

1-1-1904

The Exponent, January 1904

St. Mary's Institute

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent>

Recommended Citation

St. Mary's Institute, "The Exponent, January 1904" (1904). *The Exponent*. 13.
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/13>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Produced Media at eCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Exponent by an authorized administrator of eCommons. For more information, please contact mschlangen1@udayton.edu, ecommons@udayton.edu.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE THREE KINGS.



Rev. J.C. Eli

Joseph C. Eli

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1904

No. 1.

MORALITY PLAYS.

ALL art in its origin was closely connected with religion, and thus the modern drama was nourished and elaborated in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The first beginnings of the drama were the so-called Mysteries or Miracle plays which rose directly out of the rites of the Catholic Church. As early as the fifth century these miracle plays were represented, but in their crude stage they were merely reproductions of certain incidents of Gospel history. The language of the people was gradually introduced into the mysteries, the people themselves taking part in the representation. Many of the oldest mysteries are furnished throughout with musical signs, and to judge from these the plays were doubtless not spoken, but chanted. The more the mysteries became something apart from the service of the church, the more the musical recital passed over into simple declamation. Subsequently, after a short term of existence, life and motion were given to these mysteries, and finally the various characters adopted dresses suitable to their parts, while gestures came of themselves, and the result was a dramatic mystery or religious play.

In the course of time these miracle plays lost their religious sentiment. Even as early as the thirteenth century, dramas

were written in France wholly void of religious influences. However, towards the latter half of this century, certain brotherhoods took possession of the ecclesiastical drama and remodeled it according to their secular tendencies. Thus the drama passed gradually from the hands of the clergy and the brotherhoods into those of itinerant bands of players, who, disregarding the old and simple legends, invented scenes from popular life. Thus the moral themes treated in these plays approach ever nearer to the daily life of ordinary men; the whole tendency of the play becomes more and more practical, until finally individual characters from common life, such as an inn-keeper, a peddler, etc., mix with the allegorical figures. Thus the mysteries were gradually transformed into moral plays.

In a similar manner we can discern the decadence of the mystery plays in England. Beginning in the twelfth century with the dramatic plays of Goeffrey, who exhibited scenes from the life of St. Catherine, we can trace their deviation from the ancient style as far as the thirteenth century, at which time, having reached the culmination of their descent, they fell into the abyss of degradation and were played more for amusement than for instruction. They were exhibited in the public streets before the mass of the people, who, it is said, sometimes burst out into peals of laughter, thus showing the popular character of the plays.

The moralities in England, which were the off-spring of the mysteries, had their source in religious plays. They appear to have been a variety of mysteries, and came into vogue about the middle of the fifteenth century. Profane mummeries and mimic plays were, probably, even older than the mysteries and formed the starting point, which received more and more dramatic form and coloring with the development of the religious plays. Later allegorical figures were introduced, and thus we find death personified, as also the mother of death, sin. Besides these, grotesque dresses and masks, accompanied by short, explanatory speeches, were added so as to vary and adorn the subject. However, as soon as the love for scenic representation was awakened, the mysteries were introduced into all kinds of festivities. Gradually the link between the mysteries and mor-

alities became loosened, until in the end it was completely severed. The moralities then dramatized the whole sphere of morals in all its relations to the daily realities of life and in its symbolico-allegorical form, without regard to any religious basis.

Moral plays first appeared in England during the reign of Henry VI. and continued to that of Henry VIII. One of the oldest is "The World and the Child." The child is man, and the story exposes his religious and moral life. Many others were written and played in the space of time between the reigns of Henry VI. and Henry VIII. In fact, it was customary, in the reign of Henry VIII., that individual nobles keep private companies. A certain number of men formed part of the lord's men or retainers and had a claim to his protection. Besides this, they were paid for every performance. Henry VIII., himself, had three companies under the direction of the "Lord of Misrule," the master of all the sports and revels of the court.

