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The University of Dayton Exponent, October 1928

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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a star. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a light, faded color, serving as a background for the title text.

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Stories by

Hayes, Hoefler,
Cropper, McBride

October 1928

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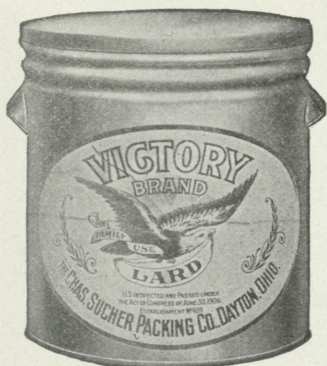
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The University of Dayton Exponent

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No. 8

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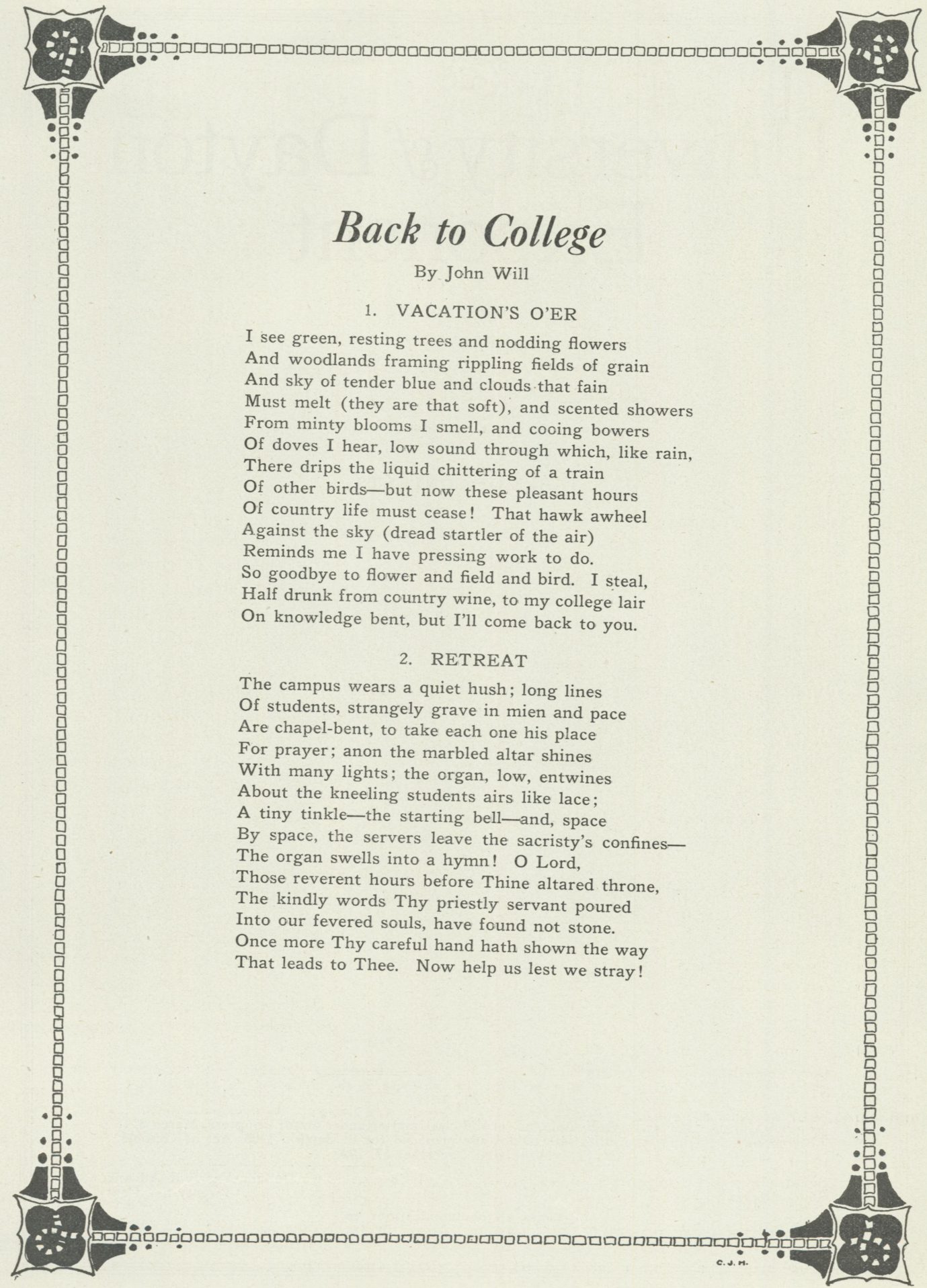
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THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON, DAYTON, OHIO



Back to College

By John Will

1. VACATION'S O'ER

I see green, resting trees and nodding flowers
And woodlands framing rippling fields of grain
And sky of tender blue and clouds that fain
Must melt (they are that soft), and scented showers
From minty blooms I smell, and cooing bowers
Of doves I hear, low sound through which, like rain,
There drips the liquid chittering of a train
Of other birds—but now these pleasant hours
Of country life must cease! That hawk awheel
Against the sky (dread startler of the air)
Reminds me I have pressing work to do.
So goodbye to flower and field and bird. I steal,
Half drunk from country wine, to my college lair
On knowledge bent, but I'll come back to you.

2. RETREAT

The campus wears a quiet hush; long lines
Of students, strangely grave in mien and pace
Are chapel-bent, to take each one his place
For prayer; anon the marbled altar shines
With many lights; the organ, low, entwines
About the kneeling students airs like lace;
A tiny tinkle—the starting bell—and, space
By space, the servers leave the sacristy's confines—
The organ swells into a hymn! O Lord,
Those reverent hours before Thine altared throne,
The kindly words Thy priestly servant poured
Into our fevered souls, have found not stone.
Once more Thy careful hand hath shown the way
That leads to Thee. Now help us lest we stray!

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Horror in the Hills

By Eugene Cropper

ABOUT ten years ago my uncle was sheriff of Greenup County in southern Kentucky. His duties required him to travel about a great deal in the district and in the summer he often took me with him to hold the reins of his horse while he transacted some business in a farmhouse. For most of his journeys, due to the extremely bad condition of the mountain roads, and to the fact that Fords were still a rarity, were made in the conventional buggy of the hill country.

His office was of a general nature and often his errands were of an extremely peculiar character. His three deputies were of the typical mountaineer class, little suited to work that required tact or diplomacy, and well content to sit around in the leading store of the county seat while my uncle investigated reports of moonshining, polygamy, fence jumping, etc.

One June I happened to be with him when he investigated a very strange case. An overalled mountain boy walked into his office one peaceful, hot day, and said that he was from Salt Lick, about fifteen miles back in the hills, and that old man Hyder wanted the sheriff to come back to see him on important business as soon as possible.

Nearly everyone in the county knew of "old man Hyder". He was the last member of one of the oldest families in the section, a family once powerful and feared but now sadly degenerate. He lived with his wife and adopted child in a huge old brick house, the only one in twenty square miles, on a nearly abandoned road. His great-grandfather had once had the two best tobacco sections in the county but after fifty years of continuous use they were worthless. The thousand remaining acres of land were worth the usual price of a dollar an acre. He had

had no children and so, some five years before, he had adopted a child of uncertain parentage who had somehow fallen to the care of the county. The child, now a boy of twelve, was of an extremely unusual type. He was probably subject to epileptic fits, although the hill people attributed his strange actions to some other and more mysterious influence. For it must be remembered that even in this age many of the inhabitants of the hidden valleys of the Appalachian chain are in much the same mental condition as their commonwealth ancestors were two hundred years before when the Covenanters conducted the greatest witch hunt England ever saw. No one denied that the boy was extremely bright but his cleverness was of a malignant type that made him feared and hated. Even his foster parents were reported to stand in awe of him and to sometimes regret their adoption of a stranger of whose ancestry they were unaware.

The messenger refused to give my uncle particulars of Hyder's troubles, but his attitude was so mysterious as to arouse the greatest curiosity. My uncle, seeing that questioning was useless, determined to follow the boy back to Salt Lick even if it would necessitate his staying over night at Hyder's.

I hastened to harness the horse and when my uncle came down from the office was waiting for him in the buggy. At first he ordered me to stay in town with my aunt but after several earnest requests on my part he permitted me to keep my seat and drove on.

The road to Salt Lick was bad, even for mountain roads. Parts of it were of blue clay deeply rutted by the spring rains, and other parts were merely huge exposed layers of rock, like a stair-

case, from which all earth had long since been washed away. People talked some times about repairing it but that was as far as the work ever got. In winter if you had to go to town you rode horseback, and if you were lucky, made the thirty miles in a long day. Our buggy was seldom horizontal and often was so near the perpendicular as to be alarming. But I enjoyed the June scenery, a few blackberries were ripe, the prickly huckleberry bushes had dark, purple buttons of honey between their briars and there was always fresh sassafras to be broken off and chewed. Our progress was so slow that often I could hop from the buggy and pick a handful of berries and with a very little haste regain my seat. The chestnut trees were just breaking into bloom, great spots of yellow in the dark green covering of the hills. Innumerable rabbits hopped across our path, once we saw the tail of a disappearing deer, and a red fox calmly surveyed us from a bank. Everything was extremely peaceful. The tumble down cabins were covered with honeysuckle and trumpet vines and their lazy inmates sprawled in the covered arcade that connected their two rooms. No one could imagine any dark shadow of sorcery in a district so natural and charming.

We arrived at Hyder's house about seven o'clock. His messenger had told him to expect us and he awaited our arrival at what had once been the gateway of a beautiful drive lined with tulip trees. We got out of the buggy, my uncle exchanging remarks on crops, weather, etc., as we led the horse to the stable. The old man was apparently very much worried about something and insisted that we stay all night, a request to which my uncle readily agreed although he could get no reason from Hyder for it. In the barn the wife was milking a lone cow. As we entered she rose from the box at the side of the cow with an expression of fear, not startled, but resigned as though she expected to see something terrible that she was already familiar with.

Her toothless mouth shook as though with the ague as she welcomed us and I could see that she desired to tell her husband something. He also noted her uneasiness and remarked: "Come ma, you might as well tell the Sheriff now as later. Has he been at it again?" The question undoubtedly referred to some unknown personage. "Lor', Sheriff, I do hope you kin do something for us. This has been going on for a month now. Something throws dirt in the pail whenever I milk, scatters ashes all over the hearth and in the mush at every meal, pulls our bed to pieces, throws rocks in the windows and torments us so I wish I was dead sometimes. We had Rev. Morris from over at Salt Lick to stay here once to see if he couldn't overcome the evil spirit

but the first night something hit him on the head with a rock and since then he tells everyone that God put a curse on us because we 'dopted poor Jack. As though the poor boy ain't tormented enough himself. Won't you see if you can't do something, Sheriff?" If it hadn't been for the woman's evident fear and earnestness, I think I would have laughed. It seemed so funny for someone to hit the Rev. Morris, a lanky, nasal-toned, hill preacher, with a rock. But I noticed with a little start that every now and then a little piece of dirt would land in the milk pail with a soft splash. And it didn't fall from the ceiling and from my place at the door I couldn't see anyone within fifty yards of the barn.

My uncle laughed heartily without a trace of nervousness. "Look here, Aunt Sarah, you sure are getting old. You and Jim will have to leave this place and move to town. The rats have about ate it up anyway. Now come on, let's go in and eat supper and forget about this foolishness."

