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The University of Dayton Exponent, February 1934

University of Dayton

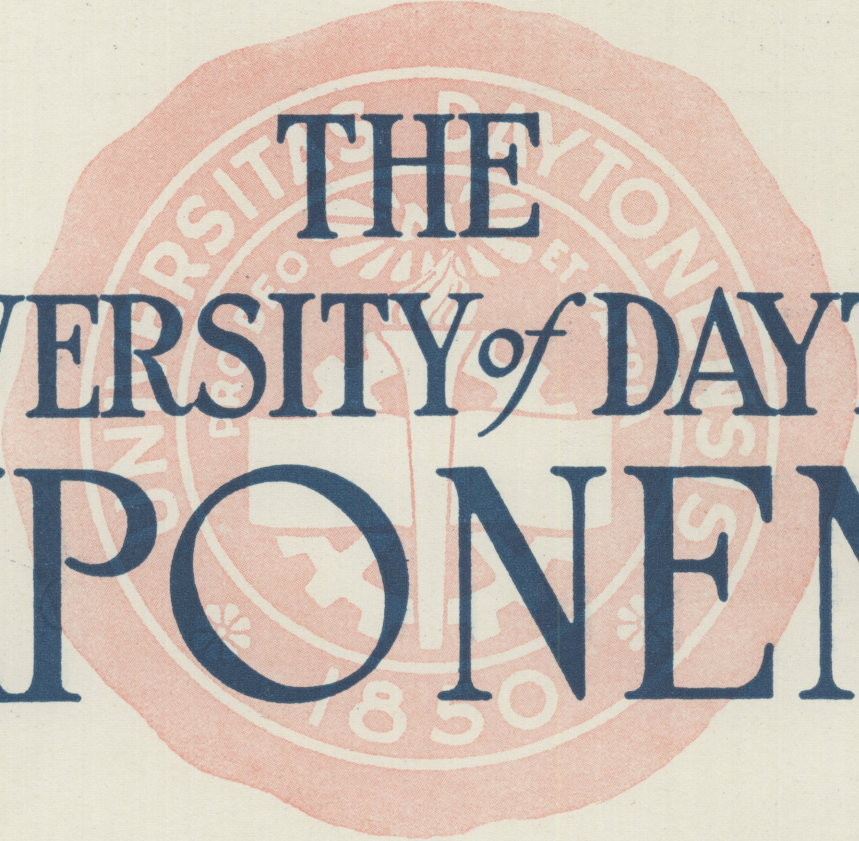
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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem with a red border. Inside the border, the words "UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON" are written in a circular path. The center of the seal features a shield with a cross, and the year "1850" is inscribed at the bottom. The seal is positioned behind the main title text.

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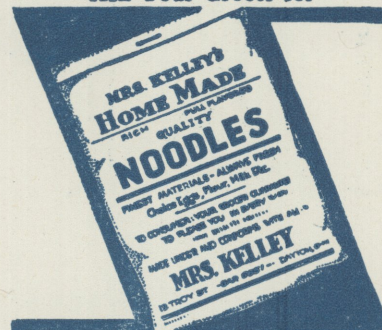
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXI

FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 2

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The University of Dayton Exponent

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FEBRUARY, 1934

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EDITORIAL

Jim Brown Editor-in-Chief
Bob Wharton Associate Editor
James Schopler Associate Editor

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

On one of his recent broadcasts, Will Rogers, the gum-chewing cowboy philosopher, bantered breezily on a subject that is of itself serious and worthy of attention on the part of the voters of the United States.

Rogers took for his example former president Herbert Clarke Hoover, who is now living in a state of almost complete political idleness—The Forgotten Man.

Continuing on his subject, the King's Jester remarked that any person who had been president of these United States for a term of four years was undoubtedly possessed of much information of inestimable value to the successful continuance of the nation, and that this knowledge was going to waste according to our present system which throws former presidents on the ash heap of memories.

Some day, Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be an "ex-president." His great knowledge of economics and social problems will also be a total loss to a nation that forgets easily.

A "Beau Geste" on the part of the party in power would be to recall the Forgotten Men into actual governmental service, and utilize their capabilities in the common cause of humanity.

Unfortunately, our politics looks on the Wilsons, Coolidges, and Hoovers as men who have run their race, and are no longer to be reckoned when the all-important vote is counted each November in the various hamlets of the land.

THE BALONEY SCHOLAR

Mid-year examinations, the student scourge and pedalogical headache, are gone, which means that the scholar has four months in which to meditate on something pleasant before the cycle returns and lo!—the finals are at hand.

What do examinations prove? Do the students like them? Do the professors like them?

The only answer to this barrage of questions seems to be, "It's just one of those things."

Over in Britain, the seat of learning, Cambridge University, has a novel system in which students need not take examinations if they do not care to. They may remain in school as long as they wish without taking an examination. But, and here is the rub: there is no credit given until a certain number have been taken, and should a student undergo the ordeal and happen to flunk three tests, he is no longer a student of Cambridge.

The scholar, when he bitterly contemplates coming examinations, or when he morosely reflects on past and not passed ordeals, does not necessarily claim that he believes the cards are stacked against him. He does not always picture his professors as grim warriors, standing by the moat that separates the student from Castle Diploma, crying aloud in forbidding defiance, "They shall not pass!"

But the scholar does have a few original ideas, not the least of which is that if he were in charge of education there would be no more examinations!

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INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING

Most colleges and universities compete in intercollegiate football, basketball, and track; a less number of schools contest for superiority in soccer, rowing, golf, tennis, and baseball. All these forms of inter-school rivalry are physical contests and are by no means insignificant in their growth of the institution and its students. Intellectual competition is popularly held in less favor; at least it is less commonly patronized and promoted. The vying for honors on the merit of publications is little worthy of notice, because no direct opposition obtains, and hence superiority can be determined only by opinion. But intercollegiate debating can be, and in many colleges is, a great indoor sport.

In debate, the best representatives of a school's educational development pit their mental resources and intellectual acumen against the ability and talent of equally representative students from another school. Their contest is a battle of wits, in which physical endowments, such as appearance, voice, and graceful gestures play their small but indispensable parts. Controlled use of emotions and passions are complimentary to the debaters' accomplishments. Debates are as fair, as necessary, as interesting as any intercollegiate rivalry.

Every time a contest, either physical or intellectual, is scheduled, Duquesne risks a certain amount of her greatness, and sends her team to redeem her honor. Just as student support is required, or at least contributes something, for the winning of a football or basketball game, no less is that same support necessary to save or increase the school's honor upon the orator's platform.—*Duquesne Monthly*.

COMMANDMENTS OR CONVENTIONS?

What chaos would reign if the Commandments could be abrogated? With no moral responsibility, with no fear of dying in the state of mortal sin, men would stop at nothing. Murder, adultery, theft, would become commonplaces. Even the most strictly enforced civil law would be impotent to put a check on the lawlessness that would devastate the land. The Commandments are the basis of all law and order, and when the foundations are removed the whole structure topples. If man is to have no responsibility to God he can scarcely be expected to respect laws that emanate from the hands of man. It is the Ten Commandments that keep most men on the straight and narrow path; remove them and he will be headed for perdition. If the advocates of a new morality only stop to follow their theory to its logical conclusion they would not be willing to spread their pernicious teaching.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Apropos of the efforts to gain more widespread recognition and support of the Catholic press to which our Bishops give encouragement and impetus by designating the month of February in each year as Catholic Press Month, the story of what one busy layman did for the dissemination of Catholic literature and its marvelous results, should prove not only inspiring, but a moving incentive to every Catholic to share in the Apostolate of the Press by means of subscriptions and by circulating the diocesan papers and Catholic magazines. It may be too much to hope that many will be imbued with the strong apostolic zeal of the late Dr. Joseph Diss of Oklahoma, but the example he has left us will, we hope, arouse in our people a sense of their responsibility towards the Catholic Press and inspire them to emulate it as far as possible.

Dr. Diss was a medical practitioner with a large clientele, scattered over a wide territory, and yet it is said he was responsible for more converts in Oklahoma than any other layman. He gave away hundreds of thousands of pamphlets, and mailed Catholic papers to persons all through the west and southwest. When his means permitted, he sent a subscription for every one of his patients. He actually spent his every cent for the spread of Catholic doctrine through the Catholic Press. "Here was a professional man who became impoverished by his great deeds in the name of Catholicity," says the *Southwest Courier*. Only a saint could view life so unselfishly. May his soul rest in the peace he strove so hard to win! Yes, and would that the Church could boast of more such laymen, remarks *The Evangelist*. The Holy Father has repeatedly insisted on the great need for a strong Catholic press! That need is most urgent in these United States.—*The Lamp*.

AN OPTIMIST

Someone has written a book on "Life Begins at Forty." I rise to offer a substitute title, Mr. Author: "Life Begins Each Morning." Whether one is 20, 40, or 60; whether one has succeeded, failed or just muddled along; whether yesterday was full of sun or storm, or one of those dull days with no weather at all, Life Begins Each Morning! Life is a day—this day. All past days are gone beyond reviving. All days that still may come for you or me are veiled in the great mystery, and for all we know, there may not be another for either of us. Therefore, this day is Life, and life begins anew with it. However you have used bygone days, you can start afresh morning, if you desire. However discouraging your days may have been thus far, keep this thought burning brightly in your life—Life Begins Each Morning!—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges*.

Why Valentine Day?

• By Elmer Will

FOR MY TEACHER

*"Though I might wander 'round the globe
I'm sure I'd never find
A teacher whom I could like more
Or one who'd be more kind."*

IS the true origin and meaning of Valentine Day really known? I wonder! One hears so many different views nowadays, that he may well begin to doubt that folks are acquainted with the history of Valentine Day.

We know that to some people the only significance the day in question has is the exchange of valentines. We also know that the Catholic Church has designated this day as the feast of Saint Valentine. But how the two connect, if at all, is a matter of much discussion and uncertainty to most of us.

