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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXIII

JANUARY, 1936

No. 1

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Vol. XXXIII

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COLLEGIATE COLUMNISTS

Someone defined a columnist as "a man who is paid for doing what he ought to be hanged for."

Of course the author of that definition was acquainted, fortunately, with the professional columnists whose syndicated articles appear in our dailies, or only with the Broadway columnist whose "Flash!" awakens vacuous minds out of desuetude into brain-stirring awakening to that boudoir-buster of domestic privacy, the stethoscope heart-listener, Walter Winchell.

We have, we humbly confess, since the City-of-Dayton police successfully suppressed Fleming's *Ohio Examiner*, degenerated into reading idiotic, imbecilic, and moronic imitations of the dirt-disher, Walter Winchell, that appear in collegiate scandal sheets weekly—or bi-monthly. It would be a "blessed event"—to use columnistic language—were some of them suppressed to conceal the self-evident truth that attendance at college can do naught for the youth suffering from endocrine glandular disturbances who droolingly dribble the . . . that nauseate you in weekly and bi-monthly columns of some of our wood-pulp publications.

To say that some of these columns are *puerile* might be misleading. Some of them are worse! They are *puellar*, emanating—Flash! "By way of the high 'C's'."

Pardon us for using Winchellian lingo. We have been affected by those vacuous vaporings of cacophonous collegiate columnists. For a while we thought it was the *ink*. We had it analyzed, however, and

learned that it was not the ink, but the *content*, that gave off that *stale*, musty odor that dulled our mental faculties.

1736—JAMES WATT—1936

Any great invention, leaving in its wake a profound change in the order of things, is hardly the sole property of one man. May we not say that it is the culmination of the work of a number of minds seeking the solution of the same problem? Still it is true that the pertinacity of some minds is so great, singular, and unique, that to them is given the palm of bringing a thought to fruition.

In this sense we single out James Watt as a man who wielded a profound influence on his times and gave great momentum to the striving of man toward material civilization. After two hundred years we see more clearly the effect of his work.

There are those who might find fault with progress, as inaugurated by James Watt, because it renders the problem of distribution and control more complex and difficult. Be this as it may, it will invite a consideration of higher ideals which should motivate man in all his progress from the material to the spiritual.

The Department of Mechanical Engineering is living up to its high standards in taking note of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of James Watt. The students of the department have collected their findings in three articles of the January, 1936, issue of *The Exponent Magazine*.—A. H.

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The Age of James Watt

"If a man were to propose to carry us regularly to Edinburgh in seven days, should we not vote him to Bedlam?" Thus spoke an English Lord in 1671. Bedlam, be it known, was a London hospital for lunatics.

BEFORE the time of Watt's invention of a practical steam machine, it would have been the height of folly to suggest that it might some day be possible to travel at a speed exceeding the steady trot of a horse. So deeply rooted was the belief that man would never use other means than horses for transportation, that Sir Henry Herbert, a member of the House of Commons, was led to make the following statement before that body in 1671: "If a man were to propose to carry us regularly to Edinburgh in coaches in seven days, and bring us back in seven more, should we not vote him to Bedlam? Or if another were to assert he would sail to the East Indies in six months, should we not punish him for practicing on our credulity?"

What would this honorable gentleman say if he were allowed to board a train in London today and be whisked over the familiar countryside of his childhood—to Edinburgh in seven hours? He would be amazed at such a speed, and perhaps, after he had recovered his composure, would have been filled with pride to know that a fellow-country man, James Watt, was responsible for this modern wonder of our age, the steam engine.

Perhaps Sir Henry Herbert was justified in his statement, for at that time mechanical progress was so set that any further advancement in that field seemed very remote indeed. This may be further brought out by a quotation from that eminent magazine, *The Quarterly Review*, in 1825: "The gross exaggeration of the locomotive steam engine, or to speak more plainly, the steam carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. It is certainly some consolation to those, who are to be whirled at a rate of 18 or 20 miles per hour by means of a high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being seasick while they are on shore, that they are not to be scalded to death, nor drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by

the flying off or breaking of a wheel, but with all these assurances we would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum."

From the foregoing dogmatic assertion, it can be seen that even 150 years later there was still very little confidence in the steam engine. At that time the opinion of the *Quarterly Review* was shared by numerous other publishers, and practically all of the people in the surrounding territory.

No doubt the Honorable Sir Henry Herbert was perfectly satisfied with the conditions existing in "Merrie England" at that time. Like the rest of us, he resisted change and trusted in the age-old saying, "what is good enough for my father is good enough for me."

If we would for a moment look about us and observe the wonders that are ours to use, we would realize the importance of the gifts of Watt and other great men who spent their entire lives developing conveniences for us.

How many of us give thought to these priceless heritages of the past? Certainly very few of us would be willing to live without them. Our country would be a barren place, indeed, to most of us without gayly-lighted cities, sleek roadsters of the highways, swift modern trains, and countless other products of our nations' factories. Yet all these needed steam power, directly or indirectly, to make them possible.

Steam power gives us electricity for our lights, sends steamers across broad seas, propels our trains along shining rails of steel, gives our factories their life blood, and lends a useful hand in almost every walk of life today.

But what did those folks of Old England have, which they preferred to these modern luxuries? It is a certainty that they had but little in the way of our accepted conveniences, to help them in their daily tasks. For a while our modern miracles would perhaps seem overwhelming and confusing to their slower moving tempo. But then the old, old process would repeat itself, and they would be as unwilling to return to their former ways as we would be to

return to the living conditions of 1670 and exist as our forefathers did.

Let us live for a few moments in the England of the period before James Watt's influence began to gain momentum and bring great changes on our globe. For comparison, we will take the period during which Sir Henry Herbert made his famous remark to the House of Commons as to the absurdity of those men who dreamed such fantastic creations as the steam engine.

In London we would find the streets unfit for any sort of travel, whatsoever, on its many rainy days. Frequently the heavy coaches would become bogged, and men with sturdy backs and willing hands would be hailed to do elephantine tasks of pushing the coaches out of the mire. We could hunt all day and not find a sign of a sanitary system to carry off the water and refuse of the streets. At night we would find the narrow, winding streets a perfect maze to one unfamiliar, and no reassuring lights, to guide us down dark hillsides. These dingy, unattractive shops certainly would beckon us in. Searching hills and valleys of the surrounding countryside, we would trudge over almost impossible roads and fail to get a glimpse of even the semblance of a railroad.

Then comes the desire to go beyond the far horizon, a trip to be remembered a lifetime. And well

it might be, for there were no comforts there. The horse-drawn coach was the only way of traveling, which meant a slow, uncertain journey lasting many days. It was not uncommon to be stopped and asked to pay a toll for the use of the "highway." Everywhere one traveled it was necessary to pay this toll. There were over 1,100 of these roads throughout England. With such difficulties we no longer wonder why the early English people remained at home.

Very few of us would be willing to trade our present environment, with its luxuries, for the life of an Englishman of the late seventeenth century. Yet with such surroundings, we would have agreed with Sir Henry Herbert that such dreams were fantastic, just as we now laugh off many ideas as wild, impossible, or impractical.

A man with the ability of a genius, and possessing foresight, far beyond his fellowmen, was needed to jump this great gap of stagnation which caused his countrymen to sit back and accept those conditions with hardly a struggle for freedom. Therefore, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to James Watt who did not except those conditions as final and proceeded to do something about them. He defeated almost unsurmountable problems and gave us a practical power that revolutionized world history. It is, therefore, fitting that we honor him on the 200th anniversary of his birth.

The Boy and the Teakettle

James Watt, as a boy, was ridiculed for being dull. His relatives became disgusted with him, at the age of 17, when he passed the time watching the lid of a steaming kettle bob up and down.

THE people of the world should well be thankful that two hundred years ago, January 19, 1736, James Watt was born. During the span of James Watt's life, his great mind and adaptable hands were at work formulating our present-day methods of transportation and steam-power generation.

His parents imparted to him the fruits of their knowledge and experience. Financial reversals, incurred by unsuccessful speculation, prevented them

from sending him to school. His father gave him the knowledge of machines, mathematics, and tools, so that by the time he was eight years old the employees marveled at the ability of the boy to handle tools in his father's workshop.