Among the numerous moralities played in the reign of Henry VIII., there is but one that has been revived in the present time, namely, "Everyman." It was published early in Henry's reign and was played with wonderful success. The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of this world by death; and its moral, that nothing, save a well-spent life and the comforts of religion, will avail him in his distress. The first character that appears is the Messenger, who, in a spoken monologue, discloses the subject and moral. Then Almighty God, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls forth Death, and orders him to bring Everyman to His sacred tribunal. Everyman, the character that represents the human race, is terrified at the thought of death, and judgment following close at its heels. As soon as Death is withdrawn, Everyman, in his distress, appeals for aid to Fellowship, Kindred, Goodes and Riches, but these, fearing the tribunal of God, renounce and forsake him. Then Everyman, in this disconsolate state, falls back upon Good Deeds, and on his knees begs for aid. The latter, after reprimanding him for his prolonged neglect of her, introduces him to her sister, Knowledge, who finally leads him to the Holyman, Confession. Everyman, him-

self, performs on the stage the penance appointed by Confession and then withdraws, in order to receive the Sacrament. On his return, he gradually grows weaker, and, at length, when Strength, Beauty, Discretion and Five Wits have forsaken him, he expires on the stage. Good Deeds, however, accompanies him to the end. Then an angel descends from Heaven to sing his requiem, and the epilogue is spoken by a certain person called the Doctour, who recapitulates the whole and delivers the moral.

From this short analysis the grave solemnness of the piece can easily be perceived, and we can with justice refer it to the class of tragedy, for within it we find rude attempts to excite terror and pity. In fact, upon thorough examination, we find that the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action, that of the performance, the scene is always the same, nor is the stage ever empty. The hero of the play, Everyman, never withdraws from the stage after his first appearance, except when he goes out to receive the Sacrament, which could not be exhibited with proper solemnity in public. However, during the absence of Everyman, Knowledge, much like the Greek chorus, discourses on the excellence and power of the priesthood. And, indeed, except in the circumstance of Everyman's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agonistes of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.

A. H. SCHOEN, '04.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Humbly before Time's ancient tavern door,
 An old man, careworn and weary, doth stand,
 Peering through the night; sad are his thoughts, for
 Pale morrow's morn shall see him quit this land,
 Yea! leave its relished joys forevermore.

Now suddenly is seen in bright array,
 E'en radiant as the sun, a youth most gay
 Whisking nimbly to reach that tavern door.

Yon aged man, Old Year, at Time's inn doth lay,
 Enveloped in Death's cold grasp. The youth, New Year,
 Arrayed in sparkling robes, doth now hold sway,
 Resplendent with hope, mild peace, and good cheer.

—A. H. SCHOEN, '04.

IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

Sylvester Eve has dawned, and lo!
 New Year begins her reign serene.—
 Fair Fortune, draw aside the screen
 And frank my hidden future show.

Woe!

O, say 'tis false, thy bitter lore;
 Take not from me all gleam of hope!
 Shall Pleasure's vial never ope
 To soothe my wounded spirit's core?

Nevermore!

I would be joyful as the dove
 That basks in noon-day's genial light;
 O, where shall I find days all bright,
 With happiness and sincere love?

In Heaven Above!

—, '05.

ALMOST A VICTIM

SOME years ago a bold burglary occurred at a farm house near Liverpool. There was a struggle, and the robber escaped; but during the struggle the robber lost a button from his coat and received some scratches on the face.

The police were given accurate descriptions of the man by the farmer, but for a time no arrests were made. A week or two after the robbery a man was arrested, having with him a bundle containing some of the plunder, more of which was found at his lodgings.

The fellow's face bore marks of scratches, and, to make the evidence more positive, a button corresponding to the one found at the time of the robbery was gone from his coat. The man maintained he knew nothing about the robbery, but he was not believed by the police.

The case came to trial; the circumstantial evidence was so strong against the prisoner, that the jury pronounced him "guilty" without leaving their seats.

At that time robbery was a hanging matter. Before pronouncing the sentence, the judge addressed the prisoner as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began:

"Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for nothin', but I can see this is yard-arm business. I know no more about this 'ere burglary nor a baby, but these witnesses ha'n't told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say again' 'em? When this happened, —May, didn't they say?—I was fighting the slaves on the Gold coast. As fer the bundle and things ye found in my possession, I bought 'em of a feller who said he wanted to get money to see his father, who was dyin', an' that's all I know about it."

"But surely," said the judge, "if your story were true, you would have written to some of your comrades; but it is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n; it's too late. But it's all very well to say, 'let 'em know,' when a man's locked up in jail and can't read nor write, and don't know where they are."