To discover reasons pro and con simply involves a visit to the public library, but even there most of the references pertaining to the subject are somewhat indistinct and vague. All of them, however, express the opinion that the custom of exchanging greetings on Valentine Day has descended from ancient Rome,—though greatly changed, of course—from the rituals that accompanied the feast of Lupercalia which was celebrated during the greater part of February. The names of Roman ladies were placed in a box, and these ballots were then drawn out by a man. But historians can only guess at the reason why this was done.

Later history shows that this custom was modified by medieval ecclesiastics. Realizing that the complete eradication of the ceremonies of the old pagan superstitions was impossible, the priests of the early Christian Church substituted the names of saints for those of ladies. Since the festival of Lupercalia started about the middle of February, St. Valentine Day which occurs on February 14, or the middle of the month, appears to have been chosen for the observance of the new feast. The outlines

of the ancient ceremonies were kept, but were modified by adaptation to the new religion.

It is hard to reconcile this ancient and impressive custom with the one prevalent in the present day, that of exchanging comic or sentimental messages. But the date is similar, and the connection can be seen if one traces closely the evolution of the custom.

Not so long ago, in England and Scotland, it was customary on the eve of St. Valentine Day for maids and bachelors to gather at an appointed place to deposit their names—real or assumed, as they chose—in a sort of lottery. Whose name they drew was called their valentine, and a gift was to be exchanged.

Valentine Day among the common folk was believed to be the day of mating for the birds. It was also supposed that the first of the opposite sex they met on that day was to be their husband or wife. John Gay, an English poet living in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, aptly expresses the sentiment of the people of his time in the following poem about a rural maid:

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away,
Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do).
Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our true love be.

Celebration of some sort takes place almost universally the world over on Valentine Day. The Saint, himself, a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century, seems to have nothing to do with the matter, beyond the accident of his day being used for the celebration. These unthinking generations may forget the present purpose of the feast in their rush to carry out the form, yet it is pleasant to think that they honor the Saint in that his name, at least, is familiar to all of us.

No man can be called friendless who has God and the companionship of good books.—Mrs. Browning.

The Unusual Death of Washington

• By Jim Brown

GEORGE WASHINGTON—six feet, three and one-half inches tall—as rugged as the land he founded, bestrode a blooded stallion this wintry morning, December 12, 1788, and in a gay mood rode over his vast estate. For five hours he scorned the elements, visiting various tenants and overseers before finally turning back and returning to Mount Vernon.

Having arrived home, he had such confidence in his vitality that he sat down to dinner in his wet garments. He assured his wife that it was not necessary to change into dry clothes.

The next day—and here begins a period in Washington's career, recorded best and most intimately by his closest friend and personal secretary, Tobias Lear—Washington complained of a chill, and hence confined his exercise to a short walk. Mr. Lear relates that he attempted to prepare a medicine for his employer, but Washington, with an expression typical of himself, patronizingly informed his well-wisher that he guessed he would "let it go as it came." History does not relate, but he very likely called his secretary "Toby" when he said it.

That evening, Friday, December 13, George Washington went to bed—his deathbed!

All through the long night he tossed about, struggling valiantly and silently against an increasingly serious condition. He refused to have a physician called because he did not want to trouble anyone. Mrs. Washington, however, vetoed his objection and sent a messenger posthaste to the family friend and physician, Doctor Craik.

Pending the arrival of the doctor, a Mr. Rawlins—a personal friend to the stricken man—acted as medical aide and immediately prescribed bleeding, a common practice of that time. It was believed by the good-intentioned Rawlins that bleeding would reduce the throat stricture, and enable Washington to speak, as well as to swallow medicine.

The incision was made. Those closest to Washington could hear him whisper, "The orifice is not large enough." However, when a half pint of blood had been taken from General Washington, his wife piteously implored the acting physician to stop the flow of blood lest it further weaken the patient.

There was no relief, so a flannel bandage of salvolatile was placed about his neck.

"'Tis very sore," the General was heard to say, and then he lapsed into a sort of stupor while the anxious watchers awaited the arrival of Doctor Craik.

The family physician finally arrived, followed shortly by two physicians, Doctor Dick and Doctor Brown. The three hurriedly conferred on the most probable remedy.

More and more bleeding was prescribed, and the last time the blood flowed very slowly and without effect. At about four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, December 14, the General swallowed medicine for the first time since his attack. He was visibly relieved, but there was no definite improvement, and the doctors could not muster a single ray of hope.

Between gasps of agony, Washington summoned his wife, Martha, and to her he resigned himself. He told her of his will, and whispered sacred things in her ear that were heard only by her who had lived forty years of his life with him.

Martha did not break down. She, too, kept vigil at the head of the bed, and remained there till the end, some six hours later.

All through those tragic hours of late afternoon and night, the General was visited by his faithful slaves who one by one filed in to gaze in awe at the still figure on the bed.

Washington frequently asked the time, and when ten o'clock was reached, he weakly beckoned Lear to his side.

"I am just going," he said. "Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put in the Vault in less than three days after I am dead." He stopped for breath, and then continued, "Do you understand me?"

Lear answered in the affirmative, and then the brave General spoke his last words. "'Tis well!"

He expired without a struggle or a sigh. Martha Washington was heard to say in a quiet, even tone:

"All is now over; I have no more trials to pass through. I shall soon follow him."

* * * * *

AND so died this great man with the "Amen!" of resignation on his lips. That his mission was an inspired one, who can deny? That he fulfilled his mission, who is there to say nay?

The Eventful Life of Lincoln

• By James Schopler

TEN long, tedious minutes, that seemed to last an eternity, elapsed before I finally made connections and heard that familiar, monotonous sentence, "Your party is on the line, sir," coming through the telephone receiver. All the nervous energy that had mounted up in me, during that breathless period of expectation, sent my pulse beating away at breakneck speed as I opened my mouth, swallowed hard, then interrogated:

"Hello, is this A. D. 1-8-6-2? Is this President Abraham Lincoln speaking?"

"Yes, sir," replied the voice on the line.

"Mr. Lincoln, this is James Schopler, U. S. Relativatory Laboratory, calling from A. D., 1-9-3-4. Please accept, through me, the sincerest congratulations of the entire United States on this, your fifty-third birthday.

"Mr. Lincoln, you probably do not know me from Adam, but that fails to put a damper upon my deep interest in the affairs of your time. You see, I believe that all history is merely a grand succession of stages, and upon each stage some important historical event is being enacted, though it may have occurred several hundred years ago, as we reckon time.

"I am of the firm opinion that time never passes. Time is like a river-bank. The water flows onward, but the bank remains. It is possible, time and time again, to pass by this bank. The same spruce tree, half imbedded in the flatland bordering the water, can be seen at the bend. The same half-decayed log, the same river hut, all lie at the upper end of Baker's Ford. Along the narrows is Steamboat Rock. They remain here indefinitely, and can be seen and revisited any time. Such is history, in my opinion. I truly believe that Napoleon's triumphs are being enacted at the present time upon a particular historical stage. On another, Washington is crossing the Delaware, and to go farther back, here we find men building the tower of Babel.

"If I did not believe this, I could not have called you on the phone as I did. I can see what lies in your future. In an effort to aid you, I take the liberty of advising you.

"Do not worry about the outcome of the war, for the North will win. You will see the good old Stars

and Stripes once again wave gloriously, proudly over a reunited land of the free and home of the brave."

"I feel, Mr. Schopler, that I shall be among the dead when the nation will be emerging into peace, industry, happiness, and liberty. But when I consider the law of justice and expiation in the death of the Just One, the Divine Son of Mary, on the mountain of Calvary, I remain mute in my adoration. The spectacle of the Crucified One which is before my eyes is more than sublime; it is divine. Moses died for his people's sake, but Christ for the whole world's sake! Now would it not be the greatest of honors and privileges bestowed upon me, if God, in His infinite love, mercy, and wisdom, would put me between His faithful servant, Moses, and His eternal Son, Jesus, that I might die as they did, for my nation's sake?"

"But, President Lincoln, no one but a fanatic would attempt your life. You are surely well guarded, are you not?"

"Yes, but it seems to me that the Lord wants today, as He wanted in the days of Moses, another victim—a victim which He has Himself chosen, anointed, and prepared for the sacrifice—and I cannot conceal from you that my impression is that I am the victim. So many plots have been made against my life, that it is a real miracle that they have all failed. But can we expect that God will make a perpetual miracle to save my life? I believe not! But just as the Lord heard no murmur from the lips of Moses, when He told him he had to die before crossing the Jordan—"

I was cut off; the line was dead. I could not get the operator.

Never had I heard such sublime words. Every sentence had come to me as a hymn from heaven, reverberated by the echoes of the mountains of Pisgah and Calvary.

Was Abraham Lincoln an infidel? I had often heard him called one. Now I know differently.

When the unbeliever shall convince the people that this man whose life was straightforward, clear, and honest, was a sham and a hypocrite, then, but not before, may he make the whole world doubt the Christianity of the sixteenth president of the United States.

The Land of the Vacuum

• By Bob Wharton

The author of "The Hypnotist" gives us another story as told by Crazy Ike," campus scientist and philosopher. This odd caretaker of the campus—a former student there—tells his hair-raising experience above the clouds.

"HELLO, Crazy Ike!"
"Hello, boys," quietly replied Crazy Ike, turning his head to nod to the two sophomores, Jim Masters and Pete Hurst.

Crazy Ike was the caretaker of the campus at the University of Dickens. He was usually very taciturn, and Jim and Pete were the only two boys that he had ever condescended to talk to. He had told the boys several strange stories of his life, and the lads were always eager to hear more.

"I say, Crazy Ike, the last time when you told us the story about 'The Hypnotist,' you mentioned that you had many adventures and strange experiences while you were hypnotized. How about telling us one of your strangest experiences before the chapel bell rings?"

"A strange experience?" said the old man softly, as he patted the soil firmly around a plant with almost a tender touch. "All right, Pete, I'll tell you about a strange happening, one that I still wonder about, one that wakes me at night, shivering with dread.