It is related that a friend of the family, one day while visiting, chided Watt's father for not sending him to school lest James would grow up to be a dunce. But Mr. Watt answered: "If you would notice what he is about, you would not say as you say."

James Watt was sitting on the floor, working a geometry problem. He was later sent to the Greenoch grammar school where he acquired the rudiments of the classics. His schoolmates jeered and ridiculed him for being so dull and spiritless.

This condition was due, no doubt, to his poor health, for he was delicate, and also due to his dislike for Latin and Greek.

When Watt was seventeen, he went to Glasgow to live with his aunt for a year. It was while he was there with his aunt that the teakettle episode took place. By the hour he would sit and watch the lid bob up and down on a steaming kettle. Being away from his family side with his relatives, he expounded his ideas to them, but they became disgusted with his prattle and sent him back to his parents.

Being mechanically inclined, he made his way to London where he learned the business of philosophical instrument making. Again due to his poor health, he was forced to return to Scotland. At this time he again went to Glasgow where he was employed by the University of Glasgow as an instrument repairman. Due to his association with men of learning, he acquired much that was later manifested in his crowning achievement, the further development of the steam engine. While he was there he saw a steam engine for the first time. It was an engine invented by Newcomen, that was given him for repair. During the time he was repairing it, he noticed the defects in it, and immediately attempted to make Newcomens' engine practicable.

Newcomen's engine consisted of an upright cylinder and a piston. The cylinder was closed at the lower end. Steam was forced into the cylinder and was condensed. The steam condensing in the cylinder created a vacuum, and the atmospheric pressure caused the piston to go down. The condensate was removed, and the inertia of the flywheel caused

the piston to be raised and the cyclic operation was repeated.

After ten years of research and study, in connection with the properties of steam, Watt discovered two primary improvements on this engine: first, that if the cylinder were kept at the temperature of the incoming steam much of the energy of the steam lost in heating the cylinder could be used in doing work; second, the steam in expanding could do more work than in contracting.

Watt experimented many months before he struck upon a method of incorporating his improvements into the engine. He finally made a separate condenser for his engine, and introduced the steam in the lower end of the cylinder. Before Watt's time the steam engine was exclusively a steam pump, slow-working, cumbrous and excessively wasteful of fuel. His first alteration made it quick in action, powerful, and efficient.

During his life he formed two business partnerships to obtain funds so that he might further his work. The final one, with Matthew Boulton, lasted even after his death, between the sons of the two men. Many contrivances commonly in use today were developed by Watt after the formation of this last partnership.

James Watt died August 25, 1819. However, he had the satisfaction of seeing the results of his untiring labors in the invention of the steamboat and the locomotive.

Truly a man who achieved success after surmounting such obstacles as Watt did, is a genius who deserves, not only the minor honors bestowed upon him by the royal societies of Edinburgh, London, and the University of Glasgow, but the respect of the entire world.

The Development of the Steam Engine

Perhaps few of us realize how important is the invention of the steam engine. Without it many of the modern developments that we observe in daily life could not have been realized.

LET us step out of the present, and take an imaginary trip through the years, following the development of Watt's steam engine as we proceed. We find ourselves in the coal fields of Corn-

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wall, England, about the year 1805. As we walk about we notice a small steam engine, crude and awkward in appearance, slowly pumping water from the mine. This crude contraption was but the first step in the development of our modern steam engine. Perhaps we can visualize this engine, resembling in many respects the pumps we see in small oil areas, with its rocking beam, slowly and diligently drawing the water from the mine.

While looking at this engine, we hear behind us a shrill whistle. Glancing around we see coming towards us one of the first locomotives, with its cogwheels running on tooth-like rails. This locomotive is the application of Watt's steam engine on land.

The engine is a comical-looking affair, as compared to our modern-up-to-date steam locomotives. It is capable of traveling at the astounding speed of five miles per hour, with a net load of ten tons. We climb aboard the engine, which takes us to the wharf where the coal is loaded onto boats.

Among the boats that are lying along the shore, we see one that is without sails. Instead, it has a set of paddles projecting from its sides, and these paddles are operated by a steam engine. This is Finch's application of Watt's steam engine to the propulsion of water vessels. This boat was operated for a short time and then abandoned because of its low speed and carrying capacity.

Glancing through the newspapers that contained news from America, we learn that Fulton placed a steam engine into his ship, "The Clermont," which proved to be the first successful commercial application of the steam engine to marine practice.

Now we see the application of the steam engine to every form of industry and transportation. Industries, using the steam engine spring up as if by magic: grist-mills, pumping stations, winches, and other power-driven apparatus. We see many improvements in the steam engine. One of the most important of the early improvements was that of the opening of the Stockton and Darlington railroad.

We attend the opening of the first steam-operated railroad. We climb into one of the eight buggy-like carriages which compose the train, settle back into and wait for the train to take us on our first ride. As we leave Stockton and travel towards Darlington, we are greeted everywhere with shouts and cheers from the people assembled along the road side. On our arrival at Darlington we are met with wild acclamations for the first steam railroad is a success.

Leaving this latest conquest of the steam engine we depart for the docks and prepare for our steamship journey to America. This trip was uneventful as our old friend the engine was working very capably.

Upon our arrival in America we see that here, too, the steam engine has been adapted to many uses. Gazing about us we see it operating winches un-

loading the boat, furnishing water for constant use, supplying the motive power to produce electricity and power, and making itself generally useful. Roaming around the country and studying the improvements made on the engine during the next century, we are amazed to note the important place our steam engine has taken in the industrial system.

Now, let us consider ourselves in our own era, that of the twentieth century, and consider many everyday uses that we make of the steam engine. First, and foremost, let us view the use of electricity. We get up in the morning, turn on the electric light, dress, eat, and depart for our day's work. We get on the street car and proceed to the factory. After checking in at the time clock, we go on to the operation of the machine. Upon the completion of the day's work, we again return home on the street car, dine, and then spend the rest of the evening reading or listening to the radio. On reflection we can find very few times during the day that we have not drawn upon the use of electricity. Let us also bear in mind that, in the main, our electricity was obtained by the use of steam power.

Returning to the factory the following day, we continue our observations. Here is a man using an air gun to drive home screws and bolts. Next to him is a punch-press operator who is using compressed air to clear his machine of waste materials. Opposite him, a man is using a riveting machine. All have used compressed air—and this air was furnished by the use of the steam engine.

As we leave the factory and walk down the street, we notice the street is being torn up by a steam roller. Farther down the street we see a steam shovel excavating the cellar for a building. These machines have incorporated in their design the direct use of the steam engine for producing the necessary power. The assembled apparatus includes the fuel supply, the boiler, the engine, and the necessary ingenious devices for furnishing the desired movements.

As we end our journey we realize more and more the value of Watt's improvement on the steam engine. Without them we would most probably lack a large number of the conveniences which we now enjoy. Many inventions may be made as time goes on, but Watt's invention of the steam engine stands foremost in the field of steam-power generation. Therefore, at the bi-centennial of the commemoration of the birth of James Watt, it is fitting to pay homage to this master-mechanic and inventive genius.

Falling in Love

• By Lola S. Morgan

A noble attempt to classify the less deadly of the human species turns out to be more than mere cataloguing. Sentiment upsets the objective view that should have been taken, with the result that a few heartaches are the consequence.

IT is high time that someone looked into this matter of falling in love. Every person between sixteen and sixty is affected by this disease at least once, and usually more frequently.

I decided to help out other females by finding out why men fall in love and what types of the female species appeal to them. You realize that it was a good idea, and an altruistic one, because I intended to do the experimenting myself.

The first thing I did was to make out a chart, listing the appearance of the intended male, his likes and dislikes, the kind of a girl to whom he should respond, and a little column to contain reports of whether the results were affirmative or negative. You'll get the idea as the sad tale sobs its story.

My first prospect was a dark-eyed violinist whose heart was filled with music. For him I combed my hair in soft waves and practiced the piano three hours a day. I talked Beethoven, Schubert, and Bach, while we listened to radio concerts. I gazed dreamily into the fire and recited Shelley as a Chopin nocturne trembled on the air. Any psychologist would have said that violinist should have fallen in love. Did he? Of course! He fell for the co-ed center on the basketball team who had a voice like a goat and who loved the music of ten pins falling in a bowling alley!

