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Half-Tone made at the Institute.



ROSA MYSTICA



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## MERCHANT OF VENICE

TO BE READ, NOT PLAYED.

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**D**R. JOHNSON maintained that *many* of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted. Lang boldly asserts that they are *all* better when rehearsed only on the private stage of the reader's minds. May we then be permitted to affirm that, at least, one of Shakespeare's plays, "The

Merchant of Venice," is, in our humble opinion, far more interesting when read than when played.

After a serious study of "The Merchant of Venice," we naturally form our own personal ideals concerning the dramatic personae of the piece. Instinctively we go to a representation of this play with these our own ideals on the brain, and, not unfrequently, we thus expose ourselves to a sore disappointment; for it often happens that an important role, that of Shylock for instance, may be so personated by an actor, as to be directly adverse to our personal conception of the Venetian Jew. It is truly astonishing how the great dramatic artists differ in interpretating the part of this unfortunate Hebrew; and, strange to say, each actor claims to elicit for himself, the eulogium that Pope made of Macklin:

"This is the Jew

"That Shakespeare drew."

Thus Kean and Mansfield represent Shylock as a sympathetic patriarch, nursing the wrongs done to him and to his religion; a pathetic figure, succumbing under the burden of heaping indignation, but majestic and awful in his final resentment. Brooke, Wallack, and Boothe come nearer to the Jew as depicted to us by our fancy; they make of him a vile usurer, animated with a blind hatred for all Christians, but especially for those who charitably lend money to unfortunate debtors.

Portia, Jessica, and Antonia are also the *victims* of the most contradictory interpretation. This varied representation of such standard roles, far from furnishing a clearer knowledge of the play, tend to render it very obscure. The only remedy for such an evil is to make personally a quiet and serious study of this most beautiful and simple comedy.

We are sometimes inclined to forget that Shakespeare is the greatest of poets, and, consequently, many of his dramatic characters are more poetical, more ideal, than real or human; we, therefore, cannot expect that full justice be done them, even by our most renowned "star" performers; we can never hope to see them on the stage as we behold them in our imagination.

The high gravel-blinded Gobbo, the sorry jester, Launcelot, the dusky Prince of Morroco, the "walking gentlemen" Salamo and Salarino, the faithful Bassanio, and the sprightly Gratiano, are, we admit, rather prosaic and easily "made up." But the witchery, the romance, and the recklessness of Jessica defy all reproduction. The love of Jessica, and Lorenzo reminds us of the bliss of Elysian souls; at Belmont, their intense mutual affection transfigures them and they appear to us as poetical types of charmed desire, the delight of the eye, the earthly beatific vision.

What mortal could adequately personate the genuine Portia of Shakespeare? Her penetrative wisdom, lively wit, kindness of heart, and nobleness of soul, are verily not of this world. Portia and Jessica are daughters of dreams, not bound by flesh and blood. They wear forms purely spiritual, fairer, younger, more delicately matured than any lady in or out of the "profession." At the theatre, we may see a very pretty, clever, well-dressed lady playing Portia; but, even without

leaving home, we can see an infinitely more perfect Portia in the poet's page and on the stage of our inmost fancy. Shylock's indignation, his hatred, his greed, his ferocity, and especially his hebraic spirit of revenge, can be better pictured by the imagination than represented on the stage.

To say all of this, of course, is to be wofully out of the fashion of Shakespearian revival. It is to confess one's self hopelessly untheatrical; it may be even that one is treasonable to Shakespeare, who certainly wrote only for the stage. But the authority of Dr. Johnson, himself a dramatic author, and of Andrew Lang, who is not the least of modern critics, amply justify our view. The poetry of the "The Merchant of Venice" seems to us to die in the glare of the foot lights, and in the mannerisms of stage pronunciations.

JUNIOR.

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## TO BROTHER.

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We laid him in the family plot  
Where some were laid before;  
In solitude, but not forgot,  
He sleeps forevermore.

By day his spirit hovers near;  
By night it calms our rest  
And to us says: "Be of good cheer;  
The ways of God are best."

—EDWARD C. SCHOEN, '03.

## TEJUAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Texas in the Days of the Missions.

(From the German.)

CHAPTER V.—Tejuan's Daughter.

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**D**ON JESU had soon made the round of his acquaintances in the Mission. There were but few cavaliers in San Jose, and no more in Conception and San Antonio. The last named Mission flourished somewhat later than San Jose; the two other Missions did not yet exist. Jesu met but two men in the Mission who did not bore him; they were Padre Francesco and Tejuan. He took special delight in the Indian chief's company; with him he went hunting and fishing, and at times accompanied him long distances in search of a strayed horse, and in course of time became proficient in many things that a hunter finds useful; and Tejuan loved the young man.

Crossing another's threshold was not customary at the Mission with the exception of the Padre's whose single apartment stood open to all. Only the greatest intimacy which made one a member of the family, could let down this barrier. The men gathered in the courtyard where they gossiped squatting in a circle, or cowered around a fire if the weather was chilly. The women and girls had their rendezvous at the river, where they did their washing, or at the canal, or also at dusk before the doors of their huts. The children also had their play-grounds.

Jesu became so intimate with Tejuan that no one thought it strange, not even the punctilious captain, that he should enter the chief's hut or go thither to fetch him for an outing.

As previously mentioned, Tejuan had a daughter of perhaps sixteen summers, he himself being in the fifties close on to sixty. Rose as he called her, was of white complexion only a faint tint given evidence of her Indian descent; her form was still that of a child as were also her views and thoughts. A

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



TEJUAN

close observer could, at first sight, note the absence of a mother's guiding hand which even the tenderest love of a father is unable to replace. Rose was the most talented scholar of the Padre under whose supervision a lay brother taught the boys and a Spanish woman the girls.

One day it happened that Tejuan and Jesu returned earlier than usual from a hunting expedition. The sun stood high in the heavens and Jesu entered Tejuan's hut as if it were his home. Meanwhile Rose came home from school. Her father naturally bade her read something from her Bible History in order to show her accomplishments to the captain's son. Accordingly she took the book and, in the act of opening it, her eyes fell on Jesu. She turned the leaves of the book quite undecided where to begin. "Read from the page that is open before you," said her father. She began but her voice quivered and the book almost fell from her trembling hands. "Enough" said Tejuan, "fetch us some water."

Oh! how relieved she felt!

Jesu laughingly confessed later that during the following night those eyes, which had so modestly looked at him, continually haunted him. In his dreams he fought with a Comanche, threw him and was about to knife him, when lo! he saw those very eyes and features in the savage's head and his hand was stayed. He aimed at a racoon perched on a tree and—there were the same eyes, the raccoon's figure paled and assumed the shape of Rose's countenance. Again he lay in Tejuan's hut; Rose was wafted in on the breeze holding her book and with eyes riveted on him.