"For many years I had been an enthusiastic balloonist. One day, determining to ascend higher than any human had done before, I had a large and strong balloon made for me.

"Then, shortly after, I gathered together the necessary articles for the ascension, namely, warm clothing, a little food and water, and an oxygen mask. Crawling into the basket, I called out an order for the ropes to be released, and as the balloon slowly drifted from the ground I dropped several bags of sand, and the balloon leaped upward.

"As the earth receded from me, I looked down and exulted in the feeling of supremacy my position gave me. Shortly afterward I was grateful for the warm clothing, because the air soon became very cold. Sensing that the balloon had slowed in its upward climb, because the air was growing more rarefied, I cast loose several more bags of sand.

"I had perhaps ascended about three miles when I felt a sudden upward tug, and I heard the wind whistle shrilly through the ropes. I seemed to have drifted into a rushing upward current of air. Then, quite suddenly, the wind seized the bag above me and literally jerked it heavenwards. Overcome by the sudden pressure upon me and by the great speed, I sank helplessly to the floor of the basket, weakly managing to place the mask over my head. The upward speed of the balloon soon became unbearable, because I was literally pressed to the floor. Then, mercifully, I lost consciousness.

"When I gained consciousness the upward motion had ceased. I cautiously got to my feet, and going to the side of the basket, looked over. The ground seemed to be slowly coming upwards.

"I wondered if I could have been unconscious while the balloon fell several miles to the earth again. And still wondering, I gazed up at the bag. It seemed to contain as much gas as it had when I started. If anything, the bag was larger. Suddenly divining the truth, I cautiously raised my mask. The air **was** rarefied. There was sufficient oxygen for life, but my lungs labored so much that I replaced the mask. The balloon was sinking because of the rarefied air. Perhaps a little of the gas had escaped, also.

"The basket of the balloon gently touched the ground, and I leaped out and forced the anchor into the hard surface. I picked up a small lump of the ground I had loosened, and wonderingly looked at it. It was transparent! I tested its hardness with a fingernail. It was extremely hard.

"I dropped the piece at my feet, and then as I stared down, my heart almost stopped beating! Unable to believe my startled eyes, I fell forward on my face and gazed through the transparent ground. There, far beneath me, I could see the familiar outline of the eastern coast of North America!

"Stunned, and gasping with surprise and dismay, I lay there straining my eyes to see down through the clouds far below me. I felt my heart pumping wildly as I conjectured as to where I was. What was this strange place, so far above the earth? How had it been formed? I estimated it to be about fifty miles above the earth.

"Feeling sick, and wondering how I was to get from this horrible place, I staggered along on my suddenly weakened legs. I came to a stop as a steady roaring noise came faintly to my ears.

"Remembering that sound would travel less strongly through rarefied air, I concluded that whatever was causing the noise was but a short distance ahead. Therefore I cautiously proceeded forward, and the sound grew louder as I approached. As I walked forward, I felt a slight breeze from behind me. The nearer I approached the sound, the stronger was the wind from behind me.

"I suddenly came upon the cause of the noise. There in the ground ahead of me was a great opening, possibly half a mile in diameter. The roaring noise came from the hole, and I surmised that a great current of air was either coming up or going down through the hole. I stooped, and after loosening a fragment of the ground, I threw it towards the hole. As it passed over the hole it suddenly stopped its horizontal flight and plunged quickly down, out of sight. The current of air, then, was downward!

"A great thankfulness suddenly filled my mind. This, then, was the way that I was to get out from this strange place!

"This important question settled, I set out in the other direction to explore this now interesting place, since my safety was assured.

"As I passed the balloon, I made sure that it was securely fastened, so that it wouldn't come loose and be sucked down through the opening, leaving me stranded.

"I knew that my supply of oxygen would last me for awhile, so I blithely set out to explore a land that no man had ever set foot on before!

"The sun suddenly burst out from behind the earth, and beautiful prisms of color from the transparent; the crystal-like ground beneath me dazzled my eyes, and I was forced to close them for a few seconds.

"When I opened my eyes, I saw a peculiar sight that I hadn't noticed before. A short distance ahead of me was a strange wall that stretched as high, and to each side, as far as I could see. There was something queer about that wall. I could see through it clearly. I walked up very close to it. I tried to touch it, but thrust my hand through it. There was simply nothing there. As I stared at my hand on the other side of this peculiar wall, I suddenly felt violent pain in it, and I quickly jerked it back. I stupidly stared at it. It was quite red. The blood had come to the surface.

"Uncomprehendingly, I stared past the peculiar wall that wasn't a wall, and into the land beyond it. Somehow, it seemed much brighter beyond the wall.

"Slowly I began to comprehend. Beyond the wall there was no atmosphere. The wall was merely the end of the air, and beyond that sudden stopping of the air there was a vacuum!

"How had this strange place been formed? Did the air rushing through the hole have anything to do with making this airless land beyond? Did the upward current of air that wafted me to this world have anything to do with it? I don't know. I probably never shall.

"I thoughtfully stood near the wall, rubbing the swollen hand that I had thrust into the vacuum. When I thrust the hand into the vacuum, all the pressure of the atmosphere was suddenly removed, and the blood quickly went to the surface of the skin.

"I walked onward along this peculiar border between air and vacuum, and soon there came to my ears that familiar, incessant, roaring noise. I soon came in sight of another large hole in the ground. Seizing a piece of rock, as I had done before, I threw it out over the hole. This time the rock leaped upward, and quickly disappeared from sight. It was probably through this hole, or a similar one near by, that I had come up.

"I had been looking upward after the rock I had thrown, when a peculiar sixth sense warned me, and I turned around to see two strange creatures gazing at me. They had the general shape of human beings, yet they were grotesquely horrible. I immediately noticed that they had no mouths, and that their great staring eyes were closely watching me.

"As I stared, one of them leaped and dived headforemost into the wall toward me. I instinctively jumped back. Then I noticed a queer thing. This creature was literally swimming through the air toward me. Immediately I saw that the atmosphere was the same to this creature of the vacuum as a body of water was to me. His light body was made to live in the vacuum, and the air supported his body, just as water does mine when I dive into it.

"My conjectures almost cost me my life, because before I realized it, the hideous countenance of the creature was directly in front of me, and I felt sharp talons scratch along my forearm. I struck the creature in the face and knocked him back several yards. Then I yelled in alarm! At least a dozen of them were swimming toward me, their unblinking eyes all voraciously fastened upon me.

"I turned around and raced rapidly along the ground toward the balloon. Quickly kicking the anchor loose from the ground, I dragged the balloon toward the hole with the downward current of air. Soon the balloon started to move toward the hole, and I leaped in and firmly grasped the ropes. Then

I felt a great jerk, and like a bullet the balloon shot downwards toward the earth. Overcome by the lack of oxygen and the downward drop, I felt my senses swim and again I lost consciousness. I didn't regain consciousness until the balloon was close to the earth."

Crazy Ike's voice died away softly, and the chapel bell rang.

Jim and Pete reluctantly got to their feet, still

closely watching Crazy Ike's face.

"I believe," said Crazy Ike softly, so softly that the boys had to lean close to hear him, "I believe that I was hypnotized, as I explained to you, and that I only **thought** that I lived through that experience, yet here on my arm there are three long scars where that creature of the vacuum clawed me with his sharp talons. I cannot otherwise account for the scars."

Hawaiian Pastime

• By Stanley Spinola

Let's take the trip to Waikiki and watch the beach boys instruct American tourists how to ride the waves in the Hawaiian sport of surfing. Stanley will tell us how to learn the tricks. He knows his Waikiki!

SURFING, Hawaiian's national pastime, although it is called the sport of kings, has no connection with horseracing, or with any other "horsey" sport, which may be referred to as a king-ly pastime. Surfing, literally, meant "the sport of kings," as it was practiced almost exclusively by royalty; but its use and indulgence by commoners was not restricted by tabus.

The origin of surfing is shrouded in mystery. No one knows definitely who originated the sport, but the old native Hawaiian traditions have it that it was eagerly adopted by members of all the royal families, who became proficient in the art. The old "meles," those chants about the glories of the native past and the deeds of its heroes, sing the praises of kings great in the art of surfing,—of thrilling meets, when chieftains from the different islands assembled at Waikiki, and vied for honors and fame under the frowning heights of Diamond Head. To-day, their huge, buoyant boards of polished koa and wiliwili are mute evidence of their prowess. One wonders at the race of giants who were able to use such boards. The beach boy pays his respect in silent wonder, but declines to use them, as the outcome would doubtless prove to be embarrassing. He prefers his lighter, shorter board of redwood to those massive and seemingly cumbersome affairs.

Legend tells us that some of these boards were four fathoms long (24 feet), and that they had to

be, for some of the chiefs weighed from 300 to 400 pounds. Perhaps, that is just so much "legend," but when the old-timers substantiate their statements by producing boards approximately the foregoing length, one is inclined to wonder, if after all, there may not be some truth in those figures. It certainly would take "a lot of man" to operate a board 24 feet long, and vice versa, it would take a board that long to support a man weighing from 300 to 400 pounds.

Surfing was as important to the Hawaiians as the Olympic Games were to the ancient Greeks, and symbolizes as much. The Hawaiian natives loved the ocean; her raging surfs brought joy to their hearts, something akin to the sentiments expressed years later by Lord Byron in his beautiful "Apostrophe to the Ocean." When the seas were calm, and prospects for a good surf did not present themselves, it was the duty of an ancient "kahuna," or priest, to invoke the Ocean thus:

"Arise, arise ye great surfs from Kaluki:
The powerful curling waves.
Arise with the poluohue,
Well up, long raging surf."

Neither did they forget the expert, and the long hours of practice that had resulted in his proficiency. An ancient "mele" glorified him in this wise:

"Here comes the champion surf-man . . .
Glossy the skin of the surf-man;
Undrenched the skin of the expert."