"But, the court does not want to hang an innocent man. Is there no one to speak for you?"

The prisoner glanced helplessly around the court room. Suddenly his eyes lighted up. "Yes, there's a man who can speak for me, if he will," and he pointed to a stranger sitting in the rear.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the judge of the man indicated.

"No, my lord," was the reply.

"Waal, Cap'n Roberts," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope around my neck, I've nothing more to say."

The judge then told the man to go in the witness box, and then this dialogue ensued:

"Ain't you Cap'n Roberts of his majesty's ship, Vengeance?"

"Yes."

"Waal, weren't you on the Gold coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And warn't I one of the crew?"

"Most certainly not," was the reply.

Then the prisoner gave several details, to all of which the Captain answered that he might have read them in the newspapers.

"But, Cap'n," the prisoner pleaded again, "don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cuttin' you down? Don't you remember the man that stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember that?"—and, brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court was silent as the Captain stared at the man until his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length he muttered, "Good heavens! is it possible?" Then he sprang out

of the witness box and climbed into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and, turning to the judge, said: "My lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But now, if you hang the old boatswain of the Vengeance, you must hang the Captain with him."

Then a rare scene followed, and, amid sobs and tears, the judge told the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they did at once, and the unanimous verdict was, "Not guilty."

OTTO SCHAEFER, '05.

NEW YEAR.

Ring out, O bells! upon the wintry blast
With doleful tones, toll ye the funeral knell
Of nineteen-three, which in the misty past,
Departing, waves a last and sad farewell.
Then on the breeze let joyous music swell
To wake the heart, enrapt in shadows drear,
And bid the soul, her loving transports tell
In sacred melodies that all revere,
Invoking God's rich blessings on the glad New Year.

Ring out, O bells! your tongues of iron sound
In gleeful chimings on this festive day,
And from your brazen throats, let there rebound
Sweet peace and joy, as to and fro you sway.
Ring out, ye bells! from dawn till twilight gray,
Re-echoing the happiness and cheer
Which fill our breasts and drive dull care away.
Ring forth, O bells! athwart this mortal sphere,
To us is born another welcome, bright New Year.

—JOSEPH A. PILON, '05

SOMETHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

THE little town of Oersted lies a few miles to the north of Dayton, on the Great Miami river. This small place is the rendezvous of amateur fishermen. There is a neat little hotel in the center of the place, where nearly all of the fishermen stay. This hotel, known as the "Tackle House," was originally a government building, but was transformed by its present owner, James Tackle, a short, fat man, into a model little hotel.

It was June, and as usual at this time of the year, there were quite a number of guests at the hotel. Two young men especially call for our attention. They had engaged three rooms, expecting a third person the following Monday. On Monday Dick Leader arrived at the hotel. He was welcomed by his two friends and was greeted in a special manner by the proprietor. Even the other visitors at the house greeted him with marked respect and kindness. He was not ignorant of the fact that he was treated as no guest had ever been treated before. Everyone about the place seemed determined to outdo the other in doing trivial things for him. So the first day passed.

Dick had never been to Oersted before, and considered it the way of the natives of appreciating the entrance of a stranger into their town. But the next day, to his discomfort, the efforts to please him were renewed, and even with redoubled energy. At table, everyone served him, while the waitress shrank from him. When he wanted to smoke, everyone had a cigar and a match for him. He began to feel out of place and asked his friends if he was peculiar in any way, to account for his attracting so much attention. They assured him that he was not peculiar. That evening, on returning from a walk, he proceeded to the "common room," in which all the guests fore-

