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Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1903 No. 10.

A TURN IN LIFE.

IT was a week before Christmas. Upon one of the corners of Exeter Street, London, stood a newsboy named Guy Simmons, who had on a pair of jean pants the worse for wear, shoes from which his toes did peep, an old jacket with holes in both sleeves and a large patch upon the side, and an old slouch hat. His hair was dark, his eyes were bright, but he had the pallor of one sorely in need. He was crying: "London Times, London Times, only one penny." As "Big Ben" from his tower tolled the stroke of six, Guy sold his last paper. He now set out for the office to report. The editor received him kindly and said: "Guy, you have been with me for over a year and this coming Christmas I intend to present you with a pound as a gift for your diligence. I shall also give you a vacation of a week with full pay." Guy thanked him and started for home on a dead run.

Guy's home was a small, dilapidated, old hovel in the slums of London. Before he came home his father, an inveterate drunkard, staggered in and began to quarrel with his wife, because the supper did not suit him. He became enraged at her and cruelly abused her; and, wandering into the front room, he fell upon the thread-worn couch in a delirium, from which he never recovered.

About this time Guy, elated with his success, entered the kitchen and found his mother sitting upon a stool by the stove. "Mother, mother, I got a pound from Mr. Rand, and he said I could stay at home a week with you."

"How nice that will be," replied the mother, "to have my darling with me for so long a time. Mr. Rand is so good and kind." Then she commenced to weep. "Your father has been misusing me again. He came home intoxicated as he has often been of late."

"Where is he?" Guy asked.

"You will find him in the front room."

The curiosity of the boy being aroused he hurried into the front room and there saw his father lying out-stretched on the couch. He was struck by the death-like pallor of his face, and, drawing closer, he observed the eyes wide open and staring, and in horror he shrieked: "Mother! mother! come! come! and look at father! What is the matter with him?"

The mother entered and took the state of affairs in at a glance, and, falling upon her knees before her husband, cried: "John! John! forgive me! Speak to me, your own wife!" But John was beyond the call of human voice.

* * * * *

It was the day after the funeral and Guy had obtained permission from his mother to go skating in Hyde Park. Guy was enjoying this sport with great glee. A crowd of merry skaters were upon the lake, and it was great fun for him to dart in and out among them playing tag. Suddenly a cry of: "Help! help!" rent the air some yards from where Guy was. A few rapid strides and Guy was on the scene. He saw in front of him a young lad, who could not swim, making frantic efforts to get out of the water. Guy, being a good swimmer and used to grappling with difficulties, plunged in and rescued the youth.

This youth was Robert Templeton, the son of a very rich banker. "I owe you my life, and I will always be deeply indebted to you. What is your name? Mine is Robert Templeton."

"My name is Guy Simmons."

"Come and go home with me. I want you to see my parents. They will be most pleased to meet you."

"All right; but I can't stay long."

The boys started for Robert's home and in due time reached their destination. They entered a large, magnificent, grey stone mansion, located upon Regent Street. Robert then said: "Sit here, and I will call my father." "All right." Guy, in wide-mouthed amazement, sat looking at the elaborate furniture and ornamentations. He was so deeply absorbed in thought that he did not notice the entrance of Mr. Templeton, a rather portly gentleman of about thirty-five years of age.

Guy was awakened from his reverie by these words: "Welcome, kind friend, to my house. Let me thank you for the kindly assistance you gave to my only son. Robert has told me the entire story. It was a noble deed of yours. Tomorrow being Christmas, I desire to have your mother and you to take dinner with us at 6 o'clock. Make yourself comfortable, Robert will be down in a few moments. At dinner tomorrow I shall have a surprise for you and your mother. Good-bye till tomorrow."

Robert after a while returned and chatted with his new friend for quite a long time. Guy happened to notice the clock and then told Robert that it was time for him to go home. "Good-bye, Guy, come back tomorrow."

"I'll be delighted to."

And in high spirits Guy hurried home to tell his mother.

* * * * *

It was Christmas day. Guy and his mother were hurrying around getting ready for the coming dinner at Mr. Templeton's. They started for the mansion about 4:30, and arrived in due time. They were received at the door by Robert, who was exceedingly glad to see them. He conducted them into the reception room and then called his parents. They welcomed Guy and his mother very cordially and spoke highly of Guy. Then supper was announced by the butler.

The dinner was an elaborate affair showing the finest dainties obtainable in the city. During the repast Mr. Templeton spoke as follows: "Mrs. Simmons, you may be proud of your only son. He is as fearless as a lion and as noble-spirited as a prince. I would deem it an honor and a pleasure to contribute something toward his education. With your acquies-

cence I would propose to have him take a course at Oxford, and when he has attained his majority I would gladly take him as a partner in my business. I feel that in this I am but discharging a duty of gratitude to one who has risked his life to save my boy."

The mother, elated to think that such brilliant prospects were opened for her boy, said: "Most noble, sir, although we do not merit so great a benefit as the one you so kindly offer, for Guy's sake I readily consent."

"Well, then, Guy," continued Mr. Templeton, "I will bestow this favor on you as a Christmas gift, and I hope that you will make the best of it."

Guy thanked him, and after the dinner he and his mother returned home, happy in the promise of a brighter future.

MORGAN L. TRAINOR, '04.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

Beneath the shade of a mighty oak, I stood
One summer's morn. The sullen sky, o'erhead,
With thick black clouds, foretold a day of dread.
The sweet-throated songsters from out the wood
Were hushed in silence deep. The gushing flood
Of nature's oppressive gloom, my soul o'erspread.
When lo! all nature, as one roused from the dead,
Awakes. The birds break forth in joyous mood,
For in the clouds a sudden rift reveals
A glimpse of dark blue sky, and sends to earth
A golden shaft of light. My soul is glad;
This soothing light its wound like balsam heals.
Thus acts the sight of friend of sterling worth
When melancholy happ'nings make us sad.

—A. H. SCHOEN, '04.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE NATIVITY.

RETRIBUTION.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

ABOUT a week before Christmas, in the year 189—, a fashionably dressed lad was seen making his way rapidly towards a southbound Madison Avenue cable car, in New York City. He had just left what, to all appearance, was a private residence; in fact, the sole inmate was a private teacher, well known in the literary circles of the city as Professor Jenkins. He had sixteen pupils under his charge, all of them belonging to aristocratic families, and who had bestowed upon him the brief sobriquet "Prof." Richard Paddington was one, a lad of about fifteen, rather handsome, of medium height and well built. His dress gave perfect evidence of his position in life. Mr. Paddington, his father, had been a broker for the past thirty years or more, having always met with success in his business, but some time past he had made large speculations which cost him nearly his entire fortune. However, notwithstanding his heavy losses, he plunged again into a seemingly profitable venture, and as the stocks fluctuated from one price to another, he hoped and invested until his last cent had been expended. The care and uncertainty attending his business told on him, and, though he had never mentioned anything to the members of his family, they suspected the truth, and when at last he found it impossible to conceal it longer, he made known to them the true state of affairs.

This then accounts for the downcast features of Richard. As he sat in the car, pondering over the sad position in which he and the family were placed, he noticed the close scrutiny of a well-dressed gentleman sitting just opposite him, who apparently was a stranger in the city. As the car stopped at Forty-third street, Richard stepped off and made his way down the latter thoroughfare, to pay a promised visit to a sick friend, Mortimor Prince, a fine young fellow, though only in moderate

circumstances. The gentleman who had seemed to take such an interest in Richard, rode about three squares further, where he alighted. A short walk brought him to a fashionable mansion, with a brown stone front, and surrounded by a spacious lawn.

"Yes," he mused, "that's the same old place, and if I'm not mistaken, that was old Paddington's curly-headed boy I saw on the car. Yes, I'll remember the house and if he still lives there I'll pay him back."

With this thought, he retraced his steps to the Criterion hotel, situated in the heart of the city, at the corner of Broadway and Forty-first street, about a mile from Central Park.

But now let us go back to Richard, standing on the front porch of an humble dwelling on Forty-third street. In answer to his summons, an elderly lady appeared at the door, her careworn features brightening as she welcomed the lad.

"How is Mort?" queried the latter, after they had exchanged greetings.

"He has been improving rapidly during the past few days," answered the mother as she escorted Richard into the house, "and we hope that by Christmas he will be well."

This was indeed glad news and tended greatly to lighten his heart, but he could not drive the thought from his mind that misfortune would soon befall his own family.

"Hello! Dick!" merrily cried the sick boy as Richard entered the room. "How are you?"

The latter, however, replied that he was feeling well, and inquired as to how his friend was progressing. Dick tried to be cheerful, but the sick lad noticed his unusual seriousness, and remarked the troubled countenance he wore.

"Why, what's the matter, Dick? You look troubled!" said Mort.

"Oh, it's nothing," he replied in a hesitating tone, fearful lest he should prolong the sickness by telling him.

"Come, now, old fellow; tell me what's wrong."

"Well, Mort, I had not intended to tell you of this, but since you insist I will. Of late, father has seemed more silent and different than usual, and I fear he has met with more disaster on Wall Street. You know, that some time ago he lost heavily

in an unpaying investment and since then he has not spoken a word relating to his business affairs. He is at his office the greater part of the time as if he feared to come home, and for the past week I have not once seen him in a jovial mood."

"Dick, I am sorry to hear of this, especially as it mars your Christmas, but cheer up, and trust in Him who cares for us all, and I am sure He will not forsake you in this your hour of need."

With these parting words of cheer ringing in his ears, Dick left and proceeded on his way homeward. He walked down Madison avenue until he reached the house before which the strange-acting gentleman had stood but an hour before. As he entered he was greeted by his mother and sister, and the expression on their faces told only too plainly the words that were on the lips.

"Oh! Dick!" they cried in unison, "we have lost everything."

He was not surprised. He had expected such and did his utmost to calm them. In the course of the day, Mr. Paddington had returned from his place of business and imparted the sad news, immediately after going back to settle affairs with his creditors.

The days passed slowly by and preparations were being made by the members of the Paddington household to leave their beautiful home. The greater part of Richard's time was now spent in his tutor's company, with whom he had formed a close friendship. Old "Prof.," though the subject of many a boyish trick, had a soft heart and the consolations and kind advices he extended to our young friend were gratefully received. Christmas eve came and the members of the family sat at the fireside discussing their sad lot. Suddenly, the clang of the door bell was heard and shortly a servant entered with a card bearing the name, "James A. Langslow." Mr. Paddington wondered who it could be. He was sure he had never heard the name before.

"I'll see the gentleman," he said, and as he spoke he stepped into the reception room, where he was accosted by a gentleman, who, though well dressed and apparently wealthy, bore marks of hard usage. His face was shielded by a heavy beard

and moustache. The robust frame, the rough hands, and the sunburnt skin, all betokened considerable exposure.

"Mr. Paddington, I presume?" he queried as the latter entered.

"At your service, Mr. Langslow, but your pardon, I must confess that you have the advantage of me."

"Yes?—Mr. Paddington, do you remember having had in your employ, about ten years ago, a certain John Wells, who absconded with some twenty thousand dollars of your money in his possession?"

"Yes, and never found a trace of the scoundrel. Ah! but I could use that money handily now."

"You could? Well, I have come to return it. I am John Wells"—and as he spoke he pulled from his face the false beard and moustache.

The broker stared as he saw the truth of the other's words, but as soon as he could recover his speech, he exclaimed in amazement:

"John Wells? Come to return the stolen money?"

"Yes, and more. Mr. Paddington, I saw the great wrong I did and have come to right it. I shall not only pay you what I took, but also the interest which has accumulated during these past ten years."

"Your hand, Mr. Wells! You could not have come at a more opportune time," and he proceeded to relate the sad predicament he was in. Mr. Wells proved also to be the gentleman whom Richard had noticed on the car and who had inspected the Paddington mansion. Through the aid of accomplices he had, more than a decade of years before, whilst acting as confidential cashier in Mr. Paddington's employ, robbed the broker of checks and drafts amounting to more than twenty thousand dollars, which had been entrusted to his care. Though expert detectives had been detailed upon the case, no clew was found as to the thief's whereabouts.

Having elicited from his former employer the assurance not to be prosecuted for his offense, Mr. Wells related how, for three years after the commission of the crime, he had acted as stoker in the hold of a large ocean liner plying between New York and Australia, at the expiration of which time he had

deserted the ship at the latter place, where he became interested in gold speculation. Having purchased a claim from an old miner who had decided to retire, he found, after a year's labor, that he had struck a bonanza. Being now well along in years, remorse of conscience led him back to repay the money he had so unjustly gained, and to a better life.

