

5-1936

The University of Dayton Exponent, May 1936

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University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, May 1936" (1936). *The Exponent*. 343.
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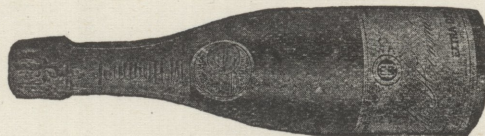
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXIII

MAY, 1936

No. 5

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

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

Subscriptions Two Dollars, Yearly in Advance
Single Copies Twenty-five Cents

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The University of Dayton Exponent

T H E S T A F F

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Graduation Prayer

By Lola S. Morgan

Dear God, we come to You in prayer today.
We need Your help. The world is vast and strange,
Bound with strong chains. Have we the strength to change
Old dreams to new and somehow break away
Into new life where we may find some plan
Still better than the one our fathers made?
So much is ours! When school days dim and fade,
Let us go forth to serve the race of man.
Let us be brave, O God, with strength to yield
When we are wrong. Let us preserve the old
But build the new. Take from us lust for gold,
Let us face life undaunted, with no shield.
Give us a chance to work and time for song;
There is so much to do. God, make us strong!

June Week at West Point

• By Dorothy G. Robins

The "Commencement Exercises" at West Point must be quite colorful and entertaining, judging from the description given by the writer who enjoyed herself to her heart's content, last year, during "June Week" at the army post on the Hudson.

LAST June I had the opportunity to visit West Point, the United States Military Academy, during the most gala week of the year, June Week.

I arrived at West Point on a Thursday with a friend whose sons are cadets. She had made arrangements for me to stay at the home of some friends while she remained in New York. I was a bit disappointed because I was not able to meet my date, or "drag," in West Point slang, that evening. My hostess insisted that I go to bed in order to start out the next morning bright and early. I agreed with her after she showed me the schedule for the week.

There was something doing every minute until the following Thursday. I was to start the next day with a "plebe," or freshman, performance in gymnastics. Following this, I was to attend "Formal Guard Mount" and dress parade. I learned that these two events took place each afternoon and I made up my mind to see them all. That night I was to go to a "hop," or in plain English, dance. This schedule seemed to be repeated each day except Sunday and Graduation Day.

Perhaps the most thrilling parts of the whole visit were the guard mounts and parades. I'll admit that I am a lover of *brass buttons* for I attended each one without fail. I soon learned that guard mount is done entirely to double time. The band plays a quick march, and the eight cadets on guard duty and the eight cadets relieving them move as two units across the parade ground, their buttons and sabres gleaming in the sunlight and their flags waving in the breeze. I must have gasped as I watched the perfection of the performance!

"P-rade" was nearly as colorful. The twelve companies came into view from the academic buildings and moved across the parade ground to their specified positions under the directions of the cadet officers. At that time of year white trousers were worn, and the combination of white and grey coats

made two distinct lines across the field. After the orders for the following day were read, the entire group paraded once around the field and there were dismounted, this ending the routine of the day.

Friday evening we attended a "hop," and contrary to custom I called for the young man at summer camp. Fortunately, I had been well coached and my cadet was delivered within ten minutes. My heart soared as we walked across the parade ground to Cullum Hall.

In order to make the "femmes" (young ladies) more comfortable, hop cards are provided. The young lady's destiny is determined long before she arrives at the party, all arrangements having been made in the barracks before the hop.

My evening was a perfect one. Almost before I had time to thrill, the drummer came into the ballroom and ended the hop with a few well-placed beats on his instrument.

On Saturday I was taken down the forbidden paths of "Firtation Walk." I say "forbidden" because the walk is open only to cadets and their "femmes." A guard is placed at each entrance to keep intruders out. The walk is beautiful! It runs along the Hudson River around a sort of cliff. There are rocks and wild flowers on each side, trees shading it from the sun and from the public.

Graduation Day was the day of days as far as the cadets were concerned. The day started early with graduation itself. This particular graduation was even more exciting because of the presence of President Roosevelt. The exercises were held outside and were most spectacular. The cadets were seated directly in front of the speaker and were immaculate in their white-dress uniforms. Each cadet was cheered as he received his diploma. White caps flashed in the sunlight. It was very thrilling and exciting!

Graduation ended the week. All the graduates and third classmen left immediately, but the other two classes remained to entertain the few girls who were left. I stayed the rest of the day enjoying the calm after the storm of visitors—and the cadets I had not seen before!

We left Thursday morning after completing one of the happiest weeks I have ever spent!

Officer! Arrest Him!

• By Bob Wharton

Of course it was a girl who spoke the words, "Officer! arrest him!" Her pride had been hurt as she was pushed off her feet onto the dirty sidewalk. She thought "someone done her wrong."

"OH!"

The startled exclamation that issued from the lips of the girl, as she was forcibly shoved from the street onto the sidewalk, attracted no attention whatsoever from the preoccupied urbanites who were rapidly walking along the street in the ever-present rush of the big city. It was just a few minutes after five, and the feverish movement of many people on their way home effectively hid her plight from view.

The cold drizzling rain added to the discomforts of the weary people who walked rapidly by, and so it happened that only a few disinterested eyes perceived her stumbling forward and, failing to catch her balance, fall flat on the wet, dirty sidewalk.

The man who had shoved her was just a little too late to save her from falling. With a shamed expression on his big face he bent to help her up. Sitting her upright as easily as a little girl handles a doll baby, he placed her tiny feet on the pavement, and then with a reddening face bent to pick up her purse, in order not to look into her big eyes that were filled with tears of mortification and anger.

Her tiny hat askew at a ridiculous angle, and the dirty water running down the side of her face, seemed to add to the power of the flashing gaze that she bent upon the miserable young man. As he stood so awkwardly before her with contrition so visible in his face, she suddenly slapped him—twice! The loud smack of her tiny hand on his cheek surprised even herself.

For a moment he looked down from his amazing height, and then he bowed and moved away, a faint movement of his eyes into the mere suggestion of a smile.

The traffic officer reached her side at that moment.

"Are you all right, Miss?"

"Am I all right? That's a silly question!" she cried almost hysterically. "Look at my dress! And

I got a bump on my head! Why didn't you arrest that overgrown . . ."

She was unable to go any farther. Her lips began to quiver and turn down at the corners, and her lovely little face gradually assumed a grimace that was at once funny and adorable.

Now the traffic officer was Irish, and he couldn't bear to see a lady cry. He shifted from one big foot to the other and then hastily remarked with sympathy,

"Don't cry, Lady, don't cry! I'm sure the man didn't mean to shove so hard."

"Didn't mean to shove so hard?" Why he did everything but sit on me! The b-big brute sh-shoved me deliberately, and then he laughed at me. The overguh-grown . . ." And then she did begin to cry in earnest. Hanging on to the officer's lapel with one small hand, she dabbed ineffectually at her eyes while the tears rolled unchecked through the grime on her once snowy cheeks.

"Lady, lookie now!" begged the uncomfortable officer. "He didn't laugh at you. Stop cryin', woncha now? I saw most of it from over there a bit, and if you ask me, he behaved like a gentleman!"

The officer had stopped her from crying with that remark—but, oh, at what a price!

"A gentleman! Huh!" Her tears miraculously stemmed, the girl stamped her foot in exasperation and rage. "He knocked me down into a mud puddle, he ruined my clothes, he made a big bump on my head,—and he didn't even look at me! He just laughed! I hate him!"

"Oh!" The officer was beginning to see what the trouble was. "So he didn't look at you, huh? And your vanity is hurt more than ye are yourself! He wouldn't fall for thim big blue eyes, and ye're mad!" The officer's Irish blood was coming to the surface as he waxed warmer, and the brogue of old Erin became more apparent.

"Well, young lady, apparently ye didn't see everything! Ye don't even know why he shoved into ye. Well, I'll so inform ye! An automobile was skidding sideways on the wet street, and the gentleman shoved you out of the way, just missin' being hit himself!"

The girl's face was a curious study of mixed emotions. The anger so visible on the tear-stained face was slowly changing to amazement, and as she grew paler under her generous coaling of dirt, contrition became apparent as her lips slowly parted and her brow wrinkled gradually.

"Oh! OH!" she cried. "He saved my life—and I hit him to show my gratitude! Oohhhh! I hit 'im *twice*! What'll I do, What *will* I do? Do you think I could find him to apologize? Should—should I go to a detective?"

"A detective? Hm-m-m! Now, that's funny, but that's exactly what you should do. Tomorrow you go down the street about half a block until you come to the Marston Building . . ."