Jesu henceforward never entered Tejuan's hut when he suspected that Rose was there.

She was still a child though sixteen years of age. A year had now passed since the arrival of Jesu at San Jose and during that time she had often seen and admired him just as children admire what is large and beautiful. She gazed often through a crack in the wall, at Jesu when he mounted his horse or stood on the threshold of her dwelling. Once he was absent for several days; he had accompanied a returning wagon train to the Rio Grande as a safe guard against attacks. The Missions had never before seemed so lonesome and abandoned to Rose as during those days.

Rose grew up ere she was aware of it. Mothers say that children who habitually use a mirror will not become beautiful. This is not superstition but sound reason. Children, though they be beautiful, are never satisfied with the gifts conferred on them by Almighty God, but distort their features so long in front of the mirror or the darkened window that the distortions remain. "If you gaze into a mirror the devil looks out at you." This also is very true—the devil of vanity stirred up from the depths of the human heart looks into the mirror, and quite naturally looks out again. This was not the case with Rose, as neither looking glasses nor glass windows were to be found at the Mission; not even a well existed over which she might bend to behold a nymph. God, who has made all things well, has, as a special privilege, given some persons great beauty and others less. Rose was a beautiful child and eventually became a still more beautiful young lady, but she knew it not. No one pointed it out to her. Her playmates called her the "White Girl." There was no white maiden at the Mission—families come with reluctance to such a distance in the backwoods—on this account she considered it as a bitter reproach, and thought she must resemble the old Corporal or, what is worse, the wife of a merchant who was a veritable Hecate.

Our Lord, she mused, had nevertheless made amends for this supposed defect for had she not a good, respected father and what is more did she not learn a good deal more than the others. Tejuan denied her no occasion to develope and perfect her talent, and he stood in need of no services on her part, except that he dispatched her for water. Her zeal in the fulfillment of her religious duties kept pace with her progress in wisdom and knowledge. She, alone of all the Indians, in company with Donna Guadalupe, the school-mistress and the laybrothers frequented the sacraments.

It was the second year of Don Jesu's sojourn at San Jose, (his arrival was a time-establishing event) that something of importance occurred.

At times, when the canal ran dry, the drinking water was obtained from the river. This took place especially when the upper Labor was flooded; again when repairs on the dam and

canal were urgent, or when rushing torrents from the prairie had played havoc with the canal. Besides the women generally preferred the river. At one of its windings, where it comes closest to the Mission, there is a beautiful open spot; mythology would have placed the nymphs there. Thickly overgrown with wild grapes and shaded by nut trees, the clear limpid stream rushes over mossy beds of rock. Beyond lies the virgin forest dense and impenetrable on this side, and separated from the prairie's edge by a creek, an affluent of the river, is a small island. This same creek is fed by crystal springs from which shoots forth the most lovely green; at the present day this creek is a morass. There the women loved to linger, to wash and to gossip. The field, which extended from the Mission to the island, was of little value for agriculture. Close by the Mission were orchards which refused to yield fruit; the remainder was fenced in as a paddock for the more valuable horses, either because they were too good to range on the prairie or because they might be wanted at short notice. Jesu's horse was pastured there.

Jesu went to find his corraled mount but as none were in sight he concluded that they were at the river and thither he proceeded. There where the prairie sinks to the river the wild grapes form a natural canopy over the path. He went down this path, and at the same time Rose, with a jar of water on her head, came musing along. As she raised her eyes she became so confused that the jar fell to the ground at her feet, and was shattered. Disconcerted she stood there in her wet dress and covered her face with her hands. What Jesu said to her then she could not call to mind later on. She knew however that he spoke kind words, and that she herself, being unable to say why, had forgotten, as long as he spoke to her, to move from the spot.

Jesu never went to that place again, seeing what harm he had occasioned by the breaking of a water jar. The following night he dreamt about the shattered jar. Rose stood before him, her hands concealing her face. Her hands faded and Rose stood before him a book in her hand, and her eyes fixed intently upon him in the path, overgrown with vines, with the fragments of the jar at her feet. Alasan raised his proud immediately behind Rose.

Shortly afterwards Jesu, as he had often done before, went for evening instruction to the chapel, though his father, without exactly forbidding it, looked upon this practice of his son with little favor. "Of what profit is it to you," said he to Jesu, "he speaks only for the Indians."

As soon as he entered the chapel the Indians respectfully made way for him. He would have preferred to remain in the rear with the men but they opened a passage for him in front and closed in on him behind. Having reached the foremost men, the women arose and finally the children; the Padre then stepped forward and beckoned him to be seated beside the altar, a place whence he might survey the whole congregation. A better grouping than they presented the most skillful artist could not have made, for impelled by no regulation they had assembled thus by what a sense of propriety taught them was most befitting. In the front ranks in good order were the children; then came the young ladies quiet and all attention; the women with an earnest and devoted demeanor, all squatting or sitting on mats; finally came the men with their broad shoulders and immense chests like tamed tigers or lions converted into lambs, kind and humble though conscious of their strength.

The air was rather sultry in those close quarters; Jesu's breast heaved as if burdened with a heavy weight. He knew not whether he was awake or in a dream. The countenance which presented itself so often in his dreams again appeared to him, only the eyes, instead of gazing on him, were looking intently at the Padre; neither was the broken jar there nor the book. There was a hectic flush on his cheeks, then he became paler and paler. The chapel with its inmates sank to one side, moved into the far distance, and then began by degrees to turn faster and faster. The Padre's voice seemed to come from an immense distance; Jesu was not weak though easily led by his feelings. He recovered himself and shook off the weight that oppressed him. Nevertheless he sighed for the close of the instruction. It came and he went straight home, and appeared disturbed and absent-minded in the presence of his parents; soon he betook himself to dream of the face, which like a ghost, haunted him unceasingly.

Jesu never attended the instructions in the chapel any more. The witchery from which he suffered rapidly increased. He understood that he would finally be compelled to shun not only Tejuan's hut, the nook at the river and the chapel, but also the court, yea even his own house and the Mission itself. This, however, was simply impossible. Being twenty-three years of age he became aware that either a weakness or foolishness, he knew not which, had taken full possession of him. Often, without the slightest cause or reason, he wandered aimlessly about. He would saddle his horse and ride away, though he knew not whither, until he had ridden a good distance and returned.

Rose was four years younger than Jesu, and without transition she had developed from a scholar into a teacher. She was tall and slim and laid aside the actions of a child without losing at the same time her simplicity and innocence of heart. Donna Guadaloupe, who loved Rose both for her virtues and the eminence of her father, was a mother to her in so far as by word and action, she kept her in a condition suited to the outward appearance of a young lady. Since she had grown up she was no longer reckoned among the Indians, but among the Whites. Tejuan let all this happen. A mystery hovered over Rose's descent, many even doubted if Tejuan was her father. The Padre alone knew the secret, but he answered no questions put to him on the subject, except that he testified with great firmness to Tejuan's fatherly rights.

