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THE University of Dayton Exponent

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An Author You Will Like

• By Foster Fryman

Those who like adventure and the tang of the great outdoors in their stories will be grateful to the author of this article for introducing them to Frank Spearman, a contemporary writer of short stories and novels. The article is thoroughly readable.

THERE are few authors whose works are enjoyed equally by all classes of people. It is frequently found that an author beloved of the proletariat is unrecognized in literary circles and, of course, vice versa. The arts student has occasion to read many of the more highly prized literary masterpieces, and he may fail to appreciate the inferior, but fully as interesting, production of the lesser authors. Some attention is due the writers of this last class, more than is given by literary historians of the present time.

If you should consult such histories as Pattee's **Development of the American Short Story**, you would find the lone statement, "Frank H. Spearman takes us into the cab of a locomotive and tells us of railroad life." Further effort on your part to find more information concerning this author would be of no avail and it is most likely that you would pass him up as hardly worthy of careful consideration. This would be an erroneous conclusion, for reasons upon which we will elaborate.

Spearman has the knack of writing for everyone. As an example of this we may observe that engineers as well as arts students will appreciate his work. The thrill of engineering achievement despite hardships and disheartening failures is vividly pictured. No real engineering student can fail to respond to the high principles and straightforward actions of the pioneer railroader and railroad engineer. Likewise, the business student can get a true picture of the financial difficulties which may be encountered in railroading. They will be made to realize that the financier and railroad man must cooperate closely if success is to be attained. The pre-medical student will find one of Spearman's novels particularly interesting because it tells the story of a great eye

specialist who loses his sight. It is a fine novel with more than one good thought for the medical man to ponder over. The art student will appreciate Spearman's works the most because he has the necessary technical training which enables him to fully comprehend the skillful way the stories are developed.

In the first place, F. H. Spearman has taken a native theme and developed it to the point that railroading and his name are synonymous. I have never read any selections which show in such an intelligent and interesting way how the railroad is built and maintained, and what hardships and sacrifices fall to the lot of the railroad man. Railroading is the one and only theme; a theme which, by virtue of its great extent, never grows tiresome or cold. The romance of pioneering and the struggles to extend the frontiers of civilization have always been popular and interesting. In short, Spearman has chosen a theme which offers variety, interest, sympathy, room for character development, and an opportunity of making use of the most magnificent setting nature can supply—the great Rocky Mountains.

Having considered the theme, we must examine one very important point; namely, does the author know enough about the subject to make his stories plausible and scientifically accurate? Railroading is complex and one with no knowledge or experience of such life would not be qualified to write about it. A short investigation will show that Frank H. Spearman is not only the author of railroad fiction, he is also the author of an authoritative work on the history of the development of railroads in America. He is personally familiar with his subject and knows as much about this mode of travel as one man could possibly learn in a lifetime. The quiet assurance that what he states is absolutely accurate and technically proper is a boon to the reader.

Frank Spearman has written numerous short stories and a number of novels. Public opinion acclaims the novels which are more in demand than the shorter fiction. However, having read both types, I feel justified in saying that they are very familiar in style. The novels are, for

the most part, made up of a number of incidents in railroad life held together by some insignificant plot. The novels are created for the purpose of telling the incidents that they contain, and not to tell a compact, inseparable story. The reader quickly realizes that the novels are nothing more than a collection of short stories with similar characters and setting; not a true closely knit novel. In consequence, it is not far amiss to consider Spearman a short story writer; his novels serve only to increase this belief.

Like all authors, Spearman has his weak and strong points. He excels in setting and vividness of description, but his characters are, with few exceptions, commonplace and unimportant. It will be found that only one individual in each story is really important; the author subordinates all others. The plot is interesting but the work in general will stand out because of just one thing, the realness of it all. Every incident of these stories is brought about in such a reasonable, natural manner that the reader is compelled to put himself in the story and work along with the characters. The surging power of the iron horse, the shriek of the shrill whistle and the hiss of escaping steam all assail the ear of the reader when he rides with Spearman. Few authors have such ability and it is unfortunate that Spearman should be so strong in this one respect and so weak in others.

As for the technical details of his writings, he usually writes from the author's point of view. This affords him the opportunity to indulge in a wider field. He can see and hear all; his knowledge is universal and prediction and anticipation are quite proper. Occasionally Spearman will use the box type of writing, thus giving him a chance to digress and to emphasize some important point or incident. Repetition is achieved by the repeated chug of the steam piston and the clack-clack of steel wheels rushing over rail joints. This mechanical repetition is most vivid and effective.

If Spearman has any underlying idea in his stories, it is to educate the public to an appreciation of the railroad. He was born in 1859 and wrote most of his works in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries when the American railway system was at the peak of its importance. At the present date we may look

upon the railroad as a more or less antiquated mode of travel; we underrate the importance of the railroad because it is so commonplace. Nevertheless, we respond to the romance and adventure in railroad building just as quickly as the earlier readers. It will be a long time before the important part played by the railroad in holding the United States as one coherent nation is forgotten. It will be an equally long time before Mr. Spearman's stories are forgotten. The fact that some of his novels have been made into motion pictures may be considered more of a condemnation than recommendation by some "true patrons of literature," but there is no denying that motion picture producers have a genius for picking out stories which appeal to the public. This in itself is sufficient proof that Spearman writes good stories, even though they are not complex, psychological, stream of consciousness novels which many consider today to be the only yardstick by which to measure short literature.

In this consideration of the works of Spearman, it would be impossible to pass over the natural setting in which most of his stories take place. The difficult and troublesome section of any railroad is that section which passes through mountainous country. By dealing with railroad construction and operation in the Rocky Mountains, Spearman has selected a locality that offers every element of adversity encountered in rail travel. It gives him landslides, raging torrents, snow blockades, and all the other magnificent misbehaviors of nature which plague the railroader and offer such a fine picture to the reader's imagination. The author's personal familiarity with the country sharpens his observations and lends an authenticity to the plot which adds more than anything else to the sense of reality and truth which Spearman is so successful in instilling in his works.

In conclusion, it may be said that Frank Spearman has done more than any other author, living or dead, to immortalize pioneer railroad life. A study of his works leads to a greater understanding and appreciation of the American railway system of which we are justly proud. And what is more important, we enjoy reading about it, particularly if it is Spearman we are reading.

Slimpy Gus Boards Again

• By Elmer Will

Elmer continues with the adventures of his "hero" and if you liked the last installment you will like this one also.

SLIMPY GUS was bidding good-bye to the Island. It seemed that all of Slimpy's life was composed of welcomes and farewells from just such institutions as Blackwell's Island.

These and like matters, which would embarrass ordinary citizens, meant little in the turbulent life of Slimpy Gus. He was happy and he had five dollars in his pocket, the gift of a benign city government. His heart was aglow with good will toward men and his ambition was afire with the desire to make a place for himself in the world at large.

The snorting ferry which transported him to the city was metamorphosed into the trusty steed of the knight-errant, for Slimpy was at peace with the world.

The business of reporting to the parole officer over, Slimpy sallied forth into the street, the warnings of that official still ringing in his ear. Slimpy sauntered into the brilliant sunlight, but not towards his old stamping ground. Oh, no! The fly-cops would be watching that territory too closely. Anyway, he had promised the warden not to venture near the Grand Union unless necessary.