Reading over the interesting native legends, one discovers that surfing was practiced, not only at Waikiki, but at various other beaches. Just as

mountain climbers start with an easy peak, and finally advance to their Everest, so the native surfers conquered all the easy surfs in the Islands before advancing to the more difficult ones. Perfection was reached after one had negotiated the surf at one of the beaches, which, if it gave the surfer as much trouble in negotiating it as it did the author in trying to remember its name, must have been *some* surf. Eventually, the big "wrinkle" in this surf was the curve that it took as it rounded an outjutting bit of land. To ride the surf around this curve, and in to shore, was the big problem. Some succeeded,—but not many.

The sport of surfing was not confined solely to the masculine element among the natives. The women took it up, and if one is to believe the accounts of their prowess, they certainly did their share in upholding the national pastime.

So surfing flourished, but with the decline of royalty came the decline in surfing. Hawaii was undergoing a transition; revolution was in the air, and the people had no time for such sport. Only a few addicts remained to lend an old touch of familiarity to Waikiki's incoming surf. "Aue!" cried the kamaainas (old-timers to you), but did nothing about it.

It remained for a white man, a sort of reincarnated Lord Byron, known as Alexander Hume Ford, to revive the sport. From the natives he had acquired all of their skill and love for surfing, and he resolved to make the sport as popular as baseball. Like all other revivals, the movement took time, but gradually, as political conditions bettered and Waikiki's fame as a watering place grew, the movement gathered momentum. The beach boys exhibited a new enthusiasm for it; the infection spread to others; and tourists at Waikiki took it up. To surf well was looked upon as an achievement, something of which one could be proud, if one was to judge by the enthusiasm which was manifested by the latest devotees of the sport.

Portly financiers, their bald heads parboiled to a hue that would put to shame the crimson blush on the stern of a baboon, vied with pretty debutantes as to who had made the longer run. Beach boys were much in demand as instructors, and many an interesting session they furnished for those who cared to pay for instruction, mixed with romance, among the troughs and crests of Waikiki's combers at so much per. Certainly their fame spread. The new gigolo brought fame to Honolulu,—and a bit of notoriety to stain the white sands of Waikiki.

I remember my first introduction to surfing. It had none of the glamor, none of the picturesque surroundings of Waikiki,—but there was something in the composition of the silvered group,—wave, board,

and man,—all fused into a single compact mass that signified the perfect coordination of motion and balance. Yes; that radiator-cap ornament fairly breathed the spirit of surfing.

Then, Waikiki, and the materialization of that group. It is early morning. Not much sound from the two large hotels that flank the narrow strip of sand called Waikiki: guests at the Royal Hawaiian and the Moana sleep late; a few domestics are stirring, and the silence is broken now and then by the distant boom of the far-off breakers as they hurl themselves upon Waikiki's protecting reef. A high surf is running, and few, save the best of the surfers, will be out. It takes nerve and skill among those smashing green combers. Already a few of the beach boys are out,—the pick of the crowd. Away out among the breakers, their bobbing heads and boards resemble a herd of walrus. Suddenly there is a commotion. They have singled out a favorable wave, and are jockeying into position: belly-flat on their boards, they paddle furiously with their arms, trying to keep ahead of the curling crest of the comber. A few have made it, but those that were slow have slid back into the trough of the wave. On come the victors. A stroke here, to maintain a steady course; a movement up or down the board to get the proper balance and feel; then, as the momentum of the board increases, they stand erect in that poise which so ably denotes the alertness of each muscle to every move of the board, as it shoots off diagonally across the front of the wave.

Now comes the real ride and the test of the surfers' skill,—“following the break,” which often spells the difference between a long, exhilarating ride, or a short, ignoble one. So far three surfers have been able to make headway. On they come! Suddenly one careens off at a tangent; his board overturns and he dives into the brine. The other two are waging a sort of impromptu race. As they near shore, the wave grows smaller; the “break” becomes harder to follow, but using all their skill and exerting every effort, they finally steer their boards to within a few feet of the shore. A thrilling ride, a beautiful run, the tang of salty brine, and two bronzed gods are borne shoreward on the sloping shoulder of Neptune's green charger. That's surfing, beach-boy style,—and a more thrilling sport is hard to imagine.

Some of those surfers are wonderful! Not content with executing a graceful ride, they start to stunt and experiment. Riding backward is hard; few reach that stage. But two on a board is common, rather, especially when one of the two happens to belong to the charming sex. Standing on one's head, while coming in, is good for getting the blood to circulate around the scalp, but few

bald-headed individuals try it out. Two are needed for that stunt, one to keep the board on an even keel, and the other to furnish the excitement. Riding double may be done lying prone, which is comparatively easy, but the spectacular stunt is for two or three riders to bring their boards close together, join hands, and finally leap onto one board, all the while traveling at high speed before a wave.

Years of practice are necessary before one acquires the proficiency which will enable him to hobnob with the really good surfers, and recount the incidents of his longest ride. For the timid, and those starting to learn, there is the "malihini," or greenhorn surf,—small breakers which enable one to get the hang of the art without the added pain and embarrassment attendant upon a practice session in the big surf.

Hawaii has numerous beaches, but only Waikiki seems to possess the right kind of surf for the

sport which is practiced nowhere else but there. The beach is shallow and slopes a long ways out. A barrier reef causes the incoming swells to break at a distance of half a mile or more out at sea, and after breaking to run for several hundred yards until they break again, gently on the shore. The reef also prevents anything resembling an undertow, and these two factors alone have resulted in surfing being confined solely to Waikiki.

Surfing was also introduced at Balboa Beach in California. Much longer runs are possible there than at Waikiki, but the coldness of the water discourages all but the hardest, and prevents any lengthy enjoyment of the sport.

And so it seems that Waikiki will retain sole custody to this grand old sport. In a way it is fitting; but it is a pity that such an exhilarating and thrilling sport should be confined to a select few, instead of being the pastime of thousands of seashore vacationists the world over.

The Inn on Lonesome Lane

• By Richard Williams

Dick's story, with the plot laid along the northern moors of England, is a potpourri of a picturesque tavern, Cockney manners, and Yankee shrewdness. You have to watch your step in those old inns! Button up!

I never would have been in this godforsaken part of northern England, cold, weary, and hungry, I reflected, if I had stayed on the main highway running from Hull to Middlesborough. What if the Lonesome Lane was fifty miles shorter? I probably would have reached Porlock in plenty of time, even if I had taken the longer route. But it was too late to turn back now.

This infernal road was in a terrible condition. For the first several miles there had been gravel, but ever since I had left that little village, all I had encountered was mud. The prolonged spring rains were responsible, I decided. No wonder they had said the only way to get through was by horse. Even by horse I would not have recommended it.

My steed, a big bay, flounced along splattering mud and water all over both of us, and constantly threatening to slip into some unseen hole and throw us down in the muck. It was dark, and a raw, gusty wind blew in fitful spasms upon our backs. Now and then a pale sliver of moon was visible through

gloomy clouds scudding wildly across the heavens, and I was able to catch glimpses of the desolate moor through which I was passing.

They had told me back there at the Crossroads, that the Inn was about halfway to Middlesborough, and that I could put up there for the night. The Inn—"The Red Lion" I believe they called it—was in such an out-of-the-way spot that no one seemed to know very much about it.

Halting the bay for a moment, I fumbled with near-numb hands in my clothes, and finally drew forth my gold pocket watch. Striking a match I noted the time: a quarter to ten. I must have dozed after that, for I remember no more, until I awoke unaccountably to find the bay standing quietly at the edge of a little clearing surrounded by tall pine trees.

There was the Inn, all right. In the darkness I could but vaguely discern the outlines of a rambling stone structure. The wind blowing through the pines sounded like the roar of the surf. Over the door of the Inn hung a little lantern in which a candle wildly flickered. By it, on a wrought-iron frame, was a dingy painted sign, "The Red Lon," banging loudly in the gale. A light shone palely through one mullioned window. The rest of the place was in darkness.

I dismounted, stumbled on cramped legs to the door and pounded loudly upon it. There was no answer. In a fury I banged and kicked with all the strength I had left in my weary body. To come all this distance, and then this kind of a reception! Suddenly there was a mournful wail behind me. I wheeled nervously about, and for a moment did not see the big tomcat crouched on his haunches at my feet. He "wanted in," too.

Then there was a click, the sound of a bolt being withdrawn, and the door swung open. Stepping inside I found myself facing a short, stocky, scar-faced American. He was staring at me with a startled, almost afraid look.

"Sorry," he apologized, taking hold of himself, "we were in the back of the Inn, and didn't hear you at first, what with the noise of the wind and all."

"That's all right," I replied, peeling off my gloves, and unwinding my muffler, "but I have a horse outside I'd like taken care of."

"Sure thing. Roberts!" he bellowed towards the rear of the inn. The gray cat tried to slink by him, and he kicked savagely at it, catching it squarely in the ribs, and booting it yowling out of the room.

"Roberts, you—"

"Yus, syre, hi'm comin'," a meek voice answered, and a bald-headed little man came scurrying into the room.

"There's a horse outside. Take care of it."

"Yus, syre," Roberts whispered, and without bothering to don a greatcoat, disappeared through the front door into the darkness.

"Take off your hat and coat," the other man directed me. "I'm Hadley Adams, the innkeeper."

"Glad to know you," I said, shaking hands, and feeling just the contrary toward him. "My name is Paul Stevens."

"Eaten yet?"

"No, and I'm hungry as a wolf."

"I'll have Roberts get something for you right away, then," Adams said, and ambled out towards the kitchen, leaving me alone in the big front room, with its long, copper coaching horns hanging on the walls.

Before the crackling fire at one end of the room, I was soon warm, and felt a good deal better. Strange the way they had received me here! Just as if they did not want any guests. But I determined to stay, shivering at the thought of the wind, and mud, and darkness outside.

Presently Roberts came sidling in with a tray.

