WITH THE AD-SALES BOYS

Echoes of Some Very Lively Class Sessions.

The Ad-Sales Class is surging right along in the same old enthusiastic way. Yuletide vacation joys and the coal shortage were responsible for a fortnight's break in the every Friday schedule.

December's class sessions were all interesting. It is a pleasure to note the manner in which the students are getting grips on themselves. Self-confidence is evident in the way in which many of them are taking personal part in the class discussions. The plan of introducing as part of the course—brief talks by each of the students—has been enthusiastically endorsed. Gerald Wills was the first to speak, and he gave a most comprehensive view of the leather situation. Tracy Armstrong, of the Cincinnati Post, explained the scope of Classified Advertising and told new tales out of school, how German spies had carried on their propaganda through Classified Advertising until the Government discovered the trick and checked it. Adolph Aschenmayer, with Chatfield and Woods, was listed for the third talk. His topic was "The Value of a Paper Towel." The student roll will be alphabetically called.

A red-letter night in class history was the one in which Jesse M. Joseph, President of the Advertisers' Club of Cincinnati and head of the Advertising Agency bearing his name, paid his annual visit to St. Xavier. Mr. Joseph has offered gold and silver medals—watch fobs—to be given to the students who present the best layout newspaper ads. The handsome trophies were shown to the class. The speaker talked on "Preparing Newspaper Ads" and gave several practical examples. He measured the model ads at 66 per cent attractive, 51 per cent brief, 15 per cent convincing, and 20 per cent placement or good position. Mr. Joseph urged simple language.

"I once used 'resplendent' in an ad of mine," he confessed, "and when the boss read over the copy of the proof (Continued on Page 8)"
A Merry Xmas to you! And may the coming year hold untold good fortune in store for you.

Professor Reiner,

The training and climate have done me good and I hope this Xmas will bring you the same.

With sincerest greetings,

WM. M. BRENNAN.

Camp Dodge,

Dear Friends and Old Pals at Old St. Xavier,

Your kind and interesting letter of December 15, together with the token of Christmas cheer, has been received and appreciated. Receiving a letter such as this, and the remembrance, brings back to me the many happy hours spent at old St. Xavier, and the good old boys of my accounting class and the Social League.

My advice to my old classmates is to keep up their good work in accounting and finance. I passed an examination for a United States expert accountant at Washington and two weeks ago received a telegram that I had received an appointment at $1450 per year. The commanding officer of our battalion and my company commander did their utmost to locate me in Washington, but on account of the war I could not be transferred to another branch of the service. I know if my old friends take up this exam, they certainly will make good.

As for the army life, I can say that during the three and a half months I have been here, it has been a wonderful education in every respect. I have gained twenty-one pounds and am taller than when I arrived. Our officers are polished men, have had past experience and take a great interest in the men. The 21st Machine Gun Battalion is made up of men from Covington and Newport, including the three first increments. Eleven-cent-per-case of this battalion is Catholic, and many of old St. Xavier's boys are very prominent. We will have a grand party here on Christmas day and I assure you I will not forget you and the boys on this day.

Hope that this letter will find you in the best of health and wishing you, the professors, and students, a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year. I remain,

Sincerely,

LIEUT. JOSEPH A. VERKAMP.
APPRECIATION
DON'T MENTION T. B. M.

Dear Father:
I want to thank you and the members of the Social League for the candy, cigarettes and the letter. That kind of thing helps a man much more than one in civil life would think.

Things are getting in better shape every day up here. The glad news that thirty per cent of the men would be allowed to go home for Christmas was announced yesterday and I surely hope I will be lucky enough to get a pass.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am,

Yours respectfully,

B. H. KROGER, Jr.

MORE GRATITUDES FROM TAYLOR

Dear Friends:
Received your box and certainly appreciated it to know that you all thought of us. Thanking you all a thousand times and wishing you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I remain,

Yours forever.