Slimpy was destined for great things. He had been born under the sign of the Permaniac, and, although christened Algernon Marmaduke Mulligan by his fond but slightly befuddled parents, had managed to arrive at some prominence in the world, or underworld, before commitment to the Institution.

Down the sunny street he strolled. There was no immediate need to work. The five dollars and his friends were sufficient to carry him over for a week.

The antics of the girl walking in front of him soon penetrated Slimpy's complacency. She

was young, she was beautiful, and—merciful heavens!—she was weeping.

Still aglow with well-being and a good meal Slimpy hurried to the rescue.

"Pray, pardon me, Madam," he said gently. "Are you in distress? Please consider me your friend."

"Oh, if I only could," quaveringly.

"You may depend upon me."

"You're so kind. I had \$25 in my purse before I left home. I had intended to use that money to go to Didston where a friend of mine has a job for me. But my brother came home suddenly and I told him of my plans. He left before I did and now the money's gone. I'm afraid he took it."

"Can't you get it back?"

"We—ll, he's so weak and I hate to go to the police about my very own brother. You see, he's a stranger in this city, and . . ."

"Perhaps I could help," Gus interposed.

"I'd be so grateful. He said he was going to the Grand Union station. I could point him out to you. He must not be hurt, though. He'd be furious."

"There he is now," she cried later.

Eager to be of service Slimpy Gus leaped forward. He was in familiar territory and sure of his ground. True, he had promised the warden. . . . But this was necessity. It was knight-errantry. The warden would understand.

Slimpy Gus' free and easy manner, his air of confidence, and his huge bulk again were effective. Strolling by the young man, his hands in his pockets, Gus casually turned his head and smiled encouragingly. The man's face lighted up and he moved forward as if on a string, exclaiming, "Say, friend, could you direct me to the Station hotel?"

"Sure," said Gus. "In fact, I'm going by that way and will take you there myself."

Half an hour later Slimpy Gus was back at the Grand Union with the money. He had broken his promise to the warden. He had worked the "con" game once more. But it was merely an expedient to save the girl's money and nobody need know.

The girl was thanking him profusely when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. Slimpy Gus turned to discover that the law, accompanied by his irate friend of a half hour ago, had him in its clutches once again.

The court laughed at his story. "Mabel," they screamed uproarously. "Sure her name was Mabel. She's one of the cleverest girls in the racket." She had tricked him at his own game.

"Now," the judge grew stern. "Eighteen months on the Island."

His friends greeted him effusively as he was ushered to his cell. They had not expected him back so soon. But Slimpy Gus could not join in the repartee. He was no longer aglow with the joy of living.

VISION

By S. M. F.

The cryptic New Year
Though noisily hailed,
Muffled and veiled
Forbiddingly lays
Finger on lips tight-pressed.
The inscrutable keeper of days
Sphinx-like stares
Beyond our searching, pleading gaze,
Lest we should wrest
From out Time's breast
Some secret—to our own dismay—
Lest we, too foolishly,
Should think we see
Some surer, better way
Than simple trusting, day by day,
In Him Whose Love has never failed,
Whose Wisdom seals the New Year.

In Quiet Corridors

• By Alma Catherine Braun

This article is the result of several weeks spent in hospital work by the author, a student in the pre-medical department. Alma believes in practice as well as theory.

"MURRH! Murrh!"

"Yes, sonny."

"Wanna dwink."

"Look, sonny, wait just a little while longer, then you may have a drink. Now look here, I thought you were a little man. What will Sister say when she hears you crying?"

"She will make you dive me a dwink."

* * *

But sonny, who had just regained consciousness and did not know yet what it was all about, was not given that much-wanted "dwink." Of course, for the moment, he, like many more sonnies, thought that we were mean, heartless, cruel and wholly at odds with the Golden Rule. It does not take long to know, however, that tonsillectomy patients are not allowed liquid for several hours after the operation. And do they cry for water.

The first real glimpse that I had of hospital life was in the T and A division of a hospital this summer. The section of the hospital in which I worked includes, besides a number of private rooms, a boys' ward. Here patients are sent who can pay a small fee or no fee at all. And, I may add, these patients are usually small boys. Coming out of the ether is no small matter in the case of a child of ordinary size. We thought we would need legions of angels to protect us in the agonizing trial of dodging ice-collars, pillows, mouth-wipes and other bed-table accessories, not to mention the rather exasperating job of keeping the youth in bed and under the necessary sheet-

ing. Boys were admitted into the ward with many types of diseases and injuries. The majority of these patients were from the poorer classes; a few were not. Home environment played the most important part in the influencing factors of their behavior. There was one patient brought in one afternoon with a collar bone fracture. We were faced with the problem of scrubbing off layers of dirt and tar and of removing his scanty and tattered clothing with a minimum of pain to him and without further tearing a possible "one shirt." The child was terrified with fear, his mental state making it not one bit easier for his "antagonizers." Hours later when his arm and shoulder were nicely encased and wrapped with layers of gauze bandages his smile was like the shy approval of morning sunrise, climaxing in a burst of gleaming rays. The morning after his admission I was sent to his bed to bathe him and give him routine care. As might be expected the child's mother had not brought a toothbrush for him and when I told him to remind her about it he gave me a perplexed look and asked, "What's a toothbrush?" I was nearly floored. When I finally explained the general characteristics and uses of the much-needed utensil he began to worry lest it might cause him pain. His mother, as we learned later, was in complete ignorance of the methods of purchasing this mystifying object, never had one herself, and could not afford them for the nine children. I may add that the boy had two sets of decayed teeth in his mouth, one overlapping the other and both in very soft gums. Oh, for a microscope, and this in 1936.

There were a few serious cases in the ward while I was stationed in the T and A. Because of my limited experience my opinion may not hold very much weight, yet it seems to me that of the serious conditions the majority could have been prevented or the results not have been so grave, had not the parents feared the expense of hospitalization and other medical care.

The boys were much easier to manage than were the girls, the latter being admitted only for cases of eye, ear, nose and throat difficulties. For some reason or other the boys would respond more to challenges. In the private rooms, however, full-grown men (with beards) were a greater problem than were the women.

We could reason with a sick woman. They, moreover, seemed to be concerned more with some one else than with themselves, while the men thought more of themselves, of their aches and pains, and especially of their food. Perhaps self-sufficiency in youth changed with the years to self-conceit in maturity. There are exceptions to this as to other rules.

The predominating spirit in the ward was that of cooperation spiced with mischievousness. The greatest crime of one, Eddie McKenny, was bouncing up and down till the springs in the bed squaked. Little Leonard called "time out from order" by racing in a wheel chair from one end of the ward to the other and swinging into the main corridor to the exasperation of the nursing staff. He was as much at home in a wheel chair as other boys of his age are on skates, Leonard has the distinction of being one of two cases on record (I am reasonably sure of this fact) of having six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand.

Eddie and Leonard were most interesting cases in so far as their personalities were almost opposite. Eddie was moody, at times sulking, at times bubbling over with humor and mischief. He was as brave as one can expect a child of eight to be. Leonard was calmly quiet until some boyish freak challenged him to a topsyturvy playfulness. I never heard him complain. The last memory I have of both boys is that of Leonard sitting with his chin cupped in his hands and asking with moist eyes, "Are they going to hurt Eddie again?" Eddie had come to the breaking point and was crying, "Doctor, doctor, please, don't hurt me any more." A few minutes after the doctor had finished with him he carried the exhausted child to his bed. He was too tired to want to breathe. Later, he probably awoke again, a boy with his mind travelling the ways of Lord Imp.