Despite this failure, I was still not convinced that my scheme wouldn't work. After all, it was in the interests of a good cause, and I was a clever girl. The further you read in this story, the more

convinced of that last statement you will become.

My second intended victim was a red-haired football player who made up in muscle what he lacked in brain. He could sleep beautifully through every class discussion, and his shoulders were wonderful to behold. For him I wore my hair in fuzzy ringlets, lost ten pounds, and learned to lisp. I mastered the intricacies of football, and could recite the names of all the gridiron stars of the past five years. I echoed his every opinion and told him he was "marvelous." Did he fall? Of course! He fell for a slick-haired little girl who insisted that he bring his grades up, and made him promise to study Latin next year! Can you beat that?

I was a little discouraged but decided to make one last effort. My poor column held only negative checks.

Well, my third choice looked the easiest. He was definitely a type, tall, dark-haired, serious, and intelligent. Upon him I expected to expend great effort and reap results. I let my hair grow two inches and swept it back from my forehead. I stopped wearing lipstick and began carrying books. In fact, I looked like an ambulating library most of the time. When I finally got him to the "date" stage I was ready to discuss cosmology, biology, Plato, botany, and Hitler. He should have fallen hard. Did he? Of course! He took a head-long dive for a little monkey who thought Socrates was a new kind of shoe polish.

My friends, you can see I did my best. There's just no telling why men fall in love. You can't "type" the animals.

As for me, well, you can see that I should fall for an *intellectual!*

Was that a tall blond across the street? So long! I've got a weakness for walking on that side. I'll see you later and maybe I'll have a check mark in the affirmative column. Here's hoping he's susceptible!

Man's Waterloo: Whiskers!

• By Dan Hobbs

Dan reviewed life from the Creation—or at any rate from the Fall of Man. He discovered one evil that has persisted throughout the ages to the present day. A ray of sunshine, however, looms on the horizon.

MAN has indeed come a long way in the process of civilization. From the fur-covered cave-man to the well-groomed male of the present day is really a mammoth leap, a leap which has covered a period of thousands, and perhaps millions of years, and which has engendered inventions and accomplishments of millions of minds.

The initial edition of *homo sapiens* began by conquering his wild environment, animate and otherwise, and continued to surpass all obstacles in his groping for the acme of satisfaction. His difficulties have been many and his failures comparatively few, but from time immemorial there has remained one impediment in man's path in the quest of ultimate comfort. He has repulsed it time and again with crude and ingenious weapons, but it has always returned obstinate, persistent, unconquerable. Thus do we introduce man's Waterloo—whiskers!

Hair has always been a horrible appendage to the human being. Perhaps it is because the egotistical male wishes to eradicate all evidence of possible ancestry in the anthropoidal species that he removes the physiognomical cilia—beard to you. Perhaps it is because it gets in his soup—or his Wurzburger beer. Better yet, it is probably because he wished to conform to the conventions and the sanctions of society, especially the feminine group. At any rate, the fact remains that chin hair is a common enemy of man, and the many clever methods which man has devised to combat this evil—and their evolution—is, to say the least, an interesting study.

OG, the cave man, came out of his cave at dawn some ten thousand years ago, frothing at the mouth and waving a long piece of chipped flint.

"Elmira!" he managed to choke, in all-consuming rage, who in the %&*&& has been skinning dinosaurs with my razor? Junior! Junior! Come out

from behind that rock and explain these nicks in my best blade?"

SOLOMON, in all his early morning glory—clad in purple pajamas—drags wearily from his bedroom.

"Oh, what a head!" he moans. "Wifey," he groans wearily, "trot out my shaving scissors. It's a shame I can't use a razor like the Gentiles, but that's what comes from being a member of the Chosen People."

BIG CHIEF RUNNING NOSE shook the tepee with his booming demand, several hundred years ago, with "Minnehaha! what happened to those tweezers of mine? You know I have a board of directors' meeting this morning."

Soon grunts and groans emanate from the skin hut, the significance of a deplorable survival of medieval torture projected into a comparatively modern century by the social disease of human respect.

TRULY sad pictures, but correct in every detail, except for the fact that old Solomon was not limited to one spouse, and therefore, having a reserve of sharp scissors—one for each wife—was far more fortunate than this fellow-countrymen.

How do we know these pictures are true representations of the past? Because remnants of these odd practices persist even to the present day. Polynesians still use two pieces of flint, or pieces of shells or shark's teeth ground to a fine edge, and many men of Judea still adhere to the Levitical code prohibiting the use of razors, thus necessitating "shaving scissors."

Now let us proceed to the present day.

Man's affliction still tags along. Mr. Everyman travels to his work every morning in his new streamlined vehicle, conducts his business by telephone, perhaps flies to a distant city on a business trip in a huge man-made bird, returns home in the evening, listens to the radio, and so—to bed.

But there is a catch to everything. He must get up in the morning, and in what a condition! In dread he approaches the mirror, with a tiny spark of hope that the impossible has occurred. But no!

his nemesis still pursues, dooming him to disappointment and even to despair. The inevitable has again happened! His face is once more decorated with dark, ugly-looking stubble. The razor kit opens and the daily blood-letting process again takes place. Indeed, two things are inexorably certain in this life: whiskers and death; and it is difficult to ascertain which embodies the greater agony.

However, a light has appeared far in the distance, casting a microscopic glimmer over the dark, gloomy picture. Man is slowly emerging from his exile. He begins to harbor the thought in his breast that perhaps his great-great-great-grandson may be relieved of the stubble menace.

In every man, from the hobo, who makes the most of a broken Federal non-refillable bottle, to the up-to-date shaver who owns a multifarious array of

shaving machines, there exists the eternal hope of the Promised Land—that of eternally smooth jowls! Straight razors have given way to safety razors, due mainly to the anti-blood campaign of a certain Mr. Gillette. Even greater innovations are now being made public, included in which is a dry shaver—electrically operated—which eliminates razors, blades, shaving cream, lather, and lotion—as well as whiskers—at one sweeping stroke! And now we are trying to think of a way to eliminate the one sweeping stroke!

Therefore, all true men should rally to the cause! The time is ripe for a revolution!

Rise and throw off the oppression! Tear the whip from the hand of the cruel slave-driver and march on to the land of the free! Down with whiskers! Down with razors!

Just a minute, while I drop into this drug store. I need a new pack of razor blades!



Winter Morning

By Lola S. Morgan

It is morning, my beloved,
Day has put the stars to bed;
With a blanket made of cloud-wool
She has covered each bright head.
Now across the waiting heavens
Dawn, with swift light-footed tread,
And her fire-hair brightly streaming,
Comes in blue and gold and red.

It is morning, my beloved,
We wake from dreams of night
To a sky of shining wonder
And a silent world of white.
We stand quiet and enraptured
While the winter morn grows bright,
Till our hearts are wrapped in beauty
And our souls reflect God's light.

The Press that is Not Free

• By M. J. Hillenbrand

The writer asserts that the only "yellow peril" is the perilous "yellow press" of the country. After reading this article you will hesitate to believe what you read in the daily papers.

ONCE or twice in a decade appears a book which, regardless of pure literary value, bears a message so vital, so significant, so pertinent, so revealing that it modifies our entire thought, interpretation of events, and evaluation of casual factors in the history-making process of the contemporary world. Such a work is George Seldes' *Freedom of the Press*, which I briefly reviewed some time ago in the Library Leaves column of the *U. D. News*.

Running the gamut of American criticism, from the radical periodicals to those abominably trite comments issued by librarians, it has absorbed reams of "poo-pooing," a few rhapsodic blurbs, and very few thoughtful discussions. I don't believe that Mr. Seldes' brain-child constitutes a masterpiece in either style or format. Jumbled arrangement, marked prejudices, sensationalism, faulty weighing of important and not so important material—all are evidenced; but the essential point which the author succeeds in proving is essential enough to radically upset the intelligent person's view on the passing human drama.

Tersely put, this revelation strikes a death blow at the validity of the information-sources about the doings of our fellow-men, foreign and local; and if it is a death blow at the sources, it is also the funeral of the information. Journalism, as a telescope focused on the world, comes out with blurred and distorted lenses; and the significance of the resultant false impressions dawns on a person when he realizes just how great a percentage of our judgments, our evaluations, our sympathies are erected on a newspaper foundation, just how many of our policies we dictate on things that are not things but *lies*.