Happy, indeed, was the Christmas of 189— in the Paddington family circle. The fire on the hearth burnt with renewed brightness and on Christmas morn the church bells sounded forth the happiness that lay hidden in each one's breast.

Matters were soon after settled with the remaining creditors and later procedures taken for the establishment of a firm to be known in the business world under the head of "Wells & Paddington, Brokers.

VIC. SCHLITZER, '04.

BE MERRY.

So now again is come our joyful'st feast;
Therefore, let all be jolly;
Let windows with the ivy leaves be dressed,
Each post with wreaths of holly.
Look how the chimneys of our neighbors smoke,
On hearths the yule-logs burning;
Their ovens the big fat turkeys choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Let none who live today in soul repine,
But garlands round each forelock twine,
All sorrows drowned in cups of sparkling wine;
Come, everyone be merry.

—ALPHONSE PATER, '04.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

*A Merry, Merry Christmas!
The deep-toned bells do ring;
Hear, hear, O all ye people!
Of Christ, the new-born king.*

*A Merry, Merry Christmas!
The throng cry in delight;
Hear, hear, O all ye people!
Of the Savior, born to night*

*A Merry, Merry Christmas!
The angels do record;
Hear, hear, O all ye people!
Of Jesus Christ, Our Lord.*

Morgan [Trainer] '03

A HAPPY RETURN.

T WAS Christmas Eve. Through the dim grey twilight of New York City the snow fell fast, and round the corners of the great sky-scrapers whistled a stiff, cold wind. The sidewalks were packed with gift-bearing people, and on the cars few seats were to be had. Before the counters in jewelry stores and confectionery shops many happy faces were gathered, all eager to be waited upon. And well might they be happy. The thought of the joyous shouts of glee at home around the Christmas tree, the family gathering around the fireside, and the exchanging of gifts could not make them feel otherwise.

Yet to all it is not given alike. In a down-town district, among the poorest class of humanity, dwelt John Hopkins, a common laborer at Hoboken harbor. For more than thirty years he had toiled from early morn till late at night to keep the wolf from his door, sacrificing all for his loved ones, and caring little for his own comfort. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he entered his home that Christmas eve.

Little he had to eat for supper, and when he gazed at the hungry faces of his little ones his feelings broke forth in sobs.

"What ails you, John?" his wife lovingly inquired.

For a few moments he said nothing, but wept on.

"Jane," he said, "when I think of all the years I have toiled and labored in order to make you and these little ones happy, and today I find myself as poor as ever, I feel like cursing my God, whose birthday the world will celebrate tomorrow. When other children feel the glee of the coming of Santa Claus, our little ones must pass the day without any worldly pleasure whatever. O, the cruelty of our lot!"

"John," said his wife, "do not let those feelings sadden your heart on this great Eve. Cheer up! I have tried—yet do not chide me—to make the hearts of our little ones feel somewhat the joy of this Christmas. During the past few months I have saved every penny I possibly could, and with the little I

saved I bought each of them a present. It is little, I know, compared with what some children shall get, yet it will be much for them."

"My—"

But, before the husband could start his eulogy there came a gentle rap upon the kitchen door. Upon opening it they saw before them an old man, covered with snow, and burdened down under the weight of a heavy sack. In accents low he begged of them their shelter from the snow and wind. They bade him enter, and shaking off the snow he advanced into the kitchen. He placed his burden in the corner, and took his seat at the table, which held a very frugal meal.

Meanwhile, Jane Hopkins, at the bidding of her husband, prepared a bed for the stranger before the fire, for the kitchen was the only room they could spare. He partook of the meal as if he was famished, and then bidding them all good-night, threw himself upon the bed with no further ceremony. His actions did not please John Hopkins very much, yet he excused them as whims of old age.

"O, papa, mamma!" was the cry that awoke John Hopkins and his wife that Christmas morning. "Look, papa, what we have. Santa Claus was here last night and brought us so many nice things."

This was all said before the father and mother could regain their senses, but no sooner did they than they went to where the stranger lay. There upon the table lay the most beautiful display of toys and trinkets they had ever seen. Where did they come from? They looked for the sack in the corner, but it was gone.

"This seems strange," said John to his wife.

It was only after many hard shakes that John was able to arouse the stranger from his slumbers, and even then he seemed unwilling to arise. Finally, with a smile upon his lips, he nimbly arose, and, standing before them in the fullness of his form, he tore the beard from his face—

"My God, my son!" the father cried.

"My darling boy!" the mother exclaimed, and fell into his arms.

As soon as the fond greetings were over, and the mother was again herself, Joseph, for that was the young man's name, was introduced to his little brother and sister, whom he had never seen before.

"And you were the little boy who papa said run away and was drowned at sea?" asked Edward, whose curiosity was aroused to its highest pitch.

"Yes, Edward; this is the little runaway, for whom you prayed every night, but he is not going to leave us any more, are you, Joseph?" said the mother playfully.

"No, mother; I have come home now to stay with you, and to cheer you in your declining years. You and papa have suffered, I know, on account of my conduct, but let by-gones be by-gones. I will now try to repay to you my lost love of former days, and I think I can, for you welcome home a rich son. My tale may well be left for another time, but now go, papa, and invite all the poor of the neighborhood and I will go and get a royal good dinner for all. You, mother, heat the stove and get the things ready for the feast."

It may well be said that Joseph made the table groan under the weight of the good things he bought, and that at no table in New York that Christmas day was there a happier and more contented gathering.

ALPHONSE PATER.

BIRTH OF THE MESSIAH.

Beneath a cavern, somber and lowly,
E'en cold as hoary Winter's starlit sky,
The Virgin begets the Child Thrice-Holy.
Harken to the wild night wind's mystic sigh!
Lo! Shepherds to the hallowed cave draw nigh,—
'Ere ruby Dawn decks Bethlehem's hill,
Heavens ope, Angelic choirs' chant on high
Exultant strains, that lea and woodland fill,
"Mighty God glory be, peace to men of good will."

—BERNARD J. FELLER, '08.

AN OPPORTUNE ARRIVAL.

TIS but a month till Christmas," mused the brawny miner, as he poked the dying embers and fanned them into a comfortable blaze. Outside of Stanford's little log cabin the north wind howled and the snow fell thick and fast. "If it keeps up this way," said he to himself, as he gazed from the window, "I doubt if I can reach Dawson in three weeks. Favored by the best conditions, it is a long and perilous journey, but now when the roads are impassable it will be hazardous in the extreme. But come what may, I start to-morrow."

The little cabin built by the miner is picturesquely located. The spot was well chosen, being sheltered on all sides, save one, by rising walls of massive stone. Above on the sloping mountain side the snow-mantled pines sway in the fury of the wind. Still higher up the rocky, wind-swept cliffs rise to the grey wintry skies.

The miner was up at the first grey streaks of dawn. He bade a hasty farewell to the little log house that had sheltered him so faithfully and was off. Over his shoulder he carried his trusty rifle and the leather bag containing his accumulated treasure. He glided over the snowy crust with long, rapid strides. At nightfall a furious blizzard arose. The wind blew cold and sharp and the snow was blinding. Stanford climbed into the branches of a long tree to spend the night. The piercing wind penetrated even his heavy clothing and he shivered. It was a terrible night. The howl of a wolf was heard in the distance. It was answered by a chorus of hideous, blood-curdling yells. The miner knew what to expect and was prepared. He loaded his rifle and waited. Nearer and nearer sounded the cries. Soon he saw the hungry, wrangling pack approaching through the storm. Lifting his rifle to his shoulder he fired. The leader of the pack rolled over on the snow, staining its pure white surface with crimson blood. Immediately the re-

mainder of the pack set upon their fallen leader and devoured him, leaving only a shining skeleton upon the snow. Stanford knew that his ammunition was limited and he took care therefore to make every shot tell. Every bullet felled a victim. It was not long before the miner had fired his last shot. He threw the now useless weapon down upon the greatly diminished pack. All that was left for him to do now was to wait. Morning dawned and the wolves slunk off into the woods. The besieged descended from the tree and proceeded on his journey.

After countless dangers and innumerable hardships, Stanford reached Dawson City. He was worn, weary and nearly famished. The journey had taken just three weeks and a day. The day following his arrival he went to Seattle and from thence by train to Butte, which he reached on Christmas Eve.

Christmas morning dawned cold and clear in Butte. The joyous clangor of church bells announced the greatest feast of the year to the waking village. Snow had fallen during the preceding night and every fence and post was now mantled in immaculate fluffy robe. The people were soon astir. Merry peals of laughter resounded through the chilly air coming from the happy groups that slowly wended their way towards the little chapel. Universal joy reigned. Even the poorest seemed happy and contented.

Among all these many groups there is but one that is of interest to us. It consists of a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth, and his little sister, accompanied by their mother, a young woman prematurely aged by sorrow, whose care-worn but pleasant face bears the proof of suffering and privation. Years ago her husband had departed, determined and hopeful, to seek his fortunes in the gold regions of Alaska. For some months he had kept up a regular correspondence with his family. His letters were filled with tales of his good fortune, intermingled with recitals of hardships and privation. He was accumulating a fortune. Each letter brought news of some new success. Then suddenly nothing was ever heard from him again. Weeks and months passed and years rolled by, still never a word. The poor woman then came sorrowfully to the conclusion that he was dead. The money she had received kept her for a long time, but after it was gone she had to earn what she could by

sewing. The children were happy in the unconsciousness of childhood. All the world was one bright fairyland to them. Santa Claus was coming and their hearts were filled with joy. But to the anxious, poverty-stricken mother the day was far from joyous. It is true, she smiled as she listened to the childish babble of the little ones, but her heart was pained and pierced. Alas! they had eaten the last morsel of food for their breakfast, and from whence would come the next meal she knew not. For herself she cared not, but for the children. The very house in which they lived, poor though it was, would soon be taken from them and they would be forced out into the snow without a home, without a shelter. The mother had toiled painfully for a scanty sustenance and had succeeded in satisfying the wants of her little family. She became unwell, however, and the earnings ceased. Debts accumulated. Creditors were pressing. Still she did not despair. She hoped in the mercy of God.

Church over, the little trio returned to their humble home. The children were jubilant, the mother was sad and sorrowful. "Mamma," said little Alice, "why don't Santa Claus come? I'm sure I tried to be a good girl." "Yes," answered the mother, "you were good, but now be patient and Santa Claus will come. The little one seemed satisfied by this reply, but soon she was saying again, "I can't wait any longer; I do wish he'd come." The mother knelt to pray. She begged that God might give them bread. On rising she was refreshed and composed, and after kindling a cheerful fire she amused the children by telling them stories. Outside the wind whistled and drifting snow piled against the creaking door.

Along the narrow street that passed the little dwelling a man was slowly walking. "It is many years," said he to himself, "since I first left this place; then I was poor and unknown, but now I am rich and renowned. But my poor wife, how she must have suffered, and the little ones, Alice and Mary. They were very small when I departed; yes, too small to remember me." Reaching the cottage door, he stopped. He was about to knock, but he hesitated. "No," said he, "not now."

There was a jingle of sleigh-bells on the street without and the delivery sleigh of a large uptown firm stopped at the door.

If the woman was surprised at this, she was still more puzzled when the driver approached the door laden with packages. There must be some mistake, thought she, and she opened the door to tell the man of his error. "Goods for Mrs. Stanford," said the man. "But I have ordered nothing," protested the woman. "There certainly is some mistake." The driver put down the packages and departed. The children clapped their hands for joy. "Santa Claus has come!" they cried. The mother was troubled. She feared that some mistake had been made and that it would be dishonest to keep the goods.

A short time afterward another knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Stanford opened it, thinking that the man had returned for the packages. Before her stood her husband, dressed in furs and covered with snow. "Helen!" was the only word that he could utter. With a cry of joy and recognition the woman fell into his arms. The first greetings over, Stanford related his thrilling adventures in the land of gold and of his final good fortune. "It was impossible for me to write when I went farther north," he explained, "for I was hundreds of miles from human habitation." He embraced the children and they were happy indeed, for not only had Santa Claus come, but their long lost papa as well. It was truly a merry Christmas for the little family, one long to be remembered.

Mr. Stanford rose to distinction and honor; he was one of the wealthiest men in the village, and he brightened many a poverty-stricken home by his charitable gifts.

CHARLES KENNING, '05.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

The Night had spread her sable curtain low
Upon the earth, yet through her ebon shrouds
The moonlight streamed down on the glistening snow,
And played in silvery waves upon the clouds.

