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# THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the Latin text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The words "PROFESSOR" and "PATRIS" are also visible on the left and right sides of the seal respectively.

The Otis Idea  
Guy H. Wells, A.B., B.L.L.

*February-March, 1925*

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# The University of Dayton Exponent

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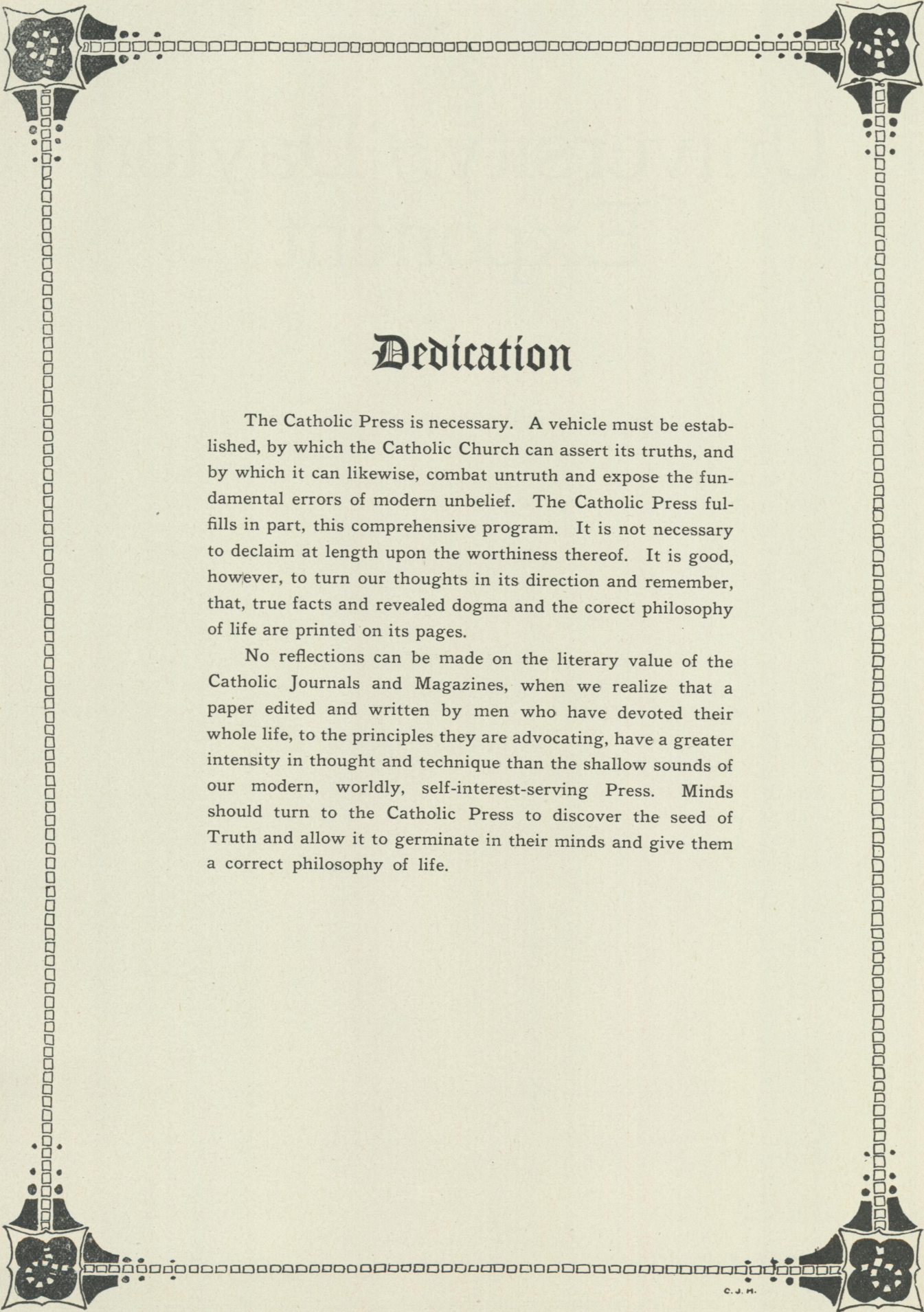
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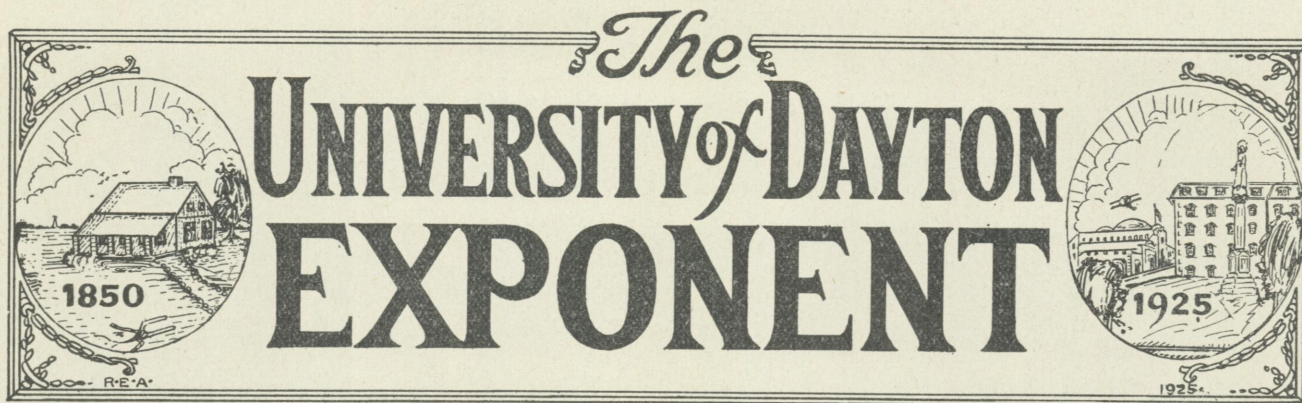
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## Dedication

The Catholic Press is necessary. A vehicle must be established, by which the Catholic Church can assert its truths, and by which it can likewise, combat untruth and expose the fundamental errors of modern unbelief. The Catholic Press fulfills in part, this comprehensive program. It is not necessary to declaim at length upon the worthiness thereof. It is good, however, to turn our thoughts in its direction and remember, that, true facts and revealed dogma and the correct philosophy of life are printed on its pages.

No reflections can be made on the literary value of the Catholic Journals and Magazines, when we realize that a paper edited and written by men who have devoted their whole life, to the principles they are advocating, have a greater intensity in thought and technique than the shallow sounds of our modern, worldly, self-interest-serving Press. Minds should turn to the Catholic Press to discover the seed of Truth and allow it to germinate in their minds and give them a correct philosophy of life.



Vol. XXIII.

FEBRUARY-MARCH

No. 2

## The Otis Idea

By Guy H. Wells

**P**ERIODICALLY, waves of popular protest surge against the so-called usurped power of our judiciary to declare unconstitutional legislative acts. The agitation usually arises from the reaction of a blissfully uninformed public to the decision of a happily informed court, as in the recent Child Labor Tax Case. If American institutions are to endure, these waves must be quieted by a popular understanding of the principles that lie back of this power of the judiciary; for it is the American Idea which has made popular government a success.

We Americans take American Freedom as a matter of course, and Liberty as a right vicariously secured to us by Early Patriots. We regard the constitution with quasi-reverence, believing in a transcendental sort of way that it is the pole star of the political proprieties. At the same time we insist upon a continuous vacation from considering what are the political proprieties, for the reason that the constitution has little or nothing to do with dollars and cents. Our livelihood-laden intellects have no room for political understanding because of an overload of breadwinning.

This constitutional complacency is not conducive to clean cut political thought. It confuses rights with platitudes about rights. The result is a dulled sense of political values, a pseudo-worship of an abstract, poorly defined ideal.

The very nature of government refutes the idea of a vicarious securing of Liberty and Freedom by Early Patriots. There is no liberty, no freedom, but that which we secure for ourselves. There are no patriots but those citizens who understand the objects and means of government. It behooves us We-The-People therefore, to understand that foremost principle of our polity which a few lax thinkers have termed judicial veto.

This power of the courts Mr. Chief Justice Marshall outlined in *Marbury v. Madison*:

The constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislation, and like other acts alterable when the legislature shall please to alter it. If the former part of the alternative be true then the legislative act contrary to the constitution is not law. If the latter part be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts on the part of the people to limit a power in its nature illimitable.

Speaking in *Adkins v. Hospital*, popularly known as the Minimum Wage Cases, Mr. Justice Sutherland said:

The judicial duty of passing upon the constitutionality of an Act of Congress is one of great gravity and delicacy. The statute here in question has successfully borne the scrutiny of the legislative branch of the government, which by enacting it has affirmed its validity; and that determination must be given great weight. This court, by an unbroken line of decisions from Chief Justice Marshall to the present day, has steadily adhered to the rule that every possible presumption is in favor of the validity of an Act of Congress until overcome beyond rational doubt. But if by clear and indubitable demonstration, a statute be opposed to the constitution, we have no choice but to say so. The constitution is by its own terms the supreme law of the land, emanating from the people, the repository of ultimate sovereignty under our form of government. A congressional statute, on the other hand, is the act of an agency of this sovereign authority, and if in conflict with the constitution, must fall.—

To hold it invalid—is a plain exercise of judicial power—that power vested in courts to enable them to administer justice according to law.—This is not the exercise of a substantive power to review and nullify acts of Congress, for no such substantive power exists. It is simply a necessary concomitant of the power to hear and dispose of a case or controversy properly before the court, to the determination of which must be brought the test and measure of the law.

A clear and lucid definition. But like many definitions it will bear a little explanation. What does Mr. Chief Justice Marshall mean when he refers to an attempt to limit the power of government? A brief review of a misunderstood bit of history will prove helpful in answering this query.

Along about 1760 some well-to-do merchants in the Town of Boston found themselves in trouble with the law. The British forebears of our twentieth century capitalists had lobbied through Parliament some laws making a perfectly legitimate trade illegitimate unless they got the profit. The trade was Massachusetts fish for Jamaica rum and molasses, and a few other staples. The laws were known as the Trade and Navigation Acts. And the crime of the merchants was trading despite the law; only the Crown officers outlawed it with the term "smuggle."

Mr. Paxton, customs agent at Salem, applied to the Massachusetts Superior Court for Writs of Assistance, or permits to search for smuggled goods. The wide extent of the smuggling and the popular approval thereof, made ordinary search warrants, with their solicitude for private rights, ineffectual to stop the smuggling. Something more drastic was required. And so Writs of Assistance were resorted to. These extraordinary writs were issued by the courts upon the unsworn application of anyone that he wished to search for smuggled goods; there was no need to describe the goods to be searched for, or the premises to be searched, nor to name the person suspected of being in possession of such goods. And once issued, these nefarious writs need not be returned to the court to show the use made of them, and could be endorsed from one person to another. If Crocker & Son had a grudge against Whitney & Co. a Writ of Assistance was available to either to ruin the other; for the writs were issuable to anyone, and the mere possession of the Writ authorized the holder to call the populace to his aid in making the search. No one's business was safe from search for "uncustomed goods," whether bona fide or not.

Human rights, the right of castle, the right of fair play and common honesty were held in abeyance while the eighteenth century faddists had

their way in the matter of trade in rum, molasses and fish.

The merchants appealed to James Otis for help. Otis resigned as Advocate General for the Crown, accepted a retainer from the merchants, and sailed into Gridley, the new Advocate General, with a great deal more vehemence than law. In fact, there wasn't much law for Otis to cite, for the law authorized the issuance of the Writs. Nevertheless, with a true lawyer's skill, Otis denied the jurisdiction of the court to issue the Writs. Then, sensing that the judge to whom he was arguing the case, being also the Lieutenant Governor of the Colony, a member of the Council, and Probate Judge as well, was a dyed-in-the-wool office holder and probably intent on making good with his superiors, Otis abandoned his legal argument.