The officer continued to give her directions and managed also to impart a little fatherly advice at the same time. For that reason the girl was feeling much better as she walked down the street.

THE NEXT DAY she was again walking upon the same bit of sidewalk, but this time she smiled a little as she passed the spot where she had so ignominiously scooted in the puddle. She had donned her best dress, and no sign of her accident the day before was visible in her face. With a smile on her lips, she followed the directions given to her by the traffic officer and turned into the Marston Building and scanned the building directory board.

"'Cohen, Cohen & McLoughlin, Detective Agency, Seventh Floor'" she read aloud, and then moved gracefully over to the elevator, where in a soft voice she directed the boy to let her off at "Seven."

Holding herself erect as a queen would have done, she swept majestically into the open door of

the detective agency and confronted a large young man at a desk.

"Good morning!" he greeted, hastily removing his immense shoes from the desk, "can I help you in any way?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "I want to hire a detective?"

"Won't you please be seated?" asked the large young man a little breathless, as he stared at her in open admiration. "My name is McLoughlin. I'm sure that I can assist you. What is the nature of the work that you want done?"

"Well, you see, Mr. McLoughlin," answered the girl, secretly pleased at the impression that she was making, "yesterday a young man shoved me from the street onto the sidewalk and knocked me down in a mud puddle. I got up and slapped him twice, and then tried to have him arrested."

She ignored the start that the young man made and continued.

"I didn't learn until it was too late that he had saved my life by shoving me, and that he almost lost his life in doing so. Now I want to find that man to thank him and apologize to him—but I also want to tell him that it's rude to sneer at people the way he did."

"Sneer?" repeated Mr. McLoughlin. "He didn't sneer, madam!"

"He did sneer! I was there and he sneered right in my face!"

"He did not sneer!" roared Mr. McLoughlin. "I know, because *I* was the man!"

"I knew that I'd get you to admit it," smiled the girl impishly.

"How did you find out who I was?" asked the stunned Mr. McLoughlin after a moment of silence.

"The traffic officer told me!" smiled the girl.

Summer Showers

By Lola S. Morgan

Freshness of the rain upon my face,
In my hair;
Slim green trees that sway with pagan grace.

Melody of raindrops on the flowers,
Cool and fair;
Silver wonder of mild-summer showers.

Has the Stage Revived?

• By M. J. Hillenbrand

An interesting review of the legitimate" that sounds hopeful and encouraging. In these days of the "talkies," it is rather unusual to find college students close attendants or observers of the "legitimate."

FOR years the stage had been going on the rocks, and though the rocks are still there the stage has decided to stop going. I had been rather sad about the imminent crack-up, because the substituting cinema wasn't really a substitute but a form entirely new, and because of all types of literary expression, the drama had consistently produced the most soaring and world-embracing masterpieces.

But beginning with the reaction against Victorianism, progressive degeneration shadowed the stage, just as it has darkened most aspects of our western culture. Smut hogged the spotlight; art took a back seat, and pretty soon it had no seat but was out of the theatre altogether. Restoration plays slunk into puritanic treatises by comparison, and the cleanest thing on some stages was the spittoon.

Now I own no illusions that a flood of righteousness has suddenly swished all the dirt away, or even the big blotches. As long as modern man wallows in decadency, the drama as a whole isn't going to sprout wings. Yet even in the center of general worthlessness, little revivals, resuscitations, or new creations, of the worth-while can poke up; and that is precisely what happened this past season on Broadway, except that the poke was hard enough to be jolting.

I am looking at a New York bill of late March, when some of the better productions had already folded up or gone touring. Some 35 plays and musicals of all varieties are listed, and the aggregate constitutes the choicest lot in ten years and more—very much more. Without turning this into a catalogue, I shall mention a few of the most prominent—not for themselves but for what they symbolize.

When Katharine Cornell decided to unearth vegetarian Shaw's *St. Joan*, quite a few of the few able critics stewed around in doubt. People wanted harsh,

twentieth-century realism, drama charged with social conflict, class war, with the actualities of today—like Sidney Kingsley's *Dead End*. Of course Sir Bernard hasn't been particularly noted for romanticism or idealism, but in treating the peasant maid who liberated France he apparently came out of his shell long enough to write a sensitive, poignantly beautiful prose tragedy, in parts almost ethereally unearthly. Even England's grey-beard himself could be surprised at the success; and those who have heard his own opinion of his own plays may reasonably conclude that it was something to be surprised at.

Victoria Regina with Helen Hayes in the title role; *Idiot's Delight* with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne; *End of Summer* with Ina Claire; *First Lady* with Jane Cowl; *Pride and Prejudice*; *Lady Precious Stream*—just one good play after another. Perhaps no *Hamlet*, no *School for Scandal*, but in sum total enough to silence all but chronic complaints.

Some months ago Professor Allardyce Nicoll published a brief discussion of the trend toward poetry in the theatre, toward the lyric drama. My first reaction was confused, for if the trend existed it certainly hadn't begun to trend very far—except by contrast. Where once had been none, there was now one—or to be more exact two, for WPA players were pounding the boards in T. E. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. When I think of—not remember—the good old days in Greece, with every tragedy a poem; in Elizabethan England with Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Jonson shaping blank verses right and left; in Louis Fourteenth's France with Racine, Corneille, and Moliere turning out rhythmical rapture and satire—then modern Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*, blank verse and Sacco-Vanzetti combined, looms a bit forlorn. If Anderson's new technique signifies the beginning, I should be very glad, but Professor Nicoll fails to prove that it is not the last gasp before the end.

Another hopeful is George Jean Nathan who pins his faith in the Anderson-O'Neill-Behrman triumvirate of "literary dramatists." He thinks that "the disappearance of what is loosely to be designated as the old gallery and rear balcony trade—the present backbone of the motion picture audience—has been a critical godsend to the reputable theatre and to

reputable drama . . .," that since audiences are becoming more and more intellectual, it is only natural for the plays to become more literary. Incidentally, Mr. Nathan doesn't specify whether literary means poetical. Apparently not, for neither Behrman nor O'Neill play with verses. Anderson does, but he isn't a Milton.

I may appear rather contradictory, at one moment scribbling compliments, and at the next, despair. It's a long story, a sad story, but not a contradictory story. The drama may be reviving, but poetry is definitely dying; and I doubt very much that under the contemporary cultural set-up, any genius will arise capable of the sustained effort necessary to write three acts in masterful verse. Some may try; those who in another day and age might be capable, won't try.

Macaulay was wrong about most things, yet an unusual intuitive flash must have prompted his theory that true poetry is impossible in a highly developed and senescent civilization. Spengler said the same not so long ago, except that he used bigger, more pedantic words. However, it isn't age alone that corrodes, but loss of vitality. Our western world is both old and degenerate; it has even lost the basis of vitality. Optimist Nicoll notes the darkness and terror, "the torment of modern existence," and then feebly suggests that all we need do is wait for the clouds to blow away—presto! we shall have poetic drama. The only trouble is that the doubt and skepticism of today doesn't constitute a whisp, a vapor, an exhalation, but almost an integral part of the greater part of today's potential poets. Poetry is not dead, but great poetry is—and that's the only kind worth putting into a drama.

Reviewing, I note having said many disjointments about New York, and nothing at all about the rest of the country. While most everything theatrical begins on Manhattan Island, other cities are at least beginning to get more than the leavings. Original casts are going on the road, instead of the usual second-rate substitutes; and if you think that doesn't mean very much, you have never experienced just how second-rate those second-raters are.

For many years theatrical Chicago was sunk deep

in doldrums. Extra editions came out when an adventurous company drove in stakes for an invariably short stand. But last Christmas vacation over ten plays were running, and some, with new ones added, were still filling the playhouses at Easter. Even the communists had their "piece de resistance," and I must admit it the most comical comedy I have seen for a dog's age. Soviet Russia begins to laugh at itself was the deducible moral,—perhaps a healthy sign, for the author, Valentine Katayev, punctures the sacrosanct aura of party catchwords, and actually satirizes the promiscuous slinging around by half-baked young communists of such terminology as "liquidate," "kulak," "bourgeoisie," etc., etc. *Squaring the Circle* ran only a few weeks for two reasons: the tickets sold at very capitalistic price rates, and the capitalists stayed away on account of the Bolshevik association. The plutocrats will never realize what a delightful farce they missed. Just what the title signified, I don't know or care, probably just another expression of the communist ideological necessity of uniting incompatibles.