II.

And from the myriad hosts of stars aloft,
In festoons gathered 'round the moon's bright throne,
A glowing orb with bright, clear rays and soft,
High in the zenith blossom'd forth alone.

III.

Yet lo! for now this strange celestial light
Bursts forth with an unwonted brilliancy,
Dispelling the thick shadows of the night,
Which had alike enveloped land and sea.

IV.

And shepherds watching o'er their flocks of sheep
Upon the snow-clad plains of Bethlehem,
In wonder gaze, as they their vigils keep,
At that bright star, at that pure sparkling gem.

V.

And as they watch this dazzling orb of fire,
With mingled fear and deep astonishment,
It seems to mount now high and e'en still higher
Into the heaven's lofty firmament.

VI.

And then it glides along the star-flecked plain,
Most beauteous of the celestial throng;
While with their fleecy white submissive train,
In silent prayer the shepherds move along.

VII.

But now, at last, they reached their journey's end,
For high above the star is seen to stop
In its fast flight, and slowly doth descend
Upon a stable old with straw-thatched top.

VIII.

And entering this rude and poor abode,
The angels' voices on their ears do ring;
They see the Virgin with the Infant God,
And bowing down, they greet the new-born King.

—JOSEPH PILON, Junior Letters.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



CHRISTMAS NIGHT,

THE SQUIRE OF QUAKERVILLE.

THE small village of Quakerville had been for some time in a high state of excitement, and it was firmly beylieved by some to have been cast under a spell by a specter, who had taken up his abode in the neighborhood, and who had cultivated an irregular habit of appearing every now and then, to the great terror of all Quakerville.

No one would dare to show a head outside his own door on a moonlight night, let alone a dark one. Even the worthy old Squire Brindle took extra precaution in having his windows and doors fastened after dusk. For it was rumored that the ghost did not content himself with the principal by-ways as scenes of his favorite gambols, but even went so far as to besiege the houses and other buildings of the village. Sometimes he would be seen on foot, sometimes astride an old cow, and other times perched high on the back of a stray mule, but always accompanied by a certain degree of martial dignity, pompous gesticulations, and profound silence.

This remarkable specter was usually clad in a long white gown and a skull cap. He generally made his appearance between the hours of twelve and three, but occasionally even earlier in the night. One night he would parade the town as if on military review, another he would round up a herd of cattle from the neighboring farms, and drive them pell-mell through the streets, after which he would vanish in the rising cloud of dust. All this Quakerville beheld through stoutly barred shutters and fortified doors; yet, as the ghost came often, the terror which had first seized the good people gradually diminished to timidity.

Finally, serious steps were taken by the Squire to solve the mystery, when he awoke one morning to find his front door slightly ajar. But after a thorough examination of his premises, aided by half of the village, he was unable to find anything disturbed. The night watch having looked cautiously out of an

alley after the ghost went by, reported that he had seen him hurrying in the Squire's direction. This gave that worthy a clew from which, after much pondering, he drew the conclusion that if the mystery would be solved the ghost must be captured.

Accordingly, he sent a messenger to request the minister and the deacon to come to his assistance. Now in Quakerville the Squire's request was the Squire's command, and no sooner had the Rev. Mr. Drune brushed his high silk hat with his coat-tails and adjusted it before the mirror than he perceived the deacon crossing the street. Hastily seizing his Bible, he had just time enough left to have another look in the glass and step outside the door, as the deacon, with reverential bow, greeted him. After the proper greetings had been exchanged, they proceeded to the Squire's, and in a few moments were trying the knocker on his door. They were admitted by the Squire in person and conducted to the guest chamber, where, after requesting them to be seated, the Squire, as became his business-like manner, briefly laid before them the difficult problem of ridding the village of its unwelcome guest, and stated that he would like to hear their opinions on the matter. Having thus delivered himself, he sat down to await their decisions, but the deacon rolled his eyes from the Squire to the minister, and that worthy clasped his Bible and gazed at the ceiling in vain for an inspiration.

After some time had elapsed, the Rev. Greene arose, and with his face all wreathed in smiles, he addressed the Squire. "My dear sir, to my mind it is clear that the Divine Hand of Providence is laid upon this village in the presence of the specter, as a warning, that we may avert the impending punishment of some evil which seems to be among us, and I know you will agree with me in hearkening to this heavenly warning, and as a means of observing it I counsel that a meeting of all the citizens of this town be held at the parish church at least once a week, during which prayers and hymns will be offered in atonement."

But the Squire, although he entertained the most sincere regard for the minister, had ideas of his sown concerning the capture of the specter, and, as the deacon had been nodding favorably while the minister unfolded his plans, the Squire felt

himself likely to be overruled by the majority. So he arose impatiently and acknowledged that what Rev. Greene had stated was all very well, but that he failed to see what the Lord had to do with the running off of people's cattle, especially the cattle of those who were never known to have missed a single Sunday at church. "Furthermore," continued the Squire, "I know of no evil worthy of such punishment, and I propose that the ghost be waylaid by a militia organized for the purpose, and be made to give an account of himself, be he earthly or of another sphere, and at the very next time of his appearance.

The Rev. Greene, however, not wishing to submit to this decision and fearing to continue the argument lest he should arouse the wrath of the Squire, begged to have a little more time for reflection, and as the deacon also wished for some leisure, the meeting was brought to an end without having a successful issue. But it was agreed upon to meet again some time during the following week.

The Squire having dismissed his guests, retired to his library, where he sought to relieve himself of the day's disappointments by indulging in his favorite pastime. For the old Squire was very fond of reading, especially of the gallant deeds of the world's greatest warriors, many of whose biographies he had committed to memory, and from which he would often quote when chosen to speak on any public occasion.

Now, the old Squire had an excitable imagination, and many of the heroic exploits he read about left a very vivid impression upon his mind; and thus it was on the afternoon of the conference, when he chose that well known passage in Roman history, where Horatius, single-handed, prevents a horde of the enemy from crossing the bridge until his companions have hewn all but the last stroke, then, at their warning, he leaps into the Tiber and is borne by the current to the Roman shore, where he is raised aloft on the shoulders of the grateful citizens, to behold the bridge swerve and fall with hundreds of the enemy upon it. This great feat so enamored the Squire that he read the passage over and over, and when the shades of night had fallen over the landscape he was still under the spell of Horatius and the bridge, so much so that it worked upon his mind long after he had retired.

When morning dawned it found the Squire pondering before a slow fire, every now and then smiling in a sheepish way. He was evidently unravelling some mystery. Finally he arose, put on his coat and hat and proceeded in the direction of the minister's. He found that worthy engaged in a diligent search with several encyclopedias about him. The Rev. Greene was very much surprised at seeing the Squire, who, neglecting the proffered seat, blurted out:

"My dear sir, I have come to inform you that the ghost has been discovered and that,"—here he was interrupted by a pious ejaculation from the minister. "I thank thee Almighty Father for Thy mercy in warning us and delivering us from this evil, most fervently will I praise Thee from the pulpit next Sunday and henceforth forevermore. Amen."

As soon as this fervent outburst was over the Squire concluded the interview by saying that he had positive assurance that the ghost would never appear again, and consequently the proposed meeting would be useless. Then excusing himself on the ground of business and passing an awkward remark about the weather, he left abruptly. Nor more than this could Quaker-ville learn, that its illustrious Squire had met and bravely vanquished the ghost.

The truth, however, finally leaked out, and here it is in a nutshell. The old Squire being a man with a heart for a good table and an imagination easily affected by gallant deeds, naturally became a victim of nightmare. Such was the effect of Horatius and his marvelous exploit upon him that night, that he arose as usual, and taking down a rusty sword from the wall, he proceeded straight to the bridge on the outskirts of the village. On reaching it he hastily crossed to the other side, and there, by hundreds of air-slashings, he humbled many an Etruscan warrior to the dust. He had slain far more of the enemy than Horatius, and was loath to go when the signal was given. But on second thought he considered it best to follow Horatius, so with a parting thrust, he leaped into the Tiber. There was a loud splash and for a moment the river swept over him; but when he arose to the surface the cold water had performed its magic work, by transforming him into the Squire again. Struggling to the shore, that worthy gentleman lost no

time in getting back to his bachelor apartments, and where, after an exchange for warmer clothing, he sat down and pondered until the grey light of dawn stole in upon his reveries and gradually unfolded to him all the mysteries of Quakerville's ghost.

After having accomplished his mission to the minister, he returned home and there indulged in hearty laughter, which lasted for some time, for the old Squire was not of that type who could not appreciate a good joke, especially when he alone could laugh, as he had been the cause of instigating many of his wayward brethren to assist regularly at Divine worship by his unintentional nocturnal wanderings.

C. T. BROWN, '06.

EVENING.

Soft the shadows now are falling
O'er the church-yard's sombre green;
List', the whip-poor-wills are calling,
Slow the sun sets o'er the scene.

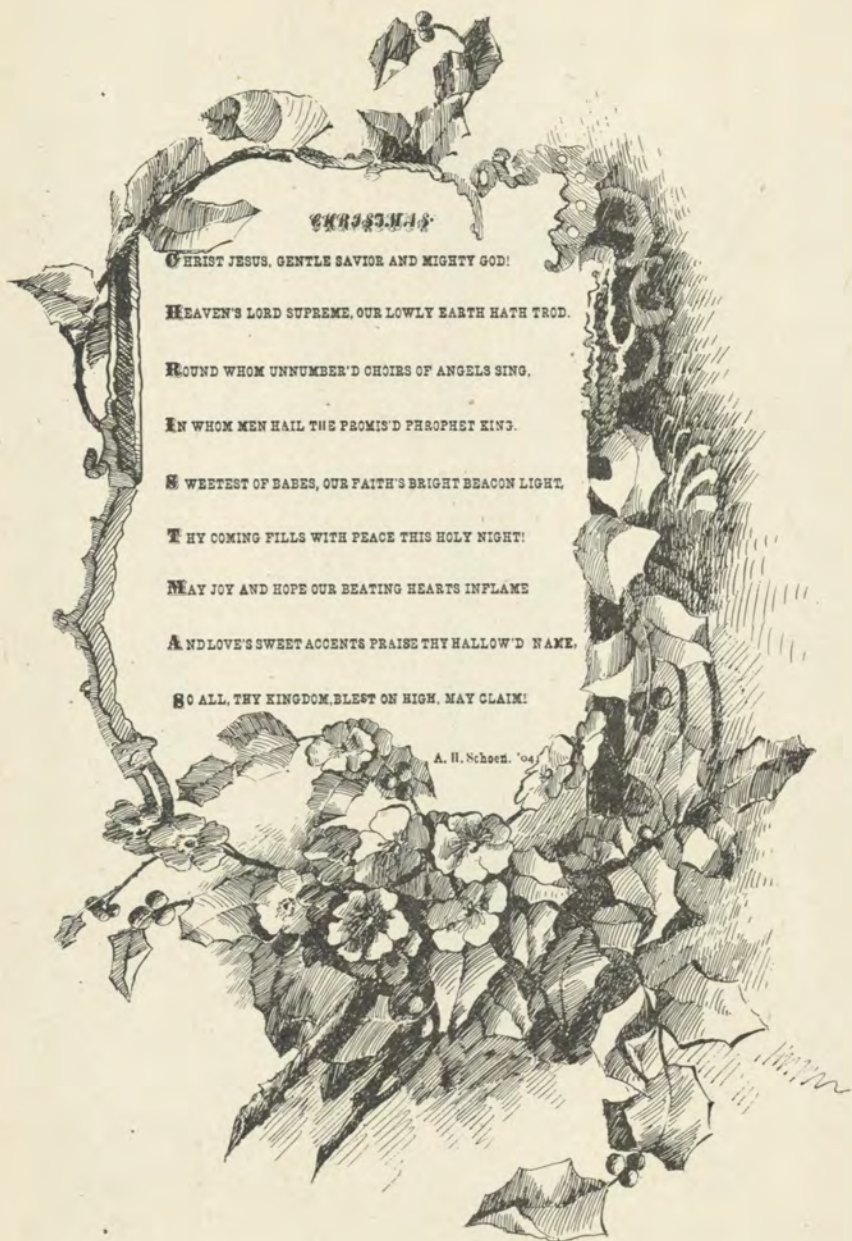
In this solemn spot at twilight,
When the day draws near its close,
Glimmering falls the tender twilight,
Evening shadows bring upon.

One by one the stars are peeping,
Angels' lanterns pendent high,
While the moon her watch is keeping
Like a sentinel in the sky.