He talked about the inalienable rights of man. The judge and the spectators sat up. He took the judge back to the plains of northern Europe and showed him primitive man with an "uncontestable right" to life, liberty and property. Then he reviewed for the judge the progress of primitive man into civilization with the necessary surrendering of some of his minor rights for the common good, but never releasing those "uncontestable rights." He suggested that the surrender of these lesser rights was merely for the protection of the uncontestable rights. The judge looked puzzled and the spectators were delighted.

Hence, Otis concluded dramatically, these uncontestable rights to life, liberty and property are "indefeasible by any laws, pacts, contracts, covenants or stipulations which man could devise." Acts of Parliament, he declared, are subordinate to the inalienable rights of man.

The judge asked for a little more time "to look into the books." But hysteria had seized every member of what John Adams termed "an immense crowded audience" and the judge's decision against the merchants was forgotten in the ensuing political brawls that ended in the Revolution.

But when sanity once more settled down upon the Colonies as the States of America, the Otis Idea was incorporated into the constitution as its basic idea. The people reserved from the field of legislative action their inalienable rights. No longer should a judge have the opportunity to say that legislative acts are superior to uncontestable rights. The uncontestability of those rights was fixed, the founders thought, for all time. Thereafter, they believed, any faction of the people which sought to impose its will upon the rest in violation of the inalienable rights of all, would fail.

But the forefathers overlooked the ingenuity of Americans. Faction has learned to pervert the Otis Idea to its own uses. If the constitutional protec-

tion to inalienable rights stands in the way of factious legislation—if the withdrawal of inalienable rights from the field of legislative action thwarts their plans—the advocates of a measure abridging such rights amend the constitution in favor of their law, thereby throwing back into the legislative arena certain rights which were by common consent forever withdrawn from legislative attention. By pursuing such a course it is but a matter of time until we may see Labor or Capital, Catholic or Protestant, Fundamentalist or Modernist, Irish or Jew or any other one of the thousand cleavages of our society gaining its selfish ends to the detriment of all by means of legislation through constitutional amendment. For the constitution is the fundamental law of the land and binds the courts in the determining and protecting of inalienable rights. If an inalienable right is withdrawn from the protection of the constitution and subjected to legislative regulation, the courts are bound to give effect to the constitutional measure which accomplishes that end. And to the extent that this takes place will our uncontested rights become a memory, a mere tradition from the past; and as a vital force in our national life uncontested rights will have become extinct.

America has successfully limited the power of sovereign government, and under the limitations imposed every human activity has prospered to a degree not to be accounted for on any other premise than that the protection of uncontested rights from legislation is the *quid pro quo* of development. In the light of our national history we can confirm the great Marshall's prognostication that the power of sovereign government is not by its nature illimitable.

But it is often suggested that the English constitution does not so limit the legislative power with

judicial review. The proper answer for that suggestion is the story of James Otis and the Boston merchants who had no court with authority to protect their rights from factious legislation to which they could appeal. Bloody revolt was their only recourse.

It has been the experience of history that paternalism is a recurring disease in the lives of nations; and that where it reigns unchecked for any length of time the nation is destroyed by dry rot. In our new government we have provided against the recurrence of that paternalism by forever removing from the field of factional clash those fundamental rights the regulation of which destroys the self-respect of honest men. If we wish the return of that paternalism with its resultant oppression of class by class, then let us by all means make Congress, like Parliament, the judge of the constitutionality of its own factious acts. Then when unrestrained faction oppresses us we can not look to the courts for relief, but must suffer in silence and wait until the next election when we may take our chance to oust the faction in power and enthrone "our crowd." What advantage would the mass of us obtain from such self rule? England herself, in her ages-long evolution from feudalism, is coming to see the necessity for a written constitution just as we saw it 137 years ago.

We need our judiciary with its usurped power to protect our inalienable rights from sacrifice at the hands of faction. America has blazed the trail for all governments in establishing that happy mean between democracy and autocracy which has been the aim of statesmen through the ages. It is the heritage of future and better civilizations. Our duty to preserve it for our own happiness and the happiness of our children's children is plain.

## To Leuconus

### ODE XI. HORACE

O Leuconus, seek ye not what is forbidden,  
Our unknown fates must be forever hidden;  
Nor take the calculations of the prophets wise  
For they adorn with wisdom basest lies.  
How better to endure Life's unknown spans  
Thinking them equal to the oldest man's.  
For if our days were named we'd spend all sighing,  
Except the last which would be used for dying.  
Drink down the wine: in long hope put no faith,  
Life is too short and hope expires at death.  
E'en now whilst we are speaking, Time has cast  
Its wings wide out, and, soaring, onward passed.  
Enjoy today, and give no thought to sorrow,  
Nor likewise place thy deep trust in tomorrow.

—Frank Potts.

# Criminal Psychology

By Merle P. Smith

ALL this talk about the criminal, which is very popular today, seems to lead to a general tendency. The common populace, due to the vicious crime wave which is, apparently, sweeping the country, is constantly talking about the criminal; that criminal.

"My! he must be a terrible fellow."

"What led him to do such a thing?"

"What ever gave him the courage and ability to perform such an act?"

To these questions the following common generality serves as a suitable answer: "Oh! he is a criminal." The hoi poloi believes that the criminal is something distinct from the rest of us, and that they alone are criminals. But do they know what a criminal is? No. I am safe in saying that the large majority of the people do not know, or their knowledge is incorrect. The hideous crimes of today are performed by criminals—just like those criminals of ages gone by. But is the criminal so much different from us? Is it an abnormality in him that causes him to be as he is? What is it really that makes him different from us, makes him a criminal?

Psychology, we know, is that department of Philosophy which contemplates the human soul. Now the soul is the first principle of life in a living being, and most essential to that soul is thought. So we can readily see that thought will play a part in this dissertation. Now, simply, I believe that a criminal is one who has committed an offense punishable by law. Then we can say that the offender must likewise be considered. Combining the two ideas, we make the deduction that we must consider the thoughts or thought of an offender or transgressor of laws. This, therefore, must play a major role in Criminal Psychology, and those thoughts grouped about it are offense, law and punishment. Now a criminal is not an abnormality. The very fact that acts of crime have been fully developed and planned before hand, and the fact that some of these criminal acts require expert training to be developed and carried out are proofs that the criminal performing them is not abnormal. The very presence of action implies the existence of his will, and we must not forget that there is inborn in everyone the obligation to do good and avoid evil. It is in the individual interpretation of what is good and what is evil that error and evil arises.

Punishment meets with a big conflict from Society. Society ignores the agony of the victim who is wrongly offended (victim of murder, etc.). All that

Society recognizes and talks complainingly of is the agony of the offender. The cause is, generally, one-sided sentimentalism. Any transgression is a violence to human nature, and an offense committed against the laws of nature or of Society is an offense or violence against Society. Punishment, then, is needed to right the wrong and to stop such offense from being continued. Punishment is, popularly, viewed wrong. It is considered as vengeance when it is really based on the order that reason and intellect dictate for the good of Society. Then, too, the main argument or reason to be advanced is that any transgression is a violence to human nature, and, therefore, to the Author of Nature, God. This could be dealt upon lengthily, but we have not the reason to do so here.

Perhaps people will set up as an alibi for the criminal—a defect in his nature. We know that environment gives us everything we have except our nature. Now Society is environment, and the human nature is the seat of life, sensation and thought. Then, too, we know, or should know, that human nature followed out as such proves most successful. So then what alibi is left? Environment. But Society is environment, and certainly we all have the same environment, as such. True it is some have experienced different environment conditions. I believe, however, that everyone, when a youth, has almost the same environment. Most young boys experience criminal surroundings, as members of their own "cliques," "gangs," "dirty-dozens," etc.—but do they turn out to be criminals? Sometimes one of the many does. That does not prove, however, that environment has been the cause. If it were, then they should all turn out to be criminals.

It may be proven, however, that some people will always stick to their prejudiced opinions concerning crime and the cause for same. I would say that shiftlessness is the breeding grounds for criminals, and a dark shadow lurking behind crime and criminals and appearing as a cause for same, is the going to excess in Individualism. Criminal Psychology, viewed in the proper sense and light, is no different than Psychology, rational or experimental, as such. The criminal has not fitted himself for the unexpected, which is, after all, the developer of self. As I have previously said, error and evil arises upon the individual interpretation of what is good and what is evil. A criminal is a criminal because he has bit by bit dulled in himself the susceptibility to the opinion of men, concerning self-respect, public approval and disapproval.

## A Man of Sorrows

By Paul Wagner, S. M.

THE man who conducted the affairs of a crumbling nation during the greatest tragedy of its existence, lived a life of sadness and sorrow, a sorrow which we cannot fathom. Abraham Lincoln seemed to have, as his particular vocation, to bear the sorrow of millions, of both, the North and the South. He was a man of self-sacrifice, free from every taint of personal ambition, with ill will towards none, serving his God and his country nobly and generously.

He, the personification of America, was called upon to make the doubtful United States, really united, to fill the breach made by the separation of the North from the South. He was summoned to tie this severed thread, and make it once more a unity. With determined heart and fearless soul, Lincoln playing the part of the physician, "tended the sick-bed of the nation in her agony, and with his large hand felt her pulse, and with a knowledge almost divine, performed the miracle of her healing." Yes, and after he had healed her, one of his ungrateful children deprived him of what he gave to his beloved country.

How true it is that misunderstanding is the mother and nurse of greatness! Abraham Lincoln, the greatest man ever produced by this nation of heroes, was also the least understood. In his youth his father reproached him for idleness, and called him a day-dreamer, when he found his son sitting in a corner reading a book, writing a poem or a speech, whereas it was, in truth, a manifestation of Lincoln's ambition. When he appeared, scarcely known, in the political world, he was criticized by many enemies, but again this was because they did not know him; for, "to know his great heart would disarm all from any antagonism. They would have felt that his life was so much nobler than theirs and his burdens so much heavier, that they would have gone away ashamed of their criticisms." His constant ambition to become someone great was looked upon as folly, as he was really made and only fit to be a "rail splitter." Yet, despite the opposition of men, he did become a successful self-made man, the prop and preserver of this great nation, the object of the gratitude of his too-late admirers, who recognized the cost of his so-called folly.

When Abraham Lincoln assumed the reins of government, he found his country on the brink of a civil war. It was unavoidable. Yet this mastermind directed by truth and sound principles undertook to preserve the union, although it would mean that the agony of both sides would crush his already

over-laden heart. The war began. Every defeat and reverse bore heavily upon him, yet no man could have borne the stern test of defeat more nobly than he. The sorrow felt by Lincoln at the reproaches heaped upon him, for not bringing the war to a speedy conclusion, was another added to the cross he so generously carried. But, in fact, the length of this bloody war killed Lincoln; for, a little before his death, a person remarked to him that he must feel great relief at the prospect of an early close of the war, and the establishment of peace; he answered in a sad way: "No, I shall never live to see peace; this war is killing me."

The face of Lincoln told the story of his life. To look upon his homely face, to study the meaning in those kindly eyes, reflecting an interior sorrow, borne out of love and not merited, to study the lines about that mouth, which so often formed when soothing an aching heart, or cheering a discouraged spirit, was to love this man, who above all others knew the human heart, especially in affliction. His smile, proceeding from a great warm heart won all upon whom it beamed. It assumed the nature of a bright blaze, the flames of which sufficed to inspire all with whom it came into contact with love, courage, and cheer, but when this blaze flickered and went out, smothered by another burden, it changed to a look of "ineffable sadness, a sadness of the world's tragedies. Of Stephen stoned, of Christ crucified."