Which brings me to a strangely related portion of the reviving theatre—the WPA government sponsored acting group, already molded by communists into an effective propaganda machine. The whole project furnishes a telling argument against the establishment of a state or national theatre. Whoever holds the reins will naturally use the horse to pull along his own cart, democratic, republican, or any other. At present the national director, one of those diluted female liberals, has no definite cause, only sympathies, and communists are past masters at working on sympathies. The whole business has been funnier than any farce the whole business has produced, what with charge and countercharge, protest and counter-protest, and thousands of words of hot air. So when America gets a state theatre, God help the theatre!

I haven't tried to prove anything in this melange, except that it's pretty hard to prove anything about our drama—which from all he signs is rejuvenating itself, at least temporarily. I hope so, because with all due credit to the talkies, the real talk and living people of the stage provide in their best features a fascination unique and unmatched.



Dan Sees the Electric Chair

• By Dan Hobbs

You read Dan's southern exposure of a debating tour—in the April issue—and liked it. Extra-curricular Dan this time visits the Ohio State Penitentiary and the State Home for the Feeble-minded on a sociological field-trip and gives his impressions. You'll like it!

A deathly calm hung over everything. All that is audible is labored breathing of the occupants of the room. Somewhere a steel door clangs, and then a slow, measured tread is heard down the long corridor. The key grates in the lock, the massive portal swings open with a screeching protest, and we enter the grey courtyard. The door clangs shut behind us, and we are enclosed in the forbidding walls of the Ohio State penitentiary with no marks save a tan overcoat and a healthy mop of hair to distinguish us from the several thousand inmates. Alone, except for five classmates, a guide, a visiting sheriff, and three other fellows, we begin our memorable tour of the institution in which O. Henry began his literary career, and in which quite a few present-day writers would be doomed to end theirs, if we had our say in the matter.

For the purpose of extensive sociological observation, our class of fifty strong had set out, via Ford V-8's, Chevrolets, and an occasional Pontiac, for Columbus on this sunny day in March, intent upon solving the everlasting enigma of crime. Upon arriving at the prison our contingent of six social scientists had been informed that we were early by an hour and a half. Although the information was upon very poor authority, we gladly accepted it as an excuse to postpone our hazardous undertaking, and speedily retired to a down-town spot for lunch.

By a streak of ill luck we chose a Chinese restaurant. Snorting and grunting in true Oriental fashion, we managed to strike up a tune somewhat resembling "China Boy," and, tucking our hands in our coat sleeves, boldly chopped our way to an inviting table. A plate heaped high with chop-suey, which was ordered by a more optimistic member of the party, constituted the climax to the situation, for the victim tried in vain, in his halting Pig Latin, to convince the slant-eyed waiter that the meal was

merely re-warmed hash, and certainly not worth the thirty-five cents charged.

Returning to the "Pen," we found that our class had already started on its tour of inspection, and we were forced to wait until the next hour, when another jaunt would be taken. So it is that our little group finds itself huddled together behind a warden, whose German goiter certainly gives ample advance notice of his coming, ready to walk the last long mile to the Death House, the first point of interest.

With morbid curiosity we gaze at the innocent-looking "arm-chair" which has proved itself to be "ants-in-the-pants" for many a man. We listen with a detached air to the routine explanation and history of the chair given by one of the trusties, all the while fanning our own backsides with our hats in imaginative introspection concerning the effectiveness of the far-famed "hot seat." Then and there we resolve with a firm determination to return, at the earliest possible moment, the nickel we swindled from the street car company in sneaking a free ride last summer.

The dining hall and kitchen come next. Hands in pockets, we saunter past long, drab tables furnished only with tin plates, tin cups, and spoons, and progress on into the bakery. We eagerly snatch our hands from our pockets, but the warden menacingly waves his stick, and, with a thought as to the condition of our already-skinned knuckles, we drag our way through stacks upon stacks of bakers' produce. After experiencing the motley-odored aroma of the daily meal, we decide that the university cafeteria does have its good points after all.

Then to the factory, which generally boasts of a maximum efficiency of about 10 per cent. Many of the "workers" sit idly by their machines staring into space. As we pass down the line we hold our pockets. Curiously enough, the convicts hold theirs also.

The cell block is our last stop, after we have visited the prison chapel and auditorium, and here for the first time we realize just how a *canary* must feel. As we leave the huge building containing the

tiers upon tiers of barred dog-houses, we catch sight of several groups of prisoners, probably out for their daily exercise. Rounding the corner in "quick time" (128 steps per minute), a gang of the grey-suited lads lock-step their way past us with a snap that put the R. O. T. C. students of our party to shame. It's probably the only way they have of giving rise to their patriotic sentiments, we finally decide.

As we leave, we are given a thorough "frisking," just as when we entered, to make certain that no one borrowed any cigarettes from the inmates. After taking a final count to certify that our group had not *grown* in number, we are permitted to pass once more into the outside world of income taxes, Sunday drivers, and nagging wives. These "cons" certainly are lucky fellows to be so well protected by the government!

But, our sociological tour is by no means completed. Not satisfied with having braved the dangers of a state penitentiary, we decide to push our luck still further and visit the State Home for the Feeble-minded. This, in our opinion, will certainly test our staying qualities. Boldly informing the matron that we are official representatives of the sociology class of the University of Dayton, we are granted a tour of inspection despite the lateness of the hour.

As we pass through the buildings we are shown countless victims of the lack of grey matter. For the most part, they stare at us and giggle, and we,

for the most part, stare at them and giggle. The matron stares and giggles at all of us. Altogether a family feeling is stirred up among us.

In one room we are allowed to interview victims of specific mental ailments. We move down the line of dumbly-sitting creatures and are acquainted with each type by the matron. Finally we come to a microcephalic (pin-head) specimen by the name of Bill. Bill, who is the pet of the institution, insists on shaking hands with each of us, except one wavy-haired Adonis, whom he takes for a member of the fair sex. Now, it seems that Bill has an irresistible attraction to creatures of the feminine gender and so proceeds to express his affections. If you could judge from the color of his ears, it was a blond Indian who hurriedly took his leave from the presence of the innocently-attentive Bill, who gave adequate proof that a college man is certainly no match for a half-wit.

Following an hour and a half of such observations and adventures, we take advantage of the approaching twilight to sneak our way out unobserved, and so stick another feather in our collective cap and raise our total of escapes to two for the day. There is no doubt of the fact that we are now full-fledged sociologists, although, if luck had not stood by us, we might now have been full-fledged convicts or have been accorded the official name of cretins or hydrocephalics. As it is, we perhaps merely lack the official name!

Dinner at Noon!

• By Martha C. Rockey

Mother markets on Saturday for a big Sunday "noon" dinner. Pop and son and daughter go their devious ways Sunday mornings, and none return—at least not on time—for that wonderfully basted beef roast! No wonder mother is so disconsolate!

AT exactly six forty-two of a Saturday morning, Mother climbs determinedly out of bed, dons her black hat at a thirty-seven degree angle,

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and with a chuckle of fiendish glee stalks off to the market. She must barter for the family's Sunday dinner!

She thoughtfully pinches two or three plump hens, asks the perspiring butcher to show her a couple of nice sirloin steaks and a veal kidney or so, and finally decides on a large, red, three-rib roast of beef. Then she slyly interrogates the buck-toothed lad behind the vegetable counter as to the solidity of the heads of new cabbage and the fresh-

ness of the broccoli, and eventually she buys two cans of string beans! With these purchases clutched fervently to her bosom, she dashes home.

In the kitchen she holds a low-voiced but lengthy conference with Norah, the cook, and then between the two of them they toss off a batch of fudge cookies and a hickory-nut cake. By evening, the pantry is bursting with delicious eatables to grace the morrow's midday menu!

The next morning, Dad tumbles out of bed to the tune of an impatient automobile horn, and with much banging of golf clubs and soft swearing at shoe-strings, he leaps down the stairs four at a time and is gone with only a perfunctory "O. K." to Mother's warning "Remember, John, dinner will be on the table at twelve sharp!"

At ten-fifteen, Lucy, the fair-haired daughter of the house, trips lightly into the kitchen and downs a cup of coffee and two of the fudge cookies. Then she pulls a tiny blue hat to a jaunty angle over her right eye, smooths her lipstick a little, and sets out for church. Mother watches her go fondly, having already told her, "Come right home from church, dear. Dinner will be on the table at twelve."

Just as Mother is making the gravy, Harvey comes racing down the stairs, pulling on his coat as he comes. "Why didn't somebody *tell* me it was this late?" he groans. "I've got a dinner date with Eleanor at eleven-thirty and it's eleven-twenty now!" And he is gone before Mother has a chance

to issue her ultimatum about dinner being on the table at twelve.