The rooms were extremely dark within the house. The glass had long since been broken out and the windows had simply been nailed up with rough boards. The only light came from the door and a small flame that burned under a pot on the hearth. The furniture was rough and crude and gleamed owlishly in the gloom. Dusk had fallen and the whip-poor-wills and owls were starting a concert in the neighboring forest.

A rush candle was lighted and placed in the center of the table, making a strange flickering light over the room. I began to feel a little strange and the feeling rapidly increased. The old man and his wife were visibly nervous and apprehensive. The woman hastily set up the meager supper of pork and potatoes and cornbread. As we drew up around the table I had a sensation that someone else was in the room, someone strange and not of this world, someone kin to the flickering shadows that quavered on the walls.

I turned half unknowingly and my heart leaped up my throat. Someone was in the room. A strange terrible figure, that, although it possessed no bodily defect, at once gave you the impression of hideous deformity. I noticed particularly the eyes, wide, staring, nearly luminous, looking at you and through you. My start of horror had called the attention of the others to the apparition. But strangely they were little moved. The woman said with just a trace of awe: "Well, Jack, you're pretty late tonight, ain't you? Did you get any berries? Come on and sit up to supper."

The boy moved like a piece of machinery to the opposite side of the room and set a pail on a bench, washed and dried his hands and face and came to

the table. Later I was to know that people recovering from sleeping sickness moved as he did, horribly, slowly, with the fascination of a snake. He said nothing, might have been walking in his sleep except for the staring eyes.

The old couple chattered nervously, my uncle was strangely silent, although I sensed that he was observing very closely every one in the room. We ate somewhat feverishly, the boy still like an automaton. Suddenly there was a noise in the corner of the room. I glanced around hastily. For a moment I saw nothing in the gloom, then I could discern something moving, and into the flickering shadows a chair moved or walked. Really walked with an up-and-down sideways movement. At first I had been frozen with horror at this spectacle but only for a moment. My senses were suddenly normal. I was only vaguely curious as to why this maple chair should walk across the room. The only door had been barred after the boy arrived and in the close atmosphere of the room the tapping of the chair seemed soothing like the bubbling of a tea-kettle.

No one had said anything. My uncle continued to eat. I sensed that the old people were following the movements of the chair with a horrible fascination. The boy only stared although I fancied there was a venomous laughter in his eyes. Quite calmly I rose from my chair and attempted to seize the walking chair but in a second it sprang from the floor and landed on the table, knocked the dishes on the floor and then rolled off itself and fell flat on the floor strangely silent after its recent activity.

As the chair had leaped on the table the people around, except the boy, had hastily risen and sprang back. He had merely sat starrng. Some of the greasy potatoes had been thrown on his shirt. I could see them running slowly down his clothes. The Hyders were put out but not exactly terrified. People when confronted by some unknown terror are generally calm as long as they are untouched physically. The extremes of horror exist only in the author's imagination. They tried to apologize to my uncle but he acted as though nothing had occurred and merely stated that he felt sleepy and would like to go to bed.

The old man prepared to lead us to our room. Just as we left the kitchen there was a terrible noise at the window, the boards were broken open and a fence rail shot into the window and fell on the floor. At the same time a heavy stone fell through the chimney and on the hearth, scattering the ashes about the room. My last impression of the room was the boy sitting at the table and the woman trying to sweep the ashes up.

The rest of the house was as desolate as the room we had just left. Darkness and unreal shadows from the rush candle our host carried. He tried to reassure us, "You see, Sheriff, that's what's been going on now for a month. And sometimes it's worse. Jack was nearly killed in his bed the other night. We heard him crying out and when we went in something had pulled all the bedclothes off the bed and a kitchen knife was sticking in his back. But the knife didn't seem to have done him no harm. Only the bedclothes wouldn't stay on him. Finally we took him in our room but the whole night was a misery. Pins in the bed, rocks against the windows, the bed dancing like it was possessed, so we never slept a wink till dawn. For God's sake, if you can find out what's wrong or can help us, do so before we are plumb crazy."

"Just quit your worrying, Jim. They ain't nothing wrong. Everything will be alright in the morning. Go on and go to bed now."

We went into our room without a light. The old man went down the hall, the light flickering and dancing. As he neared the head of the stairs I heard the noise of barking in front of him. Not the deep bay of the ordinary hound, but the short, nervous yaps of a cur. The boy appeared at the head of the steps. He was barking, barking fiendishly as though warning us.

That night to an imaginative person would have been one continuous horror. If I had been alone I would have died of terror before morning. But my uncle's unconcern strengthened me and in fact I felt generally merely curiosity and a slight thrill of thinking what would happen next. First the bed, an old, rope spring wreck, collapsed. When we had settled down on the floor our covers were suddenly snatched away. My uncle made no attempt to recover them. In fact, we hardly needed them in that sultry room. We heard stones thrown against the boards of the window. There was a violent knocking on the roof above our heads that shook some plaster loose. But throughout all we lay quite still in the dark, hot room. I sensed that the supernatural was only loosely connected with these phenomena, that they had their origin chiefly in some human action.

Finally the excitement died out. We must have slept for a few hours for when we awoke the sun was shining through the clinks. We rose and dressed and went downstairs. The old people looked at us carefully to see if we bore any signs of physical injury. I could see that they expected some remarks from my uncle on the night's work but he said nothing until after the lean breakfast was over. "Jack is going into town with me, Jim. I think he

will like it better. Get his things ready. We'll leave as soon as I hitch the horse up."

They said nothing. The old woman began to gather up a few clothes. The boy's face changed just a little. I thought it seemed for a moment actually human.

He got in the buggy with us. Hyder and his wife waved a half-embarrassed farewell. On the long journey back to town he said nothing but I sensed that he was triumphant. Triumphant with the joy of those who have accomplished some great plan.

Several months later, Hyder drove into town to tell my uncle with every expression of gratitude and relief that there had been no trouble since our visit. Nor was there ever any more. The old people died peacefully several years ago and left their barren acres to my uncle. The boy, I later heard, went to Berea, and later to an art school in New York. Today he illustrates several of the \$10.00 a year magazines that astonish the modernists with their daring ideas.

Many years later, when I had ceased to take the case as a matter of fact, I asked my uncle how he had so happily diagnosed the mystery. Surely he had never met with a similar one in his experience. For answer he took from the shelf in his office an old, old book, the "Remarkable Providences" of Increase Mather, published in Boston in 1736. He showed me the long description of the "Strange Case of Wm. Morse of the Town of Newberry in New England, in the year of our Lord's Grace 1679."

Personally I think that the boy, while being extremely clever, was also mediumistic as hundreds of others of his age and sex have been throughout the course of history. His strong desire to escape the boredom of the mountains, combined with his psychic powers, worked the malicious but harmless tricks that terrified his guardians. It was well he left when he did though. His fame would undoubtedly have spread and some night his curious neighbors would have taken him out on a journey from whence he would never have returned.

"Let's Play Bridge"

By Theodore H. Hoffman

THE battle cry of the twentieth century! Wherever one goes, whomever one meets with, sooner or later, in the course of the conversation, comes the inevitable question, "Do you play bridge?" It has come to be recognized as the great indoor sport of this generation.

Whence it came into this popularity, or who was responsible for its steady rise to prominence, I would not be able to answer. I think it is popular, or rather the reason that it appeals to me is because of its inherent interest and the opportunities it gives for the enjoyable exercise of our mental perceptions and capacities.

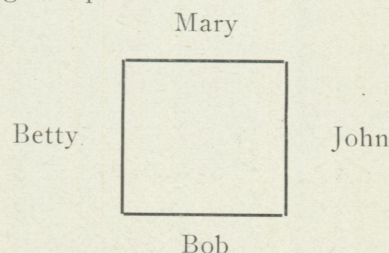
I think that I should have written or stated my apology in the beginning of this short article. I am not writing it from the standpoint of an expert or even an average player. I enjoy bridge and am interested in it and consequently write about it.

Playing bridge gives one a chance to study personalities. The way one is constituted, his individual character, psychological makeup come into prominence during a bridge game, especially if the contestants are good players. If a person has an aggressive, forceful, bold nature, it immediately asserts itself in a bridge game. It comes to the fore, in his art of bidding and playing. If, on the con-

trary, one is not as aggressive, this is also revealed in his technique.

Life, personalities, people, collectively and individually is the most interesting study on this earth. To observe how one will act under this or that situation, perhaps conjecture the action, then follow it up to a conclusion, in order to test your acumen or judgment, is a game of unparalleled pleasure. Bridge reveals personalities, natures, hence the interest.

However, this is all supposing interested players. If one happens into one of these proverbial, gossip matches, disguised as bridge games, of course then none of these ideas are applicable. Especially is this true of some. Do they play Bridge? Of course. Enjoy it? Certainly, love the game. So do we all. A typical scene, say just a table, Mary, John, Betty and Bob. An alcove, two decks, neat score cards, everything except?



Mary: "I haven't played bridge for ages, and I do love it so. I really would like to play it more often. Wouldn't you, Betty?"

Betty: "Yes, dear. John, do you deal one around at a time? Too many cards? Oh! I have the joker. I must have forgotten to take it out. Do I bid? Well, let's see."

John: "Well, what do you bid?"

Betty: "I wonder. I have just about the same in two suits. I could bid either, clubs or diamonds."

Bob: "Why not say just what you have, Betty? It would be easier, save so much time, you know."

Betty: "I'm so sorry. I really did not want to give a hint, but I did forget. Oh, dear. I guess I'll pass."

Mary: "I pass too. Betty, did you know that Ann was going steady with Paul now? Goes with no one else. It won't be long now!"

John (Betty's partner, shouting to get a word in edgewise): "I'll bid a no trump."

Betty: "Fine. Oh, I can help you great; I have the ace of diamonds. Forgot again."

Bob: "Two spades."

Betty: "John, should I raise you? Oh, I don't know what to do. Look at my hand, John—tell me what to do."

John: "Do what you want to."

Betty: "All right. Three diamonds."

John: "I bid no trump."

Betty: "Oh, I didn't mean diamonds. What's wrong with me? Two no trump. John, I bet you're angry with me. Really, I never talk playing bridge. I wonder what's getting into me tonight."

Mary: "Bob, did you bid spades? I could raise double. No, wait a minute, Betty's got an ace. I'll

tell you; I believe that we could set them. I think I'll pass."

John: "By."

Bob: "By."

Mary: "Betty, I got the most divine new dress. Simply beautiful, light blue, transparent velvet, trimmed in rhinestones. I'm going to wear it to the football dance. Joe called me for a date tonight. I'm so excited. Are you going?"

John: "All right; Bob, you lead."

And so on. I wonder if any of you readers are picturing a similar incident called a bridge game. You run across them all the time. Clothes, scandal, dates, friends, trips, even weather, all discussed over the friendly bridge game.

I was reading an article not so long ago about bridge. Someone wrote in to Mr. Work and asked him whether he thought that women were better players than men. If I remember aright, he said that as a general rule, average women players are more skilled than correspondingly average men players, but in the expert field, men experts surpassed women experts.

