

3-1-1937

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University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, March 1937" (1937). *The Exponent*. 277.  
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# THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT



*March, 1937*



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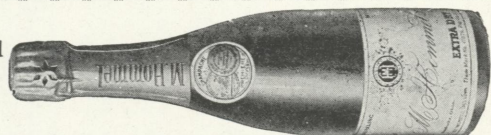
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# THE University of Dayton Exponent

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Vol. XXXIV

MARCH, 1937

No. 3

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A list of the authors and their contributions for

March, 1937

EDITORIAL .....	
A MODERN MUSE .....	Ambrose Nakao
THE LOST CONTINENT .....	William P. O'Connor
THE SHAMROCK (A Poem) .....	S. M. F.
CAPTAIN TIDD SEES RED .....	Ernest Sharpe
JUST A BOOK .....	Marguerite M. Parrish
SONNY .....	Frank Kennedy
WHITHER THEN? (A Poem) .....	T. J. Vincent
IN THE REALM OF ART .....	Prof. Frank M. Ludewig
POTPOURRI .....	Charles Burns, Benjamin P. Mauborgne, June L. Richart, John J. Lemming
THY FACE (A Poem) .....	Ambrose Nakao
BOOK REVIEWS .....	Martin J. Hillenbrand, Ralph Niehaus, John McCluskey, James Martin, Mildred Perry

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Published Monthly from October to May, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of  
The University of Dayton

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Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3,  
1917, authorized December 17, 1920.

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Subscriptions .....Two Dollars, Yearly in Advance  
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Address all communications to

THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON, DAYTON, OHIO





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Advertising—DAVID ISRAEL

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Vol. XXXIV

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## THE ART COLLECTION

Have you seen the art collection in the lecture room of the Albert Emanuel Library? These masterpieces were brought to the Library by Professor Frank Ludewig expressly for the students of the University of Dayton. Professor Ludewig maintains, and rightly so, that a love for art and the finer things of life can be inculcated only in an atmosphere in which we breathe a love for these things. Instruction alone is not sufficient. We must come in contact with art by looking at masterpieces, with literature by reading great books and with music by listening to the productions of the masters. And this is precisely why the Professor has a display in the Library.

Education has for its purpose to suit us for our place in life, but more especially to develop those finer tendencies in our nature which crave the very best in the world of the fine arts. The University of Dayton, through Professor Ludewig, is making a very special effort to bring you in contact with the best in painting. Ask yourself how you have responded to the efforts made by the University in your behalf.

Lectures are given from time to time in the lecture room of the library explaining the art collection and proposing canons of criticism by which the works of art are to be judged. Watch the dates for these lectures and drop in at the library on the dates announced. The editor has asked Professor Ludewig to write an article for this edition of The Exponent giving a brief explanation of the art collection in the Library.

## PUBLIC FORUMS

Public forums are, in the words of J. W. Studebaker, Commissioner of Education and Administrator of the Program, "a step forward in free public discussion, at a time when free speech and assembly are being suppressed in many parts of the world."

Experimental work, carried on by the American Association for Adult Education, had proved the project worth while and so, late in 1935, funds were allocated by the government under the F.E.R.A. for the establishment of demonstration centers distributed over the country. The actual administration of the program is in the hands of the local educational authorities assisted by an advisory committee.

Forum leaders are men and women who are authorities in the subjects which they present. As the name indicates, they are leaders, not lecturers. Their role is to arouse enlightened discussion and further study of the problem under consideration. They are not to serve as mouth-pieces of propaganda for governmental policies. Their opinions are their own. Through a mutual interchange of views, an educated citizenship can be created. There is no doubt that such a project will be valuable in enabling the government to discover the sentiments of the people at large.

Are college men and women interested in national and world problems? Their attendance and active participation in such forums may furnish an answer to this question.



# A Modern Muse

• By Ambrose Nakao

This article is a critical appreciation of the late English poet, A. E. Housman, by a promising young poet who is a regular contributor to the Exponent. Read the article and ask yourself if you agree with the writer's conclusions.

**I**S the age of poetry over, like the age of chivalry? People always link up poetry with Milton and Shakespeare. True, these are not antediluvian names, but, for all that, Puritanism is a historical memory and so are Sir Lucy's deer. But the torch of poetic genius still burns, as it has burnt through the ages. Some may argue that the wretched stuff turned out by the so-called poets of the twentieth century is not poetry; it's not even madness; it's just bad grammar. But I will still maintain that the Muse is immortal.

On April 30, 1936, in an Oxford nursing-home, Alfred Edward Housman lay on his low white bed, dead. Who was he? He was born March 26, 1859, at the Valley House, Fochbury, a little out-of-the way hamlet in Worcestershire, some two miles removed from Bromsgrove. In 1870, he was elected to the foundation scholarship at the Grammar School of King Edward VI, Bromsgrove (commonly called Bromsgrove School). Here the boy distinguished himself by his proficiency in the classical subjects, besides English verse, French, etc. In 1881, he graduated from Oxford, and returning to his native hamlet, taught at Bromsgrove School for a year. In 1882, Housman accepted the position of clerk in the Patent Office, London. His office work was light and Housman diligently devoted all his spare time to reading, study, and verse-making; and it is during this period that his papers on Horace, Ovid, Propertius, etc., made their appearance. In 1892, Housman replaced the late Professor Alfred Goodwin in the Latin chair at University College, London. Four years after his election, he published his little masterpiece, "A Shropshire Lad." A period of another four years elapsed and our poet was finally elected professor of Latin at Cambridge. The

year 1922 witnessed the publication of Housman's second volume of lyrics, entitled, significantly, "Last Poems." The date of his death has already been mentioned.

"An eccentric recluse"—someone has written of A. E. Housman. A recluse he may have been; but eccentricity was certainly not his gift. I think Housman was as sane a man as lived, and among writers, he was easily the sanest. Housman combed his hair; Jack London wouldn't. Housman wore a tie; John Steinbeck doesn't. But after all, these are polite conventions that need not bother anyone who has better things to do than just be conventional (not, however, in the least, to insinuate thereby that Housman was conventional). It is in his poems that A. E. H. shows his calm, even audacious, sanity. Compare W. C. Williams' "To An Elder Poet"—

To be able  
and not to do it—

Still as a flower.

No flame,  
a flower spent  
with heat—

lovely flower  
hanging  
in the rain.

Never!

Soberly  
whiter than day—

Wait forever  
shaken by the rain  
forever!

—with Housman's "Hughley Steeple"—

The vane on Hughley steeple  
Veers bright, a far-known sign,  
And there lie Hughley people,  
And there lie friends of mine.

Tall in their midst the tower  
Divides the shade and sun,  
And the clock strikes the hour  
And tells the time to none.



Thank God, Housman at least was a poet honest enough to count his feet, and curious enough to find for his reader a real rhyme for "steeple." Art must be free, but it must not be wild. Here is dogma: "Art must smart." Blank verse may be a tolerable concession, but free verse is open rebellion. It is the triumph of sloth over labor. It is substituting lack of finish for spontaneity, and an amazing abundance of dashes for elegance.

Critics seem to have decided that Housman was a confirmed pessimist. But who do they think is the man who made a marble statue utter these words of Christian fortitude:

Years, when you lay down your ill,  
I shall stand, and bear it still.  
Courage, lad, 'tis not for long?

And what pessimist can make such beautiful sketches from Nature as the following:

Once in the wind of morning  
I ranged the thymy wold;  
The world-wide air was azure  
And all the brooks ran gold?

But Housman's was too keen a sensitivity to be drugged by the opium of inane optimism:

Now in Maytime to the wicket  
Out I march with bat and pad;  
See the son of grief at cricket  
Trying to be glad.