The only happiness which Abraham Lincoln, who seemed to know only sorrow, enjoyed, was to see others happy. In the presence of joy and happiness he laid aside his cares and troubles, lest they should dim or detract from this happiness. He could participate in the good cheer of others and contribute his share. He did thus because he loved his friends with an unselfish love. To conceive how great and magnanimous was his charity, we have but to consider that he not only administered balm to the wound of individuals but he also tended the wounds of his country made and irritated by slavery.

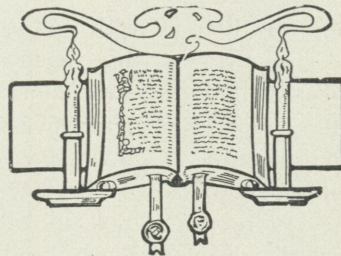
The deep furrows of sadness impressed on that face told of the agony endured by the families of this great brotherhood. The tears of the mother at the heart-rending separation, for all time, from her only son; the intense suffering of a silent father, as he sees his sons fighting against one another; the sorrow of a loving wife, as she, for the last time, kisses her departing faithful husband; sweethearts separating; friendships strained and broken; the

sadness caused by all these occasions, touched that loving and sensitive soul; and manifested themselves in those sweet eyes and sad countenance.

But where is our Lincoln of today? Not our sad and suffering hero, but that man, as the lover of his people, the honest and sagacious statesman, the patriot, the regenerator of his nation, the one who can voice and live such principles as: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the

nation's wounds, and care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his children,—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

May his like appear among us today, for not only does our nation need a Lincoln, but the whole world clamors to be set right with that power, justice and peace for which the man of sorrows suffered and died.



## Lent

By V. Koepnick, S. M.

"Remember man that thou art dust  
And unto dust shalt thou return."  
Recall to mind that die thou must,  
The wage of Death each sin doth earn.

This tyrant Death has written down  
Each sinful deed that thou hast done,  
To rob thee of the golden crown  
Beyond the stars thou couldst have won.

Yet forty days of Lenten grace  
Are granted thee within each year,  
That from Death's Book thou might efface  
The sinful debts contracted here.

Buy back that crown which thou hast sold  
For paltry pleasures of a day,  
Let penance and contrition's gold  
Thy many sinful debts repay.



## Just Tony

By William F. Frischkorn

"O H, I'm so sick of kinds, I think I'll scream if another one gets near me. That Tony will drive me crazy!" and Miss Reed sixth grade teacher of the Shields school, dropped her weary head on her desk and all but groaned aloud. It seemed but a second before the bell rang and in trooped the lively subjects of her remarks. Now, if only she could be tactful and handle the Christmas affair just right, she might succeed in avoiding hostilities between Tony and Lauri and insure some measure of peace for herself.

"Children, we have only a short time now in which to prepare our Christmas program. We are going to give a little play representing different nationalities and their ways of observing Christmas."

Here she was interrupted by a decided voice. "I want to be Italy, Miss Reed." Tony, of course.

"Then I'm going to be Finland," spoke up Lauri jealously.

"It is very discourteous to interrupt, boys. Now, I thought it would be nice to send invitations to our friends to come to our entertainment. Would you like to do that?"

"Sure, we do, and I'll write 'em, 'cause I'm the best writer in the room." Tony, again.

"Tony, if you can't keep still you must leave the room. How many of you would also like to have a little exhibition of your work and award colored ribbons as prizes for the best papers?"

"I bet I'll get first prize, Miss Reed!" Tony, once more. "Tony," in a stern voice. "Yes, Miss Reed," obediently. "Whom would you like as chairman of the invitation committee?" Turning to the class.

Tony turned a compelling and half-threatening glance upon his schoolmates, and unanimously came the decision, "Tony!" That young gentleman sat back in his seat with a complacent smile. Lauri half rose, his face red with anger, and his fist clenched. Miss Reed interposed hastily.

"Very well, and Lauri and Helen may help Tony." The crisis was averted for the time being. Lauri, partially mollified, sat down again.

"Each one," continued Miss Reed, "will write a short story and we will ask Valfrid, John, and Charles to put up the papers and judge them."

Work went on much as usual the rest of the morning with Miss Reed keyed to the highest tension, every moment expecting some outburst from Tony. It came—though not in school.

At noon the parts for the play were given out and "Italy" fell to the lot of one Woodrow Pershing

Sansibrino instead of Tony, while Lauri was allowed to represent his cherished Finland. Almost before the pupils were off the school grounds Tony was taking effectual means to convince Woodrow Pershing that he didn't care to be "Italy" after all, and was more than willing that Tony take the part.

When Woodrow came back after lunch and informed his surprised teacher that he couldn't take the part in the play because his mother was going away the night of the entertainment and he had to "stay home to watch the house," Miss Reed realized that Tony had not been idle since dismissal. She said nothing, however, and waited until that young man returned. He came into the room, head tilted back, hands in pockets, brown eyes dancing, and with his most enchanting smile, accosted his teacher.

"Say, y'know, Miss Reed, Sansy lost his piece for the play and I found it and I got it all learned already. Don'tcha think I'd make a pretty good Italy?" To her vast annoyance Miss Reed felt a smile struggling for expression, and she said hastily:

"Why, yes, Tony—Woodrow says he can't be in the play anyway, so I see no reason why you may not have his part."

Tony swaggered to his seat, giving Lauri a sly but effective dig in the ribs, as he passed. Then silence reigned while the pupils bent busily over their stories for the exhibition. Soon a loud sigh and the noisy laying down of a pen proclaimed to all and sundry that Tony was through.

"Say, Miss Reed," looking belligerently at his fellow-authors as though defying them to contradict him, "I just bet my story's the best in this here room and I'm gonna get the blue ribbon. "The judges will decide that, Tony."

"Well, I just betcha I get it!" and he glared in turn at each of the judges. The invitation committee, by order of its enterprising chairman, met after school to write the invitations. "Now, see here, you," began Tony condescendingly to Lauri, "you can write a couple o' these if you can do it right and use arm movement."

Feeling ran high for a moment, but seeing Miss Reed's watchful eye on them, it subsided and soon all three were busy writing. Lauri conceived the truly brilliant idea of inviting Miss Reed's sister Margaret, for whom both Tony and he cherished and undying devotion, to the entertainment, and as originator of the plan he addressed the envelope. The next morning the first rehearsal was in order

and everything went smoothly until it was time for "Italy" to appear.

"It's your turn, Tony," reminded Miss Reed, then noticed with sinking heart the stubborn look on that young person's face. "I ain't gonna be in the play and I won't sing, either."

Several pupils gasped at such audacity, one or two smiled, and Miss Reed realized that her hour of reckoning with Tony had arrived.

"Tony, bring your piece and come up here." "I tore it up," defiantly.

"Then take this book and go into the office and copy it again, I will see you later."

Tony took the book, and, still stubborn, left the room. Practice over, Miss Reed gave the children some problems to work, then followed Tony. When she entered the office, he was leaning back in the swivel chair, swinging his feet and gazing idly out of the window, not one word copied on the paper before him.

"Now, Tony, I want you to tell me just why you are acting this way."

"Nothin' atall," he muttered, "I just aint' gonna have nothin' to do with this here old program."

"But you must have some reason, because you were so interested yesterday."

"Well, he finally burst forth, "I'll just tell you. Who's chairman of this committee, anyway? All I got to give invitations to was the superintendent and school board, and Lauri got to invite Margaret. Now, I ask you, is that fair when I'm chairman an' oughta invite the most important one myself?"

Miss Reed was horrified to discover within herself an almost irresistible desire to laugh. She choked, coughed, then said gravely: "Well, Tony, maybe you are right. You know, I never thought of it that way. I guess because Margaret is my sister, it didn't occur to me that she was more important than the superintendent, and I thought you'd consider it your duty to invite the head of our school."

"Say, y'know, I guess may be it is my duty to take care of these important guys. Lauri couldn't do that, anyway, I guess." But, remembering his emphatic refusal before the room, "I won't be in the play nor sing."

"Some times I've wondered if you are an American, Tony."

"Why, sure I am," surprised.

"The reason I wondered is that real Americans always do their share in whatever has to be done. They never speak, nor go back on a promise; they aren't slackers, and they always play fair. But you don't play fair with yourself nor your classmates."

"Why, I never cheat!"

"I don't mean 'cheat' the way you do, Tony. I mean this: The boys and girls like you, and they

follow your lead in everything. Did you ever stop to think that when you lead them into doing wrong things and neglecting the things they ought to do, you are cheating them just as surely as though you were copying their work, and you are cheating yourself of the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping your schoolmates to be good Americans, too."

Tony looked thoughtful, glanced undecidedly at the blank paper on the desk, then taking his pencil, began to copy his piece, as Miss Reed, wisely refraining from further talk, left the office, he paused long enough to call to her.

"Say, Miss Reed, if those guys don't sing right, I'll knock their block off."

When Tony and the "Guys" came to decorate the room with the branches of evergreen and the bitter-sweet they had brought from the woods, Tony acted as master of ceremonies. Trouble arose over who was to climb the ladder to drape the flag over Washington's picture, and Miss Reed, pretending not to notice, waited anxiously until she heard Tony say patronizingly:

"I guess you better do it, Lauri. Everybody knows I'm an American, anyway, so I don't haf to monkey with the flag."

Lauri looked half doubtful of this unexpected generosity, but hastened to take advantage of it before Tony could change his mind. Another incident shows that Tony was not satisfied with improving only himself, but was industriously bent on wholesale reform. At recess, a group of boys gathered under Miss Reed's window in loud discussion. Miss Reed heard her name mentioned then came Tony's authoritative voice:

"You guys don't know what you're talking about. Americans are free sure, but they never lie, and they don't lay down on the job, and they ain't lazy. And what's more they play fair. Now, I'm whatcha call a real American, 'cause I never cheat—any more. But you're just a bunch o' wops 'cause you dont' wanta work and be good citizens."

"Aw, we ain't either wops. I guess we're gonna help the teacher and learn our lessons and be Americans too."

"Well, I guess you better, or I'll crown you. I ain't gonna have no wops in my gang," was Tony's ultimatum.

And Miss Reed needed no further assurance of success, when Tony, the proud winner of the blue ribbon, came to her the night of the Christmas program and said:

"Gosh, Miss Reed, I didn't know myself, I could say my piece so good," and then seriously:

"Say, y'know, Miss Reed, I like you better'n any teacher I ever had, an' us Americans mus' stick together, huh?"

## Quills

By Charles Laymon

I was born in a garden. It was a beautiful garden and folks came from miles around to see my silvan home. They called it the Zoological Garden, and the little children called it Zoo for short. We were never lonesome, for from early morning to late at night, we were beset with so many visitors. Happy children with smiling faces, old men with long beards, ardent lovers with the object of their affection and other folks of all sizes and shapes were constantly looking at us through the wire grating which surrounded our home. Father was very proud of his new born family and would travel up and down inside our enclosure in a manner very similar to that which our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Peacock, was wont to employ. Mother called it strutting, and would encourage father to develop a stride which would more nearly show his feeling of great pride.

