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The Xaverian News

Published by The Social League of the Department of Commerce
St. Xavier College

VOL. III

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1918

NO. 8

AD-SALES ROUND-UP

The Class That Plans for Self-Confidence and Enthusiastic Service.

Regret and appreciation were the dominant notes in the closing sessions of the 1917-18 Class in Advertising and Salesmanship. There has not been a get-together during the entire term of thirty weeks when interest lagged. The same spirit of enthusiastic comradeship which marked the earliest gathering was in more emphatic evidence at the close. The call to colors made several furrows into the membership, but a loyal, earnest student body remained to the finish. A new record was made for continuous attendance, and absenteeism was a fault rarely on the calendar.

One of the most valuable plans of the college term was the allotment of a little time each evening to members of the class in which to "find themselves." A practical way it proved to be in the winning of self-confidence. The absence of Charles D. Hogan from the final sessions gave Vice President C. E. Hopkins opportunity to direct affairs—the weekly curtain-raisers to the regular programs.

April's roster of expert speakers included Melville Snowden, of the Ph. Morton System. He talked on "Phases of Outdoor Advertising." One of the helpful thoughts he gave centered in the epigram: "Blessed is the man who loves his work." Ben Roth was the next speaker on the list. He gave a most interesting little insight into novelty advertising—the only advertising that gets 100 per cent attention. He proved his case by presenting handsome rulers, the advertising man's essential daily companion, to every student who heard him.

Arthur P. Lounsbury, former President of the Ohio Gideons, made a great hit in a recital of "Experiences in the Life of a Salesman." He has traveled over the pike of success and handed the boys a line of admonitions that will be worth money in the bank to them. The last of the April talks was provided by Henry M. Zimmerman, of the Johnson-Albershart Company. "Just Paper" was the title of

(Continued on Page 4)

VALE

To Be Said at Gibson Banquet

With the worries and uncertainties of the final exams definitely left behind, the student body of the Department of Commerce will gather 'round the festal board at the Gibson House on the evening of May 28 for a final rally of frolic, spirit and good cheer, as a proper wind-up to one of the most successful years in the Department's history.

From present indications the affair will be a gala event—a true expression of the comradeship and mutual interest that is so uniquely prevalent at old St. X. Every student seems to be making the banquet his own personal concern, and a solid representation will be on hand to partake of the gustatory and oratorical delights that the committee is making provision for.

The program of speakers has not been definitely announced. But it is supposed that Mayor Galvin, Judge Fox and Mr. John MacCormack will grace the occasion with their presence and their eloquence. Besides the appointed addresses, the usual remarks will be heard.

The banquet is especially significant this year in view of the fact that it will be the last time many of the students will be together. Before the summer is over, it is presumed that perhaps half of this year's enrollment will be with the colors. Because of this circumstance, the committee predicts greater success for this banquet than for any former affair of a similar nature.

WILL YOU?

- When you meet your friends at lunch, on the street, at the shop, does the question of your school ever come up?
- Certainly it does.
- Right there is where you can do a big thing for St. X.
- BOOST!
- Tell your friend how good the school is.
- Just tell him the truth.
- Then tell US your friend's name.
- We'll do the rest.
- WILL YOU get us a prospective student for next year?
- THANK YOU!

EXTRAORDINARY

Was Debate of Public Speaking Class

Because of its entirely local character, the program offered by the Social League on the evening of April 10 probably surpassed in interest and attendance any of the other meetings held during the year. The occasion was the annual debate of the Public Speaking Class.

The debaters indicated their interest in the big questions of the day by their excellent choice of a subject: "Resolved, That operative ownership shall be the prevailing economic system in the United States after the war."

Despite the revolutionary possibilities presented by such an issue, no Bolshevism appeared during the discussion, which was marked by a calm and reasonable interpretation of labor's rights and the remedies for the infringement of them. The encyclicals of Leo XIII. were quoted to show the attitude of the Church in this phase of economics.

