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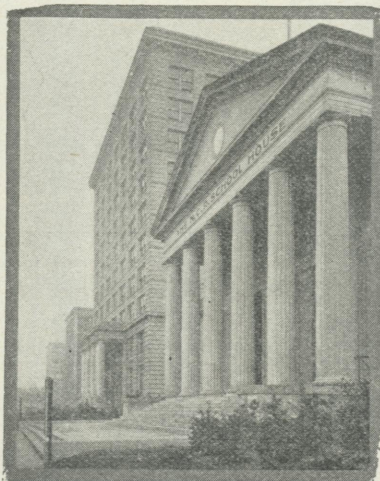
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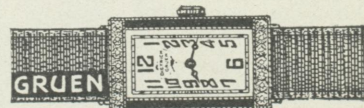
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXII

MARCH, 1924

No. 3

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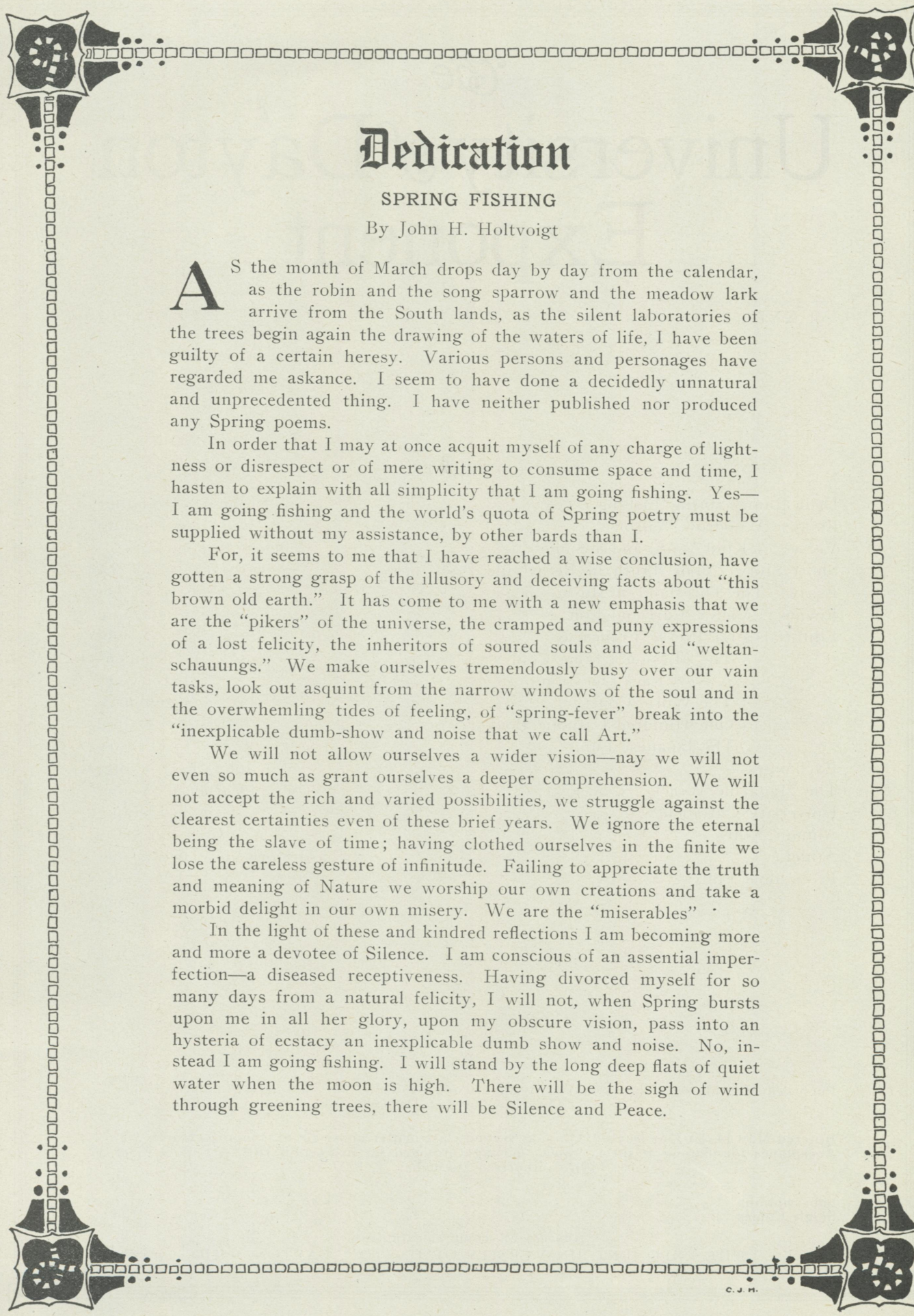
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Dedication

SPRING FISHING

By John H. Holtvoigt

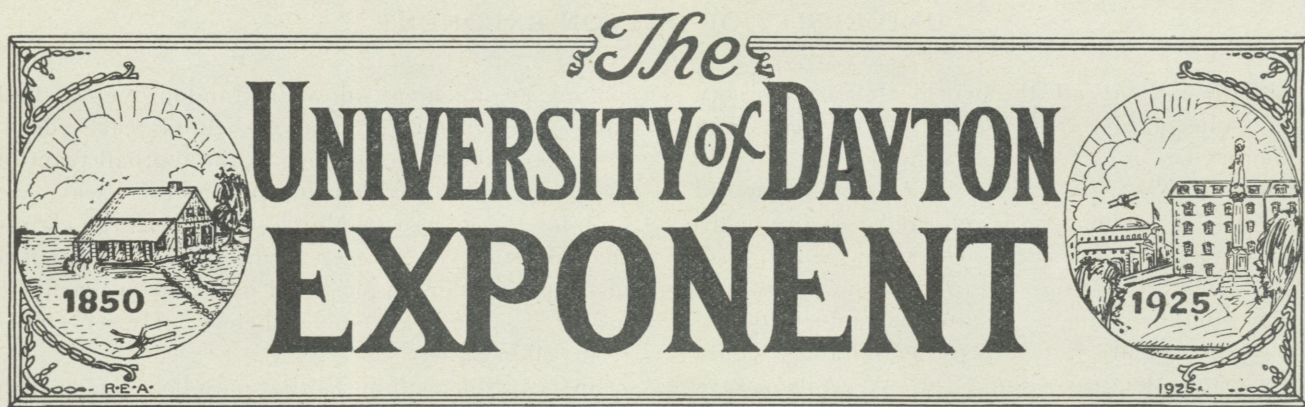
AS the month of March drops day by day from the calendar, as the robin and the song sparrow and the meadow lark arrive from the South lands, as the silent laboratories of the trees begin again the drawing of the waters of life, I have been guilty of a certain heresy. Various persons and personages have regarded me askance. I seem to have done a decidedly unnatural and unprecedented thing. I have neither published nor produced any Spring poems.

In order that I may at once acquit myself of any charge of lightness or disrespect or of mere writing to consume space and time, I hasten to explain with all simplicity that I am going fishing. Yes—I am going fishing and the world's quota of Spring poetry must be supplied without my assistance, by other bards than I.

For, it seems to me that I have reached a wise conclusion, have gotten a strong grasp of the illusory and deceiving facts about "this brown old earth." It has come to me with a new emphasis that we are the "pikers" of the universe, the cramped and puny expressions of a lost felicity, the inheritors of soured souls and acid "weltanschauungs." We make ourselves tremendously busy over our vain tasks, look out askint from the narrow windows of the soul and in the overwhelming tides of feeling, of "spring-fever" break into the "inexplicable dumb-show and noise that we call Art."

We will not allow ourselves a wider vision—nay we will not even so much as grant ourselves a deeper comprehension. We will not accept the rich and varied possibilities, we struggle against the clearest certainties even of these brief years. We ignore the eternal being the slave of time; having clothed ourselves in the finite we lose the careless gesture of infinitude. Failing to appreciate the truth and meaning of Nature we worship our own creations and take a morbid delight in our own misery. We are the "miserables"

In the light of these and kindred reflections I am becoming more and more a devotee of Silence. I am conscious of an assential imperfection—a diseased receptiveness. Having divorced myself for so many days from a natural felicity, I will not, when Spring bursts upon me in all her glory, upon my obscure vision, pass into an hysteria of ecstasy an inexplicable dumb show and noise. No, instead I am going fishing. I will stand by the long deep flats of quiet water when the moon is high. There will be the sigh of wind through greenening trees, there will be Silence and Peace.



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Woodrow Wilson

By Gable Fleming

IT has been uttered many times that a great man is not recognized until he has departed from this world. It seems to occur throughout history that such is the case. Great men are born in each age and their lives prorogue the chapters of history but like all humans they, with clock-like precision, go to their eternal accounting. Beacons of American public life are qualified according to the merit of service to their country. Formerly our sanctuary of public worship held only two great figures "The Father, and Savior, of our Country," but who can say but what a third has been admitted through the portals of this benign basilica and shall be known as "The Martyr of His Country." He gave all for his country. He was not a politician, in those immense moments, only an American who had been decreed to pilot the ship of state. Words of praise seem hollow and flat when put to such a task as offering a few words in commemoration of Woodrow Wilson. Washington, Lincoln and Wilson. The three greatest figures in American history, ones that will be ranked with the eminent men of the world. One of the highest honors the American people can do in memory of him is to rank him with the men to whom he also paid honor in his time. In memory of Woodrow Wilson we open our minds and gave vent to words of the highest degree of praise. Praise of him will not grow old with age, only more mellow and close to the realization of his worthiness. There is a line of poetry that says a man may die but his spirit lives on forever.

One might rightly name his biography "The Wilsonian Drama." He was introduced to the world audience in 1856. Up to 1879 much of his character was moulded. He received inspirations and was propelled ever on by good influences during his early youth. The start of his career was in 1879, when he was graduated from Prince-

ton University. The rise of Wilson is held in the few facts of his professorship at Wesleyan; his presidential term at Princeton and his term as Governor of New Jersey. The height of his career was reached in 1912 when he was elected President of the United States. In 1917 the reversal of the drama took place, if one may use such a forbidding term, when he asked Congress to declare war on Germany. The crisis of the drama took place upon his return from Paris. The curtain fell on his great career while still the spirit of him echoes to the four corners of the globe.

No greater work, complex with domestic and foreign circumstances were ever before placed in front of a president or man of responsibility than was placed before Wilson. A little incident is related of him that really shows the gravity with which he viewed his tasks and labors and how he showed himself to be an altruist.

While aboard the George Washington enroute to America from France he was pacing to and fro on deck. He was engaged in a conversation relative to his mission in Paris. After some time he uttered words similar to these:

"You know there is so much to be done that no matter what is accomplished some will say I failed."

No one can say Wilson failed. He has only been delayed for his spirit will ever live on. The influence the man had on the world can be partially shown by the words of Dr. William T. Ellis who cites as example of his domination the display shown by an Egyptian mob who shouted by the hour,

"Yahia Doctor Wilson—long Live Doctor Wilson!"

The personal observations, of Doctor Ellis, reinforced by those of other travelers, convince him that "the Wilson name and the Wilson creed have found lodgement in a greater number of human

minds throughout all the world today than any other name or platform except those of Jesus and Mohammed."

The life of Wilson may be held up to the world as ideal. As a scholar he is reported as being mediocre. He was, however, conscientious and persevering. His education, acquired with earnest endeavor, qualified him as a statesman and leader of men. To compare him with other notables would be to write a lengthy volume. P. W. Wilson says that, like Louis XIV, Wilson was his own Foreign Minister. During the war Benedict XV and Wilson were roundly accused by some critics of favoring Germany in their policy of peace whereas, like the Vatican, Wilson desired and aimed at peace through constructive ways and means. Both of these leaders realized the ravages that follow a victory of armies, and we have fair example of it today.

Throughout his public life as President it is a fact that Wilson was at great odds. When he went to the White House a devout altruist he was backed only by the Democratic party that did not hold an adequate vote. With this as a reserve he faced an immense program.

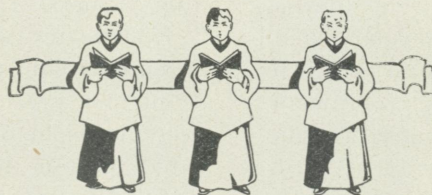
To trace his activities through the World War, with his brilliant undertakings, his successes and failures would be to compose an extended historical document which is not the purpose of this article.

Taking any incident known at random we can find the same inspiring motive behind each deed. Whether it be his assistance to the football team of Wesleyan or his labors at the Capitol always we find, for the love of mankind. Lloyd George claims that Wilson was severely bruised by the criticism of the American people. Did not Wilson teach the lesson of perseverance nevertheless? He served his trust till recalled.

Such personal glimpses that may be related; such impressions that he left us; such ideals as he possessed certainly awaken respect and honor in us for the man who cherished the crown of righteousness in the service of his people.

Another instance of ironic fate was added to Wilson's history augmenting the other occurrences. Twenty-four hours after his death an American Ambassador officially participated in a session of the League of Nations: The American Envoy Joseph C. Crew, to Switzerland.

As great as he was in life his followers and advocates expect that he will be even more powerful in the silence of death. Regardless of his mistakes in methods he had the highest ideals, that of service in the love of his people and peoples. He stands as the greatest man of our times to be honored and respected as his faith and labors are as golden deeds in the melting pot of human fatalism.



A Kind Word and a Smile

By Vincent Koepnick, S. M.

A heart that's torn by pain and grief
Needs consolation and relief.
'Tis well prepared by sorrows keen,
Like new ploughed fields in early spring,
For just two seeds that we can bring,—
A word of kindness and a smile. Which seen
And heard by one in tears,
Will calm life's storms, dispel all fears.
Thus planted in that heart's sad soil
They take deep root and soon may grow,
O'er spreading it with joys aglow.
And we shall reap their harvest royal,—
The Master's smile through all life's toil;
And after death that one kind word
Shall by us from His lips be heard.

The Truth in Bethelville

By Jack Adair, Jr.

IT took but a half hour's conversation with James Struthers to convince me that he was not an ordinary man. In point of fact I must admit that I went to see him partly out of curiosity, to be sure, but mainly because I had heard that he was not an ordinary man.

Bethelville, Ohio, is one of those little hamlets in which nothing ever happens—that's why I went there. The first few days I was well satisfied. The wide, green, perfectly mowed lawns of these simple folk coupled with the refreshing, vivifying walks in the surrounding country, had worked wonders for me. After a week I felt almost ready to return. Probably I should have been safely lodged in my city home long before I was, were it not for one thing—James Struthers.