Humor enters into a life in a hospital in proportion to one's appreciation of it in situations and persons. It is an almost absolute

necessity to have a sense of humor, and it is very seldom that one meets a nurse who has not one, especially the student.

One incident stands out in my memory as being particularly humorous—at least it was at the time. We had a rather cantankerous patient, a man who refused to believe in anything divine and acted accordingly. He was in the last stages of a heart disease and needed continuous attention. One morning the floor supervisor sent me into his room after having first instructed me in the art of keeping our friend in bed. Firm of step and grim of countenance I proceeded to the first room on the right of the corridor. The patient took one look at me, squinted his eyes and spat out the words, "God, but you've got a mean looking face." Two days later I escorted my maligner to a four-walled brick building at the back of the hospital, better known as the morgue.

One day while speaking of the hospital some one asked if there were any handsome internes there. All that I could answer was, "There are internes." Common gossip leads us to believe, however, that most of them were brilliant students, one graduating with a ninety-eight per cent, four-year average. The young men at this hospital were energetic and reliable. It is a point well worth mentioning that the contacts with the patients and the staff members usually broadens one's mental horizon, develops character, and brings to the surface all the best and most admirable qualities in men. This is particularly true of internes and nurses.

Again, I am asked, "Is nursing hard?" My answer is an emphatic "Yes." I was not registered at the hospital as a nurse nor did I have the responsibility of one. My eyes were open, nevertheless, and I saw. Do not for one moment imagine that because the nurse's uniform is white and starched her life is smooth and unmarred by seemingly impossible hardships. A nurse, to be successful and to be capable of approaching a near-happiness, must learn to think twice of others and not at all of herself. She must be willing to spend her days in devoted work for others and be all the while sympathetic, understanding and unswerving in her duties. The best nurses, as someone once told me, are the sensitive ones: they are quick to notice, precise in service and command, they are forever "on their toes." These women in white must be big enough to forget the little

things that do not count and do the little things that do count. A nurse, more than any other woman, must know how "to turn the stumbling blocks to stepping stones." Unless a woman is a true woman she never can be a true nurse. It is the perception within the pretty blue eyes,

the heart beneath the crisp white, the gentle steadiness of the smooth hands that made the immortal Florence Nightingale remain with humanity not as a beautiful memory but as a noble reality.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR

By Ambrose Nakao

I stood between two histories,
The one was past, the other yet to be;
And let my pensive spirit wander free,
As does a gull o'er tossing seas.

In peace the old year passed away;
The new year came behind him stepping in;
I stood where even now the old had been
So weary in his limbs, and grey.

Two worlds were opened to my gaze:
One snow-wrapped, shuddering while the
north wind blew,
The other veiled in mist of rosy hue
With promises of happy days.

Before the picture long I mused—
The endless cycle of existence whirled,
Until the world that had been and the world
That was to be became confused.

Yet say not so! The past may mourn
Its blighted hopes—the future offers goals
Yet higher, nobler, to ambitious souls
That know to live in days unborn.

Thou future, who can pierce thy years?
Unknown, unwritten is thy hist'ry yet.
Then when it shall be written, glorious let
It be in gold—or blood—or tears!

Dear Diary

Once more our editor is in a humorous mood, this time in the form of a diary. You will like this contribution also.

JAN. 1. Up bright and early (2:17 p. m.), anxious to begin the day's work. No work to do, so I just sat and thought about tomorrow's work. Last night was New Year Eve, so I guess that made this the first day of the year. And the first day of the year is a very appropriate day on which to inaugurate current inscriptions in this darling little five-year diary with which some kind soul was thoughtful enough to provide me on Christmas. Decided it would be my prime New Year's resolution to record diligently and scrupulously my daily actions herein. Is that the door-bell again? No, I guess that time it was inside my head. Now, what was I doing? Oh yes, I was thinking—thinking—bells—bells—drums—whistles—knives in my head—spots before my eyes—thinking—oh, what's the use? And so to bed (4:53 p. m.).

Jan. 2. Up with the break of dawn. Got a drink of water and went back to bed. Up again at a decent rising hour (10 a. m.). Went downtown today to finish the after-Christmas exchanging. Hopped on the street car and nonchalantly handed the conductor a quarter. He said hey buddy, you can't spring that here, that's a phoney. So I said oh, is that so? And he said yes, that's so. To settle the argument I dropped five pennies in the box. Met Wilbur P. riding the elevators up and down the U. B. Building and he said to me, hello. And I said hello. Then he asked if I knew that Minnie So-and-So just got married, and I said no. Then he said yeah, she eloped last week with a W. P. A. worker. I let my mouth hang open, and I guess I certainly fooled him, because I knew all along, since Minnie is my brother-in-law's great aunt's cousin's granddaughter, and I'm a bear on keeping track of my family affairs—but then I couldn't let Wilbur know that. Went in due course to the furniture store to trade a smoker for a wall mirror and made

• By Dan Hobbs

believe I was interested in a living room suite (I call it "sweet"). Tried one lounge chair and said to the salesman this is comfy enough but my feet don't touch the floor. Then a stout lady said if you'll please get offa me so's I can get up maybe your feet will touch the floor—which they did, moving very fast. Home in time to gulp dinner and keep evening date (thirty-five minutes leeway granted).

Jan. 3. Rose swiftly and won current race to the bathroom. It being Sunday I went to church. Enjoyed the sermon very much, due to entertainingly erratic action of speaker's Adam's apple when contesting with words of more than two syllables. Caught thumb and index finger in collection basket, for which I was accorded dark looks and thirty-five cents. Returned home without further mishap. Decided (2 p. m.) to catch up on school work. Then further decided that I had better have a smoke first, during which I found novel I had not finished reading. Finished novel (6 p. m.). Thought evening radio programs were better than usual.

Jan. 4. Out of bed in the middle of the night (6:30 a. m.). Classes resumed today at 8:00 a. m. (plagiarized from book of rules and regulations). Greeted old friends with best wishes of the season, and, as part of an extensive program planned for the further elevation of semester grades, informed all professors that I was "glad to be back." As day wore on I came to realize with greater and greater profundity of interest that it is now time for the formal presentation of many and varied term papers. Subject seemed familiar and upon further investigation proved to be incorporated in list of "what-to-do's" during Xmas holidays, compiled several weeks ago. Decided I must not have had time. Further decided to conduct protest meeting to picket authorities for extension of vacation for purpose of catching up on school work. Received no co-operation from faculty. Project postponed.

Jan. 5. Up betimes, following prolonged argument with alarm clock. Had choice of missing breakfast or being late for eight o'clock

class. Late again. Had the most thrilling experience today. Was sole witness to stupendous, colossal, sub-mediocre dogfight. Saw three bulldogs and a chow whip the stuffin's out of a fox terrier—wonderful fighters, these bulldogs. Well, as I was saying, I watched those canines playfully gouge hunks of raw meat out of one another's anatomy for fully three quarters of an hour, and, since it was just about supper time, I decided it would be the humane thing to do to stop the gory battle. So I determined upon a bold stroke; I grimly set my teeth and grabbed two of the warriors. Everything would have been okey-doke if the other three hadn't turned the tables on me (to use a slang expression)—that is, they grabbed me first and then grimly set their teeth. I decided these bulldogs aren't so tenacious after all, because all of them had dropped off by the time I had gotten around the square three times. Reprisals amounted to a pound of flesh and six square inches of protective fabric. Further decided it must have been a family affair.