Some time ago, I was talking to a friend of mine and he asked me whether I made use of finesse. By finesse I understand risking a trick, for example. Say that the person to your right led the three of clubs and you have in your hand the queen and ace of clubs. Now by finessing, I mean playing the queen of clubs on the three instead of the ace, trusting that the opponent to your left does not have the king, but that the person who has three also has the king. This is the simplest form of finesse and I believe should be observed at all times.



Determination Wins

By Henry C. Hayes

THERE were only a few moments left to play and the home team, who were trailing by the score of three to nothing, were fighting desperately to score. They managed to make a first down on their opponent's twenty-five yard line, when Melvin Hanson, Captain and star halfback, called for "time out".

"Boys", he said, "we have about two minutes to go. I want you to call my signal for an end run, Tommy, and there is not anyone in that outfit who is going to be able to stop me."

He spoke very coolly and with a certain confidence that made all his fellow players feel that he was going to accomplish exactly what he said. The greatest of his admirers was Tommy Rogers, a steady and determined little quarterback, and as soon as he heard this confident statement of Hanson's, he made up his mind that he must do his share by taking the end out of the play so "Mel" could get away to a good start in the open field. Tommy called the signals and the ball was snapped on a direct pass to "Mel", who started rapidly toward his own right end. Tommy was there to take out the end but he quickly saw that the halfback had already disposed of that individual and he quickly fell in front of "Mel" in order to take out the secondary defense. However, somehow they had all been disposed of except the safety man who was gradually forcing "Mel" over to the sidelines, but Tommy, who was about two yards in front of "Mel" took this man out of the play with a beautiful block and "Mel" crossed the goal line untouched. The game was won and as had happened many times before Hanson was the hero of the hour. No one seemed to consider that Tommy had done anything sensational or important, except the coach and the players who realized that there is more to football than just running with the ball.

I think that this would be an appropriate time to say a few words about the characteristics of these two boys. Melvin Hanson was a tall attractive young man who seemed to be able to accomplish everything he attempted with little or no effort at all. He had always been prominent in all phases of college life and had held nearly every important position or office in the University. Tommy, on the other hand, was a short, heavy set youth with a pleasing smile for everyone. He also was an important man on the campus, but his fame had only been acquired by persistent effort and hard work. He always followed the lead of Hanson though, and he

was one of the latter's sincere admirers and close friends.

They both graduated with honors and secured employment with a Bonding Company as salesmen. They took a bachelor apartment together and started out to make as quick a success in the business world as possible. "Mel" was an instant success, as his striking appearance as well as his confident persuasiveness enabled him to make a sales report that was very pleasing to the Company officials. On the other hand, Tommy did not attain immediate recognition as he had to follow up his customers and keep bothering them until they gave him an order merely to get rid of him. He took all of this good-naturedly and handed in his reports regularly, knowing full well that "Mel's" sales greatly exceeded his.

At about this time both the boys attended a house-party given by a friend and it was here that they both met Helen Billings, a very beautiful girl, and contrary to an old proverb, very intellectual as well. They both were immediately won over by her charms and they competed very strenuously for her favor. As usual, "Mel" seemed to make the greatest impression on her, but Tommy hung on, and almost wherever she was, he was always to be found somewhere nearby.

This went on for about three months and both "Mel" and Tommy were frequent callers at the Billings household. It was on one of these days that Tommy and Helen were alone that Tommy thought that he would try his hand at love, and propose to Helen. His proposal, though not very romantic, was so determined and sincere, perhaps even child-like, that Helen had to smile on hearing it. After he had finished his plea, she said to him:

"You know I am very fond of you, Tommy, but I really cannot answer you either one way or another as yet, since there is another to be considered."

"I suppose you mean 'Mel', said Tommy rather dejectedly. "Has he proposed to you as yet?"

"No, he hasn't but I am sure he is going to, and to be frank with you I am not sure which one of you I care for the most. Please be patient with me, Tommy, but I would rather delay than to make a mistake in a matter so important."

"It suits me fine, Helen, but at that, this is one time that I got the jump on 'Mel', for didn't I propose first? However, I intend to propose every day just to keep my proposal fresh in your memory."

Helen was correct in her surmise about "Mel"

and in less than a week, he also proposed to her. He was much different from Tommy as he proposed in a romantic yet confident manner which would give one the impression that he could expect nothing but an affirmative answer. He was greatly surprised when Helen gave him the same answer that she had given Tommy, but he never doubted for a moment that she would soon decide in his favor as soon as she had carefully weighed the merits of both.

At about this time there was a Charity Show given for the benefit of a Hospital Fund, and "Mel" and Tommy being former college athletes, were asked to give a boxing exhibition for their part in the performance. They both agreed very readily, Tommy for the sport of it, and "Mel", who was a much more skillful boxer, for the opportunity of trouncing Tommy in front of Helen who he knew would attend the event. They were matched to fight six rounds and they promised to do their level best in order to make the show a success.

The night of the match the two lads stepped into the roped arena, "Mel" with a confident but menacing look, and Tommy with a smiling but determined countenance. The bell rang and "Mel" stepped in and knocked Tommy down with the first blow he swung. Tommy jumped up before the referee could start to count and rushed clumsily at "Mel" who stepped back and beat him unmercifully, but he did not succeed in again knocking him down during that first round. Between rounds "Mel" glanced out at Helen and he noticed that she was holding her hands over her face as if struck with horror at the sight of Tommy's battered face.

"Mel" immediately decided that he must change his tactics and for the next three rounds he "pulled" his punches, using his superior boxing skill to avoid Tommy's rushes, laughing at the latter's fruitless efforts to get in a blow. All the while "Mel" had left Tommy's face and he realized that "Mel" was just trying to humiliate him in front of everyone.

The end came suddenly in the fifth round. Tommy came rushing in and forced "Mel" into a corner. "Mel" as usual ducked Tommy's wild right swing but he did not figure on the wild left uppercut that Tommy started from the floor and it caught him right on the point of the chin. Everything went dark for him and the audience knew that it would be some time before he ever regained consciousness from the effects of a blow struck with that much force.

When he did regain his senses, he saw Helen talking very seriously to Tommy at the other side of the ring. "Mel" immediately was sure that she was angry with Tommy for striking that blow, for hadn't she looked disgusted when he was thrashing Tommy in the first round. As soon as they noticed that "Mel" had regained consciousness, Helen and Tommy rushed over, and Helen grabbed his hand, saying:

"I have just been telling Tommy what a brute he was to strike you a blow like that. I don't know what I would do if you were badly hurt—the old confident look began to appear on 'Mel's' face and he grinned triumphantly at Tommy—for you see that Tommy and I simply must have you as best man at our wedding."

City

By John Will

The newsboy cries a tale of thrill.
Of man who lives and time-worn, dies,
Of gangsters, lustful, led to kill,
The newsboy cries.

With papers green and pink he flies
About the downtown streets and, shrill,
His changeless call outlives the skies.

And when of crime he's told until
No buyer to his bait will rise,
If then he has his papers still,
The newsboy cries.

Expression

AN ESSAY

By Robert L. McBride

MAN is superior to all creatures because of his power of reason, of feeling and consideration, and it is such a rational power that moves his senses to find some form of communication among his kind. The child utters certain words, to us meaningless because its voice has not, as yet, been trained to the language of the country in which it is born. Not that the child is uttering any golden words—no, but it is following its own inclination to express its feelings, however annoying they may be. Speaking, then, is the first step in the process of education; it is the simplest and most essential form of expression and art.

Once the tongue has acquired its preliminary requirement the eye is made a second channel for the conveying of the thoughts of others to the mind. Whether written or spoken the result produced on the brain is the same. There follows many years of wearisome study to master those sets of signs, which are recognized by a single race as the standard. The form of reading, however, lacks much that is of interest in the personal discourse. The forms are different, but have the same aim and purpose. Speaking is the direct result of any urging or need for expression. Writing is a result of the same desire, but in this case careful preparation and the observance of strict laws and rules is an absolute necessity.

And yet, as the mind is broadened and the means of expression increased there are many other channels offered besides speaking, writing and reading. Poetry, music, painting and the like are as much a form of artistic expression as writing. Further, each form has its own intricate type of communication. Writing, the printed sign; painting, the color and design; music, the instrument and scale; all of which must be understood if we wish to thoroughly comprehend and appreciate the work.

What if Shakespeare had been a musician and Beethoven a dramatist. Today, Shakespeare would be known only to a refined class of appreciative artists and Beethoven would be acknowledged as the greatest dramatist in the English language. Both were extremely brilliant men and applied their efforts—I hate to say genius—to the expression of their thoughts, dreams or ideas in the way most adaptable to their nature, environment and education.

What is expression? How is it achieved? Expression is an utterance, a representation. Speak-

ing and writing are the channels of utterances; music, painting, sculpture and the like are channels of representation, whereas the song is a harmonious combination of the two. We are not, at present, interested in what is expressed; suffice to say, however, that any and every action or inaction, mental, physical or inanimate can be thrown into the stream of expression, where they flow into their respective channels. All that man has ever thought, felt, done, seen or imagined that he saw, are faithfully and vividly revived through these means of expression.

The channels of expression are but the means, the conveyance or the messenger whereby the author attains his end. If we would hear him we must become acquainted with his messenger, else we cannot even have the chance of listening to the writer's or composer's important message. The messenger is, of course, the printed word, the instrument, or the brush.

So it is with all expression, all literature, all the classics. Through all ages men have devoted their lives to chronicle all that has happened to them and whatever they could understand of their individuality or of the mysteries of the universe. The best literature is that in which the greatest thoughts of authors are expressed in the channel suited to their own personal ability.

The natural form of expression is speaking. The tongue is always the first to respond to any inclination for understanding among individuals, but it lacks permanency, completeness and polish. Music, poetry, painting and the like are far superior and require a higher degree of intelligence. Genius is the homage paid by the ignorant to those who can master such arts.

We of today should manifest our claims as an advanced civilization by taking a cosmic appreciation of those men and their methods, who spent their life in preparing gems of expression. Whether it is music, writing, painting or whatever vehicle the author has adopted we should learn to take a wider view of his work than pseudo-classically labeling him a composer, a novelist or landscape artist. "For practical ends", says Galsworthy, "this pseudo-classicism has great value; for the expression and appreciation of art or literature, extremely little".

Once we are aware of the advantages and disadvantages of humanity's system of expression and

communication we see that it is as near perfection as man can hope to aspire. No man has ever confessed all that went on within his mind, nor is he able to do so. Perfect understanding between individuals is an impossibility, for the faculty of expression in the human organism is not sufficiently

developed to equal the depth, nor the speed of the mind. It may be that part of the joy in heaven consists in a beautiful and infinite means of expression that is not limited by the shortcomings of our human senses.

Sociology Plus

(PLUS HORSE-SENSE)

By William J. Hoefler

CONDUCTOR, when will we get to Hot Rock?"

The conductor shrugged his shoulders with studied patience. This was the tenth time the nervous man in the foremost seat had asked that question. The heat of the great desert, coupled with the impatience of the passengers, sorely tried the conductor's diplomacy.

"In about an hour", he answered with weary intonations.

"You've been saying that for an hour now", snapped the nervous man, "I presume that we are holding our own at least."

"Well, I can't make the train go any faster."

"Perhaps not", agreed the restless one, "but this heat is enough to drive a man to insanity."

"It's a good deal hotter in Hot Rock", observed the railroad official, "quite a few lynchings take place there."

"Lynchings?"