The clerk at the hotel told me about him. He used a quaint phrase to describe him, too. He simply and effectively called him "the biggest liar in this here county." Any man who could gain for himself a name like that, a distinguishing mark in Bethelville, was worth looking after. The morning found me before his door. An hour found me sitting in his parlor, a week found me wishing I had known him all my life. A fortnight and I called him Jim.

He was just the sort of man that one would call Jim. Oldish yet not old, apparently around sixty. His black hair was overly streaked with gray, his face was wrinkled—yet not with the wrinkles of age, rather with the lines of humor. The large gray eyes twinkled incessantly. And he seemed to tower over me—yet I am a good two inches taller.

The morning of my visit he answered the door himself, although he affected a housekeeper. Obviously he was prepared for anyone but me. "This is a surprise, to see English cut clothes in Bethelville," he had gasped upon opening the screen. "Can't you come in?"

"Thank you, yes." I replied, and forthwith allowed myself to be ushered into the house, only to have my hat and stick promptly taken from me and a roomy chair placed at my back.

"I'm John Darrant, of New York," I ventured, "just down for a few weeks and I thought—"

He silenced me with a motion of his hands and broke into a most engaging smile. "And you thought that you would like to see Jim Struthers, the liar."

"Pardon me. I didn't say that. Although I must confess that I had heard—" Again I attempted.

"You'd heard that I was a queer duck and thought you'd investigate for yourself. Isn't that it?" he guessed.

"To be brutally frank, Mr. Struthers, that is it." I replied, aghast at my own boldness.

"That's fine. We'll get along splendidly. Let's see now. You're name is John Darrant," and he pondered for some moments frequently mumbling my name over and over. "Gad," he suddenly shouted, "You wrote 'The Watch's Charm,' didn't you?"

"Yes, you don't mean to say that you've read it?"

"Read it. I did more than that, I—but that can wait. Tell me more about yourself," he pleaded.

"You seem to know enough already, Mr. Struthers," I said. "Enough to make me ask you what you meant by that last statement."

"Yes, I shouldn't have said that—at least yet," he admitted, slowly and, as I was to learn, in his own peculiar way, half hesitant, half menacing. "But since you demand to know I'll tell you. Did you ever hear of Lorimer Andrews Marley?"

"Of course," I hastened to reply. "That ass who almost made me the fool of two continents. And it was mostly over that very book—Say, what connection have you with Lorimer Marley?"

"None, now. But I was Lorimer Marley." Struthers announced calmly.

"You—in the name of all that is pious and holy—you Lorimer Marley. I don't believe it."

"I beg your pardon, I'm not accustomed to being called a liar in my own home no matter what the intelligentsia in the village have to say, Mr. Darrant," Struthers suddenly burst out.

"It's really my turn to beg your pardon, Mr. Struthers, I quite forgot yourself. But tell me about this Marley business."

"Tomorrow, my friend. Today I must go to the city. Tomorrow at ten, shall we say?" he said rising. He had apparently forgotten my indiscreet accusation as quickly as he had exploded but a moment before.

"It will suit me immensely," I said and, retrieving my effects, I allowed myself to be ushered out.

II.

On my way to the hotel I was guilty of two main thoughts. Was this man whom I had met as Struthers, really Marley? Or was this Struthers just the plain liar that the villagers thought him? Then my reasoning divided itself into sub-headings. If Struthers was really Marley, should I renew the

war or let the thing drop? And if Struthers was the village liar should I give him the thrashing that I deemed he deserved?

The hotel clerk, a vicious person with a penchant for smoking the most abominable pipe, hailed me and asked me about Struthers. "Wal, Mister Darrant," he drawled, 'did ye see that cussed Struthers?'"

"Yes, Gilder, I did. Tell me what makes you people call him the—the 'biggest liar in the county,'" I carefully inquired.

"Oh, I don't know, Mister Darrant. Only because he tells the damndest fibs about bein' in Italy and all over, an' then he's forever sayin' we're stupid an'—oh, you know. He's just a plain liar," Gilder answered.

I began to see. If Struthers had called them stupid he wasn't such a liar after all. And if he was really Marley, then his tales about Italy were certainly true. The truth was apparent to me now. Marley liked to dazzle the country *gelehrten* with his tales of travel and they—poor souls, had mistaken his travels for fiery and inexcusable falsehoods.

Up in my room, sitting in my easy chair near the window overlooking the quiet little village, the whole matter passed before my mind's eye. At the time the discussion between Marley and myself had taken place I was editor of a monthly magazine of the more conservative stripe. Marley was a columnist on one of the dailies. He had a young daughter—what was her name? Ah, yes, Rosalie, how could I forget it? The Comstocks, it seems, had suppressed a very sensuous book. It was John Chance Cordell's "Lurkin'". I had been one of the very bitterest opponents of Cordell. Marley, on the other hand, had been heartily in favor of the book, to say nothing of the instant death of the active heads of the Comstockian societies. It irritated me to the point of exasperation and I had aired my views in the magazine. It made Marley furious and he had called in all the authorities he could muster together in order that I be proved an imbecile and charter member of the Puritan *polizei*.

While Marley was furious, I was more so. His authorities were to me less than the dust. But I, being the aggressor, must defeat him. So I had called to aid me the great moralists of all ages: St. Thomas, St. Augustine, Aristotle and more modern authorities I brought into the fray. In blinded anger I had written a most sentimental paper setting forth the evils of "Lurkin'". Would he want his little girl, Rosalie, to read the thing? I had asked? Would he want the hundreds and hundreds of innocent youngsters throughout the length and breadth of the land to read it? Oh, I assure you, I was eloquent in my denouncement of "Lurkin'".

But it did no good. Marley had ridiculed me. He called me names, he laughed at me, he got others to laugh. I was laughed at. I had never forgiven Lortimer Marley. This was my story.

III.

Again I was perplexed. What prompted me to return to Marley's home. Was it curiosity, or was it that I still thought him the liar?

His smile, when he greeted me, was no less affable than when first I had stepped over his door-mat. He bowed and beckoned me into his study.

"Today, my friend Darrant," began Struthers, "we talk. We will talk as never have two men before us talked."

"You are right, we will talk," I acquiesced, all the while fighting for time—for an opening. Before me, I knew, stood Lortimer Marley.

"To begin with, my friend Darrant, I really am Marley, the atheist. You will believe me? I thought so. And too, my friend Darrant, I am Marley, the liar? Ah! You do not believe me. Well no matter," he said with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"I know that you are Marley," I hastened to add, "but with me, now, you are whatever you seek to make yourself. I have come this day to talk with an ancient enemy. Whether we shall part friends or still enemies is up to you."

"You have spoken wisely, yet foolishly, Darrant. Whether we shall part friends or enemies is up to you, my friend," he contradicted.

"Tell me your story—if you have one, Marley, and I will see whether or not it is your move or mine."

"Very well. My story. It began a long while ago, my friend Darrant, how long ago only you and I know."

"Yes, you and I know, Marley. A long while ago."

"You were a young editor. I was writing for my newspaper. You loved your ideas and I loved mine. The only difference between us was that I hated your ideas while you attacked mine. It was the utter disregard for me in your campaign that made me hate *you*, too, Darrant. You were the only one. Everyone else hailed me as a new luminary in the field of letters. You alone surrounded me with a vacuuous, silencing sneer. It was stinging, burning. I could not stand it."

"But about 'Lurkin'," Marley, you were at fault there, you know—"

"Let me tell you some things, Darrant, which you never knew before and then call me what you wish."

IV.

"To begin, Darrant, you must understand that I am a mixture of James Struthers and Lortimer

Marley. No, don't interrupt me, I can think more clearly if you will let me go on alone. By that combination I mean to say that James Struthers was and is a 'small town' man. That he ever ventured into the metropolitan circle was, I greatly fear, his downfall. On the other hand Lortimer Marley was, and is, essentially a product of the 'big city' mind. That he ever ventured into the country was his downfall. Do you see?"

I thought slowly for many ticks of the great clock in the room only to answer, "I am afraid, Struthers, that I do not see clearly what you are striving to have me learn. Yet I think—yes I know that you want me to see the concepts which go to make up yourself, on the one side and Marley on the other. Isn't that it?"

"Exactly, Darrant, exactly," he eagerly admitted. "You see if Struthers had remained Struthers he would doubtless have been a country minister—or at best an average American business man. And, following the same reasoning, had Marley remained Marley, he would now be one of the world's most radical philosophers. As it really stands, however, Struthers is only Struthers of Bethelville and Marley—well, Marley is dead, thank God."

Struthers remained silent, motionless for some minutes.

"You see, Darrant, I neglected to give the greatest fact in nature its proper place; I forgot completely about the personality. In my abandon I thought that I could force myself to undergo a complete mental metamorphosis—a change from Struthers, the man, to Marley, the critic of humanity. It cannot be done, Darrant. Heaven and I know it cannot be done!"

Yes, Struthers, I knew you would see," I interjected, "but we must discuss our quarrel of years ago. Cannot you tell me about that, now?"

"To be sure, the quarrel, Darrant, the quarrel. Well, it began, as you know, over Cordell's 'Lurkin'." Let me see, was it you or was it I who began the controversy. Well, no matter. It began. You see how mellow I have become; how ready to compromise. Oh, yes, sometimes I hate myself for it but I am happy. It is all a part of the execution of that detestable person, Marley. Let me see, it began, then. I answered your paper with one of my own defending Cordell—the fool. After that it was one thing after another until you wrote about Rosalie. That, Darrant, is my sore spot, the Siren which is still leading me on to hate. When you asked me, through your magazine, if I would let Rosalie read 'Lurkin', do you remember my answer? Surely, I replied, I would even read it to her as a part of my program to make of her a free woman, a modern transcendental Gargantua.

"Well, Rosalie grew up. She was a beautiful thing, Darrant, a lovely picture. Her skin was lovely to look upon. It was as white as marble and smooth as velvet itself. She had eyes like her mother. We loved her, Darrant, more than anything else in this wide world. As she grew in bodily beauty she grew, as I supposed in spiritual beauty as well. But I was mistaken. When she was eighteen she was finished college. She came home to live with me. She was changed, though, it was no longer my Rosalie who sat across from me at dinner each evening. She was more like the—the painted women one sees on the stage. Beautiful, yes, yet a thing vastly arctic in nature. There no longer existed that spirit between us. Ah! Once she laughed at me. That was when she told me she was going to marry. Think, Darrant, how I felt. She was going to marry Ludwig Landeman. You know him, of course. No? The editor of 'The Courtesan'! I thought you would remember. And to think that I had brought them together. It made me furious. I called her to me and said 'Rosalie, it is my wish that you will not marry Landeman. He is no fit mate for you? Why he is an—an atheist!"

Do you know what she answered, Darrant? She said, "Well, so are you."

"Rosalie, don't! Even so," I admitted, "Landeman is an immoralist. He believes in nothing good. You cannot love such a man. Why, darling, you are but a passing whim in his life."

"'Father,' Rosalie, said, 'I do not believe in love. You yourself taught me that it was a thing to be despised. In your own essays you have lauded Cordell, and you know Father, that Ludwig is a pupil of Cordell's.'"

"My child!" I confessed in my desperation, "those men were wrong—I was wrong. Tell me that you will not marry Landeman. For my sake, Rosalie, and the sake of your mother's memory, say that you will forget him."

"'I'm sorry, Father, but Ludwig and I are to be married and nothing can stop us.'"

"Child!" I cried, "I command you to refuse Landeman."

It was like talking to the furious winds which sweep over the ocean. I broke down, I wept like a child. I cursed, ah! I appealed to her reason but I found that it did no good. Rosalie was a counterpart of Lortimer Marley and nothing would stop her. Just as I was prepared to denounce her Landeman entered the room.

"Hello, Marley," he said and smiled. That smile to me was a sneer—a challenge. He turned to Rosalie. "Have you told him, dear. Good."

"Yes, Landeman, she told me and I forbid the match. You can't have her!"

"And why not, Marley. If I am good enough to belong to your clubs, write for your magazines, why can't I marry your daughter."

"Because I say you cannot," I shouted.

"That's fine logic from Lortimer Marley," laughed that Landeman. "You make me laugh."

And, Darrant, he began to laugh. It was the most terrible five minutes in my life. As he laughed, Rosalie began. They both laughed. God, how I remember. They gurgled sarcasm, they sneered rebellion, they spouted unbelief. I hated Landeman. I began to hate Rosalie, the thing I loved better than life itself. I even began to doubt whether or not I was awake. It all seemed like some big, unreal dream—a horrible dream.

They rose and embraced each other. I stood beside them—trembling yet powerless. What could I have done? They were still laughing.

"Father's getting a bit old, Ludwig," my daughter spoke. "He's a bit unstrung. We'll go now and come back later."

"Rosalie, if you leave this room with that man I never want to see you again. Go if you wish!" I flung at them.

"Very well, Father, I'm sorry if you see things that way. Perhaps some day if you apply the rules of life which you yourself advocate, you will discover the answer to my actions."

With those words ringing out, Rosalie left. I have never seen her since.

V.

"And so, you see Darrant, how it was that I was both Marley the atheist and Marley the liar. I say was; but am no longer. From that moment I saw things in a different light. I saw that rules and theories which everyone rejects at some time or other in one's life, are the very things which one falls back on in the face of adversity."

"But Rosalie, what became—" I ventured.

"Oh, yes, Rosalie," Struthers whispered. "She married Landeman. She married him that very day. I have never seen her since. She helps her husband, though, I understand. She helps him to spread his insidious doctrine of venom in every salon in New York. Some day, though, some day," he continued, "he will see just like I saw and come groveling back at the feet of reason."

"You would forgive her, Struthers, would you not?" again I asked.

"Forgive her? Certainly, Darrant. Must I remind you that I am no longer Marley. If we admit those things which I have told you, we must admit also charity, forgiveness, love. Why, if she'd walk in this door at this moment I'd embrace her. Here, Darrant, where are you going? Come back, Darrant, come back. Won't **you** forgive me?" shouted Struthers, for I rose from my chair and left the room.

I returned. With me was a girl!