gathered on evenings. When he entered every chair was occupied, but immediately everyone arose and offered him a chair. Dick became so exasperated by this hypocrisy, as he termed it, that he turned his back on them and went to his room. When he came down to his first meal the next morning he found a chair with a cushioned seat at his place at the table. His meal he also noticed was served on fancy dishes. As he turned his head to look at the different people, he met a look of pity from each one. Without touching his meal, Dick went straightway to Mr. Tackle and demanded an explanation. "Ah, Mr. Leader, do not mind them; it is a farmer's way of acting," explained the hotel-keeper. Satisfied for the moment, Dick took his seat at the table. Everything went well until the afternoon, when things reached a climax. Dick had asked for a match, and at least fifty were offered him. To see what they would do, he asked them to lend him a dollar. For a moment they hesitated, and then everyone produced the dollar. Enraged by their actions, Dick went to the proprietor and threatened to leave. Mr. Tackle begged him to stay and not mind the heathens. The next day Jack Wadden arrived at the hotel and was told to treat Dick Leader kindly, because he was subject to fits of madness. Now, Jack knew Dick, and went straightway to him and told him everything. Dick then saw into it all. His two friends played a clever joke on him, in telling everyone at the hotel that he was crazy and that they should all treat him with kindness. That he was also a millionaire's son and had lost his mind from smoking cigarettes. Dick could hardly contain himself; he vowed vengeance; but he could stand the place no more. Wherever he happened to glance he saw a person laughing at him. In disgust he left the place without speaking to his friends.

LEO W. KRAMER.

ONE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I.

One wintry morn
In a village street,
A child forlorn,
With features sweet,
Bending her knee,
Knelt down to pray:
O Mary! take me
This New Year's Day.

II.

Praying, she lies
On the earth as a bed;
Faintly she sighs
As she rests her head,
Falling asleep
On the frozen clay,
She ceases to weep
That New Year's Day.

III.

A passerby,
With weary tread,
Drawing nigh
That little head,
Brushing a curl
Back out of her eyes—
"My little girl!"
He cries in surprise.

IV.

"An only child,"
That father said;
"An only child,
My hope—is dead."
The snow soon shades
That little head;
Thus Nature aids
To bury the dead.


—THOMAS A. HICKEY, '05.

TEJUAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Texas in the Days of the Missions.

(From the German.)

CHAPTER VII—A Hunting Expedition Akin to War.

N the appointed day the soldiers, who had been chosen for the expedition, with the old corporal at their head and some twenty stalwart Indians under Tejuan's leadership, assembled in the court of the mission. Behind the group a pack-train of laden burros in motley disorder were gathered and held together by a few young bucks mounted on light Indian ponies.

All were well armed in a manner that suggested a hostile meeting with Indians rather than a chase upon buffaloes, elk and bears.

A command of Navarro's and the expedition started. Tejuan selected five of the best warriors from among his Indians, among them Mejia, and formed the vanguard. Next followed the pack-train, led by a mare. There is perhaps nothing more disorderly or more comical than a train of mules. They form the bad boy element, the good-for-nothings of the animal kingdom. Left to themselves, their bad temper knows no bounds. Though descended from the ass, they utterly despise his kind, and whenever a specimen of their stolid ancestors ventures among them, their descendants, he is welcomed with kicks and bites. They respect their mother of the noble race of horses alone, and follow wherever she leads.

Following the pack-animals came the remainder of the Indians, and the whole expedition was brought up in the rear by the lancers. The Cavalleros still waited for the Captain. Among their number a merchant was conspicuous. His house and store stood in the same row with the Convent and the Prefecture, and was separated from both only by small intervals. He had almost the monopoly of trade at the Mission; the other

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



MISSION SAN JOSE.

small storekeepers were all more or less dependent on him. He was very wealthy. It was rumored that he was a Jew. To be a Jew is, if race is considered, the highest and most ancient nobility; no people is so ancient, none civilized so soon, none more honored by God than the Jewish people; our whole civilization is reared on the Jewish nation. But the Catholic Indians reasoned that to be a Jew and not to believe in Christ was a living contradiction.

Senor Jacome was the merchant's name. On the whole, he was not a very popular person at San Jose; most likely because of his habit of exhibiting all sorts of goods which many could not buy, though they would covet. He rode a horse which in sleekness and plumpness surpassed all the others. His harness was richer than the Captain's. His dress and outfit bore the marks of elegance and utility and a demnite end in view.

Among the others two were colonists, unassuming men, from the Island of Madeira, who had been sent to the Mission to plant the seed of European culture among the savages, and finally two civil magistrates. These latter joined the expedition for the sake of sport. They were as yet unaware of any other possibilities. There remained at the Mission a sufficient number of whites and Indians to defend it in case of necessity.

Finally, the Captain and Jesu appeared at the door bidding a tearful farewell to Donna Guadaloupe. Rose was also present, for Donna Guadaloupe could no longer dispense with her services, especially now when she would be left alone for several days with servants.