AL. SCHUH.

LIEUTENANT DUANE SPEAKS

The Social League,
St. Xavier College,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Friends:
I want to thank you for your kindness in sending me your box of Christmas. It really made me feel good. and while I did wish that I could be back home with the rest on Christmas, I was glad I was here because I knew the fellows were behind me.

I had a very enjoyable Christmas here at camp. Plenty of turkey, Christmas trees and presents for the men. A lieutenant and myself played Santa Claus by giving out presents to the men in Headquarters Company and I might add that every one received a present. By a present I mean any of it. I received at the College.

The fact of the matter is that I now have more "Blue Mondays" than ever before. They are due to the long periods between mail from home.

You also state that "If it is your fortune to go across, let this be your God-speed." I have had the good fortune to be "Somewhere in France" for the past four months, and have so far enjoyed my experience very much. My advice to the boys back home is just plain "Old Army Stuff" will be acceptable and available for publication.

Wishing all the boys of "Old St. Xavier" the best of success in their studies for the coming year, I remain,

An Old-timer of St. Xavier.

AL. SCHUH.

ED. NOTE.—The News will always be glad to receive letters from former Department of Commerce students who are now in service. Descriptions, personal experiences, or just plain "Old Army Stuff" will be acceptable and available for publication.

Business English

With admirable zest the men of the English classes are back from Christmas recess to go forward with the problems that confront them in 1918. Al Duane, of the advanced class, is the only man not to return. He has accepted a desk with Uncle Sam and will work "Somewhere in the East."

The work mapped out for the coming year will be ample to keep the classes on the jump if it is to be finished by June. There will be as much "English" as formerly, and more "Business."

Hershey and Sweeney, the pit bulls, are trying to organize a bowling club. May they prosper.

Later reports intimate that Charley Hogan may now be handling accounts for the government. He has taken an exam for expert accountant—which is to say that he passed. Some boy, that Charley.

BASKET BALL

By this time the boys are tossing the old pill around St. X.'s new gym. Prospects, which have always been poor on account of a lack of facilities, are the brightest we have ever had. The new floor is one of the best and roomiest in the city and is up-to-date in every particular.

Mr. Fisher, faculty manager, has arranged a high school tournament for the twenty-second and twenty-third of February. The championship of southern Ohio, northern Kentucky and Indiana will be decided and a number of trophies awarded.

HARRY BRIDWELL'S VENTURE

Harry Millane Bridwell, of the Advertising class of 1915-1916, has left the U. S. Lithographing Co. and has plunged into business for himself. With Arthur Fischer he is going in for commercial art and has located in the Second National Bank Building.
THE XAVERIAN NEWS

ARE YOU HUMAN?

You can't read anything to a soldier that he will appreciate more than a letter. Here are the names and addresses of "OUR BOYS." You know some of them at least. Sit right down and send off a wavy line note or two—and be honest in the knowledge that you've made somebody's path a bit brighter. DO IT NOW!

Herbert Buck, Co. C, 147th N. F. Infantry, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
Arthur F. Conaway, Co. A, 316th Infantry, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.
Ray Folz, one of the Ad-Sales boys in 1914-1916, and now located in Detroit, ran down to spend the Christmas holidays with his people. In a recent ad contest conducted by the Detroit Street Car Company, Mr. Folz carried St. Xavier's colors on to the top and captured the first prize.

The Social League is to be congratulated upon obtaining the services of such an authority upon such an instructive and timely topic. The League wishes to express its thanks to the General Hospital, and his practice is limited to diseases of the skin and blood. The fact that he spoke as an expert served to make his address the more interesting, and he held his listeners attentive for something more than an hour and a half.

On Friday evening, December 14, the Social League was afforded an unusual treat in the well-known address of Dr. C. J. Broeman of this city, on "Keeping Yourself Fit." Despite the inclemency of the weather and the fact that there were various other activities in town, a large audience was on hand to hear the talk and were not disappointed in its expectations.