"Ah! food!" I beamed. "Fine!"

"Yus, syre," Roberts smiled, spreading a cloth over a small table in a corner. "A spot o' cold meat, cheese, and pastry. S'all we 'ave left to-night."

"It'll do perfectly," I replied. I was so hungry

I could have eaten a pickled 'possum.

"Would yer like a nip o' coffee?" he asked. I nodded, for my mouth was already full of food.

When he came back with the coffee I determined to see what I could find out.

"Don't have many guests this time of year, do you?" I asked.

"Yer the first one this week," he informed me.

"Worked here long?"

"Practically hall me life. Hi howned the place till I sold hout to Mister Hadams."

"What could he want with an old place like this?" I inquired curiously. "Not much money in it, is there?"

"Hi really wouldn't know, syre," he answered, a look of alarm spreading over his face. Nor would he say more about it. So I finished my repast, and had lit my pipe, when Adams came lumbering in.

"I imagine you're worn out, and want to get some sleep," he addressed me abruptly. "Roberts will show you your room."

I was tired, but I didn't appreciate Adam's dictatorial manner. He stood facing me ominously, ready and willing for a showdown, so I decided the sensible thing to do was to agree. I mumbled "good-night!" and followed the Cockney up a narrow flight of stairs to the second floor. He lit a candle, uttered a polite "good-night!" and left.

I was in bed almost immediately, and was shortly slumbering amid wild dreams. I do not know how long I had slept, when I awoke with a sudden start. The wind had died down, and the moon, now low in the west, shone in through the window on the foot of my bed. Then I heard it again—the faintest of scratchings on the door. I slipped quietly out of bed. The door was bolted on the inside, so I had no cause for alarm.

"That you, Mister Stevens?" came a hoarse whisper.

"Who is it?"

"Roberts. Let me hin, quickly!"

I did so, and watched while he closed and re-bolted the door, so quietly that even I could not hear it.

"Get hon yir clothes an' hi'll hexplain. If they catch hus, hit'll be the death of hus both."

I hurriedly dressed, catching my fingers on buttons, and almost tearing my shirt in my haste.

"Yir got ter leave right haway," he whispered. "Hi'll show you the way down the back stairs."

"Just a minute!" I checked him; "what in thunderation is all this?"

"'Ave yir got ter harsk questions now?" he snapped.

There was no use in not letting him know who I was, any longer, so I stuck a hand in my pocket

and brought forth my badge, and lit a match so he could see it.

"Blimme—a policeman!" he gasped, rolling his eyeballs. I nodded grimly as the match flickered out. I grasped his arm firmly.

"Now what do you know?"

"'Oo hare yir hafter? Mister Hadams or—"

"Or who?"

"Well, 'ere's 'at stranger 'ere," Roberts muttered uncomfortably. "Sorter keeps hout o' sight most of the time."

"That's him. I never had any idea this would be where he'd hide. They told me he was lying low over at 'The White Swan' in Porlock."

"'E come yesterday mornin'."

"Is he downstairs now?"

"Aye, plottin' wiv Mister Hadams to do haway with yir."

"Well, let them try it," I said grimly; "I'll be ready."

Swiftly I fixed the bed clothes, so that in the semi-darkness it looked as though there was somebody huddled under them.

"Ey'll come hup through the secret passage," Roberts whispered. "Right hover 'ere," pointing to a panel on the wall near the bedstead.

He was right. In but a few minutes we could hear them coming stealthily up the stairs. Swiftly I looked about for some place for us to hide. The only possibility was a huge tapestry covering one whole side of the room. We slid behind it just as the others reached the top of the secret stairs.

They paused for a moment behind the panel, and my heart pounded furiously. What if they knew Roberts was here? Then there was a click, and the panel slid noiselessly open. No one came out right away. They were looking about to see if everything was as it should be. I uttered a silent prayer that they would not notice the tapestry bunched out.

Peeping around the edge of the tapestry I discerned the bulky figure of Adams sneak out, followed—I strained eagerly forward—by a second man.

Even in the darkness, clothed as he was in a long black coat, with a hat pulled low over his forehead, I recognized him. He watched, while Adams approached the bed, and raised an evil-looking black-jack. As he struck, I jumped from behind the tapestry, followed by Roberts, and shouted, "all right, you guys, I've got you covered!"

Adams turned with an oath, but the other man, quick as a flash, darted back into the passageway.

"Watch Adams!" I roared at Roberts, jamming

my gun into his hand, and hurtled through the panel just as it was closing, and on down the steps. I fell down most of them, landing at the bottom with a thud. I dashed out into the front room. He was nowhere in sight.

I paused for a moment, puzzled. Then I remembered the stables. That was it! I raced through the gloomy hallway, the kitchen, and out the open door, and across the grass to the stable, an old, patched-up barn fifty feet in back of "The Red Lion." I heard my horse whinny excitedly. The fleeing man would take the bay, of course. Undoubtedly he was the best beast here. I had not reached the door when they came thundering out the other side of the stable, bound towards the road. The man was crouched low on the horse's back to escape any stray bullets. He need not have worried, with Roberts in possession of my gun. But I held the last card after all. Placing two fingers to my mouth, I uttered a piercing whistle.

The bay stopped short, so suddenly that the man on his back flew off and lit hard in a big mud puddle in the road. When I came up to him, sorry looking specimen that he was, he made no effort to resist me.

"Well, I might as well give up, he puffed.

"And a long time I've been at it, Mr. Unsull," I managed to say. I was completely out of wind, too.

WHEN we reached the Inn we found Roberts and Adams waiting at the door for us. The American, pallid and trembling, was holding a blood-stained arm. Roberts still held a firm grip on my gun, and his mouth had a new determined look.

"I 'ad to shoot 'im in the harm afore 'e'd calm down," the little man said quietly. "Then 'e come down the stairs nice as yir please." He nodded towards Unsull. "'Oo is 'e?"

"Anson Unsull, wanted in the United States for over a year now to answer charges on one of the most gigantic embezzlement cases in our country's history," I told him. "I've been on his trail for a long time, and now with your help we've got him.

"I think you'll be rewarded enough to enable you to buy your Inn back from our American friend, Mr. Adams," I continued. "He's likely to be spending his time in another kind of Inn,—one with bars on it."

So we all went back into "The Red Lion," just as dawn was breaking: Unsull, gloomy and resigned; Roberts, beaming happily; Adams, sulky, his face still white; and myself, jubilant to have finally accomplished a mission which had taken almost a year of my life.

Astronomy for the Amateur

• By William Braun

The writer is a member of "Dayton Amateur Telescope Makers." He built a perfect nine-inch mirror telescope with which he sweeps the sky on starry nights. He has an excellent background of astronomical knowledge. He knows his stars!

WITHIN the last few years there has been a widespread manifestation of interest in amateur telescope making and astronomy. Throughout the world are to be found adherents to the cause for the popularizing of astronomy. (By popularizing of astronomy is to be understood the presenting to the public the true value and purpose of astronomical research.) What, you ask, of value can there be in astronomy? Why the great expenditures for giant telescopes and costly observatories? Of what interest is it to us that the nearest star is 26,000,000,000 miles away; that Saturn rotates on its axis in ten hours and fifteen minutes; and that our moon is not made of green cheese?

Look back through the centuries to the time of ancient man. See him worship the Sun, and think how he must have been frightened by an eclipse of the Sun, or by the appearance of a comet which was to him an ill-omen, a symbol of impending danger. Before every manifestation of superhuman might ancient man cowered, and either retired to his cave or built huge fires and danced weird dances to frighten away the evil spirits that tormented him.

With the coming of somewhat more civilized man came astrology—do not confuse with astronomy. That the planets rule the lives of men was the egotistic conception of the astrologist. Birth, death, love, and happiness were all influenced by these planets that hurtle through space millions of miles distant from the earth!

But with the coming of such revolutionary thinkers as Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, and others, all was reduced to law and order. Astronomy was born. The planets now moved according to rigid law, and not in a manner to rule the lives and doings of men. The Sun was not the center of the Universe, but only the center of the solar system. The star that is our life and light was de-

throned to the position of billions of other stars, and only an average one at that.

Below lay stretched the boundless universe!

There, far as the remotest line
That limits swift imagination's flight,
Unending orbs mingled in mazy motion,

Immutably fulfilling
Eternal nature's law.
Above, below, around,
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony,
Each with undeviating aim

In eloquent silence through the depths of space
Pursued its wondrous way.

We have gone still farther, far beyond the wildest imaginings of Galileo and Newton. With our magnificent telescopes of the present we can penetrate millions of light years into space—space, space, and the earth only an insignificant sphere of mud. Earth, with its tumbling waterfalls, billowy seas, soaring mountains, "silent as death and stern as fate," and its teeming life with its glamorous history, is the planet of a dying Sun. After all, the birth, life, and death of a world are but of a moment's duration in a Universe that has no conceivable beginning - - without revelation - - and no imaginable end.

Although we may thus reduce the earth to insignificance, we concomitantly elevate the human mind to a position of no mean importance. Although man cannot dare hope to fathom all the mysteries of the environing universe, he can justly pride himself on his ability to survey intelligently the vast panorama of celestial marvels from his trivial home, the Earth.

Perhaps I have digressed considerably, but it is hoped that the writer was justified in so doing. It is quite a common belief that the amateur with his small telescope can do very little, if anything, in the way of contributing to our astronomical knowledge. This is a serious misconception. The large telescopes of our prominent observatories are each assigned to a definite program of research, whether it be spectrographic, photographic, parallactic, photometric, or thermometric. Routine search for comets and systematic observation of variable stars

are left largely to possessors of smaller telescopes, while large telescopes pursue researches of a more profound and perhaps impressive nature. The work of the amateur, therefore, is indispensable for the professional astronomer.