GEO. P. HEITHAUS, '04.

*(To be continued.)*



DAY DREAMING.

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Sweet reverie, beguiling men's dull hours,  
With pleasant dreams from out of mem'ry's store,  
Come tell, in the soft accents of the flowers,  
The joys and hopes of happy days of yore,  
And bid the doleful past unloose the door  
If childhood's joys in sweet old bye-gone days,  
And on the wings of fancy let us soar  
To higher climes, and in the sun's warm rays,  
Let's grow from old to young, be loved and love always.

Let's garb ourselves in that bright raiment, hope,  
Having all joys and pleasures which we crave.  
Yea, bid the gates of Paradise to ope,  
That we may know the peace beyond the grave.  
Let's dream we're strong and resolute and brave,  
And conquerors upon this mortal stage.  
For life is half a dream, both fool and knave  
Indulge in which as well as learned sage,  
And hope's the spark of life, for life were else a cage.

—J. A. PILON, 05.

## EDGAR ALLEN POE.

UPON the roll of American authors a few names stand prominently forth among the many. With each of these is associated some accident of condition, some memory of original or eccentric genius through which it arrests attention and claims our special wonder. Most conspicuous among these lights of intellectual genius is Edgar Allen Poe. Few poets have been more praised and more censured than he, and upon closer consideration the fact is not altogether surprising. He was unique among his fellows—so different from any other writer that America has produced as really to stand alone, to constitute a class by himself. He is the only American poet of whom it may truly be said that from first to last he was a literary man. From his earliest age he worshipped the muse of the Divine Art, and when cast adrift upon the frothing sea of life he relied upon nothing save his ready pen with which to paddle the tiny bark of his existence. His devotedness to his ideal cannot fail to win our applause and the subsequent misfortunes which his loyalty obliged him to undergo elicit our warmest sympathies. Like all great poets he was not appreciated in his day. He was too far removed from the sphere of ordinary men to be understood by them, and his bones like those of Shakespeare were already mouldering beneath the sods ere the world woke up to give due credit to his genius. The epitaph that was written for Butler might well with a slight modification be applied to Poe.

"While Edgar Allen Poe was yet alive  
No generous patron would a dinner give.  
See him when starved to death and turned to dust  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate in emblem here is shown,  
He asked for bread and he received a stone."

The life of Poe is teeming with interest. Yet it seems that from first to last the heavy hand of fate was upon him—yea visited him even in his grave. Let us briefly trace a few incidents in his strange melancholy career.

The law of chance has much to do in the life of every man, and Poe was no exception to the rule. In fact chance and fate may be said to have woven the texture of the poet's life, the one spinning the woof and the other the warp. His very existence was the result of a chance meeting between a dissolute Maryland boy and an actress, Elizabeth Arnold. The poet, the second of three children was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. From his father he inherited Italian, French and Irish blood together with those weaknesses of character which were his ruin in later life; from his mother, English blood and many of his better traits. Two years after Edgar's birth the hapless parents died at Richmond, both in the same week. Edgar found a protector in Mr. Allen a wealthy merchant who was married but without a child. The boy's beauty and precocity won the heart of this gentleman who gave him a father's care. Great pains were taken to secure a good education for him. When eight years old he accompanied Mr. Allen on a trip to England, and attended school at Stoke-Newington. At ten we find him in Richmond pursuing classical studies with much eagerness, and with no mean success, but neglecting his mathematics. Even at this early age he gave signs indicative of his latent genius, in the form of verses. Like Pope he lisped in numbers and the numbers came.

On 1826 he completed his course at the University of Virginia with high honors, but after much dissipation and gambling, which deeply involved him in debt and resulted in a rupture with his guardian. He then enlisted in the army and served for nearly two years. At the death of Mrs. Allen he secured a furlough, returned to Richmond and effected a reconciliation with his benefactor. Through the influence of Gen. Winfield Scott he gained admission into West Point. But the severe discipline of military life was not in harmony with his tastes and disposition, and after trying in vain to secure his recall, he effected his own expulsion. A classmate of Poe's, writing of this period of the latter's life says that "his acquaintance with English literature was extensive and accurate, and his verbal memory wonderful. He would repeat both prose and verse by the hour and seldom or never repeated the same passage to the same person."

Poe's dismissal from West Point once more severed his ties with Mr. Allen; this time the rupture was complete and lasting. The same event marked the beginning of his professional career which extended with brief but frequent intermissions till 1849, the year of his untimely death. The success of his "MS. Found in a Bottle" brought him the acquaintance and esteem of such literary men as Kennedy, Latrobe, and Miller, as also friends and local reputation.

For several years he continued to write for different magazines many of those weird unearthly stories that fill the reader with alternate fear, horror, dislike and admiration.

In 1836, on the 6th of May, he married his cousin Virginia. Being a man of good sense, he quickly realized that the best way to attain success is, not to wait till it comes to you, but to go in pursuit of it. We are not surprised then to find him at work for the "Southern Literary Messenger," "The Quarterly" the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Graham's," "Godney's," the "Mirror," the "American Review," and various other fosterers of literature that flatter the public tastes. But despite his untiring efforts, the "shekels" were not forthcoming. This throws some light upon the frequent, yea ever-present discrepancies in his life: the poet, worshipping beauty, his ideal, the author writing for a livelihood; his versatile industry and his object poverty—and we are surprised that the sensitive feminine spirit did not sooner succumb in the face of such obstacles. Misfortune upon misfortune fell to his lot, and in his moments of despondency,—despondency akin to despair, he took to bad habits. In explanation of his irregularities he wrote the following to a friend. "Six years ago the greatest evil which can befall a man, befell me. Six years ago, a wife whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever and underwent all the agonies of death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year, the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. Then again, again, and even once again at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death—at each occasion of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. I became insane with intervals of horrible sanity. During these

fits of insanity I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity.” Further on, in answering his mean and vindictive assailants he says: “I have absolutely not the slightest pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes indulge so madly. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have perilled life and reputation and reason. It has been the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories.”

The death of the young, lovely and idolized wife was the last shaft from the bow of misfortune and it remained quivering in the sensitive heart of the poet as long as life lasted. From that time on Poe seems not to have been the same man. Some have set forth actual insanity as the probable cause of the change. But the eminent sanity of his subsequent productions throws discredit upon the assertion. The real cause must be ascribed to misfortune together with weakness of will which made him unfit to combat with the reverses that fell to his lot. Poe, like all poets, had a sensitive spirit, and the repeated and heavy blows of fate left deep impressions upon him, even upon his exterior, so much so, that after the death of his wife the poet's visage was the very index of suffering, of mental agitation; it bespoke sadness and melancholy and loneliness.