I could hardly conceive of romance as being compatible with the life and work of a Cambridge Latin professor. Yet the melancholy burden of these lines is too evident:

White in the moon the long road lies,  
The moon stands blank above;  
White in the moon the long road lies  
That leads me from my love.

But the poet seems to express his indignation at those who accuse him of such weakness in the following lines:

His folly has not fellow  
Beneath the blue of day  
That gives to man or woman  
His heart and soul away.

Are we justified on the force of these analyses of his poems in saying that Housman was inconsistent and self-contradictory? It will take a long, long time before I shall be ready to grant such a crucial point. If Housman does seem inconsistent and self-contradictory (which he doesn't) it is simply because he is sincere. I cannot see how a man or a woman can be sincere and, at the same time, consistent, that is, invariably entertaining the same views and upholding the same beliefs through the thousands vicissitudes and disappointments of life. I cannot understand how Milton could **always** be sublime; or Mrs. Hemans **always** melancholy; or Burns **always** amatory; or Longfellow **always** hopeful.

I can just imagine Housman in his little room, packed with books and papers, writing

Far in a western brookland  
That bred me long ago  
The poplars stand and tremble  
By pools I used to know,

or these exquisitely beautiful lines:

With rue my heart is laden  
For golden friends I had,  
For many a rose-lipt maiden  
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping  
The lightfoot boys are laid;  
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping  
In fields where roses fade.

Housman was a poor, friendless fellow, with no place to go but his empty cell, with no one to talk to but his wretched self, and with nothing to find fault with but destiny.



# The Lost Continent

• By William P. O'Connor

Bill writes a variation of an old theme in which he carries us far away under the sea to the lost continent. The humor of the story will cause you to like it.

**G**REAT waves enveloped our small craft and the angry sea tossed it about like a cat mauls a mouse. Our mast was down, our rudder was broken and we knew it but a matter of time before Davy Jones would have several guests to keep him company. We had been fishing off the Newfoundland coast but by this time, our captain had told us, we were somewhere in the middle of the south Atlantic, miles from nowhere.

Suddenly a wave that was a good double for the Wall of China, raced over the deck. The schooner rocked and I was flung into the briny deep. My mind went blank and when I recovered consciousness I discovered myself lying on a rocky floor. Above me I could hear the constant drone of the sea and it was with great amazement that I viewed my haven. As my head cleared the vague outline of a cavern emerged. Jagged rocks formed the walls and ceiling while the floor was one solid sheet of smooth stone that showed centuries of wear by the sea. Being sufficiently recovered from my sudden transport to what seemed to me to be the next world, I experienced what psychologists call one of the dominant human urges—hunger.

I did not have the pleasure of placing my legs beneath a table for many days hence, I decided to explore my surroundings in quest of a pot of gold which I hoped would turn into a hamburger sandwich. Since east was west, and west east to me, it didn't make much difference which direction I took. Saying "Eenie, meenie, meenie, mo," I started in the direction designated by "mo."

What seemed to me to be hours elapsed and when I was about to drop from exhaustion, a faint golden ray pierced the gloom of my sub-

terranean prison and with invigorated effort I pushed forward. My gaze was riveted on the light which grew and grew as I stumbled toward it. At last the aperture was reached and with a cry of joy I plunged into the open.

The shock I received at the sight must be similar to the jolt received by a man in the electric chair. There before me was a city built in the style of the ancient city of Rome with massive temples, a rotund amphitheater, and gigantic archways.

Fear gripped me for where there were buildings there must be life, and would that life prove friendly to a stranger. But hunger knows no fear, so my quest for food proved to be a slave-master that constantly drove me onward when my faint heart would have counseled retreat.

At last a human being appeared and a queer looking chap he was. Dressed in what looked to be a kimona but which later proved to be a toga, he was driving a chariot and seemed to be in a big hurry. Hailing him, I was surprised to see the apple-cart halt and my friend jump down saying:

"Who is it that stops the great Caesar?"

"Caesar!" I exclaimed, "why he has been dead for centuries. Listen brother, I don't care if you're Caesar, Napoleon or Pericles, but can you tell me where I can grace my stomach with some victuals."

"Napoleon, Pericles; say do you know them?" he interrogated.

"Know them! Why I'm related to them," I sarcastically replied.

"Well friend, welcome. A thousand welcomes to Atlantis, abode of the immortals," was the answer.

Atlantis! The name was familiar. Sure, the lost continent that had sunk beneath the sea, centuries and centuries ago. But where, when, and how did these men get here. Caesar, Napoleon, Pericles. Somebody was dazed and



I'm afraid it was I. Not asking my friend any more questions I accepted his invitation to board the soap-box on wheels and away we sped over rocky streets.

Finally the chariot came to a halt before a palatial building which my imperial friend told me was the home of Napoleon Bonaparte. We leaped to the ground and made our way to the entrance. A woman opened the door and to her Caesar addressed himself: "A thousand pardons Josephine, but is Napoleon at home. A relative of his is here."

At the name Napoleon, Josephine broke into tears and exclaimed, "Why he is out with Madame Pompadour."

Caesar became very sympathetic and consoled the empress while I stood there as hungry as a horse. At last Josephine stopped weeping and invited us in. Now, I didn't like to come in on anybody in the midst of family trouble, but I needed food and needed it in a hurry.

After dropping about a thousand hints, I finally managed to let her know that a little food wouldn't be scorned. She chirped out, "Would monsieur like a bite or two?"

Replying that a bite or three might be better, I excused her as she retired to bring the food.

Since the realization that my quest was near its end quieted my troubled mind, I turned to Caesar and inquired: "Say, I don't know which of us is crazy, but what's this all about? You,

Josephine, Napoleon and Pericles here in Atlantis, the lost continent. How did it happen?"

"It's a long story," he replied, "I've been here a long time although I'm not the oldest. Any great historical character, when he or she dies, comes to Atlantis. Why we got everybody here, including Alexander the Great, Louis XIV and Henry VIII. Henry wanted to bring all his wives but we decided that one was enough."

With this history in mind, I asked him about Napoleon.

"Nap's all right," he replied, "but that Pompadour. Josephine, of course, feels pretty bad about it and you can't blame her because Nap's her husband."

At this time Josephine again graced our presence with her radiant beauty. But it wasn't with her beauty that I was concerned this time but with a table that she was pushing. On it rested a brown roast of beef, a plate of baked potatoes, asparagus tips, fluffy bread, golden butter, spinach (I don't like spinach but I could eat nails now) and everything else imaginable. My tongue hung out of my mouth, my eyes centered on the table and Josephine didn't have to repeat, "first call for dinner."

With fork and knife in hand I was about to begin, when I felt somebody shaking me and saying: "Say, you can't sleep in class. What do you think this is—a flophouse?"

Drat, history professors.

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## THE SHAMROCK

By S. M. F.

Mystic trefoil leaf of green,  
Grown 'neath Erin's skies serene,  
Scenting Erin's sod—  
Well dost thou our love still hold,  
Well hast thou thy message told  
Of the Triune God.

Deep in Erin's loyal hearts,  
Exiled oft to world-wide parts  
Lives the Faith divine—  
Bright as when of yore embraced,  
True as when Saint Patrick traced  
God's Trinity in thine.



# Captain Tidd Sees Red

• By Ernest Sharpe

**P**LACE: Approximately—the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Actually—37 degrees Longitude, 30 degrees Latitude.

Time: Enough.