Yonder wave the weeping willows,
Drooping o'er the babbling stream,
Hidden 'neath the grassy billows,
Many a loved one lies adream.

Lies adream and knows no waking,
Till the angel's trumpet tone
Sets unnumbered echoes quaking
And we meet again our own.

—CHARLES KENNING, Junior Science.

**CHRISTMAS**

CHRIST JESUS, GENTLE SAVIOR AND MIGHTY GOD!

HEAVEN'S LORD SUPREME, OUR LOWLY EARTH HATH TROD.

ROUND WHOM UNNUMBER'D CHOIRS OF ANGELS SING,

IN WHOM MEN HAIL THE PROMIS'D PROPHET KING.

SWEETEST OF BABES, OUR FAITH'S BRIGHT BEACON LIGHT

THY COMING FILLS WITH PEACE THIS HOLY NIGHT!

MAY JOY AND HOPE OUR BEATING HEARTS INFLAME

AND LOVE'S SWEET ACCENTS PRAISE THY HALLOW'D NAME.

SO ALL, THY KINGDOM, BLEST ON HIGH, MAY CLAIM!

A. H. Schoen. '04

WHY HE DOES NOT BELIEVE IN SPIRITS.

NO, Jack Holloway, I will never believe in anything of that sort."

The speaker was a tall man, with sandy moustache and dark complexion. Jack Holloway and Arsie Castner had been talking about the appearance, in a little shack along the river, of a ghost that pursued a man for several miles and, as it was alleged, set fire to buildings in the neighborhood.

"You would probably think different, Arsie, if you had had experience with such beings," Jack replied.

"As far as experience is concerned, I have seen strange things. This reminds me of one I had over in Arizona. One day, while a number of us were prospecting, something peculiar happened that has caused me not to believe in ghosts. While digging for gold in the bed of a stream there arose a furious storm that threatened to develop into a hurricane. With all possible haste we ran for shelter into a well patronized inn alongside a little hill. Seated around a large table was a motley crowd,—Mexicans, Americans and Spaniards. One particular Spaniard, whom the others called Alphonso, was the center of attraction. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with the shoulders and limbs of an athlete, and with a handsome, boyish face. He was much of a braggart, however, and this takes a good deal away from a person's good qualities. In the course of the conversation a cowboy happened to hit on the subjects of spiritualism and ghosts.

"I do not," said the Spanish braggart, "hold any belief in such ridiculous, impossible things."

"I will tell you what I will do," said one of the Mexicans, with a sneer.

"And what is that?" inquired Alphonso.

"I will bring you face to face with a person who is dead, but whom you knew before death. I will make him write his

name, shake hands with you, or anything else you desire," retorted the Mexican.

"Oh, now, now, that is quite impossible," protested the Spaniard.

"What! Do you deny the power of God?" exclaimed the Mexican, seemingly amazed.

Well, thus they quarrelled for half an hour, until the Mexican proposed to do what he had said. He wished to bet the young Alphonso an even one hundred dollars. Alphonso was a willing bettor, but did not have the required amount of money. By this time everybody had become greatly interested, so that enough money was collected to complete the hundred.

The Mexican waited until it was dark and then set about to win his bet. An old, forsaken-looking shed in the rear of the inn was chosen as the best place in which to perform the feat. In the shed was a chair, a table upon which was a pencil and some paper, while the room was void of everything else.

The Spaniard alone entered the shed and sat on the chair. The Mexican closed the door and began singing in Spanish, which we could not understand. Then talking through the crack he said: "Unbeliever, do you see anything?" "I see a bright light approaching me," answered the Spaniard. "Art thou afraid?" "No," was the laconic answer.

Again the Mexican sang. Then he said: "What do you see now?" "A man clothed in white approaches me." "Art thou afraid?" "I am not." Again he sang. Then, "What more dost thou see?" "The person in white comes nearer, and looks like my friend Horace." "Do you believe?" "I do not." Again he sings. And then, "What is he doing?" "He writes his name on the paper." "Do you believe?"

By this time all on the outside were terror-stricken at what was taking place, when the Spaniard answered with forced firmness, "I do not."

With a curse the Mexican sang as he never sang before. Then, "Approach, braggart, and shake hands with him, look—" Before he could finish a terrible scream came from the interior and the Spaniard yelled, "Help! murder! Oh, God!" and all was still. Speechless from fright we broke open the door and rushed to the assistance of the senseless form of the Spaniard,

lying in a heap upon the floor. Upon the paper was written the name Horace, but nothing else was seen. The Spaniard was hurried off to bed as his condition seemed alarming. The Mexican took charge of the money, while we also went to rest, more dead than alive.

"And yet," said Jack Holloway, "you do not believe?"

"No," said Arsie Castner, "because long before we awoke the next morning the Mexican and the Spaniard had left the place, and, as it was afterwards learned, in the same direction, and together. Yes, it was a jolly confidence game."

LEO KRAMER, '04

"AND THEY GAVE ME A MEDAL FOR THAT."

I wrote some lines once on a time,
All said I must and could,
And thought, as usual, men would say,
They're very, very good.

They were so bum, so very bum,
I laughed and thought I'd bust;
But then you know it was a prize,
Thought I, "I really must."

I showed them to a good old friend,
He took a peep at them;
At the first line he read, his face
Was nothing but a grin.

He read the next; the grin increased,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; my fist shot then,
He dropped without a tear.

Since then I never dare to write,
I simply raise my hat;
Now, don't you think they ought to give
Me a medal for that?

"NUMBER 666."

IT was a bright spring morning when the warden of the Columbus penitentiary rang the little bell on his desk and told the subordinate that answered the call to bring Number 666 to him.

Number 666 was Jimmy Valentine, who had been sent some weeks before to the prison on the charge of robbery, but resolutely denied the charge, although it was evident to all connected with the case that Jimmy was guilty. Now, what Jimmy had done with the stolen money (for he only robbed banks and the like) was a mystery to all; for the police had hunted high and low in search of the booty, but to no avail. The warden racked his brains trying to think of an expedient for getting the money. Finally, a thought struck him. Why not release Number 666 and have a detective follow him wherever he goes. Sooner or later, he will go to the place where the money is hidden, and then the detective can get the money and rearrest the man. That is the reason why the warden requested Number 666 to be brought to him.

Jim Valentine was by far not a fine looking fellow. He was freckled, had red hair, and was coarse in general appearance; but for all that, was an amiable fellow, never known to be downcast, even when put behind the bars. This general gayety of manner made Warden Watkins smile when Jimmy was brought to him. "You sent for me, Mr. Warden?" asked Jimmy. "I did," replied Mr. Watkins. "Well, what can I do for you?" was the next question asked by Jimmy. "You are discharged," the warden answered. "I can hold you on no charge. Go with the jailer here, to change your clothes, and take this note to the treasurer, and he will give you the money taken from you on the day of your arrest. Good-bye, and I don't want to see you again." "Thank you," and out the door went light-hearted Jim.

We next see Jim bound for the railroad station, purchasing a ticket for Cleveland, and immediately boarding a train. But

Jim was not too slow to notice his shadow, which got on the same car with him. Jim stopped off at Cleveland, and made for an old rickety hotel, with the proprietor of which Jim seemed to be well acquainted. "I have saved the same room for you and left it undisturbed," said the proprietor. "I'm much obliged," answered Jim, and went to his room, unpacked a dress suit case, which was there, and dumped the contents on the floor. These consisted of the finest set of burglar tools ever made, manufactured by Jim himself; and every piece the work of a master. He gazed smilingly over the tools, and after having assured himself that they were all there, replaced them, locked the case, which he took with him, went down stairs, paid the clerk, and departed.

He eluded the detective; was next seen in Toledo, associating with the aristocrats; but the detective was soon on his heels. He learned that Jim was keeping company with the daughter of President Hayes of the "People's Bank."

Pretty soon robberies became frequent in and about Toledo, and almost every bank in that city had its safe blown open, and thousands of dollars stolen; the People's Bank alone was spared. "This looks like Jim's work," said the detective, for the fellow was known to be an expert safe cracker. Jim became so intimate with the father of his love that the latter took him to the bank and showed him the ins and outs of the place.

One day the father took his oldest daughter, Grace, his youngest daughter, Mabel, and Jim to the bank to show them his new safe, which he had purchased, and which was declared to be absolutely burglar-proof. It was provided with a time-lock, and many contrivances new to safes.

In the meantime the detective, whose name, by the way, is Williamson, kept a good watch on Jim. He learned that on a Thursday Jim was going to leave town, and he saw Jim leave the hotel with his grip. He for a moment determined to arrest Jim before he could do any more damage, but when he saw Jim was headed for the bank he changed his mind, concluding to follow Jim to the bank and there arrest him.

Now, the day that Mr. Williamson saw Jim enter the bank and determined to arrest him was the day set by the president of the bank to show his safe to Mr. Valentine and his daugh-

ters. The president was showing it to them, when suddenly Mabel laughingly pushed Grace in the safe, turned the knob, and moved the combination. "My God! What have you done!" screamed the old man. "The time-lock was not set and the safe cannot be opened," and "O, God! Grace will die." Jim stood by and said not a word. All the clerks now came hurrying to the scene, and Mabel fell into hysterics. Detective Williamson, who till then had remained on the outside, also came in to see what the commotion meant, and remained in the open doorway of the president's private room. Jim saw him, but pretended not to be aware of his presence. The president became wild, and it was feared that he would go insane. Finally, Jim came up and told him to be calm, for he would get Grace out. "Impossible!" he shrieked. "Well, sit down," said Jim, "and I'll show you." Mr. Hayes was finally persuaded upon to sit down; while Jimmy took his dress suit case from the corner, and opening it pulled out his burglar tools. He threw off his coat and cuffs, bored a hole in the safe, put in his nitro-glycerine, attached a fuse, and lit it. In a minute there was a terrible explosion. The doors of the safe fell off, and out stepped Grace, alive and unharmed. The joy of the president knew no bounds, while Jimmy calmly put on his cuffs and coat, and walking over to the detective, said: "Mr. Williamson, I am ready." The detective looked at him for a minute, and said: "You're mistaken; I don't know you," and walked out of the door.

WM. STOECKLEIN, '04.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

I.

In Cambridge, old and classic town,
Within that school of great renown,
At Harvard University,
There lived a youth of twenty-three,
Whose name was Harry Dashington,
 A jovial lad,
 Both good and bad,
And full of mischief, sport and fun.

II.

Now, Harry was of the elite,
A handsome chap, both trim and neat,
Wore clothes that Fashion fancied most,
And each day a new tie would boast.
At parties, he was in demand,
 Was of the few
 Who always knew
What odds the favorite would command.

III.

Still Harry often failed at class,
And not a single day would pass
Without some misdemeanor slight,
And graver ones oft came to light;
But Harry's fortune served him well,
 And yet he knew
 That he was due
To meet the sentence which soon fell.

IV.

The faculty became aroused
At news that Harry oft caroused,
And met one morn and judgment passed
That next offense would be his last.
No need to say so wild a wight
 Paid little heed
 And with all speed
He sallied forth that self-same night.

V.

'Twas after twelve when Harry came,
Covered with mud, both sore and lame;
And seeking entrance at the door,
He rang the bell, once, twice, e'en more.
He listed long, it seemed in vain,
But stood steadfast,
Until at last
He heard a voice in high disdain.

VI.

"Who's there!" shouted angry Ben,
The ancient porter, from his den.
"'Tis I, my worthy Ben; 'tis Harry."
"Aye, so I thought, and there you'll tarry."
The drizzling rain began to pour,
As Harry stood,
In pensive mood,
While Ben within began to snore.

VII.

But Harry, chagrined at his fate,
Called loud for Ben to open the gate;
"I'm wet clear through from toe to collar,
Come down and I'll give you a dollar."
The porter came from out his cage,
And gleefully
He took the fee,
And Harry entered, mad with rage.

VIII.

There Harry stood, a wretched sight,
And coldly answered Ben's good-night.
"I've dropped some change without the gate,
I guess it's lost, I cannot wait."
With these few words in parting said,
With heavy sighs,
And downcast eyes,
He slowly sauntered off to bed.

IX.

But Ben, e'er thoughtful of his gain,
Went out into the drenching rain;
And thoughts of lucre filled his mind,
Of how much money he would find.
But still he searched to no avail,
No change he found
Upon the ground;
A fact which Ben did long bewail.

X.

So, after groping in the dirt,
But poorly clad in thin night-shirt,
And as the rain ceased not to pour,
Old Ben declared he'd search no more.
With angry thoughts of what had passed,
He cursed and swore,
Then sought the door,
To his surprise to find it fast.

