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THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN.



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VOL. I.

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## THE NEGLECTED CLASSICS.

**I**N the selection of books, seek only the beautiful, the true and the good. Books are the companions of our leisure hours, our preachers, our instructors and our friends, and, as such exercise untold influence in the formation of our character. And as in choosing friends, we should use a wise discrimination so also must we in the choice of books.

Good books are not scarce. Of the poets alone, critics have agreed upon nearly a hundred names, as worthy of a place in the list of immortals. From the most ancient times down to the present period, from sunny Italy to Norway's storm beaten coast, every age and every clime has been represented by a master genius in either poetry or prose. The works of the great authors furnish not only ample but varied reading as well. Whether at the tender age of childhood, or in the declining years of our life, whether when elated or downcast, there is a book for every age, for our every mood, a balm for our wounded feelings and a tonic for our drooping spirits.

These treasures of literature, these legacies of the great authors, bequeathed to us in such abundance, we do not read as we should. To understand these literary gems, we must read them not once, but often. We must read them attentively, devotedly, as a pious man reads his prayer book, un-



til we breathe the spirit of the writers and live in the world which they have created for us. We cannot understand and appreciate Vergil or Milton, Cicero or Newman, by reason of having once read them. As friendship yields its sweetest charms only after much and intimate intercourse, so can we fully enjoy the masterpieces of literature, only after repeated readings.

We are apt to complain of many of the classic writers that they are uninteresting. For us Dante is too profound and Cicero too monotonous. The reading of such works must become almost a habit, yet the first efforts which we must make to acquire the mastery of the thoughts of these writers, we find too taxing and we turn from these immortal geniuses and from their sphere of all that is true and beautiful, to the perusal of some novel abounding in improbable plots and in characters that can satisfy no definite moral aim. We may be most untiring readers and yet be incapable of reading even a page from the very best authors. We revel in the junk of the bookshop, in books, whose thoughts are empty froth, whose value is limited to a brief season, unconscious the while of the wealth of choice reading ever offered for our instruction, edification and amusement. Like the old man in *Pilgrim's Progress*, we rake in the straw and dust, while we will not see the angel offering us a crown of gold and precious stones.

In our childhood days we were undoubtedly familiar with many of the works of the great authors. With what eager attention did we follow the adventures of *Ivanhoe* and the wanderings of *Evangeline* in quest of her lover, and how we laughed at the humorous tale of *Rip Van Winkle* and the recital of *Ichabod Crane's* lonely midnight ride. Their writers led us through tears and smiles to a deeper and better knowledge of human nature, stimulating us with their generous passion and elevating us with their noble thoughts. And can we now do without the aid of those, who were of such assistance to our youth? As food and nourishment are necessary for the sustenance of our bodies, so is an intimate knowledge of the masterpieces of human genius necessary for the developement and culture of our minds.

And what learning is not contained in the works of the great authors? What knowledge of nature, of the arts and sciences, and of the whole human race, do they not evince in their works? Few preachers have preached as does Longfellow in his Psalm of Life, while Shakespeare portrays for us every virtue and vice, every sentiment and inclination of which the human mind is capable. Still how seldom do we now read these works and how few of us know even one of the great authors, as they should be known. We devote our time not to the study of these authors, but to the perusal of criticisms and biographies concerning them; for once that we read Vergil, we read a dozen magazine articles, concerning the probable date of his birth and the genealogy of his ancestors. We have read many of the works of the great authors, have been charmed by the vividness of their imagery, the rhythm of their language, and the purity of their diction. We recognize the merit of these writers, we acknowledge their claim to our attention, yet we persistently ignore these most constant friends and cast them from us. There lie our sometime friends, perhaps dustcovered on our library shelves, ignored or forgotten, yet awaiting only our beck and call, to sing to us of all the beauties of creation.

J. A. PILON, '05.

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## FAREWELL.

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Farewell, O friend of mine!  
I must depart;  
The time has come, and time  
Will not delay:  
Loving and dear to me  
Wilt thou remain,  
Though not in future days  
We meet again.

ALPHONSE PATER, '04.



## THE ART OF PRESERVING PEACE.

Translation from Erasmus (*Colloquia Familiaria in Usum  
Studiosae Juventutis.*)

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**M**Y constant endeavor has been never to seek my own comfort to the discomfort of others. I practice as much as possible what the Greeks call *apraxia*. I keep aloof from all public affairs, especially from such as might estrange from me my numerous acquaintances. If duty requires me to render a service to a friend, I act in such a manner as not to give offense thereby to other persons. If, nevertheless, my conduct becomes an object of censure to my enemies, I endeavor to appease them by excuses, or gain their friendship by acts of kindness, or, finally, patiently endure their enmity until time has deprived it of its sting. I avoid all discussions, and, if, perchance, I engage in one, I always prefer to sacrifice my opinion than to lose a friend. Frequently I take *Mitio* as my model—I never say a harsh word to anyone, smile at everybody, salute and return salutations most courteously. I do not contradict others, and I never permit myself to judge the intentions and acts of my fellow-brethren. My superiority is never made burdensome to others, but I condescendingly approve and admire what they find beautiful. What I wish to remain unknown, I do not confide to anyone. I do not pry into my neighbor's secrets, and if accidentally I get to know a secret, I avoid all babbling concerning it. I never speak of the absent unless in most favorable terms, for intemperance in speech is the usual cause of quarrels among men. By following the above principles, I have avoided the envy and preserved the affection of my fellow-citizens.

FRANK BIESINGER, Senior Letters.

## GENERAL SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN AMERICA PRIOR TO THE REVOLUTION.

THE conditions existing in this country in the first half of the 18th century, produced a marked effect on the social structure of the American Colonies. In New England, owing to the various occupations which the majority of the colonists followed, there were no class distinctions. One man might in the course of a year be successively a farmer, an artisan, a fisherman, or a trader. The greatest inequality lay in the wealth of certain colonists, but these were less than they might have been, owing to the leveling tendencies of the Calvinistic dogmas of the Congregational church. Quite different was the state of affairs in the Middle Colonies. The wealthy merchants of New York and Philadelphia had ideas different from those of the humble farmers who lived in the river valleys. The earliest and most earnest of democrats, holding principles abhorrent to their fellow colonists in eastern portions, were the farmers of central and western Pennsylvania. Education had been almost entirely neglected in the colonies until well towards the middle of the seventeenth century, when free schools for the teaching of reading, writing and elementary mathematics, were introduced in New England.

