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Social League Meeting

The Social League held its meeting in Moeller Hall on January 5th. The meeting was one of sorrow and one of joy. Sorrow as it was the farewell of our President, Father Heiermann, and joy of becoming acquainted with Father McCabe, our new President. The sentiment expressed by the faculty and student body was very impressive and it certainly must have been gratifying to both retiring and incoming Presidents.

Mr. George Budde, President of the Social League, favored Professor Blakely, of the Journalism Class, with the pleasure of acting as Chairman for the evening. Mr. Budde made a speech expressing deep sentiment of regret on behalf of the Social League on the retiring Father Heiermann.

Mr. Raymond Folz, Vice President of the Social League, heartily welcomed Father McCabe to our College. Professor Mulford, of the Industrial Organization Class, made a suggestion to Father McCabe, which, if adopted, no doubt will greatly benefit the College of Commerce and Journalism.

The next to be called upon to speak was Father Heiermann. He stated that he came to St. Xavier in 1911. The same year, with the assistance of the faculty, he established the College of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, College of Journalism, Advertising and Salesmanship. These night courses are in their infancy and therefore certainly a wonderful field for the incoming President to develop, and make the very best school in the state.

Father McCabe closed the meeting with a few words of having the pleasure in being connected with good old St. Xavier, and said that he would do all in his power to expand the College of Commerce and Journalism, the foundation of which was laid by his predecessor.
We see him tonight about to leave us at the call of one higher than himself. But, gentleman, he leaves behind him the foundation of an institution that will keep his memory always fresh in our minds. The Greater St. Xavier which will soon be reared in Avondale will be a mighty institution, gentlemen, and one which will be dear to every student and alumnus of Old St. Xavier.

Tonight we bid farewell to you, Father Heiermann, and with you go the good wishes and prayers of us all for that continued success in your new labors which has ever crowned your efforts at Old St. Xavier, Fathers Heiermann. In the name of the Social League, I bid you farewell!

Address of Welcome to Father McCabe

By Raymond Folz.

We have sustained a loss in Father Heiermann's retiring from his office, but our loss has been compensated by the appointment of our new President: a President who is well known in the educational world for the splendid results he achieved for two institutions whose destinies he guided, St. Mary's College, Kansas, and Marquette University, Milwaukee. Under Father McCabe's directorship, St. Mary's developed from a struggling institution into one of the foremost colleges of the West. Indeed, so great was the executive ability shown by its President that we were transferred to Milwaukee, there to guide the development of that university. Here again success attended his efforts. By inaugurating and developing various departments, notably those of Commerce and Journalism, by winning for the university the interest and support of the citizens, by raising the standards of studies, he helped Marquette obtain a place in the front rank of higher educational institutions.

Here we not every reason to hope that what he has accomplished for Marquette he will accomplish for Old St. Xavier, that he will carry to successful completion the splendid plans sponsored by Father Heiermann? Yes, he will bring to realization the meaning of that expression which is so often on our lips: A Greater St. Xavier!

Fitted with such hopes, we can assure you, Reverend Father McCabe, that you are welcome, thrice welcome.

Our Great Tradition—Should It Be Discarded?

Tradition has over played an important part in the world's history. Sometimes it has impeded, sometimes assisted nations. And all nations, large and small, have their traditions—good or bad, helpful or hurtful as the case may be.

America was never strong on tradition, and perhaps this circumstance has been largely responsible for her phenomenal development. But she has one great tradition, as potent as any of European nations. It centers about the presidency, and declares that the holder of the great office shall be elected for a term of four years; may succeed himself once, but afterwards must resign the office of further President.

Now comes the proposal to lengthen the presidential term of office from four to six years, and limit a holder by constitutional law to one term only.

The advantages of such a proposal are obvious. As things now stand a President is sorely tempted to play politics, from the day of his inauguration, until the second Tuesday of November, four years hence—for when has a President failed to avail himself if possible, of the logical second term? But if the proposal were submitted to the voters today, and buried beneath defeat in our great changeable America, to what agency would we subscribe its rejection? Tradition! Tradition!

And as who are convinced of its practical advantages, still ponder indecisively and ask: shall we accept the purely practical, or preserve America's greatest tradition?