It is, I believe, a common notion that a comet must always present an appearance similar to that of Halley's comet: a bright, condensed nucleus; and a lengthy, nebulous tail. Now, such a comet is rare. Most of them consist of little more than a star-like center, surrounded by a less brilliant, nebulous envelope. The appearance is very significant, making improbable the mistaking of a comet for a star. But there is the possibility that a nebula will be mistaken for a star. However, a comet by its motion with respect to the background stars, will reveal itself in perhaps a few hours, while the motion of a nebula is quite imperceptible, perhaps even after the elapse of years.

The comet-seeker's telescope is one of large focal ratio, giving a large field and a great concentration of light. The observer in searching for comets moves his telescope to and fro across the sky, scrutinizing every bit of star vista for a possible "wanderer from infinity." If a suspicious looking object makes its appearance, a star map is consulted to ascertain whether or not a true comet or only a nebula has been sighted. In case of a true discovery a prominent observatory is notified at once.

A close watch is kept on the comet. Accurate determinations of the comet's position on successive nights give data for computing the comet's orbit, period, and distance from the Sun. New comets average three or four a year. Therefore, the amateur who discovers a comet may well pride himself on having his name attached to a comet.

Would you believe, if you were told, that the sun varies in brightness, that is, it is a variable star. It is so, and it is only one of hundreds of other stars that are known to vary in brightness. The greater majority of them vary regularly. The Sun is one of these, for periods of maximum and minimum brightness occur at eleven year intervals.

It is the business of the amateur astronomer, who is interested, to observe carefully certain variable stars, noting as accurately as possible the brightnesses relative to neighboring stars, in order to determine whether or not there is periodicity in the light variations.

It may happen that a variable star will suddenly rise in brightness to an abnormal degree. Then we have what is termed a "nova" or new star, "new" in the sense that it was much fainter before its manifold increase in light emission. Naked eye novae are rare, only about five or six having appeared in the last fifty years.

Very little is definitely known concerning causes of the great increase in brightness in certain stars, to make them novae. Whether the change is caused by friction produced by the star's rapid passage through nebulosity, or whether there has been an actual explosion of the star, we cannot speak with certainty.

Another task is the observation of the paths of meteors and the counting of meteors done by amateurs, whose findings form the basis for research work of specialists in this field.

Amateurs are trying astronomical photography, and that with success. Many observers keep a close watch on the planets, and on the Moon for any possible changes or peculiarities that may occur. Drawings are carefully made and then compared with later drawings, to ascertain what differences, if any, exist. Then we must not forget the individual who finds pleasure in just observing those objects that are within reach of his telescope. Every astronomer must first be an observer, and then he can proceed more intelligently and curiously to help solve the mysteries of the universe.

Of all the fields the first two, namely comet-seeking and variable star-observing, are the most important and claim a large number of workers devoted to the "Queen of the Sciences" that gives them enlightenment and food for profound contemplation.

You did not come into the world that you might go to your grave an unoffending and unproductive man. God wants something more of you than you should be unoffending; and alas! to be unproductive is a capital offense against Him and souls. Yet with how many Christians is this unoffending non-production their very *summum bonum*. "To be ever safe is to be ever feeble"; if ever the spirit of evangelical prudence spoke plainly it spoke in that golden apothegm.—*Father Faber*.

A Day in the Life of a Big Financier

• By Jim Brown

Jim gives us the inside story of why big business men become tired business men and have nervous breakdowns. Follow Jim as he shadows Mr. Hartling and see for yourself the strenuous everyday life of the big financier.

BIG Ben told the hour of seven. Mr. Hartling, Mr. George Hartling of Hartling Preferred Stock, Inc., told Big Ben in accents dire and prophetic to go to thunder.

Big Ben continued his jangling warning, and then gave up in disgust as Mr. Hartling punched the pillow, floundered around in bed, and once more took up his monotonous E Flat Alto.

Meadows—from his appearance his name had to be Meadows—entered the sleeping quarters, ran the curtain briskly to the top, thereby admitting a flood of sunlight, while Mr. Hartling, peremptorily aroused, emitted a flood of vitriol.

"Good morning, sir," said Meadows.

"What's good about it?" asked Mr. Hartling.

"Yes, sir," said Meadows.

Mr. Hartling took his bath, his breakfast, his cane, and his leave, while Meadows looked gloomily about the litter-strewn apartment, shook his head resignedly, yawned, and retired.

The office force of Hartling Preferred Stocks, Inc., due at work at eight-thirty a. m., did not arrive until five minutes to nine. No use! the boss never came until nine or after.

Mr. Hartling found his force busily at work when he arrived. Some were poring over books, others were busily typing. The nabob entered his office, and as the massive door shut him from view the stenographer took the paper from her typewriter. She had been diligently imploring all good men that now was the time for them to come to the aid of their party. Joe, the auditor, looked up from the great ledger, and in a bland tone asked Maizie if, in her career, she had ever run across a three-letter word synonymous of a two-toed sloth. Maizie had not. Dan, the office boy, tossed the feather duster on top of the safe and tripped whistling down the hall to join the penny-pitching game. The bosses in the offices down the hall did not arrive until nine-thirty. Mr. Hartling was thoughtless about the time an office force should get to work.

However, there was one individual in the office who was working—Mr. Wilbur Potts. Mr. Potts, the spineless backbone of the Hartling firm, was not an employee; he was a slave. In addition to doing most of the work, he also bought sandwiches for Maizie, and spelled the more involved words for Joe. Now, Wilbur should have been General Manager, but it was out of the question to give an official title to a man with a name like Wilbur Potts.

Promptly as the clock showed nine-thirty, the meek little man gathered up sundry papers on his desk and then glanced at the boss's door.

He had not long to wait. The great door swung open and out stepped the great man, one hand still on the glass knob.

"Wilbur! Where's Wilbur?" bellowed Mr. Hartling. He never varied his greeting.

Wilbur cringed, opened his mouth twice before answering, and then stammered out an unimpressive "I'm here, sir. I'll be right in, sir."

"Well, why in thunder don't you answer when I speak to you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wilbur as he sidled into the office.

Wilbur gone, the business of the day placed securely in Wilbur's competent hands, the president of Hartling Preferred Stocks, Inc., sat behind his marble top desk and looked out of the window. He often did so. It was better than looking at the calendar. Last month's sheet was still there anyway. Mr. Hartling then fiddled. He often fiddled. Sometimes it was with a pencil, sometimes with a letter opener.

He felt an emotion! It welled up in him and refused to be conquered. He could not resist, so he got up and drank a glass of water. Feeling much relieved, he sat down and then fiddled in earnest.

The buzzer on the marble desk reminded him that he was president, so he opened the switch, cleared his throat authoritatively, and answered, "Well?"

A peculiar rising inflection on that one syllable word lent all manner of importance to Mr. Hartling. No other man in the building could say "well" as convincingly as Mr. Hartling.

"Well?" said he.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," spoke the little black box. "His name is Jenkins."

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"Don't know any Jenkins. Besides I'm busy."

The Mr. Hartling sat back in his chair, pursed his lips, and silently whistled.

Suddenly a sound, shrill and piercing, met his ears. It was repeated. Mr. Hartling revelled in that sound and bounded to the window. A FIRE! Hot Ziggety! And the wagons were stopping in the next block.

Mr. Hartling wildly struggled with his coat, slapped on his hat, and quickly departed. Arrived in the outer office, he walked slowly and with serene dignity to the information desk. He gave Maizie to know that he had an urgent call to make and did not know just when he would be back.

Dan, the office boy, suppressed a giggle as Maizie winked wisely, and Mr. Hartling pompously opened and closed the door.

Hartling, again and again jabbed the elevator button. He poked the little white button and fumed. He poked it again and paced the corridor.

Arrived on the ground floor, the sedate president set off at a lope, coat-tails flying, hat awry. He made the distance to the magnet of fire in record-breaking time. Breathless, and with dancing eyes, he watched the firemen place a ladder against the sill of a fifth-floor window of the building. Whenever a gust of black smoke belched from the shattered pane, Mr. Hartling squealed with delight. He wanted to join the fun. It would be great to climb that ladder! But a burly fireman barred the way.

After three hours of being pushed out of the way by exasperated fire-fighters, Mr. Hartling noticed that the fire was out, but he knew from experience that there was still a romantic bit of work to be done, so by golly! he'd pitch in and help.

He supervised the rolling of the hose; he directed traffic; he stood on the top of one of the engines, and in general made himself a menace to society, but the firemen appreciated his help. Oh my, yes! One of the men went out of his way to thank the benefactor, although while he was still speaking, a heavy hose-nozzle fell from his grasp, flush on the toes of one Mr. George Hartling.

Too excited for lunch, the self-made hero returned to his office. Dan had already tipped off the

force that the fire was out, so Maizie was once more issuing her pitiful plea to the males of the land that they answer their party's call for help; and Joe, having learned from the elevator man what a two-toed sloth was, now reflected deeply on a four-letter synonym for constallation (pl.).

Mr. Hartling settled deeply in his red-leather chair. He reflected on that fire, one of the best he'd ever seen—not so good as the one at Tobin's warehouse, though. Two men got killed at that one!

Heigh-ho! Better forget that fire and get back to normal. He opened an official looking document, but tossed it idly aside. A bill! He flicked a particle of ash from his coat lapel, looked about the room, and then fiddled.

At three o'clock he filled his golf appointment with Gus Silvers. At five o'clock he paid Gus Silvers eighteen dollars.

At seven o'clock he dined with Harry Martin at the Savoy. They flipped a coin, and Mr. Hartling paid the check.

At nine o'clock he sat with a faded blonde in the fourth row center at the "Follies."

At twelve o'clock he went home. Mr. Hartling let himself in with his latch key, and then called Meadows.

While awaiting Meadows, he yawned and appraised his surroundings sleepily. Life certainly was a grind! He was tired of it all!

Meadows appeared, uniquely attired in a brief white nightgown, its folds draped around his spare frame, not unlike the schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow.

"Yes, sir?" proved that Meadows was awake.

"You look awful," answered the employer.

"Yes, sir," said Meadows.

