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THE XAVERIAN NEWS

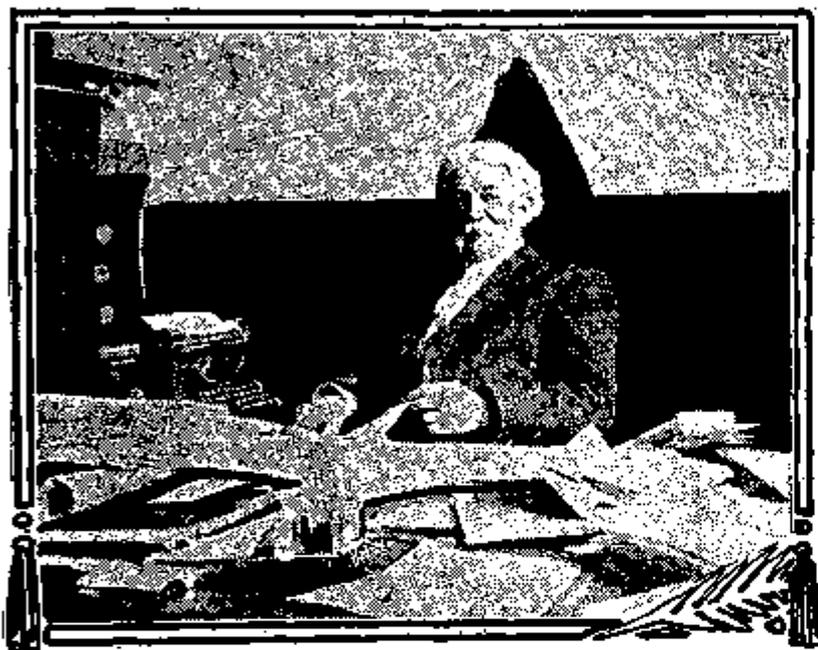
CINCINNATI, OHIO

A paper published by the students and devoted to the interests of
St. Xavier College of Commerce and Journalism.

VOL. II

FEBRUARY—1917

NO. 5



TRIBUTE TO MR. LAURIE J. BLAKELY FROM REV. F.

HEIERMANN, S. J.

When Mr. Laurie J. Blakely, our dear friend and professor, presided at the reception on Friday evening, January 5, and when on the following day he came to bid me goodbye, no one anticipated that just two weeks later the Angel of Death would give him warning of his approaching end, and that on Saturday following he would be mourned in the cathedral of Covington, where the funeral rites were performed by his own son, the Rev. Paul L. Blakely, S. J., and attended by his sorrowing family and grief-stricken friends.

It was only after my arrival in Cincinnati in 1911 that I became acquainted with Mr. Blakely. I could not help admiring his staunch character, his vast learning and correct judgment on all questions of the day. It was thought desirable to have him connected with the College. The St. Xavier College of Commerce, Accounts and Finance was auspiciously opened in 1911. In 1912 the College of Journalism was added, and Mr. Blakely was put in charge of the new department. The course in journalism was to be an alternate for accounting; and the degree-work was to include the entire program of ethics, econom-

ics and business law of the College of Commerce. The faculty agreed with Mr. Blakely in his opinion that the professional journalist, and, in fact, all those who want to be practically acquainted with the work of this profession, must be thoroughly informed on correct principles of economics, law and the facts of history both political and social, domestic and foreign. If the profession should wield its influence for the real and highest interests of mankind.

Of this ideal Mr. Blakely was convinced. To hold up such an ideal in theory and practice before the students Mr. Blakely was fully equipped. With his vast experience as a newspaper writer in several large cities, connected by the ties of friendship with prominent editors, he combined a mastery of a clear forceful and convincing style, which made his thoughts and principles stand out in bold relief and carry conviction to the minds of the readers. Mild irony, wit and humor entered his literary composition and lectures as welcome and spicy ingredients. Much of what he wrote was of permanent value and deserves to be published. A series of lectures on literature and education delivered at the summer school of the Sisters of Charity at Cedar Grove, Cincinnati, was published for private circulation in 1915.