Society was based on a more aristocratic model in the south. In Virginia the colonists possessed almost entire power in state and church. At first glance the most desirable position in life seemed to be that of a Virginia planter. Large profits could be reaped from tobacco raising, which, however, were seldom realized. For in consequence of extensive plantations and of slave labor, poor and wasteful cultivation resulted. Baltimore in Maryland, the commercial town in the south, did not belong to the valley of the Potomac, but to that of the Susquehanna. Sea-going vessels would sail



up the arms of the Cheasapeake Bay, and very often load in sight of the planter's verandah. The latter shipped the goods to his correspondent in London, together with a list of articles to be brought back in barter on return ship the following year. Often the planter over-estimated the value of his tobacco and ordered more goods than it would pay for. His debt would thus accumulate and force him to spend a year's crop to pay arrears, and purchase the balance of necessities on credit. Thus, though the Virginia planter lived in apparent comfort, he was constantly on the verge of bankruptcy. Of course, good managers—such as George Washington, were always to be found. The bulk of the population of Virginia consisted of the middle class of whites, who were, however, of the best British stock and capable of development. Patrick Henry and John Marshall were representatives of this class, while Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Randolph were more aristocratic.

Rice, the only other product which determined the whole life of a people, was grown principally in the malarial regions of South Carolina. So unwholesome was its cultivation that only negro slaves could be employed on the plantations. The planters spent the greater part of the year at Charleston, which city enjoyed the unique position of being at the same time capital, metropolis and summer resort. The merchants of Charleston handled the crop. These men, many of whom had been educated in England or in the North, formed a true oligarchy. Bred to habits of command, they knew how to net a gain at the expense of the poor negro slave. In fact, South Carolina enjoyed prosperity as early as the year 1760—forty years before the profitable cultivation of cotton began.

Slavery existed in all the colonies before the Revolution, and it seemed to have been considered as essential to the well being of South Carolina then as it was a century later. North of Mason and Dixon's line it was dying out—the possession of a negro being there, an unprofitable investment.

In Virginia, slavery, as an institution, was justified by the Bible, the text of which the slave owners had arranged to suit themselves. It was right to enslave the heathern



negro, and should he accept baptism, the knowledge of Christianity could be repaid only by his life service as slave. Many stringent laws were passed in order to keep the slaves in subjection, but the fact that in many places negro slaves and "indented" whites servants lived together, tended somewhat to lessen the hard lot of the blacks.

In South Carolina the slaves were largely men and women of African birth, who had been brought by slave traders to Charleston or other southern seaports. They were, therefore, uncivilized and may have required harsher treatment than the slaves of the other colonies. Even the negroes, however, could stand the pestilential swamps for a few years only. Therefore it was profitable to work them to the best advantage.

The slaves continued to be imported, and the blacks soon outnumbered the whites, and harsh laws were passed in their regard. After the formidable slave insurrection of 1740, the slave laws of the colony were revised. Fearful lest the blacks should congregate at Charleston on some Saturday afternoon or Sunday and massacre the whites in a body, it was enacted that no negro could carry a gun after sundown, and unless provided with a ticket from his master, was never allowed upon the public highways. In court a slave was given but a mock trial, upon which his condemnation was sure to follow.

In order to prevent, as much as possible, fugitive negro slaves from joining the Spanish settlements in Florida, a reward of 50 £ was offered for the apprehension and return of a negro slave alive from south of the Savannah river, or 10 £ for his scalp. 1 £ was the ordinary reward for the capture of a runaway.

Much of the labor in the colonies was furnished by white servants bound to service for a term of years. The "Redemptioners" or "Freewillers" were a desirable class of immigrants, being found principally in Pennsylvania. The "indented" servants were not so welcome, owing to the fact that they were mostly criminals deported by Great Britain. Many acts were passed by England for the speedy and effectual transportation of these criminals, the practice being kept up until 1770. Most of these convicts were sent to Virginia and

Maryland, the people of which colonies strongly objected, imposing head money and long quarantines to prevent their influx, but to no avail.

Education seems to have been neglected in the South more than in the North. In the Carolinas especially, facilities for learning were poor. Only slight success had been met with in the attempt to remedy this defect of a total lack of schools. In Virginia, William and Mary college was established, but it resembled, in many respects, the public school of later days. Not a few of the young Virginians, however, were well educated, having been instructed by private tutors. The love of reading seems to have been wide spread in the Old Dominion, which accounts for the fair number of good classical scholars found in the colony since the earliest days.

VIC. SCHLITZER, '04.

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## THE DYING YEAR.

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The days grow pale,  
The nights are chill,  
A dreamy veil  
Hangs o'er the hill;  
The grass is brown  
That once was green;  
Robb'd of its crown  
Each flower is seen.

The birds have flown  
To brighter climes;  
The wind-harps moan  
In ghostly rhymes;  
The trees have cast  
Their gaudy leaves,  
The summer's past,  
All Nature grieves.

—JUNIOR.



## STORY OF "THE MARQUIS OF MANTUA"

## II.

A YEAR previous to these events the Marquis had lost by drowning, a child of ten years, an only daughter, Clarissa, while playing with her little brother along the Mincio, stooped over the bank to gaze into the mirror of the limpid stream,

"Admiring still the beauty there reflected  
Back to her wondering eye. . . . .  
She thinks an angel's come from the blue  
Of the heaven's arching downward in the deep,  
To clasp her to himself:—embraced the form  
And lost to us the life she lives above."

The death of sweet Clarissa was Alberto's first grief, and it well nigh broke his poor little heart. Even now after the lapse of a whole year he was often found it tears mourning the loss of his sister.

"This abnormal flood of grief in a child of such tender years may be the circumstance that will eventually fulfill the prophecy of Savonarola," thought Francesco. To forestall such dire result he summoned to his court Niccolo Pisano, the foremost sculptor of the day in northern Italy, and ordered him to "fashion for Albert the image of Clarissa in attitude gazing at her own reflected self in the waters of the Mincio." He allowed but a short fortnight to complete the work, for the case was urgent and admitted of no delay. In vain were the pleadings of the sculptor for sufficient leisure to execute a work of art that would do justice to his name. To the Marquis it was a matter of life and death for his boy Alberto.

Forced to comply, Pisano dismissed his pupils and set to work. At the end of two weeks the statue stood complete, save for those last touches deemed of absolute necessity by all masters before surrendering the creations of their art to the public gaze.



"My reputation  
Is gone, should the work as it now stands  
Appear before the public. What shall I do?"

He dispatched his little boy Stefanino to the Marquis with petition for an extension of time.