The first part of the lecture dealt with the subject Dr. Broeman started the illustrated part of his lecture. The adages used, two hundred in number, possessed the unusual qualification of being a united and logical whole. First was shown the typical story that resulted from neglect of health; then specific cases and their methods of treatment and care. The lecture was made more effective by the invitation of the doctor to ask any question that might present itself to his auditors.

Chas. B. Shinnerton, 145th U. S. Infantry, M. G. Company, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
Sgt. Louis Struthers, Q. M. Corps, National Army, care American Expeditionary Forces, France.

DO IT NOW!

Two—and be happy in the knowledge that you've made somebody's path a bit brighter. DO IT NOW!

Keep Fighting

Let coward dream of sheltered ease. Your place is on the firing line. You honor yourself and humanity most when you struggle day and night for whatever you have started out to do that is worth while.

No matter what it is a living to make, a personal weakness to overcome, an obligation to fulfill, or an ambitious purpose to accomplish, you must not stop or turn aside. Held firm to your purpose.

It is as cowardly for you to give up a struggle before you are everpowered as it is to retreat and say "I can't" without trying.

Arm yourself with an iron will, tempered with justice and kindness and keep fighting toward the goal you wish to reach until you stand victorious, or have spent your last ounce of energy in an honest effort to gain the victory.

For you, great failure—any or all of them may have a strangling hold on you, but what will you gain by giving up? Nothing but the immediate realization of the doom against which you are struggling.

Keep your self-respect and your power of will and you can build empire out of the ashes of ruin into which today's fights may crowd you.

Put fight into your determination—put iron into your purpose—defy your environment and your circumstances to crush you from the ambition to be what you want to be, to do what you want to do.

Square your shoulders to the fight. Let every hour that you live, every thought you think, every breath you draw be imbued with one indomitable resolution to stay in the battle and keep fighting—say, more; to advance to the place where the fighting is thickest.

You have the ability to win. Use it! Don't be a quitter.

Your God is the God of Faith, Strength and Justice. Against everything that would defeat your life's work hurl the daily defiance: "I am unconquerable!"

RAY FOLZ VICTOR

Ray Folz, one of the Ad-Sales boys in 1914-1916, and now located in Detroit, ran down to spend the Christmas holidays with his people. In a recent ad contest conducted by the Detroit Street Car Company, Mr. Folz carried St. Xavier's colors on to the top and captured the first prize.

Mr. Folz came down from Detroit to spend the holidays in his old home.
The Xaverian News

Bon Mots & What Not
by J. Luxe

A Reverse
Before each Christmas rolls around
I start to give the folks my thanks,
Because I know my gifts will be
Some ties and socks and shirts and books.

But this year, I am glad to say,
They handed me a big surprise.
For in my box I found
Some hanks and shirts and socks and ties.

Now?
Coal furnish in Cincy? Have a look
From the top of the Union Central
We can run a locomotive from here
to somewhere on the carbon that's floating around over our heads.

Wise Willy
Teacher—Willy, what is the derivation
Of "compliment"?
Willy—From English "con"—hot air;
And Latin "pleo"—to fill.

After Two Months at Sherman
Lieut. (instructing)—Private Jones,
How many men in that crowd over
There digging a trench?
Private Jones—Eight privates and an officer.
L.—How do you know that is one of many
P. F.—Because he's the only one that's not working, sir.

Savvy?
You should not
Say "Son Mot."
Be French, y'know,
'N say "Gen Mot."

Impossible Things
An engagement ring that isn't grand,
Sensible Christmas gifts
The Kaiser.
A comfortable dress shirt.
A baby that isn't cute.
A wide-awake cabaret-hour on January 1.
A seat in a Crosstown car.

Graduate!
Myers—Did the boys seem happy to
Leve for France?
Glad—Happy! My dear, they were
In transports.