The road led on the inner side of the canal along the edges of the prairie and in the direction of the next Mission across the river.

Several Cavalleros and Indians from the Mission Concepcion, together with their baggage, joined the expedition, as also a contingent from San Antonio.

To the north of San Antonio is the great "Ojo de agua," Crystal Eye, the source of the San Antonio; it is really an eye of crystal water, for the whole of this considerable stream issues from a well some eleven feet deep, reckoning to the loose rocks on the bottom, and eleven feet in diameter. Besides this

large spring a number of smaller springs, gushing as small rivulets from among the calcareous strata, send their waters to swell the large stream. This circle of springs, as also the sources of the Comal, San Marcos and San Saba, are the head of an extensive water-bed which extends under the horizontal limestone strata to the adjoining granite ridges, and from here most likely continues to the mountains.

Large expeditions make slow progress. The Cavalleros, who were at first in the rear, now led the van and selected a camping site situated about fifteen miles from San Jose. It was in a depression which led to the broad Cradle Valley, which, though a meadow to the north of the Crystal Eye, was more than ten miles in diameter and open on all sides. The mule-train almost disappeared in the tall grass of this depression. Scarcely discernible, it wound slowly into view and the vanguard reached the camp an hour after the Cavalleros.

The horses were unsaddled and given to the bucks to be taken to pasture. For greater precaution three lancers and six Indians were posted as guards. Whilst the squad which was to stand guard over the horses till midnight was being selected, Mejia presented himself of his own accord. Tejuan rejected his offer, for it was not customary to entrust such hard work to a neophyte.

A fire was kindled and dry wood dragged from all sides, so that the flames shot high into the air. Provisions of all kinds were at hand, but there was a general demand for fresh meat. "Who will bring us an elk before the fire burns low?" was the question put. The time was too short for all, and a quarrel ensued as to who should go. Every one coveted the honor, but no one wished to endanger his reputation as a hunter. Tejuan said nothing, heeded no one, but taking his gun, strode off. Jesu followed him in a parallel line. The example had its desired effect, and others departed in all directions. Jesu had not advanced far when Tejuan disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him. Soon after he heard the plaintive calling of a doe for the buck. He placed himself close to a tree. The call was repeated, and in a few moments a plump buck stalked from a neighboring grove into the open and proudly raised his antlered head. Simultaneously Jesu saw a

jaguar, lured by the same call, stealing up from another direction. The buck was too far away, the jaguar was within range. He aimed at the latter. A rifle cracked, the buck made a tremendous leap into the air and fell on the grass with the blood trickling from a wound in the neck. The jaguar stopped short, and at the same moment Jesu lodged a bullet in his shoulder-blade. Limping along on three legs, the wounded beast of prey was upon him before he could reload or escape; but Tejuan ran up with bounds which could hardly be expected of an athlete, much less of an old man of sixty. While running he threw his tomahawk at the beast and hit it with such force as to floor it, with a gaping wound in the head. Meanwhile both succeeded in reloading, and it was high time also, for after a few seconds the jaguar, in a still greater rage, sprang to his feet, only to receive a second bullet in the breast. This sufficed.

Tejuan was furious. "Guns are of no account—a bow, give me a bow—loading too slow—jaguar would have torn Jesu to pieces before he could have reloaded." He could have smashed his gun in his anger. Indeed, the firearms of those days could boast of no advantage over the bow of the Comanches, which is accurate up to sixty yards (however only when drawn by a Comanche's hand), and requires no time for reloading. The Mexicans in their fights with the Indians sometimes preferred the sling to the gun.

The successful hunt satisfied him. He whistled twice through his fingers a long-drawn but far-reaching note, whereupon two young braves dashed up, and at the command of their chief, one dragged the deer and the other the jaguar to the camp. They did this very simply by slipping a noose over the hindlegs and winding the rope around the saddle-bow and holding the end taut. This was play for the young braves.