Stefanino was well received, even fondled by the Marquis who did not fail to notice the striking resemblance this little boy bore in feature to the lamented Clarissa. Yet, so far had the preparations for the great banquet and its ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue progressed, that, with the best will, he could not now grant the sculptor's petition. The statue of Clarissa, finished or not, must this night be in position for the unveiling.

In his despair, poor Pisano turned to Stefanino for advice. The little lad, remembering the kind reception he met with at the court, encouraged too by the remarks passed regarding his resemblance to Clarissa, made bold to say,

"Take me, papa, as I am,———made  
By God, with soul immortal stamped upon  
My brow. Deck me out as you have planned  
To ornament the marble. Give me pose,  
And attitude, and every trick of art.  
And I will be tonight Clarissa's statue.

Pisano hesitated, yet there was no alternative. He finally gave consent, provided the Marquis be informed of the ruse. "The statue's for Alberto, not the court; merely to console the little boy,"—reasoned Stefanino, and was sent back to the Castello to lay this novel scheme before the Marquis and solicit his approval.

So well did the little fellow plead his father's cause that the Marquis gave consent. It was all very feasible. For on the morrow the statue would be in readiness to mount the pedestal, and Stefanino felt confident that he could stand the half-hour strain of the unveiling ceremonies.

Stefanino hastily returned and made ready for the night. While doing so he naively remarked to his father:

"If I should blind the eye, or slip a smile,  
Or in some other way give sign of life,  
As unbecoming a statue, and he then doubt  
The truth and spy into the trick, why,  
I'll play the game down to the very end:—  
Be Clarissa come direct from Heaven;  
Lead him to the gardens of our villa,  
And so deceive him still; and for you  
Secure the needful time to give the touch  
Of final glory to Clarissa's statue.

Gamaliel, the refugee from fallen Constantinople had in the meantime given perfect satisfaction in the fulfillment of his duties as tutor to Alberto. The Marquis placed fullest confidence in him, never suspecting the African Jew to be capable of evil design. This made it comparatively easy for the tutor to lay and carry out a most diabolical plot against poor little innocent Alberto, in revenge for the ignominies Ibrahim was still suffering at the hands of the Marquis.

Nor was the occasion long to be looked for. Since the imprisonment of the harmless Vincenzo, Alessandro's men were keeping sharp watch in and about Mantua. And so it happened that in the morning of the very day on which the statue of Clarissa was to be unveiled, two of the bandits, Cecconi and Barbizzi, met Gamaliel with his ward promenading along the banks of the Mincio. They recognized the boy and saw their opportunity. Fearing to offer violence because of the publicity of the place, they calmly, but in determined tone of voice disclosed to Gamaliel their purpose and identity. They experienced no difficulty in coming to an agreement with the tutor, as you may readily understand, and arranged with him to kidnap the boy. The wretch contracted to deliver the child to the bandits at their cave and alive for his weight in golden florins. One important particular of their plot was that Cecconi should play night-watch at the city gate near the Castello di Corte, the official watch for this beat having fallen sick the previous day. Gamaliel promised to forge the necessary papers for Cecconi.

All was arranged for nine o'clock that night. Gamaliel would decoy Alberto from the Costello immediately after the banquet, meet Cecconi, with his aid gain exit from the city,

and reach the bandit cave before discovery of the deed. But an unlooked-for circumstance intervened and Cecconi, till well nigh midnight, kept crying out to the tittering stars:

"'Tis nine on the clock,  
'Tis time to rock  
The children asleep,  
And for all to keep  
Well in-a-doors.  
'Tis nine on the clock.

*(To be continued.)*

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The play, "The Marquis of Mantua" is very appropriate for productions on a Catholic College stage. For copies apply at the office of The Exponent. Single copies, 50 cents.

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## CLOUDS.

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### I.

O, ever restless, ever fleeting clouds,  
Ye come and go, yet never pass away;  
Sometimes your masses, dark as funeral shrouds,  
Hang heavily, upon the cheerless day.  
Anon, at undisturbed repose you lay,  
Aloft in heaven's placid azure height;  
And then again, upon your indistinct array,  
The moon doth glow and shed her lambent light,  
In soft, bright, silvery beams, that glorify the night.

### II.

Who is He, that thus holds you in command,  
And lashes you to wild and maddening speed,  
Directs your course with firm unfaltering hand,  
To punishment of some fell miscreant's deed?  
Who is He, that in times of dire need,  
Your watery vapor doth dissolve in rain,  
And pours it down upon the withered mead,  
The drooping trees and on the fields of grain?  
It is the God of Love; all honor to His name.

—JOSEPH A. PILON, (Junior Letters.)



## TEJUAN'S DAUGHTER

A Tale of Texas in the Days of the Missions.

(From the German.)

## CHAPTER VII—A Suspicious Character.

ONE day whilst Jesu was conferring as usual with the Padre, a Commanche was led in who gave his name as Mejia. He was half a head taller than Jesu—and Jesu was not of mean stature—broad shouldered and with small eyes, out of which there shone an innate savagery. He stammered in broken Spanish to the effect that he had buried his tomahawk and wished to become a christian and find employment at the Mission.

The Padre surprised him greatly by answering in the Commanche dialect and giving him to understand that to work at the Mission did by far not make one a christian, that if he merely came to labor, they had sufficient number of workmen to plant corn and construct the chapel, but if he wished to become a christian, he would be obliged to learn many things of which he was still ignorant and like a good scholar practice obedience.

Jesu had moved away so that the Padre could not be hindered from exercising his duty. The Commanche did not find favor in his eyes. His crafty eye and his hesitating speech were not of the kind that betokened any great earnestness on his part of becoming a christian. The stranger had already been introduced to his father. When father and son exchanged views they found that the effect produced by Mejia on both was the same, however there the matter rested. Both were anxious to hear Tejuan's opinion for he, as an Indian chief, was presumeably a good judge of Indian character. In his case, however, the inference was false, for if ever there was a person who judged favorably of an unfavorable exterior Tejuan was the man. He believed implicitly that no Commanche had ever look more the savage

than he himself did, "He will turn out all right," said he," a Commanche is always wild, I myself was no better."

"To keep a watchful eye on him," said Navarro" will not injure us. We are so circumstanced that we can no longer reject any applicant however unfit. If this buck does not subject himself, we must hold him by force." Thoughtful and grieved at heart Tejuan went toward his hut. Navarro's words could bear no other interpretation than that the Indians were slaves. He strode up and down in his hut, turned to Rose and said "How can a person be threatened with imprisonment who hasn't been seen longer than it takes him to walk twenty steps?

"What's the matter, father? What has happened?"

"A Commanche has come who wishes to become a christian, and the Captain says if he does not behave, he must be placed in the holdover. Does the Captain not know that a poor redskin cannot submit? Have we come here to be subjects of the Captain?

