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THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT



December, 1928

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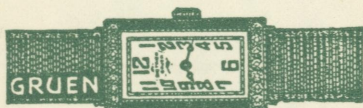
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The University of Dayton Exponent

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DECEMBER, 1928

No. 10

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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXVI

DECEMBER, 1928

No. 10

The Yanks and the Japs

by

A Japanese Student

THE average Japanese student's idea of America and the Americans is bad enough, but the American's idea of Japan and the Japanese is appalling. I do not assume nor pretend that I know all about the Americans, nor everything of Japan and the Japanese, but I am sure of several things, of course, seen through my eyes. You may all differ with me, and that with perfect right. However, if you are not too busy, too occupied to read, will you give me a few minutes? If you find something to think about, all well and good, and if you think this is all nonsense, that will be also well and good. Read then, and judge if you will.

In Cleveland and therabouts, I have spent many happy hours and I can remember, once at a family gathering of one of my friends, I spent a cheery Christmas night. It was all white outside and all of us were seated in front of a blazing hard-wood fire, and munching away on walnuts and Christmas candy. At the end of a heated "rag chewing", the head of the family turned to me and said, "Bud, you know I was afraid of you when you first came here, but now that we know each other I see you're a pretty sociable fellow—quite like us Americans". And there you have in a nutshell the gist of what I have to say. Americans do not know the Japanese, nor the Japanese the Americans. The valuation of each is usually based on very unsubstantial grounds, although I am aware of some that have found evidences, happily, through which a good understanding is established. However, the majority of Americans have such a meager idea of Japan and the inhabitants thereof, that the misunderstanding so prevalent cannot be too harshly condemned. Furthermore, they have such a small source from which to draw the ideas of Japan that their convictions cannot be otherwise.

If you would take the trouble to go through a geography book used in most of the public schools of this country, you will find in it several interesting paragraphs on Japan, illustrated with pictures of "jinrikisha", "Fujiyama", a family of a farmer at supper with rather obnoxious attitude, bare shoulders and crossed legs. You will see "geisha" in an attitude of animation, and in some a young girl taking a bath in a small "suyeburo" in a country farm yard. If you are interested and take the trouble to read, you will find that the Japanese are heathens with a very low standard of living, who exist on a few cents of rice and fish a day, that they are mentally, socially and culturally below the Americans. If you would ramble through some high school and college texts, you will find similar enlightening informations and illustrations. Plastic and sensitive minds of American youths are fed with these things. The result is beyond your imagination, and you find evidences of the result every day, everywhere.

Question the average American and you will find the amount of true information he has of Japan is negligible and whatever he has is so distorted that you will learn many things about Japan and the Japanese that you never knew before.

With men and women of this type—in fact with nearly all of the Yanks—there is no use arguing; there is no use of telling them that their idea of Japan and the Japanese is wrong. Argumentation leads to antagonism, awakens anti-social and anti-racial prejudices.

Ask any frank, sincere, and understanding American who has a Japanese friend and visualize his attitude toward the Japanese . . . "Yes, he's a Jap, but he's like one of us. They aren't heathens;

they feel, they can love and hate, they can be happy. After all, Japs are not very different from Yanks . . ." How does he arrive at this conclusion? He knows the Japanese personally, knows about Japan, that the inhabitants of the isles are not militaristic, squinting, yellow-faced dogs, but human beings. If a true friendship is possible between a Yank and a Jap, that is enough evidence to show that the present general attitude has behind it, a distorted and fragmentary understanding of one another.

You know that first impressions and early sentiments are hard to drive away. No bit of arguing, no mass of data, no eloquence of inducement can change them.

You cannot judge a nation by examining only a part of it. If the Japanese are to be judged by the usual texts in the schools, by the lowest of laborers in California, by the sensational tabloid harping of the press, what other results would you expect than that "Jap", said with a gesture that hurts? Incidentally, it might be well to mention the fact that those of Japanese ancestry, sensitive as they are, feel insulted to be called a "Jap" just as much as, or even more than, the Hungarian would feel insulted to be hailed a "Hunkie" or an Italian would feel insulted to be hailed a "Wop" or a "Dago", (although to the average American the fact is seemingly unknown). Why do they feel insulted to be hailed a "Jap" when they are Japanese, you may ask. The reason is obvious. Of course, some Americans may not see the point, but they would undoubtedly understand it—if they only knew Japan and the Japanese people. For the sake of clearness, let us put it in this wise. Why do the Italians and the Hungarians not approve of being hailed as "Wops" or "Hunkies?". It is not so much because they do not wish to be known as Italians and Hungarians, but fundamentally because they are Italians and not "Wops," or they are Hungarians and not "Hunkies."

These short American-made words carry with them an air of contempt to the ears of foreigners who are not accustomed to American ways of say-

ing things, even when mentioned in a friendly discourse. It is especially true with regard to the Japanese. Everyone born of Japanese parents, no matter what he is or where he is now located, takes pride in the fact that he is of Japanese parentage; accordingly he is proud to be known as Japanese, of course, but not as "Jap." To be specific in expressing the sentiments of the Japanese people in this respect, it is necessary only to state here that "Jap" is not a polite way of addressing a Japanese, and for this reason and others they would rather be called a Japanese than a "Jap." Strictly speaking, **Japanese** is the only correct noun there is in speaking of the inhabitants of Japan and their descendants in the minds of average Japanese. "Jap" used in the language of the newspaper may be excused for journalistic reasons, but "Jap" in a direct discourse is certainly out of place (now that you know the Japanese attitude in this respect) especially when speaking to anyone with the least bit of Japanese blood in him.

The average American does not seem to know these things and therein seems to lie the trouble. Americans must, therefore, be taken to a mountain top and be given in true perspective the true Japan. They must be given what is the real and lasting quality of the Japanese. There is a crying need of some form of enlightening agency to give out data to the writers of books, and to supply illustrations of modern Japan. Young people of America must no longer be allowed to form pictures of Japan and the Japanese based on the meager data available to them in the school books—insufficient, distorted and pitifully out of date.

Men are all alike, we cannot blame them for loving their native land, their customs, their color. Since they are men they can also understand, but knowledge comes before understanding. No one, if he has enough given him—enough unbiased information on which to base his judgment—can doubt the greatness of the Japanese art, Japanese courage and Japanese adaptability.

To One Successful

By Barry Dwyer

Last night you sat among the stars,
Your happiness complete;
Today you find that fame has bars;
How like you now the seat?

Not in Vain

By Dibbs Ellaway, II

EDITOR'S NOTE—Last year we had quite a few contributions from one Dibbs Ellaway, personally unknown to the Staff. He was, however, known to be a student and hence his articles were eligible for publication in the Exponent. They kept filtering in, mostly poetry, and were good enough to attract comment from exchange magazines. Last month there appeared on the Editor's desk a mysterious contribution from Dibbs Ellaway II, none other than the story "Not in Vain", and we thought it so good that we are publishing it at the first opportunity. We hope our mysterious contributor keeps on writing for us.

JUDGE SCUDDER then pronounced sentence. He spoke so low that his voice was but a murmur to those in the court room. Persons standing directly back of Flavian Leech were hardly able to catch but fragments of the sentence.

The Court said: "The judgment of this court is that you, Flavian Leech, for the murder in the first degree of Joseph Del Frate, whereof you are convicted, be, and you are hereby, sentenced to the punishment of death, and it is ordered that, within ten days after this day's session of court you be delivered together with the warrant of this court, to the agent and warden of the prison in the city of Vienna, where you shall be kept in solitary confinement until the week beginning Monday, June 20, 1919, and upon that day and within the week so appointed the said agent and warden is commanded to perform and carry out the decision which you are to make. I shall state the proposition briefly. You have a choice in the manner in which you shall meet death: first, by the means now in use, that of beheading, or secondly, that of subjecting yourself to experiment. The government of Austria has given permission to the National College of Medicine of Austria to make this experiment if you are willing. Death is not certain but probable. If you live, however, you will be granted freedom. The object of this experiment is to record the nerve reactions along the spinal column between the third and twelfth vertebrae. No anaesthetic can be given. You shall have ten days in which to decide."

"May God in His love, forgive you and strengthen you in your hour of need."

There was a stir in the courtroom following this unusual sentence, and while the prisoner was being led out, many conjectured as to the choice of Flavian Leech.

Solitary confinement is in most cases what the last moment is to a drowning man. His past life may torture him to deep remorse as it glides past him with its bright, happy memories of childhood growing gradually dimmer, overshadowed by wilful acts in manhood. But in his case there had never been anything in his life to suggest this terrible end.

Oh, how innocently it had all started! He had unintentionally opened a letter addressed to Del Frate, who was a boarder in his house. He had tried to explain that he could not read English and had opened the communication by mistake, but not satisfied with this statement, Del Frate started to fight. At first he had merely resisted by pushing him off while he tried to explain again, but Del Frate was beating him in his blind fury. An uncontrollable force rose in him at the impudence of his opponent. It mounted to an animal madness, and in a seconds time he had drawn out his knife and stabbed him through the heart. He saw it all again, the overturned chairs, the opened letter on the table, and the dead man at his feet with the warm blood still trickling from the wound, while he stood bewildered as the enormity of the effect from that innocent cause grew upon him.

He had always led the life of an upright and honorable citizen and now one act had ranked him with life-long criminals. Was he an instrument in the hands of fate? Would his decision benefit mankind? Yes, he would subject himself to the experiment. Perhaps, in that one act he might make reparation, not to Del Frate who was beyond help, but to mankind which might benefit and remember him by pointing out the consequences of one terrible moment of anger. Then and only then it would not be in vain.

Two days before the experiment the prison physician was admitted to the cell in death row. While he conducted a very brief examination he kept running a fire of talk in the cheerful matter-of-fact manner of a man who has been accustomed to the tragedies of life.

"How are you, Leech?" asked Dr. Ivan.

"Oh, fairly well, thank you," he replied in his courteous way.

"I'm glad you made that decision," said Dr. Ivan. "Of course, death is not certain but most probable. I suppose there is no need to tell you that the first incision will be necessarily deep and cause you excruciating pain. But try not to worry. If you live the first three minutes after the incision, you have

every chance to pull through. Of course, I suppose you know why there can be no anaesthetic?"