We had many neighbors. I have already told you of Mrs. Peacock who with her family of three, lived in great fashion. It was rumored that she had purple blood in her veins, and that her grandfather was the favorite fowl at the court of Louis XIV of France. This indeed made her very proud and she took great pleasure in displaying her beautiful plumage, which was, to say the least, very gorgeous. My favorite friends were the Cottontails who lived over the hill. The boys had a secret passage under their pen and they often came over to play. Peter Rabbit was the oldest and then came Flopsy and Mopsy, both of whom were the delight of my sisters. Peter and I thought it great sport to tease the girls and once in a while we made them so angry that they would cry. This always made father angry and he would send Peter home and put me to bed without any supper. Nevertheless it was great sport for father would soon get over his anger and then Peter would be allowed to come over again. Another playmate that I had was Tommy Possum who lived in the big hollow tree that was inside our playyard. He was always playing jokes on someone and then he would come and tell me about it and we would have a hearty laugh over it. There was a tragedy in his life, for when he was a little boy his father had a fall and broke his leg. It seems as though it paralyzed his whole body and he soon died from the effects. Whenever Tommy would speak about it, a large tear would trickle down his cheek and he would sigh in a mournful way.

I must tell you about the great carnival that we would have once a month. Madam pigeon would

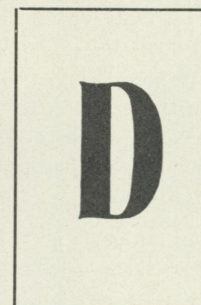
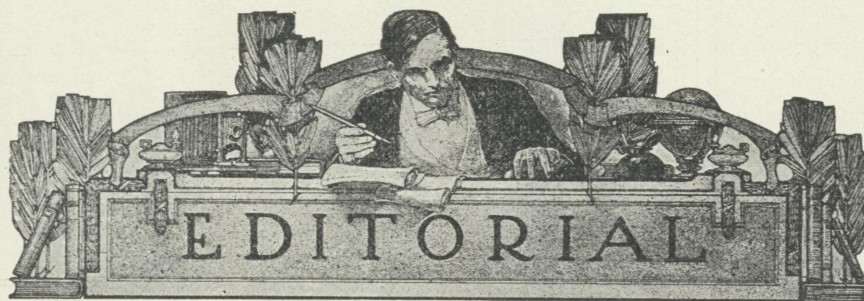
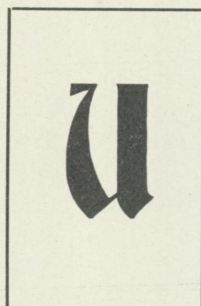
be the messenger, and she would visit all of the animals in the garden and tell them that at a certain time, which she set, they should all begin to sing and to dance. Each one tried to outdo his next door neighbor, both in song and dance, and to say the least the result was a harmony profound. The most novel sight of all, was to see father trying to outdo Mrs. Peacock, and mother on the sidelines urging him on with great zest. The event lasted several hours and when we were all through, we were so tired and our ears rang so with the song that we went to bed and remained there during the whole of the next day.

Peter Rabbit was always telling me of the wonderful sights that he saw when he would come over to my home. It made me wish that I too could explore the grounds but our wire enclosure was so well made that there was no way of escape. I was not afraid of being harmed, for Father had taught me how to protect myself by the use of my quills. That just reminds me, that I had told you all of this without even telling you my name. It is just plain Johnny Porcupine. Now you will understand why it was with my quills, that I was going to protect myself. I kept watching my chance to escape and one day it seems that luck was with me, for one of the wagons, which the caretaker used to go about in, doing his work, broke loose from the shafts and came rolling down the hill and went right through our enclosure, landing in the center of our pen. For a moment all was excitement and I quickly surveyed the situation and saw the chance for escape, which I had been longing for. Quick as a flash I was through the fence and bounded over the hill and was gone.

Everywhere I went I saw new sights and my eyes opened wide with wonderment. I had never realized that there was so much in the world which I had not seen. I had no sooner gotten out of sight of my home when two men who were dressed up in blue suits with brass buttons on their coats, started to run after me and I set out on a pace as fast as my short legs would carry me. I spied a little door of a shed that was open and I made for it. The two men saw me enter and soon they came to the door with a thing stretched between them which they called a blanket. I had never seen anything like it before, and I thought of the words of my father that I should beware of strangers, so I imagined that it was dangerous. I turned around and let my quills fly, one by one until they were all gone. However they didn't hurt the men at all

but only lit and stuck in this blanket. After the quills were all gone the men were no longer afraid of me and came in and put a sack over my head and took me back to my pen. Needless to say I was very glad to be back home, and vowed that I would never venture to leave home again. Father and

mother were very glad to see me, for they were greatly worried, for fear that harm would befall me. From that day to this I have been content to remain in my little silvan home, and to enjoy the pleasures it had to offer.



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**Bro. Louis Vogt, S. M.** When Bro. Louis Vogt recently celebrated his golden jubilee, which brought to a close fifty years of service in the Society of Mary, he attained one of his most sought for desires.

At the present time Brother Louis is the oldest active member in the order. He holds the position of musical director of the University. Besides his regular duties as director of his department, Brother Vogt is director of the University band and orchestra. He is particularly adept at the organ and on the violin, and until late years was University organist. He is now 68 years of age.

Brother Vogt was born in New York City and received his preliminary education at the St. John the Baptist school. Fifty years ago Brother Louis entered the normal school which at that time was conducted on the present site of the University of Dayton.

In 1896 he was sent to St. Mary's College at San Antonio, Texas, where he became an instructor in the music department of that college. Upon returning in 1902 he was invested with his present duties of musical director at the University.

We believe that the sterling example set by Bro. Louis Vogt, in his long years of service, may be

held up to the present generation of students as a bright and shining light towards which they should strive in a true Christian manner.

—T. Walsh.

#### Lent!

That most salutary of all the seasons in the liturgical year, the time of Lent has come again. The recollection of that long series of fast days, those added prayers, the inevitably requested alms make one shudder and wish it over with. Not so for all. For many there will be dispensations from the rigorous fasting and Lent will signify little more than abstinence from meat on the prescribed days. Soon the time of penance will merge into the glorious Easter-tide. Yet for all Christians, though they might lull themselves into a lethargic slumber regarding the necessity of penitential practices, there is a solemn warning given by the Redeemer, Christ Himself: "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish" and "He that will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow Me."

In lieu of fasting, we have also at our disposal almsgiving, and prayer. Now what cause is more worthy of our charitable, generous and self-sacrificing donations than the Missions. Our generosity

will be called upon during this holy season, especially for the missions of Japan. The misfortunes attendant upon the earthquake of 1923 have not nearly been repaired. Not only are the children of Japan deprived of adequate schooling through lack of equipment but the missionaries also stand in need of even the necessary comforts of life. Let us then, even at the cost of personal inconvenience aid this zealous work. Our donations should be motivated by the desire to expiate our sins and make amends for our past negligences in the practice of our religious duties. Our sacrifices will help to make the blood of Christ, shed for the redemption of all men, effective over a greater number of souls, who will be reached by the assistance we afford the Missioners.

—H. J. F.

**Jubilee** The year of nineteen hundred and twenty-five will witness the celebration of two symbolical jubilees—that of the “Holy Year,” and that of the University of Dayton. It is my purpose in this article to write a simile upon these two important events—to show how in reality the one is but an arm of the other.

A most solemn ceremony was performed, on Christmas Eve, when the Holy Father, before a multitude of deeply impressed people, officially opened the Holy Year of Jubilee by breaking a passage through one of the doors in the portico of Saint Peter's. This simple service was permeated by symbolism, as is clear from the prayer of the Pope said as the door fell inward;—“Open to Me the Gates of Justice.” And is not that what the Church is, and has stood for during all the long years and centuries of her existence? Has she not been the home and cradle of civilization? Did she not preserve it during the trying period of the dark ages when hate, fear, greed, and indolence ran rampant throughout the world? Has she not always stood for the highest and most elevating influences in life?

Modern arts and sciences owe their foundation to Catholic influences; to universities, monasteries, and to private individuals who obtained their inspiration and mental equipment from these sources. Such men were Dante, St. Thomas, Michaelangelo, Raphael, Christopher Columbus, and many others. These are the masters at whose feet we still sit—and theirs are the principles we must continue to employ if we would make for solid progress.

As in previous years the Catholic Church has been a teacher, so she still remains; and it is this spirit which is embodied within the University of Dayton. The University like the Church influences the whole world—but the whole world of our school is limited to the confines of the influence exerted upon

a student's life. Is she not the home and cradle of that life's civilization? Does she not preserve it during the trying period of adolescence? And has she not always stood for the most elevating influences involved in that life?

Rome is celebrating her jubilee—her jubilee of nineteen hundred and twenty-five years of service, by a pilgrimage through which special graces and knowledge are presented to the Faithful. Why should not the University of Dayton celebrate her jubilee—her jubilee of seventy-five years of service, by a pilgrimage of all her former students to this shrine of higher learning; through which a stronger realization of her high purpose will be conveyed to them?

—R. A. W.

### Courtesy

Courtesy is an act of kindness or favor performed with politeness. The term itself originated in the courts of the princes as Milton says:

“And trust thy honest offered courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lonely sheds,  
With smoky rafters than in tapestry walls,  
And courts of princes, where it was first named,  
And yet is most pretended.”

It is a favor or indulgence as distinguished from right. In the courts, an act of courtesy meant a slight bend of the knee when meeting a person. Now, it designates an act of respect or kindness to another whether the person be a superior, an equal, or an inferior.

The practical application of the word “politeness,” men seem to be ignorant of. Everything is done mechanically without the least thought of our neighbor's presence or feelings. To the founders of our country we owe many things for which we can be very grateful “but to them we also owe,—with less cause for gratitude,—our national outspokenness that takes no reckoning of the cost in human feelings, our blunt indifference to the giving of needless pain.” The willful disregard of all manners seems to be the sign of independence and freedom for Mr. George, the novelist, says, “The snob is the man who thinks he has no equals while the democrat is the man who thinks he has only equals.” Is it then any wonder why so many Americans care so little about their neighbor's feelings when we are living in this “age of acceleration” and when things are done so mechanically, hence without thought? In the world in general and particularly in the United States mankind lives too fast. People eat too fast, ride too fast, work too fast, etc., so that the will and intellect the greatest of God's gifts to man are not at all or little exercised. Business men call courtesy an extra and say they have no leisure for such a thing, thus pushing it aside to another

who in his turn does the same, the result of which is, that courtesy, which never disagrees with manliness, is not so much as even practiced among them.

True politeness requires that we exercise all our faculties to secure the approbation, and, if possible the admiration of all with whom we come in contact. The "Golden Rule" applies just as well to our acts of courtesy in speech and actions as in other things. Middleton says, "A stranger's kindness often exceeds a friend's," which means to say that kindness should be shown to strangers and more so to our inferiors. We have the forceful examples of such great men as George Washington, who said to his friends who were surprised at his politeness toward old negroes, "Would you have me outdone by a negro in politeness," Louis XIV and Henry Clay. If the Father of Our Country was so courteous toward negroes who were by far his inferiors, why shouldn't we Americans, his children, be courteous towards our inferiors and even our equals. True courtesy springs from the sincerity of the heart and manliness of soul. Pride is at the root of impoliteness and no man has the right to be disrespectful and rude toward others, no matter who he may be. According to St. Paul, honor should be given to whom honor is due.

A H. Greene says, "Young people who have attained an agreeable manner and courteous demeanor are already far ahead in the race of success in whatever calling they may select for the employment of their powers." No matter how strong commercial competition may be, business and personal courtesy make it easier for everybody. Keep then always in mind the "Golden Rule" with regard to courtesy and you shall never regret it.

**"The Golden Rule" Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.**

—L. W. M.

#### Why the Classics?

The term Classics is generally applied to that heritage of what is best in literature and art handed down to us from the cultured civilizations of Greece and Rome. After a service of uncounted centuries as unsurpassed instruments in education these textbooks of the ages are gradually being relegated to the educational scrap heap. Despite the reiterated warnings of more conservative educators throughout the land, public opinion has arrayed itself in hostile attitude against the use of such musty fragments of antiquity in the curriculum of our modern schools and colleges. The Classics are dead, it is claimed, what can they teach us who live in the "teeming summoning present"?