"Do not speak thus, father, the Captain is good; he will not wrong the Commanche."

"He has wronged him already, my child!"

"In what manner?"

"By rashly judging him."

The worldly Presidents of the Missions could not, in the beginning understand that the obedience rendered by the Indian was not rendered to them, but to the priest. If it were for the Captain's sake alone, that an Indian came, he would have never appeared unless armed to the teeth and as a deadly enemy; for the priest's sake they came willingly; the sway of the priest did not curtail their freedom in the least, because they surrendered to them unarmed.

Late that same night, Tejuan went to Padre Francisco. The plan which he proposed to the Padre was, in later years by the wisdom of God, carried out, not in the manner in which Tejuan intended, except perhaps as regards the expulsion of the Spaniards. The Padre had such self-control that he could listen quietly to anything no matter how opposed to his individual opinion it might be, and could also answer quickly. He calmed the chieftain by a detailed representa-



tion of the impracticability, yea, the banefulness of his plan. It would have been certain destruction.

"The Captain's word, he said, "was a hasty word and does not in the least change the Indians condition, with which, up to this date, you were satisfied. Should an attempt ever be made to change this condition to your loss I shall be the first to raise my voice against it. Such language certainly betrays the underlying purpose, which will perhaps some day be matured not however during our lifetime. After all why in worrying over the future should we lose sight of the present? We are surrounded by spiritual and bodily enemies. We shall defend our Mission, our earthly habitation, by patience we hope to save our souls for the spiritual home, by a hasty move we may lose both."

"I do not wish to lose my heavenly home. "said Tejuan" for no price."

"Well then," answered the Padre," do not endanger it on account of a word, but secure the prize at the cost of a little self control."

Tejuan was as docile as a child before this priest and hence he took his leave fully pacified. His plan was to make peace with the savages; to call to his aid the hunters in eastern Texas and with their assistance drive out all Spaniards except the priests. These same priests have saved their haughty countrymen only too often, for in the end they were themselves driven out by the Spaniards, who, in turn, were driven out by the Indians.

Tejuan remembered his ties of friendship with Navarro and especially with his son. The next day, which chanced to be Sunday, as he saw his daughter beautifully dressed, go to church with Donna Guadalupe, he drew back in alarm from his own plan. "To drive away such good people, perhaps even murder them, what black ingratitude!

Tejuan watched Mejia closely and often took him into his hut. Mejia was faultless in his conduct worked like a giant, was present at every instruction and imitated in church that which he saw others do. The Indians praised him for his strength and his good will. The Padre, when questioned on the subject gave curt answers.



Only after some time did Tejuan notice that rose left the hut everytime as soon as Mejia entered and did not return until he had left. When questioned as to her motive, she answered:

"I am afraid of him, father! He looks so boldly at me."

"Do you also wish to wrong the poor man, my daughter?"

"I do not wrong him, father. But none of the men who come into our wigwam—look so fixedly at me as he does."

Tejuan became thoughtful; supporting his head on his hand he asked:

"Can you remember your mother, Rose?"

"Very faintly father, I know nothing certain about her. She often appears in my dreams; was she as dark as the others?"

Tejuan did not answer: he gazed straight ahead as one who had condemned himself.

"I was just like this Mejia, once" he muttered. Tejuan never brought the stranger into his hut after this any more.

Mejia was at home in every hut for he could attract people to himself by a thousand artifices. At the same time he listened and noted everything and let drop many a word calculated to make the Spaniards hateful. As everybody has his special friends, so Mejia was on more intimate terms with two Indians than with the others. This occasioned no comment for otherwise he was as docile as a slave. He seemed to have rightly comprehended the meaning of the Mission (in Navarro's estimation) for his sole desire was to serve.

Here we observe one of the riddles of life. Had Tejuan's nightly consultation with the Padre become known, the Captain, without the least ado, would have had this honest and true man shot and the Padre expelled from the Mission, for it was a clear case of treason. And as a matter of course, he would have selected Mejia, as the most servile and steady to be chief of the Indians. Tejuan was true because he was free and intended to be free.

The Padre's anxiety increased from day to day. The mere mention of Mejia's name would cloud his brow. Yet he said nothing against Mejia, for he could not express anything ex-

cept fears and suspicions. The police are justified to step in upon mere suspicion, for they are among men what beasts of prey are among dangerous animals, selected by Providence to restrict evil. It would have been unworthy of his priestly character to take action based on suspicion and surmises. "It is better," thought Francesco, to suffer a great evil than to commit one."

It would have been the Captain's duty to harbor well grounded suspicions and act accordingly. Yet it happened that he, who without reason had entertained a suspicion and expressed it prematurely, now when there was ample cause, had not the slightest suspicion.

The environment of San Jose had become so unsafe of late that one could not venture the distance of a bow-shot from the walls unless well armed. A herd of horses mostly the property of Tejuan had been stolen. Men who traveled from one Mission to another were shot without the least trace of the murderers. There was a large lime-kiln a few feet from the walls of the Mission in which it was the custom by firing up day and night, to burn the limestone within 36 hours. One morning the flame was found barely flickering and all the laborers killed by arrows. A pack-train due from Rio Grande, failed to arrive. The Mission began to experience the scarcity of some staple articles, especially salt, which the trader sold in small quantities at enormous prices.

This condition was intolerable.

The Captain determined to make an investigation under the pretence of a hunt and started the necessary preparations at once.

GEO. P. HEITHAUS, '04

*(To Be Continued.)*



BY THE SEA.

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'The sun had shed its last bright rays,  
Behind the distant hill;  
The sea had ceased to cast its sprays,  
All now was dark and still.

A mother, in anxiety  
Sat on the sandy shore,  
Her yearning look swept o'er the sea  
For him who went before.

Her son, her only joy had sailed  
To distant lands away.  
Within her heart the mother wailed,  
And thus we hear her pray:

"O God, preserve my darling son" \*  
"And lead his ship aright,"  
"That once his weary journey done,"  
He praise Thy love and might."

Alas! Alas! the night sinks dark,  
She strains both eye and ear  
To catch, a glimpse of the frail bark  
That bare her son most dear.

The dreary night, to day now wore;  
She hears not how the wave,  
On a distant, strange and unknown shore  
Moans o'er her darling's grave.