"Yes," said Flavian Leech.

"Well, of course I hope you live through the first three minutes. You are healthy but have very little resistance," said Dr. Ivan. He spoke the first very slowly and looked intently into the eyes of Flavian Leech.

And then he knew that Dr. Ivan did not expect him to live.

"I shall be present at the experiment, the only one you will know. Well, goodbye and good luck." And with that he was gone. He had followed his instructions well.

From that moment Flavian Leech thought, not of his crime, but of the first incision of the experiment.

Sunday passed. Monday. A beautiful June morning of blue and gold but, oh, that first incision!

He was given no breakfast. At eight o'clock he was taken to the largest hospital in Vienna. He had never been there before. He had never been in any hospital before. It was strange, terrifying, with its queer odor and subdued but suggestive noises.

He was taken to the anteroom outside the operating room and given a short, full gown to put on. He was ready and a blanket was wrapped around him while he was waiting. He was left in the room with merely an interne who was busy patching rubber gloves. Why didn't they come? There was the table on which he would have to lie, face down, and be pulled into the operating room. Oh, why didn't they come? That first incision! He began to tremble. The interne saw that he was shaken and offered him a drink of water. He could not answer, he couldn't trust himself to speak. No, he would not break down. Oh, why didn't they come? This terrible waiting, waiting.

The door opened and two strange doctors and a nurse came in. One doctor said "We are ready."

He was put on the table, face down, and slowly wheeled into the great, white, silent operating room whose walls could tell so much. He could see one wall. Yes, those walls had seen death. He turned his head to the other side. The doctors and nurse were arranging a long row of instruments. A cold sweat broke out over his body. Oh, that first incision! It was not yet too late to cry out and say, "I can't." No, he must make reparation. There were men in the internes' observation seats. One, two, three—they looked solemn, they had a strange expression on their faces—four, five, six men. Yes, there was Dr. Ivan. He was not looking. If he would only look and smile, it would help. He felt weak. He had gone without breakfast before and had never felt this way. They were sterilizing their

hands, they were putting on those long, red, rubber gloves. There was a stir of expectancy. The watchers looked more strained.

The elder doctor came toward him.

He was beginning to tremble, the palms of his hands were wet, he felt cold. They were strapping him down. He felt numb; maybe he would faint. Oh, blessed unconsciousness! They bared his back. One doctor put his hand on his pulse, the other said, "Pass me the knife." He could not see but he heard the nurse drop it. It sounded ghastly falling on that metallic table. He felt the doctor put his hand firmly on his back. He couldn't even stiffen himself for the first shock; he felt strangely nerveless. The doctor pressed more firmly and he felt the long, cold, keen edge of the knife sink into his back, a long, long, deep cut. "I am sinking, thank God, I am going to faint," he thought. But no, he heard the other doctor say, "His pulse is growing weaker." Now he felt his own life blood trickling over his back, warm blood. He was slipping, slipping. Sweet oblivion. Death!

"Success," said one doctor, "he has died but not in vain. Our principle has been tested and proved. Success! Let us adjourn to the lecture room."

The eight men moved off and the nurse prepared to take the body to the morgue.

* * * * *

In the lecture room followed the explanation of the strangest test made in history. Dr. Petrov, the renowned psychologist, was speaking. "We have been working in the field of Applied Psychology," he said, "testing the practicability of this principle in the field of medicine. Expectation is a potent influence in many illusions. The influence of the attitude of expectation in facilitating perceptions congruous in themselves but incongruous with the actual facts is brought out vividly in this experiment, which we have just witnessed, where suggestion alone resulted in death. A mental predisposition by suggestive words was brought about by Dr. Ivan when he examined the subject. He remarked about the health, but weak resistance, of the man. He strengthened the suspicion in the mind of the subject that the experiment was serious and death expected. In fact, instead of the knife which I asked for, I used a piece of common ordinary ice having a sharp edge, and for the blood a thin solution of warm starch, having the same consistency as blood. The subject heard the words concerning his pulse action and felt the warm starch trickling over his skin and died without having shed a drop of blood."

"He has not died in vain. Mankind shall benefit through the experiment."

Robert Lee's Flight Over the Ocean

or

DOWN BROWN STREET IN A TROLLEY WAGON

By Guss Hoo

"W HOOPIE", cried Peter Nitney.
"Whoopie", echoed little Manlicker.

Poor little Manlicker had been fed on Geranium Milk from discontented cows and it had affected his voice by making it ten times more awful than the bells which are supposed to awaken us in the mornings.

All the boys were dancing around a huge, crackling bonfire, on the old Varsity Field. All the important whatnots were arranged in the very center of the assemblage. No they were not in the fire but at the same time they were all lit up. Frank Hadley was assisted as he mounted the platform made of planks supported by beer kegs, in order to say a few words on "Why Raisins Have Wrinkles."

"Hic—jacet Cincinnati," cried Frank as he threw a paper doll into the fire. There were numerous paper dolls in the crowd. It seems that cutting out ads for the Advertising Class had affected some of the boys' minds. The mind is a very delicate thig that way. You never know when it will crack, especially in this day and age when it is not a very uncommon thing for the carpets in the halls to slip from under the feet of the unsuspecting.

A coonskin coat was seen in the distance. It moved—and beyond a doubt something was inside it. All the boys got out their heavy artillery and, calling the dogs, gave chase to the rare curiosity. This movement depopulated the scene.

Oh! I beg your pardon, this story was about our old pal Robert Lee and not about football rallies. While everyone is out on the campus raising all kinds of things, the garret lies in silence. An oil lamp is consuming the midnight petrol in one of the rooms. Behind an enormous stack of paper, Little Bob is busily engaged in solving a mystery that had baffled college boys at Payton from time immemorial.

At last he lifts his weary head and heaves a sigh which dashed against the wall and broke into a million pieces. But R. L. didn't care a penny's worth. He had made a success of his college career, he had solved a perplexing problem that would make

his name go down in history with the names of the great. Yes sir, he had made a chemical analysis of a supposed dish of hash.

Such an important discovery must be celebrated. The boys took their glad rags out of the moth balls and got into them, not the moth balls understand, they were too valuable. Hennahing, the boy wonder from up North, flitted past the window in his elongated balloon. The cab was crowded and the boys being gentlemen, were forced to stand. The motor had developed a very peculiar cough and wheeze. It seems that it had started smoking its second carload of a very popular brand of cigarettes.

The students were deposited in a neat pile directly in front of a great American Institution, The Spigna Playhouse. Several college widows assisted the young men to their feet and began to get acquainted a once. The boys introduced themselves as bankers from the East and thereupon the girls suggested lemonade.

A nearby store looked inviting and the party entered. The boys ordered chili, hoping way down in their hearts that the girls had enough dough to foot the bill.

"Oh, dear me," cried our hero with a magnificent gesture, "How absurd of me to forget my billfold."

At that very instant a bowl of soup connected very emphatically with our boy friends elongated chin, and spread its geasy contents over his neatly polished map. Husky Hal O'Tosis did the deed. He was a bad boy this Hal was, at one time he had been a bouncer in a tennis ball factory and it is to this fact that he contributes his great strength.

Robert knew his limitations and altho deeply insulted he did the gentlemanly thing and instead of creating a scene in the presence of the ladies, he merely challenged Hal to a game of Tiddely Winks. The rest of the evening was spent in trying to remove a noodle from R. L.'s left optic. Said noodle was formerly in the soup, and this is true even if you are of the opinion that noodles never come in soup.

(Next month's installment: Result of the Duel.)

On the College Man's Capacity for Hard Work

By John Will

SUDDEN showers of statistics and facts, cropping out at irregular intervals, show that the man

who has gone through college generally possesses a better chance to succeed than the man who has not taken advantage of that opportunity. However, in acquiring that **chance** for success, the average college man develops certain disadvantages that become as leaden drags on that chance. What seems to me the greatest of the disadvantages, the self-imposed lead in the pockets most certain to hinder progress, is the loss of capacity for hard work

This advantage can be honestly tagged to that large class of students which aims to get through college any old way and not miss any of the fun along the road. They have sufficient money to take care of their needs, they are content to get mere passing grades, they may go in for a few minor activities, but in an entirely desultory way, "just to help the old school along"; they take in all the dances, games, shows and the social side of frat activity.

What is the result? They acquire the habit of pleasure before work; they are not grinds; nor are they hard workers in any of the college activities; they refuse to shoulder voluntarily responsibility of any kind; nor have they the vital physical and mental energy for athletics; their time outside of class is largely their own and they are content to spend it on their spines. The description is exaggerated, but it goes to show that the point I make of this class of students wasting their time and losing their splendid capacity for work holds good. When they graduate they are apt to know nothing of the sweat-dewed value of money; they are not prepared to accept responsibility, never having shouldered it before in their life; they are liable to lack initiative and energy; they are good mixers and are adaptable to circumstances, but this advantage carries with it the urge to live beyond their means and to continue their easy, social college pleasures. For the young man striving to get ahead this is a great defect. Money comes hard and the young graduate can hope to acquire it and success only by working hard and working overtime. Leisure for golf, shows, games, will come later.



That is the big advantage the average college graduate drags with him to his career. His four

easy years of college life have weakened or destroyed his capacity for hard work. Some hard jolt, like the death of a father, is usually required to awaken him to the facts. We have dealt with that class of students who make up the majority of the college enrollment. There are other well-known types of the genus homo collegiate: the grind, the all-around athletic hero, the work-his-way-through man, the activity man, the student-athlete. What is their capacity for hard work in business?

The grind certainly has that capacity—his whole college career has been building it up. But he has the disadvantage of being theoretical and not adaptable enough. He will work hard but likely in a rut. He is timid and a poor mixer and misses opportunities. With his knowledge and honesty about working, he can achieve to success.

In the case of the all-around athletic hero, we are dealing with a condition directly opposite. His development in college has laid emphasis on the physical. He is a hard worker, possessed of great capacity for sustained physical effort and alert, but not sustained mental action. His athletic duties give him little time for his studies; he does not possess a reservoir of facts like the grind, but his training has prepared him for quick thinking and prompt, driving action. His drawback is, that having been so long accustomed to spectacular deeds, he may find it hard to stoop to the routine of ordinary life and labor, and what will his great energy avail him then? If, however, he can become enthused over some work that requires vital energy and quick thinking he should go far.