The answer is plain to the thoughtful man. We cannot shut ourselves off from all connection with the past. And if that past be a veritable gold mine

of human learning and culture, it is at our peril that we neglect to study it. In the civilizations of Greece and Rome we discern the very roots and foundation of our own civilization.

Let him then who would obtain a thorough grasp of human knowledge go back to its very foundation. There he will see crystallized in language the thoughts of man when he had risen far above the level of mere animal activity and realized to what heights of learning his reason could lead him. The geniuses of those days—the springtime of human learning,—have hardly been equalled, let alone surpassed by modern scholars. The product of their intellectual activity has been the instrument whereby the really great men of our day have attained their greatness. Embodied in the curriculum of the Classical Education, the works of Greek and Roman masters have given the world a St. Augustine, a St. Thomas of Aquinas, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Tennyson and others too numerous to mention. Should then a system of education turning out such men, be entirely condemned and discredited by the aspiring student of our day?

—J. E. D.

#### College Activities

As may other terms connected with college life are misunderstood, or only given a restricted meaning, so the title of college activities, which is taken to mean, in general, only the social and athletic programs on the campus, is misunderstood. It may be best to limit the term to those general meanings. However, under the head of college activities everything that has to do with a college man's life may be classified, be what it may.

What is the student's activities? Foremost it should be his labors in the academic field. Generally the term is taken to refer to sports and social functions. As to the first; there are too many students in the leading schools for everyone to attain athletic honors, and there are too many schools for each to claim prowess on the gridiron, court or diamond. That leaves a great many out in the "rain." The second meaning assigned, social functions, is correct as it is applied as only a part of college activities. Many people shun the glamorings of the 400 or their imitators and there are as great a number who shun what we all call social activities. These two reasons leave out, then, a great number of registered students from college activities if those two meanings are the only ones that can be applied. We mentioned a college activity, labors in the academic field. That is the cornerstone. It supports all other branches. All college activities be they what they may, are all concerned with the student's connection with his chosen school. College activities are the students' every move.

To make the pulse of the University beat with a human-like rate, every one should enter into the activity he is best fitted for. Every undertaking is but for one end, the furtherance of the school and consequently for the student. Where the University gains so does the student. It does not happen however to be the converse. If a student does not throw himself into some form of activity he is not helping the college; he is also stinting himself. The time devoted to the activity of a college is not wasted time nor so much spent energy, but it is

time and material spent in the laboratory of performing tests to determine what our future life may be like.

It is up to each one to do his share. If one is not inclined to work for his Alma Mater then from a pure selfish motive he should strive to accomplish something in the activity line. The field of college activities is large and plenty to be accomplished. The activities are not restricted so let us all enter some form or other and accomplish something.

—T. G. F.

## Exchanges

By Allan O'Leary

We received a copy of **The Bright Star Magazine**, published by the students of Bright Star, Osaka, Japan. This is the only tri-lingual exchange that we have.

The Bright Star students are to be congratulated on their good English. The article on the stone steps of Chomei-ji was most interesting. We can also add that the French was very good; but of the numerous Japanese articles we can only say that they look all right.

Another publication from Japan is **Forward**, from St. Joseph's College, Sumir Yoshi, Kobe. This is written entirely in English with the exception of one or two French articles. "Lunatics" was one of the best written humorous stories that we have seen for some time. Your poetry was very good, especially the poem "Farewell but no Goodbye."

We were pleased with the February number of the **St. Vincent College Journal**. If more people had the courage to criticize some of the current publications, as did the author of "The Slice of Life," there is no doubt but that protective measures such as he suggests would be forthcoming.

Mr. Reynold's "Character Sketches from the Merchant of Venice" shows that he is thoroughly familiar with his subject. The article contains a great many quotations, more than one would expect to find in an essay of this type, and enough certainly to detract from its originality. The quotations are, however, judiciously chosen and, in most instances, well calculated to support the author's statements. Mr. Reynold's treatment of the choice of the casket is misleading. We cannot determine whether or not the author would have us believe that Bassanio is the philosopher that he represents himself to be. We are not sure that the author believes it himself though his words imply that he does. Up to this point in the play, there is nothing to indicate that Bassanio is other than a sober, amiable, and not highly intelligent man—in short, a very ordinary person. "He believes that a precious article is some-

times found in a base casement." Does the author believe this of Bassanio? We hope not. Did Bassanio have sufficient intelligence to believe it of the casket? Evidently he did—at least, after Portia's broad hint, which Mr. Reynold seems to have completely forgotten.

"Whatever be our nationality—in all our dealings with our fellows we should extend the courtesies and civilities which we have a right to expect from them," Mr. Reynold says further. This must be his doctrine, because it is not Shakespeare's. The author then proceeds to blame Shylock for living up to the letter of the Mosaic Law, a Jew's very religion; he says not a word about the Christian's undoubted contempt for the principles emphasized in the preceding sentence. Mr. Reynold cannot expect to succeed in applying recognized truths to such conditions as existed in the time of the Merchant of Venice. To the Christian of that period the Jew was an abomination, and was treated accordingly. Himself a Christian, Shakespeare deliberately portrays Shylock as deserving this treatment. Yet, after we have seen all the facts, Mr. Reynold would have us believe, with Shakespeare, that the Jew was to blame from every point of view. We cannot accept such contradictory ideas at their face value. We must revise either our first hand convictions or Horace's;

"Ipse quandoque dormitat Homerus."

"A Plea for the Study of Drama Technic in our Catholic Colleges and Universities" was the outstanding article in the **Rosary College Eagle** for January. Miss Schuster pointed out that in every school there is at least one teacher who is capable of conducting a course in drama. Moreover, "schools which claim to be Christian should turn the current of dramatic enthusiasm into proper channels." We are very fortunate in this respect as we are given the opportunity of attending a course in drama, and we feel that it is a shame that so many other colleges do not provide such a course.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Abbey Student; The Academia, The Alvernia, The Anselmian, The Aquinas Patrician, The Argus, The Ariston, The Campion, The Canisius, The Cardinal and White, The College Spokesman, The Collegian (St. Mary's College, Calif.), The Colored Harvest, The Defiance Collegian, The Dial, The Dove, The Duquesne Monthly, The Ignatian, The Labarum, The Lakeside Punch, The Loyola Quarterly, The Mangrove, The Marywood Col-

lege Bay Leaf, The Messenger, The Micrometer, The Morning Star, The Mountain Echo, M. T. S. News, the Nazarene, The New Student, The Niagara Index, The Northern Review, The Pacific Star, The Shield, The Sigma, The Spectator, The Spectrum, The St. Louis Collegian, Varsity Breeze, The Viatorian, The Victorian, The Washington Newspaper, The Windelette, The Western Maryland College Monthly, The Xaverian News, The Columbia, The Latineer, The Northeastern Tech.

## Literary, Dramatic and Musical Criticism

By Allan O'Leary

The Little French Girl, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

Mme. de Selincourt has given us, in "The Little French Girl," a delightfully human story. Once we have been introduced to Alix, we find that she is not a hypothetical paragon, but a living being; we do not have to imagine her—we can see her as a part of our world. Quiet, retiring, sensitive, sympathetic, calm, intelligent, and lovable, she is our friend from the first; we follow her fortunes as anxiously as though we had a personal interest at stake.

The novel accurately portrays the striking contrast between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin temperament. Alix and her mother are always "adequate"; Mme. Vervier's friends artistic, airy, insouciant; the others more or less volatile. Giles is solid, reliable, deep; his family blunt; Toppie cold, detached, idealistic; Lady Mary charming, but proper; Jerry impetuous and unstable. When Alix arrives in England, her serenity and innocent wisdom enable her to adapt herself easily and quickly to English manners and customs. Giles, the uncompromising moralist, is at first an object of tolerant amusement to his French friends; later he realizes that a Frenchman as such, must be judged from the French point of view. Alix and Mme. Vervier have not been marred by any trace of aloofness or restraint; their lack of impetuosity and demonstrativeness, though unusual, is as French as their serenity and matter-of-factness. They can see at once into the heart of a situation. Giles is a cold and distant thinker; he analyzes that situation with the aid of sound logic.

"The Little French Girl" is essentially a fine character study, not a dry analysis, but a very readable, entertaining, living tale. Its plot is simple and its action just sufficient to keep the story highly interesting. Mme. de Selincourt writes with a fluent, nonchalant ease that is beyond the reach of our criticism. Sufficient though they are, these are only the most important reasons for the wide popularity

that the novel has obtained, and for its ranking among the first of the best novels of the year. Read it; you'll not be disappointed; rather, you'll read it again.

Miracle. Clarence Budington Kelland. Pettibone-McLean Co., Distributors, Dayton.

To most of us the French Canadian is an uncouth, backwoods, lumberjack, who speaks a curious, but interesting patois, swears fluently, and consumes unbelievable quantities of raw gin. We have heard of him through authors who did not know him, who never saw him, and who never pretended to understand him. It is not strange, therefore, that our conception of him is so at variance with the truth.

America has long been known as the "melting pot" of nations. In America racial characteristics disappear; types are absorbed, and one becomes simply an American. The consequence is that many of our authors go abroad in their search for types, and in so doing, overlook the wealth of material that is to be had so close to home. Mr. Kelland is one of the few who has realized this; in "Miracle," he has broken fields still practically virgin, and has reaped a harvest that cannot fail to delight the reader whose appreciativeness is not defined in terms of nationalism.

Few realize that the French Canadian is a type; still fewer know at what cost he has succeeded in making himself a factor to be reckoned with in a country whose population is as heterogeneous as America's. Very few, recognizing this, have undertaken to perpetuate French Canadians as a unique people.

"Miracle" is the best delineation of the French Canadian people since the discovery, if we may say so, of "Maria Chapdelaine." We do not intend to compare the two because, while both are equally true to life, "Maria Chapdelaine" deals with individuals who were cast in rather a sterner mould than the ordinary; "Miracle" depicts the French

Canadian as he can be known today, in his tragic as well as in his carefree moments; the difference between the two is the point of view—the difference between sobriety and cheerfulness.

"Miracle" is written in an easy, fluent, idiomatic style. There is very little plot; most of the work is devoted to character analysis. The action is comparatively slow; nevertheless the reader is borne rapidly along to the end on the tide of interest and sympathy. The characters of "Miracle" are happily chosen and accurately described.

In Donovan Steele, Mr. Kelland has given us a strong characterization of a sensitive soul betrayed; a once gentle, kindly man, now cold, selfish and ruthless, who has lost faith in God and in human nature; who is finally forced, in spite of himself, to acknowledge that there are friends worthy of trust, if one can but find them.

Neree Caron, beautiful and accomplished, places all her reverses in the hands of Providence, and awaits the outcome with perfect faith in the goodness of God; she does not shrink from the household tasks of a modest "habitant" home, but in the role of a peasant girl, proves her worth in the eyes of the man she loves.

Cluny is a great, rugged, unscrupulous brute, who has made himself a commanding figure throughout the country by his shrewdness and physical power.

And simple, lovable, faithful Leandre Savard, with his quaint philosophy and unquestioning, unrequited friendship for Donovan Steele. Malcoeur's dog! The author could not have chosen a more expressive term for Leandre's disinterested devotion. Leandre rocked the breastwork of sophistry behind which Donovan Steele had entrenched himself; it was Leandre's great love for his erring wife-to-be that shattered Donovan's last defenses against the goodness of humanity; Leandre was the first to whom Donovan turned in his blindness,—was the first to prove himself worthy of Donovan's trust.

We venture to prophecy great popularity for "Miracle" because it is appealing, human, true to life, original, and because it deserves popularity. It is a good story.