Jan. 7.—Aha-ha-ha-ha. Looks like I must have missed a day. Can't see how it could have happened. It must have been the weather. Well, up before breakfast and briskly through my five-minute round of calisthenics, which consisted mainly of trying to close the window, pull on my trousers, and find my other shoe, all at the same time. Washed and shaved with great gusto (and that's not the name of my razor), but ate with greater gusto. Gusto vanished as I left for school, promising to be with me again at supper. Since vacation is over, decided to catch up on my school work. Made up list of studies and papers to be completed last Monday. Will get started immediately. History being the most urgent, began on the same. Great subject, history—interesting, too. Why, if it wasn't for history, just think how many writers, printers, and publishers would be out of work today. As I said to myself just the other day, thousands of people ride the buses every day. And on top of that, who are we to say what is the greatest need of our country at the present time? I guess it all resolves itself into that old adage, what's one man's meat is another man's something-or-other (it's supposed to rhyme, anyway). Next comes English, but I think I've done enough mental labor for one day. And so to bed.

Jan. 9. Well, well, well. Missed another day. Queer creatures, these mortals. Due to circumstances unforeseen and otherwise, decided to write just every other day. Having half a day free from school, decided to supervise papering of room whose walls received greatest benefit of fizz-water someone squirted around in the Battle of New Year Eve. Said fizz-water had caused incumbent wall paper to bubble in spots and places—which would still have been unnoticeable if someone else hadn't shaved off the bubbles. Decided to give a few helpful hints to paperer, during course of which I said, what is that you're smearing all over that paper, mashed potatoes? No, he says, that's the dressing out of the Christmas turkey. He sounded kinda sarcastic, so I let it go at that. Finally I said, why don't you spread the paper crosswise instead of up-and-down? And he said for the same reason that the Ethiopians never shave the hair off their legs. I laughed encouragingly, but he never did tell me the answer. Anyway, supper was ready. Remainder of the night was uneventful except that I got caught in a blizzard and became snow-blind, and I was stumbling half-frozen through ten-foot drifts, and was just about to give myself up as the victim of a tragic winter when I woke up with the sheet over my head and all the blankets on the floor. Closed the window (3 a. m.).

Jan. 12.—Came upon the turning point in my career today. Decided to discontinue further contributions to this daily personal record. Reached the height of indignation about 4 p. m. today after trying to think what I did the last three days. Came to the conclusion that a diary is a demoralizing influence upon our community, our nation, yea, even the world-at-large. How many countless thousands of lives would have been saved in the Great War if bridge parties had not been given public sanction? But that is beside the point. After due consideration, Mary Astor and myself have resolved: Never again. Besides, if I want to start again next year, when I have more time, I can just tear our three hundred and sixty-five pages and still have four years to go.

America From A Vantage Point

Read the reactions of a freshman engineer to his mother country after living in Australia for several years.

I WAS a stocky but well-built young man when I returned to the United States, a country which I can rightly call my own. The instant I left the boat on which I had lived for almost a month, I began to realize that I was a foreigner in my own country.

The statements that I am about to make might call the wrath and indignation of American citizens upon me, nevertheless I hope that they will serve as a means to enlighten those unfortunate ones who never had the good fortune to leave their country and thus be enabled to view their homeland from a different vantage point.

I left this country one of the most alert and up-to-date young men, but upon my return I discovered that I was a slow-thinking and behind-the-times young man, according to American standards. I really lived for a time, that is to say, I got away from the rush and bustle of a money-crazed country. I went to a land of which Americans know little and care not to know anything about, Australia. A country where no one earns more than 40,000 dollars a year, and these who do are exceedingly few in number. The majority of people belong to the so-called middle class. This country is a veritable paradise because men work for a re-

• By James M Leonard

spectable livelihood and not for the purpose of subordinating their neighbors. The country is the sportman's delight since there are games for all the people be they young or old. The youth indulge in football, tennis, etc., while the women enjoy croquet, and the old men are enthusiastic over the game of bowls.

This interest in healthful exercise has its effect on the moral side of man. If he can be fair and clean in competitive sports surely he will not turn around and use cheap and underhand means in business. Mankind is not built that way. In America we find men who return home from their offices only to read the papers to learn how their rivals are making out or go to the movies to be instructed in the "art" of building monopolies or how to cheat or rob on a larger scale. How many of the great business men in America are living up to the dictates of the Golden Rule, "Love your neighbor as yourself?" I do not mean to imply that all business men in America are dishonest, and thank God for that.

You can readily visualize my coming back to this country and rudely being brought in contact with the above-mentioned reality. My instinct told me to get away from the repulsive sight of men and women rushing and tearing each other in a mad quest for wealth. I voluntarily made myself a foreigner to these things by trying to do something for the love and the glory of doing it and not for the remuneration that it offered.

YEARS

By Marguerite Krebs

They come and go with ringing bells,
While hoarse and hollow horns we blow,
Which shout aloud the end of one,
And seem to say "Go faster! Go!"

And go it did; then came the new.
'Tis now a babe a few days old,
Who brought another chance to live—
To learn—to win our pot of gold!

Maria Radna

The writer gives some of his experiences on a trip made to the home of his grandparents in the Balkans. He describes a shrine of the Blessed Mother in that section of Europe and tells its history.

HIGH in the Transylvania Alps of what was once Hungary but now is Rumania, is the shrine and church of Maria Radna, which translated means Our Blessed Lady. Over the city towers the beautiful Roman structure with its two lofty spires acting as sentinels in the lazy summer day. The shrine enjoys a fame of comparatively recent origin which is unknown to the people of this country.

The story of Maria Radna, as related to me by my grandfather several years ago, is one of fascinating interest. It seems that back in 1890 the church had in its basement a small picture of the Blessed Virgin hung in a small niche. Several of the populace who were praying before the image asserted that they had seen tears of sorrow coming from the eyes, and quickly rushed to the Franciscan Fathers with the news. The priests thought this was a wild bit of imagination of the peasants, hence they discredited the story and hid the picture. But within a short time the picture mysteriously appeared in its original place and the Franciscans were faced with a bewildering problem. Did some one return the picture as a hoax or was its return miraculous? The Fathers believed the first alternative. Once again they removed the image and concealed it in some unknown hiding place and they took the necessary precautions to maintain its concealment. The doors of the church were carefully locked at night and during the day a lay brother was placed on guard. To their astonishment and to the joy of the faithful the image once more appeared in its former place. What could the priests say now? They admitted to the congregation that something unusual had occurred but they would not admit that it was a miracle. They allowed the image to remain in its place, and before very long the news spread throughout the nearby country.

Years passed but still the Franciscans refused to admit anything miraculous connected with

● By George Humm

the image. Then the World War began in 1914. The first year of the war produced nothing unusual in the neighborhood but in the winter of 1916 the victorious Roumanian army entered the city of Arad, destroyed the town and set fire to the church and razed it to the ground. Sadly the faithful gathered around the ruins of the shrine and bewailed the misfortune that had come upon them. One, more curious than his fellow searchers, ventured to descend into what was left of the basement. "She is saved! She is saved!" And thus was finally admitted a miracle.