Of course, no man with a gram of sense has ever believed that a printed sheet off a rotary press guarantees truth, but he has seldom been cynical enough to believe that certain printed sheets off specific

rotary presses practically do guarantee falsity. Most people have digested their daily paper with a grain of salt, but who ever thought that a packed salt-shaker wouldn't be enough?

And now comes Mr. Seldes to *prove* that the radical periodicals like *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, have been right all along, that our journalism is corrupt and corrupting, the pawn of vested interests, the defence of a decadent order, the prostitution of an ideal—and perhaps the worst enemy of such civilization as we have left. He shows that popular opinion, which theoretically at least is supposed to rule a democracy—which theoretically we are supposed to have—has been molded, distorted, and deceived so badly that a comparatively few men at the helm—a plutocracy—practically exercise all the power that they might, under the most autocratic form of government. If the claim appears a mere bugaboo, a mountain made of a molehill, it looms in true proportion when we examine some of the more important aspects of man's collective life in their relation to a free press that is not free.

Space limits the examination to a brief statement of definite facts about these aspects, and I shall begin with the most perplexing problem existing today, yesterday, and tomorrow, in the zone of international affairs, and their obfuscation.

Few Americans understand, even dimly, the ways of Europe, and few of the few are newspaper men. Even if most of the few were, the vast network of consorship strung out by Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, and smaller-fry dictators chokes any derogatory truths; and if an isolated truth does escape strangling, the correspondent doesn't—economically. With permits abrogated, the unwary revealer gets the "bum's rush" for what the Russian rushers rather ironically call "attempted intellectual sabotage." With the *rush* goes the chance to obtain more facts, so why bother to write facts, when they only make trouble. After all, getting a new decoration from Mussolini is much more congenial than tearing up established associations for some slip about fascist terrorism in Calabria that no one will appreciate anyway.

Mr. Seldes cites several foreign correspondents

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who have stuck to their guns, facing mob violence, continual threat of expulsion, and imprisonment, to sneak out occasional glimmers of reality—and these several equal just about all. As a diluted liberal of the hoary nineteenth century tradition, the author naturally pours some sympathetic oil on sovietism. Mr. Walter Duranty of the *New York Times* becomes the acme of reporting, and this is a wobbling wopper. Mr. Duranty may write what he pleases, as the title of his latest book flamboyantly announces, but what pleases him doesn't please every observer in Russia. Take for instance the catastrophic famine during 1932-1933 in the Ukraine region, which Duranty still writes of as doubtful. Mr. Chamberlin of *The Monitor* writes that it is not only *not* doubtful in existence, but also as to why it existed—the result of a systematic attempt by the Moscow beurocracy to starve a recalcitrant peasantry into a love for collective farming. Something wrong somewhere, and comparing the two versions I am inclined to doubt Mr. Duranty that it is *doubtful*.

Except for this natural weakness toward anything which brags about progressiveness and liberty, the barnstorming Mr. Seldes knows European politics and intrigue as well as any non-European can. With many years of experience behind him, he senses the futility of American insight into a system that daily develops new methods for corroding such insight.

Here journalism is not so much the criminal as the victim. But when the Associated Press uses controlled agencies like the French "Havas" as foreign-news sources; when the *New York Times*—with the best general coverage in this country—maintains such a manifestly pro-fascisti man as Arnaldo Courtesi for Italian representative; when numerous American papers gobble up the free 2,000 word cable allowance of Mussolini-propaganda dished out to all takers, and print it as news—then room for internal improvement is far from microscopic.

The fact remains that deliberately or undeliberately, planned or unplanned, foreign news is seldom anything but rationalized fable; and realization of the fabulousness makes only more complex our orientation problem in a world of chaos. Judging from the diplomatic maneuverings of our present "overseas" men, they lack any understanding of what is happening under their noses. How about the poor "stay-at homes" who cannot even get a smellable whiff? The pessimist certainly won't starve on this international mess of perversion and ignorance.

On the more immediate issue of peace and war,

we can smear a pitch-black blotch across the record of our press. Although Mr. Hearst has transformed jingoism into a racket for bloated circulation, almost every printed sheet, excluding the communist *Daily Worker* and some Catholic publications, is implicitly a menace to peace. Advocacy of a bigger army and navy, more guns, ships, planes, is nothing but simple donation of government money to the all-powerful munition firm. The Nye senatorial investigation conclusively proved that so-called pluggers for increased armaments are confusing—or uniting—the legitimate defensive needs of the country with the financial needs or wants of the DuPonts, the Schwabs, the big shipyards.

Yet the world's greatest superficialist and self-appointed pundit, Mr. Arthur Brisbane—Hearst's echo—continues to plead for more planes, more planes, and still more planes, and the echo resounds across the country. The whole irrational program of buying peace by putting a chip on your shoulder draws general endorsement and pleading editorials, and if the figure is mixed, it is not one-half so mixed as the reasoning of the endorsers. And how could there be anything but endorsers in a state like Delaware where the entire news system constitutes a tentacle of the DuPont octopus.

The yellow press shoved, pushed, and kicked us into the disgraceful Spanish-American war, where Teddy Roosevelt led a charge, caught the war fever, and ran a high temperature the rest of his life. The press helped inveigle us into the Great War by printing all the lying propaganda, by being pro-ally in a supposedly neutral country, by laughing down such sincere workers for peace as Jane Addams, Eugene Debs, and even the misguided Henry Ford, who with his idealistic "peace ship" has long been the butt of ridicule by people who can't comprehend the distinction between method and principle. The press slandered, defamed, viciously and brutally attacked the elder LaFollette and that very small band of senators who voted "no" on the war declaration, destroying the prestige and future possibilities of a statesman whom history will classify among the greatest of that political tangle known as Congress.

The press created a Japanese scare out of vapor, made most of America believe in the "yellow peril" when the only peril was the psychologically perilous "yellow press"—and incidentally sold many extra shells and steel plates for the arms' industry. The press has helped to ruin world-peace movements, disarmament conferences, naval treaties. It has aroused baseless fears, racial hatreds, and the arrogant nationalism epitomized in that colossus of all journalistic immorality, the printed boast of

a well-known Chicago daily during the war: "My country, right or wrong, my country!" My circulation, right or wrong—and most of the time wrong, my circulation!

If anyone dared to suggest that it might be wrong to boost the wrong policy of a country that was wrong, he would immediately have been sunk under that all-inclusive opprobrium, pacifist—which has been utilized ever since to eliminate the criticism of peace-workers. Give a dog a bad name, even a misnomer, and . . . !

A thoroughly rotten record! And poor deluded people still believe that the newspaper is a sign of man's progress toward the "abundant life"—whatever that may mean. Of course there are exceptions, and it doesn't require any old proverb to prove anything by their isolated existence.

Perhaps the worst crime of the press has been its mistreatment of the long struggle between capital and labor. The big-money men who own the big dailies naturally hoist the big-shot class interest above poor downtrodden impartiality, seldom giving the labor unions, the labor demand, the labor complaint, any kind of fair coverage or exposition. Strike-breaking thugs, lockouts, scabs, have all found hypocritical support from the "educators of the common man," while progressive legislation, reform measures—maximum wage, shorter hours, accident insurance, laws have been shattered by laissez-faire broadsides of rugged individualistic news sheets.

An atrocious example of the shabby deal which the press foists on public opinion about social problems is the reporting of the San Francisco general strike in 1934. The entire country believed that a handful of communists had somehow or other seized control, duped the longshoremen, cut off the food supply, and were starving all the poor milkless bourgeoisie babies to death—class war in the raw. Chaos was king, and every decent, law-abiding citizen shuddered in deadly peril of losing family, hearth, and home at the hands of ruthless reds. So read the papers!

But Will Rogers, whom as Mr. Seldes suggests, "no one has yet called a Bolshevik," had this to say: "Well, I went to San Francisco, and I tell you we are not so nutty under stress as you might think. . . . The only thing went haywire was the headlines in the out of Frisco papers. I hope we never live to see the day when a thing is as bad as some of our newspapers make it."

The fact was that no one starved except the unemployed who do anyway, for ice, milk, bread, and other trucks delivering bare necessities were to be seen on the streets. Perhaps little Fifi had to suf-

fer along without her imported French-dog biscuit, but after all, a general strike is a general strike, and the workers had plenty of general and particular reasons for a general strike.