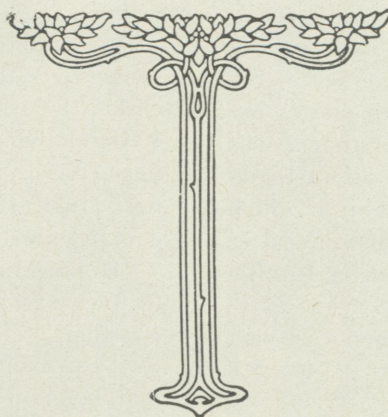
"Struthers," I tremulously called. "Here is a visitor."

The man stood up, shook his massive frame as if convulsed; then looking at the beautiful thing which I had led into the room he cried at the top of his voice, "You've come back, Rosalie, you've come to me."

* * * * *

And I chuckled to myself as I walked toward the setting sun to think how I had planned the whole thing from the very moment I had met Rosalie again in New York. I had accomplished my mission—but Bethelville did not know the truth—I was the biggest liar in the county, not Struthers. How John Darrant would laugh when I told him. But Struthers must never know that his visitor was—Cordell! Ha, ha!

THE END



On the Threshold of Music

By Francis X. Tsu

"**M**USIC is the art directly representative of democracy. If the best music is brought to the people, there need be no fear about their ability to appreciate it," asserts President Coolidge. We understand by good music is meant classical music and by the word music the writer refers largely to piano music since piano assumes the importance of being the king of all instruments. It is true that in late years, music has gained a tremendous stride in our walk of life and it suggests something more than mere luxury. Modern labor-saving machinery, scientific inventions together with the ever-increasing urbanization have made music accessible to all—to which might be attributed the very cause of abuse that has crept in during recent years in the form of the highly commercialized ragtime or Jazz. Much like the drinking of liquor that was formerly a luxury and graced only the tables of royalty and the rich, until it was put into quantity production and became distributed to all classes so that it became a menace to society..

It is very doubtful as to whether this Jazz music is being appreciated by the public at all. Since the banishment of liquor from the saloon it has found a suitable substitute in Jazz music and dancing. Jazz is nothing but commercialized music distinct from classical music. The former tends to arouse sensuous inclinations and it appeals not to the inner man. On the other hand, classical or good music has to deal with our souls, it has beauty and charm that bring us into contact with the most sublime and emotional. In a word, Jazz music links with our physical side of being while music of virtue is what our nature craves without limit. Jazz vanishes as fast as it appears but classical music lives.

But to be proficient in music is most difficult. The obstacles and drawbacks are numerous. So far, I see no short cut as some have advertised. There is absolutely no secret in the success of world's great musicians past or present. For music is like any accomplishment (from which I exclude the art of money-making) the attainment of which is accompanied by ambition, work and talent. In order not to disappoint some of my readers I say that it is sufficient for us to learn to love and appreciate good music though it will be always of regret when it strikes us that we are unable to play this or that instrument. There is no denying however, that good music is gaining popularity

today and to this I add the words of Charles Schwab that "the potent influence of music in the every-day life of the nation is but beginning to make itself felt. It will spread with the appreciation of music's benefit to mankind." Mr. Schwab, a captain of industry as he is, is, by the way, an excellent piano player.

Now, what does it mean by ambition? It does not mean by merely telling others that he or she is going to be a musician. What is more disastrous is the hope of a sumptuous return in money by giving concerts. As a matter of fact, great masters of the past, with a few exceptions, all died in poverty. Circumstances have made life of artists more comfortable today but what they are after after all is but general appreciation and warm recognition to their splendid efforts. They derive more satisfaction from applause than mere money. Ambition, therefore, must not be confused with money.

Ambition is that insatiable desire to win. It comprises two things that are essential: they are enthusiasm and inspiration. According to Emerson, nothing great can be accomplished without enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is another term for achievement and achievement is indeed what the world calls for, while inspiration is the result of thinking of and listening to the beautiful. The very nature of this universe affords us unlimited sources of inspiration. It is the business of students of music to seize every opportunity to hear the great artists of whom we are proud: being their contemporaries. From my own experience as a student I always find marked improvement in my playing after listening to them. Inspiration works wonders!

Next to ambition is work. From the words of Thomas Edison we learn that "genius is 1 per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration." Although those words may not be altogether true still we must realize the immense amount of labor and the superhuman effort that they put up in spite of difficulties. In fact, the greatness of all the world's celebrities lies in their firmness in overcoming difficulties. The music student who sticks and practices every day, and increases the length of period as he advances is bound to get somewhere. He may be bored at the start and is always tempted toward the preference of playing ball or go fishing before he discovers his possibilities. Just here we see the necessity of parental influence that guides

children. What is more inspirational to a child than his own mother or a gentle and music-loving father?

It is absurd to think that to work means to slave. Slavery pertains to manual labor pure and simple. How many times do we hear of musicians working so many hours a day and how often do we mistake it to be the actual playing time per day! Musical attainment, like literature, painting or sculpture, is the fruit of extensive studying and reading. It so happens that a musical genius does not count the hours because any moment is musical to him or, in other words, he thinks in terms of music. When he is at the keyboard every movement of his fingers, wrists or even his feet are controlled by the brain. The lack of brain power in Jazz is what makes it vulgar and commonplace.

The work therefore consists in the acquiring of technique with special attention to touch and tone. Liszt told us, when he was inquired about the secret of his success, that there are three things important; they are (1) technique, (2) technique, and (3) technique. By that he did not suggest anything absolutely mechanical. This master of music was so overwhelmed by his own genius that he was unconscious of it, and consequently paid no heed on the teaching of tonal coloring and this is what ails his pupils. Moritz Rosenthal for one, has a brilliant technique and no piano virtuoso today can compete with him in running right and left of the keyboard, but his playing, according to reliable critics, is soulless and without feeling. More of this will be said under talent.

To acquire technique one needs great patience, sacrifice and an absolute discipline or obedience. They are reasons that explain why we never heard of a woman Paderewski or a female Rachmaninoff despite the fact that there are more girls learning to play the piano or violin. What is more plain is that man can draw inspirations faster than woman and thinks better. These are the truths that mark the superiority of man. Certainly the advancement of any science or art depends upon the degree of one's humility. The writer happens to know accomplished musicians who still take pleasure in receiving lessons from others.

The third element we are going to discuss is talent; here is where many of us fail. Talent is readiness of brain and muscular system to respond. It can be easily cultivated from the child up though we must admit that nature is prone to predilection. For instance, a crow never sings like

a thrush; and some people are better looking than others. Still, how often do talented persons plunge into oblivion simply because of the lack of ambition and work and how often people misdirect their talent? Galli-Curci was born and brought up in a family of singers but not until she became a piano virtuoso did she come to realize that she was endowed to sing. She is one of the greatest singers of modern times but she tells us that she accomplished the feat without the service of a teacher. Suppose she was brought up in a place where music could not be had, could not she attain the prominence of today? I therefore say that talent in music can be cultivated and that there is no such thing as born musicians. On the contrary, the more one is surrounded by a musical atmosphere the more musically inclined or talented he would become. The gift of a person lies in his ability to stick and his ambition. Man, because he is an intelligent being, can subdue mother nature and work wonders. Demosthenes would never have become an orator had not he secluded himself at the seashore and trained his vocal chords under the influence of the roaring waves.

A talented musician has a natural touch on the keyboard replenished with grace and ease. His heart is filled with emotion. He seems to be singing among the angels. Thus he lifts his thought high to the most sublime and beautiful and in that manner many of the masterpieces were composed. Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonatas" Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Schubert's "Serenade" and many other sublime efforts are immortal works. Now anything immortal is superhuman and deserves all praise.

Let us now sigh with relief and concede the fact that, after all, the scarcity of good musicians is of no handicap to the society. We know that industry has its captains and so has music its masters. The rarity of good music compared with the ragtime tends therefore to make our hearts fonder of it. The degree of culture of a people or a nation depends to an extent upon its progress in music. In some European countries it is required that every elementary school teacher must be able to instruct children in music. While in ancient Wales no one could be considered a gentleman who could not play the harp.

In writing the present article the writer does not seek the banishment of Jazz. It is having its day but sooner or later it will clear itself from the earth and this will be the day when the world will reach its highest peak of democracy and refinement.

"Victor, Carl and Lon"

By Varley P. Young

PROLOGUE

ONCE upon a time there was a little French boy named Victor Hugo. He was a bright little fellow and was the usual pride and joy of his fond as well as adoring parents. But little Victor grew up—and as he grew up he got some darn funny ideas. Some of his ideas were very, very lovely. Everyone acclaimed him an innovation in the world of ideas. Victor began to write and as he wrote he lost track of certain vital and fundamental principles which are admitted by people at all times. Gradually everyone in Europe who knew French, read Victor's brain children. The people of his native land began to regard him as something between a god and a devil. There was no getting away from the idea that he was a bit devilish and everyone knows how fast devilish things spread. He excited some commendatory and a lot of derogatory notices in the divers papers of the then known sensible world. Among the latter critics of Victor was Pope Gregory XVI. He, being the *servus servorum Dei*, decided that Victor's little tomes were a bit advanced and at the same time radical. Not so many years before, the French people had invented the guillotine, then mob-action, *demi-tasse* and *La Petite Parisienne*. To bring them back to the days of the guillotine, in this decidedly *demi-tasse* age, would have defeated the purpose of the idealists who, in convention, had announced that France was the most intellectual among nations. So Pope Gregory took the liberty of including just two of Victor's works on his *index*. One of the works was his "Les Miserables" while the other was "Notre Dame de Paris." Now it would be bad for me to explain just why Pope Leo did this and it would be most foolish because a shelf or so of bound and printed literature has already been composed on this very subject. So we will drop the matter and take up—

THE STORY

Years and years after Victor Hugo died there reigned in the sunny kingdom of Universal City, a prince of a chap named Carl Laemmele. He was as rich as Croesus on account of divers other exploits into the field of celuloid. Among these latter attempts to increase his prestige and wealth were two cases of films titled "Foolish Wives" and "Merry-Go-Round." Eric von Stroheim directed the former; the censor boards clipped it. Eric started to direct the latter but, after a delightful altercation, it is said, he was fired and Rupert Julian

took up the good work. In any case, however, Carl Laemmele planned to dig up from musty shelves in obscure corners of the literary world and picturize Victor's book, "Notre Dame de Paris," as his next contribution to *belles cinemas*.

After blowing from the brown covers the accumulation of dust thereon, Carl handed it over to a preparing scenarist who did just what he thought best. He gave Victor religion. Then Carl hired Lon Chaney, without the question of a doubt the most clever, meticulous and versatile character actor in the history of the American cinema, to play the leading role, that of Quasimodo, the hunchback. Wallace Worsley was proclaimed director.

This triumvirate, Victor Hugo, Carl Laemmele and Lon Chaney, have made and brought before the admiring glances of hundreds of thousands of people, one of the biggest, as well as one of the greatest motion pictures of this day and age.

The story of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," as jointly conceived by Hugo, Laemmele and Chaney, is essentially one of action of the subjective order. The picture subtly permits the reviewer to be aware of two main issues, to-wit: the story proper of Esmerelda, Phoebus and Clopin, and the terrifying emotions of Quasimodo, the hunchback.

Quasimodo is one of the most hate-inspiring characters in literature. Hopelessly deformed in body, half blind and half deaf, this object of pity and terror alike is bell-ringer in the Great Cathedral de Notre Dame. The only sensations to which he gives being are those of hate. Everywhere he goes he meets with the jeers of his fellowmen. Everyone with whom he comes in contact greets this embodiment of the wrath of God with curses and blows. In his sore and bleeding soul is born an intense and ever increasing urge to avenge himself, to pay back his defamers. As the great bells of Notre Dame chime they impress themselves indelibly on his mind. They spell for him the morning, the noon and the angelus. For him they are his guide, as it were.

On the opening of the picture we are permitted to gaze on the joyous "Fools' Festival," the one day in the year when the oppressed peoples are permitted to abandon their cares, to give themselves over to feasting. Quasimodo, perched high in the lofty labyrinth of architecture on the Cathedral, looks on the festivities with scorn. Anxious to make them see him and at the same time frighten them, Quasimodo dangles between heaven and

earth for seemingly unending minutes; finally creeping cautiously down the masonry. He is, as usual, met with curses. However his attention is required by Jehan, brother of the Archdeacon of the cathedral and a revolutionary. Quasimodo is by way of being his slave, hence when Jehan orders him to kidnap the fair Esmerelda, gypsy ward of Clopin, king of the beggars, Quasimodo obeys without question. The screams of the maiden bring to her rescue, Phoebus de Chateaupers, newly appointed captain of His Majesty Louis XI's guards. The chivalry and bearing of the young knight make upon Esmerelda a lasting impression which is later to ripen into love. Phoebus escorts Esmerelda to the "Court of Miracles," the haunt of the beggars of Paris. Before they part, though, their eyes meet in a piercing look of understanding.

Quasimodo, for his complicity in the attempted kidnapping, is dragged before a deaf justice and promptly sentenced to be publicly whipped. Chained to a stone his broken back is bared and he is unmercifully beaten by a cat-o'-nine-tails, conveniently fitted with lead pellets. Left bleeding and sore of heart Quasimodo cries "I thirst." The people laugh; no wonder, then, his surprise when Esmerelda herself quenches his thirst with cool and refreshing water. From thence he is her slave, no longer Jehan's.

Phoebus induces Esmerelda to attend a ball given in his honor. Clopin errantly suspecting Phoebus of ulterior motives, leads his army of gutter rats into the ball room and forces Esmerelda to accompany him. Left to herself, the girl realizes the impossibility of a union with Phoebus and determines to enter the convent. On the way, by appointment, she meets her lover. Jehan stabs him in the back as he is in the act of embracing Esmerelda. The girl is accused, led to the justice and meets even a worse fate than Quasimodo. She is to be hanged. Phoebus lingers between life and death.

The day of the execution Quasimodo tolls the bells for the poor victim, little knowing that Esmerelda is destined for the scaffold. He sees her and clamors to her rescue, carrying her high into the belfry of Notre Dame. The Archdeacon claims "Sanctuary" for her and she is safe for the time being. Clopin hears of the rescue and assembles his beggars. They storm the cathedral. Quasimodo fights them from the roof. Blocks of stone, massive timbers are hurled upon the advancing throngs below. In desperation Quasimodo pours molten lead on their heads. Jehan has found a way into the Cathedral tower, comes upon Esmerelda and overpowers her. The hunchback, seeking a respite from his death-dealing labors, comes upon the struggling pair and, grasping Jehan, casts

him from off the high cornice, not before, however, the crafty villain had stabbed him to death. Phoebus at the head of his guards routes the mob, rushes to Esmerelda and plights his troth before the dying Quasimodo.