The man who works his way through college realizes the value of money and the necessity of hard work to acquire it. He is well trained for that. His disadvantage is that he may have worked too hard in school, keeping up his studies and working in all his spare time, so that he is worn out when he graduates. The graduate who is in a frazzled physical condition cannot have much capacity for hard work, unless he takes time to build himself up. Besides being a hard worker, he is practical, mentally

alert and more cognizant of the ways of the business world.

Somewhat akin to the man who is working his way through, is the activity man. The college activities—glee club, writing, selling ads and tickets, dramatics, and managerial jobs, demand his attention. The man who chooses this dish on the college bill of fare is laying out for himself a course that will most certainly teach him the value of hard work. He will not be lacking in the capacity whereof we are speaking, especially if he tries to keep up in his studies at the same time. In addition to that capacity, he will have the spirit of fellowship, he will have a practical knowledge of some lines of work—acting, singing, selling, writing, that may bring him success when he graduates, if he should choose to continue in that field. At least it will be a great help to him. He will have some knowledge of the tact and smoothness, boldness and firmness, required to handle men. He will not be inclined to sidestep responsibility, which brings its own rewards.

The student-athlete comes nearest, in my estimation, to the ideal builder of this necessary capacity for hard work in business. He will not wear himself out like the man who is forced to work his way through college. He will not participate in athletics all the year around and so will have time to think and plan and study. Let us say he plays football and devotes the rest of the year to making good in his studies: from football he derives physical energy and the ability to think quickly and

clearly; from his studies he acquires a power for sustained thought and concentration on a problem, and a background of facts that will become useful. The splitting of his time between study and sport will not wear him out; he should graduate in good physical and mental condition. Along this same road, it seems to me that if the student-athlete takes part in one or two other activities, too, and learns from them a little more about handling men and organizing, shoulders the responsibility found there, acquires the practical knowledge it represents, then we are approaching the ideal college developer of capacity for hard work. Such a student would have a program of sports and studies while he was playing, and some position of responsibility and work along with his studies the rest of the year. If he took care not to crowd his time by being too ambitious, he should have developed a nearly ideal equipment for hard work by the time he graduates.

A capacity for working hard is not the only thing needed for a college graduate to succeed in business, but it is, at least, an important requirement in view of the easy life you can make of your college course if you are so minded. To do just that is a strong temptation, which the far-sighted college man will be careful to avoid. President Roosevelt, Edward Bok, and Booker T. Washington had immense capacities for hard work. From their experiences as hard workers they have left to future generations a little motto, which will well apply here as a finishing touch. That motto is: "Effort counts."

Durate

By Barry Dwyer

Be happy and be gay,
You were not born to sorrow;
What though the world is gray,
There's still another morrow.

Don't quit, don't groan or sigh,
Against life fret and wail;
Look up into the sky,
Flaunt that which made you quail.

As long as you are brave
And true with God and man,
Smile at your woe; but save
Your tears for other men.

"Thar's Gold in Them Mountians"

By William J. Hoefler

THOMAS SMITH entered the outer offices of the Great Eastern Mining Corporation. He announced himself and soon he was admitted to the sanctum marked, "Private". His actions were the culmination of a four days trip from Nevada in answer to an urgent telegram from the President of the corporation himself. He had some acquaintance with William G. Gilford Jr., the said president, and felt not the slightest bit of uneasiness in his profound presence. Indeed by virtue of a recent hunting trip with the "big boss" in Canada, Tom was rather intimate with Gilford. He knew he was one of Gilford's most valuable men, but he wondered what this summons might mean.

"I received your wire," Smith began informally.

"So I see," responded Gilford genially.

"I was pretty busy in Nevada and naturally I'm somewhat surprised Bill."

Only the bravest of the brave dared address Gilford by that name and it hints to the companionship between the two.

"You're one of my best mining engineers, Tom," Gilford answered, "and I need you on an important job. Come here."

Gilford led him to the wall. He pulled a map from a shelf and spread it over the oak desk. By the general outline Smith could tell nothing about its location. It was an engineering map and filled with contours. It seemed to be wild, mountainous country to Tom's practiced eye.

"This map is part of a certain county in Kentucky," explained Gilford. "To make a long story short, we have a hot tip that the minerals in this region are precious. Certain outcroppings have been found by the deputy sheriff at Carthevans and sent to us. The assay shows possibility of gold in the region."

Tom Smith looked skeptical.

"Gold in Kentucky", he exclaimed. "Impossible! I hope you don't believe that crank."

"But I do," said Gilford and then with inspiration, "we can't afford to let any chances slip by us. Our rivals are too keen. There's gold in those mountains!"

Tom objected strenuously but Gilford was the "big boss". Two weeks later he found himself alone in a maze of hills with only a rickety Ford as his means of locomotion and on a trail that made the rocky road to Dublin seem like an asphalt boule-

vard. At times he thanked his foresight in using a Ford, for a car with a wider wheelbase could not have passed many of the spots in the road. He finally crawled over a ridge of small mountains and realized himself to be deep in the territory that had aroused Gilford's cupidity.

"The worst of it is that this is a wild goose chase", he groaned.

Finally at the base of the mountain and on the edge of a wooded valley, he applied the brakes to his decrepit machine. He shut off the motor and left the car. He took a small hammer from the rear seat and began tapping on some rock near by.

"Nothing here—" he began.

"Crack!" A rifle bullet whipped his hat off.

"What the—!" Then his hands reached for the blue skies above. He was caught in the open unarmed and unprepared for a fight.

"Dont' move, furriner", said a nasal voice behind a tree, twenty yards away.

"Of course not", agreed Tom as the other advanced toward him. He took in the qualities of his captor. He saw a tall, lanky individual, with a black, bushy beard. Beneath a battered cap two bleary blue eyes, that had doubtlessly looked many questionable 'jugs' in the face, stared at him.

"Be ye an Evansfield er a McCarthy?"

"Neither", assured Tom, "my name's Smith."

"That's what all you furriners say. I suppose yer first name's John."

"No, it's Tom."

"Et is too. Don't try ta back out, furriner."

"I was only testing the rock for minerals", explained Smith. "Please point that thing the other way so I can take my arms down."

"Wal, yer on my land and I'm tellin' yer ta get off and stay off. No testin' here, unless ya join the Evansfields. Tell them McCarthys thet Zack Evansfield said so too."

Tom lost little time in putting all the distance possible between him and Zack Evansfield in the shortest space of time. His hat bore a smooth round hole, mute evidence of the meeting. Gilford's assignment had "possibilities", all right, he thought to himself.

In Carthevans, an excuse of a town that was wedged between two mountains, named after the dominant clans of that region, Tom Smith finally stopped. He found the deputy sheriff, the enthusi-

ast that had been responsible for his unsavory mission, and told of his meeting with Zack Evansfield.

"Too bad", said the officer, "but I'm glad you come quiet and sorta unannounced. The McCarthy's and the Evansfields are at it again. Ten sheep and seven cows have been stolen and three men have been bumped off. I can't do nothin' as I'd be only one man against everybody. Ef they found out I sent fer you they'd be sore, so keep it quiet. Don't give up though. I tell ya, thar's gold in them mountains!"

"What started this feud?" wondered Smith.

"Well ya see, Zack Evansfield wanted ta get rid of his daughter, Nancy. He captured young Jim McCarthy one day and tried to pull a shot gun weddin'. He suffered a relapse er somethin' and laid down his shotgun fer a secon' and Jim was gone."

"I understand", put in Tom. "The shotgun wedding degenerated into a cross-country race. Now we have a feud on our hands. Well, I'm going to give this neck of the woods a thorough once-over before I leave. Not that I think anything's here, but I've never failed the boss yet."

Tom started exploring. The first day he was only shot at twice. He strapped on his forty-five automatic before he commenced the second day. When he started out the third morning in his Ford, he wore the gun's mate also. He heard the whine of bullets fully five times. Before he began his fourth day of exploration, he borrowed the sheriff's extra rifle. The threat was of no use. He was dodging more lead than ever. With blood in his eye he went to the county seat across the mountains and returned with a twelve-gauge shotgun. He was not molested quite as much after that.

With a determination to cover his ground quite thoroughly, he joined the McCarthy's clan when they came to town for supplies and examined their holdings quite carefully for signs of gold. As usual there was none. He was becoming more and more disgusted. He repeated this dangerous performance when the Evansfields came to Carthevans and explored their territory with Zack Evansfield's tacit consent. He found no signs of ore of any nature whatever. As he was finishing his task one day, he was interrupted by a rifle shot. He thought he recognized Jim McCarthy's hat dodging behind a tree. His shotgun was loaded and ready. The barrel was short and he could hardly miss. Presently the mountaineer exposed too much of his body and was astounded to hear a huge report and feel hundreds of stings in his carcass. He threw down his rifle and began running at a pace that would have done credit to Charlie Paddock.

Tom Smith laughed and reloaded his gun. The charge had been an extra heavy bunch of bird shot.

It would be some time before Jim McCarthy would feel inclined to do more bushwacking. Then his thoughts became more sober. The McCarthy's had doubtlessly heard of his joining the Evansfields. Soon this peaceful valley would be unable to hold him. He must act at once. He did.

Tom urged the deputy sheriff to call the clansmen to a peace meeting before the blue grass became spotted with blood. The sheriff felt obligated to Tom and lost no time in carrying out his request. The sheriff suggested that only Zack Evansfield and Abadiah McCarthy, the leaders, come. They did, with their entire clans at their back.

"We want you to have a big celebration and call off the feud", explained the officer. "The governor says he'll send down troops ef we don't", he prevaricated to aid his cause.

"What's the quarrel about?" put in Tom, "maybe we can settle it to the satisfaction of all concerned."

"I—I don't know", admitted McCarthy in surprise.

"I plumb fergot it myself", said Zack Evansfield, honestly.

Diplomatically Tom and the sheriff said nothing to remind them of the cause of the feud. Kegs of moonshine miraculously made their appearance. A lunch was secured from the general store and spread on the biggest table of the only saloon in the section. The party became boisterous and the feast went on into the night. Tom was satisfied with himself, and was glad that what little exploring he had yet to do, could be done peacefully.