What really turned public opinion in the country against the humans who refused to work—because they could not work as humans—was the newspaper claim of communist management and inspiration for the whole affair. Of course the soap-boxers were involved as always, just as the Salvation Army manages to nose in with a few hymns at Union Square, but the strike was the just protest of indignant American workingmen. Its successful conclusion resulted directly from the lies and exaggerations of a violently anti-labor press.

Red! radical! bolshevik! These are the old standbys, promiscuously slung about, for frightening the timid away from any reform that threatens a vested interest. They always work, and they are always used—just like pacifist and brain-truster in different spheres.

Again, exceptions exist among the multifarious news sheets of the country, one especially, which I always read with pleasure and a feeling of security—the *Philadelphia Record*.

I believe that this indictment of modern journalism is convincing enough to prove how damnably hypocritical our "free press" is—a positive social menace. Everyone knows about other evils which I have not discussed: shady and corrupt political side-taking, general degradation of the intellectual level through such monstrosities as magazine sections and popularized science articles. The record stands, and who is proud of it?

President Roosevelt, so they say, daily scans the pages of several leading newspapers to keep in touch with citizen reaction and current news inaccessible through governmental agencies. God save the president!—and his touch!—or his selectivity! Perhaps that explains his constant evasion of the vital Mexican issue, his support of a bigger navy, when the one we have now is an unrequired drain on the taxpayers.

Getting the news is a modern dilemma, and there are no horns to grab, for the corrupt, propagandizing press rears high and mighty "beyond our poor power to add or detract." Even Mr. Seldes lapses into platitudes and pious hopes when he comes to writing of the future, which looks as dark as the present—a present dark in most categories of human activity, for how can truth and common sense run free when the channels of information are clogged? No wonder a whole world is in general chaos when different parts of the world can't find out about a different part.

Jack--and a Queen and a Knave!

• By Bob Wharton

Just a short short-story of a night club on Broadway in which a pretty girl and a sophisticated young man get acquainted. A taxi ride leads to a strange experience—for both of them!

SHE was a remarkably pretty girl. True, her make-up was a trifle too garish, but that could be excused, considering the fact that she had just completed a solo dance.

Every pair of eyes in the night club followed her as she walked mincingly, but gracefully to a table far to the side of the brilliantly lighted floor. They promptly left her and as promptly forgot her, however, as the spotlight singled out a pair of adagio dancers on the platform.

There was one pair of eyes that did not dismiss her so casually, however. They belonged to Del Kettering—man about town—who was whisperingly pointed out as gambler, gangster—and “what have you?”

Del Kettering was a wise, disillusioned, and sophisticated young man. He had come into contact with all the sordidness and evil that a long life in a big city can present.

Of all the people in the night club, only Del Kettering perceived that there was something wrong with the girl. Her lips were quivering uncontrollably, even while she smiled, and her eyes were brimming with welled-up tears.

She looked straight at Del Kettering, almost as if she felt his eyes upon her. As she seated herself at her table, she again looked at him and then quickly looked down, blinking her eyes as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Grinning sardonically to himself, Del Kettering reached into his hip pocket and extracted his bill fold. He removed all of his money and folded the bills into a tight, flat bundle. Then he stooped and wedged the little bundle securely in the side of his shoe, with the top part of the bills held securely by his spat.

He rose to his feet and walked over to her table.

“Can I be of any assistance? You seem as though you have something worrying you.”

She looked up at him and smiled a little, then

daintily touching her tear-stained cheeks with a handkerchief, she spoke softly:

“No, I’m afraid not, Mr. Kettering, it’s something that I . . .”

“You know my name?” he asked in surprise, sitting down opposite her.

“Yes, Susan, the hat-check girl pointed you out to me.”

“Oh, yes, I know Susan,” replied Del Kettering, stilling his suspicions. “But what is the matter? What are you crying about?”

“Oh,” shrugged the girl, “I was fired! Al Berratto has been pestering me for a long time, and because I wouldn’t have anything to do with him he went to my boss.”

“Al Berratto! the cheap crook!”

“He is waiting outside for me,” continued the girl, “and I can’t leave. The worst of it is, I haven’t enough money to get home, either.”

Del Kettering made a gesture toward his pocket, but the girl checked him.

“No,” she murmured softly, looking wonderfully beautiful, regardless of the heavy mascara. “I’ll try to borrow some from Susan in the check room. But if you would be kind enough to walk with me out of the door, Al Berratto won’t bother me.”

She rose gracefully to her feet and went to her dressing room. Kettering stood outside her door, an unfamiliar feeling flooding him. He would protect this girl against that lousy Berratto! Just let that cheap crook start something!

In a moment the girl was out of her room, and together they went to the hat-check girl, who reluctantly parted with ten dollars.

Then, arm in arm, the girl and Kettering left the night club. Kettering looked cautiously about him, and as he expected, saw Al Berratto scowling at the door. The girl gasped and held tightly to his arm.

They stepped into a waiting cab and drove away. Del Kettering looked back, and he wondered if it was a smile or a sneer that he perceived on Al Berratto’s face.

“I never can thank you enough,” the girl was saying. “You’ve been very kind.”

“Aw, that’s all right,” said the slightly embar-

rassed Kettering, who had never before done a good deed in his life.

"But I mean it," earnestly cried the girl—in her enthusiasm dropping her dainty kerchief to the floor of the cab.

Before he could retrieve it for her she had bent forward, and after fumbling around for a moment, she straightened up and sank back in the luxurious cushions.

"I never could have gotten away safely if it hadn't been for you. But now I must get out here. I live only a block away."

She stopped the driver, and swiftly kissing Kettering on the cheek she was gone.

The cab slowly drove away, and Kettering sat back, feeling that he had always possessed the wrong slant on life and women.

He stooped over to pull his money out of his shoe.

It was gone! That sob sister had worked the racket!

Kettering sank back in his seat, laughing uproariously.

"I hope she gets pinched by the "G-men" for passing those counterfeits—the dirty crook!"



I'm a Scribble Hunter

• By Martha Rockey

Did you ever observe yourself scribbling hieroglyphics on telephone pads as you waited for your friend—at the other end—to give you a chance to say something? The writer gives us the results of her observations—verbally and graphically.

HERE'S a secret! I have a private little complex, all my own. And I think it's one of the most fascinating and novel complexes I've ever come in contact with—even if it *does* belong to me. I'm a "scribble-hunter!"

Now don't laugh! I know it sounds absurd, but wait until you've been initiated into the subtleties of true "scribble-hunting" and I'll wager three to one that you'll be spending most of your stray pennies for pencils and paper.

You see, the other night I watched a man sketch idly on a pad of paper while he telephoned. His eyes were vacant, his mind was fixed on the person at the other end of the wire, yet his pencil flew

along the paper in quick, vigorous strokes. When he had hung up the receiver, he glanced at the paper, and without changing expression, wadded it up and threw it into a corner of the phone booth.

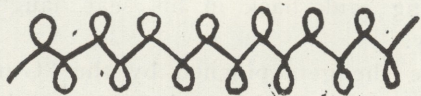
After he had gone, my curiosity got the better of me, and with a sheepish grin I tiptoed over, fished the paper out of the corner, and smoothed it out. It was covered with funny little zigzag lines, and dotted here and there with different sizes and varieties of stars—some of them fat and round, and some of them long and skinny and lop-sided, like this:



As I looked at the little piece of crumpled paper, I began to realize how many people I had seen who idly drew pictures as they talked. And then and

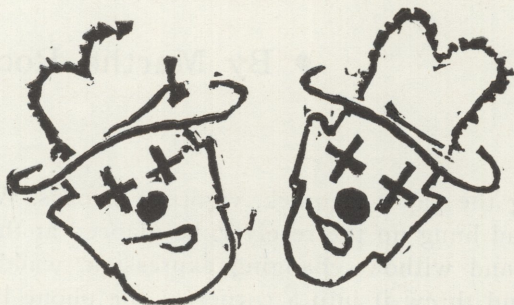
there I determined to collect material for a "scribble-scrapbook." You should see it now! It's literally packed with all sorts of foolish little figures, each one characteristic of its originator.