Mother is a woman of her word! At exactly twelve o'clock the roast beef, green beans, potatoes, gravy, salad, and biscuits are ready to be served. Time marches on! In the kitchen, Norah glares at the clock until its face turns red with embarrassment! In the oven, the roast beef shrinks and withers! The biscuits seem to settle down and break out in a cold, lardy sweat! Mother and Norah wander dolefully about the house and bump into each other at regular intervals!

At twelve forty-five, the telephone rings. It's Lucy! She's at Grace's house, and Grace's brother is home from school, and he has his room-mate with him, and they're all going to eat at Grace's and then go for a ride! She'll have to hang up right away because they're all waiting for her!

Mother is still looking disconsolately at the telephone when Dad limps in. He is hot and dampish, his hair is full of sand, his right shoe has rubbed a blister on his heel, and he has eaten three cheese-on-rye sandwiches at the cub. The thing which least appeals to him is dinner. He falls into the big chair and begins to snore softly.

Norah sniffs disdainfully and sweeps from the room leaving Mother alone with the withered remains of the roast beef.

And it happens every Sunday!



Lucy

Harvey

Dad

Mother

Give Me a Saxophone!

• By C. Peter Zurlinden, Jr.

Jiggsie played the saxophone and Laura sang the solos in Jack Templar's Continentals. Jiggsie's heart shifts a beat, becomes infatuated with a society girl, and—no! we'll spoil the story if we tell you anymore.

JIGGSIE JERNEGAN tooted a "sax" in the swing band that paced the dancers of the nation Jack Templar's Continentals!

Had Jiggsie and Jack Templar's Continentals originated on the continent it is doubtful that the innane arrangements that emanated from the unit could have been *strictly continental*, first, because the continent at the time of this saga was strictly *waltz* hazy; and secondly, the rhythm crescendoed by Jack Templar's Continentals was blended with a certain dashing character of the band that defied all the sedate and calm uniformities of a pedigreed *continental* orchestra.

There was a third argument which bore out the idea that not one of Jack Templar's 16 Continentals had ever been *across*: not one of the 16 could transact a conversation in any language other than their good old United States *lingo*.

Jiggsie Jernegan had joined the Continentals after he had socked his predecessor colder than a herring, picked up his own instrument, and insisting upon helping Templar and the Continentals out of the position he had inflicted by his breach of conduct, *messed* saxophone for three hours *gratis*.

Templar liked Jiggsie's licks, invited him to meet the band in New York, and consequently had tendered said Mr. Jernegan a contract and the third seat in the front row of the Continentals, numbering sixteen.

Jiggsie hadn't been with the orchestra more than ten days before he chose a fast friend in Tim Staley, who according to *Esquire* could rhapsodize a trombone to the King's delight. Jiggsie and Tim Staley had worked out a new swing system for the Continentals, and this new craze was responsible for the band's landing the Manhattan Hotel's contract.

The contract was a *bird*, and the Continentals were definitely set for the winter-spring season. They captured New York with their music, the midlewest, and finally, the nation!

Jiggsie Jernegan was no dood-dad. His frame was architecturally perfect; his chin was square and his eyes and hair were a cool brown; but his nose—his nose was puggy and fleshy, given to soaring skyward whenever he grinned or smiled. Jiggsie was always grinning or smiling, especially when Laura Lyle was doing the vocal.

The band had just finished off a hot and weird selection, written by some muggle-smoking Negro genius, and the members were leaving the stand to circulate among the Manhattan's *guests*.

Laura, passing Jiggsie on her way to the floor, gave him a stiff jab in the ribs with the point of her petite elbow, and scampered to the waxened hardwood.

"Ouch!" was all Jernegan could muster in his agony.

"That'll learn you, sir!" Laura shook her finger. "When li'l Laura Lyle is singing—Jiggsie Jernegan mustn't make funny faces!"

Jiggsie grabbed up his horn and waved it menacingly in her direction.

"Beat it, brat! Papa's in no mood for comedy," he grinned. "Besides, if you cripple me again, Miss Susan won't be able to put her arms around me, when the love scene arrives. I'll ache too much."

Laura placed her left hand on her hip, effected a snobbish pose, and tilted her head far back to leer at Jiggsie.

"Kindly inform Mr. Jernegan that Miss Lane has arrived." Laura mimicked. "I desire his company at my table."

Jiggsie bushed! His music arranged, he leaped the platform step and directed a half-hearted kick at the hurrying figure of Laura Lyle.

As he passed the numerous tables enroute to Susan's own, he addressed a multitude of greetings to his acquaintances, who thought he was a *swell* guy.

He arrived at the cove, where, night after night for the last two months he had been keeping his rendezvous with Susan Lane, an exquisite brunette with long lashes, and a pot of gold in the background.

Susan and Jiggsie were so different from one another, that it seemed impossible for them to coincide in an affair of the hearts—Jiggsie the democrat, Susan the blue-blood.

They had met at a party, the music of same being supplied by the Continentals, and after the party another was held for the members of the band away out at the Lane's country home. Susan had constructed the idea, while dancing with Jerome Teagarden, and carried it out with the aid of Tim Staley who had attended Dartmouth during her Vassar years.

Jiggsie was thrown with her quite a bit thereafter, and soon become aware of an emotional concern for Susan.

The bone of contention, however, materialized when Jiggsie Jernegan, saxophonist, went to the mat with Jackson Lone, publisher, in a matter of mutual interest—the hand of Susan Lane.

Jernegan had been told, then and there, that no matter how ably he might sustain Susan, there never would be a comic sax tooter in the Lane family—and that was that! It was Jackson Lane's assertion that a man who went to work at 4:30 of the afternoon, and again at 10:00 just wasn't a *man*!

Susan's ancestors, he said, had always married men; if Mr. Jernegan ever hoped to be a grandfather on the Lane wagon, his grandchildren were going to boast of the *fact* that Grandpa Jernegan had put his shoulder to the wheel and really *worked*!

Now, if Jernegan would consider a *job*. . . .

"SUSAN," asked Jiggsie, "d'ye really love me and want me for a husband?"

"Jiggsie," she reproached him, softly, "need you ask?"

Comforted, he went on:

"Well, I wanted to be sure," he told her, "because I am going to take a big step!"

"A big step, Jiggsie?" Her eyebrows puckered. "What kind of a big step?"

Jiggsie pushed a fork back and forth along the crease in the tablecloth. Then, he looked up and pointed with the silvery utensil.

"Susan, I'm quitting the 'Continentials,' Saturday," he said, slowly. "I'm going to your Pop for a job tomorrow afternoon!"

"Oh, Jiggsie!" She leaned over and kissed him.

BACK ON the bandstand Jernegan played with all the fervor of a dying man. He had heard! Fellows lasted only so long in music, and when they were cast off the peak, they deteriorated into playing in beer parlors for a couple of dollars a night—and beers!

He looked around at the others during his rests, and decided that they were going to be a tough bunch to leave. Laura was sitting pertly in her corner, at the edge of the stand, and next to Sid Lyons, the hottest trumpeter in the world. Behind him, Tim's throaty trombone moaned the melody of the selection. Billy Adams was drumming the beat. Every man was all attention to his music. It was a *tough* crowd to leave!

After the last number had been completed and the men were packing up their equipment, Jiggsie walked over to Jack Templar.

"JACK!" he began, "you'll have to get another saxophone for my spot after Saturday night's show, I'm . . ."

Templar was astonished. He knew what was coming, but couldn't believe it.

"You quitting?" Templar roared.

"Yeah!" the best sax man in New York answered.

Templar was puzzled, then his face lit up.

"I'll give you another \$50 per," he said. The orchestra began to surround the two, having heard their boss's first exclamation, "you're worth the raise!"

"Aw, Jack!" Jiggsie said, but Templar cut him off.

"Who's been dickering with you?"

"Nobody! That's the truth. Honest, Jack, I'm quitting. That's all!"

Laura Lyle had been standing on the edge of the group, but now she walked forward.

"I'll lay my bottom dollar that Jernegan is quitting to go to work for Jackson Lane," she told them disgustedly, "so he can marry the beautiful Susan!"

Jiggsie flushed! Templar and the boys argued with him for another quarter of an hour, but it was no use, Jiggsie had made up his mind.

Templar, getting nowhere, concluded the session.

"Well, Jernegan, I'm sorry to lose you, but your job's here—and as long as I have a band you can have that job!"

Jiggsie went to work for Jackson Lane the following Monday, reading proof while the swing of Jack Templar's Continentals echoed in his brain.