This happy yet horrible ending, therefore, leads one to the—

EPILOGUE

Victor Hugo is such a conclusive literateur that there is only one Prologue to his stories—personal impressions.

Doubtless the most outstanding concern in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," is its exquisite sense of throbbing, pulsating drama, its enormousness, richness, wealth of thought. Scarcely a scene transpires but that we feel and fear that somewhere, some place, behind it all is that leering, oppressive character, Quasimodo. And Quasimodo is not that sort of a person at all. If left alone he would have been a quite obscure dwarf—terrible looking, to be sure, but withal just an individual. Notwithstanding our realization of this obvious fact, we must admit that Quasimodo, as portrayed by Lon Chaney, is ever before us. If possible we imagine that, should Victor Hugo have written a sequel to "Notre Dame de Paris" in which he told of Phoebus and Esmerelda after that terrible battle, the Hunchback would have continued to live on. For, after all, were it not for him the lovers most certainly would never have been reunited? Little wonder, then, that they should forever have him in mind—for reasons other than his horridness.

Lon Chaney succeeded, in his portrayal of Quasimodo, to do something which heretofore, with one exception, has been carefully avoided. Lon Chaney succeeded in completely merging his personality in favor of the characterization. We can think of only one other occasion upon which this was done. That, strangely, was accomplished also by Chaney in the picturization of Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Ching, Ching, Chinaman," as "Shadows."

To laud the histriony of Carl Laemmle's masterpiece would be ridiculously superfluous. In a production of this kind we always expect the acting to be faultless.

There is one impression that we are certain pervaded the atmosphere of the theater in which "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" was exhibited. This applies, of course, only to the thinking and living people who attended—surely not to the representatives of the "submerged tenth," who put on clean collars for the occasion. The impression brutally set down in type by the Exponent printer, is this: that only a Victor Hugo, product of French materialism and atheism, could have conceived or created such a monstrosity as Quasimodo or such terrifying scenes as those with which the picture is preg-

nant. We purposely neglect, in passing, to observe the character portraits of Jehan, Louis XI, Clopin and particularly "Sister" Gudule. We likewise shamefully neglect to connote the countless blood-curdling scenes; we are humiliated to absolutely ignore the Victor Hugo doctrine of rebellion against constituted authority as exemplified in the cry of Clopin, "Were ye not also born of women after the manner of kings?" which he utters previous to his attack on the Cathedral. And again it pains us not to allude more completely to Hugo's pedagogy, anent "the end justifies the means," in

the hundreds and hundreds of deluded hero-worshippers stricken to death during the rebellion.

A great dramatic critic, speaking of the production, apologizes for its sordidness by observing that "big and vital drama is absolutely essential to a picture that has any claim to consideration." Certainly! We agree. It is the application that is a bit shaky. We ask this: Is it necessary to have Quasimodos, humanity buried under falling planks and floating about in molten lead, piteous slaves whipped by cat-o'-nine-tails and mobs storming a cathedral—the house of God—in order to have this "big and vital drama."

U.



D.

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La Presse Francaise

Little by little the true story of the failure of Dr. Woodrow Wilson at the Peace Conference is seeping through the maze of insidious political propaganda. Through the diligent searchings of M. Souvarine, a young Frenchman of Russian descent, a lurid tale, reading for all the world like one of Dupin the detective, and as profound as the intrigues of the monk Rasputin, of the systematic bribing of almost the entire French press from 1905 until 1918, has been unearthed. M. Souvarine went to the source of the evil in order to seek the truth. He journeyed to Russia, where he spent two years ransacking the files of the Ministry of Finance, to return with a trunkful of documents anent his quest. It comes to America via "The Nation," that little magazine which H. L. Mencken says:—"addresses itself exclusively to the intelligentsia. It assumes that all its readers are educated—One

could no more imagine a Follies girl reading it than one could imagine a stock-broker, a subway ticket-chopper or the Hon. Calvin Coolidge reading it." The writer of the article is Lewis S. Gannett.

Mr. Gannett's little denouement is best explained by quoting a part. "Here, in downright bribery," says Mr. Gannett, "is the secret of the strange alliance between republican France and imperial Russia; here, too, is the key to the rabidity with which the French press in peace-conference days opposed President Wilson's attempt to come to terms with Soviet Russia, and to the readiness of the French Government and of the Paris press to support any bandit chieftain who set himself up to oppose the Bolsheviks. For it must be remembered that in France all politicians are journalists, and almost all journalists are politicians, and that to bribe one group is to bribe the other. More than a score of Paris daily papers were on the Czar's payroll, and

still more individual journalists—managing editors, financial editors, owners and feature writers—including Raymond Recouly, who came to the United States in 1922 to lecture before the Williamstown Institute of Politics as the recognized spokesman of France. On the same payroll were several men who are still senators, among them Henry Berenger, who recently toured the Little Entente nations as Premier Poincaré's handy man and returned to recommend the loans of hundreds of millions of francs which are sealing France's diplomatic and industrial control of Central Europe. These men who sold themselves to the Czar are still making the policy of the Paris press and of the French Government; and if other revolutions come, political or industrial, we may discover their names on the post-war payrolls of newer nations or of kings of finance and industry."

This is only an excerpt. Gannett goes on to give figures (borrowed of course, from Souvarine's investigations), names, places and approximations. Perhaps some day a second Souvarine will delve into forgotten and forbidden files and discover the real reason why France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," allowed the government to expell religious and besmirch the name of the Church in just those years—1903-4-5.

—Young.

Mission Drama Contest The Shield, official publication of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, in the issue of February 15th, announces a Mission Drama Contest. This contest should be of interest to the entire student body, both because they are members of the C. S. M. C. and because here is an opportunity for literary expression.

The purpose of the contest, according to the Shield is to stimulate the writing of mission plays. This we believe is only a minor purpose. The ultimate end in view is no doubt to spread through the medium of the stage, Catholic thought, ideals and beliefs. And the stage is an effective medium, as powerful we believe as the press and the pulpit.

The question naturally arises as to what is a mission play, what does it include and what will be considered a non-mission play? Father Thill, secretary of the C. S. M. C. answers:

"Every mission play as we understand it must be an argument for the spread of Christianity among non-Christian peoples. It is the absence of this argument from modern plays, which keeps them from being real mission plays."

It is necessary then for your play to be in some way shape or form an argument for the spread of Christianity.

No one can estimate the effects of the production of a good mission play. The effects are generally intangible and baffling to all, except one, the Recording Angel. The Shield knowing the power of something we can feel, see or touch, is giving something tangible, something substantial for the best plays. Three hundred dollars will be the prize for the best two plays, two hundred for the best and one hundred for the runner-up. For those who have not the good fortune of possessing a Shield of February 15th, the following list of rules concerning the Mission Drama Contest are invaluable:

1. Every play must be the original work of the person submitting it and must never have been staged nor printed. However, collaboration of two or more persons will be permitted.

2. Manuscripts should be neatly typewritten on one side of the paper, with numbered sheets, and should be securely fastened at the upper left-hand corner.

3. The contestants are not limited to any particular dramatic form. One-act plays, full-length plays, fantasies, serious plays or comedies may be submitted.

4. The subject matter must be in some way connected with the Catholic missions. It may represent life in the missions, with dramatic episodes either from the lives of natives, Christian or pagan, or of missionaries, either historical or fictional. It may represent the mission spirit of those at home who are working for the missions. But it should create interest in the missions, either by picturing them dramatically or making a dramatic appeal for them.

5. The plays will be judged by two things:

(a) By their correctness of dramatic form. This implies that they must be technically according to the recognized standards of play structure.

(b) By the truth and dramatic quality of their subjects. The subjects should be true to life, dramatic in their nature, and with a genuine appeal to the emotions of the audience.

6. All manuscripts must be submitted before October 1, 1924.

7. The winning plays become the exclusive property of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade and the writers of the winning plays must transfer all rights to their manuscripts to the Crusade.

8. Plays which do not win places will be returned, provided that stamps for return postage are enclosed.

9. The following prizes are offered:

First Prize, \$200. Second Prize, \$100.

10. The judges will be announced later. Probably there will be three judges chosen.

A New Race Question

Some ten years ago there was held throughout the country an Inter-Racial day at which time the two colors dominating this country, the negroes and whites, came together for the discussion of questions concerning their mutual relationships. The question then discussed most anxiously was the great mass movement of colored farm laborers from the South to the industrial centers in the East or Northeast.

What was then discussed as a decided danger to the country, if not stopped, now continues at the present time and has continued for many years without calling forth any particular discussion. Many people of both races are now realizing the gravity of the situation and taking steps to prevent its further aggravation.

For all of us the discussion at hand brings back old fundamental attitudes. These attitudes it is well to criticise. How do we look upon the negro race? What is our impression of them gathered from our individual walks of life? How universal, how extensive is that impression? Do we generalize this impression? Do we in short know the negro as he exists side by side with us?

These questions are decidedly embarrassing. The negro knows much more about us than we know about him. This is a distinct advantage to him and certainly a discredit to us. Many people throughout the country are settling in their own minds this momentous issue implied in the leaderless mass movement of the negroes from South to North. Most of these people have not the least knowledge of the facts about the negro and have read nothing concerning him. In no way at all are they striving to enlighten themselves on this point.

Booker Washington in his history of the Negro has drawn attention to the fact that the negro never desired to go to the Northern States and live. He merely took up conditional residence there as a freed man, until the time when the South should welcome him back under more decent circumstances. We are still, it seems, not offering him decent living conditions there, and once again large numbers of negroes are coming northward to the industrial centers where they are decidedly out of place. This is a real burden on the white population of the country, a burden for which they are largely responsible. What are we in general and you in particular doing to enlighten yourself to meet this very serious question?

—J. H. H.

The World Court

Before death occurs there are certain good signs which often cause the friends of a dying person to hope for his recovery. The patient's blood will cir-

culate faster, a slight color will appear on his pale cheeks, he will sometimes talk vivaciously. The doctor, however, recognizes this as one of the final rallies which precede death.

The League of Nations is dying. It, too, is showing revivals in the form of several movements. These do not openly declare alliance to the League. Nevertheless they are the offspring of it. One of these is the World Court.

The method of propagation of this idea is not novel, being long known as one of the most effective means of accomplishing an end. That is by playing on our emotions; by sentimentality. "The chords of human sympathy and brotherhood are being played upon by master alien hands."

They cry for America's "moral force" which they say is so essential to their "welfare." This "moral force" is nothing more nor less than our great resources and physical power which they are so anxious to use for their ends.

If we were to join what would our "moral force" accomplish? Could it satisfy Britain's greed for commercial extension, Italy's selfishness, French and German hatreds?

Once having joined the Court, there is no alternative but to abide by all the proceedings and decisions of the Court. Suppose some great question were judged contrary to public opinion here. We would have to assent. If we should oppose the decision would we not do more harm to the Court than by not having joined at all? There can be no flinching. Once in we must abide by the decision of a super-government; our own government would be nothing.

Europe's troubles cannot be settled by outside intervention. She must work out her own destiny. The peacemaker of a family row usually gets the worst of it. So should we in event of our intervention.

Besides, we have not been successful in running our own household smoothly. Glance at the Oil Scandal, the Transportation problems, racial troubles, the child labor proposition, prohibition and see if we can afford to direct our attention elsewhere?

Our policy should be one of holding to our own ideals, speaking our opinions frankly and boldly, "but standing on our own destiny, the captains of our own souls."

—Ziegenbusch.

One Hundred Catholic Books

The appended list is a compilation made by the America Press and should be in the nature of a challenge to the Catholic population of this country. Do you believe that books by Catholics are good books to read? If so, how many of those given below have you actually read? These questions

should, I think, decide very quickly for each one of us the calibre or our Faith and the loyalty we give to the Catholic Church as a social institution expressed in literature.

"Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future men to hear."

- Allies, T. W. The Formation of Christendom
Church and State
Ayscough, John French Windows
San Celestino
Monksbridge
Azarias, Brother Philosophy of Literature
Barrett, E. Boyd Strength of Will
Belloc, Hilaire The Path to Rome
Europe and the Faith
The Servile State
The French Revolution
Benson, Robert Hugh.. Loneliness?
Christ in the Church
By What Authority?
Initiation
Lord of the World
Boudreaux, Florentine.. The Happiness of Heaven
Brownson, Orestes A... Essays
The Convert
Campbell, Thomas J... Pioneer Laymen of North America
The Jesuits
Carmichael, Montg'm'r. The Life of John William Walshe
Chesterton, Gilbert K... St. Francis of Assisi
Orthodoxy
The Ball and the Cross
Clarke, Isabel C. Fine Clay
Crawford, F. Marion... Ave Roma Immortalis
Saracinesca
Cuthbert, Father St. Francis of Assisi
Devas, Charles S. The Key to the World's Progress
Digby, Kenelm H. Ages of Faith
Dinnis, Enid The Anchorhold
Drane, Augusta T. Christian Schools and Scholars
Dwight, Thomas Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist
Egan, Maurice Francis.. Everybody's St. Francis
Confessions of a Booklover
England, Bishop Complete Works
Faber, Frederick W.... Growth in Holiness
Bethlehem
Creator and Creature
Fairbanks, Chas. W. ... My Unknown Chum (Aguecheek)
Farrell, Joseph Lectures of a Certain Professor
Finley, Peter The Church of Christ
Gallwey, P. Watches of the Passion
Gasquet, Cardinal Henry VIII and the English Monasteries
Eve of the Reformation
Gerard, John The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer
Gibbons, Cardinal The Faith of Our Fathers
Guilday, Peter Life and Times of John Carroll
Harland, Henry The Cardinal's Snuff Box
Hayes, J. Carlton Political and Social History of Western Europe
Horgan, John J. Great Catholic Laymen
Hull, Ernest R. Fortifying the Laymen
Husslein, Joseph The World Problem
Johnson, Lionel Religious Poems
Keon, Miles G. Dion and the Sybils
Kilmer, Joyce Collected Works
Lilly, W. S. The Claims of Christianity
Lingard, John History of England
Loyola, Mother Mary... Jesus of Nazareth
McCann, Alfred W. God—or Gorilla?
Manning, Cardinal Eternal Priesthood
Maturin, B. W. Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline
Meynell, Alice Collected Works
Milner, Bishop The End of Religious Controversy
Mulholland, Rosa The Wild Birds of Killeevy
Newman, Cardinal Apologia Pro Vita Sua
Idea of a University
Dream of Gerontius
Historical Sketches