There is, for instance, my mother. She weaves a single line into a long, delicate ribbon that looks very much like an accordion:

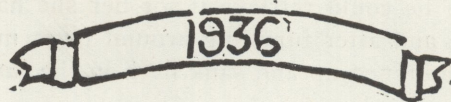


The faster she talks, the faster her pencil flies. If she can't find a piece of scrap paper, she decorates at random anything which happens to be lying about! I have often left a letter or theme on the desk by the telephone, and come back to find it decorated like an old-fashioned valentine! And once I even caught mother shamefacedly erasing a long, swirling curlicue from the wall paper!

My uncle draws funny little men with fuzzy hats and big shiny noses. They are always laughing at each other, with their eyes mere crosses, and their eyebrows little half-moons up in their hairlines. And I'll tell you a secret! Never yet have I known my uncle to draw these jolly little men without putting fuzz on their hats!

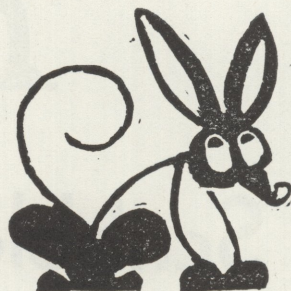


Dad's phone-pad brainstormers aren't quite so abstract. He spends his time in drawing ribbons, which are always looped three times at the ends, and have the date printed squarely in the middle:

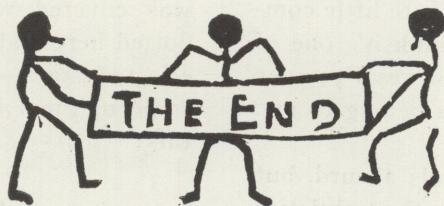


Sometimes, in moments of profound meditation, he puts four loops on the ends, but this is only on very rare occasions.

Aunt Marie invariably draws an anaemic-looking little dog, with great floppy ears and a tail like a discouraged watch-spring. I shudder to think of the vast army of these consumptive canines which she has brought into existence!



I could mention many more queer designs and funny figures, which have been the result of intense concentration on the part of my acquaintances, but I hear my own telephone ringing. I shall be off to gossip with some friend—while I idly sketch little skinny stick-figures doing all sorts of insane things on *my* phone-pad!



The Bleak North

• By Richard Kappeler

Love makes the world go round! Away up North, where polar bears wear their fur skins inside out, to keep warm, Nex, an outlaw, is captured, makes his escape, only later to be captured by fiendish Indians. Meet Dorée, the pretty French captive, who falls in love with Nex. The Indians plan to sacrifice her to the Great Spirit, Manitou. Can Nex save her?

"KOOSH! koosh! Hoo-yah!—the shout rang out across the snow-covered valley. The clear, strong voice belonged to Nex Whitmer, a tall lanky, yet nimble fellow. He was clad in a heavy bearskin coat and otter cap. He was lean and tough as rawhide. He was a "pupamootoo," as the Indians say, meaning "wanderer."

Nex went along behind his sled in springy, light steps. He called gayly to the huskies. The dogs were going at an easy lope—no sense in tiring them needlessly. He was in no hurry. He had all the time in the world to get to where he was going.

A vast, solemn silence was broken by his loud shouts and guffaws. The smell of spruce and balsam hung thickly upon the crisp air. It was early spring, and this would be the last great snowfall.

He took out his cherished pipe and lit it. He looked about him. The vastness made him feel peculiarly little—and alone. The valley down which he was mushing was well timbered on the sloping sides, forming a giant glazed right of way. A small brook cut into the foot of the palisades farther on down the trail. During the rainy seasons the valley would swell into a sizable river. Now it was but a dreary, flurry snowdrift.

Off in the timber the shrill "yap! yap" of the fox could be heard, and once the sharp, quick cry of the wolf. Wolves never howled at daytime, Nex had noticed. The snowshoe rabbit had scurried across his path to its burrow.

NEX WAS leading a lonely life, not to say dangerous. He was known by Indians, trappers and police as "Netikoo Napoa" or "Devil Man." And justly so was he named, for it designated an outlaw or a criminal.

Back in Montreal he had had a job as fur appraiser for a large concern. His newly appointed boss, who knew little about furs, proved different

than his first supervisor. He tried to tell Nex how to do his job. Nex resented this and did not disguise his feeling toward him. The boss sent in an unfavorable report of Nex to the "Office." There was a big fuss and the two became enemies.

Nex was used to nature in the raw, crude elements, having formerly been a trapper—a tough life. He was not so keen on the finer points of ethics, but was rough and ready. Yet he had a good heart.

He always treated the ignorant trappers and Indians with kindness and honesty. He could have been rich long ago had he cared to cheat those simple people. But he was their friend.

One day he found his boss beating a young Indian buck called Wapa. He interfered and Dulnever, the boss, drew his gun. Nex sprang like a cougar, with drawn knife, and stabbed him—in his black heart. His boss had been cheating the Indian!

He told his story to the Mounted Police, but his boss's sweetheart told a false story about witnessing Nex deliberately stabbing the boss while the two talked. She even brought in false witnesses.

They convicted him, but while on the way to prison, on a train, Nex saw his chance and escaped. The bleak wild North soon engulfed him and hid him from humans. He was now the famous killer—"Devil Man," as Wapa's people dubbed him.

THE NOISE of struggling dogs and creaking of a sledge were wafted on the heavy air. Turning, he saw a scarlet-coated "Mounty" coming at him, cutting across his trail.

He had only an automatic, and doubted if he could score a direct hit the first shot. But he fired and saw the snow fly a little to the side.

"Nex! it's me—Grayson. I've come to take you back. Come on, Devil Man, I've got you!"

"You'll never get me, Grayson," Nex laughed boastfully. "I'm already wounded bad. I . . ."

Nex dropped to the snow. He waited fully ten minutes. The Mounty was rather wary, but his curiosity pushed him reluctantly nearer. Soon he was within reach.

Nex rose to his knees. Grayson fired hastily. Nex shot the five remaining bullets cruelly and coldly into the already sinking Grayson.

He stopped long enough to ascertain that Grayson was beyond help. He bound up his own wound and transferred several of the Mounty's best dogs to his own traces. He whipped the dogs savagely as they ran. He soon left Grayson far behind. The figure became but a speck and then disappeared. The dogs were tired, and their feet bleeding from the thin, icy snow, when he stopped not far from a "Post" on the Hudson.

A long quavering howl arose and the loneliness of its timbre irritated Nex. He let the malamutes out of their traces and gave them their rations of cold salmon. Then he fastened them down to pegs with Babiche cords, cleverly arranged so they couldn't chaw their way to freedom.

Another call sounded farther away. The dogs voiced their red-jowled defiance. The call of the pack again, joining for the hunt! The dogs buried themselves in the snow to keep warm. Nex collected plenty of firewood and spread out his blankets. Soon a circle of gleaming eyes silently formed about the firelight. But they kept their distance and Nex was unconcerned. Rather, he sat idly smoking and lost in reveries. Funny how these solitudes made a fellow think a lot and dream!

THE NEXT day he left his sled out in a clump of spruces and glided to the "Post" on snowshoes. He knew he was somewhere near the "Post" when he saw a fat fox, dead, near a trap, a poison trap. The bait was strychnine, in beaver fat inside a rabbit carcass. An Indian's trap! A covey of ptarmigan fluttered up from beneath his feet and whirled away.

The "Post," Nex saw, was a rather large one for so far north. Here rough hewn trappers lazed their summers away. Indians came to trade and haggle with swindlers who gave them only whisky for their precious pelts of silver fox and minks and ermine. And it only left them with a thirst. They were wary at first, but when they got a taste of whisky they parted with everything. Indian get a liking for fire-water. Soon all is gone, and a poor drunken Indian goes back to his tribe a sadder and wiser fellow—until next year.

Nex realized he couldn't stop at the Post.

SILVER ARROW, an under chief of the Sarcees, while going the rounds of his traps saw a ragged,

thin "Pale Face" staggering towards him. He had been out taking in his traps as the last snow had melted. He let out a savage whoop and five stalwart bucks answered. Nex smiled to himself as he saw the bucks warily advance to overpower a sole white man. When they got back to the pow-pows they would describe how they overpowered twice their number and captured him single-handed. He muttered in English:

"Food! Food! Give poor man food!"