No one who has ever come in contact with Mr. Blakely could forget him. On the students he has deeply impressed his sterling character. He was affable, winning, always ready for a chat, but that chat never degenerated into gossip; it was soon interwoven with some important question or problem of the day. He hated sham and saw through it at once. In his emotional nature his heart would often bubble over and sparks of righteous indignation would fly from the anvil on which selfish schemes were hammered by his logic, consistency and sincerity. His views on present day affairs were illuminated by the light of history, literature and the principles of American government, branches which he mastered so thoroughly and brilliantly. To be in his class was to be stimulated, to be aroused to mental activity, to get at the truth, to take an active interest in public welfare. To listen to him at the Social League meetings, as we listened on that memorable Friday evening, or at banquets, was to be delighted and amused, and to find some valuable gems of advice and wisdom that would be treasured by his audience.

Mr. Blakely looked upon journalism as a great and noble profession, burdened with high responsibilities but a power in the realm of truth, making for clear thinking and clean living. In this high ideal Mr. Blakely set the example not only for those who wished to enter upon the profession of journalism. His endeavor was of a wider range. His efforts were directed toward shaping the views and honest convictions of the readers of the newspapers, the product of the newspaper men and to train, as far as lay in his power, a wide circle of readers that would read with kind but not uncritical eyes.

Mr. Blakely's character had something of the courteous, gentle, but independent and uncompromising chivalry of old. He was a knight without fear and reproach. The source of his sterling quality was deep. The foundation of his manly virtue was in his religious conviction and practice. Little did he care for the material goods of this world. His heart was set on higher things. Counting his friends among the various denominations by hundreds, he was known to all to be a Catholic, true to his country, sincerely interested in his country's welfare

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because he was true to his religion and to his God. He respected the views and convictions of others, and his large circle of friends honored him for the firmness of his convictions. He was a man, honest and just.

His desire was to do good on a much larger scale than was possible in his position. His success may not always have appeared in glorious lustre before the world. But his life was a blessing to his family, and is a sweet memory and inspiration for all who knew him. His good deeds are written in the Book of Life. His great ideals, his manly convictions, his glowing love and kind affection will always be remembered by his admiring students, his co-workers of the faculty, and especially by the writer, who revered and loved in Mr. Blakely one of the sincerest friends and an enthusiastic and self-sacrificing supporter of St. Xavier College.

When I look at the impressive and attractive portrait of this beloved friend as exhibited in the Commercial Tribune, which he served until his strength failed him, I see shining forth from his noble features a mind busy indeed with the affairs of this world, but raised aloft above mere human aspirations. He seems to me to deserve as a beautiful and fitting inscription the praise bestowed on the "just man" in the Book of Books:

"His will is in the law of God. He shall be like a tree which is planted on the running waters and which shall bring forth fruit in due season, and his leaf shall not fall off, and what-ever he shall do shall prosper."

University of Detroit, Detroit, Mich.,
February 9, 1917.

THIRD YEAR LAW

Upon the advent of a new professor the students hold an informal court during recess. It is a trial by jury in a courtroom without a judge, and the Professor can not speak in his own defense.

And so in the course of their judicial procedure a verdict has been rendered on Alfred T. Geisler, Professor of Bailments and Carriers. He has been found guilty of possessing a sense of humor and of depriving the class of whatever dryness the subject might possess per se.

There are some classes that, in the eyes of the students, stand out from the rest in point of interest. "Transportation" was one. "Bailments" promises to be another.

Without wishing to appear uncharitable we would say that Al was out the night before last Law class. He got up shamelessly before the whole class and told us that "bailments are obligatory on the warehouse." That's all right, Al, but how did you know?

WILL H. CURTIN.

THE SOCIAL LEAGUE RECEPTION

The annual reception of the Social League was held at the Columbian Hall, Walnut Hills, on Tuesday evening, February 6. The affair was a success, both socially and financially. The attendance was large, more than 100 couples being present. A very interesting program had been prepared by the committee in charge, and it is evident that the students and their friends had a very enjoyable evening.

YOUR NEWSPAPER IN THE MAKING.

Interesting Phases of the Stupendous Task of Producing the Daily To Be Discussed at St. Xavier.

The big American newspaper in the making, with especial attention to the stupendous task of gathering, day by day, the material for its varied departments, the editing of this budget and, eventually, placing it in the paper in such wise as to appeal, will constitute the subject for discussion with the classes in writing for profit at St. Xavier's for the next two or three weeks.

Felix J. Koch, the traveling newspaper and magazine correspondent, who has just succeeded the late Laurie J. Blakely in the chair of journalism there, has extended the scope of what was heretofore the course in journalism only to one which should take up all phases of writing for profit and, quite as often, the writing for pleasure as well.

The initial lecture of the course was given over to a summary of the field. "The most universal art known to man," it was called, since, the speaker stated, "Whatsoever be one's state or occupation, there comes, always, some opportunity to write."