- Present Position of Catholics in England
Grammar of Assent
O'Brien, Michael J. A Hidden Phase of American History
O'Meara, Kathleen Life of Frederick Ozanam
O'Rahilly, Alfred Life of Father William Doyle, S. J.
Patmore, Coventry Poems
Pearse, Padric Collected Works
Repplier, Agnes Collected Essays
Ryan, Abram J. Poems
Ryan, John A. A Living Wage
Distributive Justice
Scott, Martin J. God and Myself
Shea, John Gilmary.... History of the Church in the United States
Sheehan, Canon My New Curate
Luke Delmege
Spalding, Most Rev. M. J. History of the Protestant Reformation
Spalding, Most Rev. J. L. Education and the Higher Life
Stoddard, J. L. Rebuilding a Lost Faith
Stone, J. M. Reformation and Renaissance
Stuart, Janet, Erskine.. Education of Catholic Girls
Tabb, Father John.... Poems
Thompson, Francis.... Collected Works
Vaughan, Bishop J.... Thoughts for All Times
Walsh, James J. The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries
The Popes and Science
Ward, Wilfrid The Life of Cardinal Newman
Windle, Sir Bertam.... The Church and Science
Wiseman, Cardinal Lectures on the Holy Eucharist
Fabiola
Science and Revealed Religion
AMERICA—A Catholic Review of the Week—1924
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The Japanese Fund When we learned that the contributions of Americans towards the relief of the sufferers from the Japanese earthquake had reached the enormous sum of over ten millions of dollars we were convinced that all Americans at least had been provided with suitable clothing, shelter, and food, for the time being. Now we learn that the Marianists who lost all their buildings, their equipment and their clothing in this disaster are in dire need of both food and clothing. Surely an explanation should be forthcoming from the American Relief Committee on this matter. Why have they not taken special care of our own? Is our money being raised to take care of the losses of the Japanese government? If so why does this government demand that all records of patents granted to Americans, destroyed during the quake be replaced by our American inventors at their expense? Surely it is a poor return for our charity.

Meanwhile we must remember that we are Christians; we gave in the name of Christ. And if that which we gave freely has not reached the proper claimants of our charity, let us give again, this time directly to those whom we wish particularly to help. Let us all during this season of penance contribute our mite to a fund to be forwarded at Easter to those courageous countrymen of ours, who like the Apostle of old, have consecrated their lives to the obtaining of recruits to the army of Christ.

—O'Leary.



Exchanges

By John H. Holtvoigt

THERE is an article in the February *St. John's Record* which we heartily endorse. "Too Much Advertising" by Maurice A. Hoeschen, is a thrust at an evil that must be boring millions of people in these United States every day. It is a light though comprehensive essay pointed in tone, against, not a moral nor yet a dangerous evil, but merely a vulgar one.

The attitude of American Business toward advertising is much the same as the American Indians' reported attitude toward medicine. If a teaspoonful was good, he drank several bottles of it. So we have a really amazing expenditure for ads with the consumer bearing an unnecessary burden.

* * *

Out of this month's scarcity of poems, we have, so to say, derived an abundance of inspiration from a rather insignificant looking collection of lines tucked away in a corner of the *Argus*. The poet is Horace Arment; the poem "Song of the Cattle Trail" is in its own way an expression of a certain phase of American Life.

Carlyle never failed to ask, when describing a man in a peculiar situation, what he was thinking about. It is our creed that if a poem tells accurately what a man would think if placed in such and such environment, that poem, no matter what its artistic defects is true literature. To say therefore, that this poem conveys some impression of "the sweeping land lone and grand, and a sweeping sky above" is to say why we liked it.

* * *

It has long been a pet diversion of the Editor to ignore all short stories and novels as perfectly useless. He has in consequence a conviction that

he has no business criticizing them in the face of such wanton prejudice.

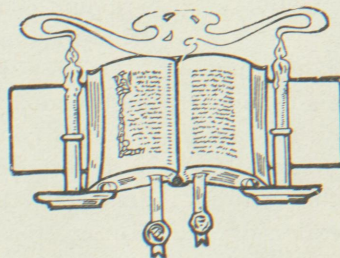
Unfortunately, however, we are indiscreet enough to call attention to "Kerry Diamonds" by J. S. Denigan in the *Winter Champion*. The writer has elaborated a good imitation of the conversational characteristics of an Irish village which makes pleasant reading. And the characters are true. But that does not prevent us from still maintaining that the short story as an art is a gigantic hoax that has merely gained favor through natural human stupidity.

* * *

The *Labarum* for February has printed a series of isolated paragraphs called Miniatures, the first of which, on "Going Home" has impressed on us with a new insistence, the fact that we are all alike under the skin. The author of this paragraph has described to a degree of accuracy just what I do every evening while riding home on the street car. Namely, watching the lights in the houses and the people leaving the crowded cars to be swallowed up in cheer and brightness.

* * *

"Hamlet a la Barrymore" a critical essay appearing in the *Duquesne Monthly* for March represents, we believe, the great defect in almost all collegiate work, namely, the ignoring of technique in criticism. When a professional critic sets about to criticize a drama he uses a certain method and certain tools. His work is as constructive and law-regulated as the playwrights. Why, therefore, should a college critic depart from the approved usages. It is our opinion that collegiate critical writing should be either scientific or non-existent.



The Magazine Wrack

Being a Critical Review of Several Magazines by Several Students

The American Mercury (March) H. L. Mencken, who conjointly with Geo. Jean Nathan must be credited with discovering several of America's best writers, has added a new title to his already long list; for Mr. Mencken has brought to light America's prize ass in the person of Arthur Davison Ficke, if we are to judge by his article "Reflections of a Bible Reader" in the current, "The American Mercury." Dr. Ficke sits alone in a hotel room, according to the article, and reads the book of Esther. He finds therein that Esther was a wise Jewish girl, Mordecai, her uncle, was still wiser, and Ahasuerus, the current king at the time, was an immoralist. This is no theological department, hence a refutation of Dr. Ficke's hallucinations is not called for. Suffice it to say that we advise the gentleman to change bootleggers—for Goodness' sake.

Other than that asinine paper, the March issue of this otherwise excellent magazine, contains a delightful satire on the late John H. Patterson, president-emeritus of the N. C. R., as well as other interesting material. Gregory Mason lets go a bombshell destroying the Chautauqua illusion; Charles Willis Thompson accomplishes an heroic political-personal paper, "The Two Tafts;" Arthur Bingham Walkley delivers a masterful eulogy on Jane Austen under the name "Mansfield Park and America," while other writers contribute generally to the added subject-matter, particularly in the bodies of two short stories and C. E. Bechhofer's "Spanish Nights' Entertainment."

One of the most beautiful dramatic reviews that it has been our pleasure to read is George Jean Nathan's notice of "The Miracle." He ascends, even transcends, his usual vitriolic style. Mr. Mencken, we presume, roundly condemns the American farmer in an editorial and the "Americana," droll as usual, vents its venom on numberless typical native holdings.

—Young.

* * *

Asia (April) The Asia, being a magazine that concerns itself with foreign lands of the East, though intended primarily for an American public, enjoys a distinct advantage. It is to a certain extent unassailable by the critic. For it purveys knowledge which is not expressive or critical but chiefly explanatory and moreover it does this alone and unaided by any other magazine of its kind. I will not attempt to criticize but

merely explain its excellent and important work.

The Orient is of vital importance to the people of the Earth. That fact is now becoming a deep conviction in many minds both in Europe and America. The Orient is crowded with peoples that reach in unbroken ancestry to civilizations old e'er our own had been conceived. These peoples have not lived in vain. The East has much to tell us. And Asia is performing an important role by striving to make that message of the Orient articulate to the Western mind.

I am taking the liberty of copying here the complete table of contents for April, in the hope of illustrating the serious tone and breadth of interest that a single edition of Asia represents:

An Indian Miniature—Collection of Elizabeth Titzel; Along the Trail with the Editor; In the Diamond Mountains of Korea—Frontispiece; After Tigers in Korea, Kermit Roosevelt; Civilized Ambition or Savage Contentment, Frank Hurley; Hands Off in Turkey! Nathaniel Pepper; The Brahman, the Robbers and the Treasure, Bernard Sexton; A Mountain People with Sea-Memories, Edward A. Salisbury; A "Samurai's" Daughter, V. The Fairy-land of Tokyo School-Days, Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto; An Abyssinian "Book of Prayers," Robert Mountsier; The Family System of Japan, Hugh Byas; Has China Found a Moses?, Mansfield Freeman; Indian Women of "the Outside," Cornelia Sorabji; Some Fundamentals of "Mah-Jong," R. F. Foster; Pirates of the China Seas, S. Charles Hill; Asia's Book-Shelf.

Out of this list, I would point especially to one "A Samurai's Daughter" by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto. In my small circle of friends there are four or five who await anxiously the arrival of Asia to take up this most absorbing autobiography descriptive of the old and new Japan. It is a beautiful story beautifully and artistically told. Should these various serial chapters ever be published in book form, I should consider it one of the most important contributions in English to the literature of the Orient.

Of the other articles I cannot of course speak so highly, at least, not from an artistic point of view. Though considered in the light of Asia's mission as a magazine and the sociological import of any article on the Orient, they are invaluable. Frank Hurley, for instance, takes the liberty of philosophizing deeply on our civilization after a lifetime spent with the head hunters of New Guinea. His preference is the head hunter's to our way of living.

Asia, from time to time publishes interviews with the leaders of Asiatic races and nations. This is an important part of its program as it brings the American people in contact with men who may hold the destiny of our civilization in their hands. Of this type is the interview with Yen Hsi-shan the governor of Shansi province, China. This Chinese leader, by re-introducing the old Confucian statecraft has brought his province into order and prosperity and has formed an oasis in a veritable land of chaos. He has founded many modern institutions in his province, as well as instituted many reforms that are returns to older customs. He has created a system of universal education in a land where over 80% of the population are illiterate. He has introduced all over his district the "Pure Heart Societies" a Confucian sort of Y. M. C. A., peculiarly adapted to the Chinese character. Yen Hsi-shan is a figure of world importance because he represents perhaps, the starting point of China's long wished for self-help.

—John H. Holtvoight.

* * *

Etude (March) To be well versed in any subject, be it science or art, one has to read books and periodicals on that particular subject. For a student of music, it is not sufficient to sit at the piano and do nothing but playing, he must at the same time read writings on music and hence the "Etude."

The March number of this magazine contains usual number of "highlights." It begins with a symposium in which twenty-six of the greatest living musicians express their personal opinion on ten best musical creations. They represent eleven different countries and many of them are already in the class with the immortals. Of the twenty-six, five of them, however, failed to select the best ten, the most prominent of whom is Mme. Galli-Curci. Their explanations are quite unanimous for they believe that there is no such thing as best ten pieces much more than literature has ten best books. It is purely a matter of personal likes and inclinations. I am of the opinion that even those who voted chose the pieces only at random without giving any further thoughts. One strange thing that I noticed in the ballots is that Vincent d'Indy, though a Frenchman, selected eight of the ten from German composers and none of the rest are by Frenchmen, which proves that music knows no nationalities.

Following this is an article by the renowned teacher of violin Otakar Sevcik, relating his experience in both America and Europe as a teacher and giving reasons why American pupils are in general failures. He told us that American pupils have not absorbed enough music into their sub-conscious

mind. Certainly, the conditions in Europe are more favorable for music since the people over there are not as gregarious and boisterous like the Americans. In other words, distraction in America is greater than in Europe.

The next is an interview from one of the world's foremost piano virtuoso and teacher, Josef Lheviene, born in Moscow, but is now an American. He, like many other great musicians, insists on daily and systematic practice not only from the point of technique and quantity but also from that of quality and variety. A student gets much advice and encouragement from reading an article like this one.

Here at last is an article by a native born American called "Chats with Serious Piano Students." He is a well known piano instructor and he stresses in the writing especially on relaxation. It is often monotonous and produces fatigue to be absolutely mechanical. What the student should do is to be natural in all movements and give no signs of a nervous wreck.

Another article by an American musician is "How Music Found Its Way Into American Public Schools," in which he emphasizes the need of more good and clean music in American schools. We learn from Germany that one of the requirements of an elementary school teacher is that he must be able to teach music. The ballots collected from twenty-one great musicians shows that almost eight-tenths of the pieces are German compositions.

"The Music Scrap Book" is always interesting. It discloses streaks of life from great masters of music and their relationship with one another. Among the more amusing is the one about Rossini, composer of the far famous opera "Lucia di Lamermour." He was something of an epicure and enjoyed French cooking exceedingly well while he sojourned in Paris. He is quoted as saying, "As love for the heart so is the appetite for the stomach. The stomach is the conductor who mobilizes the grand orchestra of our passions."

There are, besides the Etude for pianists, the singers, organists, violinists and Junior Etude together with many articles of lesser importance, and piano pieces for the beginners and the more serious.

—F. X. Tsu.

* * *

The Literary Digest International Book Review March

The Literary Digest has always been notable because of its nation-wide polls. Now comes the brother to the Literary Digest and follows suit with a poll of the century's best books. We are amused and enlightened by the list.

And behold, H. G. Wells' name stands first on the list by virtue of his "Outline of History." It surely speaks well of the intellectuality of the American public in choosing this monumental intellectual first. This book received five hundred and sixty-three votes.

Second comes "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" with four hundred and seventy-one votes. Then follows "If Winter Comes," "The Americanization of Edward Bok," "The Life of Christ," "The Crisis," and finally seventh comes an American author, O. Henry, with his "Short Stories." "The Virginia," "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," and "The Mind in the Making" complete the list.

From this list we can see the average person's memory of a good book is not long. Practically all of the authors chosen first are now in the public eye or have books just off the presses. Wells swept the world off its feet with the first "Outline," which became popular at once. Just see how the "Outline of History" was followed by the "Outlines of Science, Literature, Art and Hendrick Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" which, after all, is an outline. I think, however, the outline craze has passed. This craze explains the first place held by Wells.

Hutchinson's book "If Winter Comes" I think too recent to be included in a list like this. Although it is very admirable work and contains fine characterization, its style leaves much to be desired.