JIGGSIE JERNEGAN had been a journalist for twelve months before Jackson Lane showed any signs of recognition toward his work. Jiggsie had worked slavishly in his efforts to forget the flowing tones of the saxophones, the blasts of the trumpets, and the off-beats of Billy Adams' drum, and Jiggsie had made progress.

Jackson Lane sent him off to Chicago to take

charge of the advertising ends of the Chicago sheet. Before his going, Jernegan had been well informed that the advertisements were the real profit-derivatives of the successful newspaper, and he went to increase the profits of the Chicago artery by 50 per cent.

In Chicago he wrote Susan daily, and always prodded for a definite date of their nuptial ceremonies. Ever since he had joined her father, Jackson Lane, he had found himself up against the problem of combating the free and very independent spirit of his betrothed. Susan wanted her final whirl before she was tied down to the business of promoting a family.

There was to be but one outstanding item between them while he was away in Chicago: both could go out, have a good time, do as they pleased, but their fidelity to one another was not to be trespassed upon by amorous entanglements. This they agreed upon with gusto.

JIGGSIE received a wire, two months after he had started propelling the advertising towards the 50 per cent increase, and it was from Jackson Lane ordering him home for a confab.

Fifteen minutes later, the lonesome youth was on his way to the airport carrying a valise, the foremost end showing the tip of a shirt-tail and the hindmost decorated by the streaming banner-like tie which had been likewise caught amidships of the bag.

He arrived in New York, taxied out to the Lane home and rushed inside. He ran to the parlor. No one there! He covered all the downstairs rooms. No one there!

Back in the hallway, he stopped at the stairway. "Susan!" he shouted. "Susan!"

Jackson Lane came to the top of the steps, took a long look and started down.

"Where's Susan?" Jiggsie asked eagerly.

"How are you, boy?" Jackson greeted him. "Susan? Oh, she's out for the evening. She'll be in, though, before we go to bed. I didn't tell her you were coming. Thought I'd surprise her."

Jiggsie cursed the old man under his breath, but could imagine the expression of joy on Susan's face at his unexpected arrival.

"Come on in the other room. I got a lot to talk about," Jackson Lane spouted.

They went in and sat down. Jackson Lane reached over and switched on the radio, lit up a cigar, and started popping questions.

"How's it going, son? Do you think I ought to keep that sheet or sell?" he fired. "I've been offered a real price for her."

The music came over the radio and Jiggsie un-

consciously began a foot-tapping in time to the tune. He reflected for a moment on the old fellow's questions.

"Chicago's a good spot for a long while," he answered. "I can make that paper run, and there's no use losing a connection like we've got there. No sir! I wouldn't. . . ."

The announcer was saying:

"Now Jack Templar and the Continentals will give us that good old swing number of Jiggsie Jernegan's, 'Rock Me Down Stomp.' . . ."

Jiggsie flushed under the publisher's accusing glint and ran his fingers up and down the upholstered arms of his chair. The band played with all the fury and swing of the number, and Jiggsie's feet wouldn't lie still.

At the conclusion of the piece, Jiggsie had forgotten the old man, and all he could see was the bandstand of the Continentals, with Jiggsie Jernegan riding the last chorus to a fare-thee-well!"

"Son!" Jackson Lane spoke, "I guess you do most everything well. I don't care much for the noise in that piece, but I surer than blazes can recognize a lot of real work in it. I'll be proud to have you for a son-in-law!"

Jiggsie beamed! Just then they heard the front door open. Jackson Lane placed a finger over his lips indicating silence, and they sat in their chairs like statues.

"I had a wonderful evening, Jerome, dear," Susan was saying.

"You were adorable tonight, darling," the Jerome chimed in.

Jiggsie was getting hot!

There was a long silence terminated by the unmistakable sound of a concluded kiss.

Jiggsie bounded out of his chair! In the hall he surprised Susan and Jerome Teagarden in each other's arms. They separated hastily.

Jiggsie flashed across the hall, and without a word flicked his hand to Susan's cheek and plastered a right-hand to Teagarden's jaw. He then opened the door and walked out, his last memory always to be the words of Jackson Lane.

"Serves you right, you silly snobs," Jackson Lane sniffed. "There goes the biggest man I ever knew—and he can have a job with me—anytime! God bless him!"

JACK TEMPLAR'S Continentals were leaving the bandstand prior to their circulating among the guests of the Manhattan. Jiggsie Jernegan was arranging his music for the next set when Laura Lyle gave him an extra heavy jab in the ribs. Then she scampered to the dance floor.

"That'll teach you, Jiggsie Jern . . ."

She never finished because Jiggsie Jernegan hopped down beside her, gathered Laura in his arms and gave her the biggest kiss that Jiggsie Jernegan had ever given any girl.

"Jiggsie! Jiggsie!" she moaned.

He held her tighter, completely oblivious to the gasping guests.

"Li'l Laura!" he said, "I guess I've been loving you ever since I first crashed the big-time. I've been a mutt, but if you'll listen to me I'll make you a swell husband!"

A great crescendo of crashing music filled the room. The Continentals, 14 of them, swung into the "Rock Me Down Stomp," and Laura Lyle did the vocal out there in Jiggsie Jernegan's arms, and

the next day the newspapers carried the sensational carryings on in every city in the country, and the biggest streamers were flaunted in each of Jackson Lane's 28 newspapers. . . .

Yet, only Laura Lyle ever got the real scoop. Standing there on the dance-floor, she tossed her head backwards and looked Jiggsie Jernegan defiantly in the eye.

"Jiggsie Jernegan!" she yelled, "before I'll marry you or anyone else, I've got to know their Christian name! What's yours?"

Jernegan blushed a dull red! Thereupon, his nose went skyward and his eyes twinkled, and as Laura Lyle stamped her heel, Jiggsie sighed:

"It's not Christian—it's—it's Confucius!"

And just then Billy Adams socked his cymbals!

Sleeping? I Like It!

• By Lola S. Morgan

Here's a writer who rises to champion the cause of those who love to sleep—late in the morning! Send your contributions for the building of the Sleepylnoon Hostel."

IN many ways we are much alike. We have the same parents and the same brothers—and almost the same color hair. We both have large appetites, a passion for funny hats, and are a little crazy over horses. But on one subject my sister and I differ!

During the process of "growing up" I revolted against a good many things. The process is now completed (I lost three pounds last week) but I am still in revolt. With all due honor given to those who like the early morning hours, who sing their beauty in song and prose, I still like to sleep. My sister and I disagree as to the appropriate hours.

It seems to me that any intelligent person should know that one does not go to bed until he has finished a mystery story. It just isn't humane to go comfortably to sleep with the heroine still in the monster's clutches. Neither does it seem logical that I should leave a sonnet in a state like this:

"Today I looked upon the grass-grown earth,
And lo! on every side of me I found . . ."

Well, what did I find? How can I sleep until I know if it was a bug, a bird, a cloud, or a blond. It just stands to reason that one doesn't retire until one feels like it.

Now comes the difficulty! I like to sleep the

celebrated eight hours. In fact, I can do a lot better than that if no one disturbs me. The morning sun and the twittering birds get along very well without me. The world doesn't miss me and I don't miss the world until after ten o'clock. But my sister! Truly, I think she should go to a psychologist! She has a phobia against sleeping in the morning!

Eight o'clock! Plop! ! ! That's a wet wash-cloth landing on my face. Bang! ! ! That's a book hitting my head. I pull the covers over my face. Ouch! ! ! She has just pinched my poor bare feet! I grumble. I groan. I say naughty words. Does she give up? She does not. But I am used to it. I go back to sleep. Suddenly I feel something very cold and wet. It is ice water in which I am slowly being bathed much against my will. I look at my sister's smiling face. She is taking a sadistic delight in torturing me. There is only one way to escape it. I get up!

There are a lot of "youth" clubs being formed at the present time. There are a lot of "Townsend" clubs already going strong. I suggest that we form a new club for late sleepers and invite members both old and young. I am sure that we will have so many applicants gladly paying dues that we will be able to build a hostel called "Sleepylnoon," where bellboys and telephone operators go on duty at one p. m. and sign off eight hours later. We won't let one early bird join us, and my sister will never be allowed inside the doors. This is the only possible way that I'll get to sleep in the morning!

El Lagarto, the Killer!

• By Richard Kappeler

An Argentine bandit, with a flare for the spectacular, is the subject of a dashing tale. It's a story of flashing knives and belching shots and—of course, a señorita who matches wits with the daring bandit.