One of the bucks knew enough English to understand him. They took him to the village. It was a cluster of tepees amid a rough circle of wilderness and fir trees. A rapid river ran down past the encampment to the nearby falls.

He was roughly shoved into a tent filled with other captives. They wanted to know if any rescue party was on its way. He assured them of rescue, that the party had been but a few miles behind him when he was captured.

He noticed one girl, a dark brunette of French parentage, and exquisitely pretty, he thought. She was beautiful. Dorée Durix was her name.

Nex told her he scouted ahead of the rescuing party.

"But I made a fizzle of it. The dogs slipped through the ice and I had to walk the rest of the distance on foot. I almost starved for three days."

"You poor thing!" she said comfortingly. To Nex it seemed that she was pitying him.

"Don't! I need no pity! I'll get both of us out of here in no time."

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean it that way."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Forgive me?"

"How could I help but forgive you—a pretty creature like you. You're—you're . . ."

Nex blushed and bit his lips. He felt as silly as a kid. No other women had agitated him so. He couldn't understand it.

A close and intimate friendship sprang up between Dorée and Nex. He at last opened up his heart to her and told her his life story—and she told him hers. It gave him a chance to talk to someone who cared to listen to his tales. No one else cared what he did or why he did it.

"Nex, since you've been so frank, I see now that you're really good down in your heart. You were never meant to be an outlaw. It was—what would you say?—fate that turned you this way. It's partly the fault of a miscarriage of justice. That's how I look at it, and I can't blame you much."

"You're wonderful to see it that way, Dorée, but just the same I'm a killer," he replied bitterly.

"No, I wouldn't put it that way. It was almost a form of self-defense from blind justice."

"But I'm an outlaw—hated by everybody. I have no friends. Everyone fears me."

"But I'm your friend—that is, I'd like to be."

Their hands met and his heart skipped a beat. They had passed through two weeks of bugs and filth, not to mention the skimpy, revolting food given them. They were the only two prisoners left. The rest had been selected, one by one—each looking in vain for the help that never came.

"Oh, Nex, how long can this go on?"

"Courage, Dorée, something will turn up. We just can't die like this—like trapped rats."

"But we are helpless. . . ."

Dorée, *believe* in me. I promise to get you out!"

THE NEXT hour he was dragged before the council. Bear Claw was the highest in command. He was brilliantly arrayed and bedecked with clashing colors. Surrounding the squatting chief were immobile faces. But such austerity and pomp failed to impress Nex. An interpreter was present. He made known his purpose to Nex. The size and accuracy of his vocabulary surprised Nex.

"We have found out that you are Netikoo Napoa—a brave fighter," started Bear Claw.

"That's right!"

"Indian like bold fighter. Warrior or fighter is like wild animal. He die when kept tied up. I no think you run away. The police are hunting for you, so it would do you no good," was the liberal translation.

"That means I'm permitted the liberty of the camp?" asked Nex, unable to believe his ears.

"Ah yes, but you must stay with Sarcees. He make you a good home here. Maybe after a while you like squaw. You make good warrior."

"You're right about the *home* part. I need one. But nix on the squaw stuff."

"Then here are your blankets and bow and arrows. You will make good warrior. We make you a Sarcee later—next moon, maybe."

Nex started to talk when a commotion arose. He saw Indians dragging Dorée before Bear Claw. She saw Nex and gave him a brave smile.

"Your pale-face squaw must die tomorrow," belowered Bear Claw with severity.

Her face fell as she heard her sentence pronounced. Nex sprang to her side, putting his arms about her.

"Don't worry! I'll still save you," he whispered tenderly.

A murmur arose from the crowd. Nex looked at the graven, expressionless faces, and he knew it was useless to appeal to those bloodthirsty heath-

ens. He *must* save her. He loved her, he admitted to himself. Could she possibly love a killer like him? No; that was absurd!

Looking into her eyes, Nex was astonished. There could be no mistake? He read that look in her eyes as easily as he could read a book. She loved him, too. It gave him a joyous thrill and incentive to do superhuman things to save her. He'd fight the whole tribe!

"And you, Napoa, shall tell us how she dies."

"Burn her at the sun dance," one squaw ventured.

"You can't kill her. She's my squaw," Nex snapped angrily.

"Silence! you would be no good warrior with a white squaw. She would always tell you to leave us to go to your own kind—who turned you out. We need strong braves to fight trappers. So tell us how she die—quick, pale-face!"

"But you can't kill her. She's Manitou's white child," Nex said, groping at any straw.

"Liar! Manitou no like *white* woman."

It hit him almost like a flash! It was a good thought. The more he thought of it the better he liked it. It was his only chance.

"All right! Then I will ask my gods how she must die," he spoke up, pausing dramatically.

"They say she must go over falls in canoe," he relayed resolutely.

"Only a moment before, Dorée was sure that Nex loved her, and now he was actually prescribing her death. She couldn't believe it was because of selfish motives. No! she told herself—she *trusted* him.

"Good! tomorrow when dawn comes!"

"Good!" chorused the court.

Nex stayed and pledged allegiance to the tribe, and smoked the peace pipe—a foul-smelling thing. He strolled about the tepees, keeping his eyes open. He remembered the general direction of the river and many other details. Then he visited Dorée.

"Whew! I finally got away from those dirty heathens." She made no reply.

"Dorée, darling, I think I can save you."

"How?" she asked despondently.

"Don't think I turned against you. I couldn't if I tried. I—I love you! *There*, I said it. Now you know—and I can't even have you."

"I knew it, Nex—at the council—your look. Why can't you have me?"

"I'm an outcast from society," he sighed sadly.

"There are other places to live, where *we* could live—why even my father's village. No one would know you," she said, enthralled in joy.

"Then you love me? Tell me it's so!"

"Yes, Nex dear." He kissed her tenderly, then released her.

"I have to go now. I haven't time to tell you, but I have a plan to save you. Goodbye, darling."
"Goodbye, Nex," was the whispered reply.

HE HUNG around the camp until he found a barrel and a couple of ropes. He rolled the barrel into his new wigwam. He then slipped outside the rear of his tepee and ran for the shadows. The Indians would think he was asleep!

He traveled through the forest and came to the river. The roar of the cascade hummed in his ear. He took off his shoes and waded in.

The river was about waist deep. It was not wide, but rocky and swift. He waded to within a couple of yards of the precipitous falls, holding tightly to the rock. A slip or misstep meant sure death. The night was rather dark and he stepped cautiously. He toiled silently for half an hour.

Satisfied, he made for the shore. He ran back to camp at a slow trot. He searched for the canoe. He found it all dolled up in ceremonial regalia. Then he searched for more paraphernalia. The pale moon was well at its zenith when he crawled onto his pallet.

DAWN CAME up in all its splendor, and so did the Indians in their full regalia of costume. Nex was already up and sitting in the ceremonial canoe. Then a low chant began, opening the ritual. Several Indians started dancing, brandishing tomahawks, knives, and ancient carbines.

An escort brought Dorée to the river bank. She faced the chief. Bear Claw raised his voice.

"Let us go down the tumbling waters that we may see our captive meet her god. We shall see if she is Manitou's child. Huh! I have spoken."

Nex walked up to her. Her arms were tied behind her back. Their glances spoke more than their words ever could.

"You're the bravest girl I know—but don't be afraid. I know Manitou will save you."

"I'm not afraid to die, Nex—not now. Only remember I love you—always!"

"And I love you—but you won't die. Just do as I say. Promise?"

"What are you saying, Nex? You can't fight all these Indians."

"I don't have to fight them," Nex said mysteriously. "I have an *ally* to help me," he added.

"Who, Nex, who?"

"Manitou!"

"Nex, how can you . . . ?"

"I'm not fooling! You *won't* go over the falls. But for heaven's sakes, whatever you do—don't *stand up*! Understand? Don't stand up—*no time*."

Page twenty

"If you say so—I won't," She knew he was just trying to fool her, to make it easier for her.

"I can see that you don't believe me when I say I'm going to *save* you—but I am. I *swear* I will! Please tell me you believe me!"

She looked at him, and he thought he never saw so lovely a woman in his life. He kissed her.

"I believe you now," she gasped, catching her breath.

"Then stay seated in the middle of the canoe. Don't fall to the bottom. If you tip the canoe, there isn't a chance against these sharp rocks."

