.

On February 15, the Red and Blue continued their winning streak by defeating the fast Capitol

U. five 19 to 15. This was really the supreme test of the season for the local lads. Capitol U. had a veteran aggregation and up till this contest had dropped only one game. The contest see-sawed back and forth and the half ended in a tie at 10 to 10. The Columbus lads had come from behind by a great spurt and had knotted the count.

The second stanza was marked by a renewal of spirited playing on both sides but timely field goals by Doyle, Snelling and Mahrt placed the locals in the lead and they were never headed again. When the whistle sounded, the locals held the decision by a four-point margin.

The play of the entire Dayton five was of high standard, although the Red and Blue was handicapped through the loss of their center Moir, who was injured just before the game. Lange replaced him and played a fine game till put out by personal fouls. Hippa making his first appearance, played a steady game at guard, Doyle having replaced Lange at center.

As we go to press, the Red and Blue are on the eve of their return contest with Huntington College. Having trimmed the Indianans on their floor, the local lads are confident of adding another scalp to their belt.

PREP ATHLETICS

By Dick Hosler

On February 1, the Dayton Preps hit the rails for Springfield where they met and defeated their old rivals, St. Raphael High. The game was played at the Springfield High School court before a crowd that packed the gym and howled despairingly as they saw the Saints go down to an overwhelming defeat to the tune of 28 to 5.

From the very opening whistle till the last the Preps had the edge on their opponents and were never in danger of falling into the short end of the score. Team work was the big factor for the Preps and they found the nets repeatedly. Defensively the Gem City tossers were close to perfection. Until the last three minutes of play Saint Raphael could only mark up one lone point.

One Springfield sport writer expressed his views on the game by starting his story with "They came, they saw, they conquered."

On the Tuesday following their glorious victory over St. Raphael High the Preps received their second setback of the season when they were forced to take the short end of a 24 to 15 score at the hands of Elder High School at Cincinnati. The Preps played one of the weakest games they had yet displayed and after the first half they were practically at the mercy of the Price Hill tossers.

The work of the Preps lacked punch, and although they held the Elder quintet to a 12 to 11 score the first half they seemed to lose their fight

in the last period and Elder took instant advantage of the let-up and hit the loop almost at will.

Playing before a crowd that packed the U. of D. gym to the doors, the Dayton Preps, on February 16, defeated the fast Hamilton Catholic High quintet in one of the best games witnessed on the court this year by a decisive score of 25 to 7. In walloping the Hamilton tossers the Preps got their much desired revenge for the licking they took at the hands of the down-state boys earlier in the season.

Never before had the Preps shown such a brand of fight and teamwork as they did against Hamilton. They completely smothered the deadly shooting of their old rivals, while the Red and Blue tossers themselves marked up their shots with astonishing regularity. To the credit of the Hamilton cagers it must be said that they put up a game fight and that they cut loose with some snappy pass work but they found it exceedingly difficult to hit the net.

Again, as they did against St. Raphael, the Preps excelled with their wonderful five-man style of play. They worked as a team and every man was to be depended upon. At the end of the first half the Preps were on the safe side of a 19 to 6 score and in the next period they put the game on ice with many good shots from all quarters of the court.



R. O. T. C. Notes

By Gable Fleming

R. O. T. C. OFFICERS' CLUB CONSTITUTION

At present deeming it useful and in accordance with the present acknowledged policy of the Military Department under the jurisdiction of the University of Dayton Office of Administration, we have this day (February 1, 1924) adopted a code setting forth our objects and rules of existence, i. e., The Constitution of the R. O. T. C. Officers' Club.

Leave it Be Known:

I. In lieu of creating a worthy spirit, a tendency to promote efficiency and harmony among the members of the R. O. T. C., we do, in furtherance of this, create a club which shall be known as the R. O. T. C. Officers' Club.

II. Monitor and Membership Qualified.

a. All the members shall be student officers in the University of Dayton R. O. T. C. Unit.

b. The P. M. S. & T. shall be the acknowledged monitor. His advice will be sought and followed in all cases when by its nature it requires or involves some degree of seriousness in dealing with an action or policy that is to be followed or dealt with. The monitor shall have the right to veto any decision in regard to military training or in pursuit of its promotion if in his opinion he deems it advisable. He shall be presented with the official pin.

c. Students graduating from the R. O. T. C. prior to the establishment of this club shall upon presenting a written declaration of their desire to join be considered and voted an honorary membership as distinguished from an alumnus membership. They shall be entitled to attend all functions, as regulated by this constitution and by the vote of the active club members. An honorary member shall retain only an acknowledgment in this organization unless by their zeal they shall prove their desire, if expressed, to be admitted to an alumnus membership. They shall be allowed to attend meetings only upon the invitation of the club and will not be entitled to vote.

d. Members of the club who shall successfully complete and graduate from the second year advanced class shall upon such graduation become alumni members and shall be entitled to all benefits

a graduate member, i. e., if there is any merging or change of or in the club they shall still be constituents. If present at a meeting and an amendment to the constitution is to be voted upon they shall have the right to vote upon the proposed amendment. They shall be relieved of all active revenue and shall not pay in the excess of \$1.00 as an alumni retainer per annum. The club will not have the authority to impose any dues upon the alumni members. This clause (d) shall be irrevocable.

e. An active member will be a student officer in the unit.