Howard Sweeney and Ed Anthony maintained the affirmative of the question and were opposed by Ed O'Dowd and Stanley Hittner.

The finished and forceful presentation of the arguments for both sides evidenced the practical, beneficial results that may be obtained from attendance in the public speaking sessions. The budding orators still have mannerisms and minor defects to overcome before competing with Walsh and Bryan and Cochran—and our own Jim Stewart—but a solid groundwork has been laid. Experience will smooth off the rough edges.

Professors Crane, Brandel and Burns acted as judges and awarded the decision to the negative.

Before adjournment, Mr. John MacCormack, a member of the class in '17, and now a regular Four Minute Man, was called on for remarks. Mr. MacCormack responded with one of the best rapid-fire talks ever given in Moeller Hall. It was an inspiring plea for the Third Liberty Loan.

CAMP NEWS

TWO FROM—

Camp Morrison, Va., April 4, 1918.

Dear Father Reiner:

I received the last issue of the "Xaverian News," and we agree that it is a fine little paper.

I attended Mass at the Y. M. C. A. this morning, where many received the Sacraments. We are very grateful to the Y. M. C. A. for what they have done for us and the way they have done it. We may get a chaplain ourselves. It is hoped that none will have to go across without being prepared.

In Texas it was usually dry and dusty; here it is often wet and muddy. This is more of a swampy place and not very far above sea level. But we have our beautiful days. One afternoon as I strolled along the banks of the James, some of the boys were eating oysters from the shell. Can you beat that? The water looked inviting, but I had to pass up a swim.

With best wishes for you and all at St. X., I remain,

Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. DIESMAN.

626th Aero Squadron,
Aviation Branch,
Virginia.

—BILL DIESMAN.

Dear Father:

Many thanks for your letter and booklet. I am better for having read them. I would like to be in Cincy for a couple of days, but I am not at all sure of getting there.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. DIESMAN.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD.

On the Range, May 6, 1918.

Mr. Ren Mulford, Jr.,
Cincinnati:

Dear Friend:

How are you and all my old friends at St. X.? I suppose most of our old crowd are in the service now, for I know quite a bunch have gone.

We came out here last Friday—two batteries and one section from our company, and as I am ranking Sergeant in the section, I am in charge of our bunch, about twenty-five men. The range is located on the Scioto, about eleven miles south of Chillicothe. The guns fire up the valley towards Stony Creek, and surely throw those 60-pound shells quite a ways. We are using the 4.7 in howitzers for target practice, but will use the French 155 when we get into service.

We left camp at 9 a. m. and arrived here at 1 p. m. after a fourteen-mile hike. However we had several rests

on the way and nobody dropped out. We are quarantined in tents, and I like it fine. When the regiment finishes its shooting, which will take about a month more, we are expecting to be on our way "over there."

I have been recommended for the Fourth Officers' Training Camp and may get to go. Recent orders from Washington, however, stated that our division would have no Fourth Camp.

I met one of the boys from this year's Ad Class. I think his name is Mezer. I was going through one of the K. C. halls when he walked up and asked if I wasn't Favret. He had mistaken me for Louis—said we looked so much alike.

Louis says you have been having some very fine meetings and some talks by prominent business men.

Give my regards to the boys, and write when you can.

Yours most sincerely,

FRANK J. FAVRET.

Hq. Co. 324, F. A. (Heavy),
Camp Sherman, Ohio.

HE HAS THE SPIRIT.

Camp Forrest, Ga., May 8, 1918.

Dear Father Reiner:

No doubt you will be surprised to receive a letter from me at this point. We certainly were quickly vaccinated, inoculated and uniformed at Ft. Thomas—all in one day. Sunday we entrained for this camp.

It's a fine place. Plenty of "Forrest," nice training grounds, squirrels in the forest galore, birds whistling about us all day, and frogs and mosquitoes very prevalent at night.