"I have studied music both here and abroad and I find that the Irish Folk Songs are the best." This is Rev. V. C. Donovan's opinion of folk songs. He said moreover, that the most beautiful songs were folk songs.

Rev. V. C. Donovan, O. P., gave a lecture-recital on "The Future of American Music and Irish Minstrels" at the Victory Theatre.

In his lecture Father Donovan brought out the fact that jazz, which was started by Americans, was truly American music. That Paul Whiteman showed there is some good in jazz, Father Donovan admitted, but, he said, there is a little good in everything. The American people want jazz but they do not want it for its evil effect—they want the little bit of good that is in it. This is Father Donovan's explanation of the popularity of jazz.

Throughout his lecture Father Donovan showed that he had a thorough knowledge of the theory of music and afterwards that his voice was well trained.

The program was opened with Secchi's "Lurid dal Caro Bene" which he rendered with ease. This was followed by two Breton Folk Songs, "L'Angelus" and "Disons le Chapelet." These he sung very clearly and with great feeling. "Les Berceaux" finished the first part of the program. Although this is a pretty piece, the audience did not enjoy it as well as the others. We presume that this was on account of its abruptness.

In the second part of the program "The Pretty Creature" and "The Minstrel Boy" were the most noteworthy. In singing "The Minstrel Boy," Father Donovan was accompanied by Anna Catherine Kirk, harpist. It is needless to say that the harp added greatly to the beauty of this old song. Miss Kirk skillfully brought out the tone of the harp and played very gracefully.

"The Wreck of the Julie Plante" was an agreeable surprise to most of us. It has only been put in the form of a song lately. O'Hara composed the music for this poem of Drummond's and we must admit that he added to the humor of it.

Father Donovan ended the program with Denzomores "Roadways" but he received such a lengthy applause that he was obliged to give us a glance into his repertoire by giving us an encore of six more selections: "I Look Into Your Garden," "Her Dream" and "The Brown Bird Singing" were exceptionally good. But we cannot do him justice when we try to describe how he sang "The Hymn." This was originally a love song by Brown, but Father Donovan always calls it "The Hymn" because it does make a beautiful hymn.

Mr. Urban Deger accompanied Father Donovan. Mr. Deger has good technique but in its enthusiasm for Father Donovan the audience apparently failed to appreciate his playing.

In conclusion we must say that Father Donovan provided us a very interesting and entertaining evening.

## Alumni Notes

By James G. Parker

**Wm. Boesch, '14** It was, indeed, an agreeable surprise to find in our mail a letter from Bill Boesch. This former U. of D. graduate has been making rapid strides in the industrial world, and at present, he holds the responsible position of Assistant Cost Accountant at the Parke, Davis & Co., of Detroit.

He tells us that he has been following with great interest the doings of the athletic teams of the U. of D. Bill was one of the most ardent supporters of the "Flyers" on their recent invasion of Detroit and Canada, and it was with considerable pangs of regret that he witnessed the defeat of the "Flyers" at the hands of the Detroit University five. Bill hopes to be with us again in the near future, and hopes to renew many of his old acquaintances with former teachers and "pals."

**H. O. Ritter, '10** The "Old Grads" just can't seem to sever connections with dear old U. of D. Although many hundreds of miles away, frequently in foreign lands and climes, when it is impossible to come in person, they have recourse to the mails. One of these loyal "old Grads" is our mutual friend Harry Ritter, who is at present chief chemist with the Alpha Portland Cement Company of St. Louis, Mo. He writes, that there is hardly ever a day passes but that he finds himself reminiscing of the days that he spent at dear old St. Mary's. Harry wishes to be remembered to all of his former teachers and friends, hoping that he will be able to see them all in the near future. Well, Harry, old boy, here's wishing you added success and may you be successful in heaping glory and fame upon the U. of D.

**Joseph C. Murphy, '23** An excellent comprehensive and instructive little booklet on "The Effect of Long-continued Storage at Low Temperature on the Vitamin-A Content of Eggs," has been passed on to us. We are very pleased to note that one of the co-compilers of this little booklet was Mr. Joseph C. Murphy, a former student at the U. of D. The booklet was compiled from the Protein Investigation Laboratory, Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington. A careful perusal of the booklet reveals the painstaking work that must have been necessary for the preparation of it. Mr. Murphy is to be congratulated for his part in the work. It is an incentive to see with what success the former students are meeting the problems of the world.

**F. Barry Sweetman, '06** Mr. and Mrs. Sweetman are open for congratulations, for they are the proud parents of a bouncing baby girl. The father is a former Dayton U. boy and has since his marriage resided in Hollywood, California. Mrs. Sweetman who was Miss Isabel Albert, also resided in Dayton before her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Sweetman were popular in social circles in Dayton and we all join in wishing them success and happiness.

**George Strattner, Jr.** Perhaps, in 1945 we may be reading "Strattner wins hard-fought game for the U. of D. by his timely hitting." No, we don't mean "the" George, we mean George the third, the three-months-old baby boy of George W. Strattner, Jr. Mr. Strattner holds a very responsible position with the Columbia Carbon Company of Dayton, and he used to be a very familiar figure on the U. D. campus. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Strattner.

**Arthur G. Botschen, Jr.** "Another good man gone wrong." This would probably be the saying of many wise crackers. But we'll leave it up to Art as to whether he's gone wrong or not. Art was recently married to Miss Bess Armil, in Davenport, Iowa. The newlyweds are to make their home at 3740 Pine Grove Avenue, Chicago. We wish them all the happiness in the world.

**Rev. Aloysius C. Angel** Father Angel has had his parish recently changed. He has been moved from his charge of SS. Peter and Paul Rectory at Pittsburg, Pa., to St. Killian Rectory, of Mars, Pa. The latter is a much larger undertaking and we feel sure that he will be successful.

**Carl Theuring** Here is another loyal Alumnus who makes recourse to the mails when far away from home and friends. We are in receipt of a letter from Carl Theuring who is now in far off Haiti. He is Assistant Civil Engineer doing Railroad Location and General Surveying work for the South Porto Rico Sugar Company. This company, by the way, is the largest sugar company in existence.

Carl tells us that being down there, far away from home and friends, he misses his home, entertainments and particularly the football games, and

to use Carl's own words, "Oh, how I would like to see the U. of D. boys in action." Carl also inclosed his subscription to the Exponent so that he could keep in closer touch with the "old scenes." Good luck, Carl, and may we have the pleasure of seeing you in the near future.

**Paul Blum, '16** "Paul Blum, of the Blum Shoe Manufacturing Co., sounds good, doesn't it! Surely Paul, must have met with some wonderful success since leaving the U. of D. Paul has had quite a hectic career since leaving, of which

we will cite a few instances. After leaving U. D. Paul made his letter at Notre Dame in 17-18. Was shot down in a burning plane over the German lines, was shell-shocked for nine months, and was overseas for twenty-four months. In 1920 he coached the University of Florida football team. In 1921 visited France, Germany, Italy. Returning to the States with his health regained, he started selling shoes and since that time has made fifteen trips to the coast. He joined the ranks of the Married Men last October. Now, if that isn't action done up in a little parcel, what is?

### NECROLOGY

**School Physician Dies** Dr. Albert Moorman, medical director at the University for the past several years, passed to the Great Beyond on February 2, from an attack of pneumonia.

Doctor Moorman, who is survived by his widow and two children, leaves a host of friends behind. He was a genial man and a conscientious physician and leaves many friends at the University which he so assiduously served.

May his soul rest in peace.

We wish to express our most heartfelt sympathy to the many friends and relatives of Michael J. Gibbons, Sr. This well-known and benevolent member of our community was called out of this world on the twenty-sixth of February. The loving memory of his faithful leadership and keen sense of honor will always remain dear to all those who knew him. Surely, it is a great loss.

## University Chronicle

By Alfred Rothenberg

### Bro. Louis Vogt Celebrates Anniversary

Monday, February 2, marked the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of Bro. Louis Vogt into the Society of Mary. The celebration was attended by the entire faculty and student body of the University of Dayton on its new Athletic March. Persons the form of thanksgiving.

A solemn High Mass with Very Reverend Lawrence Yeske, celebrant, Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, deacon, and Rev. John Gunzelman, sub-deacon, opened the day's ceremonies.

Brother Louis entered the Society on February 2, 1875. Previous to this time he had been a novice. He was stationed at the University of Dayton until September, 1896, when he was transferred to San Antonio, Texas, as music director in the high school of that city. In July, 1902, Brother Louis returned to the University of Dayton where he has since been stationed. In 1902 Brother Louis started the University of Dayton Band. Previous to his leaving for the Texas city, Brother Louis was director of music in what was then the normal department of the University.

Brother Louis is an indefatigable worker, giving all of his time and putting forth his best efforts to make the department of music of the University of Dayton one of the greatest and best departments

in the school. He has brought the U. D. Band up to its present high standard of perfection and has recently instituted a Junior Band for those students who are anticipating being members of the U. D. Band in the future. Through the efforts of Brother Louis Dayton's band has acquired an international reputation.

Brother Louis, we congratulate you on your anniversary and hope that you may be stationed at the University for many years to come and that you may enjoy health and happiness throughout your life.

**Music Notes** Numerous notes of laudation are daily being tendered the University of Dayton on its new Athletic March. Persons prominent in the World of Music have written Mr. Panella, composer of the music of this song, congratulating him upon the perfect musical qualities, the beautiful words, and splendid possibilities of the march. The march has been broadcasted via the radio on numerous occasions and its worth is thus becoming known to the public.

That the University of Dayton Band is acquiring a national reputation is obvious when one reads the various letters of praise received from cities which had the opportunity to hear it. Pittsburgh,

Cleveland, and Cincinnati have been visited by the band and sent lines of praise to Bro. Louis Vogt, director of the band.

Recent concerts in this city prove to Dayton people that they have a great University with a very versatile band of which they may be justly proud. The concert presented at the National Military Home on Lincoln's birthday anniversary won the applause of the veterans. One of the veterans of the Spanish-American War told the writer that it was "the best concert I ever heard." The 1300 veterans who were present at the concert were held spellbound. They are eagerly awaiting another opportunity of being entertained by our famous musicians.

**Stephan Emerick** Stephan J. Emerick, a graduate **Added to Faculty** of the class of '23, has been added to the faculty of the Preparatory Department, to succeed George L. Connors, who recently resigned.

Mr. Emerick is instructing classes in Modern History, English, and Latin.

**"Seventeen"** The talent of the members of the U. D. Auditorium Club was demonstrated in their first public appearance in the four-act comedy "Seventeen." The play, which is written by Booth Tarkington, is "laughter holding both his sides" from the rising of the curtain on the first act until the final curtain.

The chief characters in the play are feminine roles. These parts were taken by members of the club, all of whom are boys, in a manner which shows that the fellows are real actors.

The cast of the play, which afforded the students and friends of U. D. such great enjoyment, follows:

|                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Mr. Baxter .....     | Richard Hosler    |
| Jane Baxter .....    | G. E. Loges       |
| Mrs. Baxter .....    | Dewitt Ashton     |
| Willie Baxter .....  | J. W. Craig       |
| Johnnie Watson ..... | John Bruck        |
| May Parcher .....    | Matthew Keller    |
| Lela Pratt .....     | Rose M. Abel      |
| Genesis .....        | Charles Thuss     |
| Joe Bullitt .....    | Walter Rogge      |
| Mr. Parcher .....    | Gerald Harbison   |
| George Crooper ..... | Michael A. Burger |
| Ethel Boke .....     | William Hallerman |
| Willie Banks .....   | Walter Kraft      |
| Mary Brooks .....    | Kenneth Deis      |

**Jugo-Slav Tamburica Orchestra** Music lovers of Dayton were entertained on the evening of February 26, with a musical program rendered by the Jugo-Slav Tamburica Orchestra. The concert, presented in the

University Auditorium, met with the approval of all those fortunate enough to be present.