"Yes, every once in awhile we see figures swinging from telephone poles. When we do, we know that there has been horse stealing again."

"Do you mean to tell me that they hang men for stealing horses?" Why that's far from being a capital offense."

"They do just the same", said the conductor, noting with satisfaction that the nervous man was forgetting the heat; "be careful whose horse you take in Hot Rock. They might think you stole it."

"Impossible!"

"It's true", assured the uniformed man.

"If so", answered the incredulous one, "Hot Rock is not governed on a decent sociological basis. I ought to know. I am Professor Henry Lodge of the Sociology department up at State University. My brother owns a ranch near Hot Rock and I'm going there for my vacation. I hope George does not take part in these lynchings."

"If he owns a ranch near Hot Rock, he probably does", grinned the train man.

"Then I shall bring him to task for it—the sheriff

too", vowed the professor. "I shall put Hot Rock on a decent sociological basis and give her better government before I return to the university."

The long train pulled into Hot Rock's excuse for a station. The professor and two men of western bearing and appearance descended from the train. When the professor asked the way to George Lodge's ranch, he was informed that that gentleman and several of his cow-punchers were in town, that he was attending as a deputy in the foothills, that he would meet his professor presently if he would only wait. But the professor would not wait, for he was of an impatient, syntonetic type. He found his brother putting the last spade of dirt on one of two newly used graves.

"Who's dead? Some of your faithful men, no doubt slain by cattle stealers."

"Oh no", answered George Lodge, wiping the sweat from his brow after having shaken his brother's hand in greeting. Hot Rock's foremost cattleman continued, "just two fellows that couldn't leave our horses alone. The boys attended to them last night. Saves the county a lot of expense for trials and so on, you see."

"Why George, I'm ashamed of you! Don't you know that these men deserved trial by jury and that horse-stealing is not a capital offense?"

The professor's brother shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

"Let's not quarrel, you and I", he said. "This is the first time you have come to see me for a long time."

The Lodge ranch extended thousands of acres in all directions from the spreading, rambling ranch-house. Other buildings were standing about the residence. Fully a dozen men seemed to be working for George Lodge. The professor spent the week in examining the range and his brother's prize cattle herds. He enjoyed more the antics of the wild horses. He, as his brother, loved them more than the slow, lumbering short-horns. Therefore he was somewhat angry when a rider brought word to

the ranch house one morning that horse-thieves had been busy during the night, and his lack of equestrianism was all that restrained him from joining in the pursuit.

But he was not as elated as the outfit when they returned after a five-day pursuit with the stolen horses and the leader of the thieves, tied in ropes. The rest of the band had made good their escape across the county line. The sullen, unshaven rustler proved to be none other than the famous, or infamous (depending on the point of view) Panhandle Pete. There was a generous reward offered for the carcass of that individual, regardless of condition, and the men were jubilant. There were some suggestions for an immediate execution on a nearby cottonwood tree, but George Lodge for some reason interfered.

"Cut the rough stuff, boys", he objected. "Take Pete to the jail in Hot Rock, collect the reward and let it go at that. My brother's visiting me for the first time in ten years and he doesn't understand. Of course if you want to—ah—attend to Panhandle when you go into town next Saturday, I haven't anything to say about it."

George Lodge's word was law on his ranch. Much to the professor's relief, Panhandle Pete, as he was known to the general public, having forgotten his surname himself, was put into Hot Rock's none-too-strong bastille. His safety in that institution, under the dubious care of Sheriff Ike Karson, was hazardous to say the least.

The punchers of the Standing L ranch, as Lodge's property was known because of his brand, poured into Hot Rock's pleasure establishments, determined to get the most out of their salary while it lasted. Saturday intoxications and Sunday headaches were the habit in this Prohibitionless town. Underneath the usual hilarity was a grim purpose to dispose of the bandit prisoner in the jail house, now that the reward had been safely divided. Whenever horses were stolen, they just had to hang somebody; it did not matter whom. That was the conventional and right thing to do in Conejas county.

From bits of conversation and a bold admission by his frank brother, Professor Henry Lodge learned of the intention of the Standing L men. He determined to carry out his purpose of purging Hot Rock of such lawlessness and followed the men to Hot Rock in one of the ranch Fords. Soon he appeared before the sheriff in the latter's office and informed him that his prisoner was far from being safe.

"Well, what of it?" granted Ike Karson. "I can't object when the boys want to have a little fun."

"Do you mean to tell me that you'll give him up

to that mob?" exclaimed the professor in gathering heat."

"Sure", muttered Ike, "saves expense fer trials and so on."

"But it is your sworn duty to protect him! He deserves trial by jury! You can't do it!"

Then the professor broke into one of the windiest of his lectures on the science of human relations, man's duty towards his fellow man, the practical side of Sociology. Ike Karson was a big, middle-aged man, two hundred pounds of bone and muscle with two of the pounds between the ears. He waited patiently for the other to expend himself, but little he knew of the rasping, tireless voice that had been the despair of hundreds of students. The professor had always started in with abstract theories and generally wound up by believing them himself, so great was his power of persuasion. The sheriff at last gave up hoping for the closing arguments and resigned himself to the lecture.

At least once in every twenty years a man gets new ideas. By the dawning light in the sheriff's eyes, the professor realized that it was Ike Karson's time.

"Horntoads and rattlers!" exclaimed the peace officer, jumping up from his ancient swivel. "Yore plumb correct. We ain't got no right to take the life of our feller men. I gotta perfect Pete. Yes sir, they ain't gonna lynch Panhandle ef I kin help it. We're goin' ta reform this yer town."

The professor had won. Sheriff Ike Karson was a thorough student of Henry Lodge's Sociology. The would-be lynchers came, and to their vast astonishment were met by Ike Karson's two forty-fives and a nervous rifle in the hands of Professor Lodge. The surprise of such interference was such a shock that the lynching spirit was dissipated.

"No hangin' tonight, boys", said Ike Karson firmly, and there was none. The sheriff was a man of conviction.

The professor went to church that Sunday and deplored the preacher's lack of forensic ability. When the parson invited any of the brethren to say a few words, the professor seized the opportunity. For a solid hour he lectured on the lynching evil in Conejas county, much to the congregation's disgust. From their blank expressions he could not discover what impression he had made.

But Henry Lodge was convinced that he had converted the county from one of its bad habits. He turned his attention to more pleasant things. His brother told him of the Indian pueblos ruins, fifty miles on the other side of Hot Rock, in the desert.

One of the punchers volunteered to guide him, though he said he would have to return to Hot Rock to order some supplies for the ranch. He assured

the professor that he would leave him landmarks, so that he could not possibly fail to find his way back to Hot Rock. Soon the professor was examining the cliff dwellings of the ancient Pueblo Indians. The ranch employee had shown him a tall peak. If he rode straight towards it, he would come to the railroad tracks. These would lead him back into Hot Rock without difficulty or a chance for error. He further warned him to follow the tracks westward. If he rode east, he would only go to Four Springs, a town at the other end of the county. Then the cowboy rode away to Hot Rock to order the supplies and perhaps enjoy the liquid refreshments there.

The professor absently bade him adieu, and then began studying the ruins. His horse wandered near the waterhole but the professor thought not of the animal. He was dreaming of the ancient inhabitants of the pueblo and the sociological conditions governing them. He could picture the condition of the proletariat, the rule of fear that was inspired by the medicine men. These were only the more concrete of the professor's visions. He was oblivious to the rest of the world.

Panhandle Pete, perhaps with outside assistance, broke out of Hot Rock's jail. He rode a stolen horse deep into the desert toward the pueblo waterhole. He feared a posse and pushed his little animal hard. When he drew near the waterhole, the little animal grew tired. Finally it stumbled and fell. It was exhausted. With a savage curse, Panhandle whipped out a gun and shot the little beast.

Then he cursed himself. He was deep in the desert without a horse. Then he put the thought into the background. Water was his first need. He staggered a short mile to it. The sight there made his bewhiskered lips shout in joy. A horse stood there with trailing reins. It was not a half-minute till he was eastward bound on the professor's equine.

The approach of night and the exhaustion of his supplies drove the professor away from the cliff-dwellings. He filled his canteen at the waterhole and then looked about for his horse. The animal was nowhere in sight. An hour's search revealed a set of tracks spurring away toward the east. His horse had been stolen!

At first the professor was somewhat annoyed. Then it suddenly dawned upon him that he was fifty, sandy, burning miles from nowhere. There were no passing motorists to hail, either. His ire began rising. But all that did not bring back his horse. There was nothing to do but start that fifty-mile walk back to Hot Rock.

With the first ten miles, the professor's anger be-

gan to climb. With the second ten miles, which seemed much more to him, he was furious. His burning, aching, tired feet were an index to the rise of his temper. At the end of thirty miles, the professor, long an opponent of profane language, was swearing, actually swearing. Those last twenty-five miles, parallel to the shining railway tracks, though this only evidence of civilization comforted him, did not in any degree lessen his anger. He heaped malediction after malediction, many of them unprintable, upon the horse thief. At the end of forty miles, he thought that hanging was altogether too merciful a death for the scoundrel. When he finally staggered into Hot Rock station, near the point of exhaustion, he was firmly convinced that the thief should be crucified in Yaqui Indian fashion.

The surprised natives of Hot Rock took him to the Cattleman's Hotel. There his blistered and aching feet were attended to. His savagery toward the culprit, however, did not abate. It was three in the morning, so the professor preferred to sleep in the small hotel rather than ride to his brother's ranch.

The next day a phone call informed Sheriff Ike Karson that Panhandle Pete had been captured in Four Springs by two deputies and a posse. He had the prisoner extradited to Hot Rock during the day, for the Four Springs prison was even weaker than Hot Rock's.

The professor recognized his horse and informed the sheriff that he had every reason to believe that Panhandle Pete had stolen it. The Four Springs deputy added that Pete had ridden the animal into his district. Thereupon the professor's rage flamed anew. He had saved Panhandle from lynching and this was gratitude. That Panhandle could not possibly have known that the animal belonged to him, did not dawn on him then. All he could think of was those long, blistering miles.

That evening scores of cattlemen gathered in town, determined to prevent another break for freedom on the part of Panhandle Pete by the simple expedient of a lynching. To the surprise of many, Professor Henry Lodge, the late anti-lynchionist, was the main, the most eloquent fomenter. When Sheriff Ike Karson informed them that he would prevent a lynching at all costs, the professor visited him as he had once before.

He argued again for two hours but to no avail. Ike Karson was firm and sincere in his conversion from the old style of justice as practiced by westerners. He could change his mind once in twenty years but not twice—that was Ike Karson.

"But I had to walk fifty miles!" wailed the professor.

"Pete gets a trial by jury. Hoss stealin' aint a capital offense anyhow. You said so yourself."

Professor Lodge gave up in disgust. He went back to the saloon, just in time to assume the lead of the mob. Presently they stormed the jail. Sheriff

Ike Karson met them with two huge guns as of yore.

"You can't hang him", the sheriff said.

But they did.

The Abbey of Gethsemani

By Eugene Cropper

THOSE who have read Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey", recall his visit to the Abbey of Our Lady of the Snows and the kind treatment he received there from the monks. Perhaps few of them knew, though, that we have in this country an Abbey similar to the one Stevenson visited and situated in much the same sort of country. As yet no roaming author has visited and described it but as time goes on and people learn more of this one outpost of medieval life it probably will become as famous as its sister churches in the old world.