Scene: Two human-looking objects are drifting aimlessly, forlornly in a small, water-logged punt. To be specific, we have two men in a boat. The middle-aged, unshaven one is Captain Tidd and his bearded companion is First-Class Seaman Seymoan. Any B.A. will soon perceive that they are evidently shipwrecked. As our little melodrama makes its debut, the two men are seen slumping moodily in the tossing boat. The sea is clear and calm; not a cloud, an island or a ship is in sight. Neither man has spoken for some time. (Orchestra plays "Hearts and Roses").

Captain Tidd looks up suddenly; his eyes are bright with an idea—or fever. He speaks:

Tidd: Hey! You!

Seymoan (listlessly): Who? Me?

Tidd: Of course, you lame-brain! Who did you think I was talking to, that man who just walked past?

Seymoan: Well, sir. I don't really know now. I read once in the Bible where——.

Tidd: This is no place to be talikng about Bibles and death and——.

Seymoan (indignantly): Didn't say nothin' about death, sir.

Tidd: Shut up! I got an idea. Now it's this way—Shut up!

Seymoan (hurt): Just yawning, sir.

Tidd: So! You don't think my idea is any good, is that it?

Seymoan (in a superior tone): Don't rightly know yet, sir. Yuh ain't said as what it is, sir.

Page eight

Tidd: Well, if you keep quiet a while and let me get a word in edge-wise—Here's the idea. Now all we got to do is find out where we are and then——.

Seymoan: I'd ruther a ship found out where we are! Har! Har!

Tidd: So you think it's funny, do you? Me, the best Captain on the Line, loses his first ship; all my men are bobbing around like corks in a mud puddle and you sit there roaring like a fool! Arrup! (a snort of disgust).

Seymoan: Oh, No, sir! I don't think it's funny. I feel it jes' as bad as you, only I'm stoyhical!

Tidd: You're what!

Seymoan: Stow—stoy—ah—I don't show my feelings like you do, sir.

Tidd: Oh! You don't, don't you! So, I do, do I! Well, how do you think I got to be Captain—on my great emotional powers? So, Buster Keaton would make a better Master, would he! Well, I can act better than you, you whippersnapper!

Seymoan sniffs deprecatingly——.

Tidd: What did you say? Shut up! Did you ever see Hamlet in the play "King Lear"? Now there's acting! I did that part once! (Clears throat). "Lay on, Macduff! And damned be him that first cries: 'Hold, enough'!"

Seymoan (anxiously): Maybe you'd better lay down, sir. That sun's kinda hot and——.

Tidd: "I will not yield to kiss the ground at"—Eh! What's that? What's that?

Seymoan: Are you feeling all right, sir? No spots before the eyes or elephants or anything?

Tidd: Don't be a fool, you fool! Where would you find elephants in this climate?

Seymoan: I just thought——.



Tidd: So that's what made you talk like an idiot! Well, from now on speak without thinking!

Seymoan (dubiously): I'll try, sir.

Silence—Captain Tidd slumps down into his corner of the boat; his eyes become glassy; he is in a stupor. Seaman Seymoan is in the same condition as the Captain but there is no change in his outward appearance.

Seymoan (meekly): Beg pardon, sir, but did you have an idea, sir?

Tidd: Oh—what's the use! (Slumps down farther).

Seymoan: Sir?

Tidd: I said—"Oh, what's the use!" (Slumps down still farther).

Seymoan (brightly): "While there's life there's hope, sir!"

Tidd (sourly): Who said I was alive!

Seymoan, unable to appreciate sarcasm, becomes really worried—.

Seymoan: But you really are, sir!—Or, are you?

Tidd: Of course, I am! Crack-brain!

Seymoan: But I thought—.

Tidd: Thinking again, eh?

Seymoan (emphatically): Oh, **No**, sir?

Silence. (More slumping. This is almost as big a slump as the 1929 one.)

Tidd: Have you ever been in love, Seymoan?

Seymoan (smugly): Oh, I've been around, sir!

Tidd: Any blondes?

Seymoan (flicks an imaginary spot from his muddy, battered coat sleeve): Oh, a few, sir.

Tidd: Any brunettes?

Seymoan (titters): Now, there's my field, sir! He starts to recount his conquests when he notices that Captain Tidd has again slumped down. Nevertheless he begins—.

Seymoan: Would you care to hear about my—.

Tidd: No.

Seymoan, with his finer feelings greatly injured, lapses back into sullen silence.

A short time later.

Tidd: Any red-heads? (Sighs).

Seymoan: Sir?

Tidd: Ever been in love with a red-head?

Seymoan (horrified): Thank God, **No**, Sir!

Tidd: They are rather different, aren't they?

Seymoan (stunned): Different? **Different**, sir? They're dynamite!

A short spell of silence.

Tidd: I met her in Huehuetenango.

Seymoan: Sir?

Tidd: I mean the red-headed girl. Huehuetenango is a little part of Guatemala, across the Mexican border. I was just running around then, looking for revolutions, and good whiskey, and keeping away from red-heads. But you know how it is. (Sighs). Her name was Aurora. I remember the first time I saw her; she was lashing a spy with a bull-whip. Gee! She was cute! Every time the sun shone on her hair, it flashed like a signal-lamp. I joined her band—Oh, that's right, you didn't know that she was organizing a revolution in that part of Guatemala, did you?

Seymoan: Hardly, sir.

Tidd: Well, she was. Yes siree! She'd hunt up a little state like Huehuetenango that was being robbed by a tyrant and then start a revolt. And she'd usually win! Fight! Why, she could fight better than you!

Seymoan (his finer sensibilities hurt): I am not a fighting man, sir.



Tidd: Well, even if you were, she could beat you to the draw eleven times out of ten!

Seymoan (stiffly): Possibly, sir.

Tidd: Undoubtedly, you—you amoeba! Well, anyway, she was practically running that part of the world, so I joins up. And, me being the only other American, besides her, she makes me her right-hand-man. And life goes along, we keeps on winning and I keeps on falling in love with Aurora. Pretty soon, things gets so bad, what with me not having the nerve to pop the question to her and her not guessing that I'm wild about her, that I decides to do something desperate. Well, just as I walks into her house to throw myself at her feet, I sees her giving the glad hand to another white man who must have just dropped in. She throws her arms around him, and yells "Reggie!"

Seymoan: You mean, sir, that you had competition—that she was in love with this "Reggie" fellow?

Tidd: You astound me, Seymoan! How did you ever figure it out?

Seymoan: I was exceptionally bright as a boy, sir.

Tidd: But that was years ago! Now don't interrupt me. Since I hadn't even asked her and since she seemed so glad to see this Reggie, I figured that the best place for me to be was some place else. So, I heads back for the States and lands in New York, just in time for the "Great War." By the time I had settled that, the Navy had hooked me. I've been on this blasted "Pond" ever since. (Becoming oratorical). Through hard work and sacrifice, I have risen from deck-nurse to Master of my own ship. Yes siree! A real, full-fledged Captain!

Seymoan: Begging your pardon, sir, but without a ship, if I may say so, sir!

Tidd (unhearing): But what is fame? What is fame without love? Ah! Without love, man is but a shell! (Flings his arm, dramatically). Wherefor does—What! No ship! Oh, yes! Yes, indeed! We are shipwrecked, aren't we?

Seymoan: Such would appear to be the case, sir.

Tidd: Well, don't sit there like a gibbering idiot, do something!

Seymoan: Begging your pardon, sir, but what, sir?

Tidd: Ah—Oh—I see what you mean; well hand me the glasses. There may be something around us except water.

Seymoan (resignedly): I doubt it, sir. Beg pardon, sir, but did you ever read the "Ancient Mariner"?

Tidd: I may have! I may have! Why? (He is busily engaged in scanning the sea with the binoculars).