In 1845 Poe seemed to have reached the highest point of his literary aspirations. “It was on the 29th of January of this year,” says one of Poe's biographers, that the never-to-be silenced croaking of the ‘Raven's sad refrain *Nevermore*’ smote the ear. It was universally copied, recited publicly and privately and wildly extolled. It took its place side by side with ‘*Ye Ancient Mariner*,’ probably never to be displaced. So manifold are its merits, so few its defects, so quaint, subtle, harmonious, yet so weirdly dissonant are some of its chords—bearing that strange yet dismal fascination akin to the unearthly melodies of the Aeolian harp, which sometimes sounds as if angel and demon fingers were touching different strings of the same instrument.”

There is something so melancholy and yet so attractive in this poem with its musically pathetic refrain—so often repeated yet never once jarring in the ear or clashing with

the sense of fitness—that no one who has read it can resist the temptation to read it again. When under its magic influence we are so imbued with the feelings of the poet that we almost fancy we too “have lost a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore,” and that we “shall clasp her nevermore.” While we sit and muse in the gloom of our study, its melodies spring up from out the darkness and we unconsciously begin:

“Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping  
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;  
’Tis some visitor I muttered, tapping at my chamber door—  
This it is, and nothing more.”

Prior to the issuance of this masterly poem, Poe was personally known to but few. Now the doors of all who had any literary proclivities or pretensions flew open at his approach. All kinds of stories sprung up touching his peculiar habits and idiosyncracies; all this, added to his sad visage and melancholy eyes invested him with a species of romantic mysticism. The day after the “Raven” appeared Poe might have said, like Byron, that he “awoke in the morning and found himself famous.”

Yet despite its popularity and intrinsic worth the “Raven” is not the greatest of Poe’s conceptions. His imagination is strongest in the “City by the Sea,” with its theme of death. Its

Shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time eaten towers that tremble not!)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

This town is illumined not like other towns, by light from the sky, but by rays that stream from the sea.

Up many and many a marvellous shrine,  
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet and the vine.

While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

This poem, however, notwithstanding its terrific coloring, was the first product of that phase of Poe's genius which makes him the forerunner of our chief experts in form and sound. Its suggestiveness is remarkable as a rule. Poe does not drain his figures to the last dregs, but with the skill of a Horace stimulates endeavor on the part of the reader, allowing ample scope for sudden imaginative flights.

No one dare question Poe's ideality. But with all his merits it restricted the number of his images to such an extent that the same ones frequently recur. We have an example of this in the "Bells:"

"And the people—ah! the people,  
They that dwell up in the steeple  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling  
In the muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone;  
They are neither man nor woman,  
They are neither brute nor human—  
They are ghouls."

It might not be out of place here to mention the circumstances that prompted the writing of the "Bells." The poet was visiting Mrs. Shrew, a friend, and was seated before an open window through which poured the chimes of bells from a neighboring church. His friend suggested the subject, and after a few vain protests Poe began to write. The result was the masterly imitative poem. The corrections in the original MS. are strikingly few—an unmistakable sign of the poet's genius. He translated his thoughts and sentiments just as they came from his heart. This constitutes the great value of his poetry, giving us an insight into his inner self.

Two lyrics, thought to be requiems for his "lost Lenore" appeared in 1847 and 1849, respectively. The latter is the simplest of Poe's melodies and the one that touches the strings closest the human heart. Some have alleged that it was intended to illustrate a love affair. The following lines, however, prove the falsity of this assertion:

"A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee,  
So that her high-bred kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me."

The allegory of the "Haunted Palace" escapes us until we have read it over and over again. Coleridge in his "Kubla Khaw" hardly surpassed such lines as these:

"Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,"  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago);  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
On that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallied,  
A winged odor went away."

Glancing over all the works of Poe we notice that he had but one moment of respite from melancholy—and that was in his song of "Israfel." Notwithstanding the great merit of Poe's poetical works a great part of his fame rests on his tales, among others "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," "The Gold Bug," "Hans Phaal," "The Descent into the Maelstrom," "The Black Cat" and "The Tell-tale Heart." Poe was the founder of the American short story that occupies so prominent a place in the literature of the day. His tales are mostly of the intensely terrific type, especially "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." He took great delight in the dexterous workings of his intellect, and his plots and scenes and types of humanity are characteristic. What surprises us most is that despite the genius of this master mind he proved a failure in life. He inspired great hopes for a glorious future—hopes that were never to be realized owing to his premature death. The exact details of this unfortunate event have never been accurately known, and never will be, since all who had a hand in the dastardly crime had every motive for concealment. All we know is that Poe was found unconscious, severely wounded, on a bench on Light street wharf. He rallied slightly with tender care, and then collapsed. The iron had entered too deeply into his soul and from the terrible shock he never recovered. He expired on the 7th of October, 1849. Two days later he was buried in

the family plat in the Baltimore Westmister grave yard, thus verifying one of his saddest refrains touching the lonesome October. A stone that was intended to mark his resting place was curiously shattered by a railway train, showing that unmerciful disaster followed him beyond the grave. On November 17, 1875, a monument was erected over his remains.

EDWARD C. SCHOEN, '03.

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### A DROP OF DEW.

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Behold yon drop of crystal dew,  
Which hangs its pendent form in view;  
How highly sparkling, like a bead,  
Or like a star in greenest mead.

Whence comest thou, sweet dew-drop fair?  
Why gleamest thou in balmy air?  
Thou liest like a deep, fond tear  
In the snow-drop's bell so bright and clear.

I came from the sea, my dearest child,  
'Mongst pearls and shells and rich gems piled,  
From dark rocks and swift whirling sands,  
From coral groves and diamond strands.

The sun hath called me forth from thence  
That I might sparkle in his glance;  
He called me from the bitter brine,  
No more between those walls to pine.

Thus from the dust, O, little child,  
God called thee in sweet innocence mild,  
That thou mightst shed His blessings round  
On all the poor and suffering found.

So shalt thou bring sweet joy and peace  
To hearts that seek from grief release,  
To hearts that ache with weary pain  
Thou shalt restore sweet hope again.

—BERNARD HOLLENCAMP.  
(Junior Letters.)