Stevenson's first impression of his monastery was the monks, in their medieval costume, working in the fields. And the visitor to Gethsemani today knows that he is near the Abbey by seeing the same sight. If it is summer the monks will probably be cutting wheat or tilling the corn fields. With their long brown habits, their rude straw hats and heavy beards, they resemble some of Millet's pictures of peasant life.

The roads that lead from New Haven to the Abbey are none of the best, being probably more suited to donkey travel than automobile. The scenery much resembles that of Gévaudan. The hills may not be so large but they are fully as impressive. Heavy woods extend up their slopes and indeed cover most of the surrounding country. One sees few houses, the country is poor and does not support a large population. Probably that is one of the reasons the monks picked the situation. For certainly they could have found no place better suited for solitude and freedom from the outside world.

Indeed it is all the traveler can do to find the place. The natives, even in the immediate neighborhood do not know the exact location. So you have to wander, more or less aimlessly over ten or fifteen miles of country roads before you see the tall white spire of the Abbey. The buildings form a huge, gray rectangular mass, more like a state institution than a church. Several huge barns and other farm buildings are outside the main walls of the monastery.

An avenue of fine trees leads to the lodge, which

forms a courtyard before the main building. The impression of antiquity is increased by the massive gate and the bell one must ring for admittance. As soon as you have rung the bell a little window in the gate is opened and the religious who has charge of the visitores asks you what your mission is. He does not seem particularly cordial, not at all like Father Apollinaris in Stevenson's book. And if you have no letter of recommendation or good reason for entering more than likely you will not be permitted to go through the Abbey. Or if you would by just a few minutes come later than the visiting hours you must return the next day.

To the ordinary visitor this generally gives an impression of inhospitality. Particularly to the ladies, who must remain locked in the lodge while the gentlemen are going through the Abbey. They do not stop to think that the monastery is not intended for a tourist point of interest but as a retreat from the world and that only the extreme humility of the religious enables visitors to enter the Abbey at all. And if they mention Stevenson's experiences as a comparison they forget that Languedoc was not frequented with as many tourists in 1880 as Kentucky is today.

Moreover, the Abbey has not always been happy in its choice of visitors. About the end of the last century a certain author, whose name is now only remembered by erudite professors of American Literature, came to the Abbey in the guise of a pious pilgrim for a short visit. He also visited the Sisters of Loretto, whose convent is not far away. Shortly afterwards he wrote several short stories about both places which appeared in one of the higher class magazines. They were the conventional plots which Protestant writers used to weave about the monasteries. Nothing alarming or even disrespectful but highly imaginative. And one of these stories was so well written that even today it is included in an Anthology of representative American short stories.

But they produced a storm of criticism from Catholic readers and self-righteous comments from non-Catholics. One may still read the long drawn de-

bate in the old copies of the "Atlantic", even then famous for a tendency to meddle in religious discussions. So it is no wonder that the monks think twice before accepting every casual visitor.

Once inside the monastery though, you begin to feel the spirit of kindness and hospitality for which they have always been famous. You are first conducted into a small room beside the gate where pious objects are for sale and where the ladies wait while the gentlemen are making the tour. As you leave this room the door is locked and you are within the real confines of the monastery. First you go through the garden that lies before the main building. It is filled with rare plants and flowers. Judging from the variety there must be plants there from every country in which the order has an establishment.

Leaving the garden you enter the main hall of the building, dimly lighted, and with high, gray, wainscoted walls. From the hall you go into the Cloisters, to the average visitor probably the most interesting part of the Abbey. The general impression of a cloister is an open piazza around a courtyard. But here the piazza is closed with stained glass windows and forms a sort of picture gallery. The pictures are mostly of the Blessed Virgin, copies of practically every great painting of her. And there are some fine etchings of the various establishments of the Order throughout the world. The gallery is of a type of architecture seldom found in this part of the world. Even to a person not very familiar with the various designs the place seems to suggest a Russian or Byzantine influence. The arches are low and squat, not pointed and narrow like the Gothic. Then it seems over-decorated in contrast with the simplicity of the Gothic. And again the whole place seems damp and poorly ventilated, supposedly a characteristic trait of Russian churches.

Our guide was one of the lay brothers, a simple, plain looking old man, clad in a very rough habit. As we went along he told us the history of the house and showed us the rooms he thought would interest us. The founders of the Abbey had come to this country in 1849, about the same time the Brothers of Mary started the University. Their original home, the Abbey of Melleray in France, had become overcrowded and rather than found a new house in France, then in the midst of another revolution, it was decided to send some of the religious to the new world. Bishop Flaget of Louisville, already famous in France for his hospitality to Louis Philippe, invited the monks to settle in his diocese and they picked the region around Bardstown as best suited to their purpose. The colonists had all the trials which generally beset pioneers but despite them they managed to erect the Abbey prac-

tically as it stands today within twenty years after their arrival. The number of members has not greatly increased, being but ninety now, yet the order has managed to hold its own in a very material age and country.

Our guide first showed us the library, a very large one for an institution of this kind. It consists of over fifty thousand volumes, many of which are incunabula, and a great collection of rare manuscripts. Despite the general impression that their time is taken up entirely with work and prayer, the monks are great students and scholars. At least five hours of their daily schedule are given over to study.

Next we were shown the Chapter room where the general assemblies of the religious are held. Chapter rooms, whether of lodges or of secret orders, are always interesting because of their peculiar arrangement. This one reminded us of the chapter room in the new Masonic temple. On the walls of this room as well as on most of the others, are written some appropriate quotations. The one in this room might have been used to great advantage in any room where conventions are held.

The Abbot's bureau or office was chiefly remarkable for the fact that it contained some four hundred pictures of the Madonna. It was a cozy, comfortable room, even if its many decorations did give you much the same impression as a college student's den.

The museum, containing everything from mounted trophies to artillery shells, had the bad feature of all museums, that it takes at least a day to see all the different objects. The dining room deserves mention because of its unique arrangement. The tables are so arranged that every one sits with his back to his neighbor.

At last we came to the chapel, the finest feature of the Abbey. To those accustomed to the ordinary arrangement of chapels this one seems to be very strange. There are no pews, merely the stalls for the choir along the sides. The interior is very similar to that of the church of the Holy Angels. Except that here the English Gothic decoration scheme is carried out in greater detail. The Abbatial throne adds a touch of regal dignity to the sanctuary. This is one of the few Abbatial Churches in the New World, and alone is well worth the visit to Gethsemani. The longer you are in the chapel the more the impression of antiquity gains on you and you begin to understand more clearly the purpose of the Trappists.

We left the chapel and were in the cloisters again. During our tour it had been raining outside and at the other end of the hall some of the monks were coming in to change their wet garments. When they saw our group they ran hastily out the nearest

door. Their behavior, while one of the details of their rule, had a rather startling effect on us. It reminded us that for the last hour we had been in another world. It destroyed the sense of peace and repose that we had gained in the chapel.

The guide, perhaps noticing our uneasiness, began to tell us some of the rules of the order. Their day begins at two o'clock in the morning. From then on until eight in the evening every minute of their time is divided into periods of prayer, work, and study. Stevenson's praise of this arrangement is probably the best commendation that can be given to their entire rule. Their day is broken by one meal at noon and sometimes by a slight lunch in the evening. Their recreation consists merely in change of occupation. Perhaps the hardest rule is the one concerning silence. While most of us do too much talking, life would seem more or less empty without the ordinary pleasures of conversation.

We in the world can hardly criticize a system which it must be admitted takes a great deal of courage to embrace. But ordinary experience teaches us that the highest development is only possible when all the faculties are properly developed. And certainly the perfection of the ascetic life lacks many of the finest features of the fully rounded life in the world. The religious we observed scarcely

seemed to be human any more. Certainly their rigid life had produced no outward physical benefit. The Abbot, a rather plump man, was the only one who seemed normally healthy. But again we can not judge by appearances; these religious may enjoy a peace and contentment which others may not even dream as possible.

Back in the anteroom again our guide bid us each farewell. His gruffness had quite vanished. As I have said he was only a simple old man, yet he seemed for the minute to radiate a supernatural kindness. After all we were all travelers together on a rather uncertain voyage and though we would probably never meet again, we thought that he would remember us and we knew that we would not soon forget him.

Out again in the open it was as though we had come from a tomb. But at least a tomb which was only temporary. Contrasting the gray old pile that was their life here on earth to the sunshine that was my life awaiting me at the end of that splendid lane of trees, I could not help but marvel at their fervor and fortitude. But then, I reflected, while their lane here on earth is a gloomy one, judging by worldly standards, there must certainly be eternal sunshine awaiting them at the end of it. Every honest effort has its compensation.

Walled Roads

By Robert L. McBride

JIM LEE paused in the doorway of his Brown Street boarding house. He was a tall, muscular young man with broad square shoulders and wore a snappy topcoat of light grey.

There was a chilling fall breeze in the air, stirring the sporting blood of every child of Adam. Since every one was interested in football the appearance of Jim Lee in the vicinity of the University attracted much attention. Clayton always idolized the men who played for her school, and in public greeted them cordially, but there was little cordiality in Jim's case.

He came to Clayton early in September from a well known mid-western high school where he had been a popular, and from all reports, an excellent athlete. So when he picked Clayton for his Alma Mater the supporters of the school considered themselves fortunate. It was natural that the few thousand students enrolled should think that Jim came merely to play football. Nothing else was expected of him.

The rabid followers of the school greeted him with open arms, much to his displeasure. Never had the enthusiasm of the students been so high.

Almost overnight the expectations of the future of the varsity leaped a hundred percent. No other freshman had ever received such a reception as was given to Jim Lee. Every club and fraternity opened its doors and secrets to him.

Then came the crash—the hardest blow Clayton ever received from any individual. The school knew how to meet defeat, she knew how it felt to be beaten, but one thing she never suffered was disloyalty in a student, and Jim's actions were termed as treasonable by the student body.

Since Jim was a freshman he could not play on the varsity for a year, but it was expected that he report at the first call for the freshman team. Further the loyal followers of the eleven wanted to see him in action against the varsity, which was very weak that year. But Jim did not report for practice and a few days after the resumption of studies the campus was burning with the question of his non-appearance.

Little groups gathered during the recess periods and hotly debated the question. The school paper, local papers, the faculty, the coaches and in fact everywhere Jim Lee was under close scrutiny and disdain.

Though the football season was now fast drawing to a close the student body had not yet learned the reason for Jim's conduct. Every move he made was interpreted to have been against the school. In public he was no longer treated with the customary respect and since his welcome at the clubs had already worn away, he rarely ever made his appearance there. He was generally to be found in his rooms in the evening.

* * * * *

And as Jim Lee paused in his doorway that evening, he noticed a group of students passing on the street. These students, with the exception of one, were careful not to take note of him. Their interest was suddenly shifted to a common event on the other side of the street, and as they passed the cruel winds wafted this stinging message:

"Coward . . ."

The word rang in Jim's ears like a terrifying echo and angered him, but he was not a person to give way to personal feeling.

He slowly closed the door, but could not put the memory of those fellows out of his mind. He knew them all, and was aware of the fact that they had purposely snubbed him. Only one of the students, a member of the varsity squad, Bill Saunders by name, had ever manifested any consideration toward him.