THE pounding of horses' hoofs could be heard in the distance. The people of Caraguas stuck their black heads through doorways, and some ran out into the streets. Never in the history of Caraguas, a little pueblo on the Arina in the heart of the Argentine pampas, had the people been so frightened. Bandits, who plundered and murdered travelers for their money, were numerous in these parts. But a visit from El Lagarto was a visit from the devil himself!

No one had ever seen the almost legendary bandit in this country so far north of his usual stamping grounds. Even in south Argentina, where mothers brought up their children in holy fear of El Lagarto, did few men know him by actual sight. Some said that he was but a myth.

Soon the horsemen came into sight on the nearest swell of the horizon. A lone horseman, riding desperately, came riding ahead of the cavalcade. He was chalky with dust and wild-eyed with excitement.

He jerked his steed up short and sprang to the ground. He shouted hoarsely and tersely,

"El Lagarto's men!"

A hush fell on the crowd about him. It turned to a hubbub of excited chatter. Women fled for the sanctuaries of their homes.

"Let's drive them away!" shouted one angry man.

"But we can't. They are within the law! We know they are bandits but can prove nothing, so . . ."

"Sí, sí, we cannot stop them from coming and going where they please, amigo."

"Mis amigos, guard your possessions well. There will be much looting and thieving tonight," was the sage advice of the community leader.

"Is El Lagarto with them?" asked one woman.

"No, I think not," replied the horseman.

"How do you know? Listen to him! No one

has ever seen El Lagarto, and yet he thinks he has not come. It makes no sense," scoffed another.

"Well, El Lagarto dresses in green, does he not?"

Sí, sí, that is what they say."

"And I saw no one in green."

"Then let's go about our business and let them come and go as they wish."

FOAM-COVERED sweaty horses came clicking down the main calle. Women, especially the señoritas, watched them in open-mouthed admiration. The men glowered at the invaders resentfully and jealously, for were they not the best horsemen in the pampas? And to be a good horseman was the aim and ambition of every child of Caraguas!

Squawking chickens scooted from beneath the hoofs that interrupted their peaceful meal. Mangy curs snapped at the ignoring horse's legs. They were gaudily dressed from jlpajapas (hats) to multi-colored sashes. But their arrival was rather peaceful except for loud shouts. Their guns remained in their holsters. They drew up before the cantina, and as the last one disappeared in the doorway the suspended life of the town became animated.

The more daring ventured to slink out on the sidewalks and gather in little groups. Gossip flew fast and thick. Where was El Lagarto? When would he arrive? Maybe not until dark. But when he did come, it would be a visit from the very devil himself. Children huddled closer to their mothers and men busied themselves in caching their money away.

Pablo, the general store keeper and trader, sat on his high stool talking to the herald.

"So they chased you all the way from Daño Mucho, eh? I'd say that was quite a ride, sonny."

The dark handsome lad showed his white teeth in a flashing grin. He explained that he had been riding peacefully along when they pursued him. He thought they did it more for sport than actual robbery or any other reason. He slumped lazily in a rickety wicker chair.

"I wouldn't care to try it over *again*," he grinned, running his fingers through his hair.

"This Lagarto, he's a bad man, mused Pablo. I used to live not far from Buenos Aires. He told me it would be good for me to get out. He took all my money so I came up here and borrowed money to start in business. I remember him as he stood before me, yet. But those terrible *eyes* were what awed a person."

"I am a stranger here, myself, and one night in Rio Amarillo he paid someone a visit—he and his men. That's how I recognized his men today."

"Yes, he is very cruel. Once I heard that he tore a man from limb to limb to see him writhe. He is diabolical. But would you like a cigarette, *mi amigo*?" Pablo asked pensively, like one who is in the know.

The lad lounged in the chair, reached his right hand over and took the proffered cigarette.

"If El Lagarto ever comes again, I'll show him a trick or two," vowed the store-keeper vehemently.

"Oh don't worry! He wouldn't bother a small town like this," said the lad, yawning drowsily.

"They say he has a girl up here somewhere. But I wouldn't know where she lives unless she's the girl that lives on one of the boats that ply from here to Estrecho. But gossip has it that she loves Jaime, the blacksmith, in spite of his wife. Say, kid! Well, darned if he ain't asleep!"

"Who? Me? I'm not asleep. Just had my eyes closed," said the lad, in a thick voice.

"Well, I'm closing now. I go home for supper, so you'll have to find another place to siesta."

"Are you going to be open tonight as usual?"

"Yes, I expect some clients from the boats that just docked this afternoon. The men always buy something for their children, and tobacco. . . ."

"Well, I hope that El Lagarto doesn't pay anyone a visit tonight," said the lad over his shoulder.

"Let's hope not," said Pablo, struggling to lock the door, all the while grunting heavily.

THE MURKY waters lapped against the barque *Farote*. The moon cast a long shimmering path across the river. The twittering of birds nesting for the night pervaded the stillness. Jaime and Rosita sat in the cabin of the *Farote* looking at the same moon.

"Jaime, dearest, it is dangerous for you to be here. He would kill you if he ever saw you."

"I care not, my sweet. I'll fight anyone for you," Jaime said, displaying huge biceps, developed by years of shoeing horses.

"El Lagarto is inhuman. He is also strong and he does not fight fair. He'd knife you when you were down."

Jaime kissed her tenderly.

"Don't do that, Jaime."

"Why? Do you still love *him*?" Jaime demanded.

"Jaime, my brother is on shore. You know Chico cannot take care of himself, and no telling what trouble he'll get into. He doesn't know anybody here and I'm afraid some bad men will make him get in trouble. Last week in Paras some men knew that he was not—not quite sane. Call him an idiot or whatever you want to, but he's my brother."

"You mean Chico does whatever anyone tells him to do?" asked Jaime perplexedly.

"Yes, he is ill in the head. He never did learn much. We thought him an idiot, but he's really just has the brain of a child. If anyone gives him an idea, or tells him to do anything, he will. I am so afraid for him. Get him for me, please!"

"Sure, Rosita, but you haven't answered me yet."

"Please hurry," Rosita said coyly, sidling up to Jaime to run her finger through his hair.

"Yes, señor, do hurry. A gentleman never makes a lady wait," same a sibilant cold voice.

"Jaime, help! Oh, it's he—El Lagarto," Rosita whispered, seizing Jaime's arm the briefest second.

"Yes, Rosita, it is I."

A MEDIUM-SIZED, handsome, pantherish-striding man glided into the roomy. He was clothed in a flashing green suit, green sash and shirt. His step was lithe and sinuous. His eyes were peculiarly cold and unblinking. Reptilish was the only adjective to describe him properly.

"Señor, what are you doing here with my Rosita. Answer me pronto," Lagarto hissed.

"She is not yours—she loves me."

"Do you, Rosita?" he questioned, without emotion.

"No, Lagarto. He was not invited here. . . ."

"Rosita! how can you say that?"

"Would you doubt the word of a lady, señor?"

"I do not lie. I tell you Jaime broke in my cabin. I asked him to go," she cried, coyly edging towards El Lagarto's side.

"She lies—the vixen! She lies—la zorra!"

"Señor, you are *so* brave," Lagarto sneered.

"Maybe I'm not so brave—but smarter than you thought. Now *you* dance!"

El Lagarto slowly grinned as he saw a big revolver pointing at his heart. He yawned offensively and blandly. He advanced, but Jaime tensed. His knuckles whitened and veins stood out on his forehead.

He searched for guns in El Lagarto's belt but found none. Then he sat down to taunt El Lagarto. Rosita started towards him but he waved her away with the gun muzzle, so she sat by El Lagarto. They paid no attention to Jaime nor his *ribaldry*.

"Well! Mister Lagarto, looks like you're a punk to capture, and boy! what a big reward."

He raved on with gusto. El Lagarto ignored him.

"Rosita, I think you lie to me," El Lagarto hissed.

"No, El Lagarto mio, I love *you*! I will tell the truth. I do make love to this man. Why? He is rich, I need money. Maybe he give me some or tell me where he hide his money and I steal it for my poor, sick mother."

"In Saos, why didn't you tell *me* you needed money. I have plenty," El Lagarto hissed again, knowing she lied.

"But it was so long ago. Kiss me, Lagarto, before Jaime kills us."

"We have no time for that," he said, eying the hidden knife in her sleeve.

"But Jaime will *kill* us."

Jaime was waxing more and more excited.

"Señor, before you kill me, allow me to smoke a cigarette?"

"Sí, sí—but no monkey business."