We're glad to see such names as John Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, Rudyard Kipling, Maeterlinck, Walpole, Arnold Bennet, Mark Twain among those high in the now extended list. There is a little good sense in the American reading public's opinion although most of the books voted for are mere piffle.

"The Career of a Victorian Best-seller" gives a sample of what we can expect from the book "The Life of Mrs. Humphrey Ward." This is written by Mrs. Ward's daughter and gives many intimate glimpses into the life of the author. Mrs. Ward is one of those literary people who are better known by their friends and social activities, than by their books. Such also was Samuel Johnson. We shall hereafter look with more interest upon Mrs. Ward's books and perhaps, who knows, read one of them.

There is nothing more broadening to the receptive human mind than travel. If one cannot travel, the next best thing to do, and which is almost as good if one has an active imagination is to read of the travels of another and see things through his eyes. Most of us, in this instance, would get more out of reading Mr. Beebe's book, "Galapagos: World's End" than to visit the same place ourselves. Mr. Beebe is an acknowledged master of

zoology and knows how to understandingly present his views and observations. But do not think the book is for the geologist and zoologist alone, for it has a strong interest for the person who wants to read about one of the most strange places on the globe. We find many striking word pictures presented to us of which I shall quote one.

"As I walked inland I was surrounded by piles and hills, slopes and gullies, all fashioned of great sheets and disks of clinker, like thousands of misshapen manholes, balanced on edge or thrown together as the last upheaval on earth may have left them. Huge cacti raised their oval pads aloft, angular and posed like Javanese dancers, and lower growths found somehow space for roots in jagged crevices, and nourishment from scant volcanic dust and ash."

This is graphic enough to bring a picture before anyone except those with entirely no imagination.

How much do we know about Queen Elizabeth? Was she the weak, incompetent ruler that Froude found her or was she just, human and capable. It would seem that a person's character can be determined by noticing the things he says and this is doubtlessly true. Hypocrites think one thing and say another, but sooner or later they will trip upon something and give us a true glimpse of their character. If anyone man is to be credited with clearing up the falsities of Elizabeth Tudor's life this man is Frederick Chamberlain. He has just written "The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth." This article is clearly written, easily read, but this is no unbiased review. Perhaps it is not meant to be, for Mr. Hillyer's personal opinion is very much evidenced.

Whatever we may think of James Ramsay MacDonald's statesmanship and party principles we cannot but help admiring the man's tenacity, his rise from a poor Scotch's plowboy at twelve to the Premier of Great Britain. He brings to our mind the thought of the upward struggle of Lincoln. His opinions we may think wrong, but those who must be just admire his grit and determination. An anonymous gentleman who calls himself "Iconoclast" which in itself smacks of Socialism, has written a book called "James Ramsay MacDonald: The Man of Tomorrow."

In "The Novel of the Future," an article by Ross Maccaulay, there is found some god rare common sense expressed. One who likes something to think about and one who likes to study problems will find plenty of material here. Although the article is but short, it contains much. Here are a few of her ideas in brief.

First: We are not certain the novel has a future. It may be superseded by the "tale-by-word-of-mouth" or the "tale-by-pictures" (the motion

picture) or by broadcasting possibilities. But having introduced this fact, Miss Macaulay then says that even if such should be the case, we enjoy writing about the novel of the future merely as a diversion. She then continues:

Second: There are three classes of fiction. 1. Stories which are mainly about what people do. 2. Stories which are mainly about what people are like. 3. Books for imbeciles.

The first type appeals more to men, the second to women, and the third, much more numerous class, to those who are incapable of understanding anything more deep than for instance Pollyanna or Polyooly. A very neat bit of satire is introduced at this point by Miss Macaulay when she says that this type of fiction need not be bothered about for it will always exist, being sure of a never decreasing demand by imbeciles in "one form or another."

Third: She concludes with arguments that the truly great novel must contain both plot and characterization happily mixed, also a rare gift of imagination, and a good prose style.

This is a very well meant, sensible article.

If one chose, he could write a volume from this one issue of The Literary Digest International Book Review. There remains such articles as "Saving America from China's Fate," "New Aspects of Robert Louis Stevenson," "Assaying the Gold of Heine's Romance," "In the Last Days of Old Russia," "Delving into the Romance of Antiquity," "The Ups and Downs of a Music Director," "Bernard Shaw, Talks of his Saint Joan," "Last Century's Literary Favorites," "We Love Nun for the Enemies he Made," "The Poet Comes to the Aid of Science," "The Decline and Fall of Feminine Beauty," "The Greatest Show on the Earth," "The Skylarking Feat of Four Novelists," "The Northward Course of Empire," "What New York did to an English Novelist," "Cleekbov's Art Interpreted by a Disciple," "The Kentucky Mountaineer Behind the Footlight," "New Books for Boys and Girls," "With the Makers of Books in America," "A Close-up of Books and Authors," "Important Books of the Month," "In this Month's Fiction Library," "Books talked about in Literary Euorpe" and "The Literary Question Box."

If possible, we believe the International Book Review is getting better and better, but we doubt if it could be made better than this month's issue.

—C. W. Ziegenbusch.

* * *

McClure's Magazine

One of the most interesting current monthlies is "McClures" edited by S. S. McClure. This magazine, ten years ago, could have been classed with Harper's magazine and other magazines of the

Harper type. In more recent years however it has become more popularized, that is to say it has edited a number of features of current interest as well as stories designed to please the taste of the public. In so doing, the magazine seems to have lost the claim to literary distinction, which it once held. However, it is clean, and wholesome, which cannot be said of some present day magazines; and this in addition to certain other interesting features makes the magazine well worth reading.

A glance at the topics in the February issue will show a broad variety of subject and indicates the editors desire to edit a magazine which can contain something of interest to everyone. The February contents are:

Hunting the Head-Hunters, Capt. Frank Hurley; The Mystery at Meyerling, Jos. Seybenger; How We Trapped America's Boldest Bandit, Charles Robb; An Aerial Fugitive, Major Vigers; Financial Problems, F. K. Sprague; The Hobo's Last Hunt, J. Van Lickurset; The Third Round (serial), H. C. McNeile; The Lady of the Blue Cloak, Edmund Snell; Her Stolen Fiancé, C. Hunting.

The first five articles as will be seen are either dealing with problems or current news. Some of the articles are somewhat instructive and interesting but the non-fiction part of the magazine cannot be compared to that of the American. Some of the articles, too, are rather antiquated. "The Mystery at Meyerling," concerning the death of the Austrian archduke would have been more appropriate fifteen years ago, but now every schoolboy knows more about the mystery than the article divulged. Likewise with the article "An Aerial Fugitive" dealing with airplane activities during the war. This article would have been more appropriate immediately after the armistice when interest was at a fever heat. Now, it is of only minor interest because we have been satiated with war articles and stories. In addition the author Major Vigus has assumed a slangy conversational style which is far from being pleasing.

The story or literary section has one good feature in that it carries only one serial, which would be a good feature for other magazines. The stories while clean are not of the high order of those found for example in the Cosmopolitan. A glance at the list of the contributors fails to show the name of a single well-known writer, such as Fannie Hurt, Irvin Cobb, George Ade, P. B. Kyne, or any of the host of first-class magazine writers. The stories are not deep enough to be really interesting. The "Hobo's Last Hunt," for example was a good animal story but far beneath those which have appeared in other magazines. As a rule all of the authors have adopted a style which seems as if they are attempt-

ing to pose as real cosmopolitans viewing the world through a cynical eye.

One story, however, "The Stolen Fiancé," was very humorous and interesting, but not as interesting as some of the humorous stories which the magazine has published.

While trying to be a good all-round magazine and trying to make a general appeal the magazine seems to have lowered its standard somewhat. It would seem as if it should endeavor to have one special claim to distinction instead of to mere general interest. Thus it could attain literary importance by returning to the higher class short stories which they once made the main feature of the magazine; or they could make the magazine more interesting by having more current topics treated by well-known writers such as the "American" is attempting to do in semi-popular style. In general the magazine seems to have endeavored to please everyone without especially interesting anyone.

—J. B. Alexander.

* * *

Cosmopolitan The Prisoner of Chill On, a very delightful story of a normal boy's life written in a very captivating way as only I. Cobb can do. It is clean, humorous and at times pathetic. The joys, ambitions intrigues, schemes and actions of a healthy group of youngsters. A very refreshing story.

Amos Tries Tudor by Sewell Ford. Those of you who are familiar with his Torchy and Shorty stories know Ford's brand of humor. The plot is not deep and involved but on the contrary is extremely simple. Working on the principle of "treat 'em rough and make them like it," Amos succeeds in conquering a very haughty, bored, and blase young lady. After throwing her in the creek to rescue a golf ball, the story continues to the happy ending.

Never the Twain Shall Meet, a continued story by Peter B. Kyne. One meets four very lovable characters. Maisie a sweet girl in love with Dan Pritchard, who in turn by force of circumstances is guardian to Tamea, a half-breed girl of the South Seas. Tamea is an extremely likable girl, primitive and childlike who cannot understand the conventions and restraint imposed by our civilization. A type that many a man would give anything to possess. Mellenger, a newspaper man who has suffered much, is undersanding and very observant. Should Dan marry Tamea? That is really the question, but these few sentences cannot in the least give any estimate of the story.

"The Toboggan." Frank R. Adams has his own unique way of presenting a love story. True to life, clean, always a little episode of that great field, the mystery of sex presented in a way that cannot but

help to entertain. Contrary to the opinion of many that a love story contains suggestive thoughts and double meanings, I ask them to read this little story and disabuse themselves of such silly thoughts.

Ukridge Rounds a Nast Corner by P. G. Wadehouse. Wadehouse is the man that set all London to laughing with the humorous situation in which he places his characters. Personally I do not care for that type of story and of the characters he so aptly draws, still to say that one does not have several hearty laughs would be doing him an injustice.

—E. H. Rohr.

* * *

Slipstream
(March)

Slipstream, published by the Slipstream Publishing Company, of Dayton, Ohio, was until very recently the official organ of the McCook Field Experimental Station. In the past the magazine had access to many official photographs, etc., which were of great interest to the general reader. Now, however, that source of interest is lacking but the **Slipstream** does not seem to lose in value and general interest.

There is in the March number the regular well-balanced array of semi-technical articles dealing with the various phases of aviation, engines, propellers, construction, etc. An article describing the midnight flight of the ZR1 is graphic and picturesque. The article is well illustrated with pictures of the big ship in flight.

A continued series of articles descriptive of the history of the Supercharger makes very interesting reading for both technical men and otherwise.

Slipstream is of course giving much attention to the Air Races to be held in Dayton and it were well for the people of Dayton and elsewhere to keep in touch with Slipstream for latest developments along that line.

—A. Dalton.

* * *

Engineering
News Record

The latest edition of the Engineering News Record has appeared as the Annual Railway Issue. As such it is especially important because of the importance of our railway system both in commercial and social ways.

Perhaps the most important number of this issue is the article on Automatic Train Control. All devices designed lately for the prevention of accidents are here reviewed. Such devices are being demanded by the Interstate Commerce Commission and are engaging the attention of many engineers.

The Record purveys facts and news besides theoretical and descriptive reading. Notice is given in the Railway Issue of the completion of the tunnel

connecting the East and West coasts of South Island, New Guinea.

An interesting notice of the importance and proportions of the railway industry in this country is given in an article describing the expenditures of the railways in this country as above the billion mark.

—E. A. Schneider.

* * *

Power Power, a technical magazine published by McGraw Hill is a magazine devoted to the power problems of all industries. It is of a purely professional nature and it contains little of popular interest. It is a magazine for the specialist and as such all of the articles are cast in scientific language and formula. Independently of the reading section Power carries a very large number of ads relating to technical devices and factory equipment.

The first page of the magazine is devoted to editorial chat by T. R. Low. The main article for the month is an elaborate description of the "Revamping of the Municipal Electric Plant at Hannibal, Missouri. The article lists and describes repairs and additions made to the plant and pays much at-

tention to the added efficiency brought about by the changes.

The article "The Absorption Refrigeration System" is typical of the extreme technical nature of the reading. No one save a person acquainted with, or in fact, specialized in such lines, might derive any benefit from reading it—Richard Sayre.

* * *

Far East

(March)

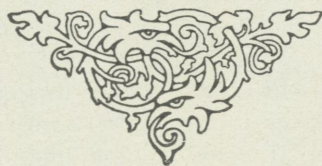
"In China," says Dr. R. F. Francis of St. Columban's Catholic Medical Mission, Han Yang, "a man shakes hands with himself; whitens the soles of his shoes and, instead of saying Uncle Sam and Mr. Brown, says Sam Uncle and Brown Mr."

A host of other quaint customs are revealed by Dr. Francis in the March "Far East" (St. Columbans, Neb.) in an article aptly entitled—"In the Land of Topsy Turvy."

A lively description of the experiences of young missionaries going out to their first Chinese mission stations is also a feature.

A gripping short story is another of the good things appearing in this first-class number of the Columban Missionaries' magazine.

(Continued on page 34)



Alumni Notes

By Peter Babb

Ned Grimes, B. S. '04 Would that all our Alumni were like Ned. On March 14th we surprised and pleased to see in our midst one of the greatest catchers who ever wore the Red and Blue, Ned Grimes. And with him were six huskies of the best Chicago can offer for future football stars. This act of Mr. Grimes is the best proof of his undying loyalty towards Alma Mater and should be an incentive to his former classmates, and to others to help the U. of D. in this and many other ways.

Mr. Grimes was much pleased with the growth and development of the old school and his proteges went back home with the best of impressions regarding the University, the Faculty and the student body.

U. of D. is proud of you, Ned, because you are proud of her. And next fall when you hear of Varsity's prowess on the gridiron, or better, when you see her victorious march over a worthy opponent you may in justice boast:

"I helped to build that team."

Henry Lai Hipp '17 Even in beautiful Hawaii, the few but influential alumni of U. of D. are coming to the front. Henry

Lai Hipp, a genuine star on track and diamond, was appointed last February as district magistrate of Puni, Hawaii. The appointment is for four years. Judge Hipp, a graduate of St. Louis College of Honolulu, and of U. of D., resides on the island of Hilo, of his judicial district. Congratulations, Henry, we never doubted that your perseverance and hard work would be rewarded in the end.