The braves tried to separate them. They kissed again and his kiss gave her undreamed of courage. She knew beyond doubt that she loved him. Nex led her to the canoe, and as he helped her in he whispered,

"Sit tight and remember I love you."

But as he ran down the river trail, on ahead of the canoe, his heart thumped with excitement. Would his plan work? The current was slow today, thank God! He climbed a tall, heavily foliated tree, and waited in the crotch, hidden from the Indians.

His plan couldn't fail now. Fate couldn't be so cruel as to give him a true love, a new chance in life—and happiness—only to laugh in his face and take her away.

He saw the bucks push Dorée out into the stream. The canoe glided along the middle of the current. A prayer rose to his lips.

Once the canoe wobbled crazily and his pulse throbbed faster. But Dorée was sitting proudly erect. She was the bravest woman he had ever met. He was proud of her! He smiled to himself rather sadly. She *did* love him and believed in him!

A STEADY sound of chanting arose from the Indians. The old women shrieked their delight. The braves were cold and reserved as usual.

Dorée was nearing the end of the river. She started to rise. She *must* stay sitting. She sank back weakly and closed her eyes. Excitement was at a pitch—she was almost there! Nex was almost afraid to watch the spectacle.

A miracle happened! The canoe stopped. An unseen, invisible giant hand seemed to be holding it back from destruction!

The Indians were stricken dumb—amazed—awed! Could it be that Manitou had actually saved his child?

There were no jags or driftwood in that part of the river to hold the canoe. It rested motionless as on a glass mirror. It was supernatural—*weird*—

(Continued on Page 22)

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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

(Continued from Page 20)

incredible! Some Indians fell on the ground. The chanting dirge ceased shortly.

There was not a sound. A heavy silence reigned. Dorée was astounded and rather awed, herself. She couldn't comprehend what had happened. Was this an illusion? Or had *Nex* really saved her?

Then a deep, majestic voice, strained and far away, rang out of the skies. It spoke the Indian language.

"I—am—Manitou! Sarcees have displeased me. Below is my white child. I am displeased. Run to your village. Leave my child for me! Make fast run like deer. Later I punish Sarcees, but now go to your wigwams!"

One of the more simple braves started and streaked up the trail. Another followed, and then all took to their heels. Many years later, children's children recounted the visit of the great Manitou, and proudly told how their fathers had heard Manitou's voice with their own ears.

AS SOON as the last Indian had disappeared, Nex clambered down the tree and ran for the suspended canoe. He carried a long rope with him.

"Dorée, darling, I told you it would work. And I still have you, my sweet," he shouted gleefully.

Nex, I can't believe . . ." she started, radiant of face.

"Just a clever trick. Here! catch hold of this rope. Hold tight! Here we are!"

He pulled her to the shore and clasped her in his

arms. He unfastened her ropy manacles. When she had time to talk she asked:

"Nex, how did you do it? You're wonderful!"

"Just a little idea. It's really simple. The river is fairly narrow. Look!" He pointed to the stream.

She crawled to the edge and looked down into the green depths. She saw a line running along the bed to the other shore. She looked at Nex.

"A rope—strung between two large jags of rocks! Simply tied them around a few inches below the surface," he explained gayly.

"But how . . . ?" That was as far as she got.

"A part of a barrel hoop fastened to the rear, or the keel of the canoe, served as a hook. The hook caught on the rope and you stopped."

"Oh Nex, I thought sure I was going to die!"

"I prayed so the hook wouldn't scrape on the river-bed and break. I thought no one would spy the rope, because they were all looking at you, and then hunting for the voice."

"The voice was you? But so loud! How did . . . ?"

"I just forced it. I had to. It's a little strained now, but we've escaped."

"But you didn't speak *Indian* before in the village. You had an interpreter at the council. Why?"

"Darling, in a card game one should never show all his cards to his opponent," he answered gravely. They both laughed merrily.

"You are a good card player, Mr. Whitmer," she said, laughing gayly.

"And why not? Look! I led the deuce and trumped with my ace, and what have I got left?" He drew her to him. "A queen of hearts!"

To Youth

By Lola S. Morgan

O youth! of all the world, why do you sleep
Through these dark days of fear and war and greed?
Have you no eyes to recognize the need
Life has of you? Must you still bow and creep
When men command? Are you still sunk so deep
In old conventions that you cannot plead
Your right to live? Must you stand still and bleed
Your hearts away, scarce brave enough to weep?
You have a right to work and love and mirth,
You have a right to milk and meat and bread,
A right to wrest a living from the earth
And time to sing so that your souls be fed.
Defend your rights to fuller, nobler birth
And resurrect to life a dream now dead.

College Clippings

I did not know before that—

"Two Hundred Years in the White House" or "My Career as Three Presidents" was the subject of a lecture delivered to 79 University of Minnesota students during their tour through the insane asylum at Rochester, Minn. The speaker, a well-spoken Negro, eagerly told the visitors his experiences as Monroe, Johnson, and Theodore Roosevelt.

* * * * *

Banks are now using cellophane for coin wrappers, enabling the tellers to count the money without unwrapping the rolls.

* * * * *

More than 4,700 miles of thread can be spun from a single pound of cotton.

* * * * *

The odds against winning a first prize in the Irish Free State Hospital Sweepstakes are 350,000 to 1, and the odds against winning any other prize are 3,500 to 1.

* * * * *

Dr. W. Eames, New York Public Library book authority, holder of three honorary degrees and considered one of the world's foremost scholars, never had even a high-school education.

* * * * *

Women traffic police of Tokio, Japan, are said to be more efficient than men.

* * * * *

The life of the flags flying day and night over the United States Capitol is less than thirty days.

* * * * *

Prof. David Cabeen, Vanderbilt University, says: "Men are vainer than women. That's why they don't wear make-up. They think they don't need it."

* * * * *

Not all aliens who entered the United States illegally are deportable. Any who slipped in between 1921 and 1924 are exempt from deportation, but they can never be naturalized.

* * * * *

Under the California state marketing agreement, olives are graded according to these size standards: medium, large, larger, mammoth, giant, jumbo, colossal, and super colossal.

The first bathtub, installed in the United States, was installed in a Cincinnati home in 1842.

* * * * *

Mrs. Thomas L. Havercamp of Somerville, Tenn., recently resigned her job as one of the few women mail carriers in the United States, after walking 34,000 miles since starting her route in 1920, and gaining 45 pounds.

* * * * *

The French liner *Normandie* carries a squad of 25 professional firemen, trained by the Paris fire department.

* * * * *

Italy is reported trying out a chemical to burn the feet of the shoeless Ethiopians. Rumor has it that the Ethiopians will retaliate by tying knots in the invaders' spaghetti.

* * * * *

Contrary to common belief, college athletes live longer than average men of the same age and circumstances, according to a survey of longevity made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

* * * * *

It cost seven million dollars a year to blow the whistles of locomotives on the railroads of the United States.

* * * * *

The largest slot machine in the world is twelve feet high, and is in Los Angeles. You put in your money and you receive a cake of ice.

* * * * *

Every member of the Purdue and Indiana basketball teams is a native Hoosier.

* * * * *

Cabbages, which have lost their odor, have been produced by Prof. C. H. Myers in the experimental gardens of Cornell University. It took 4,000 cabbages and six years of effort in their breeding, to eliminate their smell.

* * * * *

A student at the University of Iowa reports that "flunks" are caused by uncomfortable chairs in the classrooms.

* * * * *

Waltér Whitman's poetry is "nothing but a Sears-Roebuck catalogue with calliope accompaniment."

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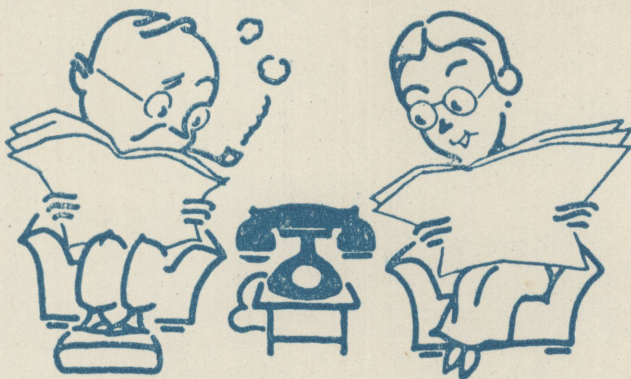
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