El Lagarto smoked the cigarette leisurely. Jaime threatened him. He became disconcerted when El Lagarto refused to be impressed even by his most gruesome descriptions of the revenge he would take.

Then the captive arose and looked into his eyes. Jaime found himself drawn irresistibly to those magnetic, lizard-like eyes. He couldn't tear his eyes away. A quick flick of the wrist and fingers sent the cigarette spinning at Jaime. The red-hot end brought tears to Jaime's eyes and he emitted a roar. With the same motion El Lagarto dived for Jaime. Ear-splitting shots reverberated in the little cabin. Sudden silence and darkness followed.

PABLO OPENED the store and then set about to clean up the place a bit in anticipation of customers. He heard a voice in the open doorway. It was the dark, handsome herald of a few hours ago.

"Goodbye, Chico, and don't forget what I told you. It's a good idea to make quick money."

"Who is Chico, amigo? I know nobody by that name around here," Pablo queried from behind the boxes.

A few customers came to haggle and barter, but nothing happened. News had spread that El Lagarto's men had left silently, swallowed up by the jungles. Jaime's wife said Jaime hadn't been home for many hours. Even now the men were searching for him. José and Manuel had reported their fields razed and chickens stoen. Otherwise all depredations and casualties were nil.

Now that the bandits were gone, the people breathed more freely. A circle soon formed, with

dancers accompanied by guitars. The general store was deserted but for Pablo and a friend and the sleeping young man. Pablo was counting some working cash in the drawer.

The doorway was suddenly filled with a huge looming figure. He was dressed in green. It was El Lagarto. Two menacing revolvers flashed.

"Put 'em up señores. I make you a litte visit. Where is your money? Quick!"

Pablo scrutinized the famous bandit and then proceeded to the safe with alacrity. He drew out a large bag. Silently he handed it over to El Lagarto. A triumphant smile lit up the bandit's face. Slowly he backed up towards the door.

Then as he stood there by the doorway a figure approached in the street. An arm was raised to emit a fiery tongue at El Lagarto. A shot sang out as El Lagarto crumpled with a groan. The men ran over to where a woman stood over the dead man, shouting:

"So, he kill my Jaime! I never did love him. I *hate* im! His Rosita! Ha! ha!

There was the brief silence of the grave as she bent over him. Then she resumed maniacal shouting with redoubled frenzy.

"Oh! What a diabolical plan! Now he made me do this . . ." Her voice reached a demoniacal screech. She turned and fled down the street.

After the excitement had died down and the men had carted the body to the sheriff, Pablo walked back with his friend.

Pablo sat behind the counter, grinning. The lad had dozed off again.

"Do you know, Pepé, that Rosita did not kill El Lagarto."

"What do you mean?"

"He was not El Lagarto, that's all."

"Then why did you give him the money?"

"I gave him a sack of bolts and nuts instead of the gold. I've got the gold in an old coatpocket," he said pointing to his coat hanging on the rack by the doorway.

"What's this all about?"

"Just this. I know a friend in Buenos Aires, and I, myself, have seen this El Lagarto. I am not able to remember much about him, except that he was not so tall as this impostor. I have never seen this fellow before. Perhaps he was one of the river rats. He must have got the idea he could get away with the robbery and have it blamed on El Lagarto. Furthermore, El Lagarto had two fingers on his left hand smashed, and they were poorly sewed, so his fingers cannot be stretched out perfectly straight. The imitator grabbed out with unscarred straight fingers."

"But the sack?"

"I always have that to fool would-be burglars."

"Pretty clever, aren't you?"

"Smart enough."

"That girl, Rosita was sure out after that Lagarto, wasn't she? Too bad she made a mistake!"

"Well, it was pretty dark, and she must have seen him making a getaway. She probably shot in blind passion. I'd like to meet that Lagarto. I'd show him a nice piece of sagacity," Pablo bragged.

"Then I will not disappoint you, Pablo, said the youth, rising from his chair, a cruel gun in his hand, his right hand.

There was a magical and a terrible transformation. No longer did his eyes sparkle with youthful vim, but were cold, expressionless, soulless, with a clammy glint of a cruel man.

"Now, señor, the money—in the coat. Get it—pronto!"

A mangled, scarred hand reached out to take it from Pablo's trembling grasp.

"I heard you were a clever man. I knew if I made a plain holdup, you'd be stubborn enough to keep a tight lip about your hiding place. I then saw that I must outsmart you, so . . ." he hissed.

"You think you are smart—humbug!"

"A little care, mi amigo,—I beg of you—or there will be three dead men in Caraguas tonight."

The claw hand opened the sacks of money.

"Rosita's mother is sick. I'll take five thousand pesos for her. I have a few friends who need money—about ten thousand pesos worth of friends. And for my own trouble I will take only two thousand—my fee! I almost forgot Chico. His funeral will cost much. She would like to give him a decent burial. You don't object, do you, señor?" His voice was rasping and had a dangerous quality in its almost metallic ring.

"Not at all. This will ruin me. I am a poor man. You planned to have Chico do that?"

"Certainly! I only put a bug in his ear. How did I know he would do as I suggested. It is too bad, señor! People say that I am cruel. Do you think that I am cruel, señor?" El Lagarto laughed horribly.

Receiving no answer, El Lagarto drew a wicked, glimmering poniard and handed it mockingly to Pablo.

"I am not really so cruel. They misrepresent poor little, gentle Lagarto," he added tauntingly.

"Here, señor, my knife! It is a quick, painless way."

"You devil . . ."

El Lagarto's mirthless laugh floated back into the store as he walked out, flipping his cigarette into the indignant Pablo's open-mouthed face.

Thrills and Spills

• By Dorothy G. Robins

How would you like to make a parachute jump? How does it feel to crash in a plane? Or to be tossed out of one? And what's the sensation of being "lost" in the sky? Read the thrilling experiences!

WE had been sitting around the fireplace in officers' club practically all afternoon trying to think of something to do. There must have been eight or ten of us, young officers and girls all complaining about the lack of amusements, when two of the pilots started discussing old times at Kelly Field. Eventually we all stopped and listened. Jimmy was telling about his first parachute jump.

"WE WERE flying our last formation as student officers at Kelly," he began. "We were all pretty nervous, most of us thinking about graduation the next day. The formation was made up of P-1's flying five minutes apart. We must have been about an hour and a half out of San Antonio, up around Sanderson. The country up there is hilly and rocky, no grass or trees anywhere in sight.

"We had climbed up to about three thousand feet when my engine started to knock as if some one had thrown a wrench into it. That scared me enough, but, when the smoke started pouring out I knew I had to get out of that ship. I climbed up over the side and looked down at the cliffs. They were about three or four hundred feet high. I took one

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look and climbed back into the plane. It was still flying level. I must have been back in the ship about ten seconds when flames began to jump back at me. I decided again to take to my 'chute. I climbed back up over the side of the cockpit and let go of everything. For some reason I didn't clear the ship. I managed to get my head and shoulders around enough to take a survey of the situation and found that my 'chute was caught on the seat. Just then the plane started downward and shook me loose.

"As soon as I was free of the plane I pulled the ripcord and threw the ring as far as it would go. The 'chute finally jerked me upright—I had been falling head downward—enabling me to start a normal trend of thought. I was travelling backward in a forty-mile an hour wind. Fortunately one of the other pilots had seen me jump so he went for help and then returned to watch me come down.

"I was getting along very nicely when the wind carried me into a cliff knocking me completely out. From then on I don't know what happened until I found myself tight against one side of a barbed wire fence with the 'chute on the other side. By the time I woke up, my fellow classmate was circling above me showing my rescuers my position. As they loosened me and lifted me on to a stretcher, my pal signaled that he would leave us but he couldn't get above the cliffs. He knocked one of his wings off and came plunging down to earth. I heard his scream above the roar of his engine as he finished his last air corps assignment."

WE SAT quietly for a few minutes, not knowing what to say. Jimmy's story left us a little shaken, feeling a little sick. Suddenly Bill White broke the silence, "I pulled a crazy stunt once," he began.

"I was in 'A' stage at Kelly at the time. Most of us in the class were pretty cocksure of ourselves. None of us had cracked up so we weren't so careful as we might have been. I was probably a little more confident in my ability than the others, being that type of person.

"We had orders to get in as many solo hours as we could before graduation. We weren't doing much formation flying, so we had lots of time to ourselves. One hot morning I took off bound and determined to have a little fun. I headed west. As far as I could remember we hadn't been in that direction and I was curious as to the type of country that lay out that way.