XI.

With sundry oaths and curses loud,
He fumed and swore, and then avowed,
That he would bring chastisement dire
On him who thus had raised his ire.
"Now, hurry up and open the door.
Don't make me mad,
I'm thinly clad,
And wet clear through to the very core.

XII.

"Who's there!" came answer loud and clear,
For Harry now had naught to fear.
"I know my duty, 'tis too late;
At nine o'clock I lock the gate.
And this is really a disgrace.
You'll have to stay
Till dawn of day,
You wouldn't have me lose my place."

XIII.

"Now, really, Mr. Dashington,
You surely must have had your fun,
So, come and let me in; remember,
This is the middle of November."
But from within came loud and deep,
A muffled roar,
A hearty snore,
As Harry cried, "I'm fast asleep."

XIV.

"But, hark ye, Ben, I'll let you in,
Although you've made an awful din,
And though the rules are strictly laid,
At the same price that I have paid.
So if you wish to gain admittance,
Speak quickly, sir,
For I won't stir,
Unless I'm given full acquittance."

XV.

"The terms I know are somewhat high,
But you have fixed the price, not I.
So do whatever you think best,
But hurry up, I need my rest."
So Ben, though much against his will,
 With protests vain,
 And growls of pain,
Restored at last the dollar bill.

XVI.

Thus growled the porter, when admitted,
Vexed, because, he was outwitted;
"You'll give me something for this soaking,
Now, that you have done your joking."
"Oh, surely, surely," Harry said,
 "I broke your rest,
 You're quite undressed,
I'll give you leave to go to bed."

—J. A. PILON, '05.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS

In reading my lessons each day
 Reflecting on questions and things,
Quite often the grave and the gay
 Will give me an idea that clings.

How often a fellow gets naught,
 For missing a question or two,
When another never gets caught
 For using the book as a cue.

In football both parties must fight,
 The college the damage must pay,
And which side is wrong or is right,
 What matters to us anyway?

A medal 'mong twelve is too much;
 I'll try for another you see;
The study which no one will touch,
 I'm sure is the cinch C. D.

—X.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



POPE PIUS X.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER.

COMMUNICATED BY THE EXPONENT'S CORRESPONDENE IN ROME.

YESTERDAY I had the happiness of seeing His Holiness Pius X. for the first time, in one of the general receptions which are now being granted to the numerous bands of pilgrims from abroad and to the various congregations of the city. I had been patiently waiting for our turn, hoping that St. John of the Lateran, *Omnium Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*, Mother and Head of all the Churches, would not be put off too long; but as it seemed that we were to be among the last, I determined to make use of the very first occasion. And it happened that yesterday, having secured a ticket of admission to an audience of some central parishes, I found myself towards 3 o'clock at the so-called Gate of the Swiss, behind St. Peter's. Thousands of people were gathered there anxiously waiting to get in. There was the usual crush, the discomforts of which all who have been present on similar occasions in Rome know only too well. Luckily, the crowd was not impatient, and the Swiss guards at the entrance managed their work cleverly enough, and so I got in safely. Some Swiss in their picturesque uniforms and the Papal gendarmes were posted along the yards and passages which led to the Court of St. Damascus, where the reception was to take place. This court is surrounded on three sides by the buildings of the Vatican; the fourth side is open and affords a glimpse of St. Peter's Place and the city. The first and second floor of the palace facing the court have galleries all around, forming the celebrated Logge of Raphael; they are closed by large windows to prevent the paintings from being spoiled by rain and dust.

Against the wall, under one of the galleries, a platform about ten feet high was erected, covered with red cloth, and surmounted by a canopy of red velvet and silk, under which was placed a gilt arm-chair for the Holy Father.

At exactly 3 o'clock (His Holiness is more punctual than the Romans are in the habit of being) the reception began in the aforesaid galleries, where people provided with special permits were allowed to approach the Sovereign Pontiff, to kiss his hand, and some even to speak to him. I hope to have a similar chance in a not very distant future, but for the moment I was standing democratically with some ten thousand people or more in the court, and waiting anxiously. Finally, at 3:45, the drums of the Palatine Guard announced that the Pope was coming. First appeared the civil officers of the palace dressed in black, then members of the Swiss and the Noble Guards; and after all, preceded by four or five prelates, came Pius X. Very few of the thousands present in the court had ever seen him, and therefore when he stepped on the platform in his white cassock, a white skull cap covering his hair, white like all the rest, there arose an immense acclamation that fairly drowned the notes of the Pontifical Hymn which the band of the Swiss Guard had just begun to play. For some time the Holy Father stood erect, smiling and waving his hand in acknowledgment of the applauses which continued as loud as ever. When silence had been established, he began a simple and touching exhortation to those present. I was standing at about eighty feet from him, and, as he spoke loud and distinctly, I did not lose a word of what he said. He thanked all heartily for this manifestation of their respect and love, and said he took their devotion towards the Vicar of Christ as a sure mark that they were good Christians. He exhorted them to persevere in these dispositions, and insisted especially upon the duty incumbent on parents to rightly educate their children by preserving them from all bad influence, which, as he said, is so universal nowadays that the very air seems to be polluted by it. To emphasize the great importance of good example in education, he quoted the time-honored proverb: *Bos minor discit arare a majore*. Then, addressing himself to children and young people, he recommended in the strongest terms respect and obedience towards their parents.

This homely and paternal elocution of the Father of the Faithful and the Supreme Representative of Christ on earth made a profound impression on me, and, I am sure, on the

greater number of those who had the good fortune of hearing it; it was something like the homilies, so plain and yet so full of unction and doctrine, which the Fathers of the early Church used to address to their flocks. When, at the end of the exhortation, he had imparted in a strong voice his benediction to all those present, and to their relatives and friends, you may well imagine with what enthusiasm the applause broke out afresh. Having put on the large, broad-brimmed hat and thrown over his shoulders the large crimson cloak, similar to that worn by Leo XIII. in the now famous painting, he stepped as near as possible to the crowd, and went along the railing, blessing and waving his hand in token of greeting and thanks. When on the point of leaving the platform, he once more uncovered himself and bowed, which the multitude acknowledged by an immense *Evviva Pio Decimo!*

If one of your students should have the occasion of visiting Rome, you may assure him beforehand that among the most be that of the sight and blessing of the Holy Father.

J. W.

CHRISTMAS

Hear! O, hear those Christmas bells!
Whose merry clamor often tells
That some poor soul in misery dwells.

Hear! O hear the choirs sing!
The joyous tidings that they bring
Remind us of the new-born king.

Hear! O hear the moral there!
Keep thy heart all pure and fair;
Avoiding sin's enticing snare.

— '04.

HIS LAST DREAM.

I.

The north wind blew, and snow fell, too;
The drifts piled high and white;
The sky was grey at close of day,
And all was peace at night.

II.

The lamp rays dim did shine on Tim
With dull and ghastly glare,
As he lay prone upon the stone
With arms outstretched and bare.

III.

Cold and stark in the silent dark,
His face turned to the sky;
The boy did sleep in slumber deep,
And the merry crowds passed by.

IV.

Far o'er the snow the wind did blow,
His papers left unsold.
In dreams he soars to happy shores,
To lands of silk and gold.

V.

The freezing cold increased twofold,
The lad did rigid grow.
This Christmas night when all was bright,
He died upon the snow.

VI.

No heart by pain is torn in twain,
No one doth mourn his fate;
But he hath found on higher ground
The shining golden gate.

—CHARLES KENNING, '05.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE WORLD GIVING HOMAGE TO THE POPE



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With this issue Vol. 1 of the Exponent is brought to a close. In reviewing the fortunes of the magazine since its inception last March, the editors find much cause of gratification.

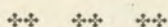
Among the features of a successful college magazine, the editors had ranked a pleasing appearance—for there is as much recommendation in the color and quality of a magazine's dress as in that of a lady's or gentleman's—appropriate and artistic illustrations, and a varied table of contents, at once pleasant and instructive. The past year's experience has shown the wisdom of this selection and the present editors see no reason to depart therefrom in any particular. Each of these features will rather be accentuated in the coming volume. The editors cannot bring themselves to repeat the many complimentary notices they have received from friends and well-wishers in every part of the States, and even in Europe, however gratifying and even expedient from a business point of view it might be to do so, for such a course smacks too much of self-puffing and as such is essentially vulgar.

A college magazine is not a business enterprise set on foot to enrich any one or anything, and it is sure of paying itself if it maintains its high standard pure and undefiled. But from

these encomiums the editors gather strengthened conviction that the program they have set themselves is the right one.

The stimulating influence of the Exponent on the intellectual life of the student body has been very pronounced. It has created a literary atmosphere that no amount of persistent and painstaking class work has heretofore achieved.

And thus the Exponent enters upon the second year of its existence with a promise of greater prosperity and usefulness than its most sanguine promoters had dared to hope for.



Christmas Greeting

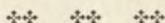
For the past few months the college boys all over the States have been waiting and longing for the Christmas holidays. The thought of spending these blissful days in the midst of their friends, seated around the fireside, listening to those good old Christmas tales that grandpa tells, and which, though told many times before, yet are always new, has brightened many an otherwise cloudy day. They laugh at the saying that hope is empty and the heart is sad in having, for, what thought of home is not filled with the most precious endearments, who finds his heart sad when reaching his home—sweet home? The college boys at that age when all love to be under kind hands, are sent away to drill their minds to studies that are not very attractive to them, and, therefore, await with much restlessness their freedom from the professor's charming frowns and the strictly enforced regulations. Four months at their tasks, without a vacation, is as hard on college boys as a four years' term in the U. S. presidential chair.

But it will not be long before we will speed on our homeward journey for a two weeks' freedom from college life. Yet, before we go, let us not forget to extend to all our friends and benefactors the cordial greeting, "A Merry Christmas." What we have begun well let us also end well. To our superiors, under whose supervision we have lived these few past months, our best wishes we extend, and may God hear our prayers and bless their lives accordingly.

Friends, readers of the Exponent, and its admirers, the students of St. Mary's Institute wish you a Merry, Merry

Christmas. You have stood by us and cheered us in the work we have undertaken and it is to you we may credit our success. You have our undying gratitude and thanks, and may God send His peace among you.

College associates, and co-editors, to you do I bid "A Merry Christmas." We have lived and worked together with ceaseless labor for the interest of each other's happiness and for the success of the Exponent, and in both cases we may say that we have succeeded fairly well; certainly, we have not failed. The bonds of friendship have tightened about us so that even the quarrels of one have become those of all, and the happiness of a few cheered all. May your Christmas vacation be a merry and happy one!



Success The time has come in the history of the United States when the hearts of its people are entirely centered in money, which they make their idol, their God. To the mind of all the boys and young men of the present day, who go out into the world to enroll their names among those of the illustrious, success means riches! Years ago, if the question had been put to an American boy, as to what position he would like to hold, he would have answered: "I would like to be the President of the United States." The same desire holds the hearts of many young and mature men of the present day, yet these are in the minority when compared with those whose sole desire in life is to write seven numbers behind their names, and be numbered among the "Newport Rogues." For these people the pursuit of the arts is a mere loss of time, for art is a precarious way to wealth, renown, and honor, which they hold to be the cornerstones of success. To attain these unsound bases of success, what will they not do, by undogged perseverance, through all trials, hardships, privations, at the sacrifice of their very lives, their families, friends and homes. We have heard of one inviting the nauseous ape, whose odor defies all rose-water, to dine at his table, merely to gain renown! What fools these mortals be! But, thanks to the Benevolent God, there are also in our country many men who bear the stamp of true manhood, who have not placed their standard of suc-

cess in money-getting, but in merit, as our forefathers of old. "A man with a trade," says Franklin, "has a fortune." By fortune he did not mean millions, but an ample income, by means of which a man can enjoy life and supply its necessities. How many men among the most illustrious in our Republic to-day live upon what the females of Newport would call beggarly incomes. The foremost man of this Almighty-Dollar Nation, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, is ranked among that class whose income is called fair. The personal income of this man for the year is said to range from \$5,000 to \$7,500, and he and his family seem to live contentedly upon it. This income could be \$50,000 as well as \$5,000, for certainly a man with as great a mental calibre as he has could occupy one of the highest-paying positions of the country. Like him, we find other successful men who have but a scanty income. One of the number is Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, the diamond of the United States Senate, the sage of Washington. This man finds it is impossible to take a summer vacation at a resort, for, as he puts it, "his income will not allow him." His happiness he finds among his books, which number over 10,000. Here is a man who could enrich himself faster than the St. Louis "boodlers," yet, so far, his character has not this stain of swindling upon it. He does not believe success to lie in riches, for if he did he would have a few more dollars than he has at the present time; but he believes that superiority of the brain lends man his true greatness.