Jim entered his room and, after having donned a light jacket he seated himself in a large comfortable chair, lit his pipe and, half closing his eyes, sat still in deep meditation. Occasional puffs of smoke arose and soon flavored the room with its pleasant odor.

No matter how hard he tried to bury his thoughts in his books the picture of that one fellow, Saunders, arose vividly in his mind. Again and again he dived into the fairy realm of literature, only to come up floundering on his phantom friend.

"I see what they want", his thoughts rolled on, "some one to play for them, every Saturday, to be a sensation, to amuse them, bring victory and satisfy the crowd. I came here with no intention of playing and yet that is just what I'm expected to do. What right have they to criticize, to judge; I know what road I'm on. . . They will never force me to another. I'm marching under my own standards, traveling along my own road and yet they try to make it harder for me. Coward. . . ough. . . treason? Or is it patriotism and bravery? I'm walled in and must go straight ahead; or stop and be the coward and hero of Clayton. . ."

A knock scattered all his belligerent thoughts.

"Come in."

Jim was not surprised to see Bill Saunders in the

doorway. It could be no one else. Bill was the only one to show him any respect since he had decided not to play football.

"Won't you sit down", invited Jim, not so much as rising from his chair.

"Of course, thanks". Bill awkwardly seated himself near Jim. "You've a nice room here." It was a poor attempt to open a conversation, but Jim had not had a visitor for so long that he was willing enough.

"Yes, it's not so bad, and it's very comfortable studying here."

"It seems so, but—" Bill saw his chance to turn the conversation the way he wanted it to go, "—I didn't know you smoked."

"I didn't until recently", Jim replied.

Bill was in the dark, feeling his way carefully along a strange road. He wanted to understand Jim, but could not. Jim had made a decision regarding his future and because it interfered with football was no just reason for such severe criticism. Moreover, such a demonstration as the students did give only more firmly imbedded the secret in Jim's heart. Indeed, the wall separating his personality had become one terrifying, impregnable obstacle.

In time they spoke of their studies, their profs, the new library and, indeed, everything imaginable excepting one. Bill soon became aware of Jim's increasing friendliness and taking a chance he broke in upon his friend's hidden thoughts.

"Jim", he began, "I have not known you long, but still I feel that the fellows haven't treated you right. When you came here, of all other schools in the country, the students immediately thought that you wished to help make a name for the place, that you came to play football; whereas you seem to have had other intentions. Why you have not played football you have never told, and if it's your secret, I've no right to speak of it, but please help stop this spirit of animosity that has arisen among the students."

It came from his heart and Jim, surprised by his frankness, sat awed. How was it that here was one longing to help him, to lighten the burden which he had promised to bear so bravely alone? Here was a tangent on the road of life.

"In the first place, I came here with the intention of never playing football again." Though his voice was firm, the words came slow and soft.

"I've nothing against football; it's a great sport, but once the true sporting blood gets into a fellow it's hard to get rid of it and it is doubly hard to attain any success in another endeavor. In high school I played because I liked it. I enjoyed it, but in those three years I got out of it all I can

ever expect. Courage, strength, vitality, endurance, speed. I came to college to get an education and to do that I was forced to voluntarily abandon football and such other excessive athletics as would be expected of me. My aim is to prepare myself for the future and football has no part in the curriculum."

"But", protested Bill, "have you no thought for the school. The other students will never see your ideas. It's not orthodox. Every one in Clayton is willing to serve the school."

"Serve the school...? Can't you see that the school has been established to serve the purpose of the individual; that all individuality should not be submerged in the clamorous cheers of the majority of weak-minded students? My reason is sound enough, in fact, too sound for those satisfied fellows to understand. My only reason for coming to this school is that you have one of the best educators in the country in Dr. Erskine and not because you have a good football team. I came here to prepare for life, not to play football."

Here was a strange case. Theoretical, not practical, some might say. A young man remained out of athletics in order that he might devote himself to his studies! Bill had often been told that he was sent to school to study, but as usual, he never took the advice seriously.

"The coaches laughed at my reasons for not playing and I hope they still think it a joke for they're still waiting..."

There came back to Jim the vivid memory of months and years of preparation for his state championship high school team. The terrifying memory of poor tackles, blocked punts, slippery fields, fumbles, bad passes and restless hours of waiting for the game. And when in a happier mood he would dream of things that rarely happen, flying tackles, long runs, completed passes, touchdowns and the cheering of a rabid mob. With such memories crowding upon him he had no rest, no peace. Always he was living in a turmoil—fighting...pushing...driving...tackling...flying feet...whirling bodies and then a pile of human limbs spread out in his wake.

"This is the first peace I've known for years", he went on, "it's the first time I've been able to study, the first time I used my head and not followed instinct or training, the first time I've really worked to succeed and not merely hoped for the break. I could play now, but my dreams of the future would be dimmed by the lack of a complete preparation. Not that athletics dim the mind—no, but such strenuous sports do so increase the physical vigor of a man as to outlaw any excess of intellectual vitality. I gave up football because I am a dreamer and have

looked into the future when my athletic ability will be of no avail."

That night two roads crossed and the walls of individuality were torn into shreds. At least two students of Clayton knew themselves and were not afraid.

When Bill Saunders went home late that evening through the drizzling rain he thought of the future of Clayton and of himself.

* * * * *

It was a perfect April day, three years later and a traditional shower was driving the shoppers of Clayton to the closest cover. Some stood in doorways, others under awnings or in the shelter of buildings, waiting for an opportunity to catch their respective street cars.

And when coach Bolen of the University went to the city he was no exception. As usual he had no umbrella and was without the comfort of a slicker. With the first drops of the shower he reached the shelter of the awning at McLean's Bookshop.

Now the coach was never a prolific reader. In his school days he never purchased any books other than those needed in class. He was never a scholar. The only thing he ever read was the weather report and that he never believed. To him Shakespeare might have pitched for Yale; or Chaucer might have played first base for Harvard, for the coach's attention was now centered on baseball. The failure of his varsity eleven for the past three years was forgotten.

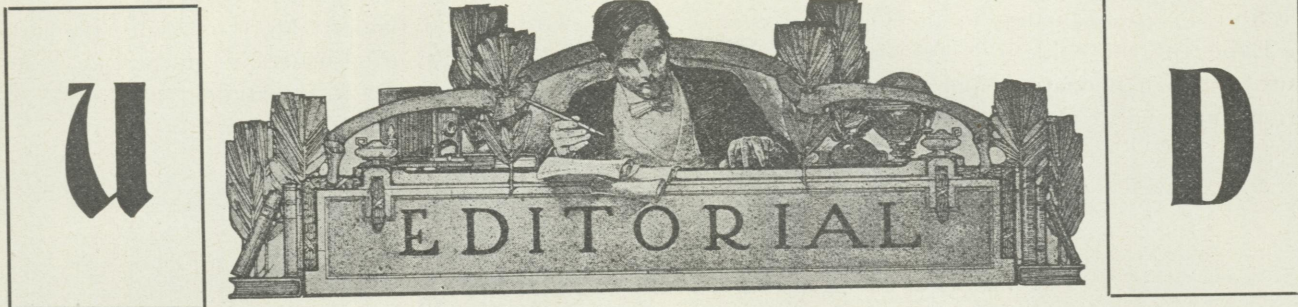
As he elbowed his way into the crowd standing near the doorway, he—for want of anything else to do—gave his attention to a display of books in the window.

There, advertised with colorful cards was a pile of the latest best seller. Travel, adventure, romance. Such had never appealed to Bolen, but now, inspired by something he had accidentally discovered, he hurriedly purchased a book from the amazed clerk and rushing home surprised his wife by staying up that night and reading—cover to cover—that book he had bought!

By the following afternoon everyone on the campus had a copy of the same book that had so interested the coach. It seems that Jim, accompanied by Bill, had spent the summer vacation visiting Mexico and Central America and had published an account of their trip.

The work was a huge success. The name of Clayton and Jim Lee was held before the eyes of the world. Never before had any University enjoyed so much unexpected popularity as that given to Clayton by Jim Lee, traveler and writer.

Jim had scored.



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Our Policy

This issue denotes the beginning of another Exponent year. Quite some progress was made during last year's regime, and this year we are determined to forge ahead still further. If we could only get more students interested in writing! The turnout this year is better than last, but still there is not enough competition to make things interesting.

The modern collegiate is rather hard to please. Some here clamor for a magazine of the Notre Dame Juggler, Harvard Lampoon type. Such a magazine the Exponent can never become. We must carry on the high aims under which it was started. The originators of twenty-five years back intended their infant literary endeavor to be a literary endeavor, with high ideals, to act as an "exponent" of student thought and life. We must maintain those aims; our articles must be as scholarly as lies in our power to write them.

But, while they are scholarly, they must also be interesting. The two qualities should be boon companions. Every article in the Exponent this year will have been written with the student-body directly in mind—will it interest them?

For this reason we have thought it best to eradicate most of the former departments. They were becoming dull and were not read. Take, for example, the Chronicle. The material included under this heading was, by its very nature, news, and we are not running a newspaper. The University of Dayton News chronicles school events, and the Exponent is stepping out of character when it tackles the hopeless task of trying to compete in that field.

We are not making a drastic change. In eliminating the departments we are not casting out their subject matter. The Exponent will still include sports, alumni, humor, and the rest, but they will

be in fresher, more interesting form. This staff heads in charge of each separate body of subject matter will see that an article embracing their section is in the Exponent each month. That way we will have variety, freshness, and interest.

There are said to be quite a few of the present crop of freshmen who are adept at this writing game. Let them report and start writing so they can work toward a staff appointment next year.

—Will.

Football Casualties

The football season has started off with an unusual number of casualties. Those that we recall to mind at the present time are Fox of the Navy, who suffered a fatal sunstroke immediately after a particularly brilliant display of form, a promising, gritty little quarterback of Villa Nova who broke his neck, and a very young player on the Findlay High School team, the nature of whose fatal accident we do not at the present remember.

The usual cause of such casualties are the lack of sufficient training. Most of them occur before the season is well under way. When a football player has been so conditioned that he is in the "tough of form" and has arrived at a point in his football knowledge where he knows how to protect himself in any fall or scrimmage, there is little danger of serious injury. He protects himself unconsciously.

Every year there are one or two injuries that prove fatal and the reason does not lead to a condemnation of the game itself but to an acknowledgment of the fact that since "there is one born every minute" there must be one or two in the football game.

—Will.

Editor's Note—Starting in the October issue of the *Exponent*, the Athletic Notes have been discontinued in favor of feature sports stories. The new arrangement will continue to be conducted by Ray

Jay Grdina and Paul A. Moorman with the latter contributing the initial feature in our aim to present a more popular issue to the student body.

What Is This Coming To?

By Staff Correspondent

Chicago, Oct. 13. If one ever wished to see how people act when they are football mad, they should be where I am standing, at Clark and Madison Streets at noon on Saturday, the unlucky day of the month of October. The Windy City is proverbially agog with as much excitement as ever has been gasped in a big town and for the simple reason that there are three major pigskin attractions to be played that very afternoon.

Spirited with the delicate but vociferous enthusiasm of thrilling contests and goaded with the pride to attend these affairs which are becoming so fashionable and smart nowadays, the newspapers say that at least 100,000 people have made their way into the three corners of Chicago today to see the various spectacles.