The second lecture, while devoted primarily to the work of the reporter, in gathering his material and presenting in required form to his city editor, took up, out of regular course, the work of the modern war correspondent; this in view of the pressing situation at the moment as regards Germany. Assignments for next meeting will constitute personal touches from the students' day's work, growing out of this German imbroglio.

It is the intention of those having charge of the course to supplement the lectures by practical experience talks by men actually engaged in the particular field of writing for profit, of which the evening's theme relates.

The lectures are open to all persons interested.

All talks begin promptly at half after seven.

ADVERTISING AND SALESMANSHIP.

The class in Advertising and Salesmanship has rounded the second semester. Paul C. Nordloh was elected Secretary to succeed F. R. Compton. The Christmas spirit was evidenced by a post-Yuletide celebration at which W. C. Kennally, class President, acted as Santa Claus in the presentation of little gifts to each member.

The New Year's program has already been marked by several splendid, practical talks. Ben Sexton, sales manager of Charles W. Breneman & Co., gave a helpful address on "How Advertising Helps Salesmanship." Oscar M. Broker, who was President of the class of '15-'16, was cordially greeted, and his talk on "Art As An Aid to Advertising and Selling" was illustrated with stories from life and some of the choicest works of the Barnes-Crosby Co. in halftones, zinc and color. Jesse M. Joseph, donor of the Joseph Medals, was welcomed by a splendid turnout on the coldest night of the year. The students who heard him tell "How to Lay Out a Newspaper Ad" were well repaid for successfully passing the Jack Frost test. Harry W. Greife was the second speaker scheduled for February. He is editor of "The Underseed News," published by the Williamson Heater Company. His topic was "House Organs and Their Place in Merchandising." During the coming weeks Joseph Schmidt, of the Mabley & Carew Co.; L. R. Scholl, of the Western Union Telegraph; Gordon E. Small, of Direct Advertising Service, will be heard.

Frank Favret, who was a member of the 1915-16 class in Advertising and Salesmanship, is now traveling for the United States Rubber Co.

E. I. Moore, a present member of the class in Advertising and Salesmanship, was called to Florida on business and sent greetings for St. Xavier from Jacksonville.

BOWLING PARTY.

The idea expressed in the proverb, "All study, no play, makes Jack a dull boy," is becoming a sort of second nature to the boys of the third year.

A bowling party was on the bill of Saturday evening, January 27. An enjoyable time was had by all, and the enthusiasm and excitement of the boys bid fair to call for "some more of the same."

Prof. Theo. Geisler graced the evening with his jolly presence, and for the time being became one of us. time being became one of us.

E. A. HITNER.

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Laurie J. Blakely

When the Editor of the Universe gave his last assignment to Blakely—when his “copy was all in”—Kentucky lost a man whose place can never be filled.

Born in Virginia—he entered the Confederate army near the close of the mighty drama. He was but a lad—but so impressed was he with that pathos of that last scene of all—the surrender of General Lee—that he dipped his pen in his heart and wrote a description for the Richmond Equivocal. The great Ritchie was then its editor. The touching word picture was broadly copied, and Forney, of Philadelphia editorial fame, picked Blakely as a coming man in the field of letters. Unfortunately this work, with much of Mr. Blakely's early writings, including many years' files of the old Covington Commonwealth, whose editor he was for many years, were destroyed in the old Pike fire. He had taken this to be bound by the Robert Clarke Co.—then occupying a portion of the ground floor.

Full of the traditions of the South, had his path been easier, he would have been to Kentucky what Scott was to his highlands. Mr. Blakely came to Kentucky and for a time lived in Louisville, where he became intimate with Mr. Watterson, Col. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, Proctor Knight and later Mr. Halstead. Through the influence of Mr. Halstead, Mr. Blakely came to Covington, where he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Bankruptcy, Major Richardson being for many years Registrar for the State. Their offices were in the old First National Bank Building—and it was this close intimacy, which in after years made impress on his writings. He held his legal associate in highest esteem for the scholarly accomplishments, which are not forgotten by the bar of Northern Kentucky.

Major Richardson and Mr. Blakely were members of the famous Curb Stone Club; and what rare stories were told about the banquet board! Judge James O'Hara, Wm. E. Arthur, Lee Baker, John G. Carlisle and, later,

the gifted Hallam, who said that Kentucky lost much by not locking the Major and Blakely in a room and having a stenographer take down their chat of old times and feuds in Kentucky.