After the war a new edifice was erected. From far and wide came worshippers to pray to the Blessed Mother and seek some special favor. The crowds of tourists and worshippers grew and soon the shrine of Maria Radna became one of the centers of interest in the Balkan countries.

For several years nothing eventful happened and then once again misfortune laid its hand on the community. For a second time fire destroyed the church before the horrified eyes of the helpless onlookers. The people wondered what would happen to the image which had been placed in the sanctuary of the new church. The image was unharmed and many were the fervent prayers of thanksgiving offered by the people. This second miraculous rescue caused many more pilgrimages to the shrine and at the present time the faithful flock to Maria Radna from all over the middle part of Europe.

When the devout worshippers began to erect a new church they built for the future and the present-day structure of Roman Art is the result. Of magnificent beauty, it is yet simple as far as architectural lines go. The lofty towers give it a distinctive air of solemnity. The interior is richly decorated. On the sides are immense pillars of marble stained in diverse colors and from the center of the roof an imposing chandelier is hung. The organ is reported to be one of the largest in Europe and after seeing it little doubt remained in my mind that it was. The altar was at first sight disappointing because it is different from the altars seen in so many of our churches over here. It was,

however, what an altar ought to be, a simple, dignified table on which to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. It was set off by a canopy of red silk.

No doubt the most interesting part of the church is the shrine itself, located in the basement and surrounded by an iron railing and a few flowers with just a few places for candles and that is all.

Behind the church are Stations of the Cross erected on a hill side. This road to Calvary climbs to the height of several hundred feet until we reach the eighth station and here we may gaze off into the distance. Below is the church, beautiful in the August sun, and farther down is the thriving city of Arad, commercialized to a great extent by the wandering nomads of the Balkans.

Descending the winding trail, we pause for a moment at the various monuments depicting Christ's sufferings and the numerous wayfare shrines of St. Francis of Assissi, the Blessed Mother and the Holy Child and others. No longer can we see the valley, not even the spires, because the trees obstruct our view. Here amid the beauty of all this a feeling of peace and solitude steals over us. We are alone. None of the noises of the world destroy our meditations, none of the everlasting pleading

of crippled beggars for alms; here we are suddenly aware of Him. Slowly, ever so slowly, we continue our downward journey and then with a few expressions of regret we are back again in the din and dust of Arad.

Often do we hear of pilgrimages undertaken to far away shrines but never have any of us actually seen one. It was while at my grandparents' home that I witnessed one of these pilgrimages. Once every year two or three hundred of the inhabitants of the villages go on these pilgrimages to Maria Radna. Those who are able, walk the entire way, while the aged and the infirm ride in the wagons. On the day the pilgrimages begin the wagons are decorated and conducted to the outskirts of the village by the parish priest. The journey is tedious and the pilgrims observe a strict fast. There is very little cooked food and that is for those who cannot stand up under the gruelling trip. Those who are strong must be satisfied with cheese and water and bread until after they have paid a visit to the church. Upon their arrival they do not immediately proceed to the shrine but rid themselves of the dust and dirt of their journey. Then those hardier pilgrims mount the three hundred odd steps up to the entrance of the church on their knees and thus bring to an end a period of silent hardship suffered for the sake of Christ and His Blessed Mother.

BEGINNING OVER

By Helen Guy

Another new has been dawning,
Has been covering the old things away.
But with us yet through a changing world,
Our cherished hope will stay.

For hope is a spark ever burning,
And will burst into instant flame,
If only we breathe of the life's breath,
And again begin life's game.

The bountiful hope of a new year,
Like breath to the embers low,
Stirs the pace of our lagging heart beat,
As winds of the new year blow.

A Glimpse of Old New Orleans

The writer wrote this article after reading *Old Creole Days*; hence he attempts a portrayal of the city before the Civil War when the French element dominated parts of the city.

NEW ORLEANS. A name that surrounds one in waves of color. The dense green of the swamps mixed with the azure of deep and winding streams. Glaring white cotton fields shimmering in a noonday haze. Finally a purple twilight that changes to sparkles of silvery blotches on a tapestry of blue. The people who live in this area are in the main of French descent. Most of them can trace their lineage without any coaxing back to the courtiers of the French kings. Evidently the French aristocracy had no qualms about associating with the quadroons, octoroons, and the mulattoes, who by a long period of racial intermixture had acquired a social position which equaled and even surpassed the position of the landed gentry of New Orleans.

The majority of the people are a listless, happy group, whose sole purpose is to breathe leisurely a spice laden air, eat of the dainties that a sub-tropical lushness provides, and assimilate the gossip of the entire city. Any country beyond their vicinity is decidedly foreign, and holds no interest for the average New Orleans family. This includes the creoles and other persons of mixed blood. Because of this lack of interest, happiness, for them, reigns supreme. Their trust in each other is explicit and it may be explained by the fact that their sense of honor is exceedingly high. They love their religion and abide by it. Their interest in their neighbors welfare is a harmless thing, and because they must do as little as possible in their waking hours, their neighbors' doings are their own and the reminiscence thereof

• By Ralph W. Funk

might be taken as sleep by an uninformed person from the Northern states, who happened to notice the profound lethargy that seems to envelope the resident quarters in the afternoon. One would almost swear that these people are asleep but any native of the city will hasten to explain that these individuals are merely ruminating upon the fortunes and misfortunes of their neighbors.

Perhaps the most picturesque of all the sections of the city is the Rue Royale. Lined by seemingly decrepit commercial houses such as auction rooms and second-hand dealers' shops, the air seems to reek with an odor of commercial decay. The homes are old but beauty still lingers in a tarnished sort of way. A heavy fragrance of old and decayed wood, mingled with the heavy aroma of palm and banana almost overpower the senses. It is a street typical of the entire city, and seems to remind one of the fact that although its exterior is shabby, its walls shelter luxury.

The streets in this section are old and walls abound with crevices and climbing vines. The houses are a picture of dull grey, intermingled with a panorama of colorful and blooming plants. Orange trees, pomegranates, fig, banana, peach, and pear, supply nature's own perfume. The appearance of the town reminds one of the tropics. Life in a section of the country like this must be the closest thing to heaven on this mortal sphere of ours.

Over all this magnificence the mighty Mississippi holds sway. A turbulent stream to behold, yet beneficial, carrying on its broad breast the weight of commerce. Dense swamps, large cypress trees, and masses of dark hanging moss grace the banks of the father of rivers. This mighty river seems to be the artery of the quaint city of New Orleans, bringing travelers and goods to this queen of all cities.

Freshman Gleanings

MODERNISM IN JUDGMENT

Have you ever gazed raspingly at one of those atrocious oil paintings which a "would be" artist has painted? You poke your nose at the landscape until you smell the sodden earth, or is it the stench of the oil? The colors mass together, one can't make them out at all. Perhaps you turn it around to see whether it is right side up or not, but then realize it must be the other way, for it looks worse than before.

Having heard that an oil is only distinguishable from a distance, you hastily prop some books behind it, then stumbling over the chairs and table you get to the other side of the room. By this time you are debating whether the artist was a master and you an amateur—well, maybe he is the amateur! Squinting your eyes to draw out the painting and to vanish the details of the room, you gaze, you stare, and then begin to throw things.