Seymoan: Oh, I don't know, sir. Only, his story kinda reminds me of us, sir. Only one difference,—He was rescued!

Tidd: Shut up! I see something!

Seymoan: A ship, sir, a ship? Is it a ship?

Tidd: It's—It can't be!—But, it is! It's her—It's she—It's Aurora!

Seymoan (sinks back in disgust): It's the heat again—another of the mirages, like that "Hamlet" stuff!

Tidd: It's been twenty years but I'd remember that hair anywhere! Look at it flash! Seymoan, we're saved! We're saved; (Begins singing it).

Seymoan: Begging pardon, sir, but I fear it's another mirage, sir. Just lie down and take things easy for a while and I'm sure—.

Tidd: Lie down! Lie down! No! you fool, no! Stand up! Stand up and shout!

Seymoan (patiently): Very well, sir. (Weakly). Hello the ship! Hello—.

Tidd (raging): YELL!

Seymoan staggers back from the force of the vibrations in the voice of his Captain. As he sits down heavily, his gaze falls upon a bobbing speck to the east. "It's a ship, sir! It's a ship!"

Tidd: Of course it is, you fool; Wave your arms!

This advice is wasted on Seymoan, for he is already leaping about like a gazelle, making



at least twenty feet straight up each time. The small punt is in danger of capsizing. Tidd calms the man, however, in time.

Tidd and Seymoan (in duet): They see us.

(Orchestra plays "Happy Days Are Here again.")

Together the two men do a dance step that Veloz and Yolanda would have envied, had they been there, which they weren't, of course. Within ten minutes the men are being hauled aboard a small tramp schooner which to their prejudiced eyes looks like the "Queen Mary." At the top of the rope-ladder, the majority of the crew is gathered around, obviously for the purpose of greeting the callers. In the approximate center of the group, there is a blaze of glorious, flaming, red hair. Beneath it is the features and form of a middle-aged but undeniably handsome woman. At sight of her Tidd bellows in his "Low C" voice: "Awroara!" The woman in the case hits one not lower in her reciprocal "Algernon!" Captain Tidd covers the remaining distance in record time and they kiss. After, approximately, fifteen minutes of explanations and "it was all my fault" conversation, the lovers realize that they are not alone. Coyly, they look about them. The first object that meets the eye of Captain Tidd is a handsome, middle-aged fellow, who seems to be definitely not in favor of the manner in which Aurora greeted Algernon, the Prodigal. With a start, Captain Tidd recognizes "Reggie," the man whom Aurora had greeted so effusively same twenty years back in the little state of Huehuetenango. Remember? Well, I don't. Reggie speaks.

Reggie: Evidently, Aurora, my dear, you know this—uh—person? I don't believe I have that pleasure. (English accent).

Aurora: Oh yeah, Reggie, this is Algy Tidd, yuh know, the guy I bin lookin' fer all the time. Algy, this is muh brudder, Reggie! He's gone English on muh but outsider that he's oke!

Tidd: Your—your—Your Brother!

Aurora: Sure, muh brudder. Why, ain't I allowed to have one of them things? If you say so, my little asparagus tip, I'll get rid of him.

Tidd: Oh, no! That's all right, only I thought—.

Aurora: I don't care what yuh thought; you're through thinkin' from now on! Me an' you's gonna git hitched and I do the thinkin' in our family.

Tidd (dazed): Yes, my love. Just as you say, my love.

Aurora: Hi, you Captain! Come along! We want a wedding ceremony!

And with these triumphant words, we leave Captain Tidd to his fate. Ah! Me! Such a life! To be saved from a merciful death at sea and then fall into the web of a woman—and a red-headed one at that. But perhaps Captain Tidd has not been sacrificed in vain. If all you poor, innocent, unsuspecting youth will but profit by this lesson and remember what not to do when shipwrecked—then, Algernon has not been lost in vain.

As for First Class Seaman Seymoan, he wended his weary, "stoyhical" way from deck-nurse to mate—to Captain. At last reports, he was sailing the New York to New Jersey line and so far not a single complaint has been lodged against his ferry-business. A truly self-made man.

CURTAIN.



# Just a Book

This delightful adventure into the world of books will please you very much. We are sorry that the author has not been with us before, but her excuse is that when she is not in class she is on duty at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

**O**F all the gifts that God has given us time is the most precious, for upon time our right to heaven depends. What man on his death-bed would not give his fortune for a moment more of time? And there is one thing we all need in our journey through life. Whatever time may bring us we cannot get along without a friend. We come into life alone and we go out of life alone but few of us can live our lives alone. And now, dear reader, I ask you, what is our third great need? Books—books—books, good literature of all kinds. It is true that a good book is one of the dearest possessions in all the world. How happy is he who has a favorite bit of poetry, a favorite essay which he can read and muse over?

Books are golden things, precious gifts, for books, which we all share alike, will stand by us in happiness and sorrow, ready to guide us and help us. When death is drawing near old and young, rich and poor alike ask for the Bible. But the Bible is more than a great sacred book; it is also our greatest literary heritage. There is no other book worded with more haunting beauty. All phases of life and thought are dealt with and practically all forms of literature are included in its pages: stories, biographies, letters, orations, prayers and hymns. The vigor and dramatic force, the beauty and grandeur have not been excelled in any other writing.

When you are "down in the dumps" your so-called college friends will say, "Gee, but you are grumpy today," and walk off and leave you to your troubles, but will the story-people of Charles Dickens run away? No, they will stay, they will comfort you. Some of these people are ludicrous or grotesque, some pathetic or lovable, but there is not one who fails to move the reader to laughter or tears. What interesting friends, what a variety of friends! Perky, for instance, Mr. Pickwick's solicitor; isn't he a perky fellow? And old Buzfuz, can't you

• By Marguerite M. Parrish

hear him: "Chops and tomato sauce! Gracious heavens, men of the jury!" And Jingle, the gay and unscrupulous adventurer; Bob Trotter always trotting at his heels; the genial old Tony Weller; Bob Sawyer, the swaggering young medical student who called the waiters by their first names; Stiggins, the red-nosed old hypocrite in threadbare clothing, who spent so much time at the Marquis of Granby tavern. Can't you see them all and hear their clever speeches? Doesn't the very mention of their names revive your good spirits?

Have you ever noticed what happens to you in the Spring when the earth begins to warm and the air has that funny tingle to it? You do not want to talk then just the ordinary words. They are too dull and everyday-like. You want to shout and sing and make queer noises that don't exactly make any words but that somehow mean more to you than words. It is the same in autumn at twilight, only that you don't feel happy but queer and sad. What you want then is poetry. Prose—words put together in the ordinary way—is all right to say what you think, but when you are glad or sad, and want to say what you feel, you need something with rhythm to it, something that says more than the words can possibly say. For words are like half-dead flowers and can explain only a part of our mysterious and glorious feelings and dreams.

When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:

"The world is so full of a number of things  
I'm sure we should all be happy as kings,"

it is not what he said, but what he suggested without really saying it that makes you like it so much. It is your imagination that causes a happy thrill of joy in your heart, that makes the dull day rosey, that takes away the storm clouds and makes life more worthwhile. It is the number of things that you yourself want that makes those little lines what they are. For what poetry does to words is to add to them, by suggesting things they can't say, just those glorious dreams and mysterious feelings which are inside of every person that reads them.

Even the little nonsense verses in "Alice in Wonderland" are charming in their own delightful way.



"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooon! Callay!  
He chortled in his joy."