"Now you kin go ahead", the sheriff said on finding him that night. "When we find gold we'll put Carthevan on the map and we'll all be rich. Thar's gold in them mountains!"

The sheriff's voice was heavy with liquor and Tom felt a vague sense of alarm as some unrest appeared amid the mountaineers. Moonshine had not dulled their senses. Zack Evansfield blurted out to McCarthy just as he was gazing at the bottom of his glass:

"I remember what we wuz fightin' fer now. Say, Abadiah, when's your boy, Jim goin' ta get hitched with my daughter, Nancy?"

"Jim can't git married now. He's over ta th' county seat gittin' the buck shot took out o' his hide by th' sawbones. He wouldn't marry that homely daughter o' yours anyhow."

"But she's jest got ta marry somebody. I don't want her on my hands ferever."

"Well, thet mining feller laid Jim up. Make him marry 'er in his place. He deserves it, the double-crossin' furriner!"

"Jest the feller!" snapped Zack, his bleary eyes clearing. "But—but maybe he won't want 'er."

A Literary Peter Pan

By Eugene Cropper

THOSE who remember Barrie's "Peter Pan" recall how the chief character preferred his youth to immortality, at least preferred his ideas of youth, which were of a rather elastic nature and consisted chiefly in doing things that most sensible persons had long since seen the folly of. Not that he probably did not know that they were foolish but he wanted to be different. And that quality of rather being sensational than right is probably the chief characteristic of Mr. Mencken, the eminent critic and editor.

There is no doubt that Mencken is clever and extremely well informed and able to say what he wants to in an interesting way. But so far the world has reaped little apparent benefit from his talents and it is possible that the harm he has done will live long after he is dead. Of course his works on Shaw, Ibsen, and Nietzsche are of a solid nature and of some value. Although his explanation of Nietzsche's doctrines has brought him, and deservedly, more condemnation than any other of his works, it really served to let people see the foundation of the German Imperial "Kultur" even if the ideas of the mad philosopher have long since been scrapped. His work on Philology is more of an amateur's experiment than a product of solid scholarship.

But despite what he may have contributed to Literature, he will be chiefly remembered for his connection with the American Mercury. And his attitude in that magazine, while it has gained him more ardent admirers than any other American literary man of this age, has made most intelligent people consider him merely as a malicious scribbler of the type of Voltaire.

And while Voltaire really had something to justify his bitter attacks on society, Mencken's grievances are mostly imaginary. Voltaire, in the end at least, helped to build more than he destroyed. But as yet Mencken while he has denounced our entire social system, has proposed no very suitable substitute for it. The methods of Mencken and Voltaire have many points in common: to discover the enemy's weakest points, and to attack him with the most bitter and cruel of all weapons, intelligent ridicule; to flatter the reader by deftly assuming that reader and author are above the common intellect; to assume enough sincerity to make the most bare-faced lies seem to be the truth.

Mr. Mencken, unfortunately, was born in the wrong age. Our society while it may have its faults cannot be compared with that of eighteenth century France. And, condemn it as he may, Mencken will never find enough supporters to justify his attitude or to fight very savagely for their master's ideals. But what a splendid opportunity his talents would have had in England before the Reform period, or in Austria before the overthrow of the Hapsburgs, or, in fact, any place where the rulers resorted to hypocrisy to maintain their power, that is, if the rulers of such a country would have permitted him to expound his doctrines, which, you may rest assured, they would not have done.

Perhaps, despite recent evidences to the contrary, we are too tolerant intellectually. The Church's attitude in condemning that which was fundamentally wrong in literature has been severely criticized. But it had more good points than are at once apparent. Because many people, anxious for change and rarity, read the works of certain men, who, as Voltaire himself admitted, were only interested in misrepresenting conditions as much as possible in order to prove their point, and, without investigating them to see whether they were right or wrong, based their philosophy and conduct on them.

Some one has said that Cervantes did more than he ever expected when he ridiculed heroic virtues in Don Quixote, for since that time Spain has produced no heroes. And while more causes than Cervantes' collection of proverbs and fairy tales destroyed Spain's ability to raise heroes, his work undoubtedly contributed to a national feeling of contempt and ridicule for those who sought to distinguish themselves by striking a heroic pose.

And that is why Mencken is dangerous. For while it may be said that few read his expensive magazine or are very much interested in his ideas, undoubtedly a great many are influenced directly or indirectly by what he has said and done. And those taken from a class that might have rendered great services to society and their country if their ideals and ideas had not been confused by Menckens doctrines. For naturally, as in the case of the French Encyclopedists his readers are those who are ambitious for improvement, if not changes, and who are endeavoring to find some cause on which to exercise their energy and ambition.

Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and, to some extent,

Upton Sinclair, have posed as the leaders of the young American intelligentsia. And instead of leading them to something constructive they have destroyed to a great extent their faith in their country and its leaders. They have shown how its statesmen, its professional men, its ministers, its ideals and its pleasures are stupid, barbarous, and even degrading. While it may be admitted that to some extent their criticisms are true, it is certain that they have greatly over-emphasized certain evil tendencies and failed to mention the great accomplishments and high ideals that were achieved by some and advocated by all.

That these writers are read and believed no one can deny when you consider the sale and circulation of their works. Indeed they have shaped this period of American literature, and posterity will interpret it through them. Dreiser, Sinclair, Anderson, Masters, Lewis, all the admittedly literary men of genius have contributed nothing inspiring, nothing that shows past greatness or points to the future splendor of our literature. Dreiser, perhaps the most widely read of them all, while he has not been so anxious to tear down, has confined his efforts to a series of drab, personal pictures after the Russian manner, with neither the temperament or background of Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, or Pushkin to justify him.

Mencken will have much to answer for as time goes on and the results of his teachings become more evident. He has destroyed in many people,—many more than will ever admit it—faith in the professions and their respective contributions to the world of thought and action. Reading him when they were not able to discern under his apparent sincerity and candor, the fundamental falsity of his writings, his clientele will always be troubled by a lack of faith, an untimely consideration of motives, and failure to act with resolution as only men can who are absolutely sure of themselves. In consequence, men and women who are born to leadership degenerate into a cynical caste whose every standard of progress must bear the imprimatur of their inflated ego.

Mencken's idea of society, at least as shown in his editorials and articles, is that a few individuals by disregarding the moral code have reached the top of the ladder where they try to enforce that same code on those below them in order to make their own position safe. And that if you have only the

courage to disregard everything in attaining your object you will ultimately be successful, a doctrine that only applies to one case in a million, and then only by exception. He believes in the complete freedom of the individual, happily surmising that every individual is so educated and trained as to use his freedom without interfering with the freedom of others.

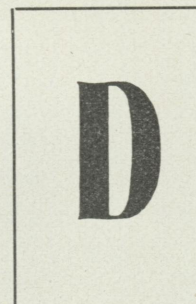
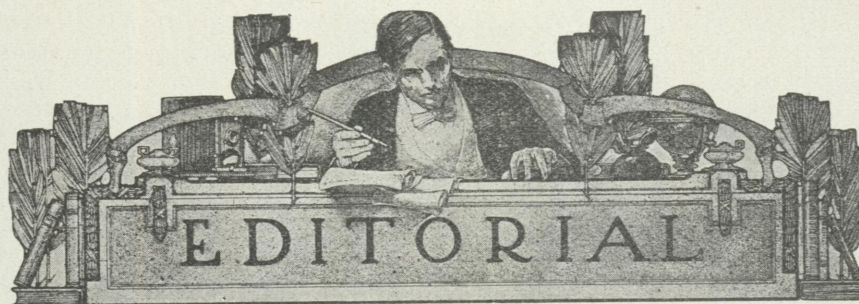
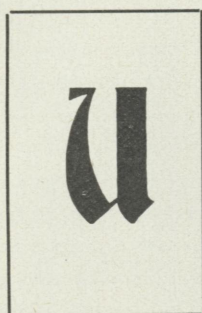
But the fundamental doctrine which is the shifting sand on which his own egotism and outlook are based, is that the really great man does not consider or determine his actions as either right or wrong, that what he does is actuated only by the consideration of interest or amusement. In commenting on the careers of various great men he attributes what they have done to this omniscient sense, a remnant of the curiously pessimistic philosophy of Schopenhauer. Unfortunately but few people have possessed this admirable, detached outlook on human affairs. Perhaps the old Greek dramatists and Shakespeare were the only ones who developed it to any extent. But Mencken possesses it, or thinks he does, and that probably accounts for his peculiar, know-it-all attitude, which so irritates those whom he criticizes.

Mr. Mencken is not so young any more. A man of nearly fifty, especially since he belongs to such a variable profession as literature should be endeavoring to leave the world something more substantial than a few well turned criticisms. Voltaire, while some may doubt if he proved "—that everything happens for the best in the best of all possible worlds" at least left some contributions to literature in the novels that he wrote to prove his theories. Then his histories and essays that were not touched by his vitriolic hatred are of some value. The "History of the Reign of Louis XIV" for instance, shows how men can emphasize the good where evil predominated, for the best patriotic interest of their country.

But Mencken seemingly has done nothing but amuse a blase group of intellectuals with cutting remarks about prominent people.

Like Peter Pan, he pretends, at least in his outlook on life, to be young forever. With a sardonic leer he perches himself atop the world and watches the puny efforts of those below trying to escape their ordained fates. And, perhaps, he is more amused at those who believe in him, than he is at the victims who chafe under his withering attacks.





CUNNINGHAM

IWASHITA

The Great God Football

"The Great God Football" is the title of an arresting magazine article in the current number of Harper's Magazine. The writer of the aforementioned article asks whether it is advisable to place such tremendous emphasis upon football, and to exalt it to the status of a religion, as is now being done in the United States. He points to the fact of the enormous ballyhoo that accompanies football, and which is with us not only during the season, but months previous, and again after it has passed. He calls attention to the fact that gridiron supremacy is now regarded as perhaps the principal asset an institution of learning can enjoy.

The author of "The Great God Football" is not a cloistered professor of Greek, nor is he a secluded instructor in paleontology or zoogeography (whatever that is), as some may think, but he is none other than John R. Tunis, tennis critic of the New York Even Post, and former sports editor of the New Yorker.