Now the artists who paint such canvasses. Some of them are modernists who know the fundamentals of painting and the use of technique, but have no knowledge of the anatomy. Therefore, their figures are helplessly obtuse and out of proportion. I recall a Pulitzer Prize artist tell a class in life study that the only reason for so much modernism in art was the lack of knowledge of the anatomy. When I look at some modern paintings, the statement he made hits me in the solar plexus.

Secondly, there are those who literally know nothing about art, but the group in which they move pat them on the back and call them artists. They are "home made" in the real sense. No understanding of layout, color or proportion. No sense of the value of light and shade, but blots of color as a child paints. These are the hopeless cases which every art critic must face many times. Oh, the helplessness of one when he views such an illiterate drawing—if only he could put some of the master's technique of Rembrandt into those faltering hands!

In direct contrast are the real artists who are masters of the palette, who actually desire to put their ideas on canvas in a way which is understandable. To study critically one of these modern paintings, is to feel a certain freshness

in this new manner of layout and color technique. Even the ideas of the true modernists are refreshing to the critic, and we see the true modernists opening a field which has never before been invaded.

How are we to take these moderns? The artist who knows better but is lacking in vision and technique, will die in his attic. That despicable character the "home-made amateur" should be ostracized from art, and will be when he attempts to break from his own set. The true modernists will live, and will rank with the other great masters, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, and Landseer.

—MAX HOUSER.

HOW TO JUDGE A RADIO PROGRAM

If college students everywhere became critical of the radio programs to which they listened and voiced their opinions to their friends, expressed their judgments in radio reviews and college papers, and wrote letters to station managers and radio sponsors, there would be a noticeable improvement in the quality of the broadcasts. But the general question would be: Where are students to get their standards?

One thing is certain. The standards will have to be your own. It is difficult to get suggestions from other sources, for in magazines or newspapers there are really no critical radio programs at all comparable with the reviews of plays, books and films. A collegiate group that would pioneer in a new field like this would be making an original contribution to critical taste.

Certain general standards I will suggest, but each listener will have to work them out for himself. They are: technical perfection, a well produced show, performance carefully chosen, and the music and sound effects realistic and effective in tying the whole program together. The entire program must show evidence of careful rehearsing and timing. The programs on small stations are sometimes dull, full of pauses and advertising plugs. The amount and the type of advertising is another phase of the

program to consider. Some half-hour programs will have as much as four or five minutes straight sales talk. It seems to me that people would refuse to buy the products which such a program attempts to advertise.

Perhaps the most important part of the program is the ability of the radio performers. Here are a few hints we might follow in making our estimate of these performers. First, is the speaker an authority on the subject he is treating or is he merely voicing the opinion of some one else? Second, are the musicians appearing on the program persons with real musical training and background, or are they lacking in reputation and ability? Third, is the drama written by a dramatist of merit or is it a bit of "hokum" prepared to order by a cheap writer? A final standard which may be applied is that of honesty. The program should make an honest attempt to be what it purports to be.

These are some standards for judging a radio program and yet they may not be the best solution of the problem. It seems to me that college students should take an active part in the attempt to form high critical standards for judging our radio programs.

—ART CULLEN.

WHY I AM GLAD I LIVE IN THE U. S.

The headlines in the newspapers tell of turmoil and conflict in all parts of the world. In Spain there is being fought what is described as one of the bloodiest wars in history. Italy with its Dictator is just closing a war with Ethiopia. In Germany there is hatred enough to burst all Europe into flames. There is danger of war in the Orient. Classes have arisen against classes, brother against brother. We read about women and children with no homes or food, about merciless killing and suffering. How it must grieve the heart of God as He sees this hatred and its manifestations. It makes me thankful that I, being not a bit better than those who are suffering, was born in this country, and have thus escaped these horrors. It causes me to stop and count my blessings.

We have freedom in this land, unheard of in others. Freedom, when not abused, is one of the greatest blessings of man. It allows the best qualities in man to develop. We can worship

and speak according to the dictates of our own conscience. We don't have to worry about losing our head if we oppose the form of government that we have. Foreigners coming to this country even notice a difference in the walk of an American. There is freedom and independence in our stride.

The United States is large and plentiful in natural resources. We have room for several times as many people as inhabit our country. Being large, we have many varieties of climate. This makes it possible to have most of the food it takes to build and maintain healthy bodies at a price that only the poorest cannot afford. Luxuries are enjoyed by classes of people in this country, who if they were living in other countries, could scarcely afford the bare necessities of life. We have large stores of minerals, coal and building material that are uncomparable.

One does not have to be born here in order to share these blessings. Foreigners who have the desire and ability can rise as high as any native. Some of the richest men in the U. S. were foreign born and came here penniless. The opportunities as well as the spirit of freedom bring out the best in man.

The United States, unlike any other country, was founded upon Christian ideals. Other countries had to struggle and overcome many superstitions and backward ways before they attained the position they now hold. Some of them still suffer from adherence to old traditions that retarded their progress. Examples of this may be found even in England. Not so with the U. S., for we have had their experiences by which to profit. Thus we have been saved some of the grave mistakes which they have made. The freedom and opportunities that we now enjoy are the results of Christian ideals. The countries where these ideals are lacking, are places of constant trouble, internal and external; the conditions of the masses is poor. Freedom and opportunity there are only for the choice few.

It has been said, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." The United States being blessed above all other countries is certainly in a position to be on the giving hand. The United States has influence, and what she does goes a long way toward setting the standard for other countries. We should strive harder to set up examples of peace and good-will with our neighbors. We might well be proud of the

steps taken by Lindbergh a few years ago, and by President Roosevelt recently, in the promotion of peace with our South American neighbors. These should weigh heavily against war, not only at home, but abroad as far as the power of example goes.

After all is said and done, why should I be the receiver of all these good things? There are millions less fortunate than I. It seems to me that people who are not doing all they can for the betterment of this great country would be ashamed if they would observe the conditions of others. I am truly thankful that I am living in the United States and am determined to support it by being a good, loyal citizen.

—EDWARD RICHEY.

COLLECTING OLD BOTTLES

Collecting old bottles is a very popular hobby. A collector of these old vials becomes very skillful in the art. He gets a thrill out of rooting through old dusty bushel baskets in the backroom or perhaps in a dark basement of some out-of-the-way antique shop looking for old bottles. Once a person's interest has been stimulated in collecting these old crude glass containers neither heaven nor earth can take him away from his collection.

After his collection has started to grow he deprives himself of many of the necessities of life for a green or perhaps an amber colored vial which will just set on the shelf. Then he will admire the old bottle filled with air and which perhaps has an odd shape. After he becomes real bottle crazy and his collection is large he begins to trade bottles with the purpose of getting a special bottle which he dreamed of ever since he developed the hobby. No matter how tired his family and friends become of hearing about his collection, he continues to talk, eat, and sleep bottles. His friends cannot see why he should get so excited over old whiskey bottles, especially since they are empty, but he carries on in spite of what they say.

Old bottles make him happy and knowing the history and the making of them makes him still happier. This part is a very interesting one, he says, and he goes to tell how a genuine old bottle may be detected by marks on the bottom.