Although a soldier here has not every comfort of life, including the surroundings of "Home, Sweet Home," still the spirit engendered by the officers is that we are each the same as the other. To make things pleasant and cheerful at all times, we must act like brothers and help one another when assistance is necessary. . . . However, with all the drafted men (who, by the way, are all from Covington) in our barracks, home does not seem so far away. We have comedians, singers, ball players and pugilists, and with these the spare time passes very quickly.

How is everything going on at St. X.? I know I shall not be homesick for now when the "Xaverian News" begins to arrive.

This morning I was placed as clerk in the Insurance Department. Just how long it will last I do not know.

With best regards and good wishes to the faculty and the students of the Department of Commerce, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH E. SCHMITT.

2nd Detachment Camp, 11th Brigade,
Co. 4, 5th Infantry,
Camp Forrest, Ga.

ANOTHER ST. X. LIEUTENANT.

Joe Albers, a former student of the Ad-Sales Class, emerged successfully from the third O. R. T. C. at Chillicothe, being one of the fortunates chosen for a commission. We feel proud over the signal distinction accorded one of our fellow students, and congratulate him very cordially. Army officials showed judgment in their selection, for Joe is fitted in every way by his natural endowments and beautiful character to be a leader of men. Our best wishes attend him. Send your bouquets to Camp Gordon, Georgia.

Another member of the Department of Commerce Faculty began service under the Starry Banner when Mr. Edward McCarthy, who directed the summer course in bookkeeping, left recently for Camp Sherman. Mr. McCarthy is the third to quit the present faculty for war service, the other two being Mr. Alfred Geisler and Mr. Elmer Conway. The former is at Washington, the latter at Camp Sherman.

Among the warriors who visited the College recently were John Heitker (home on a diplomatic mission), Ben Segal, W. C. Brown, Walter Cahill and Norton Herget.

Three recent departures for training camps somewhere in America were those of Joe Schmitt, Albert Niemer and Norton Herget.

Ad-Sales Class Personals.

Norton Herget, of the Public Speaking and Ad-Sales Classes, has joined the colors. He enlisted in the artillery and reported at Ft. Thomas. Ed O'Dowd was master of ceremonies at a little au revoir dinner given to him at Schmelsing's. Covers were laid for fifteen, including Mr. Philip Herget, the father of the guest of honor, and two of his brothers.

John F. Hess, after several months' serious illness, came back and received a warm welcome from his associates, who surely missed him.

Tracy Armstrong, of the advertising staff of the Cincinnati Post, carried off a trophy in a contest among the solicitors in a little ad-scramble of their own.

Ray Hobson received the congratulations of the class over his promotion to the Packard sales staff.

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Charles O'Dowd..... }
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Herbert A. Nieman.....Business Manager

MOTHER

Recently was celebrated the day that has been set apart for the particular honoring of mothers. Some cynic has said that Mother's Day is simply "one on which she gets up a little earlier than usual and works a little harder than usual to provide a good time for the rest of the family."

However that may be, the spirit behind the observation of Mother's Day is one of those refreshing manifestations of human kindness that do much to brighten up a selfish and unappreciative world. And rightly so.

Of all human emotions and affection under Heaven, the mother love is the truest, the purest, the brightest, the most lasting—and perhaps the least appreciated. Her uncomplaining sacrifice begins even before the birth of her child. She gives it life; she soothes its pain; she nurses and nurtures it to independence; she holds out high ideals for it to emulate; she chides away its faults and builds up its nascent virtues; in her hands, guided by her heart's love, its character is molded and trained more nearly akin to the divine original; she labors long and hard that her boy or girl may have the good things which she never knew; she transfuses her very life, as nearly as can be, into that of her child; she smiles away her pain when she sees her place in her boy's heart supplanted by another woman. She is never forgetful, never too tired to serve, never selfish, never untrue. She is an angel.

I spoke above of a cynic. No man can be cynical with the picture of his mother's sacrifice before him. It is the one human thing that is infallibly worthy of the faith that is placed in it. The very fact that a man meets much human weakness everywhere else is sufficient to make him more appreciative of the holiness of the mystery of mother love. From our enemies and our dearest friends alike may come, at some time or other, acts of thoughtlessness, selfishness, anger or pride that pain us grievously and sorely. But not so with mother. It is the man

who has traveled over the darker and rougher places of life and has realized the weakness of other affections that understandings the love of his mother best.