Ralph Wirsching, B. Ch. E. '15 Ralph, who as we announced in the November Exponent, is now at Detroit, where he installed the new laboratories for the Ternstedt Mfg. Co., wishes his numerous friends among the alumni to know that his present address is 430 E. Philadelphia Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

John T. Heberger, '70 Among the few Alumni who attended the University during the first twenty-five years of its existence, we recall Mr. J. T. Heberger, and his father who studied under Bro. Litz in the early fifties. Mr. Heberger is connected with the Standard Furniture Company of Cincinnati, one of the largest concerns of its kind in southern Ohio.

Bob Heberger, nephew of the alumnus and of the third generation of Hebergers to attend U. of D., is still with us.

J. A. Noriega, '21 Many undoubtedly remember this jovial Porto Rican, who has joyfully accepted the mission to organize the scattered alumni and former students of his Alma Mater who reside in his territory. Though graduated only three years ago, Mr. Noriega plays an important part in the affairs of Noriega & Alvarez, wholesalers and importers, of Ponce, Porto Rico.

"Os deseamos mucho exito en suo negocias y fuera de ellos. No se le olvide escribirmos."

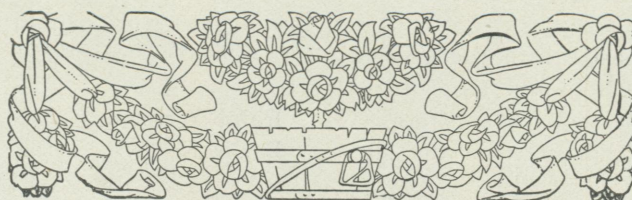
Porter, '18-Tattersall Leslie F. Porter has permanently closed his bachelor apartment and is now a full-fledged member of the Married Men's Club. In the presence of a host of relatives and friends, Les and Miss Florence H. Tattersall were united in Holy Matrimony at New York City on Washington's birthday. After their honeymoon, they will make their home at New York City, where Les is doing research work for the Western Electric Co. Udee extends the best and sincerest wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie F. Porter.

Buerger, '21-Zimmer A marriage which did not pass unnoticed in Dayton was that of Mr. Adrian J. Buerger, of the

Electrical Engineering Class of '21, and Miss Lenora C. Zimmer of Bowen Street, Dayton. At the early hour of seven, the nuptial ceremonies were celebrated at St. Anthony's Church on February 14. Mr. Buerger is now professor at the Cathedral School of Cleveland, where he now has his home. We wish that countless years of wedded bliss be yours.

Elardo, '22-Mantia The third electrical engineer to marry in the short month of February was Frank P. Elardo, the same old "Bambino" who thrilled us on the basketball court in the 1918-19 season. The lucky bride was Miss Anna Mantia, of Dayton. The time, February 27th; the place, Holy Trinity Church. As to the future we can say nothing definite but feel assured that it will be all that Frank wants it to be. Frank is the "E" in the C. E. L. Co., of Dayton, a growing and important electrical concern.

Al. J. Ward, '99 Every day we hear of Old Boys who have made good, and constantly going ahead in a thousand and one lines. Take, for instance, Al. J. Ward. The "Californian," K. of C. paper of the San Francisco "880" Council, tells us that he has been appointed District Deputy. "His jurisdiction includes two councils in Manila and qualifies him to confer the Third Degree in California. Brother Ward is an active member of "880" and is known all over the State for the excellent work he has done in the interest of "Columbianism." Who wonders at the prodigious growth of the K. of C. when alumnus after alumnus are joining. With the Californian, "we congratulate the new District Deputy and the State Deputy who made the appointment."



University Chronicle

By Gable Fleming

Law

The law department has undergone another slight change during the past month. Virgil Schaeffer, professor of Agency has completed his course. Professor Schaeffer will be remembered by the students of the College of Law for his never varying disposition. His course in Agency after it got under way was taught with predominating logic. Mr. Schaeffer may be held up to the students as an ideal man for his evident qualities of character. He went into every problem that a student might imagine and for this we appreciate him.

* * *

Lyceum Course The schedule of the Lyceum course has been slightly altered by necessity. Charles William Paddock who was to appear this month has been replaced by Robert Parker Miles. Owing to Paddock's entry in the Olympic events his trainers have forced him to cancel all road engagements. The supervisor of the course promises that the followers who highly anticipated Paddock's appearance will only be disappointed temporarily as he will appear some time in the future.

* * *

Joins Marianists On the Feast of the Purification, the second of this month, J. Charch McGee, former student of the University of Dayton, made his first vows in the Society of Mary. Brother McGee is a graduate of the Prep department of the class of '22. He entered the novitiate of the Society of Mary at Mt. St. John, Dayton, Ohio, a year after he graduated from high school.

* * *

Exposition The University was well represented at the Builders' Exposition held at Memorial Hall from March 4 to 10. The representations of every department were matters of interest to each spectator.

* * *

Christ Child On March 8 the annual tilt with the Alumni was staged in the new Coliseum at the Fairgrounds. Following the precedent established a number of years ago the game was given for the benefit of the Christ Child Society to aid them in their worthy work of caring for the poor.

Activities of the U. D. Band and U. D. Orchestra

The U. of D. Band and Orchestra lost some good members by graduation in '23, but these were replaced by new men in the following September. After a three-weeks' preparation the band was ready for the numerous activities of the new scholastic year.

On October 14 the band headed the second division, The St. George's Parish, in the Holy Name parade at Cincinnati, Ohio. This was their first appearance in their new uniforms and they were cheered all along the line. Two meals were served by the ladies of the parish. It is needless to say that justice was done to them. At 7:30 p. m. the band played some selections for the parishioners. Several hundred attended the concert and judging from the generous applause, the boys' playing was greatly appreciated. The piece that was most applauded was the brilliant rendition of Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The boys were royally treated as they were the previous year and they look forward with joy to the next occasion. Thanks are extended to the Rev. Father Antonine, the ladies and St. George's men's society, Mr. Verkamp, the president of the men's society, and finally to the men of the parish who so willingly placed their autos at our disposal both in the evening and morning.

On November 3 the band accompanied the football team to Cleveland for the game with the John Carrol University. Favorable comment were heard all along the line of march from the depot to the Public Square and on Dunn Athletic Field.

In the Armistice Day parade the band again took part. Here also they made the same favorable impression. Mr. Simon, the renowned cornetist, remarked that the boys played wonderfully well.

The band played on the courthouse steps on "Forget-me-not" Day and at all the football games of the varsity team. For the Preps they appeared in all their regalia on the Prep's Homecoming Day.

The day previous to the varsity Homecoming Game, the band headed the parade of several hundred rooters through the downtown section of town. Undoubtedly a great factor in the varsity Homecoming game was the band. They appeared twice during the various festivities of the day. First in military uniforms at the R. O. T. C. review and later dressed in their natty uniforms of blue caps, crimson coats and white trousers.

On November 22 and 23 the band was the principal feature at the South Brown Street Carnival.

December 4 saw the band play for the opening of the basketball season of the Catholic Parish

League at the Exposition Hall of the Fairgrounds.

Talk about the band's popularity—appearing on fourteen occasions within two months!

—L. V.



Athletic Notes

By C. Richard Horwedel

Dayton U.—33 On February 20, the Red and **Huntington—15** Blue added another victory to their already growing list by a decisive win over the Hunting College five 33 to 15. The visitors were completely bewildered by the smoothness of the local's attack and at no time were in danger of defeating the Varsity quintet. The half shows the Varsity in the lead by comfortable margin, the score being 18 to 7.

The second stanza was a replica of the first part of the game, the Varsity forging slowly ahead through the stellar shooting of Blake and Snelling. The final score was 33 to 15, with the local lads on the long end of the score. Bill Blake was the outstanding star for the Red and Blue by collecting five fielders and a brace of fouls. Snelling his running mate, also swelled the general total with four field goals and three free throws.

This was the last home game played in the Dayton gym since the next obstacles will be met on the road.

On Feb. 28, the Varsity engaged in the first battle of a three-game trip at Orchard Lake, where they encountered the strong St. Mary's five on the latter's floor. The Red and Blue showed their superiority throughout and they were on the long end of a score of 17 to 7 when the final whistle sounded.

The game was marked by close guarding on both sides and consequently the score was small. At the half the score sheet showed the visitors to be in the lead 8 to 5. Snelling was the luminary for the Varsity with four field goals and a brace of fouls to his credit. Besides this he played a very fine floor game which was a considerable factor in the general team play of the Varsity.

The second game of the trip was an encounter with the St. John's five at Toledo on Feb. 29. This contest was much more interesting than the preceding which had taken place at Dayton. The Red and Blue held the edge throughout and maintained a comfortable lead at all stages of the affair. The half ended with the visitors in the lead 18 to 8.

The second half was featured by a marked improvement in the playing of the Toledo quintet. By good team play and some accurate shooting they managed to sprawl within a few points of the Red and Blue. However the Varsity came to life and with a few good shots pulled out of danger. The final score was 25 to 18. Snelling again was the individual star of the Dayton five. His all-round playing was very good and he also managed to connect for a quartet of ringers and three free throws.

On March . . . the Red and Blue went to Cleveland to do battle with their ancient rivals the John Carroll quintet. Having in mind the sting of the earlier defeat at their hands, the Varsity determined to even the score. Alas, Lady Luck was not with us and the local lads dropped a hard-fought game 12 to 11.

Neither team seemed to be in good shooting form for a multitude of shots were missed by both quintets. The Varsity lead nearly all the way and at the half time held the lead by a lone marker 5 to 4. During the second stanza, the Clevelanders made a spurt which carried them into the lead which they were not deprived of. With a minute to go, the Red and Blue crawled up to within a single point, due to a couple of sensational shots by Snelling and Blake but the time was too short and the locals were on the short end of the score. The entire team played a fine game, but the shooting was marked off color. Blake with a total of seven points and Snelling the remaining four, accounted for all the Red and Blue's counters.

However, the Dayton lads can lay their defeat to their inability of caging free throws, for they managed to make but one out of nine tries, while their opponents accumulated six good ones out of ten attempts.

* * *

On March 13, the Red and Blue engaged in their biggest tilt of the season when they encountered the powerful Alumni quintet at the Fairgrounds. This marked the second loss of the Varsity by a lone point for they went down to defeat by the

score of 14 to 13. The largest crowd that the Varsity ever played to was on hand for the contest, about three thousand people being present.

The game was rather listless at the start, both outfits playing a cautious game. The Varsity broke the ice when Blake dropped in a short one. J. Mahrt even it up with a pair of free throws. The lead swayed back and forth and at the half time, the Varsity was in the lead 8 to 6. The second half was marked by spirited play on the part of both fives. Close guarding and poor shooting kept the score down on both sides.

However, as the end drew near, the Varsity still managed to hold its precarious lead of a few points, until a long fielder by Solimano and a free throw by Zimmerman put them on even terms. Doyle dropped in a free throw for the Varsity, and things looked rosy until with a few seconds to go, Zimmerman made a desperate one-handed throw from the center of the floor, the ball bouncing around the rim for a seeming indefinite period, and finally rolled in, for the sufficient points that spelled ruin to the Varsity.

In general the game was very rough, the Alumni being guilty of much "inside" basketball. The passwork on both sides was very good and snappy, but the shooting was terrible. Again the lack of good foul throwing was a marked factor in the Red and Blue setback, for they missed enough points to insure the winning of this contest.

On March 12, the Varsity journeyed to Cincinnati to close their season with a tilt with the strong Fenwick Club team. For the third consecutive time the Varsity was turned back by a lone tally, the score being 25 to 24 in favor of the home five.

The Varsity played a fine game during the first half and outclassed their opponents in a very decisive manner. They held the edge both in shooting and passing, the score being 18 to 12.

However, the Cincinnati five came back strong in the second stanza and soon crawled up to within striking distance of the Varsity. With a few minutes to go they knotted the count and in the final moments managed to forge ahead for the win.

The contest marked the final appearance of the Red and Bleu quintet for the season. The Varsity made an enviable record for the year with a result of 9 wins and 5 setbacks. In nearly all of their losses they were just barely nosed out and in no game were they ever decisively defeated.

The Varsity also accomplished the big deed of breaking a long jinx on the road by copping a majority of their tilts. This was a big feat indeed.

Captain Blake and Dick Snelling were the big cogs in the scoring, accounting for most of the points that the Red and Blue registered. Besides they took an active part in the teamwork at all times. To Doyle and Mahrt our stellar guards, go much praise for their consistent work at all times during the season, while to the triumvirate of Lange, Moir and Hipa, strong commendation is given for the excellent work done at the tip-off station. At all times, the Red and Blue had a dependable man ready for the pivot position.

With the basketball season in moth balls, the outlet of athletic activities turned toward baseball and track which are fast approaching. This is the first time in quite a time that the Varsity will be represented in Track and Field sports. Although the outcome will be quite a puzzle, hope is confident that the Red and Blue will make a good record in their initial appearance.

As we go to press, the baseball manager promises that within a short time his baseball card will be complete and that in our next issue, we will be able to give all the interesting details.

REVIEW OF THE PREP BASKETBALL SEASON

By Dick Hosler

The Preps recently closed one of the most successful and enjoyable basketball seasons in history. A condensed statement of their record for the year shows a list of 13 victories and 3 defeats, a good record indeed! During the season the Preps engaged some of the best teams in this section of the state, and finished the season with a ratio of four victories to one defeat.

Of the three losses suffered, two were success-

fully avenged in return games, and in such a manner as to show that the Preps were really the better team. Hamilton Catholic High was the first to score a win over the red and blue athletes but the Preps came back strong in the return game and gave the Hamilton tossers a severe trouncing. Elder High of Cincinnati, was the next to hand the Preps the short end of the final count, but in a return game which was staged at the Dayton Fair-

grounds court as a preliminary to the Varsity-Alumni game, the Preps nosed out their old rivals by a three-point margin—fighting all the way.

On the victory side of the Prep books it is hard to pick out the most important games, since all of them were wonderful exhibitions of real basketball ability. The second game of the year, when the Preps clashed with the big Aquinas five of Columbus at the U. of D. court, was the first real thriller of the list. The final count of 11 to 7 gives a little idea of what kind of a melee was staged. The Preps were outweighed but not outfought and they ousted the visitors from the lead in the last few minutes of play.

Milton Union and Fairview High both fell before the Prep attack in rapid succession and enthusiasm ran high around the Prep campus. On January 11 the squad hit the rails for Cincinnati on its first trip. In a fast and interesting game they defeated East High Night School by a decisive score. The following night the red and blue quintet which was scarcely cooled off from the Queen City game, took on the fast Lanier High, and annexed their sixth staright victory. The joy of the Prep followers knew no bounds!