"I flew along for about a half hour over the most barren country I've ever seen. I couldn't see a house for miles. Even the mesquite patches were few and far between. I had just about decided to turn back when I spied a little house out in the mid-

dle of nowhere. There was just one small mesquite patch within miles of the house. As I circled around three people ran out of the house and started watching me as if they had never seen an airplane before. Needless to say I appreciated their interest so I proceeded to give an aerial circus all by myself. I did all the stunts I could think of. Then as a final gesture I flew low over the house waved goodbye. That was my fatal mistake. I lost altitude and wasn't going fast enough to pull the ship up. Of course I still could have landed and taken off again but that darned mesquite patch, the only one for miles, was right in the way. I wasn't hurt but the mesquite tore the ship into little pieces. I had a terrible time explaining that to the commandant."

THE YOUNGEST pilot among us was not to be outdone. He had been out of flying school just six months, but he felt old and experienced and insisted on telling his story.

"I've never cracked up at all, but I did have a pretty exciting experience once. My first commanding officer always flew his own plane. Sometimes he took a mechanic, but on most of his flights he went alone. He made a habit of taking me as a mechanic. I had majored in aeronautical engineering in college so I was fit for the job. He took me on all the flights he made last summer.

"One day he decided to fly over to West Point from Mitchell Feld, so he called me out and put me in the rear cockpit. It was hot as blazes on the ground and hotter in the air, so I got in without a parachute. The colonel didn't approve of flying without parachutes, so I had to climb down out of the ship and get one. By the time we took off I was in a terrible mood.

"I had been out all night the evening before so I was pretty sleepy. I plugged up my ears and unbuckled my safety belt. I finally dozed off and slept all the way up to the Point.

"I guess the colonel wanted to thrill the cadets. I don't know exactly what happened but the next thing I knew I was hurtling down through space. Fortunately we had been up pretty high. Otherwise I shouldn't have had time to wake up and pull the ripcord. I came down right in the middle of the parade ground—so did the colonel. He had seen my parachute open so he landed to pick me up. He had a keen sense of humor so I was cleared, but believe me, I've never taken off with the safety belt unclasped since that happened."

JUST THEN one of the girls spoke up. "Tell us about the time you got lost, Tommy," she said. "That's my favorite story."

(Continued on Page Twenty-two)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



THE STORY OF BRIAR PIPES

HOW DID YOU LIKE DADDY'S PIPE COLLECTION?

SPLENDID, BUT I STILL LIKE MY OLD BRIAR BEST

HEY - THE BRIAR PIPE ISN'T SO OLD EXCEPT IN SOUTHERN FRANCE



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THEN, AS NOW, ENTIRE FAMILIES WERE EMPLOYED IN THE DIGGING, DYEING, AND MAKING OF BRIAR PIPES. SELDOM IS MORE THAN A FOURTH OF THE ROOT USABLE



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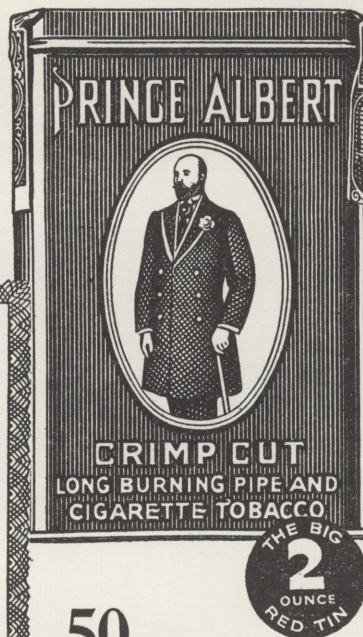
not bite the tongue. So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers—the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. *has* to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers—P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

(Continued from Page Twenty)

"Oh, it wasn't much," Tommy began. "It scared me pretty badly, though."

"I took off from Mitchell Field carrying freight in a C-14. I was trying to make Middletown before the weather got too bad. The clouds were pretty low so I climbed up above them and flew mostly by instrument and radio. You know how the compasses are in those ships; they go off if the air is at all bumpy. Mine went off after I'd been up about ten minutes, so I turned on my radio.

"I went gaily on for about an hour when my radio cut out. That was when I first started to get frightened. I came down out of the clouds and found myself directly over more water than I had ever seen. There wasn't a strip of land anywhere. As far as I knew I was on my last flight.

"I had a sort of sickish feeling when I came out of the clouds, but when I saw my gasoline gauge I was 'sicker.' I had enough gas for about a half hour more. Every minute I was wasting meant one less minute to live. I made up my mind to choose the direction that I felt led back to land and keep on above the clouds until my gas ran out.

"I had been flying about twenty-five minutes wondering how long it would be before my body

was washed in by the waves, and if they'd miss me very much back at the barracks. Then my motor started missing and I felt that the end had really come. I broke out in a cold sweat as I started down through the clouds with my motor dead. For a second I contemplated diving in, but I couldn't bring myself to make the time any shorter. Suddenly the clouds broke away and I saw a flying field spread out under me.

"I still don't know how I got that ship down. They had to lift me out of it. I couldn't move. The agony of the suspense had been too much for me."

"But 'Tommy,' we gasped, "where were you? What had happened?"

"Well, I had been flying south instead of west so that when I first came out of the clouds I was over Chesapeake Bay. Then I flew north again over the clouds to Aberdeen, Maryland, and landed at Aberdeen Proving Ground. Ever since then I've held a warm spot in my heart for Aberdeen."

WE HAD had quite enough for one evening, so we turned homeward, determined to spend another such evening sometime in the near future.

Moments in May

By Lola S. Morgan

I loved you for a little while,
You brought the springtime in your smile;
I walked with you, my heart was gay,
And you were blond and it was May.
All things endure but for a day—
What is there left for me to say?
Though I forget your kiss, your smile,
I loved you for a little while!

College Clippings

I did not know before that—

Several students at Purdue University are earning their way through college by acting as professional pallbearers.

* * * * *

A University of Washington professor was observed sitting on the steps of a building while his class sweated away on the exam inside. "Won't the students cheat?" inquired a restless colleague. Said the professor: "Let 'em! I turned in their grades yesterday."

* * * * *

The George Washington bridge across the Hudson at New York is 16 inches longer on a hot summer day than on a cold winter day.

* * * * *

"Dead Week" and "Block Week" are the names given to the week before examinations. At the University of Texas, during this period, students attend lectures but professors are not permitted to assign new work. At Syracuse, classes do not meet during this period, and students are given this time to study and correlate their semester's work,—and to rest!

* * * * *

Washington, D. C., by ratio, has two and a half times as many murders as New York and 40 per cent more than Chicago.

* * * * *

If Colonel Lindbergh really wants to be left alone in England, let him announce that he is over there to collect the war debts.

* * * * *

The Pilgrims brought materials for brewing beer on the *Mayflower*, and soon after landing they set up a brewery.

* * * * *

If all the residents of Alaska were seated in the Yale Bowl, it would be only three-quarters full.

* * * * *

A criminology class at Syracuse University has discovered that morons can dance as well, if not better than most people of normal mentality.

* * * * *

If your chest is flat, you are probably more intelligent than that fellow over there whose bulging, barrel chest interferes with his view of his feet.

A police surgeon in Philadelphia says that one is sober if he is able to say, "Susie sat in the soup!"

* * * * *

Dr. P. R. Seig, president of the University of Washington, recently declared "It is pretty well accepted that what a professor says in class is a privileged communication. It is not public property, and in particular no student reporter is at liberty to use it without permission."

* * * * *

To lighten the dead monotony of a weary day's plowing, a farmer can now switch on the dial of a new tractor radio, relax in an air-cushion seat, and listen to grand opera as he watches the green rows of corn slip by.

* * * * *

Hitler, one after the other, eliminated those who helped him in his career—excepting those who never disagreed with him.

* * * * *

The ears get longer, the nose gets longer and broader, and the mouth stretches wider throughout life.

* * * * *

The hardest tumble a man can take is to fall over his own bluff.

* * * * *

Part of the income of India's Aga Khan, spiritual head of 100,000,000 Ismaelian Mohammedans, comes from the sale of his daily bath water, at five dollars a bottle.

* * * * *

In Copenhagen, Denmark, there is a hotel that is piped for beer as well as water, and advertises "running beer" in all rooms.

* * * * *

Marriage of Chinese students who are studying in foreign countries is now forbidden by a ruling handed down by the Chinese ministry of foreign affairs.

* * * * *

The Veterans of Foreign Wars have organized a Women's Auxiliary to be on hand to offer kisses to the recruits to The Veterans of Foreign Wars.

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