A. H. SCHOEN, '04.





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Athletics,	-	-	-	{ FRANK BIESINGER, '04 EMMET SWEETMAN, '04

**Abuse of the Imagination.** The imagination or picture-forming power is one of the most useful faculties of man. It is perhaps the one most frequently exercised and the one that in our present condition of spirits inhabiting a material body and moving in a material world is most indispensable. Psychologists are agreed that any sensation we have ever felt and any experience we have ever had, can on occasion, be reproduced by the imagination. It is also a well-established law of Psychology that these reproduced mental representations exercise a far-reaching influence over our actions through their power of exciting the passions. From these two facts results the necessity of controlling our imagination in respect both to what it shall reproduce and to what it shall retain.

We must uncompromisingly shut the avenues of our senses to whatever impresses them unhealthfully and keep out of our lives every evil experience. There is absolutely no excuse for any man ever to let down the barriers in regard to this matter. Such unhealthful sensations and experiences have the fatal power of indelibly staining the very fibre of thought, to use Holmes's forceful expression, and of

haunting us to our dying day. The knowledge thus obtained envelops a germ of death. Whoever eats of that tree of knowledge must leave his Eden forever.

There is an abuse of the imagination very prevalent among the young that appears more silly than criminal and yet is fraught with very blighting consequences. We refer to idle day-dreaming about the future. As soon as a boy reaches that maturity of mind when life takes a broader meaning than the amusement of the hour, and he begins to realize that a future of responsibility stretches before him, he begins in his own crude way to speculate as to what that future holds in store for him. And as the wish is generally father to the thought, he will, in the measure and degree in which his imagination is developed, map out for himself a rich, prosperous, heroic career compounded of all the glories and happinesses of which he has ever read or heard. This, on the face of it, seems harmless enough. And if it stimulates a young man to persevering effort for the attainment of a noble ideal surely within his reach, it may and must prove of inestimable advantage. But if it prompts him to aspire to a sphere beyond that to which all circumstances unmistakably point as the one in which God has destined him to move; if it make him peevishly discontented with his present lot and unfit him for the accomplishment of his ordinary duties by enervating or even paralyzing his will, it is one of the most harmful influences that could come into his life.

Consider the state of a man who thus lives in a dream-world of his own fashioning, utterly unlike the real world of men and things in which he must perforce move. Whenever the rude shock of prosaic reality, in whatever form, awakes him from his reverie, he feels with a painful surprise how unlike his rosy dreams are his bleak, but real surroundings. He soon grows moody and peevish. Nothing of the realities within his reach can content him. He rails at fate, finds that the times are out of joint, that all things are awry and all men cheats. The demon of paralyzing discontent is enthroned in his heart. Herein lies the cause of that chronic discontent from which so many young men suffer who, chafing under their actual conditions, are forever making new starts in life.



Every man, young or old, must have an ideal that will act as "a spur to prick the sides of his intent," but this ideal must be one that is attainable by him, lying within his own sphere and proportioned to his personal limitations. And this ideal he must pursue unfalteringly and with a brave and cheerful heart. He must not sigh for the brilliant stars, knowing that gravity keeps his feet firmly planted on this very earthy globe.

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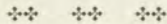
**Phases of National Lawlessness.** The late Delaware lynching affair has again called before our notice this great curse of our country. Denunciations came from all parts of the States, nay even from the whole civilized world, and the ones to decry it the most were our brothers across the waters. By them it is considered the great crime of America, and they view it in the same manner as we view the outrages of the Turk. It has gotten for us a name for which we must hang our heads—we the proudest of all nations, not only in name, but also in spirit. And why? Because a few infuriated brutes, unable, like little babes, to control their anger, let it loose upon some poor creature. Brutes I say, for a man would never be guilty of such an act. They do not think before they act, but upon the spur of the moment, string their victim to a tree. Judgment they ignore. As soon as a crime is committed, they immediately know the guilty person; that is they think they do. Who is it? A negro; and as "all coons look alike to them," the first one they meet, an innocent man, perhaps, is likely to suffer for his color.

This is against all reason and law, and those who are connected in any way with a mob of such a kind certainly assume a grave responsibility. In this glorious country of ours, whose pride is its code of laws, it is the right of every person to be tried before a jury for crimes he is supposed to have committed. This right the mob denies its victim and thereby tramples upon the law and weakens the mainstay of democracy. What more frightful thing can happen to this



country, than such utter disregard of all law? Our protection depends upon our laws and when they are not obeyed anarchy will reign supreme.

The rabble do not seem to understand this, or they do not wish to. In either case great ignorance is shown by them, and, alas! to their own undoing. For, if men will not respect the rights of their fellows, no one can expect to be safe; not even the leader of a mob. Our homes and loved ones will be insecure, our property may at any moment be confiscated, and, above all, our lives shall continually be in jeopardy. In other words, should mob-rule prevail, our freedom shall cease to exist, and the lives of our forefathers shall have been sacrificed in vain.



**Hazing.** As certain as day follows night, so sure is the opening of colleges and universities to bring on hazing. No sooner had the collegiate year of 1903 begun than the newspapers were filled with accounts of how some poor freshmen were worsted in their encounter with older classmen. One of the most notorious of these recrudescences of barbarism, took place at the University of Michigan, on October 9, in which an officer of the law was struck with a club, and came near taking his last trip. What a blot this would have been upon the fair name of the University if death had been the result of the blow. And all on account of a few jolly fellows who did not think of consequences.

A few schools have forbidden it and they are mighty few compared to the places where it is tolerated. At West Point the cadets are made to give their word of honor not to haze, and honor means all to a soldier. Thus it has found its death at the great military school, but when shall an end be put to it everywhere? Many say time will tell, yet time, like the moon, is too inconstant for it does not always bring about our wishes. The downfall of hazing lies in the hands of the authorities, and the sooner they use their power the better it will be for all. We can expect nothing but disregard of law from young men who are allowed to carry on at school in this manner. It will breed in them a tendency to

lawlessness that must eventually prove a curse for the nation.

There are many ways in which young men can enjoy themselves other than by such savage antics. And, alas! not only our young men, but our young women find sport in this rowdiness. Quite recently at an entertainment, given by the young women of a certain college, a general free for all fight between rival classes took place on the stage in the presence of five hundred spectators in which much "fur" flew. And this is higher education!

ALPHONSE PATER, '04.



THE CLOUDS.

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See yonder purpling eastern sky  
With ruby cloudlets all aglow,  
Like shafts from Phoebus' golden bow,  
Fleet darting o'er the blue they hie  
And charm the poet's kindling eye.

How sweet, in noon-day's sunny glare  
To dream, with half-closed eyelids dim,  
While pearly clouds above us swim,  
That spirits innocent and fair  
With silvery pinions cleave the air.