The world today presents a hideous panorama of prodigious destruction—a scene in which the predominant note would seem, at first sight, to be hate. But every soldier on the bloody battlefields of Europe is a man born of woman, one who has evoked the holy love of maternity, an emotion so pure, so like to Heaven that it is big enough to merge into itself the baser feelings of man, and in the end "bind us by gold chains about the feet of God."

What poor words of ours can express our knowledge and appreciation of our mothers' love and sacrifice? Even the voice of the poet seems weak and unavailing:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would follow me
still,

Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would come
down to me,

Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me
whole,

Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

Tired Feeling?

You've had it, of course. "Heady" and dull and listless!

Well, here's the remedy: GET TO WORK.

Half the tired feelings in the world never existed. They result from a 50-50 mixture of imagination and inertia—sometimes called laziness.

Don't take my word for it.

But the next time that you feel yourself slipping into a "dope" and thinking about how tired you are, just dig into a big pile of work with a full head of steam and see what happens.

"Work is the panacea of all ills," said a noted doctor recently. In its operation it is exhilarating, in its results it is tonic. The busy man, the man of ACTION, hasn't the opportunity to build up in his imagination that much exaggerated "tired feeling." He's too much occupied in DOING THINGS.

You don't need sympathy or patent medicines, but vigorous, constructive action. GET BUSY!

Bon Mots & What Nots

BY B. LUNN

Kruse—"Say, Hagedorn is losing his hair through worry."

Kuhlman—"So? What's he worrying about?"

Kruse—"Losing his hair."

A rural constituent, visiting Washington, was taken by his Senator to the gallery and told to enjoy himself. After looking about for an hour, the visitor approached the door-keeper.

"I'd like to leave for awhile," he said. "Senator Smith brought me here. You'll remember me and let me in again, won't you?"

"Certainly. But to make sure I'll give you the password for today. It's 'recognizance.'"

"What?" asked the constituent.

"Recognizance."

"H'm," said the man from the country; "I reckon I'll stay here."

Fred L.—"Are any of our law pros criminal lawyers?"

Al H.—"Oh, I guess not. I think they all know too much to overstep the line."

At any rate the fellow who hunts for a gas leak with a lighted match usually finds it.

Jones—"I thought he was investigating his family tree."

Smith—"He quit when he learned how many nuts it had borne."

Wenstrup—"Dad's just bought a Van Dyke."

Berger—"How many cylinders?"

We don't belong to the Liberty League. But we will concede that when England wanted to make her big push at Cambrai she had to call on her tanks.

Wife—"When I married you I didn't know you were a coward. I thought you were a brave man."

Hubby—"So did everybody else."

"Thirty-eight years ago I took a business course. That drill, that information, that education, I look back upon and count as being of the greatest practical value of any I've received."

—Lyman J. Gage

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury.

I want to say right here that when anyone offers to let you in on THE GROUND FLOOR, it's a pretty safe rule to take elevator to the roof-garden.

—Lorimer.

A PROBLEM IN COST ACCOUNTING

Did You Know—

That you are worth about \$1.05 to the Gas Company? That is, you would be if you were considerably changed and reconstructed. Here's the explanation: If you weigh approximately 150 pounds, you contain 3,500 cubic feet of hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen gas, which at 30 cents a thousand cubic feet would bring \$1.05. Feel complimented?

But you're not so badly off. Presumptively, at least, you're not merely gas. Your body also contains 50 lumps of sugar; and that fact alone, in the light of present prices, justifies the use of the air you breathe and the space you take up. Moreover, there are 20 spoonfuls of salt in your make-up.

Further, you contain enough fats to manufacture a 15-pound candle. That's illuminating. And you carry around more than 22 pounds of carbon—enough to make almost 1,000 lead pencils. Which may or may not have something to do with your good penmanship.