On January 18, however, came the first calamity. Taking to the road again the Preps met their first defeat at the hands of Hamilton Catholic High. Although they showed good form throughout the whole contest the Preps had no match for the superior shooting of their opponents.

Eaton High went down to a crushing defeat at the U. of D. court a week later and the Preps faced what was hailed as a difficult game at Springfield. However, they cut loose in mid-season form and ran away with a 28 to 5 victory over St. Raphael High.

Road games were coming thick and fast and the Preps met their second Waterloo at Elder High of Cincinnati, on February 5, but they evidently had a night off and the game was loosely played.

On February 9 the Preps were scheduled to meet Hamilton Catholic High, and their followers demanded a showdown. Fighting like tigers from the opening whistle the Preps tore down the Hamilton defense and scored a 25 to 7 victory, thereby avenging the old defeat.

Following their victory over Hamilton Catholic the Preps faced the biggest game on their list. Catholic-Latin was to be played at Cleveland, and despite the fact that they had been playing winning ball practically all season the Preps were worried.

However, Brother Nick sent his charges into the game with orders to fight and fight hard. The red and blue athletes lived up to his expectations, especially in the first half which ended with the Daytonians on the long end of a 13 to 7 score. The Latin tossers came back with a rush however and won out in the last few minutes of play by a score of 20 to 15.

Hyde Park lost to the Preps at Cincinnati and Eaton followed suit a few days later in another return game. For the benefit of the Christchild Society the Preps played Elder High of Cincinnati in a second engagement, as a preliminary to the Varsity-Alumni game. It was sweet though doubtful revenge for them to win out by a score of 16 to 13.

The Preps then closed their season in a successful and glorious fashion by running wild over the renowned Littleford quintet of Cincinnati. Just previous to this game Littleford was declared winner of the Tri-State Championship Tournament which was held in the Queen City. Five of the Prep tossers were playing their last high school basketball game and they made it their best one as the final count of 31 to 9 shows.

During the course of the season the Preps ran up a total of 364 points while their opponents marked up only 215. The highest number of points scored on the Preps during any one game was 24, while their highest run was 33.

To each of the Prep players individually goes the credit of the success of the season, while to their coach, Brother Nick, is due praise without limit—his team responded to his call, to show their appreciation, and the fans howled their approval time and again as the Preps pulled their clever court stunts, which reflected the high quality of coaching to which they were subject.

The basketball monograms were awarded to eight members of the Prep team, at the St. Patrick's Day celebration which was held March 17 in the Senior club room. Captain Bert Zimmer, Cyril Stein, Arthur Donisi, Matthew Marzluff, Joseph Lawler, William Lukaswitz, James Tancred and Manager DeWitt Ashton were all awarded the coveted D. P. It was the fourth award for Marzluff and his monogram bore three stars. Zimmer, Stein and Tancred were awarded letters bearing two stars and all of the others bore one.

A record of the Prep victories and defeats for the season:

	Preps	Opp.
Dec. 7.—College Freshmen, here.....	25	15
Dec. 15—Aquinas, here	11	7
Dec. 18—Milton Union, here	33	12
Jan. 5—Fairview High, here	27	14
Jan. 11—East High Night, at Cincy.....	33	13
Jan. 12—Lanier High, here	22	13
Jan. 18—Hamilton C. H., at Hamilton..	16	24
Jan. 25—Eaton High, here	21	19
Feb. 1—St. Raphael High, at Springfield	28	5
Feb. 5—Elder High, at Cincinnati.....	15	24
Feb. 9—Hamilton High, here	25	7
Feb. 16—Cathedral-Latin, at Cleveland..	15	20
Feb. 22—Hyde Park, at Cincinnati.....	29	15
Mar. 5—Eaton High, at Eaton	17	14
Mar. 8—Elder High, here	16	13
Mar. 14—Littleford High, here	31	9
Totals	364	215

Coach: Brother Nick. Manager: D. C. Ashton (Fats). Captain: Bert Zimmer. Publicity: Dick Hosler. Faculty Manager: Brother Frederick Paff.

In a general review of the Prep basketball season it is also of great interest to note that for the first time in the history of the Prep School, the Prep athletes participated in the annual tournament, held by the Ohio High School Athletic Association, which this year was staged at the Fairground court.

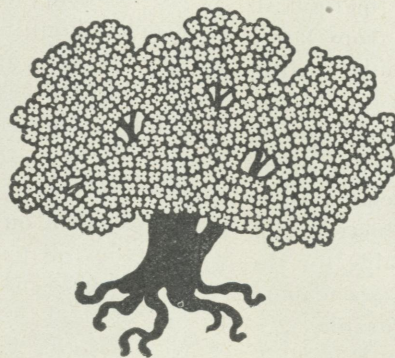
In the drawings, the Preps drew a bye with St. Paris High School and in the second round of the tourney, they defeated the Saints by a 23 to 11 score. The Preps were then matched to meet the popular Stivers High School quintet, of Dayton, School the team which eventually won the State Championship. Here the Preps lost by a narrow margin, in a hard-fought game, by a 16 to 7 count. This great showing made by the Preps was the cause of great comment on the part of the basketball fans of Dayton and vicinity who witnessed the great combat.

* * *

Prep Baseball Having successfully closed their basketball campaign for the year the Preps are now turning their attention to baseball. At first there was some doubt as to whether there would be a Prep team, but the matter was finally settled and there will be a regular Prep team.

Coach Brother Nick's services were retained for the season, and he called the first meeting on Friday, March 14. More than seventy-five students answered his call for candidates, and prospects for a good season on the diamond are promising.

Due to the late start, there will probably be a little difficulty in getting up a schedule, but considering the circumstances, the prospects are good.



The Magazine Wrack

(Continued from Page 27)

The Chemical and Metallurgical Engineer—March.

In the issue of February 25th the article labeled "A New Place for Administering the Patents of Government Employes" is of interest. Congress is soon to enact legislation to provide for the disposition and administration of patented inventions of government employes. The bill reads in part—that any patent application hereafter made or patent granted appertaining to any invention discovered or developed during the period of his government development and incident to the line of his official duties which in the judgment of the said board should in the interest of the national defense, or otherwise in the public interest be controlled by the government, shall upon demand by said board be assigned by said employe to the government.

Of some interest is the article "French Artificial Silk Industry Growing" in the issue of March 3rd. France realizes that artificial silk production is far below the demand. The "viscose" and "chardonnet" or two varieties in demand. This industry is located in the south and mid-south of France, at Albi in the foothills of the Pyrenees, at Besaveau near the Swiss frontier, and at La Voulte sur-Rhone. New mills have recently been put into operation at Arquesla-Bataille in Normandy and at Casteres in Southwestern France. The French Society of Borvisk has recently been formed with a capital of ten million francs for the manufacture of artificial silk and all cellulose products. Northern France is also experiencing a movement in further development.

"Making Solid Tires from Latex" is the title of an article by Rudolf Dittmar. In the method of making soft and hard rubber articles from latex, substances that combine with or absorb water, such as calcium sulphate and other inorganic and organic colloids which are related to the latex; these substances remain in the finished product, acting as fillers, and do not affect the elasticity of the final product. During overproduction the cheapness of latex, this method is suitable for the manufacture of solid tires, which are as cheap as those made from rubber and are more durable.

—John Russell.

* * *

Industry Illustrated—March.

This being the first review by the writer of "Industry Illustrated," it might be well to mention a few general characteristics. This publication stands alone in the manner of presenting its con-

tents to the reader. By far the greater part of the pages are filled with illustrations. Whole production methods of various industries are represented by well chosen photographs of the principle process steps. A photograph brings out more detail, giving a much better impression in a far shorter period of time than any word-picture. The basic idea of the magazine is even carried into the advertisements it carries. Invariably a picture of the product, or of something which bears an immediate relation to the product appears in the ad. This magazine is almost invaluable to the engineers and managers of industrial concerns. Being hard pressed for time they sometimes find it impossible to read long-winded articles. In "Industry Illustrated," they need but look at the illustrations, which require only about one-tenth of the time it would take to read a written article and finish with the same mental picture.

Concerning the March issue, the editor introduces it with a short spicy editorial on "Real Executiveship." It is worth-while to peruse this short article.

"A Challenger to Main Street" gives a brief but concise idea of a model housing plan. The illustrations here are well chosen, giving the reader a synopsis of the composition in a glance.

James Wade Russell has made a contribution in this number that might be of great service to some concerns that still practice the Patriarchal Shop Management. Mr. Russell by the way, is a well-known authority on this subject.

"Helping to Solve the Transportation Problem" gives a fine picture example of the manner in which trucks should co-operate with the railways instead of taking an antagonistic attitude.

Many interesting little news items appear in pages where columns need to be filled up. This idea is not the best, for in all probability most of the readers will overlook them. On page 64 is a bit of news given out by the postal department concerning the toll paid by the taxpayers for careless addressing of mail.

—Cyril Scharf.

* * *

The Nation's Business—March

This month's issue of the Nation's Business contains very many interesting articles. Among them are: Russia Ended Socialism for Me, by Jacob Rubin; The Price of Gasoline is too Low, by A. C. Bedford; This Back Breaking Tax Burden; Trade

Tabs of the Vikings, and Industry is Giving us a New South, by Ashmun Brown.

The first article, Russia Ended Socialism for Me, is very interesting as it comes from an ex-radical and gives us an insight not only of the conditions in Russia, but also a mental picture of the functioning of a radical mind. This applies mainly to the radicals in America who are obsessed by one idea, namely the overthrow of law and order, and the article, I believe is mainly written for the enlightenment of Socialists in America.

The second article, The Price of Gasoline is too Low, is a comparison made between prices in 1913 and at the present day. The writer, an official of the Standard Oil Company, points out the small fraction of gain made in producing a gallon of gasoline. However, he also states that in 1921 \$823,000,000 was spent for gasoline. From this enormous figure it is evident that the oil companies are not filing any bankruptcy petitions, and this article is calling for advancement in gasoline prices seems to be a little out of date.

The next article treats the present-day big question of Tax Burden. The author, gives statistics showing what an average family pays the government per year, and that this amount never decreases. He also brings forth the spurious form of government help, which the taxes we pay must

upkeep. The article is very good and of interest to every taxpayer.

The next article treats mainly on Scandinavia; their trade relations and immigration. It is rather a pleasant historical sketch.

The last article on Industry Giving us a New South, is something unusual and very interesting. The industry referred to is mainly the cotton industry. The writer points out that the Southerners have come out of their shell of Confederate paternalism, and are using every means to further the progress of the industries of the South. He further shows that the Southern cotton industry is gradually replacing the New England industry and a big factor is that the capital invested in Southern enterprises is mainly southern. The labor required is all southern, and this is a big factor in the advancement. And further, the mill towns with modern schools, churches and pleasant surroundings are all a huge step in the civilization of the Southern laborer.

Men whose fathers lived in shanties on the hills or in the woods are now at the head of flourishing concerns. Their children in universities, all imbued with that undying spirit which is the leader of progress, A Bigger and Better South.

—J. Watermeier.

Frolicsome Folly

By Varley P. Young and William Anthony Fritz

(All rights reserved including the Scandinavian)

The March prize, consisting of a full grown palm tree trimmed in orchids, is posthumously awarded to the late Major Archie Butt, the world's greatest letter-writer.

* * *

Eikenbary says: "A man named Cassidy, O'Toole or Sullivan, is as incapable of writing an unbiased history of England as is Francis Tsu of relishing a dish of hassenpfeffer.

* * *

BIOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

"Flee!" she cried.

"You mean fly, don't you?" complacently asked Eddie Rohr.

"Never mind what insect I mean," she replied. "Pa's coming. RUN!"

* * *

The best way to make a man increase his fire insurance is to let him watch the D. F. D. "wrecking crew" at work.

Dear Dad:

I am asking you for some cash sooner than I expected, but you see several things have come up—books, dues, laboratory fees, and the like. Please send me a check for \$25.00.

Respectfully,

Your Son.

My Dear Son:

I received your special today and am enclosing the amount you asked for. I was in college once myself, yon know.

With love,

Dad.

P. S.—Is she good looking?

* * *

One Prof. to the other: Why do you call that guy a German when his name is that of an Irishman?

Second Prof.: Because his marks are so low.

Prof.: What is a devouring element, Herbert?
Eick (promptly): The teeth.

* * *

Daugherty (at the Canton)—Will you have a little shrimp?

The Girl—Oh Pug! This is so sudden.

* * *

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST

He thought the world of her. And everyone knew when Willie Scales was attached to someone—it meant something.

His current attraction indeed was something out of the ordinary—at least his fellow students surmised. Never had they seen him so consistently perturbed. His meals were irregular and, they greatly feared, ill digested. When cake or other delicacies appeared Willie took pains to wrap them up carefully in a napkin and secrete them in his pockets along with the basketball schedules, pen knives, keys, pens and text books. He would rush out and—almost invariably—break the college rules by going at once to see her. His friends remonstrated with him, pleaded and extolled him, to cease his attentions. But Willie was adamant. Never had he seen the like of her and indeed he would not give her up. She was beautiful, too, those who saw her had reported. Big brown eyes reflecting intelligence, sympathy, yet withal savagery. Beautiful brown hair covered a wide expanse of forehead and—well, altogether she presented a marvelous appearance.

But, just as his friends predicted, the end came. It was one night just after dinner. He met her, as

usual, half way between Beaverboard Hall and the Gasoline station—pretty spot. He rushed up to her, threw his arms about her and—

“So! We’ve caught you at last, have we?” announced the prefect from his secluded place near the coal pile.

“Oh, I knew you’d do it. What can I do? I’m disgraced,” sobbed Bill.

“Put her off the property at once, William.”

“All right; but remember, you’ll pay for this. I hope she bites you.”

“I’m sorry, William, but you know the rules. No dogs on the premises. Put her off, now. Put her off!”

* * *

Father says he can’t understand the men of today. About twelve bells at night they are hanging on the front gate saying, “Just one, just one.”

* * *

Rothenberg in the barber shop last week was asked: “Shave and a hair-cut, sir?”

“Naw, brush my teeth.”

* * *

IN THE SANCTUM

Caller—Editor in?

Office Boy—No.

Caller—Throw this poem in the waste basket, then.

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