"Football", says the writer, "is more to the sports follower of this country than merely a game. It is at present a religion—sometimes it seems to be almost our national religion. With fervor and reverence the college man and the non-college man, the athlete and the observer, approach its shrines. . . . So devoutly does the American sporting Babbitt worship at the shrine that even the ministers of other and older faiths are duly impressed. Thus, for example, Dean Williard Speery, of the Harvard Theological School, says: "The only true religious spirit to be discerned among large bodies of undergraduates today is in the football stadium. One of the deepest spiritual experiences I've ever had was one Saturday afternoon a few years ago in the Harvard stadium. It is just that spirit which transforms football from a form of athletics to a religion, which our universities must diffuse through wider channels."

Imagine that! The dean of the Harvard theological school actually makes a statement that the only

true religious spirit to be discerned among large bodies of undergraduates in this year of grace is in the football stadium! This would appear to mean, then, that it is almost literally true that football, once a game to be enjoyed as a sport, has now been glorified to such a degree that it is usurping in some degree the functions, not only of the classroom, but, of the Church also.

It is enough to make us pause and reflect whether steps should not be taken to curb the ever-increasing influence, of football which, according to Mr. Tunis, threatens to engulf the educational institutions of America, and to set up a standard of false values for the youth of the nation.

"Leadership"

That one word contains the ideals which we hope to attain sooner or later, and the way to attain that gift is to take an active part in extra-curricular activities. However, in entering the field of extra-curricular activity it is essential that we get at them in the correct manner.

A false assumption which steers many students into unprofitable shallows of college life is that the "big man on the campus" is the activity man. He may and he may not be—this depends upon what he does besides his activities.

Extra-curricular activities to a great extent, supply for the deficiencies of a college curriculum. This is a revolt, perhaps, but it is not a conscious effort to supplement the courses of study offered by the University. Work on the college publications, on the athletic teams, in the glee club, debating teams and band, and in the various clubs, affords opportunities for students to attain a wealth of knowledge and training in the development of character and experience which will be of great use to them when they seek employment in the world of affairs. What often turns out to be the case, however, is the fact that a student scatters his time and energy among a number of activities, doing each in a shoddy,

mediocre way, which, in turn, reflects no credit on either the college or the student. Further, that student throws away the greatest value college offers: leisure and the calm atmosphere in which one may "see life steadily and see it entirely".

A majority of the students are occupied with the idea that to be a campus leader they are required to do something big for the college, while at the same time they are wasting their energies on matters of secondary importance. The prime motive for such misplaced efforts is to gain recognition and prestige on the campus.

The senior year is, nine times out of ten, the period of awakening. By that time the student feels that he has been cheated and becomes disgusted and perhaps even embittered. What has been stated above is not given in the sense that it is to be used as an argument for shunning activities—they have values—it is an argument against the feverish grabbing at every office that is within the reach of the college man.

Now that you have the correct view of the extra curricular activities will you not join us in one of them? Your college needs you and you need your college. Success of the one is a blessing to the other. Join at least one of the extra-curricular activities available on your campus. Better yet, join more than one if you have leisure and ability. Others have done it, why not you? Why keep marking time with the men in the ranks when there is room for you at the head of the column.

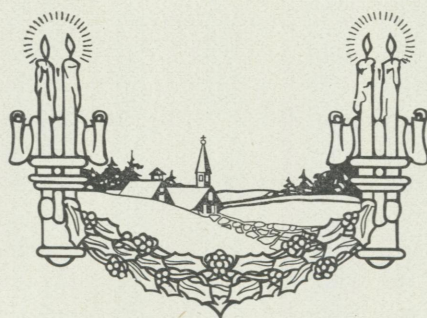
Courage

The world owes much to its men and women of courage. This

does not mean physical courage but moral courage. It is moral courage that characterizes the highest type of manhood and womanhood—the courage to speak the truth; the courage to be just; and the courage to do one's duty. Every step of progress in history has been achieved and secured by men of valor—by great discoverers, great patriots, great workers, and visionary men. The greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of heroic kind. The right courage is the courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, and the courage to speak the truth.

A great deal of unhappiness in the world is due to lack of courage. Men of sterling character have the courage to speak the truth, and stand for the right against the jeers and threats of enemies. It is the strong and courageous men who lead and guide and rule the world. They conquer difficulties because they feel and know they can. Gov. Alfred E. Smith, though unsuccessful in the recent presidential election, will long be remembered as the most prominent historical personage in the political realm of the present era. Why? Not so much because he was the democratic candidate for president of the United States and incidentally the first Catholic candidate for the office; but because he was a man possessed with abundance of moral courage—courage to speak the truth, and stand for the right against the jeers and threats of enemies.

Shall we not as students of the University of Dayton, profit by the example of such an outstanding character? Courage—moral courage—wins the highest esteem of God and man.



On Perception of Beauty

By Barry Dwyer

Full oft a man has cried, "How sweet to live!"
And caught within his eyes, his hands, his ears,
And all his senses dull, the beauties of the earth,
Unheeding, did not catch their meaning in his soul.

Deanville's Conquistador

By William Seifried

IN the central part of one of our midwest states lay the little town of Deanville. This thriving little metropolis was important for two things, first that Deanville University was located there, and second that it was the home of the wealthy philanthropist, Elias Herkimer. Through the influence of Elias Herkimer and his pecuniary advances, Deanville University was one of the best in the state.

To bring Deanville U. more into the limelight, Elias decided to send two certain professors on a research expedition. When these certain professors learned of the plan they were overcome with joy. Their ambition was to make just such a research. Allowance was made for two students to be taken along, their purpose in the party being to write up their experiences for publication in the University paper.

The next day in the village paper the following article was printed: "Professor Amos Alexander Brinkweiller will lead a research expedition to Yucatan for a three months' study of the ruins of the Maya Indians. He will be accompanied by Professor B. Bailey Coldham, Elias Herkimer, who has generously donated the money needed for this venture, and two student reporters, Ernest Lease and Lexington Blossom. The party will leave on the twentieth of January."

* * * * *

Eight weeks had passed since the party of Professor Brinkweiller left Deanville. The expedition had reached the ruins of the ancient Mayan city, Chichen Itza. Days had been spent climbing over the remains of ruined temples and studying the inscriptions of the bas reliefs. Camp was made near what the professor termed the sacrificial cenote or pool of the Mayas. "Here," explained the professor, "the Mayas would hurl into the water human sacrifice to appease the god of rain."

After a tiresome day the party settled down to a quiet slumber. During the night hordes of mosquitos descended upon the slumbering camp and began devouring everything in their path. The sleepers were rudely awakened to their plight by the bloodthirsty insects. Further sleep was impossible till the attackers moved on. While the two professors and Elias Herkimer built a smudge fire, the youths walked to the edge of the cenote. The side of the pool they were standing on was seventy feet from the surface of the water. The only break in

this steep drop was a small ledge which protruded from the side about four feet from the top. The pale light of the moon made the jade-colored water look ghastly and sinister. Suddenly a stone on which Lex was standing gave way and he went hurtling down to the dark waters beneath.

* * * * *

It was the year of 1530. For three years the Spanish army of conquest had marched over the barren country of the Mayas. Battle after battle had been fought yet they were unable to subdue these people. Their forces were depleted and rations were low. Out of the original army of conquistadors only two hundred were left of five hundred that had started out. The General of the Spaniards had heard from captured natives that a wonderful city lay ahead of him. Desiring to replenish his water and ration supply the General pushed on towards the city.

Among the soldiers was a young adventurer by the name of Lexio. He was thoroughly disgusted with the life of a soldier. Seeking adventure he thought he would find it in this expedition. There was plenty of fighting but not of the romantic type.

The conquistadors made their camp an easy day's return from the city. Guards were placed around the encampment so that they might not be taken by surprise. Due to the previous day of hard marching the guards were tired and grew lax in their watch. The sun had just begun to peep over the horizon when suddenly from behind every bush and stone there leaped a yelling Indian. The attackers fell on the guards and made short work of them. The sleeping soldiers, aroused by the cries of their comrades, with drawn swords and pistols rushed upon the Indians. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict followed. The enemy was taken aback for a short time by this spirited attack, but, rallying, they again pressed the Spaniards hard. Although the conquistadors fought bravely it was only a question of time before they were overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the Indians. Finally all the Spaniards were either captured or killed. The field of the conflict was covered with the bodies of the dead and dying. The conquistadors had dearly sold their lives.

Thirty Spaniards survived the massacre, Lexio being one of them. They were herded together, placed under a strong guard, and marched to the Mayan city. The prisoners were amazed when they saw the magnificence of the city, the wonderful

buildings and the teeming life inside. Their guards led them to what seemed to Lexio an old temple. After entering the building they were led down a series of steps to a large pit in the bowels of the temple. It was devoid of light and the torches of the Indians made it look ghastly. The guards then made their exit and the unlucky men were left to their fate. After a futile search for a way of escape the men settled down to a long-needed rest.

A month had passed. Lexio was the sole survivor of the doomed expedition. Every day the guards had come and taken a captive away never to return again. What was the meaning of this Lexio could not guess. One day, as he sat wondering in the prison what was to become of him the guards came and bore him away to the temple. When his eyes became accustomed to the light, he was able to see that the priests and people were in a panic. He drew the conclusion that a drought was over the land. The reservoirs were low and if the much-needed rain did not come within a short time the inhabitants would die of thirst. By the peculiar actions of the priests it began to dawn on him that he was to be offered as a sacrifice; that also accounted for the destination of his comrades. After a few words from the high priest his guards seized him

and dragged him to the back of the temple. To his horror he saw an immense pool, seventy feet deep. By marks on the side he was able to see that the water had almost dried up. He had no further time for recollections for he was seized and hurled into space. Everything went black.

* * * * *

Lex was awakened to consciousness by cold water being dashed over his face. Slowly he opened his eyes. "Where am I?" he gasped.

"You had a close call," answered his chum.

"What's that? I must have been dreaming," said Lex in a bewildered voice.

"You're here in camp," responded Ernest.

"Golly, that sure was a nightmare I had. What happened anyway, Ernie?" asked Lex.