Then there is enough iron in your body to make a spike large enough to hold your weight.

Your "blue Mondays" may be explained by the fact that you're full of deadly poison—50 or more ounces of phosphorus—sufficient to kill 500 persons. Put to a better use, it would serve for the manufacture of 800,000 matches.

Irrespective of your belief on prohibition, you're a "wet" inside. You contain 38 quarts of water.

Hydrochloric acid, magnesium, starch, chloride of potash and sulphur are also tucked away in different places in your anatomy. The presence of the sulphur, in varying quantities, has been pointed to by some as an explanation of why some people make better matches than others. We can't say.

In brief—or, better, in general—if you break out 1,000 eggs into a tub you will have in a mass exactly the same physical elements that you yourself are composed of, from the pet callous on the sole of your foot to the most delicate tissue of your brain. 1,000 eggs at 4 cents apiece! And medical students would probably pay less than that for you for dissecting purposes.

Go look in the mirror!

LOYALTY is the one commodity that hasn't any market value, and it's the one you can't pay too much for. You can trust any number of men with your money, but mighty few with your reputation.

AD SALES ROUND-UP

(Continued from Page 1)

his talk, and he took the class on a word-pictured run through the great paper mills of the Thompson Company at Hamilton, O.

The May inaugural among the experts was delivered by Gordon E. Small, of Direct Advertising Service. He revealed many valuable secrets of the art of selling by mail and the interest aroused by his talk is best illustrated by the fact that the quiz that followed ran away past the usual closing bell. Oscar Reimert, one of St. Xavier's own and a grad of the Ad-Sales Class of '15-'16, came next and he was the star of the night devoted to a study of modern bank advertising. Mr. Reimert is with the Citizens' Bank and Trust Company, Newport, and knows whereof he speaks.

The student talks during these periods of helpful, expert presentation of dividend-paying information were all good. Henry J. Oanbrink, with the Ebbert & Richardson Co., spoke on "Printing as an Art," and he gave the boys a number of interesting peeps into the composing room. Francis J. Rose, of the Wadsworth Watch Case Company, of Newport, gave an insight into the wonderful business that is done across the river, where 20,000 watch cases are turned out every week. Mr. Rose paid tribute to the class as the greatest factor in his life in acquiring self-confidence. Joseph Ryan's contribution to the class symposium of personal experiences was his confession: "How I Ran My First Auto." Louis Holtmeier, of the American Book Company, told how books are bound. One of the most novel talks of the month was made by Joseph J. Feuerbach, the sales manager of Palm Bros. Co. He told the fabtled story of the beginning of the business of making decalcomania transfers. He showed the process that has saved time and expense, and gave souvenir transfer flags to all his fellow-students. Joseph G. Vesper, with the R. G. Dun Co., reviewed the place of a mercantile agency in the business life of today, and R. W. Willmes told something of the leather business.

Howard Sweeney was on the program for the last night of the year on the 24th. On that evening exams close. Prof. Ken. Mulford, Jr., presided at all the sessions and gave a number of his own papers on advertising and salesmanship.

I've always made it a rule to BUY BRAINS, and I've learned now that the better trained they are the faster they find reasons for getting their salaries raised. The fellow who hasn't had the training may be just as smart, but he's apt to paw the air when he's reaching for ideas. —Lorimer.

LOOK FORWARD.

They do me wrong who say I come
no more
When once I knock and fail to find
you in;
For every day I stand outside your
door
And bid you wake and rise to fight
and win.

Wail not for chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the
wane;
Each night I burn the records of the
day:
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that
have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf
and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with
its dead,
But never blind a moment yet to
come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your
hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I
can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so
deep
But might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all
aghost?
Dost reel from righteous indigna-
tion's blow
Then turn from blotted archives of the
past
And find the future's pages white as
snow.

Art thou a mourner? Then rouse thee
from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be
forgiven;

—Robert H. Malone.

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