Lo! as the sun lies down to rest,  
Huge castles, courts, and lofty thrones,  
And thousand-spired Gothic domes,  
All golden to their towering crest,  
Appear emblazoned in the West.

But when the moon sheds mellow-light  
Upon the clouds, they seem like sheep  
Of fleecy whiteness, fast asleep.  
And o'er them gently guards the bright  
Fair Cynthia, shepherdess of night.

Yet clouds are mists that come and go:  
Now fairy light, now tempest-dark  
And lit with many a ghastly spark;  
Now dropping gentle showers low,  
Then radiant with a brilliant bow.

E'en such is life. Its rosy morn,  
Its all-defying manhood prime,  
Its darkness-gath'ring ev'ning-time,  
Are painted gay or tempest-torn  
By Heaven's smile or blasting scorn.

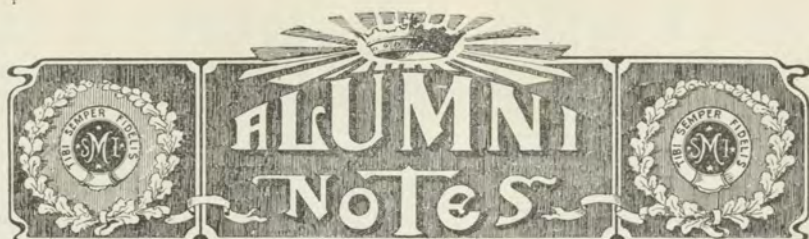
—JUNIOR.



Half-Tone made at the Instituté.

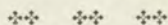


MURILLO'S "BEGGAR BOYS."

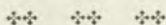


# ALUMNI NOTES

**The Alumni Medal.** At the annual business meeting of the Alumni Association, held in the Phillips House on the night of June 23rd last, final action was taken in the matter of the Alumni Medal, to be yearly competed for by members of the Graduating class. The Association left the regulation of the tests that are to decide the winner in the hands of the faculty. The faculty has agreed to award the medal for proficiency in English composition, both prose and verse, this proficiency to be determined by three competitive tests held respectively in November, February, and May, the medal to be awarded to the student who receives the highest number of points for the three tests combined. The first competitive test will accordingly be held during the last week of November.



**Personals.** Rev. Joseph Kelly, '91 has been recalled from Aspen, Col. and promoted to a vacancy in the Cathedral, Peoria, Ill. The year's sojourn in the bracing climate of Colorado has greatly strengthened Father Kelly's health. For those who know by personal contact the genial warmth of Father Kelly's heart and his devotedness to the works of the holy ministry, it is needless to state that he greatly endeared himself to his flock and that they were very loath to see him depart. The Exponent extends to Father Kelly its sincerest wishes of success in his new field of labor.



Mr. Virgil J. Terrell, '00, of Cleveland, Ohio, will take the state examinations for the bar at Columbus next month. Mr. Terrell has been preparing for this examination ever since he graduated from St. Mary's, grappling with and overcoming a suite of adverse circumstances that surely would

have deterred a man of less pluck and energy. The Exponent wishes Mr. Terrell the most brilliant success at the forthcoming examinations.

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Mr. Elmer J. Bergk, '00 is actually located at Baymills, Mich., winding up the affairs of a local Lumber Co., preparatory to proceeding to California to engage in the lumber business on the coast.

✱ ✱ ✱

Mr. Charles B. Nash, '99, is connected with the advertising department of the Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa., a position for which Mr. Nash's qualities admirably fit him.

✱ ✱ ✱

Mr. Albert J. Moorman, '00, is pursuing a course of Medicine at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, Pa. Jefferson has a high standard for graduation, and the work required of the students is very thorough, but we feel assured that Mr. Moorman who was so successful throughout his course while at St. Mary's will not fail to finish his course with high honors. The Exponent extends to Mr. Moorman its heartiest wishes for his success.

✱ ✱ ✱

Mr. Edward A. Blumenthal, '03 is pursuing the course of Electrical Engineering at the Armour Institute, Chicago. Student life at this institution is rather strenuous, but healthfully so, not in the life of athletics, but of study. We are assured that Mr. Blumenthal will make a great success of his work in practical electricity to which he brings as an excellent preparation a great deal of practical knowledge acquired in the laboratory and shop of his brothers' firm, the Blumenthal Sons and Co.

✱ ✱ ✱

Mr. Edward C. Schoen, '03 is very actively connected with his father's extensive lumber business. Mr. Schoen takes the greatest interest in the fortunes of the Exponent, the editorial department of which he conducted with such marked success during the first months of its existence.



Mr. Carl Cappel, '03 is connected with his father's extensive furniture business.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. Clarence Gochoel, '03 is employed in the office of County Surveyor Kline.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. Robert Hayes, '03 is in the office of the Natural Gas Co.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. John Hoban, '03 is fitting himself for special office work at the Miami Business College.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. Charles Kramer, '03 is connected as draughtsman with the Munioz Boiler Co.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. Charles Wetzel, '03 is on the City Surveyor's corps.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. Charles Linton, '03 is with the National Cash Register Co.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. Elmer Stocklein is in the office of the Brownell Works.

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Mr. Charles Will, '03 is with the National Biscuit Co.

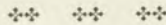


# COLLEGE NOTES

## Notable Additions to the Physical Apparatus

The large induction coil, which has been building for several months, is now finished and gives perfect satisfaction. It is built on plans and designs furnished by Mr. Alex. Blumenthal, '94 head of the firm of Blumenthal, Sons & Co., Electrical Engineers, of Chicago. The Mercury Turbine Interrupter, used in operating the coil, was built by Mr. Blumenthal, who, while applying the known principle of the mercury jet, added a number of devices and safeguards of his own invention that assure a larger margin of accuracy and safety in the working of the apparatus, besides giving it a more artistic appearance.

The coil is used mainly to furnish the power for operating a large X-Ray tube. The whole apparatus not only serves to illustrate the X-Ray phenomena for the classes in Physics, but is used also in connection with the college infirmary in the treatment of sprains and fractures, which occasionally occur on the playground or in the gymnasium. The most recent of these accidents occurred Oct. 17th, when Master John Garrigan sustained a compound fracture of the wrist, as the result of a fall in the gymnasium. The injured member was reset by Dr. Reilly, with the aid of the X-Ray apparatus.