Other examples of men who consider the greatness of a man by his intellectual culture might be cited, but as this is not a biographical treatise we will pass them over.

The question is often asked, "Is our country degenerating?" The negative may be given as answer, but we may rest assured it soon will if the idea of success does not exclude riches from its meaning to the youthful minds.

ALPHONSE PATER, '04.

LITTLE COLLEGE BOY.

(Parody on "Little Boy in Blue," by X.)

A mother sits in sadness,
Thinking of her only son,
As she looks up at two pictures
On the wall.

They're all that's left to cheer her,
And she says, "Thy will be done,"
As she mourns for him who's gone
Beyond recall.

One shows him as a little boy,
In football clothes at play,
With his team-mates standing scattered
On the floor;
The other in his uniform,
Just before the fray,
And he said good-bye, alas,
for evermore.

Chorus:

Is it strange when the train starts running
That her eyes fill up with tears,
As the schoolboys pass her window,
And the street rings out with cheers?
For it's then that her heart is saddest,
Tho' it seems 'twould be all joy,
As she reads those lovely letters,
Of her little college boy.

The game that took him from her
Has been played for many years,
And the teams that pass are only
On parade.

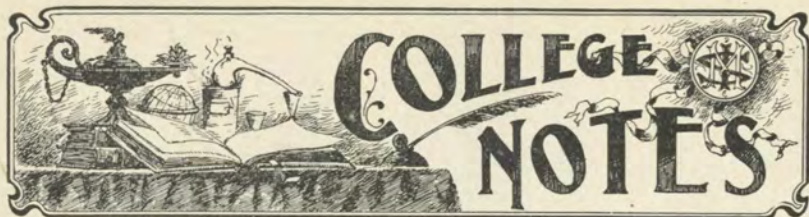
But as she watches them go by,
She's thinking thro' her tears,
Of her own boy marching while
The music played.

The pictures hanging on the wall,
They seem to blend in one;
And she seems to hear a voice,
"Oh, fudge! Oh, joy!"

That's why she's heavy-hearted,
For when all is said and done,
He was only just her little

College boy.

Chorus:



**In Honor of the
Immaculate
Conception**

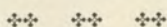
It was the earnest desire of our late Holy Father, Leo XIII., to celebrate, on December 8, 1904, in Rome and throughout the entire Catholic world, with all possible solemnity, the Golden Jubilee of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. His Holiness had appointed a commission of Cardinals to study the project and prepare programs, when death interrupted his work. One of the first acts of His present Holiness, Pius X., on ascending the throne of St. Peter, was to confirm what his predecessor had done and ordain that the work be actively pushed forward.

Through the efforts of the Commission of Cardinals, a library comprising all the more important works on the Blessed Virgin that have ever been written is being formed in Rome. Furthermore, the Pope will proclaim a solemn jubilee on the occasion of the anniversary.

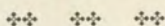
The faculty and the students of the Institute are desirous to meet as fully as possible the wishes of the Holy Father in the matter of giving due solemnity to this glorious anniversary. Besides the festivities, religious and otherwise, of which programs will be published in due season, it is their desire as a special and permanent souvenir of the event to erect a stone shaft, surmounted by a statue of the Immaculate Conception, in the park of the Institute, near the entrance, overlooking the grounds. Subscriptions for this purpose will be received at the Institute, and it is hoped that all our friends who are at the same time devout servants of Mary will aid us in this undertaking by their contributions.

The Christmas Play

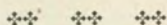
On the eve of the Christmas holidays the students will perform "The Prince and the Pauper," on the Institute stage. The play is a dramatization of Mark Twain's story. Between acts the college choir and orchestra will render selections suited to the season. The performance will be of the usual high order that has made the dramatic performances of the Institute boys famous in the city. Seats can be secured by applying at the Institute.

**Hollowe'en**

On Saturday, October 31st (Hallowe'en) the Institute Orchestra and Choir gave the first entertainment of the year in the presence of the entire student body. The program was a lengthy one, and was thoroughly appreciated by those in attendance. The vocal numbers by Messrs. Schoen and Trainor were highly applauded, as was also the violin solo by Master George House. Brother Ferdinand rendered a few productions on his new Victor Graphophone. Two humorous pantomimes added much to the jollity of the occasion.

**Day-scholars Section, L. C.**

The day-scholars branch of the Institute Literary Circle was organized Thursday, November 12th. Leo Kramer was elected President, Elmer Stoecklein Vice President, and Richard Rottermann Secretary. Brother Mathias was appointed as Moderator for the Circle. May the new organization meet with success.

**Everyman**

Wednesday night, November 11th, the members of the S. M. I. Literary Circle attended the production of "Every Man" at the Victoria theatre. The play, as the program aptly suggests, is "A morality of the Fifteenth Century, is a link between the old mystery plays and the legitimate drama." It was produced by a company of English actors, whose rendering of their several parts proved them to be artists of the first rank.

THE BIG FOUR.

Four little boys went fishing
Out on the river Mee;
One little boy fell overboard,
Then there remained but three.

These three little boys went swimming
On the shores of the river Mew;
Alas! one got a cramp and drowned,
There then remained but two.

The two little boys went hunting
With papa's great big gun;
The one met death while at the sport,
Then there remained but one.

This one remained to tell the tale
Of S. M. I.'s "big four,"
The terror of the college once,
But terrors now no more.

—Y.

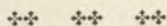
'Xponent to its patrons dear:
"Merry Christmas and best wishes to you all."
And we the patrons in reply:
"Same to you and may you never reach the wall."

When the sun of life is fading,
When the twilight doth appear;
May I forget the weary days
Of my college senior year.



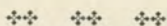
SECOND DIVISION.

Foot-Ball The football season commenced on the 2d of November, the weather being too cold to permit any more baseball. The two chosen captains, Bernard Topmoeller and William Schoen, were chosen captains of the opposing teams. Six games were played, of which Topmoeller's team won four. The teams then changed captains, and so far Schoen's won two out of the four games. His team is considerably weakened by the loss of Leo Hegenrether, who is indispensable for clearing the line for a place kick. Seidensticker, H. Janszen, Haungs and Shulte do good work in the field for their team, while Topmoeller and Steck defend the goal. On the opposing team Lawrence Janszen, H. Schaefer, Mahoney and A. Schaefer do the field work, while Schoen and Timothy occupy the goal. There is a rivalry between Topmoeller and Schoen for the championship in kicking, and both give remarkable evidences of their abilities in this line. Schoen gave an example of his strength when he sent the ball on the kick-off from the center of the field under the goal rope, but Topmoeller's nice catch cut off the points.



Basket Ball Although the basket ball season is pretty far off, a great deal of practicing is being done, after supper in the evenings. Monday, November 16th, the weather being very inclement, our Prefect chose two teams for a practice game for the purpose of selecting new material for the representative team. The game was well played in spite of the rather high score. In the first half, Janszen's side scored 11 points, while Schoen took three foul throws for his side, of which he made two, making the score 11 to 2 at the end of the first half. In the second half, Schoen's side settled down

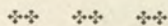
to work, and allowed their opponents only 3 points, and in spite of their hard work the latter could only increase the score by 1 point. The final score stood 14 to 3 in favor of Janszen's side.



Taking our Thursday afternoon stroll, we decided to go first to Point Lookout, from which we obtained a bird's-eye view of Dayton. Descending, we wished to cross the canal and then take the main road home. Before crossing we were obliged to go through a small field of "rare wheat." We were trespassing along gayly, when suddenly we could see Seidy rivalling "Lou Dillon" on a sprint down the line, with Wm. Schoen, known as "Dan Patch," and lank Bill Mahoney, as "Cresceus," close at his heels. Faster and faster he came, and was about to hurdle a nearby barb-wire fence, but was stopped just in time by his owner, B. Topmoeller. Mast. Humphrey Timothy took charge of his thoroughbred, Dan Patch, while Cresceus, seeing that he had no competitors, slackened his pace.

Coming along the border of the woods close by could be seen a short, stern old man, with long grey whiskers, through which the wind did gently blow. When quite near he exclaimed: "Didn't I once told you to get out dis field? How many more times must I told you so?" And he grabbed up one of those large running vines with which to do some damage. As soon as "Lou" saw this, she set off at a terrific pace, hurdling all nearby fences and bushes. Close behind were "Dan Patch" and "Cresceus," but never could they come up to the record which "Lou" made, 1:45.

Returning home, the boys were relating to each other their story of the meeting with the Mayor of Canalsville and the great hurdle races.



We were very sorry to lose our comrade and fellow student, Robert Parker, who was called home on Thursday, November 12th. He was always a model boy in the division and one of the first in his class. He leaves many friends, who regret to see him called away.

THIRD DIVISION.

As the base ball season has closed, basket ball and football are our principal sports now. The football is kept rolling quite lively; there's nothing more healthy than a little outdoor exercise after being in the house so much.

Basket Ball.—The Third Division has four teams this year and one picked team for match games. This team is willing to challenge any team our size. The following belong to the teams: Ball, Cain, Fortune, Vonder, Hoya and Oakley. On November 16 we played an interesting game with the Second Division, and after a hard tussle won the game. The following score shows who put the ball where it belongs:

Third Division	Second Division.
Ball—* x * 0—0	Cain, H.—0.
Oakley—* * 0—0 0 0	Haile—0 0—*
Cain, E.—0	Marshall—0—x *
Fortune	Schmitt—0
Vonder Hoya	Topmoeller—0 0—*

The first half was 5—0 in favor of the Third Division. After very hard work the Second Division gained 5 points in the second half. Score: Second Division, 5; Third Division, 6.

Umpire—B. Topmoeller. Referee—H. Timothy.

*—1 point from foul line. x—2 points from field. 0—missed basket from foul line.

J. OAKLEY, '08.

EXCHANGES.

Welcome, exchanges! It is a source of great pleasure for us to behold the works of our fellow ex-men floating into our sanctum, and to know that they have not forgotten us, but, on the contrary, willingly responded to our summons. We express our sincere gratitude for the numerous magazines received and trust that in the future the sanctum of the Exponent will always be filled with the gaudy and well-written publications of our fellow college editors.

* * *

Among the many welcome arrivals at our sanctum we hail the "Fleur de Lis." "Philosophy and Liberty" demands an attentive perusal. "Reflections" is a worthy production, and when analyzed reveals some startling truths. "British Honduras and Its People" is especially interesting, owing to the accompanying illustrations. "Evening" and the "Triumph of Failure" are deserving of particular mention.

* * *

St. Vincent's College Student, Los Angeles, Cala., did not fail us this month. "The Ocean" is a charming bit of poetry, which is worthy of imitation. "Greek Literature" exposes a current of well directed truth. "Indiscriminate Reading" shows with unerring accuracy the fault which many men and women, especially young men, are guilty of, namely, reading without end or purpose.

* * *

The November number of the "Dial" contains two attractive stories, namely, "His Idol Shattered" and "The Moon Gulch." The former is exceedingly well planned and connected. Besides these, "The Poor Souls," in verse, exhibits the true attitude of our suffering brethren, and reminds us of our duty towards them.

We have taken note of the fact that many of our exchanges are wanting in verse. The November issue of the "Niagara Index" contains but one poem, but a long list of orations, which latter must of necessity weary the reader. The poem itself is beautifully written and shows signs of talent and art. We would encourage the editors of the "Niagara Index" to further the writing of verse for their journal. Let us also have a few short stories; it would certainly be a source of great joy for us to pass our spare moments in the perusal of them.

* * *

Welcome "Abbey Student," thou art replete with stories and poems. The former are attractive and exceedingly interesting. We read them with pleasure. But, oh! thou "Abbey Student," thy poems, with several exceptions, are poor in rhythm and harmony. Besides this, four of them are the work of men of '01 and '02. In our judgment, this ought not be, for if the publication of the work of graduates is permitted to one journal, justice intervenes, and must grant to all college journals this privilege. And what would this endless confusion and rivalry lead to? Let us have work of the scholars attending school at the present time, and we will ever read them with pleasure. We trust that the editors of the "Abbey Student" and writers of the poems will not misinterpret our above remark and think us capable of evil intentions.

A. H. SCHOEN, '04.



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MISCELLANEOUS.

A KIND PROVIDENCE.