"Well, you tried to commit suicide by falling over the edge of that sacrificial pool, but, due to that kind ledge, your attempt was frustrated. You have no bones broken and only a nice bump on the head which laid you out," explained Ernie smiling.

"Wait till you hear what I dreamt of while lying on the ledge," laughed Lex. "It will lay you cold with laughter. It sure is queer what a fellow's subconscious mind will do."

December the Eighth

By John Will

O Lady fair, we claim with pride today
Thyself our Queen, and on thine altared throne
We place our rose, pure white, in homage to
Thy snow-born soul, God's gift to thee alone.

Close by the rose another flower we lay—
A lily, Queen, to thy virginity—
Lilies die, but thy soul didst not fade,
Nor ever will in all infinity.

And now we bring a soft chrysanthemum,
To bloom in full just for thy motherhood.
Mother of God, and Mother of us all,
Thy sons unite in loving brotherhood.

Thy heart was torn by seven racking thorns:
A red rose, Lady, 'tis our sorrow too;
And, as we place it on thy shrine today,
We vow to fight and suffer and be true.

O Mary, we are overjoyed today,
For 'tis the feast-day of our Queen.
Take, with the flowers, our hearts, and hold them
safe
For us; 'tis thus they'll stay forever clean.

Books You Will Like

By Bob Bergk

"Uther and Igraine" by Warwick Deeping.

"Sorrel and Son," probably the best novel that has been written in the last twenty years; "Kitty" and "Doomsday," almost as great, were all written by Warwick Deeping. The locales of these stories were all laid in post-war England. In "Uther and Igraine," Deeping delved away back into English history, to the time when knighthood and chivalry were uppermost in men's minds, and love and romance, honor and prowess of arms, were prime considerations. The book goes back past the time of Arthur, Britain's legendary hero, into mediaeval England.

Arthur, mythological king, whose story is known to everyone, is the son of Uther and Igraine (as foretold by Merlin), and it appears to be Deeping's purpose to show thru this story, that Arthur was such a wonderful personality because of the fact that he was the son of Uther and Igraine, whose strength of soul and character were unsurpassed.

At the opening of the story, the Saxons were ravaging England and the land was in a state of turmoil. The burning of a convent by the barbarians releases Igraine, no nun, but placed there by her guardians. She experiences various difficulties but is rescued by Pelleas. He is wounded through treachery later on, and she nurses him back to health. They find they love each other but Pelleas leaves during the night, because he believes Igraine a nun.

She finally reaches her uncle's home, where Gorlois, one of Britain's foremost knights, sees her and resolves to possess her by fair means or foul. Still loving Pelleas, she runs away to escape the advances of Gorlois, but Gorlois enlists the aid of Merlin, who hypnotizes Igraine into marrying Gorlois, she thinking it is Pelleas. She finds out the truth, but her spirit remains unbroken while she is kept a prisoner in Gorlois' castle.

In the meantime, Ambrosius, the king, dies, and Uther, his brother, beloved by all the Britains, succeeds him, but he grieves for his lost love whom he now knows was no nun, for he is Pelleas, a pseudonym he adopted, when wandering through the country. In despair he enlists the aid of Merlin to find her. Igraine, in the meantime, has escaped from Gorlois, and is found by Merlin. Uther goes

after her, and Gorlois follows him. Uther and Igraine are perfectly happy for a few days till Igraine tells him she is the wife of Gorlois, but in name only, and of the trickery practiced upon her. Uther leaves, badly broken in spirit, and Gorlois recaptures her. She is kept a prisoner, tortured and terribly mistreated. Mark, one of her guards, sends word to Uther of her whereabouts, and Uther throws honor to the winds and listens to the voice of his own soul, and leaves for Tourgant, Gorlois' castle and Igraine's prison.

To save wholesale bloodshed, Uther and Gorlois fight the issue out alone and Gorlois is killed, but, in the meantime, Igraine has escaped from Mark (Merlin in disguise), and is wandering throughout the country. Uther has the flower of his knights search the kingdom for her and on the sixth day word is brought to him of her whereabouts but also the terrible news that she has lost her mind. He sets out alone to find her and discovers her late at night, asleep beneath a tree. He guards her and when she awakes and finds him bending over her, her reason returns and their quests are ended.

Beautiful is the only word that can describe this story; beautiful in conception and execution. It is a wonderful love story; tragic, pathetic, beautiful, poignant and finally triumphant, in spite of all obstacles.

Uther and Igraine stand for all that is good and true in men and women, and their story is a personal one, reflecting the lives of flesh and blood human beings. Their love was forged in a cruel fire, but so true-tempered did it become, through the flames of pain and suffering, trial and tribulation, that it was able to surmount all obstacles and bring its owners at last into perfect happiness.

Deeping's wealth of description was never more apparent than in "Uther and Igraine." England was mostly forest then, with little cities and imposing monasteries, all the pageantry of mediaeval chivalry and the superstitions and fervent religion of a harassed but courageous people. With this as a background Deeping has laid his story in as beautiful a setting as one could want.

Deeping is the kind of author who writes books without a sting in them (which is quite an accomplishment) the kind that one is the better for, from reading them.

A Christmas Idyl

By Eldon Koerner

A white blanket covered all the city. The magic of the snow had hidden the dirt and squalor of the old buildings and had given them the appearance of airy castles, with the sunlight gleaming from every peak and pinnacle.

Bells were ringing; it was Christmas Day. Christmas Day: joy for some, toys for most, and sorrow for others; the anniversary of our Lord's birth, celebrated with joy and mirth everywhere; the day for happiness to be radiated over all the world, for old cares to be forgotten, for new joys to be found; the day to give thanks for all the goodness of the Highest One.

Truly a wonderful day too, clear, cold, bright, snowy-mantled. But in some places, 'twas but a Cinderella mantle, for even a snowfall cannot hide everything. It cannot make the cold warm, the hungry well-fed, or the bare clothed, and for many in this district in which this story is laid, Christmas was but another day.

For it seems that even the necessities of life were lacking in some cases. Some homes were without coal or food, children were shivering with the cold. Everyone, it seems, had forgotten these poor people, in the midst of their own joys and pleasures.

A little girl came walking along the street, a pretty, curly-haired, brown-eyed little waif; but she was shivering with the cold. She had no coat and was barefooted, walking in the snow on Christmas Day. She was on her way to the drug store; her mother was ill and needed some medicine.

Slowly the little tot approached the store. She was cold, so cold, and looked hungry. But with all these things against her, her smile was still bright and it twinkled from her little face like moonlight playing on water. Even though everything was dark in her little world, she was not dismayed, and earnestly believed that old Santa had not forgotten her on Christmas Eve, but had run out of toys, and would surely be back tonight to her house.

And what delicious things danced through her little head, things that she wanted. She thought them all over: "Make my mama well for me, bring her a nice new dress, and me only one little doll, and I'll be satisfied." How different from those in another richer section of the city, whose selfish children were whining and complaining because they had not received everything on the long list they had



asked Santa Claus for. "Bring me a doll and please make my mama well," was all she really wanted.

Again she shivered, for her tiny feet were now really cold, covered as they were with snow and cold water as she walked along the street.

The drug store at last: a place to get warm, to enjoy the warm fire on her feet and hands and her cold nose and reddened ears. A pitiful, moving sight she was, little, barefooted waif walking in from a snow-covered street. But her smile never left her, though it was somewhat hidden by the grime of work upon it. With mother ill, and no father near to look after her, no wonder that she seemed neglected and forlorn.

Shyly she edged in the door, and as shyly approached the furnace register in the center of the store. The druggist appeared, a kindly looking, white-haired little lady.

"Why child," she exclaimed, "why are you barefooted on such a day as this? Haven't you any shoes and stockings to wear?"

"No," said the little lass simply. "Muvver has been sick for a long time, and so can't buy me any, and I don't know where my Daddy is. Besides, I don't care whether I get any shoes or stockings, if only my mama would get well." And then she smiled, though there was a hint of a tear in her attractive brown eyes.

"But aren't your feet nearly frozen, child? Why you'll be sick too. What was it you wanted to make you come out into this snow and ice?"

"I want some medicine for my mama. The doctor said to get this as soon as I could, and so I had to come down right away. I got a quarter, can I get it for that?"

Silence for a few moments while the prescription was being filled. Wide-eyed, the little girl wandered around the store, gazing, with her cold little nose against the glass, at all the bright-colored Christmas boxes and gifts.

Candies, all kinds of candies, how she wished for just a few of them, and her feet seemed so cold as if they never would get warm.

The druggist, in the meantime, has been thinking of just how she could do something for the little lass.

"Clothing, that's what she needs," she thought.

"Poor little feet and hands, so chilled. And I wonder if her mother needs anything?"

Coming from behind the prescription counter she saw the little girl looking longingly at the bright Christmas things, at the same time huddling over the rush of heat coming from the warm register. Her little bare feet were all reddened and rough from the cold, and were almost blue with chill. Her hands were stiff and the tot couldn't seem to get them warmed. Her thin little dress, poor covering for that frail body in such weather, was patched and worn, but clean.

"It doesn't protect her at all," thought the druggist, "I wonder if I couldn't get some things together to show her that perhaps there is yet a Santa Claus? I'm going to try."

"And now, little girl, was there anything else that you wanted?"

"No. Nothing, missus."

"Before you go, little lady, can't you wait here a minute. I have a present for you." Hastily she ran next door to the notion store and got a pair of heavy, warm wool stockings. When she got back, the tot's cheeks were rosy with heat, and her smiles were more real.

"Take these home and put them on when you get there, and before you go, where do you live?"

"I live on Walnut Street, lady, at nummer eighteen. Are you coming to see us sometimes?"

"Yes, in just a little while. Goodbye, and don't forget to do what I told you to do when you get home."

"I won't, missus." And she departed, barefooted in the snow.

In the meantime, the same white-haired lady had not been idle; telephones rang in houses all over the city where there were little girls about the size of the smiling little waif.