STUDENT ENLISTMENTS

Have you enlisted?
Many a time, when you see a demonstration by the boys in khaki or abroad, you ask yourself seriously why you haven't volunteered, don't you? When you realize that so many of your friends have gone, you feel as though you would be with them. It sometimes seems that you are strangely alone back home and that you should be away and in the service.

All of which is quite natural; and without the existence of the Selective Service Law your duty would be to offer your brains and body to your government. But since that law is in operation, it is no indication of a lack of patriotism for you to wait for the time when authority is ready to place you at the station you are best able to fill.

A prime purpose of the questionnaire is to determine the exact ability of each individual registrant, so that he may be designated to that service which most needs him and for which he is best prepared. It shows no want of spirit to allow your country to call you at the station you are best able to fill.

You are sure of seeing service. The best informed men agree that the war must go on for years and there will be no decrease in the need for men. The patriotism of today prompts today's enlistments. But the patriotism that looks ahead, the patriotism that prompts its possessor to continue to fit himself to serve later is no less laudable. Even after the war, a patriotism which looks ahead, the patriotism that prompts its possessor to continue to fit himself to serve later is no less laudable.

Operation, it is no indication of a lack of patriotism for you to wait for the time when authority is ready to place you at the station you are best able to fill.

We must not be penny wise and pound foolish. The student who continues to prepare himself by drilling his intellect, so as to be at his best when his government calls, will do as much for his country as his fellow who answers the first call. The draft will call us when we are needed and place us where we are needed. Assuredly, then, there is no real necessity, from motives of patriotism or reason, of our taking on ourselves the determination of these questions.

A Reverse
Before each Christmas rolls around
I start to give the folks my thanks,
Because I know my gifts will be
Some ties and socks and shirts and books.

But this year, I am glad to say,
They handed me a big surprise.
For in my box I found
Some hanks and shirts and socks and ties.

Now?
Coal furnish in Cincy? Have a look
From the top of the Union Central
We can run a locomotive from here
to somewhere on the carbon that's floating around over our heads.

Wise Willy
Teacher—Willy, what is the derivation
Of "compliment"?
Willy—From English "con"—hot air;
And Latin "pleo"—to fill.

After Two Months at Sherman
Lieut. (instructing)—Private Jones,
How many men in that crowd over
There digging a trench?
Private Jones—Eight privates and an officer.
L.—How do you know that one is an officer?
P. F.—Because he's the only one that's not working, sir.

Savvy?
You should not
Say "Son Mot."
Be French, y'know,
'N say "Gen Mot."

Impossible Things
An engagement ring that isn't grand,
Sensible Christmas gifts
The Kaiser.
A comfortable dress shirt.
A baby that isn't cute.
A wide-awake cabaret-hour on January 1.
A seat in a Crosstown car.

Graduate!
Myers—Did the boys seem happy to
Leve for France?
Glad—Happy! My dear, they were
In transports.

AD-SALES BOYS

As said, "What does that mean?" "It means," I replied, "that it is going to go out of the editor's words that your college boy will understand."

On another evening the class instructor, Ben Malnoff, Jr., gave hismime paper, "Heavy Hitting in Advertising." It was filled with stories of the advertising punch.

On the last session before Christmas, the class sent an autographed letter of greeting to George W. Bauble, our fellow student, who had enlisted in the U. S. Marines and is at Pensacola, Fla.

Christmas came early to the class, President C. D. Hogan "subbed" for Santa Claus and every fellow who had brought a little gift showed in the distribution of presents. Stanley Kitzman and Edward J. Ingersoll, who were here from Washington, were class guests. Each student unwrapped his gift as he received it to the hilarious delight of the merry-makers. The presents ran the way from 11 cents in real money to cigarettes cases, ivory soap, cigarettes, and a 1918 jingle. The class professor gave each of the boys an autographed Christmas letter.