"Well, uncle, are we going to celebrate tonight?" asked Jeanne, a pretty girl of nine.

"What, you spendthrifts!" gruffly answered uncle. "Such as you will make a beggar of me yet. Where you ought to be is out in the street selling matches, instead of lying around here till 8 o'clock in the morning. Out with you!" and giving each of three wretched little girls several boxes of matches he drove them forth, poor waifs, into the December cold.

The scene occurred in a tenement house of the London slums. The actors were Uncle Henry, a drunkard, and his three young nieces, Jeanne, Marie and Clara, aged nine, seven and five, respectively, whom he daily forced to sell matches in the public thoroughfares and thus keep him in food and liquor. The little girls' parents had died some three years before and their dying injunction to Henry had been to treat their children as if they were his own. He had done the very opposite of that. If they failed to bring home a satisfactory number of pennies he treated them harshly and roughly.

The room in which they dwelt contained a trundle-bed for Henry and a box-like receptacle for the girls, in which they huddled at night, for no fire sent its cheerful warmth from the empty stove and the icy blasts of the winter nights found its way through every crack and crevice of casement and door.

The little girls thus ruthlessly sent forth on the 24th of December, at first indulged in a general cry, which seemed to calm them greatly. Hardly had their yearning hearts dared to express a desire, long treasured, perhaps, when their uncle crushed it instantly. Wearied to the very depths of their soul, the trio took a stand at a busy corner and timidly hailed the passers-by with "Matches, sir? A penny a box." Noon and afternoon came and passed. Colder and colder blew the wind, lower and lower sank the thermometer. The ill-clad girls shivered and their teeth rattled. The streets became deserted. Night fell, and even the most belated Christmas shoppers began to disappear. Unable to endure the intense cold any longer, the three little girls retreated into the shelter of a projecting corner and endeavored to keep warm by huddling together. In the show window next them a dozen fine, plump turkeys were exposed for sale.

"Let's take that one," said Jeanne.

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"No, this bird," corrected Marie. Meanwhile they had not noticed the approach of two well-dressed gentlemen. One said: "How would you like to eat a make-believe turkey?"

"Why?" retorted the other. "Who's thinking of such a foolish thing?"

"Just listen to those three little things there," said his friend.

Having decided on the gobbler they wanted, Jeanne entered the shop, closely watched by the gentlemen, and purchased—a pound of beef. And there, out in the cold, the three little waifs exulted over their Christmas turkey. Oh, the beauty of childish imagination!

"I tell you what we'll do," said Jeanne, referring to the scene of the morning. "We'll write to Santa Claus to tell him to bring us a lot of nice toys and goodies to eat."

One of the gentlemen nudged his companion, who then approached the guileless trio.

"And from what place will you address your letter," he abruptly asked.

The three little girls cowered before him a moment, thinking Uncle Henry had been vilely spying on them. Only for a moment, however, and then the cheerful, reassuring voice drew forth the story of the little friendless orphans.

* * * * *

Late that night a shuffling of feet was heard outside the door of Uncle Henry's room. A Christmas tree, toys, sweetmeats, clothes and food, were piled in a confused mass before the door. Then some one knocked, and when the door opened a retreating voice called, "A Merry Christmas from Santa Claus."

GEORGE P. HEITHAUS, '04.

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

This is the invitation I received:

"Come at the witching hour of eight,
And let the fairies read your fate,
Reveal to none this secret plot,
Or woe, not luck, will be your lot."

At exactly eight o'clock I was at the house and was admitted. I was then directed upstairs by a large black hand glued on the wall. All the rooms were in semi-darkness, being lighted only by pumpkin lanterns.

We were then conducted to our hostess, who was arrayed as a witch. The room in which she received was also lighted by lanterns of hideous faces.

F. CAPPEL,

FURNITURE

CARPETS

STOVES

119-125 E. FIFTH STREET

BLUMENTHAL SONS AND CO.

**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS
AND CONTRACTORS.**

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL.

Send for estimates on isolated lighting and power plants.

Agents for all kinds of Electrical Appliances.

We can save you money if you will give us a chance.

Suite 505, 172 Washington Street }
Laboratory, 301 Mohawk Street }

CHICAGO, ILL.

Clothing to Suit the Most Particular Young Man—R. A. DEWEESE

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

After a few moments a gong struck, and a curtain was drawn back, showing a dimly lighted tableau of the three witches of Macbeth, having two undecorated Christmas trees for the woods. The second curtain fell, revealing Hamlet and the Ghost. The third tableau disclosed our witching hostess riding on her broom, attended by a large black cat.

As soon as the curtain fell the three witches appeared with brooms and swept us into another room, in which tables were scattered about, each made ready for some time-honored oracle of fortune.

We were then given a knife and an apple. After we had removed the skin carefully, we whirled it three times round our head and let it drop behind our left shoulder, saying:

"By this magic paring I wish to discover
The first letter of the name of my true lover."

After awhile the music struck up the merry tune and we were ordered to dance, a witches' dance back to back, till we got into the dining room. The witch then bade us take a card so as to secure partners. After supper the gong pealed out the hour of midnight, each stroke being louder than the preceding one. We then joined hands and followed the witch into the bowels of the earth, through air, space and deep darkness. In hot haste we flew down into the cellar, around it and up again, out into the night and around the house, where with much noise we departed, after having had a "glorious jolly time."

HARRY J. WAGER, Sophomore Science.

THE OLD STREET LAMP.

Here I have stood for a quarter of a century. During my time I have been implicated in many accidents. The first happened to me shortly after I became a street lamp. Some boys were playing ball and happened to throw the ball a trifle high. It was too quick for me, so I received a blow which sent my brains flying in all directions.

When I regained consciousness a man was giving me a new head, and instead of an oil lamp for brains I had a little, delicate white cylinder, which, when lit, sent forth a light far superior to that of the oil lamp. Some time after somebody gave me his horse to hold. I did not want to, but I was compelled. After I had held it for a while, an automobile frightened the animal. He tried to get loose, but I was too strong for him. Just as he broke the strap by which I was holding him, his master came running out of the saloon on the corner where I am stationed and caught the horse just in time to prevent him from dashing down the street.

At another time, when it was dark and the rain was falling fast, a man came staggering from the saloon with a cigar in his mouth, braced

WILLNER-FRENCH CO.

DEAR SIR

From tip to toe we clothe the man
Clothe him rightly
Clothe him cheaply
Clothe him in all his seven ages.
From his first juniors to his last seniors.

Hats, \$1.50, \$1.90 \$3.00

If a hat is needed we save
you something.

*White Shirts—75c, 95c, \$1.00
and \$1.50*

We give you a better shirt
for what you have been pay-
ing, or charge less for equal
value.

CLOTHING

Suits, \$5, \$6, \$7.50, \$10, \$12,
\$15, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$25, \$30.
Overcoats, \$7.50, \$10, \$12,
\$15, \$18, \$20, \$25, 30, \$35, \$40

The Really Best Clothing is
sold in this store at fair and
just prices.



The Reynolds & Reynolds Co.

DAYTON, OHIO

MANUFACTURERS OF

Students' Note and Composition Books
Ink and Pencil Writing Tablets
Duplicate and Triplicate Order Books

A FINE LINE OF BLANK BOOKS.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

up in front of me and asked for a light. Seeing that I would not answer him, he proceeded to tell me what he thought I was. When he began to talk to me this way, I went to sleep; that is, my light went out; something was wrong with my burner. This made the man furious. His boisterous conduct attracted a policeman.

I awoke just in time to see the officer give him a ride in the hurry-up wagon. Scarcely had the policeman left when people began to return from the theatres. After that I had a lonely night. It was about 5 a. m. when a man came along and put me effectively to sleep.

FRANK J. MORRIS, First Academic.

SOCIETY IS FULL OF THEM.

A prominent man of our country who was in Paris at the time of the "monkey fad" received an invitation to attend. During the course of the evening, while talking with several of the French "smart set," a charming society belle remarked to him rather sarcastically: "You met Mr. Consul. What do you thing of the Representative?" He flushed as though his patriotic pride had been injured, but quickly replied: "Oh, he is not the only monkey I met tonight."

HOW TRUE.

Old Squire McSquash, while in Washington for the first time, paid a visit to the Congressman from Indiana. The old hayseed was very affably received by the Hoosier statesman, and after talking over home affairs, the Congressman asked the old farmer, "What has impressed you most on your first visit to the capital, Squire?" "Waal," replied McSquash, "I noticed that on all the doors of the government offices there was the word "Pull," and on all business offices the word "Push," and I guess it's 'bout right, for t' get in any government office it requires a 'pull' and to succeed in gettin' on in business it needs 'push.'"

DUTCH IS FAVORITE.

Dutch hurried down to the store to get the latest news on the fight. He hurried in and demanded two papers. The clerk smiled and gave them to him. Dutch, rather nervous though, hurried on his way back to the college. Looking at the head lines he read, "Fitz still favorite." "Gee whiz!" exclaimed Dutch, "are they still betting on that fight?" It took him two days to realize that he bought the "Evening Post."

THE U. B. BOOKSTORE

BOOKS

MISCELLANEOUS AND RELIGIOUS

A very fine line of CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.

Life of Pope Leo XIII, by Justin McCarthy

STATIONERY—INKS

ALL GRADES OF PAPER AND TABLETS, for social and business correspondence.
Blank Books.

ART—Statuary

A few images of Pope Leo XIII left. Paintings. Picture Framing.

Cor. Fourth and Main Streets

DAYTON, OHIO



PLUMBING, GAS & STEAM FITTING,
Gas fixtures

INCANDESCENT MANTLES
Glassware

PHILIP AND WILLIAM HAAS
28 S. Jefferson Street

Opp. City Building

PHONES { Main 1703
Home 3703

CHAS. W. SCHAEFFER
GEO. H. GENGNADEL

"Bell" Phone Main 33
"Home" Phone 3333

Schaeffer & Gengnagel

Jobbers and Retailers of

COAL, SEWER PIPE, BUILDING MATERIAL

PORTLAND AND HYDRAULIC CEMENT

812 to 828 E. First Street

Dayton, Ohio

The Stratford System of Cut Clothing, Broad Shoulders—R. A. DEWEESE

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

WHY THE KITTENS WERE CATHOLIC.

In a little town of D——, Ireland, there dwelt a kind-hearted old Irishman who found it very hard to make both ends meet. At last things became so bad that Pat determined to part with his dearest friends, three little kittens, so young that they had not as yet opened their eyes. Two doors away there lived an Evangelical minister. To him Pat determined to go and make his sale. He told the minister how lovely it was to have such little kittens and "above all," says Pat, "they are Protestant." But to no avail. The minister pitied him in heart, but not in pocket. And so it spread about the village that Pat had three little Protestant kittens to sell. After having tried every source available Pat at last applied to his pastor, Father Muldoon.

"Bu," says the priest, "How are they Catholic. I've heard they were Protestant until today." The priest smiled as he saw Pat flush. But true to his Irish instinct he quickly replied, "O, Father, they jist got their oyes opined."

NO CHANCE.

Mr. Young had been in New York a week when he received the following message from his wife, who was at home in San Francisco:

"Dear John, Mother has died. What shall I do with her?"

To which he replied:

"Dear Mary:—"Embalm her, cremate her and bury her ashes; take no chances."

HOW MIKE SAVED HIS MULE.

In Ireland where they have their fields divided off by means of stones at the four corners it often happens that one man's cattle will find their way into another man's property. Accordingly, a law is in vogue which enables the offended party to seize the animals and hold them for ransom. It so happened that Mike Morarity's mule was captured by his neighbor—a minister. The two debated long as to what would be the terms of agreement. Finally, the minister, who was anxious to convert Mike, agreed to return the mule at the end of six months provided Mike would attend his church during the interim. Every Sunday Mike would go to the minister's services after attending mass at his own church. At last the contract expired, and the minister reproached Mike for going to a Catholic church before he came to his.

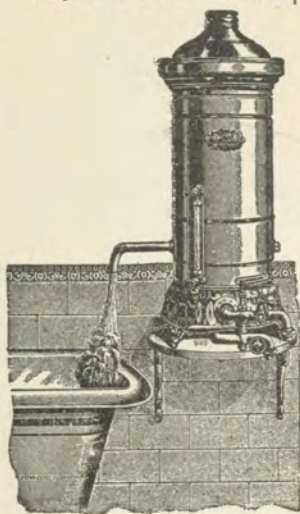
"Well," says Mike, "you see, Deacon, I went to my church to save my soul, and to your church to save my jackass."