In this verse the delight you feel is due to the mere sound, not to the sense of the words. You couldn't find definitions to many of the words even if you tried. The words mean just what you wish them to. "Jabberwock," for example, might be a dragon or a knight. The verse can have an entirely different meaning for you than it has for me. You add something of your own. Half of your delight in the childish verse is that which you add.

And have you ever read the story of this great world of ours? If you have not you miss at least three-quarters of the fun of living. Nature's book is one of the most fascinating books in all the world, for it is made up of living stories, always changing, always new. It is a book full of adventure and excitement, crowded with tales of mystery in which each one plays the part of a detective. Never can you get tired of this book, no matter how long you read it or how old you grow, for it is the Book of the Earth which is our home and the Book of the the Life which we live. These books inspire enthusiasm in the eyes of the reader for the wild beauties of God's out-of-doors, and show how to gather up and follow to the end some of the frayed-out threads of the mystery of nature. These books are as varying as the seasons and make the reader desire to turn the pages of Nature's book and solve its mysteries and puzzles.

"A fiery mist and a planet  
A crystal and a cell;  
A jelly fish and a saurian,  
And the caves where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty  
And a face turned from the clod,  
Some call it evolution,  
And others call it God."

Did I hear some history student say, "Well, I know one dull book." Why, my good friend, to read history is like visiting strange, far-off lands. Like travel, it takes us out of the narrowness and commonplaceness of everyday life, and shows us the wonderful panorama of man in his slow ascent from earliest savagery to modern civilization. The stupendous tale goes back to the patriarchs with their flocks and herds, to the keen-eyed Greek, to the stately Roman, the watching Jew, the uncouth Goth, the horrid Hun, the settled picture of the unchanging

East, the restless shifting of the rapid West, the rise of the cold and classical civilization, its fall, the rough impetuous Middle Ages, the vague, warm pictures of ourselves and home. Are you looking for your history book?

There are those who cannot read poetry, who see nothing beautiful or worthwhile in the marvelous books that surround them. Poor, dreary souls! They have no imagination. Think of the men who work in things unseen, the great kings of science who peer into the invisible, who weigh the earth and measure the stars, who ponder over the mystery of physical life itself until they seem to be almost solving it, when the secret slips away. Will these men find it out one day? Will these men give us longer life, or kill disease, or drive back death? Why the events of every hour can thrill the imagination of him who is not deaf and dumb and blind. The old, old story that thrills us as we sit remembering by the fire, the book that stirs the mind and opens up another world to us, the poem that grips the heart as in a vise and carries the mind to far-off places and to other days, all these are yours for the asking. Poor, dreary soul who does not have these pleasures—he loses half the fun and much of the truth and beauty and glory of human life.

Books are experiences in the life of others which enter into your personality and become a part of you. No matter how rich and varied the experiences of your life, a new world yet untravelled beckons you on. There are many ways by which you can travel the yet-untravelled world. Poems, one of the most common ways, are like doors which you can open at will, and through them you can pass out of the little world of your own knowledge into a bigger world of imaginations and beliefs. One poem may open the way to a fairy garden, another may lead you to the daring deeds of Beowulf, and another may lead you to the beautiful Lady of the Lake.

These are only a few of the things that good literature can do for you and a few of the paths into which it can lead you. By reading you can travel on and on until at last, like the poet Keats when he looked into Chapman's translation of Homer, you can make discoveries undreamed of.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swings into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent upon a peak in Darien."



# Sonny

The writer gives us a gripping story of the mountain folk that you will enjoy very much. Do not fail to read it.

SHE stood at the front window with the curtain slightly drawn, peering at a dilapidated flivver that labored up the muddy trail through the pasture. The car stopped with a final chug in the front yard. She opened the cabin door and stepped out on the rock porch, a small pleasant-faced woman in faded gingham.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Gale," the ruddy, mustached driver said courteously, taking off his hat with a flourish.

"Howdy, Sheriff. Won't you 'light and come in?" she asked in a cheerful drawling voice, thin hands fixing her knot of gray hair.

"I'd be glad to, Mrs. Gale," he said solemnly.

He got out and followed her into the cabin. He entered awkwardly, hat in hand, and gazed around the small low-ceilinged room. A radio cabinet stood in one corner of it.

"Got you a new radio, Mrs. Gale?" he asked, ill at ease.

"Yes, Sheriff," she answered, smiling. "Sonny gave that to me on my last birthday. My baby never forgets his mother."

"Well, uh, Mrs. Gale, to tell you the truth, it's Sonny I come to see you about," the sheriff blurted, looking down at the floor.

"I allowed you had, Sheriff," she said dryly. "Most folks do come to see me about Sonny these days, only not many say so right out like that. Land's sakes! Agents, and newspaper writers, and I don't know what all, has kept the dust rising on that road for nigh onto three year, all of them after Sonny."

"But I ain't after Sonny, Ma'am. I——."

● By Frank Kennedy

The little woman leaned forward in her chair. "It looks to me, Sheriff," she said pertly, "like the law would quit hounding my son for a while. You know as well as I do that Sonny ain't doing half the things they claim he is. What if, like any spirited boy will, he did make a slip and hold up a bank, or maybe two banks, I don't know—does that give folks a right to blame every bit of rascality in the country onto him? Is that a Christian way to treat a twenty-five year old boy?"

"Why, no, I reckon not," the sheriff began uneasily.

She straightened her frail shoulders and interrupted: "Of course not! Why I heard the bankers association has got a five-thousand dollar reward out for him, dead or alive. Well, if Sonny Gale is as bad as they say he is, don't you think someone who knows him would turn him in to get that money? No sir! He's the kindest, gentlest boy that ever was, and anybody that actually knows him, loves him too much to betray him for anything."

The sheriff noisily cleared his throat and began. "Mrs. Gale, that's what I was aimin' to tell you. Emmet White shot and killed Sonny last night."

Her wrinkled hands clutched at the arms of her rocking chair. She half rose, then sank back. "Emmet White?" she quivered. Then she set her pallid lips in a brave smile. "Sheriff, you needn't come here and lie to me. Emmet White is Sonny's best friend. He even lived with us. Why he just et dinner here yesterday noon, so he couldn't have——."

The sheriff looked at his shoe tops. "Yes, Mrs. Gale," he said hoarsely, "he done it all right. He brung the body in this morning."

"It ain't Sonny's body!" she exclaimed. "It's got on Sonny's clothes," the sheriff said doggedly.

"That ain't no sign it's Sonny, Sheriff, an' you know it. Emmet White couldn't a shot my boy. Emmet's always been just like one of the family almost. Why he growed up with Sonny."



"Well, Mrs. Gale, since you say so, I'll admit we can't say for sure it's Sonny. The way it was, it seems that Emmet White used one of these high-powered rifles. The bullet just made a little hole where it went in at the back of the head, but where it come out, it didn't leave much of the face. So they can't nobody identify the corpse but Emmet and we can't go on his word. We thought maybe, bein' as you're Sonny's mother, you wouldn't mind takin' a trip to town to see if it's him."

She shook her head, her lips smiling, but fear in her eyes. "It couldn't be Sonny, Sheriff," she said with quiet desperation. "Emmet White is just tryin' to fool you. He always was a mischievous child, I remember. Why there ain't no man in the world low-down enough to kill his best friend that way. But I ain't got no objection to making the trip to town. Wait and I'll get my bonnet."

She hurried into the other room and returned with a faded sun-bonnet. They got into the car and rattled off down the pasture trail. A short time later the sheriff stopped his car in front of Johnson's Furniture Store and Undertaking Parlor. He pushed through the gaping throng of villagers in front of the building. The old lady followed without a murmur.