For this afternoon there is booked the biggest attraction in the football line ever to have been placed in one city before. Notre Dame clashes with the Navy at Soldier's field, Ohio State defies Northwestern at Evanston and Chicago boasts against Iowa at Stagg field.

What is this coming to? Alone, these three games will command the attention of about 250,000 people for attendance and surely not less than 200,000 hungry footballees. Compare this with the 732 persons who paid to see the football offering at the Midway some years back.

The crux of the modern game has been reached many say, but just where is the dying-off spirit which will not warrant even greater followings in future years? We can see nothing but the pageant to go on. The modern game as instituted in 1906 through all of the stages of rugby, the Heisman code, the Stagg, Rockne, Roper and Zuppke influence, has just made a hit with the mob that cannot be restrained. Americans must have their football.

But I was not long in the swirl at Madison and Clark until I was whisked across the intersection by the hurrying, bustling crowd, all intent in going somewhere but in my estimation not very well thought of. I had tickets for all three of the games and if it were possible I intended at least to take a peek at the trio of encounters but as they were in

various parts of this outspread Chicago, I realized the task would be difficult. There was one advantage I had: the Chicago-Iowa affair started 30 minutes later than the other two engagements.

And of course if I did not want to see major contests, I could peacefully and in all correctness see the Elmhurst eleven play the American College of Physical Education, or jump an Aurora L to see Aurora battle North Park. But such games are not my fancy and only the so-many-thousand bookings was my weakness.

My first duty downtown after lunch at one of those places they call Raklios, was to find the place where I had parked my car so many blocks and windings away. On my way to locate it I mused at such attractions as the novel architecture affected by the orange drink stands, a corner newstand featuring twenty different brands of tips on the horse races ranging from Two Bits to \$5, cruising empty taxis cluttering up the traffic as I walked, and a sight-seeing bus filled with old ladies from Dubuque and a pair of stray Annapolis men.

The first game I intended to see was the Northwestern-Ohio State racket at Evanston where my home state club was to battle at the Dyche Memorial stadium. According to directions I proceeded as best possible north on Michigan Avenue on to Sheridan Road, and then landing on the Lake Shore Drive, north. The day was bright, and the temperature hovered at the 20 degree mark. Without event other than to have several bright-eyed girls about run me off Sheridan Road because they were in more hurry than I, Dyche stadium was at hand and so were the thousands of people.

The populace of Chicago's beautiful north shore were thronging their way toward the columns that mark the entrance of the stadium, and a surging crowd it was, sans troubles, mortgages and baby buggies. Everyone was decked out for the occasion. Raglans, racoons and camel's hair coats were the thing, while Oxford-clad collegians whether from State or Northwestern were adorned with crushed felt hats at rakish angles.

To attend this game, you just were not it if you

came other than in a car, though the Evanston L trains were not far from what might be called busy. So therefore it was with mingled satisfaction and regret that I paid some lot holder fifty cents to take care of the car.

The crowd which attended this game appeared to me more like a society gathering than a football audience, for everyone seemed so affected, and I wondered if there would be any roughness in the contest. Matrons, debutantes, dowagers and what have you filed into the boxes with almost everyone supplied with field glasses while some even made James go to the trouble of assisting them with comfy robes.

Groups of "business boys" made their bargains amongst themselves, and several even had the boldness to make a kill right before the very crowds. Then there were the huddles of gay couples planning for the future or telling of the past, and from the way things appeared, many good times should really be in store for all.

Irving Vaughn of the Trib was the only well-known writer in the press-box while the rest of the roost was filled with scribes who resembled anything but newspapermen. Now all I wanted to see was the start of the game and I would go to a real game, the Notre Dame—Navy affair. The bands of both schools made a gallant appearance with the mighty struttin' being about equally divided. The Northwestern school song is certainly pretty even though you are disgusted with the affected air of the crowd.

Dick Hanley started his keenest eleven and the Scarlet and Gray of State was out to defend its honor as I made a hurried and surprised exit from the same 50,000.

Heading direct for the Outer Drive, the scenery was so beautiful on that wonderful north shore that I thought I could almost make an afternoon of it in stepping on the gas but duty led me elsewhere. The frat houses almost on the very beach stood out in vivid contrast and glory facing the brilliant red October sun.

As for the next game I was attending, there would be three times as many people to a classic that goes down in history as one of the most spectacular ever. And for that estimated 150,000, there seemed almost as many cars parked in the vicinity. Taxis everywhere with the Yellows vainly trying to keep their number of the Checkers. The L trains were certainly out of the question for Soldier's field, but even at that it is not far from the loop.

The half time of the game was reached when I squeezed myself in the foot space between Don Maxwell and Westbrook Pegler in the press-box.

The writers were surely cramped for space and probably their style was also.

And then to start the excitement, two giant Midshipmen holding the tight reins of leather straps, certainly had their hands full in checking the balky antics of the symbolic goat. The goat was real too, and covered a blue wrap, bearing a gold N on either side. Graham McNamee, at one end of the box more than got a kick out of this and described the scene as he always does.

But the impressive part was to come. The capacity Navy band with all the splendor of the smartly dressed uniforms swept the field while the mass of Blue (the plebes, youngsters, juniors and seniors) banked on the south side, paid tribute to Uncle Sam's school of the east as proudly as they possibly could. Over 1500 were in uniform and the impressiveness of an occasion like this was only equalled at the Army-Navy fracas in 1927.

The score stood at a scoreless tie at the half time, and bettors were on every side. Banners, ribbons, flags and pennants were seen everywhere while the top part of the massive columns which mark each side of the stadium was flanked with daring spectators. And up there it must have been at least ten degrees colder with the wind from the lake chilling the snap October afternoon.

The fifteen minute intermission was fast drawing to a close and as I wended my way toward the darkened underneath of the stadium for an exit, Rock's team slipped past and out on the sandy sorocco with fresh jerseys on their backs and fight in their eyes. But one could not even get within ten feet from them.

Vehicular traffic was about as bad at the entrance to the stadium as one could find anywhere, but thanks to the spaciousness of the drives, the battery of double-deckers, taxis and town cars could squirm their way through the maze without mishap. Mayhap they were charmed.

Chicago and Iowa were the next pair of teams I was to see for the program and the only thing I dreaded was to get on Michigan Avenue safely from the outer drive. But as the Irish go, a decisive and ruling officer, one of Bill Thompson's finest, guided my destiny with much exactness and thence south past Automobile Row and exclusive shops to Stagg field.

Amos Alonzo "Lon" Stagg, the grand old man of football, was celebrating his 37th year as mentor out near the midway and in doing so had been having tough luck with his team and also probably had some with the Iowa cornhuskers.

The crowd at Evanston was affected, the crowd at Soldier's field was cosmopolitan, and the attend-

ance at the Chi-Iowa brush was just plain alumni though of course there was a sprinkling of ruddy faced farmers from the visiting team. Still there could have been the oily haired college populars with their Grecian and beautiful Chicagoennes as partners.

The attendance numbered about 45,000 and the game was fast and sparkling. But I could not get interested in any one particular contest, so to roaming and seeing the sights. Norman Brown of "Done Brown" was in the press-box. Oxford atmosphere surrounded the campus and the beauty of it all enthralled me mostly.

Having an appointment with a cousin of mine in the loop at 6:30 from where we were to celebrate the

three victories and the defeats as well, I thought it best to bat the ball in the fastest way possible. I was five minutes early.

And what a night that was to be in Chicago. Almost everywhere the hotels were to have their ball-rooms filled with jubilant or crestfallen people. In fact, frat affairs, good good-will dances, "in favor of" occasions were the rage from the South Shore Country Club to the Sherman, to the Graemere to the Blackstone, to the Drake and even as far out as North Shore, Winnetka.

Football is certainly a profitable sport for many, and promises to become the national pastime. What is this coming to?

Book Reviews

By Bob Bergk

THIS column is an experiment. Somewhere we got the idea that in this school of ours, there are a great many men who like to read, but whose time is so taken up by other activities, that they can't afford to wade thru eight or nine books in order to find one that will really give them any pleasure, and as a consequence, do not read at all. In this column we will try to give you reviews of current fiction in detective, romantic and adventure stories and let you take your pick of what you want to read.

"Sing-Sing Nights"—Keeler

The ability to write a detective story, that is not only entertaining but also plausible, is regarded as quite an accomplishment in this day and age, but when an author places three super-excellent stories in one novel, each of which would suffice as the basis for a good book-length story, he is accomplishing no mean feat.

"Sing-Sing Nights" is not only unusual in that respect, but the plot from which the above-mentioned three stories are a result, is entirely different from the ordinary run of crime fiction.

A slight review of the foundation, upon which the story is laid, might help to explain more clearly the reasons for the aforementioned observations.

A well-known clubman is murdered in New York. Three men admit being in the room where the murder took place, all three admit the intention of killing, all three admit firing and all three confess to the murder. But only two evidences of shots are found, one in the murdered man and the other in the wainscoating. Therefore, one of the three in the excitement and stress of the moment, failed to fire, but

which one of the three, no one knows, nor do they themselves.

All are tried, convicted, sentenced to death, and are spending their last night on earth in the death-cell, when the Governor comes in with a blank pardon for one of them, as the State can't knowingly put an innocent man to death, and tells them that one of them must take advantage of that pardon before the time for the electrocution arrives and for them to decide between them who, of the three, is to go free.

These three men are the foremost writers in three present-day literary fields—the detective, the unusual short story and the sophisticated, cynical novel.

In order to determine the one who is to take advantage of the pardon, they decide that each one will tell a story representative of his particular field, and that the story that entertains their prison guard the most, will receive the pardon, though each still thinks he is guilty of the crime.

The stories they tell are clever in plot, entertainingly told, and entirely plausible throughout. One of the stories in particular should be ranked in a class by itself for it is strangely reminiscent of Edgar Allan Poe at his best.

Keeler used to be a newspaper reporter in Chicago and in the course of his stories, the vast knowledge of underworlds and strange places which he acquired in the pursuit of feature stories, is utilized to a great extent.

His first two novels, "Find the Clock" and "The Voice of the Seven Sparrows" are also particularly good.

Keeler uses a great many sub-plots, which seem widely divergent from the main plot but are all brought together at the end of the story, which gives the climax great force and emphasis.

The embodiment of practical experience in our present-day novels is being used more and more frequently by authors who are striving for a maximum effect.

If you like detective fiction and think you have become pretty proficient at discovering the criminal before the author reveals his identity, try "Sing-Sing Nights" and let your pride take a fall.

"Death in the Dusk"—Virgil Markham

If you like stories of the nature of "The Bat", "The Cat and the Canary" and "Dracula", you'll enjoy "Death in the Dusk".

If you enjoy the kind of a novel that makes you want someone in the room with you while you're reading it; the kind that makes those cold shivers chase up and down your spine and makes you think that maybe there are ghosts after all and that that noise at the window might be something else besides the wind, and that maybe it will be better to wait till morning to read it because reading by electric light is bad for the eyes and besides you need the sleep anyway,—you can't afford to miss "Death in the Dusk".

The idea of telling a story by diary, as if it were an actual happening to the author, is nothing new but it has never been carried out so perfectly, in such minute detail, as it is, in "Death in the Dusk". It is so well done, that after you finish it, you won't be sure in your own mind whether it really happened and the author is relating it, or whether it is the brain-child of the author's imagination.