Early bottles were made by sticking an iron rod in a pot of molten glass and twisted until a large lump of molten glass sticks to the rod. The blower tube is stuck into the glass and air is forced into the tube and it blows up the plastic glass like a balloon. Sometimes a glass is blown inside a mold leaving certain identification marks on the bottle. Before the glass is cold the iron rod first inserted into the glass is pulled out of the bottle, leaving a scar on the bottom of the bottle. The bottle collector is soon able to tell the old George Washington bottle from some other type. He can tell the rarer type from the ordinary type by the ring it will give when it is hit by the finger nail. There seems to be a hundred ways they can tell a real piece of cut glass from the ordinary moulded glass. All the collectors carry a pocket size guide book so that when they pass an antique shop they may pick out bottles at regular prices rather than be cheated by paying too much for a bottle. To be a good collector you must sacrifice some of the pleasures of life.

—HOWARD GEYER.

ON WEARING A HAT

There is a good deal to be said about wearing a hat. And yet this humorous custom of wearing a hat has been sadly neglected by scholars, scientists, poets, composers, and other "smart" people.

Man has been variously defined, as the rational animal, and so on; but to the best of my knowledge and belief, he is the only animal that wears a hat. He has become so accustomed to the habit of wearing his hat that he does not feel that he is himself out of doors without it. His hat has come to mean for him much more than a protection for his head. It is for him a symbol of his manhood. You cannot more greatly insult a man than by knocking off his hat. As a sign of his reverence, his esteem, his respect, a man bares his head. Though indeed, the contentious Mr. Somebody argues that there is no more reason for man's removing his hat in the presence of ladies than for his taking off his coat and waistcoat.

In the more complex social life of Europe the custom of lifting the hat to another man whom one thus acknowledges as his superior is much more prevalent than in our democratic

country, though in America we remove our hats in elevators upon the entrance of ladies, a practice which is not followed in England. We express great joy by casting our hats in the air. If I wish to show my contempt for you, I will wear my hat in your house; if I wish you to clear out of my house, I say, "Here's your hat"; if I am moved to admiration for you I say: "I take off my hat to you." I greatly enjoy seeing you run after your hat in the street, because you are thereby made excessively ridiculous. A hat worn tilted well back on the head indicates an open nature and a hail-fellow-well-met disposition; while a hat decidedly tilted over one eye is the sign of a hard character, and one not to be trifled with. When a man is conspicuously active in American political life "his hat is in the ring."

In bygone days it was the ambition of every small boy to be regarded as of sufficient age to possess what was termed a "dido or dice hat," what is commonly called a "derby," what in England they call a "darby," what Dickens aptly referred to as a "pot-hat," what, in one highly diverting form, is sometimes referred to on the other side as a "billycock." That singular structure for the human head, the derby hat, one time well-nigh universally worn, has now gone somewhat out of fashion and been superseded by the soft hat of smart design.

Our grandfathers wore "stove-pipe hats"; and the hats of politicians were one time frequently called "plug hats." This male head-dress, even more extraordinary than the derby, books of etiquette sometimes say you should not call a "silk hat" but a "high hat." In London but a few years ago no man ever went into the city with other than a top hat, or "topper" as they say there. It is said that the going out of general favor of the silk hat has been occasioned in a considerable degree by the popularity of raincoats in preference to umbrellas. If you observe any great crowd in England today you will find in it few hats of any kind; it is in the main a sea of caps. The American "dude" and the anti-bellum British "knot" always wore silk hats. Intoxicated gentlemen in funny pictures have always smashed their silk hats. Some men have worn a silk hat only on the occasion of their marriage.

The day in the autumn fixed by popular mandate when the straw hat is to be discarded for the season is hilariously celebrated in Wall Street by the destruction by the populace of the

straw hats of those who have had the boldness or the thoughtlessness to wear them. Colored men in livery stables, however, sometimes wear straw hats the year round. To the habit generally of wearing a hat baldness is attributed by some. And the luxuriant hair of Indians and of the cave man is pointed to as illustrating the beneficent result of not wearing a hat. And now and then somebody turns up with the idea in his head that he doesn't need a hat on it.

—PAUL HOEFLER.

GIRLS I HAVE ENCOUNTERED

Girls, from what I have been told, come under four distinct headings. By headings, I mean blond headings, red headings, brunette headings, and miscellaneous headings. The subclassifications under these are what I am going to dwell on more fully. That is, the groups known as gold diggers, bashful Annes, regulars, of which there are so few, and last but not least, the motherly type.

One of the most prominent types of girl today is the so-called gold digger. You know the type I mean. A theater, a dance, and afterwards as a night-cap, two dollars worth of sandwiches, constitute a costly evening. When I say costly, I mean the kind that J. P.'s son would think twice about. Then as a reward, the poor boy hears the next day what a cheap-skate he was the evening before.

Don't let me disillusion you who have faith, as there are other girls on this grand and glorious orb of ours. For a very good example, there is the sweet, bashful little girl, known as bashful Anne. This is the kind that talks all the while you are with her about her brother who is away at college, and of a dress that she is making. Then you escort her to the door to find an irate father, who has literally blood and thunder in his eyes, as it is almost five minutes after twelve.

Please do not give up: there are a few regular girls. Of course you can't expect a Sheba, a Venus, Helen of Troy nor a Cleopatra; but then, girls, like horses, turn up good every once in a while. Personally, I have never encountered many of this type. According to Hoyle however, there are some. Good luck to ye, earners of the bread! May you all some day discover this type.

No article would be complete without a casual remark about the motherly type. They are those who think that every year is leap year, and make more advances than Attila and the Huns made against Europe. Not only do I develop an inferiority complex when in the company of this type, but I feel like a small child being chastised by its grandmother.

In all sincerity however, I think girls are wonderful creatures, but as the old philosophers said, "an exact definition of the word creature, has never been found."

—RAYMOND KAHN.

BABY'S RESPONSIBILITY TO BE PERFECT

Did you ever stop to consider the responsibility the baby has from the "ga-ga" stage to the time of his enrollment in the kindergarten. The baby who shoulders the most responsibility in a large family is not the first one but the last one, for have not all the babies before him been perfect. He must try to excel them in every manner. If his sisters and brothers gurgled when tickled under the chin by some playful friend of the family he, of course, must do likewise; only more vigorously must he "ga" and "coo."

When his aunt exclaims "Isn't it too sweet for words?" or "I could hug it to death," he must not be loud or boisterous, but he must gurgle long and sweet, punctuating the gurgle with "ga-ga" or anything that sounds like that to aunty. This will please her so much that a wooly "bowwow" or a dollar towards baby's college education will be the result. If the baby performs flawlessly, undoubtedly he will be the proud possessor of both. Should the baby be disagreeable and cry he will probably not get a start on his college education fund or any presents.

When company comes he must realize that he is on exhibition and that his reputation for being a perfect baby must be upheld. He must allow all present to play with him, and also suppress his desire for the dangling cherries on Mrs. Brown's hat, or for grandpa's beard, or for the little girl's red braids and freckles.

At Baptism he must remember not to disgrace his family. No matter how insistently his fingers urge him to pull the minister's hair or how badly he wants to scream, he must make his fingers behave and his voice be still for the honor of the family. Thus Sundays and other days from morning till bedtime he must remember that he is the perfect baby.