The entire Jugo-Slav Company are natives of Croatia, a small Balkan nation which has joined the other Balkan States in forming the new nation of Jugo-Slavia.

These musicians play the native Croatian instrument known as the Tamburica. The instrument resembles closely the banjo, mandolin and the guitar, but it has a greater volume of tone and is more dulcet than any of the other instruments mentioned. The Tamburica is especially adapted to orchestra work and produces a tone quality which is unsurpassed by other stringed instruments.

The company appeared in the costume of their native land and rendered a program of illimitable range, varying from the simple popular numbers to the most intricate European compositions.

**Seumas MacManus** Seumas MacManus, famous **Visits U. D.** Irish story-teller, poet and author, entertained students and friends of the University on Wednesday, March 4. Mr. MacManus spoke on 'Irish Fairy and Folk-Lore.'

Mr. MacManus has visited many colleges throughout the United States and has been well received in each. He has acquired an international reputation as a story-teller and has proved his worth as an author. Among his famous books are "Yourself and the Neighbor," which, upon its release from press received the approbation and recommendation of many prominent Americans such as Judge Benjamin Lindsey, Archbishop Ireland, David Belasco and others.

Mr. MacManus interspersed his discourse with the native Irish humor and pathos and did not limit himself to the technicalities of his art. He afforded his audience not only a pleasant evening but one replete with instruction and tradition.

**News of the R. O. T. C.** Lieut. Frank Williams, '24, O. R. C., will present a silver loving cup to the U. D. student who is selected as the best marksman of the school during the scholastic year of '24-25. The winner of this trophy will be chosen by Major Emil Rinehart, P. M. S. & T., and will be awarded on the afternoon of the Military Week ceremonies.

Lieut. Williams, the donor of the trophy, is the best marksman which the University of Dayton has ever produced. He proved his ability in the handling of a rifle both at school and at the R. O. T. C. Summer Camps as well as at Camp Perry.

On Wednesday, February 18, the local R. O. T. C. unit was inspected by Major Paul W. Bodde, of the

Office of The Chief of Infantry at Washington, D. C. Major Bodde, after visiting classes in Military Science, inspected the battalion in close formation. Following the inspection a review of the unit was conducted by Major Bodde, Major Rinehardt, Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, and student commander, Major Merle Smith.

While no definite word has been received, it is believed that his report on the results of the inspection at Dayton University will be favorable. In such event, the University of Dayton Unit will be brought closer to the achievement of its ideal—that of being ranked a Gold Star Unit—the highest honor which an R. O. T. C. unit can be given, and one which permits the members of a unit to enter the United States Army without taking the usual preliminary examination and training necessary for entrance to the Army.

After completing his tour of inspection here Major Bodde went to Ohio State and Denison Universities where he inspected the units of these schools.

Approximately forty-five students will represent U. D. at Camp Knox this summer. It is expected that Dayton's representatives will prove themselves the equal of any students attending the camp. Capt. Theodore Bundy, and Lieuts. Folyd Marshall and Samuel Payne will be instructors at the camp this year.

Beginning March 16, Lieutenant Payne, who has been instructing members of the First Year Advanced Classes in Military Law, will instruct Third High men and College Freshmen in Infantry Drill during the remainder of the school year. These students have been attending classes in theory all winter and will be glad to drill out in the open. Captain Bundy will instruct the First Year Advanced students in Field Engineering, while Lieutenant Marshall will conduct courses in Musketry for members of the Second Year Basic Course.

As a climax to the course being conducted in Military Law a moot court will be held in the Biological Laboratory on Thursday, March 12, from 10 to 12 a. m., for the purpose of showing members of the First Year Advanced Course the procedure of the Court Marshal in the United States Army. In order to more nearly imitate the regular Court Marshal procedure, all of the members of the court are given an assumed rank since only a commissioned officer is eligible for court marshal duty in the Regular Army. The court is being conducted under the supervision of Lieut. Samuel Payne. The detail for the court follows:

Col. H. C. Heider, Lieut. Col. H. E. Eisele, Lieut. Col. D. J. Burke, Maj. A. J. Strosnider, Maj. R. S. Caulfield (lay member), Maj. R. H. Johnson, Captains J. M. Unger and R. J. Babb, First Lieutenants A. J. Pfeiffer and A. C. Cogan, and Second Lieut. E. C. Powers comprise the court. Maj. J. J. Reboulet will act as defense counsel and Maj. J. T. Tancred will be his assistant. Maj. J. E. Carroll will serve in the capacity of Trial Judge Advocate and Capt. L. H. Gitzinger will act as Assistant Trial Judge Advocate.

The trial is to be open to all and anyone interested in this type of procedure is cordially invited to attend.

**Dr. Koller Wins Radio Set** Dr. Paul Koller, a member of the faculty of the U. D. has been been awarded both the national and the local prizes in a contest promoted by the Dayton Fan and Motor Co., manufacturers of the Day-Fan Radio.

The contest necessitated the solving of a crossword puzzle and the preparation of an essay on "Why I Favor the Day-Fan Radio Set Above All Other Sets."

Dr. Koller, a native of Austria, deserves no little praise for this accomplishment. He came here from the University of Fribourg Switzerland where he was assistant head of the Department of Geology. Immediately after his arrival in this country, Dr. Koller became affiliated with the University of Dayton.

We are proud to have Dr. Koller at the University and hope that his new radio set will afford him many hours of enjoyment.

**Annual** Work on the Annual has begun in earnest according to the statement of members of the Annual Staff.

The Collegiate Department will have the entire front section, while the rear portion of the Annual will be devoted to the activities of the Preparatory Department. The Preparatory section of the publication will be edited entirely by members of the High School.

This year's Annual will be better than those heretofore published. It will be handsomely bound and profusely illustrated and will be a complete history of the year's doings at U. D. It will be a source of delight and pleasure in years to come to be able to pick up your Annual and review the byegone days at U. D.

The Annual is being compiled under the supervision of Bro. Edgar Cullen. Thomas Blyley is editor and Archie Leary manager of the Annual. A

competent staff is aiding in the preparation of the book.

**Spanish Club** At the last meeting of the Cervantes Spanish Club the regular election of officers took place. Harry McFarland was elected president to succeed Domnae La Porta. James Tancred was chosen vice-president and Mason Benner will serve as secretary of the organization.

At the close of the installation of officers Bro. John Rodriguez outlined the program for the remainder of the year. He requested the members to correspond with students studying English in Madrid. He also urged that the students study classical and current Spanish literature and that Spanish conversation, by means of dialogues and brief speeches, be carried on in the club.

The club is open to all students who are interested in the study of Spanish and they are cordially invited to attend the meetings of the society.

## The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

Cash on Hand.....\$274.79

### Contributions to March 1, 1925

The Sacred Heart Scholarship for 1925, by  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Leies ..... 60.00

### Other Contributions

Lucy Johann, \$1.00; Augusta Dompke, \$2.00; Elizabeth Rehm, \$1.00; Caroline Rehm, \$1.00; Angela Neifing, \$1.00; Angela Schuh, \$1.00; Matthias Schuh, \$1.00; Peter Schuh, \$1.00; Theresa Esterl, \$2.00; Mrs. Mary Klein, \$5.00; Mary Hanfstengel, \$1.00; Mrs. Marianna Kathrein, \$1.00; Mrs. Ottilia Bruettgen, \$1.00; Val. Seng, \$2.00; Mary Zimmer, 25c; Clara Haefner, \$1.00; Miss Susan Zey, \$5.00; Mrs. Angela Weiss, \$1.00; Paulina Duventester, \$1.50; John Mueller, \$1.00; Joseph Mueller, \$1.00; The Boys of Holy Rosary School, Dayton, Ohio, per Bro. Joseph Seubert, \$5.00; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. T., per Bro. Adolph Eiben, \$25.00; From sale of old coins, \$5.00; John Palm, \$1.00; Mrs. R., \$2.00; Mrs. Rosalie Merle, \$1.00; Mrs. Anna Resch, \$1.00; Mrs., Barbara Sauer, \$5.00; Miss Mary Banzer, \$2.00; Bro. Nicholas Schaefer, \$7.00; Mrs. Teresa Daleiden, \$1.00; Miss Susan Zey, \$5.00; Verena Resch, \$1.00; Rose Wiltgen, \$1.00; Willaim Wiltgen, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Gerard and Aloys Resch, \$1.00; Mrs. Salome Schantz, \$10.00; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Goetz, \$5.00; Mrs. John Koors, \$2.00; Mrs. Al. Kramer, \$1.00; Mrs. Isadore Goetz, \$1.00; Mrs. Chas. Smyth, 50c; Mrs. Steger, 25c; A. Botschen, \$5.00; Theresa Esterl, \$2.00; Theresa Wagner, \$1.00; Barbara Schomer, \$1.00; Mary Ruck, \$1.00; Caroline Leies, Jr., \$5.00; Miss Clara Sieben, \$3.00; John P. Daleiden, \$10.00; Henry Frische, \$5.00; Alex Leies, Sr., \$5.00; Dr. Peter Ltaz, \$2.00; Amalia Tripp, \$1.50; Mary Merfy, \$1.50; Clara Haefner, \$1.00;

Elizabeth Vering, \$1.00; Josephine Krauth, \$1.00; Gertrude Mueller, \$1.00; Mary Poepel, \$1.00; Elizabeth Krier, \$1.00; Margaret Kohnen, \$1.00; Catherine Toussaint, \$1.00; William Kloempken, \$1.00; Augusta Dompke, \$1.00; Mary Schuetz, \$1.00; Matthias Butzen, Sr., \$1.00; Marianna Free, \$1.00; Mary Mack, \$1.00; Miss Anna Resch, \$1.00; Eva Wegner, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Mrs. Mary Klein, \$5.00; Elizabeth Renke, \$2.00; Mary Kerpen, \$1.00; Lucy Johann, \$1.00; Theresa Baier, \$1.00; Anna Seivert, 25c; Susan Seivert, 25c; Anna Miller, 25c; Mary Zimmer, 25c; Helen Keller, 50c; Anna Mandik, 50c; Catherine Brandenburg, 50c; Julia Kerpen, 50c; John Reinheimer, 50c; Mary Reinheimer, \$1.00; Bro. Francis Mueller, \$1.00, and Sr. M. Amelinda, \$1.00, per Mrs. Anna Mueller; Edward Marthe, 50c; Albert Marthe, 50c; Elizabeth Becker, 50c; Marianna Koegel, 50c; Marie Konitzer, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Caroline Mueller, \$2.00; Elizabeth Nicholson, \$2.00; James Nicholson, \$1.00; Michael Nicholson, \$1.00; John Nicholson, \$1.00; Emilia Vogel, \$1.00; Clara Teschke, 50c; Angela Schuh, \$1.00; Peter Schuh, \$1.00; Matthias Schuh, \$1.00; Theresa Daleiden, \$1.00; Valentine Seng, \$1.00; Margaret Seng, \$1.00; Peter Neifing, \$1.00; Angela Neifing, \$1.00; Mary Lunkes, 25c; Anna Mandik, 50c; Gerard Resch, 25c; Amanda Sieben, \$1.00; Catherine Rehm, 50c; Helen Haefner, \$1.00; Elizabeth and C. Rehm, \$1.00; Barbara Widau, \$1.00; Anna Resch, \$1.00; Third High-A, St. Mary's Academy, San Antonio, Texas, \$1.00; St. Xavier's School, Cincinnati, Ohio, per Bro. Andrew Schratz, \$25.00; Cathedral Latin School, Cleveland, Ohio, per Rev. Joseph A. Tetzlaff, \$25.00 .....\$329.50

Total Cash on Hand, March 1, 1925.....\$604.29

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the receipt of the eighteenth Annual Scholarship of \$60.00 from the C. S. M. U. Unit of Notre Dame Academy, Dayton, Ohio, for the support of a Japanese stu-

dent for the priesthood at Apostolic School at Urakami. May God bless and reward abundantly the students of Notre Dame Academy for their zeal and generosity in this worthy cause.