J. George Gittings.

Hear Ye! Fellow Students of St. Xavier!

The Annual reception of the Social League will be given at Columbian Hall, Woodburn and McMillan streets, Walnut Hills, on Tuesday evening, February 6th. The grand march will begin at 8:30. All members of the Social League and of the Night College are cordially invited to attend.

The purpose of the reception is to give some enjoyment to the scholars of the night school. It therefore behooves everyone to partake of this enjoyment. Furthermore, it is necessary that every student favor us with his presence, as it is a success, financially and socially.

You will be more than pleased if you attend, as a very interesting program has been prepared by a very competent committee which consists of Messrs. Wm. Brown, Ray Farrar, Stanley Hittner, George Long and Wm. Tattle. The famous Huffman's Orchestra will furnish the music.

We wish to place particular emphasis on the fact that this reception will be strictly informal. In previous years a number of students did not attend as they were under the impression that it would be formal. However, this year, this excuse will not be accepted.

In regard to subscription, the committee has decided that the fee will be $1.50 a couple. This price may seem a little high, but it is not exorbitant when you take into consideration the expenses incident to operating an affair of this nature, and also the enormous enjoyments obtained.

Please see to it that you are present and do not forget the date and place—February 6th, Columbian Hall.

The Druggist.

In order to make a sale, good salesman-ship is required. However, sorry to say, it has been pointed out that this statement is not true in every respect. For example, go to a drug store for medicine. When you enter you are obliged to wait for the druggist, and to while away the time you finger through magazines on the stand. While you are busy at this, the druggist examines you from his compartment in the rear of the store, and contemplates of what your financial abilities consist. After having made up his mind in this respect, he comes out to wait on you. You hand him your prescription. He looks at it and tries to read the beautiful calligraphy of the doctor, which either he nor any other person can decipher, and it is doubtful whether the doctor can himself.

The druggist then looks you over again, and tells you to come back in a half hour. When you are gone he goes back to his compartment, takes the bottle from the case, opens the bottle which he has decided to give you, and if you have made the impression that you have any money, so to speak, he will give you a large bottle, but should his opinion be the contrary he will give you a small bottle. On your return he may have the medicine ready for you, but in most cases he will not.

On the question of charging he will get no much money from you as he possibly can. It has been conceded that druggists are the most adept persons in regard to getting the most money for their medicine, as the purchaser does not know the value of what he is buying.

You could not class this as good salesmanship, for salesmanship consists in inducing the prospective buyer to purchase one's goods. In this case the buyer desires to buy medicine, and only does so when conditions compel him. For he is fully aware as to what proposition he faces.
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Dean of the College of Arts, Detroit, when transferred to St. Xavier, Father McCabe had served as Rector of St. Mary's College, Kansas, and Marquette University, Milwaukee, and the soundness of purpose and the great results coming from his administration will be realized by old St. Xavier. There will be loyalty to his administration, with co-operation on the part of faculty and student body. The Social League will be one with him in the advance and permanent progress of the College—the progress which separates the false from the true and builds on foundations of faith and morals.

And so it—farewell to you, Father Heiermann, and welcome to you, Father McCabe!

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR.

After fifteen instructive lectures by Professor Moulitner, the course in Negotiable Instruments is ended. And, we, the students of that class, are better business men because of its teachings.

Not until he has reached the last stage of this three-year journey at St. Xavier does the student realize how the subjects dovetail one with another, and how the knowledge obtained in one class deepens and broadens and amplifies the knowledge he obtained in the other classes.

Negotiable papers, especially notes and drafts, are used every day in business life; they are contracts resulting from sales and purchases, evidence of good advertising—of possibly economic resources which have been transported to the buyer; they may be signed by agents; they frequently serve as money in their general acceptance in the banking world. Of course, a complete record must be kept in the accounting department, even if they are disclaimed because of bankruptcy, perhaps caused by a lack of sufficient insurance when the correspondent's building was destroyed by fire. The fire itself gave the journalists two columns of good news, and at banquetts the public speakers cited it as a case of killing a business without knowing how to run it.

Isn't it astonishing how all the subjects combine into a perfect whole?

THANKS.

The Journalists' job, the adage says,
To mould the world's opinion;
Some try to mould in 12-point type
And some rely on minion.