The Dayton "B" Instantaneous Water Heater

MANUFACTURED BY DAYTON SUPPLY CO.

"You turn on cold water and immediately draw it hot."

FOR ARTIFICIAL AND NATURAL GAS



CARL FISCHER

Music Publisher and Importer

Manufacturer and Dealer in

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Band, Orchestra, Piano Solos and Violin Music a specialty.

Besson & Co., London (celebrated prototype instruments.)

E. Rittershausen, Berlin (Boehm system, Flutes and Piccolos.)

Collin-Mezin Paris (Modern Stradivarius Violins, Violas and Cellos.)

H. Theo. Heherlein, Jr. (celebrated Violins, Violas and Cellos.)

6, 8 & 10 Forth Ave. Cooper Sq. NEW YORK

A. E. LANDT & CO.

Music Publishers and Dealers

P. O. Box 799 CINCINNATI, O.

GET THE THREE LATEST SONG HITS

Tessie - - - - 23c

Bedelia - - - - 23c

*You are as welcome as The Flow-
ers in May* - - - 23c

A. JANSZEN & CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

S. E. Cor. Second and Walnut Sts.

101 to 117 E. Second Street

CINCINNATI, OHIO

PHONES—Main 1785 and 420

Call for R. A. DEWEESE'S New Shoe—"Stetsons."

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

The light of day succeeds the darkest night,
 Fierce storms at length become subdued and quiet;
 There is a pleasure for our every pain,
 In patience bear, what will not long remain.

Why this moaning, why this droning,
 O, thou weary soul?
 Cease this rueing, be up and doing,
 Thus we reach the goal.

Why this throbbing, why this sobbing,
 O, thou pampered heart?
 'Tis not by fretting nor by vain regretting
 That we act our part.

Why despairing or little caring
 For thy destiny;
 Work on enduring, bliss ensuring,
 In eternity.

JOSEPH A. PILON, '05.

WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

Sherlock Holmes was wise in his profession grand,
 Yet he never stood before a class upon a teacher's stand.

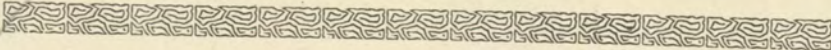
A towel comes in handy in Chemistry "Ex," doesn't it?

If poets were made instead of born, there would doubtless be a law
 against their manufacture.

Chief—"Do you eat lobsters, Long?"
 Doc—"Yes."
 Chief—"You must be a cannibal."

Diogenes was content to confine his possessions to a tub in the olden
 times, but I think if he were living now he'd want a gas-tank.

Professor (remonstrating)—"If you really have to yawn in company,
 put your hand over your mouth."
 Frog-legs—"Suppose my hand won't cover it?"
 Professor—"Then use both."



H. HEILE & SONS

HAY, GRAIN MILL FEED

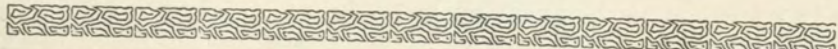
MAIN OFFICE—Cincinnati, Ohio

ELEVATOR—Latonia, Kentucky

BRANCH HOUSES:

COVINGTON, KENTUCKY

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY



THE DAYTON BISCUIT CO.

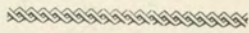
MANUFACTURERS OF

“High Grade”

CAKES

and CRACKERS

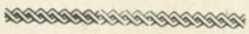
The Dayton Biscuit Company bakes
The high-class crackers, buns and cakes,
Just try them and you'll surely find
They are the finest of their kind.



TELEPHONE

MAIN 1161

436 and 438 Wayne Avenue



DAYTON, OHIO

CATHOLIC LIBRARY STORE

For Catholic Prayer-Books,
Rosaries, Crucifixes, Statues,
Medals, Pictures, Books; also
Stationery, Etc., Call at

CATHOLIC LIBRARY STORE,

411 East Fifth Street

JOS. NEUMANN, Manager.

M. WOLFE,

Photographer,

The Latest and Best Styles
at Reasonable Rates

18 E. FOURTH ST. DAYTON

The Stratford System of Cut Clothing, Broad Shoulders—R. A. DEWEESE

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

Cobb, the Philosopher—"When a woman doesn't fancy work, she frequently does 'fancy work,' but when a man doesn't work——"

Butt-in—"He generally lets the women do it."

Mr. Bowser says Darwin didn't know what he was talking about when he said "man descended from the monkey." Nevertheless, Mr. Bowser, your wife often makes us think you did.

"Now, that isn't well done."

"Then it must be rare."

No. One—"O, he's just using his religion as a cloak."

No. Two—"Well, what's he going to do when he gets to a place where they don't need cloaks?"

Cobb—"I wonder where the last 'V' went to?"

Chief—"Do you ever wonder where the next 'V' is coming from?"

Uncle Hienie—"It takes two to make a bargain."

Lefty—"It only takes one to get the best of it, though."

Did you ever look around you and notice that the men who are able to live without work, such as Rockefeller, McCabe, Schwab and Gantz, are just the men who work the hardest?

If you try to get back at your enemies by speaking ill of them, the effects are likely to be like a rubber ball.

It is about time we were hearing some of this:

"The holidays are coming,"

Says the Chief in cheerful glee,

"And from those plagued edits

I will certainly be free."

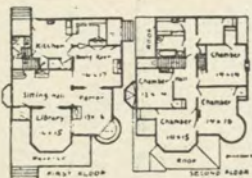
Some people say that Otto Schaefer looks like President Roosevelt, but if any one would take notice of him during the noon hour they would declare he is an image of Cresceus (1:59½).

Joseph Wehner

CARPENTER



CONTRACTOR and BUILDER



Drawings and Specifications Made to Order
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

PHONE MAIN 985

Office and Shop:

121 Ziegler St. Dayton, O.

School & College



Lecture notes can be satisfactorily made only with a pen that never skips and never floods. The new spoon feed makes

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Absolutely Reliable. It is used and endorsed by professors and students in most institutions of learning the world over. Purchase through your home dealer, writing us when you are not served satisfactorily.

L. E. Waterman Company

Main Office, 113 Broadway N. Y.

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138 Montgomery St.
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SHOES

WITH STYLE AND VALUE

W. & V.

SAROSIS SHOE STORE

136 SOUTH MAIN STREET

JOSEPH J. SCHAEFER

Manufacturer of

FINE CIGARS

DAYTON, OHIO

M. J. GIBBONS

PLUMBING and
GAS FIXTURES

Manufacturer of

Steam and Hot Water Heating
Apparatus.

20 and 22 WEST THIRD ST.

Home Phone 2387

Bell Phone Main 387

J. D. Whitmore

COAL

104 Wayne Avenue

—AND—

19 South Broadway

Bell Phone Main 208 and 116

Home Phone 2208

What some of our friends would like from Santa Claus:

Sweetman—The "Poetic Principle."

Schoen—A new Philosophy.

Pater—A bar of soap.

Hiethaus—Another secretaryship.

Trainor—C. D. medal.

Adair—A red horse.

Leong—A manicure set.

Schlitzer—More time to study.

Brown—Pain's "Common Sense."

Angel—A package of Sen-Sen.

Biezy—Bottle of get-tall-quick medicine.

Hezel—Heart flush.

Hogan—A good meal.

Gantz—Pair of nose-glasses.

Pilon—A Scribe.

Stoecklein—A doll carriage.

McCabe—Hair restorative.

Freeman—An S. M. I. pillow.

Heile—Wireless telegraphy to No. Seven.

Russell Graves—A new bathing suit.

"Fatty" Schaefer—A book and a pair of short pants.

Kastl—The "Lives of the Saints."

Drufner—A pair of real small skates.

Cronan—A treaty of peace with Clem Graves.

Kramer—"He don't want nothing."

Skelton—A nice white apron with three tucks in it.

Harding—A bottle of tickle-proof ointment.

Murray—A chance to exhibit his new invention at the St. Louis Exposition.

Mayl—A pipe and a package of Red Horse.

And still Eugene Schaefer refuses to answer why he prefers the east side of Brown street.

Mick—"What is the difference between Xmas and Easter?"

Mack—"A vacation."

The reason why Bob Kastl did not play with Yale this year is as yet not known.

TISCHER & REISINGER, HARDWARE

and CUTLERY

34 NORTH MAIN STREET

DAYTON, OHIO

Send us \$2.00, by mail, and we
will send you 50 of the best 5c
Cigars you ever bought.

LORITZ BROS.

301 and 303 East Fort Avenue.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Henry Burkhardt Packing Co.'s

Famous Honey Bee and PIG
BRAND MEATS.

Ours is the only packing house in
the city having

Government Meat Inspection

Are you getting our meats from
your Grocer or Butcher?

PHONE MAIN 1681

PAPER

*for Printers, Butchers, Bakers,
and for all that use paper. A
full stock carried in rolls and
sheets. When in want of any-
thing in the paper line come
and see us or call us by phone.*

Keogh & Rike Paper Co.

506 East Third St.

DAYTON, OHIO

A. CAPPEL

Manufacturers of

UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS

Sells at Wholesale Prices in Retail

139 E. Fifth St.

41 S. Main St.

DAYTON, OHIO

Call for R. A. DEWEESE'S New Shoe "STETSONS."

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

Bob Keogh, Dudley Stone and Herman Meyer are stars of the fourth magnitude.

Sweetman can't see how we heard of the Pope's election at 7:30 a. m., when the people of Rome only heard it at 10:30 a. m. of the same day.

By a certainly queer circumstance this little piece of verse escaped the eye of the literary editor and found its way among the chaos of this department. It nevertheless is deserving of publication:

Now we wish Merry Christmas, to one, and to all;
To the grave and the gay; to the great and the small;
To the rich and the poor; to the young and the old,
That the friends that we have may never grow cold.

Professor—"In the South where a buyer was bidding on a slave he would generally look at the slave's teeth."

Sweetman—"Gee! Vic would sell high; he has a gold tooth."

True greatness and nobility
Are not inborn in man.
Our glory lies in doing well
Whatever task we can.

Cold winter comes with chilling frost,
And lays the flowers low,
Enshrouding them by unseen hands,
In pure white crystal snow.

A rolling stone gathers no moss," was pointedly remarked to "Mick" the other day, to which (true to his Irish instinct, which he can trace) he quickly replied: "True; but it sometimes acquires an enviable polish."

Student—"Are there any prophets now?"

Professor—"None that I know of, except the weather prophet."

Did you ever hear of "beer-glass diamonds?"

Now, we wish Merry Xmas to one and to all;
To the grave and the gay; to the great and the small;
To the rich and the poor; to the young and the old;
And the friends that we have, may they never grow cold.

X and Y are the unknown quantities.

DRINK JOHN KLEE SONS'

OSCAR P. KLEE, Prop.

Mineral Water,
Soda Water,
Seltzer Water and
Ginger Ale.

Phone Main 124

The lisping youngster quickly comes to think
That Soda Water is the only drink—
As sweet and clear as lager beer
'T will longer keep; it is quite cheap
When once you've drunk it, you'll never fail
To ask for more. You'll find it then for sale

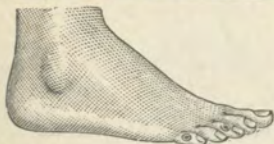
—AT—

JOHN KLEE SONS

Cor. First & Canal Sts. DAYTON

Champagne Cider
Orange Cider
and All Kinds of
Carbonated
Reverages.

CHIROPODIST



Corns Removed
without Pain.

Ingrowing
Nails Cured.

DR. MARK QUINLAN

32 S. Jefferson St. DAYTON, O.
Patterson Building

The Dayton Lumber and Mfg. Co.

Sash, Door, Blinds
Lumber and Lathie

Fine Cabinet Work a Specialty.

S. W. Cor. Clinton and Bacon Sts.

DAYTON, OHIO



AMERICA'S POPULAR MUSIC HOUSE

Everything in the Music Line.

"HOWARD" GUITARS AND MANDOLINS—Recognized as the
Standard and used by professional players everywhere. Prices
\$7.50 to \$65.00.

VIOLINS—A violin bought by our original plan simply becomes an
investment, and is always worth what you paid for it.
It will pay you to investigate this plan.

OUR CATALOGUE No. 52 gives all the desired information, and shows
a full line of Musical Instruments of every description.

We are Importers and Manufacturers of

BAND INSTRUMENTS.

If interested send for Catalogue No. 51

THE RUDOLPH-WURLITZER CO.

121 EAST FOURTH ST.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

The Stratford System of Cut Clothing, broad shoulders—R. A. DEWEESE

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.