## PRIVATE WIRE NO. 7.

IT WAS on the evening of March 17, 1892, when the six o'clock Star of M——, a flourishing town of Louisiana, brought, in large type, the startling announcement "Kidnappers successful. Marie, the daughter of Joseph Ruse, the well-known real estate man, abducted" followed by a reward of \$500 for any information regarding the stolen child. Mr. Ruse was then living at 4853 Booksdale Avenue, in his newly erected residence. As it was his daughter's seventh birthday he resolved to celebrate it in a manner which suited his beloved eldest child. Accordingly, at 9 p. m., with her nurse, Miss Burns, and one of her playmates' nurses as chaperons, Marie and her companions first viewed the St. Patrick's parade. After this a short ride on the car brought them directly to the park. The gay galaxy of girls soon dispersed, intent only upon pleasure, but when summoned for refreshments at 12 p. m. Marie's absence was remarked. Singularly her absence on such an event as this had not been noticed earlier. A moment of anxious questioning followed. Marie had not been seen since the separation of the party after the car ride. Not till then, as an indescribable fear of the future took possession of her, did Miss Burns remember her responsibility, and she suddenly realized that quick work was necessary.

As she wended her way quickly homewards to give the alarm the awful reality stood before her, the heinous crime to which, by her negligence, she was accessory. By this time she had arrived at the house. Miss Burns entered, approached the sitting room door, but hesitated. Her heart, calm before, now fluttered, beat violently and then almost sank within her. Finally mustering sufficient courage she knocked.

"Come in," called the cheery voice of Mrs. Ruse. The nurse flung open the door and stood undetermined on the threshold.

"Why, Miss Burns, you here; have you forgotten something?" asked the unsuspecting mother with a friendly smile.

Miss Burns faltered. She was appalled at causing grief to the beautiful woman standing before her, but at last she summoned all her strength for the disclosure of the crime, and as Mr. Ruse entered forced out these words:

"Marie h-ha-s——"

"Has what?" said the girl's father. The nurse hesitated again.

"For God's sake, has something happened to my beloved child?" said Mrs. Ruse, whose suspicions had been aroused by the young lady's peculiar action.

"Be quick and tell me!"

"Yes, Marie has disappeared," and her voice fell like a thunderbolt into the room. Mrs. Ruse fell fainting to the floor.

"My God," said Mr. Ruse, ringing the chambermaid to his wife's assistance; "tell me quickly, how did it happen?"

The story was soon told by the nurse, and contrary to her expectations she was rewarded for her presence of mind in returning home immediately. As the grief-stricken father rose from his interview with the nurse his wife regained consciousness and was borne into the next room. Then fully impressed with the necessity of prompt action Mr. Ruse approached the telephone to summon a detective.

"Hello there, Central, give me Main 907 in a hurry, please." A moment of silence ensued and Marie's father replaced the receiver to his ear.

"Hello! is this Main 907, Chief of Detectives, Sidney Carton?"

"Yes, sir," came the response.

"Then come instantly to Mr. Ruse, 4853 Books dell avenue, with a deputy, please. A case of abduction."

"At your immediate service, sir," quivered the response over the wire.

Twenty minutes later the Books dell avenue residents were aroused by the clatter of horses' hoofs, and upon closer examination ascertained that a buggy had stopped before Mr. Ruse's house.

Mr. Carton and a companion stepped out, threw the reins to Mr. Ruse's colored coachman, and a moment later confronted the bereaved father.

"Ah, Mr. Carton, I presume. I am glad you have come. My name is Ruse—Joseph Ruse, the real estate man, and," pointing to Sydney's companion, "this is James McNeal," added Mr. Carton as all shook hands cordially. But to business. Tell me the circumstances; the exact time and place of your child's disappearance." This was soon related by the nurse. The detective nodded assent, started as if to say something, mused a moment longer, then looking at his watch jumped up and said in a voice that betokened determination: "Thirty-five minutes have elapsed since the return of Miss Burns. You, Mr. Ruse, hold your buggy in readiness to follow me with Marie's nurse. She knows the situation best. You, James, quickly telephone to the office to notify the city police and the surrounding country by private wire No. 6. Follow me."

The way to the park was quickly passed over. An immediate but fruitless search yielded as a reward for their pains only a shred of Marie's dress. At sight of this the grief-stricken father could contain himself no longer, and exclaiming in heartrending accents, "My child, my child! what foul wretch has you, perhaps, in his power. Shall I never, never, never see you again?"

"There is no reason to despair as yet," said the detective consolingly, "although there is no clue at hand, no evidence against anybody, nor the slightest indication as to Marie's probable abduction and present location; still there is a gleam of hope. At my disposal just now stands a man, William Pendleton by name, whose success at unearthing crimes is something extraordinary. He has ferreted out innumerable cases which at the very outset were as clueless, if not more so, than yours. Only at one thing he is unsuccessful."

"And that is?" said Mr. Ruse, perplexedly.

"I suppose you have noticed the perpetration of so many jewelry robberies downtown of late and the inability of the police to discover any clue. Only a note is found signed with a fictitious name. But let that pass. Rest assured, therefore, that with these resources at command we will have some success."

Mr. Ruse pondered and thought and weighed the chances of Marie's loss or recovery a thousand times in his mind until late that night. Let us leave him sorely confused, about to retire and turn our eyes to the detective's office at 282 South Main street. Before the idle instrument of No. 6 sat the operator, and ten feet away sat Sydney Carton, still evolving in his mind the question momentous: "Where is Marie and who is her abductor?" Suddenly he swung around in his office chair. "I say there, Chester, call up No. 7 for any information regarding the occurrence this afternoon"

"Certainly, sir," said the telegraph operator. In a few moments the sharp click-click-click-click denoted the transmission of a message. Then came back the answer with startling clearness: "Have received warning. Have read in Evening Star—" Sydney was on his feet in a moment, violent anger depicted on his countenance.

"Perdition on it!" he fairly yelled, unable to restrain his passion, "who has dared to oppose my orders." Then calming down somewhat he said: "Operator, call up No. 4 for the same reason as No. 7," and to the office boy, "Sam, call up Jim McNeal, I will see to it whether anybody shall tamper with my orders." Somewhat surprised Sam sauntered slowly towards the door, but a threat from the detective made him accelerate his speed considerably. Sydney entered his private office.

"At your service, sir," said Jim, entering.

"Are you aware, sir, that in interfering with my orders this noon you are guilty of a grievous offence? Have you anything to say regarding your conduct. No. 7 on the line has received no information regarding the Ruse case." There was a knock at the office door.

"Come in," cried the detective, somewhat unwillingly.

"Upon my word of honor the message was given by me directly to Chester over the telephone. Isn't that so, Chester?" as that individual entered with a telegram. Jim's frank open face told the detective immediately the truth. "Yes, sir; I testify to that. I also sent the message all along No. 6. By the way, No. 4524 have received no information." Another mystery remained to be solved. Hardly had one

come upon him when another faced him of still greater intricacy. His head was in a whirl. Surely this day had been one of curious importance. Certainly the person who intercepted his messages and who abducted Marie must be the same individual, or at least some one in league with him. At last he said: "It is clear that the man who has interfered with my messages is situated some place between here and No. 1 on wire No. 6. Therefore, the only thing to do is to follow up the wire from the office here until the place of disconnection is reached. This is only possible in daylight. It is 10 p. m. now. I will retire until 4 a. m. when you are to waken me, Sam. Do you understand? Meanwhile get revolvers and a kit of repairing tools ready, also three horses. You, James, will accompany us and Mr. Ruse. He is to be sent for at 3 a. m."