## Literary Circle

At a meeting of the Senior and Junior classes of both classical and scientific departments, held October 9, in the class-room of the Junior Letters, the organization of St. Mary's Literary Circle for the ensuing year took place. The true worth of our Moderator, Bro. Mathias, having been appreciated by the reverend president of the institute, he was again appointed to take charge of the organization, and under his guidance, aided by superior knowledge



and experience, the members of the circle anticipate a successful year. Those present were: A. Pater, A. Schoen, M. Trainor, A. Angel, G. Heithaus and F. Biesinger, of the Senior Letters; J. Grimes and V. Schlitzer, of the Senior Science; J. Pillon, F. Weinig and H. Groll, of the Junior Letters, whilst those representing the Junior Science were: C. Freeman, H. Janszen, C. Kenning, A. Heile and W. Wander.

The meeting having been called to order, the reading of the constitution and by-laws by the Moderator followed.

The election by ballot of the officers of the circle then took place. A. Pater was unanimously elected president, whilst A. Schoen secured the office of vice-president with ease.

V. Schlitzer was chosen secretary.

The most important business of the evening having been completed, the Moderator issued as the subject of a general debate, to take place at the meeting of Oct. 16th, the following: "Have the Indians suffered greater wrongs from the American people than the Negroes?" One half of those present were appointed to uphold the affirmative side of the question, whilst those remaining would maintain the negative. Each member was also requested to prepare a short poem and a piece of prose, both to be rendered on the same occasion. The editors were urged to write both prose and verse for the "Exponent" and the members present were asked to give their heartiest support to the paper. The fact that the paper would contain nothing but the original work of the students was made known by the moderator, who reminded those present to keep him well supplied with manuscript.

"Two Ways of Teaching English," an instructive article taken from the Century Magazine, was read by the Moderator, after which he spoke with much interest on the art of short-story writing.

As no new business of importance remained to be discussed, prayer was said and the meeting adjourned.

V. SCHLITZER, '04 Sec'y.

The second meeting of the Circle was held Oct. 16. The idea of securing for the Circle several of the leading magazines of the day was suggested by the Moderator and warmly commended by several of the members. Upon the suggestion of Mr. Heithaus, a motion was made by the Moderator, and seconded by Mr. Grimes, that a committee of three be appointed to discuss the matter, the result of which was to be brought before the circle at the following meeting. The general debate, "Have the Indians suffered greater wrongs from the American people than the Negroes?" was then taken up, at the conclusion of which the Moderator passed a few remarks of criticism upon the manner of speaking in a debate. No judgment was passed as to which side won, as this debate had been given merely for the practice it afforded in extempore speaking. The Moderator immediately after announced as a subject for the general debate to be held at the next meeting, the following: "Resolved that college students derive more benefit from literary societies than from their regular studies." The affirmative and negative sides were to be the same as in the last general debate.

On October 30th the question, "Is Republicanism the best Form of Government?" is to be contested by A. Schoen and J. Grimes for the affirmative, and J. Pillon and V. Schlitzer for the negative side, each debator to have twelve minutes to speak, a rebuttal of three minutes being given the affirmative side. A lecture on a literary subject will be delivered by G. Heithaus.

Each one present was requested by the Moderator to prepare a short passage from Tennyson for declamation the meeting of Oct. 23rd. All were urged to keep a journal of daily happenings and to record therein the random thoughts suggested by them. Every member is obliged to hand monthly to the literary editor, a random thought for publication in the "Exponent." The moderator also urged those present to introduce the practice of reading original prose and verse at the the meetings.

Two very interesting poems, entitled, "The Feet of the Young Men" and "Recessional," by Kipling, the famous English poet, were then read.

V. SCHLITZER, '04 Sec'y.





**S. M. I.** On Thursday, Oct. 15, the S. M. I. ball team  
**Vs.** defeated, in an uphill game, a nine repre-  
**Clergy.** senting the Dayton Clergy. The game was  
well-contested throughout, and the Clergy

had the game in hand up to the eighth inning, the score being 8-3, but in the eighth and ninth innings the sturdy collegians started a batting rally, and pulled the game out of the hole by scoring six runs in these two innings. The feature of the game was Schoen's home drive over the right field fence. Score:

CLERGY	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. M. I.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Danning, 2b.....	2	2	0	2	1	Hezel, 2b.....	1	1	2	5	0
E. Hickey, cf.....	1	0	1	1	0	Biesinger, lf.....	4	4	0	1	0
Yantz, 3b.....	2	1	2	1	1	Schoen, 1b.....	2	2	12	0	0
Quinn, ss .....	1	0	5	2	0	Schlitzer, c.....	0	2	11	0	0
Lutz, lf.....	0	1	3	0	0	Grimes, ss.....	1	1	0	2	2
Gerhardus, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0	Long, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0
C. Hickey, 1b.....	1	2	8	0	1	Groll, cf.....	0	0	0	0	1
Janszen, p .....	0	0	0	5	0	Brown, 3b.....	1	1	2	0	2
Mullen, c.....	1	1	7	1	0	Trainor, p.....	0	1	0	3	0
Totals .....	2	7	26	12	3	Totals .....	9	13	27	11	5

	R.	H.	E.
Clergy .....	2	0	0
S. M. I.....	1	0	2

Two out when winning run was scored.

Summary—Two base hits—Hickey, Hezel, Biesinger, Schoen. Three base hit—Danning. Home run—Schoen. Stolen bases—Yantz 2, Biesinger 2, Grimes, Long, Brown. Struck out—By Trainor 11, by Janszen 5. First base on balls—Off Janszen 2. Umpire Clasgens, '06.

## DAY SCHOLARS.

**Base Ball.** Base ball weather is rapidly passing by, and now the large toys, known as foot balls are daily seen flying in the air, affording the boys much pleasure. Later on, sides will be chosen, and some fierce battles may be looked for. During the month of October, Clem Graves' team of Junior Day Scholars again defeated the Junior Boarders by the following score:

---

										R.	H.	E.
Day Scholars.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0-5	11	4	
Boarders .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-1	5	5	

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Batteries—Ryan and Logus, Shafer and Seidensticker. Umpire—Brother Michael.



Russell Graves, in a scuffle a few days ago, badly injured his wrist——no tasks, eh "Buss."

Dave Kersting '05, is now engaged in writing a tragedy, entitled "The Assault Upon a Bad Umpire." Mr. Kersting will make himself the hero and Joe Harding the villain. George Hample will no doubt be the stage-manager, and Joe Mayl the scene-shifter.

John Malinski '05, is the only left-handed ball player in the Senior Division, and is seen every day, making one-handed catches which seem almost impossible.

George Neder, as regards out-field work, is in a class by himself. An error by this "six-footer" is never seen.

Leo Kramer claims he will practice batting all winter, and next Spring be the "king of batters." This distinction was held this fall by Robert Kastl.