III. Officers.

a. The necessary officers shall be (1) a President, (2) a Vice President, (3) a Secretary and Treasurer.

A.—Duty of President

1. To open the sitting, at the time to which the assembly is adjourned, by taking the chair and calling the members to order;

2. To announce the business before the assembly in the order in which it is to be acted upon;

3. To receive and submit, in the proper manner, all motions and propositions presented by the members;

4. To put to vote all questions, which are regularly moved, or necessarily arise in the course of the proceedings, and to announce the result;

5. To preserve order at all times during the meeting;

6. To conduct the meeting and restrain the members, when engaged in debate, within the rules of order;

7. To instruct the Secretary when to read communications and repeat all messages, at his discretion;

8. To name the members who are to serve on committees, and in general,

9. To represent and stand for the assembly, declaring its will, and, in all things, obeying implicitly its commands.

B. Duty of Vice President

1. It shall be the duty of the Vice President to take the chair, in case of the absence of the President from the assembly, or upon the latter withdrawing from the chair;

2. Upon the absence of the President from the unit the Vice President may appoint the time of meeting.

C.—Duty of Secretary and Treasurer

1. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Treasurer to read all papers, etc., which may be ordered to be read;

2. To note all votes and notify the President of the result of the vote;

3. To notify and remind committees of their appointment;

4. To take charge of all papers and moneys which the club may acquire;

5. To keep a club journal and in general,

6. To conduct the administration of the club.

IV.—Rights and Duties of Members.

a. Every club member who is in good standing and has not been expelled or suspended will be entitled to vote. The rights and duties of the members, as regards one another, are founded in and derived from the principle of their absolute equality among themselves.

b. Every member is subject to the will of the club as ordered through the President.

c. Any member, who by his conduct or words shall prove himself adverse to the object or decision of the club in a grievous manner and is so formally charged by a member, will be called to defend such charges at the discretion of the President.

2. After such evidence as is necessary has been submitted by both elements the one charged will retire from the assembly of the club.

3. Such proceedings shall be private with only the active members present.

4. It shall take a two-thirds vote to levy any punishment the club wills.

5. The decision in the matter shall be written by the Secretary or secretary pro tempore and submitted to the Monitor for approval or disapproval.

V. Revenue and Functions.

a. The club shall, as occurrences and circumstances demand, decide the source and means of raising revenue.

b. The club shall as it sees fit foster any military social activity that it deems advantageous to our object.

IV. Vote and Quorum.

a. In all cases of business a majority vote shall rule.

b. In expulsion or suspension, in matter of changing the adopted constitution a two-thirds majority vote shall be required.

c. To constitute a quorum one-half of the members plus one must be present to make the meeting a legal one.

VII. Meeting.

a. Meetings shall be called at discretion of Monitor or President or presiding officer pro tempore.

VIII. Order of Meeting.

a. Old business, reading of papers relative to it.

b. New business, reading of papers relative to it.

IX. Amendments.

a. Amendments shall be read at, at least one meeting previous to the meeting at which it will be read for vote. They shall be submitted in writing to Secretary to read at meeting for a discussion. At the subsequent meeting or at one meeting thereafter the vote will be taken and the subject matter will be closed either affirmatively or negatively and can not be reopened without going through the formalities to bring such matter to issue.



Frolicsome Folly

By Varley P. Young and William Anthony Fritz
(All rights reserved including the Scandinavian)

ETHEL'S BUSINESS

He was here again tonight! Getting to be as much a regular as myself. Nice looking chap, too. Tall, well built, chiseled features and beautiful eyes—a trifle stern, though. His hands were perfectly manicured; gave one the impression that he was a bit effeminate.

He was just my opposite, however. Perhaps that is why I was attracted to him. He was silent, I was talkative. My table was the mecca for interesting people. He always dined alone. He loved boiled ham with raisin sauce, while I hated the stuff, was even prejudiced against it. English, too, I would say by his methods of eating. All these things I noted night after night.

I could stand it no longer. To think that one man could so arouse my curiosity made me extremely angry. The head-waiter was near and I beckoned for him. "Who is that gentleman sitting over there?" I asked. "Name's Shirley, sir, But we know nothing of him," he replied

Again I looked—stared—at him. Such a shame to let a good looking person like that remain an oasis in this desert of beautiful girls. That idea was suggested by little Ethel, observant creature. She had an eye for business, one might say. Why didn't I call him over? Splendid plan, Ethel. I would.

At the first opportunity I caught his eye. "Come over, old man," I invited in my best stage whisper. He looked at me coldly for fully a minute then—joys of the earth—he complied. Shirley walked directly up to the table and stood—still staring.

"Sit down," I said, "and have a drink with us." I reached for my flask.

"Thanks," he answered. "Your name's Van Tas-sell, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Handle fine liquor, I'm told?"