"Mr. Ruse?" cried Sam, unable to overcome his inquisitiveness. "What do you need him for. He's no detective."

"None of your business," said Sydney, somewhat angry. "Mind that you summon him and see to it that he is here by 4:15 a. m. Otherwise——"

Sam knew what the "otherwise" meant.

As a result of his overwrought nerves Marie's father was very restless and did not fall asleep until late that night. Therefore, when a thunderous thumping at his front door aroused him from his slumbers at 5:15 a. m. his temper was rather ruffled. Accordingly he opened a front second-story window and peered into the semi-darkness below, but nothing was discernible. The pounding continued.

"Hey there!" he shouted, "what's the matter?" but unfortunately his voice was drowned in the noise resulting from the wholesome application at the front door of somebody's fist or foot. What, with the jangling of the doorbell and the unearthly pounding on the front door the whole house had been aroused. The servants appeared, inquiring into the origin of the fearful din and uproar down stairs.

"Joseph," said his wife in alarm, "what is the matter?"

"That is more than I can tell," growled her husband. In despair he stuck his head out of the window once more.

"I say!" he yelled, "why are you disturbing the peace of a law abiding citizen at this hour of the night?" but to no avail. The door continued to be belabored by the unknown individual. It was evident that he would be obliged to await an interval of quiet. The negro coachman, blacker than the night itself, with widely distended eyeballs, appeared now in negligee costume around the corner of the house, leading a savage bull dog in one hand and holding a cocked revolver in the other. Affairs had reached a climax when a cessation of hostilities ensued. The first attack seemed to be over. A moment ago deafening noise and uproar, now deathlike silence. There was a short parley down stairs in which Mr. Carton's name was mentioned. Then the negro informed his master that he was wanted at the detective's office. He was electrified at the very remembrance of that brave officer.

The deep voice of the negro, the mysterious gloom, the hour and stillness of the night tended to increase the devoted father's suspicions that something unusual had occurred. Arrived at the office he receive his demanded explanation, and Mr. Carton concluded by saying:

"I feel a peculiar forewarning that the clearing of this mystery will yield us information of your beloved daughter?" With these words they stepped out of the office and mounted their horses. The sun converting the grass blades into millions of liquid diamonds and dispelling the vapors which had, half in shame, striven to envelop the earth, was already a half hour in the heavens. That day would witness the solving of two mysteries, but only at the cost of an immortal soul.

Down Main street the trio proceeded, thence to Bleaker and from there to Oregon avenue. Suddenly Sydney grasped Mr. Ruse's hand and pointed skywards. Zinc-covered No. 6 had been rapped and led to a building at 2828 Oregon avenue. At the door their suspicions were confirmed by the crying of a child. "My daughter! my daughter!" cried Mr. Ruse.

"Foiled again!" exclaimed the detective, for every entrance was barred. But stealthy footsteps brought them to a standstill. Only a moment, however, and then forcing the

rear door, they halted—the house was built on the edge of an abandoned stone quarry, and far above, on the projection of the roof, stood—William Pendleton.

At sight of the detective a ghastly smile played over his features, and he exclaimed: "Have you, sleuth-hounds of the law, come at last? Have you come for me? Alas! you have come in vain. Hear your daughter, frantic in her attempt to escape from her underground confinement; free her. Down there in the cellar you will also find the jewelry from the robberies. Upstairs the telegraph instrument. I abducted, I stole. I intercepted. I am the criminal. I defy you all to seize me, hired minions that you are." And saying this he leaped into the chasm below.

GEO. P. HEITHAUS, '04.





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**Tempus Fugit** Time flies, and at no time has she shown herself more fleet-footed than during the past two months. Hardly have we unpacked our trunks and settled down for a good time than again we are called upon to repack them and get back to our books again. It seems but yesterday that we heard the beautiful strains of music in the commencement hall, and the voice of the valedictorian rang in our ears. Cruel fate! All the sports and enjoyments which took us so long to plan are gone, and we stand as if in doubt whether they ever occurred. Truly, during these months we have learned to prize our homes as the dearest spot on earth, and now to leave them makes it all the more bitter. To this home-sickness is added that which most boys have a repugnance for—college regulations. Dante placed most of his enemies in hell, and here is where many would like to see the restrictions sent. It is natural. All boys love to have their fun and freedom, and to be made to submit to rules that seems at times everything but reasonable, grates on their nerves. Many downcast faces may be seen about the college at present, and down some cheeks trickles the dew of a sad heart. Come, let us forget it, boys! We have had the sunshine, and in turn let us bear up with the rain. This

gloom is not going to last forever, and just as fast as last year and other years before it passed away so will this one. The quickest way to drive away this sorrow is by getting down to hard, serious work. Some may think that a few days spent in brooding over home will make them feel all the happier. Here is where they err. The thoughts of home, like the strains of music, are very sweet, and the longer we nourish them the more pleasing they become. Besides, think of all the precious study time that is thus thrown away. In a few short months the first examination will take place, and those who do not study from the very beginning will find it very hard. The time till then seems long, but when it comes the day-dreamer will be forced to explain, "tempus fugit!" The quickest way to overcome a cold bath is by plunging into it.

ALPONSE PATER.

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### The Advantages of a College Education

"One year of experience in the school of practical life, for all your college training!" Such is the cry that rings in the ear of every graduate as he bids a sad farewell to the flame that flickers, glows and dies on the table of his college studio. But, happily, these are the words neither of the philosophers of our day, nor even of such business men who have climbed to the summit of "Mount Success" unassisted by a higher, or what is commonly called a college education. On every side we hear our millionaires lament that the facilities for a good education some years ago were not what they are today. And even the common laborer who toils day in and day out to "make ends meet" appreciates the value of that which he himself was not fortunate enough to procure by trying to give his children the advantage of a good education.

The advantages of a modern college training are three-fold—physical, intellectual and moral. No one will deny that the hard routine of college life offers every facility for proper physical culture. Exercise is an indispensable requisite for the development of muscle and sinew, the essence of the human body, and there is no one better circumstanced to

take this than the student at college. The passage from boyhood to manhood is accompanied by most important changes in the human structure, and unless these changes take place under favorable conditions they will do anything but make for the development of the subject. The campus and the gymnasium, two places of importance in every college, furnish ample opportunity for the letting out any surperfluity of "animal spirits," and their good effect may be judged from the fire that tinges the cheeks of the hearty college lad. Great as the physical advantages of a college aducation may appear, yet they are but trivial when compared to those of a more elevated nature, the intellectual and moral ones.