They entered the back room, where the body lay covered on a small truck. She put on her spectacles and walked up without a falter. The men in the room stood silent while she bent over the body and examined it slowly, intently. After a long interval the old lady looked up, straight into the questioning eyes of the men who confronted her with stern faces.

"Some of these is Sonny's clothes, all right,"

she spoke calmly, "but that body ain't my boy. Sonny had a birthmark on his left shoulder. No, gentlemen, this here ain't my son."

"Well if that ain't Sonny Gale, who else could it be," Silas Johnson, the undertaker, burst out.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Better ask Emmet White that," she said sharply. "Most likely someone he murdered to get the reward. All I can tell you is that ain't my boy." She turned and walked out of the place. The sheriff followed sheepishly.

"I sure am sorry to scare you like this and cause you all this trouble, Mrs. Gale," he said, as they climbed back into the car.

"That's all right, Sheriff, I'm always glad to help out in a case of death. You didn't give me no scare, 'cause I knew in the first place that Emmet White hadn't harmed Sonny. You were just mistaken, that's all."

The sheriff kept apologizing all the way back and the little woman kept smiling and reassuring him. He let her out at her cabin door. She stood and watched the car jolt down the trail toward town and the setting sun. Then she went into the house. She stood staring into the gloom of twilight; then she walked unsteadily over to the carved radio that was her birthday present. Vaguely she ran her wrinkled old hands down it's shiny sides in a motion that was almost a caress, then she slumped against it, and her voice broke upon the stillness, sobbing.

"Sonny, oh, my Sonny! It was all I could do ———."

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## WHITHER THEN?

By T. J. Vincent

I dreamt I clung to vernal zephyr's mane  
And galloped through yon ether's vast domain.

Aloft I soared, the earth was soon afar  
And as I sped I brushed by ev'ry star.

Was this not heaven, all this fulgent space?  
Yet where was the Eternal Master's Face?



# In the Realm of Art

• By Professor Frank M. Ludewig

Professor Ludewig wrote this article at the request of the editor to stimulate interest in the students of the University for the art collection in the Albert Emanuel Library.

**I**N the realm of the fine arts that of painting ranks among the foremost. The primacy of this art may be ascribed to the manifold opportunities which painting provides for the creative ingenuity of the artist as well as to the deep satisfaction which the extent of subject matter and the psychology of color offer to the onlooker. The claim of the importance of painting further rests on the fact that it generally mirrors the cultural, economic, social and religious status of the times. In a word the art of painting renders visual the ideals of a particular age and partakes of its very life in that it has periods of growth and bloom, decline and decay.

Like other great movements in history, the Renaissance times reflected their philosophy of life in the fine arts. As a matter of fact during no period in the history of art have the trends of a period been better and more amply recorded than in the art of Italian Renaissance painting. The large number of great masters it developed and the abundant masterpieces it produced attest to this. Renaissance art did not blindly copy the Greek and Roman classical examples as is sometimes erroneously believed, but went to them for its inspiration and interpreted them creatively. From an economic viewpoint the Renaissance attitude toward art furnishes us with an unparalleled example. The wealthy not only supported the cause of painting, but eagerly provided the means necessary for its encouragement. The bottega of the painter was considered as important as the market place. From a social viewpoint the arts, particularly that of painting received unanimous support. Did not the citizens of Siena and Florence frequently declare whole holidays in order to celebrate the completion of some great canvas by one of the masters? Finally from its religious aspect, the Italian Renaissance art of painting produced innumerable Madonnas and an endless variety of religious scenes which have not only served all subsequent artists with inspiration but also have furnished countless multitudes of onlookers with spiritual con-

solation.

The exhibit of reproductions of paintings of the Italian Renaissance masters now on view at the Emanuel Library invites the serious study and inspection of every student on the campus no matter what his or her collegiate interests may be. Here have been assembled over thirty paintings all of which are representative of the best of the early period. It should be noted that the early Italian Renaissance is particularly known for its vitality and originality. To the layman much of it appears crude and primitive, but it must be remembered that previous to the Renaissance the art of painting in our sense of the term had not been practiced for many centuries. Foremost among the works of the masters of the time are the works of Giotto. Next in rank of greatness are those of Fra Angelico sometimes called "The Blessed Artist." To him the art of painting was a form of religious labor. As a monk he devoted his whole life to portraying religious subject-matter in which the ecstatic and heavenly are brought out to an extraordinary degree. His works also represent the transition from the Medieval and Byzantine to the Renaissance methods of painting. While some traces of tradition remain particularly in the sometimes unnatural poses assumed by his figures and their coloration, yet there is a decided trend toward an understanding of composition and design. The occasional use of landscape also shows the beginning of a greater freedom. This is particularly noticeable in Angelico's painting entitled "The Flight Into Egypt." The art of Botticelli reflects even more truly the humanistic spirit. The strong influence of classic art is noted in the poses of the many Madonnas produced by this artist. For instance in the pictures of the "Madonna of the Magnificat" and the "Madonna with the Infant and St. John," the virgin's countenance reflects a Platonic air, a sort of supra-sensible, not yet a supernatural quality. She does not even appear to recognize the Divine Infant in her arms. On the whole the works of Botticelli strive to combine the classic with Christian ideals. The works of this master also bear witness to excellent draftsmanship. The precision and fineness of his drawn lines has merited the admiration of all students of the history of art.

(Continued on page 20)



# Potpourri

## INITIATION

A group of enthusiastic sophomores in a prominent college were huddled together, debating how they were going to initiate the freshmen this year. One boy, who seemed to be the leader of the group, was making all kinds of suggestions for the approval of the rest of his classmates.

"We'll get them tonight!" said one of the group, "and show no mercy, just like we got it last year."

"Sure!" cried the rest with anxiety.

"O. K., we'll meet right here tonight at eight o'clock sharp," said the leader, and with that they departed for their respective dormitories.

That evening they met, and started in their search for freshmen. Everything seemed hopeless for the sophomores; nowhere could they see a sign of a freshman. Then, when they were about to give up in despair, three freshmen were spied walking across the campus.

Like a shot out of a cannon the sophomores started in the chase. The terrified freshmen ran in all directions to escape their pursuers. Only one was caught, but the sophomores were glad to get him, even if they did miss the other two.

"What'll we do with him now boys?" asked one of the capturers.

"I have it" said another, "let's take him down to the railroad track and tie him to a rail."

"A fine idea," said another, dragging the frightened boy after him.

After considerable trouble with the freshman, they finally arrived in the railroad yards, and proceeded to tie their victim to the rails.

"Say there's a train due through here about this time, isn't there?" inquired one of the sophomores.

"Yes," answered another. "That means we won't have to wait long."

Suddenly the shrilling sound of an oncoming locomotive was heard by the terrified freshman. He struggled to free himself, but soon discovered the futility of his labors.

The train boomed by with terrific speed, and the sophomores ran to see the poor fellow they had tied to a side track. The frightened freshman was under the impression he was bound to the main rail.

The leader of the group crossed the track and stooped over to untie the boy. Suddenly he jumped back with a start and looked at his classmates with fearful eyes.

"What's the matter with you, Dave?" asked one of the sophomores.

"He's—he's d-dead!" replied the leader.

They didn't know he had heart trouble.

—CHARLES BURNS.

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## A DAY IN A CAB

This is a funny world, and although it does take all kinds of people to make one, I don't see why it should be my misfortune to be a taxi driver.

I am up bright and early this morning, 6:00 a. m. if I remember correctly. After a small breakfast I climb into my cab determined to make a lot of money. As I cruise along slowly on my way to the downtown district I hear a whistle. I slam on my brakes and see a man about a half of a block behind. I kick the gear into reverse and back up to where he is standing, only to find my would-be passenger's dog rushing madly up to greet him. I cast a dirty look in their direction and start off again for town. I am now in a nasty mood.