But whatever type the Printer-Man
Slicks for what we'd say,
We want to shape for all you folks
Good thoughts for Christmas day.

From University of Montana School of Journalism. Christmas, 1916.
But no longer is it the night of the past. The dark dim streets are now illuminated by clusters of powerful lights, aided by electric signs, everyday becoming more brilliant and elaborate. These give the touch of daylight that brings a welcome glow to the crowds.

Last seen of all that ends this strange and useful history is a second childishness and mere oblivion—Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.—Shakespeare's As You Like It.

This is yet another scene from my window—a picture of the future.

Herbert A. Nieman.

A VIEW FROM MY WINDOW.

Probably the most melancholy and cheerless sight to greet one eye upon gazing from his window is a cemetery. A more ghastly could hardly affect any serious morbidity on the mind, but when one has the time to gaze from his window he is invariably in a thoughtful mood, and when in this state of mind, with the sight directed at a cemetery, some very queer sensibilities and melancholy reminiscences are induced.

The window directly overlooks the old Catholic cemetery, established and first used about 1816. Its care has been neglected for the past fifteen years, partly because there is very little room for more burials and probably because the kin of those buried have forgotten them.

A modern cemetery impresses more of an air of commercialism. Its clean white perennials and gravel avenues, its short trimmed grass, its young pruned trees, its great and symmetrical monuments, its little white sexton's house, its little iron fence and fancy gates, all in neat, trim condition, together with an occasional visiting day crowd and prayer service, tend to deduce much of the mystery of its function, but even then a cemetery is cheerless enough.

The one which my window faces is far from this condition. Adding to its mystery and weirdness is its extreme dilapidation, due to long neglect. Its narrow rock roads, almost concealed by high tufts of grass which have grown between the stones, and cornerstones are completely hidden by the overgrowth of grass and vegetation. Its once young beautiful trees which formed a graceful outline hedge have grown to extreme heights and disgracefully crooked, but of them have died and rotted, leaving a mass of black, dry, crooked branches, much like a huge skeleton outlined against the sky.

Marble was not so extensively used in those days in monuments. The gravestones and monuments, some iron, some wooden and some lime-stone, have rotted, rusted or loosened from their settings and are leaning at various angles, like so many modern are leaning over the graves of the dead. The heavy iron chains which once decorated the vaults or enclosed the lots are now broken, leaving one piece dangling from each post, as though broken by something held in bondage. These pieces dangle and vibrate hideously against the iron or stone posts when the wind blows.

Very popular in those days was the building of iron fences around the lots with an entrance gate. These are rusting and crumbling and invariably the gates are open as though some one had gone out and in his haste left the gate open. Here and there in the tall grass one may discover a glass case containing many play things of a child, such as coral dolls, horses, tiny statuettes, etc. placed there many years ago by fond parents. There are also flags, medals, guns and swords evidencing the burial of soldiers. These must have been soldiers of the revolution or of the war of 1812.

Built in the sides of the hills are vaults like caves. The stone slabs which sealed these have loosened from their fittings and large oversteps were made. Some of the slabs are lying outward on the ground, though pushed out by some person leaving. The vaults are overgrown with ivy which has preserved the inscriptions on the stone. The inscriptions on many of the monuments which were exposed to the weather have been completely effaced and in their stead, may be seen the coloured tracks of snails, forming ghoulish figures on the stone, much like an attempt at communication by some mysterious hand.

The old sexton's house still stands, needed paint, boards and nails. The dilapidated porch and the broken wooden house complete the caretaker's home.

Around the cemetery stands, or nearly stands, the old white picket fence, with its different sized railings and leaning posts, the tops of which contain blue birds nests or warrens. To complete the mystery of the place, an occasional jack o' lantern flits around above the marshy or low places at night, sometimes causing great alarm among the neighboring families.

The sight of this cemetery at night and in winter time, presents a most picturesque scene, even though sad. Its entire air impresses one with mystery.

Recollections of picking violets, of being locked in a vault until hysterial, of watching a jack o' lantern while holding an elder's hand, of wild stories told by the old folks, tend to cause me to day dream when I gaze from my window.

Joseph Ahlers.

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