—RICHARD BOECKMAN.

Book Reviews

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. FRANCIS

By Henri Gheon

The "Marriage of St. Francis" as translated by C. C. Martindale, S.J., is a very **splendid** play. Without the slightest suspicion of sentimentality, of pomposity, of pseudo-mysticism, the author gives us a **penetrating** picture of at least some of the profundity of the relatively fathomless life of Francis.

I admit that it is strange and unusual. At times I asked myself if it were realism or symbolism. To be frank the first time I read the book, I found the first scene rather disappointing. Francis Bernardone appeared slightly eccentric. But the intoxicating loveliness of the

Umbrian sunset with its sea of gold convinced me that further progress in reading would be a wise move. I admire the courage and strength of character displayed by Francis when he discovers his "Unknown Princess" to be Lady Poverty. I liked the second scene because it left me in no doubt as to reality of Francis' choice of Poverty. I liked the tenderness shown by the blessing of the three stones; the humor, when he turns the "simple minded man" into his first living stone. The third scene with clear love and pure courage in the bird's song "Praise to God" is very impressive. I thought the best point brought out was the fact that pleasure is not happiness. One well understands that life does not mean having things but doing things.

—MILDRED PERRY.

THE LIFE OF ALL LIVING

By Fulton Sheen

My first impression in reading this book was that of a child who opens a book on differential equations and is evidently nonplussed at the maze of intricacies which it finds therein. Life in all its simplicity is very complex. Even to a college sophomore there are a number of things which he will confess are rather vague in his understanding. However as I read further into this very interesting and enlightening book I became the same child who after twenty years of intensive mathematical study opens the same book on differential equations and finds them as simple as A B C. In other words the more you read in this book the more simple, the more beautiful life becomes.

Some people are apt to regard life as Birth, an interminable drudgery, Death and then nothingness. For a person holding this viewpoint I would especially advocate the reading of a book of this type. Never in all the years I have read the works of modern authors on both religious and non-religious subjects have I read such a sublime, such a soul-stirring record of the Incarnation and Redemption of mankind by an all-loving God.

Mankind in general for all his lowliness feels a certain sense of exultation and uplifting when he reads a book that places man in a position from which an Almighty God will redeem him after He had already condescended to create him. Of such a category is this book.

I have always considered the subject of philosophy as a very difficult subject to read and more especially to understand. However, strange as it may seem, this book was so very interesting and so very clearly written that I don't believe any one of average intelligence would have any difficulty in reading it. Without any intention of being disrespectful, I might compare it to the "comic" section of a newspaper. In this comparison, however, I refer only to the ease with which it may be read.

—DONALD J. COAN.

WRESTLERS WITH CHRIST

By Karl Pfleger

"Wrestlers With Christ" has for its main purpose to bring to the limelight the lives and achievements of convert literary men, who all had at least one big difficulty in their minds—a doubt in dogma which delayed their conversion. The converts, selected as subjects for this book include Bloy, Peguy, Gide, Chesterton, Dostoevsky, Soloviev, and Berdaiev, who, I believe, were chosen because they represent a small collection of characteristic types from the great spiritual family of Christ.

Of these seven immortal characters I have become especially interested in two because their lives and the ways they overcame their dogmatic difficulties are by far more interesting.

After I read this book, I fully understood that death is insignificant in comparison with that which follows—heaven or hell. I concluded this from the words of Bloy who said that he had hoped for either of two things—death or God's glory, and since he knew death was coming and that perhaps glory would follow, death was really meaningless.

Chesterton's type, as classed by the author appealed to me inasmuch as his "quest for adventure" was realized in the Church. Bloy says of Chesterton, "He is all for gaiety, struggle, and adventure, and Christianity brings him into the arena of the most tense spiritual activity."

I put "Wrestlers With Christ" as a near substitute for "Lives of the Saints" since its worth in good example and fine interpretation of God's law is on a very high level.

—TYRUS D. WINTER.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

POLYNESIAN PIPE

I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS

FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR

SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT

PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?

CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE

THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING—LIKED IT—AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN

HERE IT IS—A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE

NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW

IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH PRINCE ALBERT EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE

OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH

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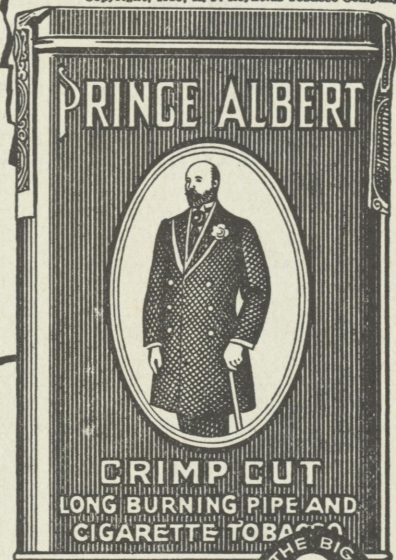
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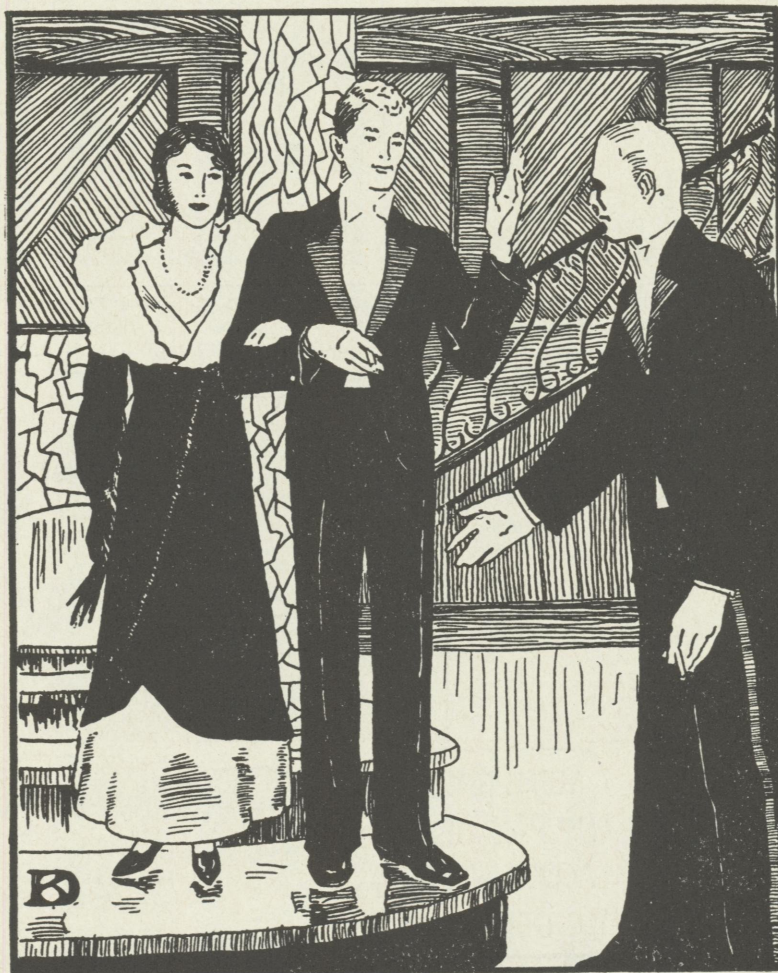
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