What does that person think he's doing? I have to stop very suddenly to avoid getting nicked by somebody ahead who is driving a new car and cuts across in front of me. I pull up abreast of him at the next red light and glare at him, hoping that he will look apologetic-like. Instead, what does he do but glare



back at me and race his motor, which in taxi-drivers' language means an invitation to a get-away race. I jazz my engine, and when the light turns green I give it the gun, at the same time cutting in front of him. I hear a screech of brakes behind and laugh. So he is afraid to scratch the paint on his Car. What a "sissy." I'd like to have a nickel for every fender I've dented.

Here it is almost 8:00 o'clock, and still I have no passenger. I am getting desperate. I pull up in front of a hotel at a taxi stand and wait. No use wasting gas. Two hours later a well-dressed man comes out of the hotel and calls for a cab. I get the job. He tells me to take him to his office, and when I asked where it is he says "across the street." He does not like to walk across in the early morning traffic; too many people get killed that way. I am very vexed because I have lost my first place in line for a fifteen-cent fare with no tip.

Later on in the afternoon I pick up two old women who want to go to the outskirts of the city. After listening to their chatter for six blocks my car gets a flat and I am left holding the bag. Still later, after getting the flat fixed, I take on a passenger who wants to catch a train. I drive fast, he gets his train, and I get a ticket for speeding.

I lost \$4.65 today, and at this rate I won't be driving a cab much longer. I think it is Shakespeare who said "all's fare in love and war" and taxicab driving, but I prefer love or war to driving.

—BENJAMIN P. MAUBORGNE.

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## "IT'S DELICIOUS"

Thanks to small pieces of chicle flavored with sugar and cinnamon, I am attending college this year. For three months and twenty-eight days I gave away free samples of chewing gum. At the time it was only a means to secure some much-needed money, but it became a marvelous opportunity to study human nature.

Qualifications for this position specified that one should possess the required number of teeth and the ability to wear size sixteen dress. Other girls had these requirements but they were

without the determination that I had. After hours of persuasive talking with my future boss and also with my anxious parents I went to Cincinnati to begin my work. My ignorance must have been written all over my face, because from the very first day people looked at me curiously. The matron in the Y. W. C. A. where I lived encouraged me every morning, and my employers were very kind to me.

My uniform consisted of a white satin dress trimmed in red, a large red hat, and a sampling basket which hung from my shoulders. Another requisite for the position was a continuous smile and a listening ear. However, after smiling for an eight-hour stretch when the thermometer registered 105 in the shade, the proverbial Cheshire cat and I were boon companions. Most of my work was in the large variety stores (ten cent stores to you). I stood just inside the door and handed samples to the customers saying "Dentyne keeps the teeth white" or "Dentyne is delicious" or "Dentyne keeps the mouth healthy."

This type of work revealed various traits of character to me. Thus I found that there are few who will not react pleasantly to a smile that is sincerely meant and that men and women other than myself also like a sympathetic audience. After several weeks at this work I began to classify those who would not accept the samples: the very young who were too self-conscious to put out their hand; the doubtful, who, either through ignorance or distrust of humanity, could not imagine that anything could be given away free; and finally those who were soured on life and therefore would not take anything from any one, anywhere, and at any time.

Children were frequently irritating to me in my work. A street might be deserted, but very shortly after my arrival it would be packed with small, hopeful, dirty bits of humanity. My favorites were three little colored children who always managed to find me on the days spent in the main business section. These small boys seemed to know by instinct the art of wheedling. Their favorite remark was: "Miss Dentyne, if you all will give us one more piece, we'll go away." On my last day I bought each of them a soda and their big eyes at this unexpected treat more than repaid me for the general nuisance they had been.

Each week there were twenty thousand



samples to be given to twenty thousand people. The number of samples distributed on any particular day varied with the particular location. My record was in a large Woolworth store one Saturday. I wanted to get the three o'clock bus for home that day and fourteen hundred pieces were distributed in twenty-three minutes. When my work was completed I returned home with a sun tan, an increased bank book, the satisfaction of feeling independent and a better knowledge of humanity.

—JUNE L. RICHART.

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## AT THE FIRE

"Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." That statement best describes one scene of activity at Dayton's recent gigantic three-alarm fire. I was privileged to be a first-hand witness at the Delco's conflagration of January 17, and I feel that I saw an event which will prove valuable to me sometime in the future.

I arrived at the plant before all of the fire-fighting units had made their appearance, and proceeded to the roof in an elevator. I saw the fire in all its splendor, if such it may be called, and observed the activities of this community's "gallants" for a few minutes. After learning that much water was draining onto the floor below, I descended to that level only to find that all of the electric power was cut off, because the fire was caused by a short-circuit in a giant transformer on the roof which conveyed the power for the machinery and lights throughout the building.

On this seventh floor I could hear water pouring through the ceiling from hundreds of holes, both large and small; and because there were no drains to carry the water off it had gathered in pools, in many places, varying from an eighth of an inch to about a half an inch in depth. Through these small lakes I was forced to grope along, stumbling over the serpent-like fire-hoses, in search of a flashlight or lantern. Though it may seem ironical, after electricity had been "piped" to the "dead" line through emergency wires and power for lighting had been restored, I obtained a powerful searchlight and a lantern for which I had already lost all use.

On all sides machines were being pelted with water, tools were lying on soaked benches, and leather drive-belts were being ruined by the onslaught of fire's companion-destroyer, water. The problem was how to get rid of the water. Only one answer was available. That was sweep it down an elevator shaft. Brooms were provided within an almost unbelievable time and after several firemen were stationed at vantage points, armed with the brooms, a stream began its drop down a seven-story elevator shaft. Soon the factory foremen were able to muster many of the maintenance men from their homes and varied haunts throughout the city. These men were pressed into service, relieving the firemen and helping to keep the equipment from further damage.

While this tragic drama was taking place, a comedy such as can never be reproduced on any stage was playing in the same setting. Everyone knows that there are people who lose all sense of judgment when they are greatly frightened, and there were a few such men at this fire. I have in mind three men; one, who was a laborer, was carrying electrical equipment around and never seemed to know where he was going or what he should do, and if anyone gave him any orders his confusion was all the more increased. Another gentleman, who was very busy distributing supplies for the cleaning, entirely forgot the names of all the men with whom he had business every day, and I heard him call one man by three different names and not one was the correct name. Then another man swept water on a fellow workman, who was so engrossed in activities at other points that he forgot to do his own duty; in fact he was ignorant of the fact that he was being drenched.

In the wee hours of the morning, after the fire was extinguished and much of the water was cleared away from areas where it could do damage, I returned to the roof to see the havoc wrought by the fire. Here powerful floodlights readily revealed that approximately one-fourth of the roof had been devoured by the flames, and several implements, besides the ruined electrical equipment, were wrecked, if not by fire at least by water and the caving in of a section of the roof. I took a last look at the remains and returned home, where I drowsily crawled into bed knowing that within a few short hours I would have to report for class.

—JOHN J. LEMMING.



(Continued from page 16)

When another exhibit is planned in the near future, the students of the University will see the works of the greatest masters of the Renaissance, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo and

Raphael. An intelligent and careful study of the works of these great painters should leave little doubt in the mind of the student as to the practical use of the fine arts as a fitting supplement to a truly liberal education.

## THY FACE

By Ambrose Nakao

Thy face is e'er before my eyes,  
It haunts me night and day:  
I see it in the azure skies,  
And the azure turns to grey.

Thy face is e'er before my eyes,  
It ever cometh back:  
I see it in the crimson skies,  
And the crimson turns to black.