"Hello, Mrs. Smith, I've just seen a most pitiful bit of life and I wondered if you wouldn't want to make at least one more heart happy on Christmas Day. A little girl just came in the store, with just a thin little linen dress on, no coat and without shoes and stockings. She had come through all the snow in her bare feet to get some medicine for her mother, and her little hands and feet were like ice, so blue with cold. Haven't you an old pair of your little girl's shoes, without any holes in them of course, that you would be willing to give to this little girl to make her happy? . . . You have, and some warm woolen underclothes too? How kind of you. Could you possibly send them to the store someway? . . . Thank you again, a thousand times, and I wish you all the joy of a merry Christmas."

"Mrs. Frank, how are you? I've just encountered a most pitiful case. The prettiest little brown-

eyed girl just came in the store for some medicine for her mother who is very ill, and the lass had on neither coat, shoes or stockings. She said that she had none. A wonderful chance to cause someone some real happiness is here. I wondered if your little girl hadn't some stockings and perhaps an old toy or two that she would like to present to this unfortunate little girl. She really is a very attractive girl, too."

"Why yes, Miss Jay, and I have a coat that Marie has outgrown, that I'll bring down to the store too. Perhaps the poor tot will be able to wear it. I will be glad to help anyone out, especially since we have so much happiness that we can share with others."

And so gifts started arriving at the store, warm clothing, several pairs of shoes, woolen stockings and dresses, and three heavy coats. Besides these, toys and goodies appeared, bits of happiness from other homes to be given toward the happiness of another. Clothing, warm winter clothing, too, for the child's sick mother.

By six o'clock in the evening, everything was gathered, and Miss Jay commenced to bundle them up. Almost too much for even two people to carry it was, clothing, toys, and Christmas goodies. It was truly an expression of the goodness inspired in the hearts of all people by the joy of the season, and it was with much jollity that the miniature Santa Claus expedition set out for the home of the unsuspecting "barefoot girl."

The messengers of cheer soon came to the Walnut Street house, and knocked upon the door. The door opened, and the landlady, for a boarding house it was, opened the door.

"Is there a lady in the house who is ill and who has a young daughter?"

"Yes, second floor, last door to the right at the end of the hall. Go right on up, the lot of you."

At last the right room was found, where sat the barefoot tot by the side of her mother, telling her of the kind, white-haired lady in the drug store—

"And mother, she gave me these warm stockings and said that perhaps Santa Claus would bring me something else tonight. Do you really think so? I hope he brings you something nice, even if he doesn't bring me anything. Do you really think Santa will come, mama?" Wide-eyed, the little child sat there, her trust in what she had heard unbroken.

Sadly, wanly, the pale worn woman smiled. "Why surely, Bessie. If the lady said Santa would come to see you, he'll come, don't you fret . . . There, perhaps that's him now at the door."

The little girl, eyes a-sparkle with excitement and joy, rushed to the door and pulled it open.

"Mother, mother, it's the lady and she's got a lot of bundles. I do believe in Santa, I do. Come in, come in."

The envoys of joy entered; the thankfulness of the mother was seen in her eyes and her face.

Miss Jay said: "Your little girl came in the store today, and we wondered at seeing her, if we here couldn't share our happiness with you. You see, the happiness of giving gifts is a double happiness and we do so much want to help you. In these bundles are some clothing that we thought perhaps you and the little girl could use, and our friends also have shared in these gifts, in the toys and goodies that are their portion of happiness to your daughter. Please accept all this in the spirit of Christmas, for it gives us all much joy to be able to help anyone out."

Tears of joy were streaming down the cheeks of the woman on the bed. Unable to speak because of her emotions for a few moments, finally she said:

"God bless you all, my dear people, and I know that all happiness will be yours, because of your wish to share it with others. I don't know how to thank you," and the poor woman again burst into tears of joy.

In the meantime the little girl was dancing up and down in glee, at all the wonderful gifts that were being disclosed as the bundles were unwrapped. Shoes, stockings, a coat, warm dresses and underclothes, toys, candies, everything to make a little girl happy.

After all the gifts had been unwrapped, the lady of joy, Miss Jay, and the others left the house, leaving behind them a bright bit of joyous happiness where before things had been gray.

Snowflakes were again falling in the twilight and as the group of ladies passed the old church on the corner, the words of the old hymn, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," floated peacefully through the air and arose unto the stars.

Brother Ben Talks of the Past

By John Will

THE room was foggy with smoke. Reclining at ease in his comfortable, age-scarred Morris chair, a footstool under his slippered feet, Brother Ben sucked his pipe in contentment. Across from him, sprawled on the bed, was the young student who had so taken a fancy to him. These two were already firm friends. They had met in the classroom for the first time just two months before, and the young student had ever since been in the habit of dropping into the kindly old Brother's room in the evenings, where he was always made heartily welcome. To night the talk had turned to football.

"Brother, how is it you never hear anything about the old football teams here? They must have been pretty bad. It seems to me that if Swan or Belanich, just to mention two of our modern luminaries, had been playing then they wouldn't be long in telling about them. I've wondered at that silence. Other schools have their famous players and thrilling moments of football to rave about, and here the U. D. is 78 years old and talks like a clam about such things. Come on, Brother, you've been here a long time. Wasn't there any football at all here before the present decade?"

Brother Ben puffed on his pipe and his eyes twinkled; he stirred luxuriously in his comfortable chair. "Well, old timer," he chuckled at the blue smoke above, "that calls for a lengthy peroration but you

asked for it, so here goes. I've always loved football and, on my dying day, you'll probably find me in my wheelchair along the sidelines. Battering ram or air battle, old or new, it's always football, and I've always enjoyed it. But here I am rambling already. You mustn't mind if I ramble a little at times, lad. I'm getting old and my thoughts no longer marshal themselves into precise order; besides, I'm too comfortable tonight to think like an adding machine. But you're all wrong, son, as you shall see—as you shall see—" The last four words were dwindled slowly off as his thoughts began to waft him backward to the days he knew so well. He aroused himself with a start, grinning humorously at his waiting auditor.

"You're all wrong, son. They did have good teams and grand players in the past. They didn't play the great teams we are playing today; we were too small then; but they had some grand games and some fine players here at the U. D.—it was St. Mary's Institute in the beginning and then St. Mary's College."

"I'll never forget that group of fine young lads known as the St. Mary's Cadets. Now understand, the Cadets were not the representative team of the school, but the same boys played on both the Cadets and the college team: Al Mahrt, Babe Zimmerman, the Sacksteders, Hughie and Norb, Devereaux, Decker, and the rest. The eligibility rules were not

so strict then in regard to playing on independent teams. Those boys became famous through their playing on the Cadets, but they starred on the college team, too."

"Al Mahrt! The greatest passer of them all—you have none today that could beat him, lad. Had he played today on one of the big teams he would have been famous, perhaps more so than Friedman of Michigan. He never did weigh much—just a frail, boyish, light-haired, bright-eyed athlete with a nerve like steel and a throwing arm that could waft a football to its mark more deftly than a good fisher flicks his line to tempt the trout. He only weighed 140, but he was a deadly tackler and sure safety man. And his calling of plays was just as smooth and accurate as his passing, which was something snuggling right close to perfect. Am I tiring you?"

"Go on, Brother Ben. I don't believe you, but I'm interested." The old Brother chuckled delightfully.

"The first big game in which Mahrt played was the one with Otterbein out at old Fairview Park in 1911. He was just a boy in high school then and looked even younger than that. High school athletes played with the college in those days. As I told you the rules were pretty loose and we were only a small school. We used to play practice games with Steele and Stivers and the schedules, up to about 1910, were funny-looking things, on which you would find S. M. I. playing athletic clubs, high school and academy, as well as college teams. I remember the first game away back in 1904 was with—but I was telling you about Al Mahrt. His real name was Alphonse. Well, to go on, that game with Otterbein was a big thing to us then. It was the year in which we began to play bigger teams. We lost that game 22 to 0, but the next year—; well, anyway, even in that important game, his first big one and he such a small player, Al Mahrt showed his wonderful passing and field generalship qualities"

"I started to tell you about the following year. We got even with them; yes son, licked them 14 to 12 and made them like it. Al Mahrt won that game with his passing, accounting for both touchdowns with his bright eye and steady arm. The game was played at Highland Park where the old Dayton Central League baseball club had its grandstand. It was an up-to-date plant, and the largest crowd in our short history turned out for the game. Well, lad," and here the old teacher's eyes twinkled at the memory, "do you know, just five minutes after that game with the big Otterbein team—they outweighed us about 15 pounds to the man—started, little end Fogarty—he was as clever as Mahrt himself—stole out to the sidelines when the opposition wasn't looking and Mahrt, who never missed any-

thing, tossed a pass to him and Fogarty ran 60 yards? He didn't quite make it, though, so what did Al do but step calmly back and toss another pass to Devereaux, his other end, for the touchdown and they kicked goal and were ahead 7 to 0. They were two fine ends, Devereaux and Fogarty. Mahrt and all of them were basketball players and their passes worked three out of four times."

"Wait a minute, Brother, how many times did you say?" His audience was irritated.

"You may not believe it, but then you didn't see what I saw. The forward pass was just coming into its own around here then, and we were the first to use it and consequently the most skilled. And then you didn't know Al Mahrt. The teams representing the school were, from the beginning, light and tricky. They had to win their games by brains and trick plays and sheer grit and they did. Why, the 1908 team only weighed 145 pounds and didn't lose a game and they played big, powerful teams; but that's running ahead of the story."

"Let's see; where were we?" Here the old Brother laughed outright. "I told you I'd ramble," he explained, "and how! as you young men so smartly say today. But anyway, we had just scored that touchdown. Well, those big Otterbein players must have become slightly irritated when our frail little quarterback outwitted them so easily because they didn't do a thing but stamp straight down the field in the second quarter to score a touchdown, but they missed the kick and we were still ahead. They must have been slightly confused still in the third quarter because one of their men, Snavelly I think his name was, tried to punt and booted the ball into the rear of his scrimmage line instead. Devereaux was quick enough to get the ball on their 28-yard line and Al Mahrt at once threw the pigskin to one of our players for a touchdown, and then Otterbein came right back and it was 14 to 12; and they kept coming back again, and there was that little quarter of ours coolly smiling encouragement to his team all the while, and Otterbein reached the 13-yard line and could go no farther. Our hearts were in our mouths because the game was drawing to a close and it looked like a sure touchdown for them, something like that Haskell Indian game of a couple years back when Mahrt, Louis Mahrt this time, made that pass to Cabrinha," the brother explained.