## Athletic Notes

By Charles Leach

The fighting Flyers dropped a close fought contest to the University of Detroit at Detroit, January 28, by the close count of 23-16. A record crowd of 1300 fans was on hand to witness the fray. This was the largest crowd to ever witness a college basketball game in Detroit.

The game was fast and hard fought throughout and the Detroit five led at the half 11-8. Dayton came back strong in the second period but failed to overtake the home team.

Captain Bill Blake was the outstanding performer for the Baujanites while Harrigan was the luminary for the Detroiters.

\* \* \*

Coach Baujan lead his University of Dayton Flyers across the Canadian border for their first international tilt January 29 and they returned successful having handed the strong Assumption College five the short end of a 20-17 count.

Varsity led practically the entire contest but they were hard pushed by the fighting Canadians throughout. The score at the end of the first period was 11-10 in Dayton's favor.

Captain Bill Blake again starred for the Red and Blue with Kenney and Donlon sharing the honors for Assumption.

\* \* \*

Playing a superior brand of basketball the Flyers brought a hard week of basketball to a successful close by trouncing the St. John's University quintet 17-12 at the University gym.

Both teams were decidedly off in their shooting. One after another was taken by both teams but neither could score with any consistency. The Toledoans led at the half 7-5.

Bill Blake, Sam Hipa and Dick Snelling were in the limelight for the Baujanites with Holtgrieve and Murphy playing best for St. John's.

\* \* \*

The Baujanites hit their true stride for the first time of the season when they travelled to Cedarville and handed the Cedarville College five a 31-12 beating.

The Orange and Blue tossers of Cedarville were unable to solve the clever passwork of the Red and Blue from Dayton who had possession of the ball practically three-quarters of the game.

Every man on the Flyers squad played heads up basketball, but Dick Snelling was easily the outstanding performer. Besides playing his regular bang-up floor game he also accounted for ten of the team's points.

After forty minutes of hard battling the University of Dayton Flyers went down to defeat on the Fairgrounds Coliseum court when Wilmington College annexed its tenth straight collegiate victory when they defeated the Red and Blue 25-22.

The play was fast and furious, both teams showing unusual scoring spurts and the outcome of the game was not decided until R. L. Fisher, the Quaker forward, sunk a neat field goal in the last twenty-five seconds of play. Close passwork and clever guarding featured. The score at the end of the first half was knotted at 10-10.

Captain Blake was easily the outstanding star of the Baujanites. In addition to playing a great floor game, Blake was also the Red and Blue's high point man with a total of 10 points to his credit. For the visitors Al Zigler and R. L. Fisher showed best.

\* \* \*

Spencerian College of Cleveland proved rather easy for the Red and Blue who had little trouble in disposing of them 31-15 in a rather one-sided game at the University gym.

The Flyers took the lead within the first minute of play and held it throughout the remaining thirty-nine minutes. The score at the end of the half was 15-5.

Captain Blake, Snelling, McGarry, Doyle and Hipa all shared in the Dayton honors. Young was the stellar performer for the Clevelanders.

\* \* \*

The University of Dayton Flyers defeated the University of Cincinnati, in the Queen City, 26 to 25, after two overtime periods had been played.

Snelling's basket in the last few seconds of play in the second extra period gave the Red and Blue their one-point victory. The score was close throughout, the Flyers leading at the half 10-9. Cincinnati led the second period until the final seconds when Captain Blake shot a neat field goal tying the count, 22-22.

In the first overtime period, Hacken of Cincinnati, shot two fouls while McGarry was making a tying basket. Score 24 all.

Hacken scored a foul in the second extra period, but Snelling's bucket gave the Flyers the game.

Hipa and Doyle played the best game for the Baujanites.

\* \* \*

Fighting like no University of Dayton quintet has ever fought before, the Flyers outclassed, outpassed and outshot the highly touted Capital University in a thrilling game at the Fairgrounds Coliseum, when they handed the Capital City five the short end of a 24-20 count.

Entering the game hopelessly outclassed the Red and Blue made a bold stand, the first half and held Capital to a 10-10 score. Coming back strong in the second period the Baujanites took the lead shortly after the half began and held it throughout the remainder of the game.

McGarry, the Red and Blue's diminutive forward, was the outstanding performer of the evening. Hipa, at guard, also played a wonderful defensive game and featured in the Flyers passwork.

\* \* \*

Following the sight of the first robin, comes the unpacking of the baseball equipment and the call for the diamond candidates. While pre-season dope has it that the Flyers are in for a great season on the diamond, this year it will be necessary for Coach Harry Baujan to develop an entire new infield.

Captain Billy Scales, the field general of the Red and Blue nine last year, has already withdrawn from school and will make his debut in the professional field with the Hanover team in the Blue Ridge League. With the departure of Scales, a huge gap has been left vacant in the Flyers' inner garden and the hot corner which Scales so capably held down will be no easy matter to fill. Another keen blow was suffered when John Doljack failed to return last fall. Doljack was one of the best second basemen that Dayton has had in a good many days and will be a hard man to replace.

While the return of Baldo Puig will greatly strengthen the infield as he is an unusually hard and timely hitter and also a sure fielder. The initial sack was a source of worry to Coach Baujan last spring but with Puig holding down the posi-

tion his fears should be eliminated. Joey Back, veteran shortstop, will in all probability be moved to third. With a wealth of new material reporting and several good reserve men back from last year the Red and Blue should have a fairly well rounded infield by the time the season opener rolls around.

With Bill Blake behind the bat and Dode Caulfield on the mound the Flyers have one of the best college batteries in the state. Then as reserve hurlers there is Jack Bradley, Bill Schantz and Dick Snelling and a host of promising recruits.

The outfield will present little or no worry due to the fact that the entire outer garden is back in school. Among regulars from last year who are back are: Belanich, Eisele, Hipa, Murphy and Tobin.

\* \* \*

The Red and Blue quintet got off to a rather poor start this season dropping the first five games on their schedule and the season's outlook appeared to be very disastrous but the Flyers evidently found themselves after Capital University handed them the fifth straight beating at Columbus. Since the first Capital game the Baujanites having been playing a brand of ball that is unbeatable and as a result have turned in seven victories out of the last nine games played.

Gloom and disaster which seemed to follow the Flyers throughout the first part of the season has now disappeared and a winning five has taken their place. A fighting team now represents the University of Dayton and during the past week the Red and Blue have turned in wins against two of the teams which were supposed to have them completely outclassed. On Saturday, February 14, they journeyed to Cincinnati and handed the rejuvenated University of Cincinnati five a 26-25 beating in two overtime periods and then returned to Dayton and proceeded to wallop Capital, the team which had beaten them earlier in the season 38-19, by the count of 24-20.

A fighting court aggregation is the most appropriate name that can be found for the University of Dayton Flyers and if they continue with this same brand of fight the season will turn out to be a huge success not only from the standpoint of games won and lost but also for displaying the true U. D. fighting spirit.



## Frolicsome Folly

### INTELLIGENCE TEST

1. What famous vegetable is used in making Campbell's Tomato Soup?
2. Is there any connection between "Say It with Flowers" and "Your Nose Knows?"
3. How can you keep that school-girl complexion without preserving it in alcohol?
4. Whose Aunt is Aunt Jemima?
5. Do you think that Houdini could change from a wholesaler to a retailer in 42 seconds?
6. Give the economic history of Halitosis.
7. Locate Kolynos.
8. What famous watch company was Robert Ingersoll named after?
9. Parlez-vous oui oui charmante Djer Kiss Face Powder?
10. Why does Mr. Heinz pick on 57?
11. How many cylinders are there in a Packard Single Six?
12. Would you class 3-in-1 oil under decimals or fractions?

\* \* \*

Business Man: "Can you give me a new slogan for my hosiery factory?"

Adv. Man: "Sure, 'Our Stockings Cover a Multitude of Shins.'"

\* \* \*

He: "I understand that your father said that if he found me here again he would kick me out of the door."

She: "Oh, don't mind that! father's punting is wretched."

\* \* \*

Prof.: "I take great pleasure in giving you 81 in Math."

Stude: "Aw, make it a hundred and enjoy yourself."

\* \* \*

You can wander in the United States, but you must go to Italy to Rome.

So far as we can see, the only difference between a girl chewing gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow looks thoughtful.

\* \* \*

First Youngster: "Say, do you believe in the devil?"

Second: "Naw. It's just like this Santa Claus business; it's your father."

\* \* \*

Northerner: "Pretty mild winters you have down here."

Southerner: "Mild! Do you call two feet of snow mild?"

Northerner: "Two feet! Say, man; the snow was so deep in our country last winter that the farmers had to jack up their cows to milk 'em."

\* \* \*

We would like to see the bird they built the R. O. T. C. uniforms on.

\* \* \*

Ambitious Author: Hurrah. Five dollars for my latest story!

Fast Friend: Who from!

Writer: The express company. They lost it.

\* \* \*

The grape-fruit is a lemon that had a chance and took advantage of it.

\* \* \*

Sarcasm is saying what other people were too polite to say.

\* \* \*

If the growing popularity of divorce continues, it won't be long before people request return engagements.

\* \* \*

Question: What is a paradox?

Answer: Two wharves.

\* \* \*

"I've just shaken hands with Rudolph Valentino."

"Oh, dear! May I hold your hand?"

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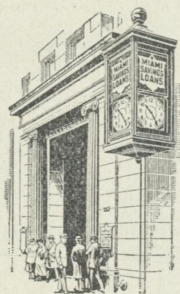
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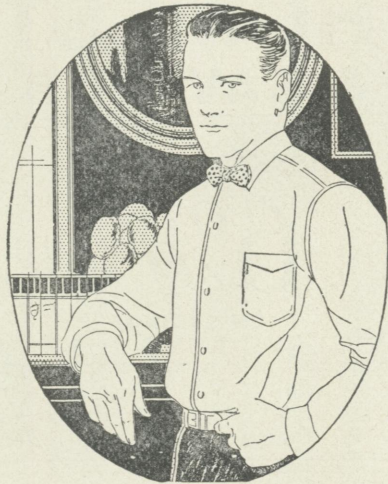
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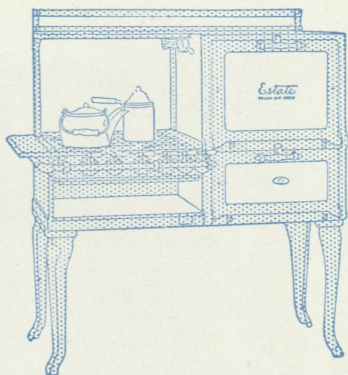
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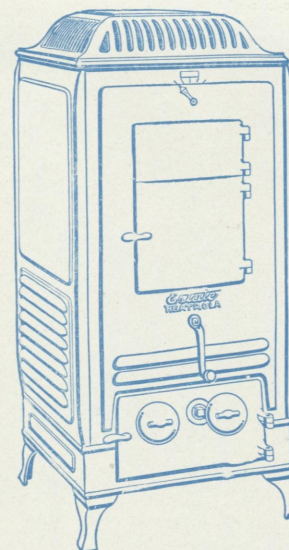
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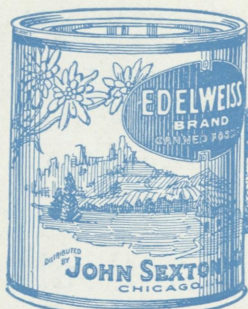
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