Mr. Blakely was master of his tongue. He wrote with the exquisite simplicity of Addison and the tenderness of Dickens. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge. He could quote pages from the “Tales of Two Cities.” In early life he was a warm friend of Mark Twain.

When Everard J. Appleton edited the Young People's Supplement of the Commercial-Tribune, Mr. Blakely contributed a series of stories, which should be put in permanent form, so charmingly true were they of child life. Not only had he at his finger tips the quaint lore of Kentucky, but he was equally familiar with Indian legendary, and upon a tradition—a many times told tale over campfires—Mr. Blakely built that delightful little fancy, “The Curse of Mahingan.”

What the celebrated Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith may be said of Mr. Blakely: “He touched nothing, which he did not adorn.”

He had the heart of a poet and the tenderness of a woman. He gave of the best that was in him, and in the lavish giving of all power he lost in the fight. It was during the last cold spell an incident occurred—small in itself—yet a true index of the man's greatness of soul. The streets were crowded—night was approaching—a small newsboy had slipped on the ice; he looked wistfully toward the opposite side of the street. Along came Blakely—his familiar bag of “copy” held in his hand—his soft hat well over his shock of snowy hair. He picked the little fellow up and “set him across,” as the Cumberland folk would express it.

Pity such a man could not have been lifted out of the sordid, crushing strife of commercialism and given the chance to work out his God-given genius.

True to friend and task, as the needle to the North—even in that last final struggle which came to him—as it must come to all—he rambled in his delirium of his “copy”—his stories—the stories which will never be told—yet no more touching and sweeter story could he pen than the unselfish life he himself lived.

He had planned to write a history of Covington; he knew all of the old scenes—the Drover's Inn, where the famous Clint Butts—then Chief of Police—made some of his famous captures; the old Elliston House, where ante-bellum belles flirted and danced; the old log house in West Ninth, where one of Cincinnati's merchant princes was married; the “Old Stone House.” Mr. Blakely appeared before the City Council and made an earnest appeal to have the city purchase the old man-

sion for a museum. General Lafayette had spent one night there—Harriet Beecher Stowe was a guest within its walls, when writing Uncle Tom's Cabin—rich in tradition it had stood wind and weather for more than a century—even the marks of Indian arrows, when the savages from above the Dayton sandbar made a night raid. His plea fell on unheeding ears and the landmark fell—as many another has done—before the devastating hand of progress.

Even in the rush of a newspaper office Mr. Blakely was always the courteous gentleman. Those charms of courtesy were but transitory and evanescent, when compared with his mental gifts—part and parcel of himself—more enduring and inseparable.

“Forms are closed for you. The gifted pen is stilled forever. Sleep on, oh, friend of mine—you who have known me since my childhood; sleep—no dream or care can mar that sleep—rest in peace till the Resurrection. Truth and sincerity were your characteristics; a firmer friend through thicks and thins of fortune's visitations one never had. These were Blakely's and will remain as his memorials.

Go ask the sky, the mount, the vale,
Green field and winding river—

He touched them with a poet's pen—
They'll speak of him forever.

MARY CABELL RICHARDSON.

HIS NEW ASSIGNMENT

The class of Journalism, Advertising and Salesmanship of St. Xavier College, which feels deeply the loss of its instructor, Laurie J. Blakely, has bid a last farewell to him as follows:

Laurie J. Blakely

Old Friend! Life's book has been closed and the endless pages of Eternity's story are open before you. This assignment, new to you, is the common heritage of us all.

We will miss you here at Old St. Xavier, where your cheerfulness was an inspiration and your counsel highly valued. The class in Advertising and Salesmanship joins with the classes in Journalism in this heartfelt appreciation. It was good to have known you!

Goodbye, and may we all meet again in the Land of Eternal Sunshine!

Signed: Wm. C. Kennally, Fred Bergevisch, Jr., Frank Grieme, Paul Nordloh, Ren Mulford, Jr.

We would feel under obligation to you if you could furnish us with the February and April, 1916, numbers of the Xaverian News.

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THREE MENTAL DRAGONS!

"Fear," "Lack of Nerve" and "Being a Quitter" are the most terrifying mental dragons which block the road to success, and through fright, change the average man into a spineless jelly-fish. I say mental dragons because they are but the creatures of a cowardly mind. Every man at some time in his career must meet and overcome them.