His listener nodded his understanding. "Are Lou and Al brothers?" he asked, raising himself to his elbow on the bed.

"Yes, and there is another brother, John, and a cousin, Armin, but don't get me ahead of my story. I want to talk about Al Mahrt." And Brother Ben, as he stuffed a fresh layer in his pipe, smiled reassuringly at his questioner.

"Oh," said the latter, "go on."

"Throwing the ball wasn't the only thing Mahrt could do," the Brother went on as soon as his pipe was drawing well. "In the Wittenberg University game just two weeks before, Al made the prettiest run around left end that you ever saw for our only touchdown. And, in spite of the fact that he was playing far back as safety man, he made the tackle that dropped a big halfback behind his own goal line and brought us our other two points. We lost that game though, 34 to 8. Their weight wore us down in the end, it being the first game of the season. Later that year, we conquered St. Xavier 40 to 0. These annual migrations to Cincinnati were going on then already; they have become quite a tradition, I notice. Mahrt's passing to his two clever ends, Devereaux and Fogarty, won that game, too. I think it was in 1908 that the student-body began the yearly habit of chartering a special to Cincinnati. That year we had the extremely light, tricky team I mentioned before. They had a straight run of victories, due to their bag of tricks and pluck and mental alertness, and finished off the season in a blaze of glory by defeating St. Xavier 6 to 0. Captain Fredericks, triple threat back, made an 85 yard kick in that game. The whole student-body went along."

"I'm glad we're going to start playing them again. Cincinnati U. is too weak for us," and then the listener hastened to apologize for his interruption. Brother Ben nodded his gray head in agreement and went on: "There was another St. X. game in 1910 I want to mention. The scholars made the trip again, in anticipation of a hard struggle, but we ran roughshod over them and won, 45 to 3. The Captain of the team that year was Hart, Ignatius Hart, and he made what I believe to be the longest run in the history of football here at this institution of learning. He took the opening kickoff on his own goal line and, with the aid of some fine interference, dodged through the whole St. X. team to a touchdown. That was a hundred-yard run. No wonder we won by such a large score, eh, lad?"

"Some run, that must have been," the other agreed.

"That same year the Cadets—Al Mahrt and his cohorts if you remember what I said—defeated an independent challenger for the city championship by the score of 107 to 0."

"In 1913, the year of the big flood here, Mahrt did not return to school, but still played with the Cadets. That year the Cadets stepped out after bigger game and Mahrt was even better if that is possible."

"Oakwood had a team such as the Triangles are today, made up of former college stars. The Cadets played them and won 14 to 9. Norb Sacksteder was thrown for a safety and they brought the ball out to the 20-yard line. Mahrt threw three passes and Norb sandwiched in an end run and they had their

first touchdown just like that"—and here the speaker snapped his fingers.

"In the second half it took just two passes to Devereaux to score another touchdown. But here—I'll have to stop talking about Al Mahrt and his wonderful passing or you'll think he's a god or a myth of some sort. But I want to mention just one more game of that year 1913 before I start about something else."

"That was the return game with the Oakwood pros. The Cadets won 26 to 21. Talk about passing, lad. The modern game hasn't anything of the passing I saw that afternoon. I can hardly believe now that I witnessed it. Of the seven touchdowns made, six were pass touchdowns; and what a game that was!"

"Oakwood scored first after five minutes of play. On the first scrimmage formation after the resulting kickoff, Mahrt threw clear across the field to Babe Zimmerman and he ran all the way to a touchdown. Oakwood again kicked off and it took just two more Mahrtian passes to score another six points. In the last quarter the Cadets were losing, 21 to 13, and they didn't do a thing but reel off one pass after another and they earned two touchdowns and the game. Frank Merriwell would have torn his hair in despair had he witnessed that game," chuckled Brother Ben, but his audience was silent. He was incredulous.

"Talk about somebody else for awhile, please, Brother."

"Well, to resume, there were several other stars playing hereabouts during that time. I've already mentioned them—Babe Zimmerman, Norb and Hugh Sacksteder. Babe didn't do much playing on the representative team but he received plenty of training with the Cadets. But in 1914 he did enroll and Mahrt returned to school with him. Babe could throw the oval, too, but where he shone was on the receiving end of Al's passes. He used to work that old trick of slipping out to the side lines. Off in the corner he would pretend he was tying his shoe or something. A quick signal to Mahrt and the referee, and Mahrt would have the ball snapped at once and Babe would be away out in the clear all set for the resulting pass. Al and the Babe worked that trick on Ohio Northern in 1914 and Zimmerman ran 70 yards to a touchdown. You never saw such a surprised team in your life as the Polar Bears were when that play was pulled. I notice that Swan and Finn are making it work this year. Well, it's a good play."

"Then there were those two other backfield mates of Al, the Sacksteders. Hughie was a stocky, dodging halfback, very rugged, as was Norb, and he gained much ground for our representative teams. He was especially good in 1911. In the Wilmington game of that year he shook loose three tacklers and

scored a touchdown on a long run in the last minute of play to tie the score at five all. They never gave up—those old Cadet players. But Hughie was never the player Norb was, and still is, as far as that's concerned. Norb and Al are still in demand for professional football. Norb played for this school at least two years that I can remember, 1912 and 13. He was a tricky end skirter and determined tackle slasher. He made quite a few long runs. I remember he ran wild against Wilmington in 1913, his two longest runs for touchdowns being for 45 and 70 yards. The year before, against the same team, he made a beautiful 70-yard run in the last quarter. We won both those games by, oh let me see, it must have been about 40 to 0."

"Bill Sherry took up where Mahrt left off. Bill was another brainy quarterback and passer, reminding you of Al with his light hair and weight, but he wasn't as slim, being built closer to the ground. Bill started playing for us about 1913. In the Wittenberg University game that year he accounted for all three of our touchdowns, throwing passes for the first two and taking the ball across the line himself for the last one on a fake forward. We won 19 to 3. In 1914 he played in the backfield with Mahrt and Zimmerman and was somewhat eclipsed by those stellar performers but in 1915, on his own responsibility, he came into his own and was heralded by the local newspapers as a second Mahrt."

"My boy, there is so much to tell of those stirring days that I could go on forever, like Tennyson's brook, if you remember."

"Oh go on, Brother. It's interesting."

"Well, as I have said so often before, this evening, there's one thing more I want to say. It comes to me now that there was enrolled in S. M. I. the year of 1906 a big German lad that created quite a stir around here by his football playing. Bill Hilgerink was his name. That boy had legs, tremendously powerful legs, and I believe he could drive a football farther than anyone I ever saw. In his first game for this school he scored a touchdown and three dropkicks out of three attempted. He was a rough and ready player. The opponents charging in never bothered him a bit. He took his time and if they ever happened to get in the way of that tremendous drive of his, it was too bad for the unlucky player. The Hart I spoke of was like that in his passing. He'd just shove the tacklers in the face as they came charging in and when he was good and ready he'd throw the ball, and not before. No dodging around for those two. If they had their mind

set to kick or pass, they would simply mow down all opposition, and go ahead and do it."

"They would have been fish for a good, clean tackle," murmured his auditor scornfully.

"Maybe so, maybe so," said Brother Ben agreeably, "but nobody ever did it. Hilgerink made some pretty runs too while he played for us. Against Wittenberg Academy in 1906 he ran 65 and 85 yards and made a touchdown on each. Well, I've talked long enough and I haven't even mentioned the rest of the Mahrts—Johnny, Armin, Lou—and Joe Windbiel, one of the best centers ever to wear the Red and Blue, and Mendez, the only Mexican player we ever had and a star end too, and Dick Schuster, and a score of others. It would take too long to tell you about all of them this evening. You can come around some other time, lad, and I'll perorate some more. As a last word tonight it might be interesting to you to learn about the first game that a representative team of this seat of learning took part in. The students here had been bitten by the football bug in 1904—rugby they called it—and they bought themselves a ball and when the 1905 season rolled around they were all ready to play. The Brothers of Mary property then included Woodland Cemetery, only it wasn't a cemetery then. They leveled off a field just about opposite the present baseball diamond and the field included a portion of what is now Union Avenue. It was a fine day and they had quite a turnout to see the boys play their first game. Their opponents were the Riverdale A. C. I can see it yet: the field, a good one it was, too, and 110 yards long as they were at that time, the gleaming chalk marks, the straggling groups of students, faculty, and Daytonians along the sidelines, the pegtop trousers and high collars, and the turtle-necked sweaters most of the boys wore, and funniest of all, the queerly humped uniforms of the players, grotesque and heavy with padding. I think we lost that game. But it was a beginning and look what we are today. Eh, lad?" he asked as he rose stiffly from his comfortable chair and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I have some themes to correct, so you'll have to run along now. Come visit me again soon and we'll finish our excursion into the past."

"Thanks, Brother Ben, I'll do that," his young friend said as he shook hands; and then: "Good-bye!" he called back over his shoulder as he left. The old Brother bent his head over his themes, still thinking of perfect passes and thrilling plays, and then aroused himself from his distraction and settled down to his task.

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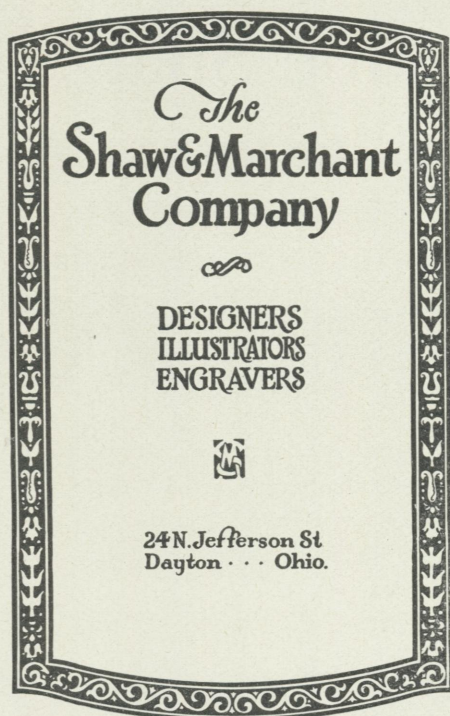
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