Carl Gervels is now covering third base, and anyone who attempts showing him how to do so will have to take a "back seat," because he has forgotten more about guarding that bag than many others ever knew.

Joe Cronan is forming a foot-ball team for this season; it will include such stars as Thomas Hickey, Clem Graves and Charley Schaefer. Allen Murray will be the coach,



Otto Schafer '05 is now manager of Division No. 4; he devotes all of his time to this division and there is no reason why he cannot develop some good players.

Leo Logus and Carl Scherer, of the second team will be sure to shine in the first team ranks next season.

Ask "Fatty" Schaefer why he always walks on the east side of Brown street while on his way to, and from school.

With about six or seven years practice, Pflaum would make a good pitcher.

John Maher, a former S. M. I. student, is now playing guard on an Indiana College foot ball team.

Hample, after making about five errors; "Its a wonder they wouldn't level off these grounds."

It is hoped that Victor Smith will soon be back in the game; his smiling face is missed very much on the ball field.

Brennan, Gockey and the Welsh brothers have been playing like professionals during the past month.

Little "Bob" Keogh will no doubt follow the footsteps of his two brothers, "Sam" and Will, who were diamond stars.

EMMETT F. SWEETMAN.

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## PERSONALS.

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**Visitors at the College.** On October 8th—Mrs. Martin B. Trainor of Greenville, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Gensenmeyer of Logansport, Ind.; and Miss Lizzie Roth of Dayton; Mrs. Thomas Nolan and son Master Joseph of Columbus, Ohio; and Mrs. McDonald of Dayton; Mr. William R. Scheifers, wife, and son of Ludlow, Kentucky.

On October 9th—Mr. and William Gantz of Bowling Green, Ohio.

On October 10th—Mr. and Mrs. John Seidensticker of Columbus, Ohio.

On October 11th—Mr. Joseph Trimboch of Dayton; Mr. Michael Mullen and daughter Miss Barbara; Miss M. Hewe of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. H. Janszen and daughter Miss Mayme of Cincinnati; Mr. Frank Heile and his two sons of Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Dennis Haungs and Miss Dora Haungs of Hamilton and Miss Mary Schiebler of Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. John Heffler and Mr. Louis M. Miller of Dayton; Mrs. J. A. Ashton of San Francisco, Cal.

On October 15th—Mr. E. R. House and his son, Master Robert of Columbus, O.

On October 17th—Mrs. Geo. Janszen, her daughter Miss Marie and her son, Master August of Cincinnati, O.

On October 18th—Mr. Geo. Dancer of Kendallville, Ind.; Mr. Chas. J. Perring, Jr. of Cincinnati; Mr. John F. Valter of Dayton; Mr. Martin B. Trainor of Greenville, Ohio; Mrs. John Brinkmeyer and Miss Catherine Heitous of Cincinnati; Mrs. C. E. Bonebrake of Columbus; Mrs. B. Topmoeller and her two daughters of Cincinnati; Mr. Ph. Kaiser and Joseph Bernhard of Columbus; Dr. G. F. Adair and Miss Mary Adair of Fayetteville, O.; Mr. Louis Drahman of Cincinnati; Mr. Chas. Foley and Mr. Cowan of Dayton; Mr. and Mrs. Stacey and daughter Miss Irene of Cincinnati; Mr. Kaveney and his daughter, Miss Mary of Dayton; Miss Nellie and Bessie Cain of Boliver, Pa.; Mr. F. F. Goldcamp of Ironton, O.; Mr. Robert Graham of Xenia, O.; Mr. Henry Stick and his sister, Miss Elizabeth of Dayton; Miss Mary Hergenrether of Tiptecanoe City, Ohio.

On October 19th—Mrs. George Fee and Miss Helen Garrigan of Newport, Ky.

On October 22nd—Mr. Paul Wenigman, Sr. of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. F. L. Smith of Russel, Ky.

On October 23rd—Mr. Anthony Brunette and wife of Dayton, Mr. Patrick Wixtead and wife of Marion, O.; Mrs. John Naven and her son, Master John Naven of Marion, O.

On October 24th—Miss Mayme Cain of Dayton.



On October 25th—Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Paxton of Cincinnati; Miss Henrietta Hunkeler and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hammond of Dayton; Mr. G. H. Leugers of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Weber and son, Master William of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fortune of Finlay, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hochwald of Dayton; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pater and daughter, Miss Louise of Hamilton, O.; Mr. Thomas Burns and Miss Barbara Mullen of Cincinnati; Mr. J. M. McCabe of Cincinnati; Mr. Joseph Clasgens and daughter, Miss Agnes of New Richmond, O.

It may be a point of interest to some, if not all, to learn something about the S. M. I. Museum. The last contributors were Brother J. Kion; Brother Lewis Bornhorn; Brother Geo. Bittroff, Mr. Leo Berthold; Rev. B. O. Reilly; Brother Thomas Carr; Mr. Chas. Ertel and Mr. Frank Sugita. We would be pleased to receive specimens from anyone, because it goes for a very good and beneficial purpose. Let us hear from you.

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## EXCHANGES.

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We have noticed in the perusal of the gaily designed and well written exchanges that have visited our sanctum, that most of them are wanting an exchange column. It has been remarked in several of the exchanges received that the Exponent lacks an exchange column. This deficiency is not due to negligence on our part, for the necessary condition of an exchange column is the reception of exchanges. We deem it a matter of courtesy on the part of our fellow-college editors to send in return for the Exponent their respective papers. We sincerely hope that in the future the editors of the college journals will respond more freely than they have in the past

The despair of ever receiving the editions of our brother exmen, and sisters too, was planting its seed in the depths of

our hearts when we were aroused by the sudden flight of "*The Young Eagle*" into our Sanctum. "The Humorist in English Literature" and "Heroism in the Newcomes" are commendable, and exhibit signs of serious study and thorough knowledge of the subjects treated. Soar on, thou swift-winged Eagle and in the folds of thy wings bear our best wishes and congratulations.

\* \* \* \*

The August number of the "*Abbey Student*" abounds in well-written essays, each of which is praiseworthy in itself. However, space does not permit us to indulge in the eulogies due them.

The poems, "The Ray" and "A Mystery of the Deep" are teeming with thought and originality.

The conclusion of "The Evil Eye" is very interesting.

\* \* \* \*

The criticism of Geoffrey Chaucer and the short story, "A Lost Invention" are the main attractions of the "*St. Joseph's Collegian*." The piece of verse entitled "The Lament" is very interesting, while the verse is well fitted to the thoughts expressed.

\* \* \* \*

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:  
*The Longwood Alpha Pi Mu; The Central High School Monthly; The Dial; The Redwood.*

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