Mr. Hartling opined that he had had a trying day, and was so tired he could scarcely stand, and would he, Meadows, prepare the bedroom?

"Yes, sir," answered the butler vacantly, as he slept on one foot like a crane in shallow water.

Mr. Hartling sought the comfort of his bed. He was steeped in the solitude of a good day's work well done!

Even to-day, after ten years of more earning a living by putting ideas on paper, my greatest trouble is getting hold of something to write about. Of the many ideas I get in the course of a year, only about one in ten is any good. This speaks badly for my intelligence but it is a fact. I still have to grope about for subjects upon which to write.

—Anon.

Seeing Honolulu in a Day

• By J. G. Hasegawa

Goro, in his bewilderment over those omnipresent Owl Drug Stores in Frisco, forgot to tell us that he stopped off at Honolulu. Let's follow Goro, and his pretty guide, and see Honolulu in a day.

GORO stood on the deck of the "Asama Maru" as she quietly slid into the harbor of Honolulu.

"It certainly feels good to see the land again after seeing nothing but water for over a week," mused the Japanese boy as he watched the palm trees in the distance, the white of the sand on the beach, the beautiful hillside dripping with rich green of the trees, the red of the roofs which contrasted so sharply to the green of the background—and concluded that this "enchantment of the tropics" was not just a lot of "bunk." Everything seemed so contentedly quiet and restful!

Suddenly Goro saw everybody rushing forward, and Don, whom Goro had got to like a great deal, called in passing, "Come on! Let's go and toss some coins at the native boys!" The idea was rather novel, so Goro ran after Don.

At the forward end of the deck others were leaning over the railing and throwing coins over the side. Goro leaned over to see what was going on, and there they were—the native boys diving after the coins that were tossed into the water! They would swim around yelling for coins, and when the coins were tossed they would dive after them in the water and get them. Someone, apparently of Scotch descent, threw a penny in the midst of swimming brown bodies, and not a single black head went under water! People all around were throwing nickels and dimes, and every time one hit the water two or three black heads would submerge. Shortly afterwards one of them would come up flashing the coin in the hand. It was very interesting to watch, until one by one the passengers realizing that they had thrown away enough money for a few drinks, drifted away from the railing.

The ship was nearing the wharf now, and the native boys were racing toward the wharf like a school of porpoises. A great number of people,

loaded down with "lei" or flower wreaths, were standing on the pier, eagerly looking for familiar faces among those standing on the deck. As soon as the ship was tied up and the gangplank was set, all the people made a wild dash at the gangplank and started to pour into the ship.

Goro was surprised to be met by an old friend of the family, who immediately proceeded to load him down with these flower wreaths, until he had to gasp for breath as the smell of these flowers was smothering him. It was almost ten o'clock, and as the boat was to sail at four o'clock that afternoon, she offered to take him around the city and show him everything there was to see in Honolulu. So they fought their way out of the crowded corridors and made straight for her car.

"Would you like to go to the aquarium?" she asked Goro, as soon as they were started. As he had heard so much about the aquarium, he said he would like to go there.

Once they entered the aquarium, Goro could understand why that aquarium had become so famous. Never had he seen such a collection of flashing fishes! Everywhere he looked, he saw incredibly beautiful fish—all colors, all shapes, and all sizes! Most of them swam around contentedly in their natural surrounding, the coral reefs. The boy became so interested in the fishes that his "guide" had to pull him away from the place.

The next place to go was the Waikiki Beach, of course. No tourist could miss Waikiki Beach, and Goro was, in a manner of speaking, a tourist! The famous breakers were rushing in, and the even more famous "beach boys" were coming in on their surfboards. Somehow Goro was rather disappointed in Waikiki Beach, probably because he had overestimated the beauty of it from the pictures he had seen.

The next destination was "Nuuanu-Pali," famed for the beauty of the panoramic view one obtained there, and also for the phenomenally strong wind that sweeps through there.

On the way to the "Pali," Goro and his friend cut diagonally across the town. The most striking thing to Goro's mind was the mingling of a great

variety of races, Americans, native Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, and many others. Passing through certain sections of the city one would see a Japanese woman dressed in her native kimono, or a Chinese in his native clothes, parading the streets as though they were in their home countries.

Arriving at the "Pali," Goro was struck by the beauty of the scenery that spread before him—the thickly wooded hillside, the green of the land below and the incomparable blue of the Pacific blended into one another to form a beautiful picture. This "Pali" is a sort of a break that occurs in the ridge of mountains that runs the whole length of the island of Oahu, thus forming a jet, so to speak, through which the wind from the ocean blows with terrific force.

As Goro stood there admiring the beauty of the scenery, somebody shouted in his ear, "Do you want to make a bet?" (The force of the wind makes it necessary to shout in carrying on a conversation.) He turned around and saw one of the young passengers with whom he had made an acquaintance.

"What do you want to bet on?" asked Goro, curiously.

"I bet you can't cross this road standing up," replied the young man with a sly smile.

"All right, that's a bet," replied Goro, and asked "how much?" as an afterthought.

It seemed rather an easy way to make a little money, and on hearing the words, "five dollars," Goro started to cross the street which was only about six or seven yards wide. But as Goro came to the middle of the road, the force of the wind almost swept him off his feet. He struggled and struggled to fight his way against the wind, but had to give up finally, so strong was the force of the wind.

Humiliated, the boy jumped into his "guide's" car and asked her why she had not warned him about the wind. In reply she only laughed, and asked him how much he had lost on the bet.

As they started to go back toward the city, they were greeted by the much famed "liquid-sunshine" of Hawaii. It was the strangest thing Goro had ever seen in his life! The sun was shining brightly, and still it was drizzling!—and what's more, the people on the streets were walking along noncha-

lantly without a raincoat or an umbrella as though it were not raining at all! It was too late to drive to Pearl Harbor, so they drove to "Diamond Head," but it did not strike Goro's fancy except for the beautiful view over a part of the island on the way to the "Head."

On their way back, the "guide" and Goro stopped at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel for early tea, expecting to see some movie stars around, but were disappointed. They had hardly had their tea, when they had to jump in the car and drive back to the pier—and some more flower wreaths. "Those things certainly do look nice on other people," mused Goro as his "guide" started to pile them on him, "but not the thing for me!" he concluded when he was almost smothered again by the scent of the flowers.

Shortly after Goro had thanked his "guide" and said good-bye to her, with a final deep-throated boo-oo-oo!" of her whistle the ship started to slide away from the pier. Then, all of a sudden, the deck seemed to be filled with the native boys, who offered to dive from the boat-deck or the top of the bridge for a quarter. Somebody gave one of the boys a quarter, and he leaped in the air and shot down toward the water in a perfect dive. Somebody else gave another a half dollar, and asked him to make a "swan dive." The boy jumped off from the top of the bridge as unconcernedly as though he were jumping from a five-foot platform, and went down in a perfect "swan dive."

These native boys held the attention of Goro for quite some time, and when he looked around again the people on the pier were hardly recognizable. The ship's orchestra was playing the "Aloha oe!"—and somehow, in that atmosphere the farewell sounded even more charming than usual.

Then Goro remembered that the wreaths were still around his neck. "It is indeed a very nice and pretty custom, but there is such a thing as carrying it to excess," he thought as he lifted them off and threw them overboard according to the custom and tradition of the Islands.

He stood on the deck for a while watching the land fade back farther and farther as the ship headed for San Francisco, leaving the white wake behind her, the only thing that seemed to disturb the absolute tranquility of this beautiful Island and its surroundings.

The great poems of the world, the great books of the world, are written in invisible ink. It is your own personality that brings out the writing.
—Anon.

The Story of Clay

• By Charles Schroll

The writer is naturally interested in clay since his folks manufacture clay products machinery. He gives us an instructive story of clay, from prehistoric times to the present day. Necessities and luxuries alike are made of clay.

THE things that are made of clay are among the most important things of the earth. They play a greater part in the lives of more people than do the products of any other material that has so far been moulded by the hand of man.

The story of clay is the story of the human race. Man lived no better than the beasts of the field until he learned to fashion the sticky stuff into vessels for holding food. There is not a tribe or clan or race anywhere in the world that does not use the products of clay. There is not a human habitation of any kind which does not use clay in its construction.

There are no earlier records of the race than those to be found in the handiwork of man in connection with mud. The story of civilization can be read no better than by following the trail of clay that is visible in the utilities of the race.

Clay is a combination of elements. It is itself a sort of manufactured product, made in the great mills of nature and more widely distributed over the earth than any other material. It is composed of silica and alumina and usually contains such so-called impurities as iron, magnesia, calcium, etc. The silica in clay was made by the grinding of the rocks and through decay. So it was not until the rocks began to rot that clay was formed on the earth.

When heat is applied to clay the moisture is driven out. At about 1500 degrees F. it loses its plasticity. Right there the material ceases to be clay and becomes a clay product only. The silica is there; the alumina is there; the impurities are there. But the clay has departed, never again to return; plasticity is forgotten.

The earlier clay workers knew nothing about the harder clays. They sought the material while it was still soft and sticky. They kneaded the water out of it or added water as it was demanded. But they did not grind up the hardened clays like shale

and work them into shape, as is done at the present time.

The early vessels made of clay were not impervious to water. For long years man was content to shape the clay into vessels, dry them in the sun, and devote them to their limited uses. The houses which he built out of clay bricks crumbled and melted in the rain.

Out of the funeral pyre came the secret of hardening clay with fire, a living truth discovered in disposing of the corpse of him who sought the truth. Sun-dried vases containing flowers, placed about the funeral pyre, went through the heat prepared for the cremation of the corpse, and earthen-ware resulted.

We cannot separate human existence from the clay products. We cannot cast a glance about us without beholding something made of clay. The pavements over which we walk, the brick streets over which we drive, the houses in which we live, the dishes upon which our food is served, the basins in which we wash, the furnaces which give us heat in winter, and the refrigerator which preserves our food in summer,—all use clay in some way or other. Even if we denied ourselves the luxuries of life, the bare necessities would in turn be denied us if we forgot the art of burning mud into vessels for service.