The intellectual advantages of a college education consist mainly in the obligation of unintermittent diligence and of adherence to a curriculum or defined course of study.

Finally, a college training appears to best advantage when we view it from a moral standpoint. It makes men of boys, and is, therefore, a factor of the utmost importance in most men's lives. It acts as a bridge, so to say, over that period of life which we may well call the period of insanity, when a young man falls slave to that evil propensity of flinging aside every bond of restraint.

To conclude, the moral advantages of a college education are the safeguard of the other two—we might almost say they include the other two kinds, and whatever attention is bestowed upon the inculcation of good morals is far from being detrimental to a scholar's advancement in purely physical or mental culture. In a word, a college education enables us to realize that much coveted ideal: "Mens sana in corpore sano."

EDW. C. SCHOEN, '03.

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#### The Elective System

It is a very regrettable fact that the old-time college curriculum is gradually being abandoned and the elective system is coming more and more into favor. The idea underlying and prompting this movement has made its influence felt in other directions. On the plea that a young boy's training should be exclusively for the practical purpose of business life, the

commercial school, from the unpretentious two-room business school all through the scale up to the pompous Business University are covering the face of the land and flourishing like the green bay tree. The students of these institutions acquire little more than a superficial knowledge of two or three branches and at the end of a few months walk forth, thinking they are competent to maintain the supremacy of the Nation, which for them is reduced to commercial prosperity.

. . . . .

The elective system, which allows the callow youth to choose the studies he shall pursue while at college, is highly detrimental to proper intellectual development. Quite naturally the average boy if left to choose what he shall study will direct his choice along the line of least resistance. He will take the "snap" courses that demand little personal effort and leave him plenty of time for amusement. We must not quarrel with him for doing so, but rather with the older heads—that should also be wiser—who encourage such intellectual degeneracy. The mind needs a regular diet of staple food sufficiently varied to insure the harmonious development of all its powers.

. . . . .

What is the value of the old-time college curriculum? If a man, for instance, wishes to become a merchant, what advantage can he reap from the study of classics, the higher mathematics, and philosophy? Give him a fair knowledge of the three R's, and would he not have better success in life than the man who has finished successfully the classical or scientific course in the best equipped college? Are there not hundreds of successful men in every walk of life who have no better endowment? The instance of these men is not conclusive against the inestimable value of a full college course. The inferiority of Pope to Shakespeare was due not to the more scholarly training of the former, but to mighty genius of the latter. Similarly, the success of the self-made man must be attributed not to his neglect of training but to his innate activity.

. . . . .

The old-time curriculum was eminently fitted to promote a harmonious development of the intellect along every line, and thus enabled a young man to discover his peculiar aptitudes. How can a man know his proper life-work if he has never tested his abilities or taken stock of his mental endowments, but has intermittently exercised but one or two of his faculties to the exclusion of the rest? How can he know whether he has the ability to become a physician or a lawyer? Of the millions that enter in the race of life, how few reach the goal! The failure of the many to arrive is due to the false notions that nowadays pervade all society, to the effect that practicability or immediate utility is the criterion of right. And the prevalence of these views must be traced to the want of proper training in youth. The mind when unbalanced is like a pair of scales: it cannot weigh correctly. Of course, due allowance must be made in cases where the available means will not permit a thorough formation.

Many of the studies comprised in the fixed curriculum are the more beneficial on account of their difficult nature. The greater the effort necessary to acquire something, the more benefit we derive from the exertion. The various departments of the Mathematics and of Philosophy train the mind to accuracy of reasoning and judgment and give it an incisiveness and grasp that cannot be acquired from studies of a less profound nature.

It may be objected that it is a sheer loss of time to take up a study in which one can take no interest. Who, it may be asked, can become interested in that agglomeration of hieroglyphics, yclept, Greek? Interest is, indeed, an indispensable requisite for success in any department of learning. But what is interest? We observe that music fills the soul of one man with rapture and leaves the other wholly unmoved. How can we account for the difference? We cannot ascribe the cause to the music, which is the same in both cases, and we must look for it in the persons themselves. Interest is something wholly subjective. It may be acquired by constant applica-

tion and attention. This fact is so manifest it needs no demonstration. Every man's experience will testify to it. What has been said regarding Greek holds likewise for the sciences, and particularly for Philosophy. We have chosen Greek as an illustration because it is commonly the last to find favor with students.

. . . . .

A definitely prescribed course of studies promotes perseverance. It gives us that bull-dog tenacity by which we cling to something until we have effected our purpose. Many a time have we observed, yea even experienced the fierce conflict between a cloudy passage of Greek and a still cloudier brain. How the features are set, the brow knit, the eyes strained—while now and then the left hand passes energetically through the dishevelled hair as if to stir up ideas. Suddenly the features relax, the eyes sparkle, a smile gathers at the corners of the mouth, and soon spreads over the entire face. Perseverance has triumphed and we feel that we have grown in intellectual force.



**Random Thoughts** From the very birth of THE EXPONENT it has been the wish of the students of the S. M. I. to start a column within its pages entitled "Random Thoughts." Thus far the few essays written for this column were placed among the editorials because there were not enough of them for a separate column. This shortage was not due to lack of interest, but for the reason that the editors' time was taken up by the more vital necessities of the paper. Now that the magazine has a good start let every student lend his aid in building up this long desired column. Every day some beautiful thoughts enter our minds—if not, unhappy the man—which, if taken note of, may be used to great advantage. Why let them come and pass like stray rays of sunshine on a cloudy day? Perhaps to us they may, at the time of their conception, appear quite trivial things, but who knows but what they may lead a wandering soul back to the right path. While we may be rejoicing over something that has occurred another may be made mel-

ancholy by reason of it, and by presenting our views of the matter we may be able to drive away the gloom from his dejected spirit. Again, why let our thoughts be as the flowers of the desert whose beauty is lost to all. Poetry is a very beautiful way of expressing the emotions of the heart, yet, he who lacks the poetic vein let him put his thoughts in prose, and he who loves to "soar in the high regions of his fancy" let him also tread the common earth at times. In other words, a column for "Random Thoughts" is to be started, and each and every student is invited to lend his aid and talent in making it a success.

ALPHONSE PATER, '04.



Half-Tone made at the Institute.



PIUS X



# COLLEGE NOTES

**Classes Resume** On Tuesday, September 8th, classes were resumed after an interruption of two months. Very nearly all the old students responded to the call of their beloved Alma Mater, while many new names have been added to the list of students, making the enrollment one of the largest in the history of St. Mary's.