Messages came from C. J. Roll, in service at Camp Sherman, Assistant Postmaster for his regiment, January's outlook is fine. Ben Sexton, advertising and sales manager for C. W. Brennan Co., will tell "Some Christmas Titles of the Hard—"sales successes made possible by good advertising."Putting News Into Newspaper Advertising" is another paper the instructor has prepared on timeliness in advertising. Melville Snowden, of Ph. Morton's staff, and Harry W. Grafe, editor of "The Underfeed News," are two speakers soon to come.

Among the souvenirs of the month were tickets "Through Death Valley," distributed with the compliments of Norton Herget, with the Dodge Brothers.

Bookkeeping

The medal (if there is a medal, which I suppose there isn't) for attendance for the first half of the current year, must go to the class in Bookkeeping. Only one man has been lost so far—Jailer, who is in the army—and the rest of the class are consistently in attendance. In fact, it takes something like a Green Line ticket, or Mr. Burns' absence to keep us away.

Part I of our work was completed on December 2. Now for the home stretch.
GOVERNMENT RAILWAY CONTROL

So many happenings of tremendous import have occurred since the beginning of the war that the magnitude of the recent step of the government in taking over control of the railroads is almost lost sight of. It is taken for granted of course. Yet it works a very material change in the biggest of American industries and engenders some economic theories that have been held sacred for years.

That "competition is the life of trade" has gone into the discard. That has been an axiom reiterated by business men, preached by politicians, and insisted upon by college professors for the last several generations: and by a stroke of the pen our president has dispelled its popularity and good standing, perhaps forever.

Railway managers have gone on, limit out of mind, rabidly rebating and bidding for business with high-handed solicitors and luxurious passenger service. Yet immediately upon the adoption of governmental control they were converted from the "competition" to the "consolidation" idea. It is a terrible felt that a long respected principle has received.

It is claimed that one of the effects to be looked for under government control is the resignations of many of the high-salaried officials whose executive ability has made the roads successful and whose resignations will be considerably lessened. This may be an evil, but it will be a temporary one. Big men are undoubtedly needed: but "no man is so good that some one else can't take his place." There are subordinates and assistants equally who have ability without platitudinous ideas and who are capable of filling the high places. Moreover, since competition is only a memory, skilled competitors will be quite useless.

It is doubtful what effect the change will have upon the men in the ranks. The proposed activity for a 40 per cent increase has been postponed for 60 days; but the Brotherhoods still claim the constitutional right to strike. The situation may be tense when the 60 days have been accomplished.

By and large, the country seems to favor the step taken by Mr. Wilson. Conditions in rail traffic for the past twelve months have been intolerable. It would be a poor change, indeed, that was not a change for the better. And since the railroad heads were granted full opportunity to solve their own problems if failed, they had nothing else to expect.

Government control, or ownership, will succeed. Once the mighty engine of centralized authority has been ad

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the troubles that came your way
With a studied heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble is a son, or a trouble is an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt
But only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come back with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat.
But to lie there—that's the disgrace.
The harder you're thrown why, the higher youClimb;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?
And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you've battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a bound,
And whether he's slow or spry.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt
What counts.
But only—how did you die?
—Edmund Vanos Cooke.

SUPPORT THE ATHENAEUM

The students of the Department of Commerce would do well to become better acquainted with "The Athenaeum," the magazine of the college.

It is a quarterly, published by the men of the day school, and maintains a very high standard. It follows the make-up of the usual college magazine and is under the management of an exceptionally able staff.

The Christmas issue is typical of what may be consistently expected from the publication. A number of short stories, some verse, an essay, the editorials, chorale, class and alumni notes are all of interest, especially to students of the institution.

The news depends the support of the students of this department. Special subscription rates are to be had on application to the secretary. It will be a good "buy" for you.

When wilt Thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy, when?
Not Kings and Lords—but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God are they.
Let them not pass like weeds away!
Their heritage a sunny day.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

—W. Elliott.