Markham writes the preface, telling how the diary happened to come into his hands, his editing it so as to get his name before the reading public as a coming novelist, publishes a letter from one of the members of the party who was asked to write the introduction, and relates all the trouble he had to go

thru, in order to get some publishing house to put the book on the market.

Then the diary begins, telling how the author happened to be at the Castle in Walse where the party was held, his reasons for keeping the diary, of the strange and ill-assorted company assembled, of their complete isolation from the rest of the world, and the wild and awe-inspiring events that took place, in which three men died, one lost his mind, and another, dead three hundred years, a popular figure in that part of Wales, came back to life and caused no end of trouble. It sounds like a dime novel of the blood and thunder sort, but read it and you'll change your mind.

The diaryist faithfully chronicles all these events and it is through the medium of the diary that the mystery is solved, so the reader has the chance to do a little sleuthing.

Some of the most seemingly preposterous and blood-curdling events take place, that one feels it would take more than one author to explain even one of them; yet they are all explained to the complete satisfaction of the reader.

At the conclusion of the diary, Markham resumes the writing and tells of the future disposition of every member of that house-party.

It is really a marvelous book, told with a style and diction that would have warmed the cockles of old Sam Johnson's heart, and with a choice and range of words that would be astonishing if they were not so apt and suggestive.

The weird and astonishing characters, the description of the Castle, the grounds and the neighborhood, are worthy subjects for essays in themselves.

You can't help getting enthused about "Death in the Dusk", for it's the kind of a book that makes you want to hurry up and finish it, and then makes you wish you were only half-way through when you do reach the end.

What College Men Write

By Eldon Koerner

IF the work of the writers in the different exchange magazines we have received is any indication, the world need not worry about its "Dancing Daughters" and its prodigal sons, for these sons and daughters seem to have turned to the pen as a means of expressing their youth, their vitality, their vividness, and their keenness of perception.

In the Ariston, the quarterly of St. Catherine Col-

lege of Minnesota, two stories were especially good: "The Masterpiece" and "Scarfy". They seemed to show a real insight into human character, and were very well written. Such paragraphs as—"In a quaint remote section of the town there was a little, crooked street, straggling in and out under the shadows of the turrets and belfries of the great, old cathedral, every now and then jutting off into unswept courtyards where old women set up tiny

stalls, arrayed with gaudy holy pictures and long, wooden rosaries, which no one ever bought,"—put pictures into one's mind, and it is true art when a writer can form a picture with words. "Scarfy" is a story, of intense human interest, of the old handy man, doer of "little things", who would have sacrificed everything for love of his son, and who finally found himself, through his willingness to sacrifice, a doer of "big things". It shows the true love of a father for his son, and is full of real pathos. This issue also contains several very good articles and quite a bit of really excellent poetry. "Picture Impressions", a poem, does as its name indicates, with such lines as these—

"Great green hills

In quite mid-day majesty."

The quarterly as a whole was very good, well divided into departments, and showed some care and skill in its preparation.

In the "Purple and Gold", quarterly of St. Michaels College, Vermont, we find articles which are a bit more scholarly, and which indicate a great deal of research work, and were very well composed. The editorial department seemed to be the best, and most interesting part of the book, as editorial departments so seldom are. Such subjects as criminal justice, and "armchair philosophy" among the student body, were especially interesting, and showed plainly that the youth of today are real thinkers. An especially quaint and true bit of verse was—

"How often we anticipate

Some earthly passing joy

Which when possessed is cast away

Like an aged, battered toy."

Another good bit of verse was "The Ballad of the Washroom Door", a mirth-provoking parody on Kipling's "Ballad of East and West".

The most impressive, as well as the best written part of the Boston College Stylus is its poetry, all of which shows that real talent is present in some of our schools and colleges today. The best of the poems were "April to May", "To Sheila", and "Fog". The first and last mentioned were written by one John C. Kelly, who shows much promise in the rhythm and life of his poetry. The best, or rather the next best, feature of the Stylus were its articles, among them "Pickwick, the Book and the Play", a very excellent criticism. Other parts were fair but the exchange column seemed to be about the best of its kind we have read, and it was to us the most interesting section.

Next before us comes The Saint Vincent College Journal, of Saint Vincent's College, Beatty, Pennsylvania. The "Journal" is a monthly, and is a very scholarly paper, in appearance as well as in its

interior makeup. A humorous little story, "Analytical Lyrics", relieved the seriousness somewhat, and such bits of verse as "I'm Glad It Happened", showing a pathetic side of life, and "Roses", relating the story of the birth of the red rose from a delicate white rose, colored by the blood of a little laughing fairy, add greatly to its appeal. The best article, of a semi-editorial nature, contained in the "Journal" is one entitled "Gigglers and Growlers". It tells of "those two veritable inanities who are thrust willy-nilly upon society to be a continual thorn in its side, festering and aggravating, and omnipresent", and is rather witty as well as original. The exchanges in this issue were dealt with in a distinctive way, and appealed greatly to us.

The "Laurel", of St. Bonaventure College, New York, seemed at first perusal to lack life and interest, but its best feature, a review of the book "Deluge", by J. Fowler Wright, revealed itself to us after some time. Having read the book, we find that the reviewer has really captured the essential elements of the book's plot, and has some very original ideas concerning them. The rest of the "Laurel", it seemed to us, lacked that something which makes a paper of real interest to its readers.

The first thing that we see as we open the pages of the Duquesne Monthly, of Duquesne College, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is a feature entitled "That Good Old Hokum", and with such authority as Upton Sinclair to back him up, the author points out the "hokum" necessary for the success of a writer, and some of the difficulties in his path. Really an excellent article, the best we've read this month. The author covers his subject well, and still it is interesting and not too scholarly. Other very good articles are "Collegiana", a tale of the rah, rah, college boy, and an especially well written story, "The Life of a Rose", a very human story of what joy just a rose may bring in a person's life and this story too, shows how fate pulls the strings that make us puppets move. One of the most interesting columns that it has ever been our privilege to read was "See Breezes", for right breezily did its author deal with such subjects as moving pictures of the day, popular novels, and in a more sedate tone, "this valedictory stuff", as he called it. The whole Monthly is original, refreshing, and very well done, both in arrangement and contents, and is easily the best of the reviewed exchanges this month.

The last of our exchanges this month is the St. Benedicts Quarterly, from the College of St. Benedict, Minnesota. Its most scholarly article is an amazingly good commentary on Thomas Hardy, England's great literary artist. In its poetry section, the best are a series of short poems, headed "Etchings".

News of Former Students

By William Keane

INFORMATION and visits from our Alumni came all at once, and at a time when they were most welcome. After years of seemingly fruitless labor to get the old boys to drop around to the editor's sanctum, we seem to be achieving results. Several days ago they began to flock in, and since then there has been no stop to the stories about the good old times they had while here at the U. Keep up the good work, men, and don't think for a minute that you are not welcome at any and all times when you happen around the city.

Bill Holmes, '26, will take a silver loving cup back to Jefferson Medical in Philadelphia. "Texas" lived up to his name and carried off first honors at a Wild West riding contest this summer. Good work, Doc. Jim Grace, our star fullback of a year ago, and Heinie Vollmer, one of the former luminaries in our Military Department, will join Doc in Philadelphia in a few days. They are all working for an M. D.

When it comes to fish stories, our friend Ralph Beare is hard to beat. Ralph spent most of the summer at Lake St. Mary's and, if all he says is true, that is the place where we are going to spend our vacations for the next umteen years. Our friend of the Fourth Floor is a Junior at the Medical School of St. Louis University.

Residents of the third floor of Alumni Hall and all followers of the manly art of self-defense will be glad to know that Brute Lacey is basking in the sweet smile of Dame Success. He and his former roomie, Don Fahey, are connected with the Cost Accounting Dept. of the International Harvester Corporation in Chicago. They are planning to come to Dayton for the Home-coming game with Detroit.

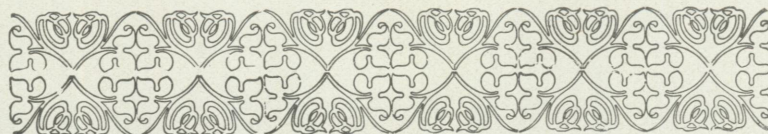
The Nomad Club of Dayton can boast of a very distinguished globe trotter in the person of Eddie Breen, '26. Ed just returned from a three months' stay in Africa. While at the U. our roaving friend was a very active member of the R. O. L., and promises to address the boys at the next regular meeting. We will be waiting for you Ed, and we feel sure that we are in store for a treat.

From Sunny California comes word that "Red" Hagen is in Los Angeles with the G. M. A. C. Frank graduated in '23 and, until last year, was Employment Manager at the Delco-Remy Corporation. Success to you in your new field of endeavor.

The legal profession appeals and we are glad that it does for it brought an old friend back to us again. Varley Young, A. B. '24, has matriculated in the College of Law and let it be here stated, that the staff of the Exponent, on which he was a prominent figure in the past, wishes him success.

Another former editor of ours, Eggs Meyer, '28, is also pursuing his studies in the legal fields. Eggs old boy, if you can sway a jury like you did some of the boys at our little get-togethers you will go a long way as a barrister.

Charlie "Captain" Pfarrer, L. L. B. '26, one of the most promising of Dayton's younger criminal lawyers, is well on the way towards success in the U. S. Army Reserve Corps. He was instructor of Infantry at Fort Thomas for six weeks during the summer months, and we are informed that due to his efficiency he was promoted to the grade of First Lieutenant of Infantry. Keep up the good work, Charlie. The country needs progressive men like you in its Reserve Army. Your former instructors in Military Science are proud of you.



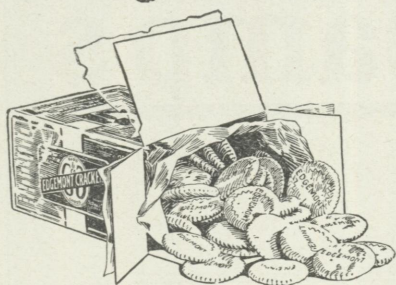
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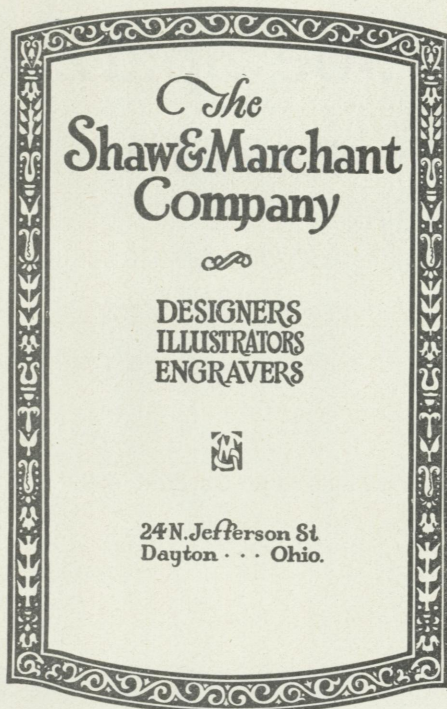
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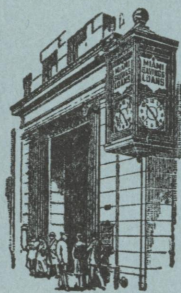
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