The first few days are utilized in undergoing examinations, arranging the class programs and in general preparations for the year's work, and as a consequence much effective work cannot be done. However, now that we have exchanged greetings with our classmates and professors and made all needful preparation, let us apply ourselves to serious study, so that our advancement in knowledge may be both certain and rapid. Here's hoping that the school-year upon which we are just entering will be for us a time for persevering effort, crowned with success.

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**Central Verein Visited Us** The National Convention of the German Catholic Verein was held in the city of Dayton, September 21st to 25th. Delegates were in attendance from all parts of the United States, and it was estimated that the number of delegates to the Convention exceeded 400. The first three days was devoted to business sessions, while on Thursday, September 24th the delegates were driven throughout the city, paying visits to the Soldiers' Home, National Cash Register Works and St. Mary's.

A large number of alumni and professors conducted the visitors through the Institute grounds and buildings, after which a luncheon was served in the dining hall, covers being laid for three hundred. Dr. Averdick, of Covington, Ky., the well-known orator and patron of the Institute, spoke the words of welcome on this occasion.

## GRUSS AN DEN R. K. CENTRAL VEREIN

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Stark wie eherne Kreuzesritter,  
Feinden furchtbar wie Gewitter,  
Kommt ein frommes Heer gezogen,  
Maechtig als wie Meereswogen.

Hoch getragen an der Spitze  
Prangt das Kreutz im Sonnenblitze,  
Hoffnungsstrahlend in dem Kriege  
Sichrer Fuehrer zu dem Siege.

Unterm Schutz des Sternenbanners,  
Stolz des frei'n Amerikanners,  
Um der Menschen Wohl hienieden  
Dient die Kirche Gott in Frieden.

Glaube, Hoffnung, Lieb als Waffen,  
Wollet Ihr das Gute schaffen,  
Euch erringen einst zum Lohne  
Die ersehnte Himmelskrone,

Seid willkommen brave Brueder!  
Euch erschallen unsere Lieder;  
Mit der Gloken Jubelklaenge  
Mischen sich die Freudgesaenge.

Lasst uns fuerder Gott zu Ehren  
Streiten, beten, eifern, ehren;  
Ja, "Fuer Gott und Vaterland!"  
Reichen wir uns stets die Hand.



**S. M. I.** On Saturday afternoon the N. C. R. and Still Undefeated S. M. I. teams played a very interesting game of ball. Schlitzer's superb pitching combined with the good fielding of St. Mary's won the game in a walk. As usual, S. M. I. began scoring in the very first inning, after two men were down. Grimes and Schoen each drew a pass, then Mr. Long, Esq., sent a sizzling two-bagger to left field, scoring both runners. Mullen, the next man up, was an easy out. The N. C. R. also scored one run in this inning on Brown's error. In the second S. M. I. added one more tally to its list when Janzen, a newcomer on the team, sent the ball over right field fence for a homer. Another man crossed the rubber in the fourth. In the fifth the N. C. R. began to look dangerous when they scored two runs, but they did not frighten St. Mary's "Gems," for in the sixth the latter scored two, and in the seventh three more runs. N. C. R. got in the game in the eighth inning, getting two of their three hits and scoring two runs.



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Kindly mention **THE EXPONENT** when calling on Advertisers.

The features of the game were Reeder's shortstop playing and Janzen's batting. Thompson pitched good ball for N. C. R., but had ragged support at critical moments, while Schlitzer had good support during the entire game. One of the largest crowds of the year witnessed the contest.

| S. M. I.          | A  | B  | R | H  | P  | O | A | E | N. C. R.           | A  | B | R | H  | P  | O | A | E |
|-------------------|----|----|---|----|----|---|---|---|--------------------|----|---|---|----|----|---|---|---|
| Hezel, 2b .....   | 5  | 0  | 1 | 2  | 4  | 0 |   |   | Weidman, 3b...     | 5  | 1 | 0 | 1  | 3  | 2 |   |   |
| Biesinger, lf ... | 4  | 1  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0 |   |   | Reeder, ss.....    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 3  | 1  | 2 |   |   |
| Grimes, cf&c....  | 4  | 2  | 1 | 10 | 1  | 1 |   |   | Mathews, 2b....    | 3  | 0 | 1 | 2  | 1  | 0 |   |   |
| Schoen, 1b.....   | 3  | 2  | 0 | 7  | 1  | 0 |   |   | Brode.....         | 4  | 1 | 0 | 1  | 0  | 0 |   |   |
| Long, rf.....     | 4  | 1  | 2 | 1  | 0  | 0 |   |   | Watson, lf.....    | 4  | 1 | 1 | 1  | 0  | 1 |   |   |
| Mullen, ss.....   | 4  | 0  | 0 | 1  | 3  | 1 |   |   | Rumpg, lb&c... 4   | 1  | 0 | 5 | 1  | 0  |   |   |   |
| Brown, 3b.....    | 4  | 1  | 1 | 1  | 2  | 2 |   |   | Strassburger, c. 2 | 0  | 0 | 2 | 0  | 1  |   |   |   |
| Schlitzer, p..... | 4  | 1  | 2 | 1  | 0  | 0 |   |   | Steffy, rf .....   | 2  | 1 | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1 |   |   |
| Janzen, c&cf....  | 3  | 2  | 2 | 3  | 0  | 0 |   |   | Thompson, p....    | 3  | 0 | 1 | 1  | 1  | 0 |   |   |
|                   |    |    |   |    |    |   |   |   | Fogleman, lb...    | 2  | 0 | 0 | 6  | 1  | 0 |   |   |
|                   |    |    |   |    |    |   |   |   | Hauser, rf.....    | 2  | 0 | 0 | 1  | 0  | 1 |   |   |
| Totals.....       | 34 | 10 | 9 | 27 | 11 | 4 |   |   | Totals .....       | 36 | 5 | 3 | 24 | 11 | 8 |   |   |
| N. C. R.....      | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0  | 2  | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0—5                |    |   |   |    |    |   |   |   |
| S. M. I.....      | 3  | 1  | 0 | 1  | 0  | 2 | 2 | 1 | x—10               |    |   |   |    |    |   |   |   |

SUMMARY—Home run—Janzen. Two-base hits—Long, Schlitzer. Stolen bases—Biesinger, Grimes, Brown, Schlitzer, Weidman, Rumpf, Hauser. Struck out—By Schlitzer 9, by Thompson 3. Bases on balls—By Schlitzer 1, by Thompson 5. Left on bases—S. M. I. 6, N. C. R. 4. Double play—Schlitzer Brown to Schoen. Passed balls—Grimes 2, Strassburger 2, Rumpf 1. Hit by pitcher—Mathews. Time of game—1:40. Umpires—Bro. Max, Mr. Gillepsies.

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