"Best made. But how'd you know my name?" I asked with increasing interest.

"Never mind that. You're under arrest for violating the liquor laws. Thanks, Ethel. See you in the morning."

—Y.

THE CLUTCH THAT SLIPPED!

"Can't you go any faster?" roared the traffic cop to Fleming after he had been holding up a string of autos a block long.

"Sure I can," Gabe shot back, "but I don't want to leave the car."

SURE 'NOUGH!

Quay and Garrity were a trifle late for English. "What made you so late," inquired the one in charge.

"I was dreaming," replied Garrity, "that I was going to Europe and I thought the school bell was the steamboat gong."

"How about you, Quay?"

"That's easy. I was waiting to see John off!"

EXAM. POST MORTEM

Kyne—I feel that there is something wrong somewhere.

Soup—Now listen, Brother, I intended—

Moir—It was all the roommate's fault.

Madigan—I attribute the whole trouble to the lack of garters.

Eisele—Sports are all right in their place, but the question is where is the place.

Scales—A winning personality means nothing in Exams.

The Purple Patch

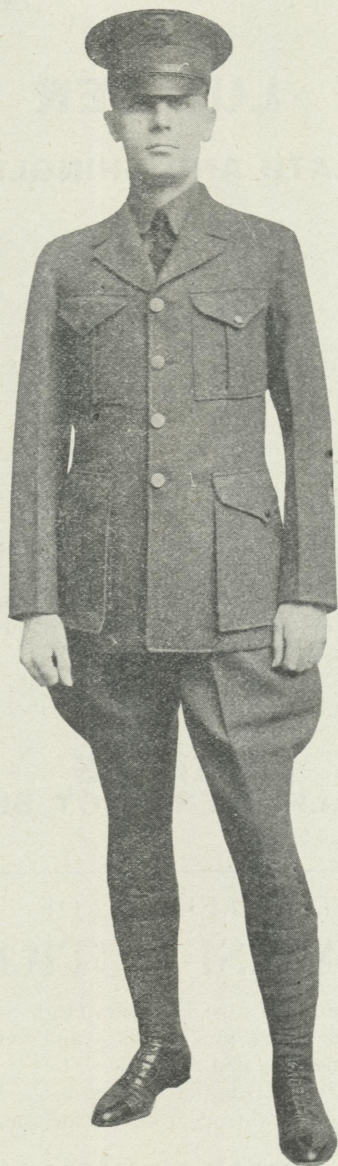
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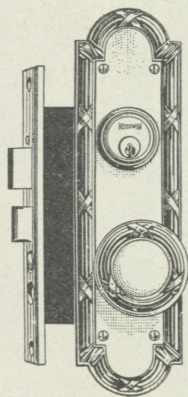
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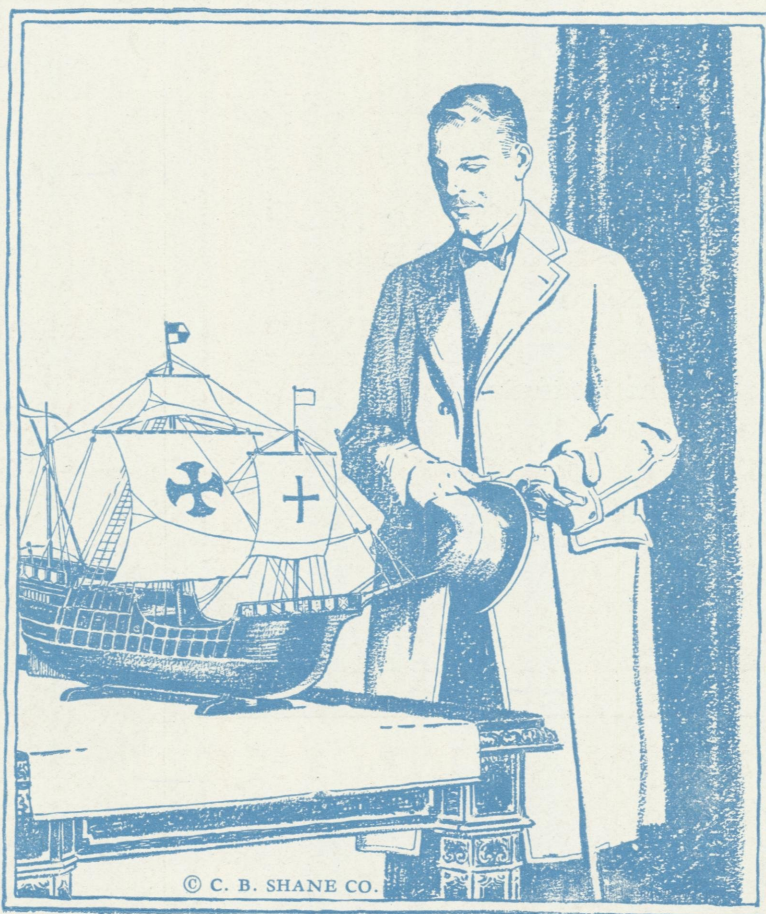
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