Banish porcelain, a clay product, from the earth and misery results. Banish brick, or tile, or crocks, or jugs and jars, and we revert to savagery. Sanitation would be impossible; refrigeration could never have been perfected; artificial heating would never have been invented; neither comfort nor luxury could be known but for the process involving those things made out of elements known as clay.

In every climate the clay products have been adapted to the special purposes required. The industry has gone hand in hand with all arts, with all activities. Progress in other lines has been made only as progress has been made in the clay products industry.

Nature has placed at man's command the materials necessary for his progress, but in nothing has she been so lavish as in the making of clays, and in nothing has she directed man to a more uni-

versal adoption of a material. Our roads will continue to be paved with bricks made of clay. Our systems of sewers, our works for furnishing water to the people, our houses, our offices, and our factories are to become more dependent upon the industry.

The clay products industry stands third in importance today. The steel industry stands first, and it would stand nowhere but for the use of clay products; the coal industry stands second; and the clay products industry stands third.

That is the progress that has been made, from the mud banks that were worked without cost to third in importance. That is the way the world has moved forward.

When the demand for clay products had increased to a point where a sufficient amount of the material could not be prepared by hand, pits were dug and oxen turned into the pits after they were filled with clay and water. The cattle were then driven about in the mud until it was thoroughly kneaded into the dough-like plaster of the proper consistency. Slaves were at times used instead of cattle, their bare feet pugging the mud until it was fit for the molds or properly prepared for shaping into blocks.

Then came the wheel, revolving upon an axle that was grooved to move the wheel to the end of the axle as it crushed through the mixture. When it reached the end of the axle, or the outer side of the pit, it was reversed and made its way back to the center of the pit, cutting the clay as it, the wheel, was dragged around the circles by horses or

oxen. This was the process of pugging brought down to the machine age.

The machinery used in the clay products industry to-day is elaborate. It requires the services of the most skilled draughtsman to build it. It is the creation of inventors of genius. It involves the expenditure of millions of dollars.

So universal is the use of clay products that the slightest decrease in cost is of importance to the whole world. That importance begets reduced cost of production. Where so many people are involved, where the slightest lowering of the cost of production amounts to so much in the aggregate, the best brains of all lands are employed in working out the most economical processes.

From the funeral pyre to modern permanent kiln in which clays are burned is a journey from the wilderness to the heart of civilization. But the journey has been traveled, and to-day even in barbaric lands the people enjoy the blessings of pottery and other clay products that have been produced after the modern methods, while in the civilized communities every activity is dependent upon some branch of the industry. Rich and poor alike depend upon it; prince and pauper alike partake of food prepared, preserved, and served in earthen products.

The great factories and the small ones are using something made of clay. The illumination of our homes, the ornamentation of our houses, our luxuries and our necessities come to us through clay or are dependent upon something made of that material.

Style is not at all what so many teachers and professors tell us that it is: it is not necessarily the careful picking of words, the avoiding of clichés, the tasteful arrangement of language. But what style really is, is the translation into language of an inner rhythm of the mind, an inner rhythm which is the essence of the writer's personality, of his gifts, of his passions, his emotions, his psychic energy. A writer may with practice become more skilful at expressing his inner rhythm, but style can never be taught or acquired; all that can be taught or learned is a graceful use of words.

College Clippings

I did not know before that—

Ninety-five students have enrolled in a newly established embalming course at the University of Minnesota.

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Students at the University of Detroit may smoke pipes, but not cigars or cigarettes, on the campus.

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The Marquette University football team had the fastest waterboy in the world serving it. He is Frank Metcalf, the Olympic track star.

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University of Alabama students have a new way of working their way through college. They act as professional pallbearers.

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Dr. Margaret Bailey, of the Stanford University faculty, told the co-eds: "Football players are poor unfortunate wretches—professional slaves pushed aside into disgusting suits and shoved on the field. They are Roman slaves who make our holiday."

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State Teachers' College claims the Blue Danube is yellow.

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Rochester University has abolished eight o'clock classes, because it prefers to have its students sleep in bed rather than in class.

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A list of professors who keep their classes overtime is published regularly at the University of Kansas.

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Northwestern University admitted to the school last fall two students between thirteen and fifteen years of age.

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Harvard introduced football into American colleges, and was the first college to play the game as it now is played.

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Indiana University's football team finished the first game of the season with Northwestern with a total of minus one yard gained from scrimmage.

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For the last three years the Fordham football team has sung a hymn before and after each game.

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Columbia University granted a Ph. D. to the author of a manuscript on "The Duties of a School Janitor."

• By Jack the Clipper

The remedy for professional tardiness at the University of Bologna in 1158 was to withhold the professor's pay for the class at which he arrived late.

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Carnegie Tech's band is outfitted with Scotch costumes averaging \$100 each. The plaid comes direct from Scotland.

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Ohio leads all the states in the number of colleges. It has 41.

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Fourteen players of the Tulane squad last fall were relatives of former Tulane players.

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A professor at the University of British Columbia has designed a contraption that flashes a "Welcome" to students who are on time for their classes, and a "Late Again" to those who are tardy.

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The owner's picture on the cover of each athletic pass book at Georgia Tech prevents transfer.

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Statistics, based on 40 leading college games, show that 150 plays, including kicks, are averaged in football games. This number does not include kicks from the old grads, however.

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Statistics from Denison University show that students who drove motor cars last year made grades averaging twenty-five percent higher than those who walked.

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University of Maryland students were fined three dollars for every unexcused absence from class, last year.

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A Kentucky professor insists that, although he doesn't mind having his students look at their watches in class, students should not shake their watches to see if they are running.

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Temple University has seven sets of twins to confuse absent-minded professors.

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About this time it is a consolation to know that Lindberg flunked out of the University of Wisconsin; Dr. W. J. Mayo, of the Mayo clinic, flunked out of the University of Michigan medical school; and Stewart Edward White and Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.) were likewise given their walking papers from the S. L. A. college of the same institution during their freshman years.

The Stadium Spectator

• By Jim Brown

ABOUT six weeks ago there was a great body of humanity, colloquially known as the "Brigade of the Down-town Coaches," and this great body was having a concerted laugh-in-the-sleeve at a certain change in the athletic policy at the University of Dayton.

An undergraduate basketball coach? Impossible! Out of the question!

Now, however, there is no concerted laugh. All laughter is carried on by one individual, a slight, dark-haired individual who leans over a newspaper bearing the inscription, "Dayton 37, John Carroll 14."

The individual in question answers to the name of Louis John Joseph Tschudi, and he is the undergraduate basketball coach of the Red and Blue team that is rapidly regaining the glory that was once Dayton's.

It was a mighty tough spot in which Lou Tschudi found himself after taking over the reins of head coach. Basketball was a lost art at Dayton.

Lou, with his new system, and loads of optimism, moulded together a ball club that in short order proved to Flyer followers that here was something to cheer about.

BY THE EPIDERMIS OF ONE'S MOLARS

If memory does not fail, it seems that 'long about six or seven years ago, Red and Blue cage quintets were having a lot of trouble "getting over the hump," which is to say, they couldn't win the close ones. Time and time again, the Dayton adherents, jubilant over an early lead, were forced to sit back and watch that lead slowly dwindle to nothing, and then watch abjectly while the warriors that gave their all, that was not good enough, trudged slowly from the floor.

Happily, this is all changed now, and the laddies in the Red and Blue seem to have attained the necessary spark to capture the close ones. Consult your schedule on the number of games the Flyers have won by the proverbial skin of their teeth.

A TOUCHY SUBJECT

No doubt, during the course of the current court campaign, a common question has arisen in the

mind of John Q. Public on the topic, "What do the players think of Tschudi and his tactics?"

This is a jutifiable query, when one considers that almost to a man, every one of Lou's court performers has had more actual basketball experience than the coach. The coach and players are about the same age. And of course, all the boys knew Lou "when——" Also, five regulars are in Lou's class in school.

But, despite that all these things point towards a spirit of patronizing tolerance on the part of the players toward the coach, such is emphatically not the case.

That miniature dynamo of brimstone and energy, Louis John Joseph Tschudi, is boss of the ranch, and all of the buckaroos in the Flyer roundup, respect the boss both for his innate courage and his proved ability.

At first, some of the players liked Lou and all that, but—oh! you know, after all—he wasn't much older than the players themselves, and what was the sense of kotowing to him?

Well, it just so happened that Tschudi was anticipating such a sentiment, particularly on the part of some of the younger players, and it also just so happened that Lou had a checkmate for that feeling, and—would you believe it?—in one week's time every man-jack on the ball club was for the coach one hundred per cent!

ARE YOU?

A great patriot once remarked that "we had better hang together or we'll hang separately," and how that saw applies in the U. D. basketball case.

Here is Dayton's choice to emerge from the cage doldrums, and the success of the undertaking depends upon Sweden's favorite son.

As sure as fate, the Tschudi Band Wagon is going to pass our way soon, and when it does, we had better all clamber aboard. It's going to be a long parade, and a great one, so fall in early and march next to the drum major 'til the final whistle blows, and then consult your schedule once more. If you find, what I think you'll find, show it to the down-town coaches—and watch 'em crawl!

Joe Spatz

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"GADZOOKS!" cried Bertram, "there's
a dame,
Who's simply got to bear my name;
The flower of beauty on her brow
Has me enamored—Boy, and how!"

So Bertram like a knight of old
Set out to get his lady told;
Of Life he meant to have his share
And darned well win his lady fair.

He thought he'd find her home alone
But, blast it, he forgot to phone;
And while he rode by fields and farms
She heard his rival's call to arms.

Well, Bertram felt his fury grow;
He wished to joust a gigolo,
But in the climax of his daring
He burned out his courtly bearing.

All efforts were of no avail
And so he struck the homeward trail;
He learned his lesson just too late
To always phone and make the date.



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