Thy face is e'er before my eyes,  
It is my daily cross:  
I see it in the golden skies,  
And the gold is turned to dross.

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# Book Reviews

## VOLTAIRE

By Alfred Noyes

Good biography either debunks or it builds up; if after five hundred pages a character emerges precisely as the reader expects him to, then the book is wasted—for it merely rehashes the same old stuff, perhaps the same old errors. Now Mr. Noyes has written a good biography; that it fits in the “build-up” category with a title like **Voltaire** indicates its revolutionary character.

I always had a hunch that this eighteenth century Frenchman couldn't be as bad as popular fable made him. Now Mr. Noyes has conclusively proved that he wasn't. By inserting in their full context certain statements, which isolated, have provided an arsenal for skeptics; by digging into many records for overlooked activities; by actually reading all of Voltaire's one hundred books—the author discovers a more plausible human, minus the perpetual grin, acutely sensitive, even religious, reacting against the intolerable abuses of an intolerably decadent era. If at times this misunderstood Prophet of the Enlightenment grew too categorical, too all-inclusive in his condemnation—at least the provocation was there. If he occasionally appeared confused, missing the essential point that would have provided a stable point, he was less in a muddle than most of his contemporaries in an age when a few abbés were not only skeptics but hypocrits.

Just to take one example of a couplet which has been distorted in meaning by every biographer from Condorcet to Morley:

“Nos prêtres ne sont point ce qu'un vain  
peuple pense;  
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.”

On the surface self-condemnatory, but it is a false surface. The lines are from **L'Oedipe**, muttered by Jocasta, who, faced by the horrible fact of unknowing incest, fights against the truth, attempts to discredit the oracles and the Theban priesthood. But the essential truth of the drama which commentators seem to have overlooked is that the science, the knowledge of the priests turns out to be the true science,

the true knowledge—and Jocasta to be wrong.

So with the famous “Ecrasez L'Infame!”—directed against persecuting and privileged orthodoxy, against superstition, not the Church as such—and the host of other addled quotations from Voltaire.

Of course Mr. Noyes has a thesis, and perhaps overplays his hand. The Frenchman was no saint, and special pleading can't make him one. But neither was he the atheist, or even the deist, most writers label him; in the full sense of the word he was a theist, or in the reluctant words of Condorcet himself, “a profoundly religious man.” As Mr. Noyes puts it, his philosophy was “as near to the true philosophy of Christianity as any man has ever expressed without availing himself of Christian doctrine.”

Of course this is no definitive biography. Little background, social economic or cultural finds its way into the more than six hundred pages of **Voltaire**; it is rather a personality study as character and philosophy are found in his writings and life—but much platitudinous rubbish and downright falsehood have been shoveled away, and the path opened to a fairer appraisal. An indignant zeal replaces the eternal grin; and the skeptics lose an ally on whom they have banked heavily. A few more works like this and Voltaire can stop turning over in his grave every time his name appears in print or conversation.

—MARTIN J. HILLENBRAND.

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## THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY

By Hillaire Belloc

Hillaire Belloc, in his book, “The Restoration of Property,” expounds a principle which is to me very basic and necessary if we are to rise from the economic chaos into which capitalism has cast us. Belloc's principle is that more individuals, at least a large majority of them, must own property. He claims that the lack of private ownership is the chief factor in the economic chaos. How we are to accomplish this is shown by Belloc. One outstanding feature of this plan



is that he condemns income tax as a means. He shows by a formula taken from H. G. Wells that taxation does not lead to a more equitable distribution. I believe that this is correct and it has always been my contention that an equitable distribution of wealth will be accomplished by higher wages. I also believe that partial government control of the relations existing between capital and labor is a vital means in solving our problems.

—RALPH NIEHAUS.

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## THE KING'S GOOD SERVANT

By Olive B. White

Hilaire Belloc has written entertainingly of the English schism, of Wolsey, of ambitious Henry, of gentle Sir and Saint Thomas More. Yet this fictionized biography of More presents much of the same material in an even more readable, more popular literary form. Miss White has contributed a noteworthy estimate of the genial chancellor, the erudite scholar, and the loving father. Her sympathetic treatment of the tragic events in Merrie England during the last six years of More's life reveals a profound study of that crucial period.

From a technical point of view, the novel is less captivating. Perhaps this disparaging comment is due to the reviewer's sketchy knowledge of English history. Certainly a more than cursory understanding of Tudor England is essential to a proper appreciation of the allusions in this book to politics, literature, and men of the period. Yet one may regret the author's persistent use of a device reminiscent of Conrad—we know the characters and events almost entirely from More's observations about them; even past events are made known in this dubious style, which noticeably slows up the tempo. Despite what may be faulty technique, however, the book is truly creative of character, the final test of genius.

—JOHN McCLUSKEY.

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## THE CROSS OF PEACE

By Philip Gibbs

The main issue that this book seeks to prove is that, in a situation like the present, when the

nations of the world are engaging in a feverish armaments race, other duties are to be given precedence over love of country or exaggerated patriotism, with pacifism being understood as a requisite factor in the support of such duties.

It is altogether an impossible metamorphosis which the author traces in describing the career of a French soldier, who won all sorts of honors for valor before Verdun, but is afterwards cast in the role of a college professor who is ousted from his position for preaching peace-at-any-price theories.

The main reason for Gibbs' character to foster international peace is that he fell in love with a German girl during the Occupation period. The girl dies after a row with her father over her affair with a traditional foe. Unfortunate, of course, but what can be done about it? War is inevitable, especially in Europe. The puny efforts of man to establish such things as the "Ligue des Combattants pour la Paix," or "Ligue Internationale des Jeunes Contre la Guerre" are in the nature of futile gestures conforming to the silly slogan: "We can't win, but we'll die fighting!"

—JAMES MARTIN.

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## THE COMEDIAN

By Henri Gheon

I enjoyed Henry Gheon's "The Comedian" very much and I consider it one of the most brilliant of the author's productions. The drama itself is sparkling and throughout there appears a grasp of conception, strength and refinement of thought, and a clearness and vigor of style. Underneath its Roman finery were elemental interests and passions. From it I derived an accurate and vivid knowledge of persecutions at the time. The play is most interesting, entertaining and instructive.

The drama portrays a man who finds himself, much against his will, an instrument in the hands of God. This is revealed in the character of Genesius, the actor and director of the dramatic school at Nicomedia. The gradual change in his character and his attitude toward the Christians seemed to be the high point of the play.

—MILDRED PERRY.



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'BETTER'



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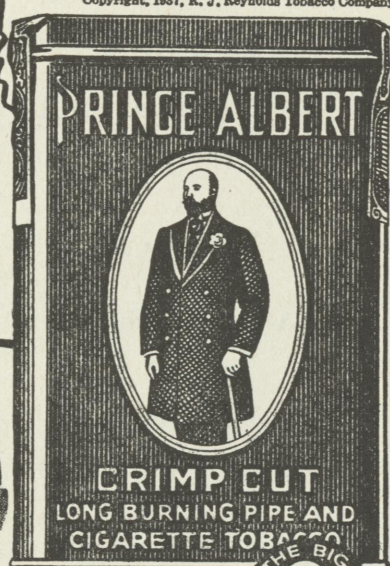
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P.A.  
IT HAS  
YET TO  
BITE MY  
TONGUE



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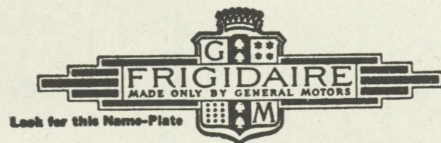


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