Through close observation I find that these "Mental Dragons" have existed and still exist in the classes of Ethics and Political Economy. I say "have existed" for many could not destroy them and have given up the fight. I say "still exist" for some show an outward manifestation of yielding sooner or later to this alliance of mental dragons. How about you? Have you a sneaking feeling that the verdict of self-analysis would be "I am one of that sum" (some)? What are you going to do? Quit, like the rest; give up before you begin to fight? If so, do not surrender because these dragons are easily destroyed and the way to do it is by giving them a chance to show themselves and then beating them to death with the "Big Stick" of "Self-Confidence," swinging it right and left with "Courage and Persistence."

Upon the complete annihilation of these monsters begin the course with a deep-rooted earnestness, a steadfast purpose, that will brook no difficulty and know no stopping until you have finished that which you have set out to do. You are going to study hard and faithfully, in order that you may improve and develop within you the power to obtain from life something more than a mere existence. You are going after success in its bigger, broader sense. Realize, then, that the reward and advantages you gain will be in direct ratio to the time and effort you put forth. Every minute you devote to the task means depositing so much capital in the "Bank of Knowledge." The larger the capital, the greater the earning power; with no capital you are bankrupt. The immutable law of compensation makes it certain that you cannot obtain something for nothing. In conclusion do not slight anything in the course; every idea, every thought incorporated in the lessons is necessary for you. Your self-interest demands that you study everything carefully, earnestly. Skip nothing, neglect nothing.

The epigrammatic poet, Edward Young, says:

"Think naught of trifle, though it small appear;

Small sands the mountain, moments make the year.

And Trifles Life."

CLASS IN MODERN INDUSTRIALISM.

In these stirring days of almost-war, we of the United States should know how the country is prepared in a commercial way to supply our people with necessities and to meet the emergencies of a time of war.

What about foreign trade and the wasted opportunities it presents to our manufacturers? What will be the conditions that we will have to meet when the great world struggle is over? Will not the competition that Europe will present to our manufacturers of finished products make the road to a dividend paying condition very rough for them?

Such are a few of the vital questions that Mr. DuBrul answers in his lectures on "Modern Industrialism."

The Professor was in New York Monday, February 5, so most of the class meandered over to St. John's Hall and witnessed the St. Xavier basket ball team slaughter Georgetown to that harmonizing melody, "We've got 40; Oh, You 21."

The next night was "the" dance, and the Goddess Terpsichore wreaked her vengeance on Duane. The fall of the Roman empire was not half so great.

WILL H. CURTIN.

ALUMNI ELECT NEW PRESIDENT

On Friday, February 2, the Alumni of St. Xavier College of Commerce and Journalism held their annual election. After a number of spirited campaign speeches by advocates of the Red and Blue tickets the following officers were elected: Francis Cloud, President; Ambrose Suhre, Vice-President; George Ganster, Secretary; Edward Ganster, Treasurer; Matthias Heltz, Historian.

In his speech of acceptance the newly elected President pledged himself and his fellow officers to make of the Alumni Association a live-wire result-getting and effect-producing organization. The idealism and optimism which he infused into the members will be powerful factors in making his promises come true.

The suggestion of the Social League that both organizations have joint social meetings met with a hearty response and when put to a motion was unanimously adopted. Accordingly the next meeting of the Alumni Association will be on Friday, March 16, when the Social League will have its monthly meeting.

After the business meeting a buffet lunch was served.

Lots of things seem easy till you try to do them, especially examinations.

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Next meeting of the Social League Friday, February 23, at 8 p. m. "Over the Highways of Alaska" will be the subject of an illustrated lecture by John B. Hardig. There will be music and refreshments will be served.

"That man has gone through 50 fortunes or more."

"Is that so? It does not seem possible, for I know he is not a spendthrift."

"He isn't. He is a certified public accountant."

JUST A SUGGESTION.

There is a gentleman in the second year class of Journalism who goes under the high sounding title of Mr. L. M. Heltz. He is now devoting his leisure moments to cultivating a brush on his upper lip. Owing to his high standing in the community we do not wish to say anything that would offend him, but merely to inform him that if he would cut off his budding facial adornment it would greatly enhance his beauty from an artistic viewpoint.

ARGUMENT AND PROOF.

Argument is reasoning offered to induce belief or convince the mind; it is that upon which proof is based.

Proof is the effect, or result, of evidence or argument which convinces the mind of the soundness of the proposition advanced.

(Ralph Lippert in personal letter to McDonald.)