Jesu and Tejuan, the latter still-angered about the gun, returned together to the camp. "Give me a bow!" he exclaimed, upon reaching the camp; "a gun does not suit Tejuan; who has a bow?" The Indians brought him several. He drew them one after another, but found every one too weak for his hand. Mejia was in a quandary, and said nothing. "No stronger bow in the camp?" Tejuan fairly yelled. "Mejia has a good bow," some one ventured. "Good. Mejia, give your chief the bow,"

said Tejuan. Mejia reluctantly gave him the bow and arrows which he carried. Tejuan stretched the cord. "Ah," he said, "this bow is good. Fine, Mejia. Tejuan has a bow." But Mejia himself had none. The jaguar was flayed of its valuable hide and this strewn with ashes. The deer was dressed for a meal. In the meanwhile the other hunters returned, bringing as spoils several wild turkeys and prairie chickens. The fire burned to a mass of glowing embers, on which the hunters' meal spluttered. All were in good spirits, but above all, Jesu and the Captain. Jesu rejoiced over his good luck and Navarro shared his son's joy.

After supper Navarro issued the necessary commands to the nightwatch. As he made the rounds of the camp to see personally that every sentry was at his assigned place, Tejuan, as if by accident, met him and ran these words into his ear: "Captain, put double guards; there is danger." Navarro mused over these words. It was evident that a danger from without threatened them and that Tejuan had recognized it by certain signs. Why should he not, however, give his advice loudly and openly? Why this secrecy? He refrained, however, from demanding an explanation. The advice was too good, and, therefore, should not be unheeded for a trivial reason.

Almost half the small troop was drafted for the watch until midnight, and were then to be relieved by the other half. The camp of the Indians was altogether separated from that of the whites and given over to the sole command of Tejuan. Navarro insisted that all Spaniards observe the custom of the prairie—that is, lie down fully armed and sleep with but one eye.

Jesu was asleep as soon as he stretched himself on the blanket. "Let no care disturb your slumbers," said Navarro.

Towards midnight Jesu awoke, having had enough sleep. His first thought was for his horse. Navarro heard him arise. "Whither are you bound, my son?" "To look after the horses, father." "Do not forget the white scarf about the neck; the guard might easily make a fatal blunder." "I had almost forgotten."

He went, but took his rifle with him. When he was passing the Indians' camp he saw something black lying a few feet to one side. "A piece of charred wood," thought he, and con-

tinued walking. The sentinels were all at their places; the animals were resting. When he returned the piece of charred wood had disappeared. This frightened him. He roused his father and told him of the incident. Navarro leaped to his feet and both hurried to Tejuan. The latter lay in the grass, his face turned to the horses and his ear close to the ground. He was not sleeping.

"What's the matter, Captain?" he said, sitting erect. Jesu related to him his adventure and also showed him the place. It was in the direction towards which Tejuan had his back turned. Tejuan instantly looked at the place where Mejia had been lying. He was gone.—"Vamos."


GEORGE P. HEITHAUS, '04.

(*To Be Continued*)

THE MEETING OF THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Beneath the silvery moon they stand,
Blessing each other, and hand in hand;
While bells peal forth their sounds so clear;
The hoary Old and the fair New Year.
The new comes in with noise aloud,
The old goes out withered and bowed,
Thinking of the past, "Old," well doth know
He was welcomed the same one year ago.

—CHARLES ERTEL (Junior Letters.)



The groves, the hills, the fields have lost their bloom;
 The fragrance that I loved to scent so well
 Has left the leaves, and now all seems in gloom
 To hearts that loved to frolic in the dell.

The birds that blithely sang the rise of sun
 Their bowers in the tree-tops now forsake,
 The quail that round the sheaves in harvest run
 Are gone, and shrill the wind blows through the brake.

The rippling creek that oft to us was cool
 When dust-begrimed from fierce athletic toil,
 Has turned its bed into a stinky pool
 Where e'en the fish disdain their fins to soil.

These beauties once we hailed with greatest joy
 When first revealed their glory lay outspread,
 As hearts made glad at birth of longed-for boy,
 Or at return of one long mourned as dead.

Why can this perfect beauty not abide?
 Why must it yield to squalor and decay?
 Ah! still this fretful plaint: had it not died
 We'd have no welcome for the coming May.

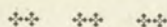
Alphonse Felix '86



EDITORIAL STAFF.

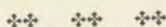
Editor-in-Chief,	-	-	-	ALPHONSE PATER, '04
Business Managers,	-	-	-	} ALEX SCHOEN, '04
				} GEORGE HEITHAUS, '04
Literary Editors,	-	-	-	{ VICTOR SCHLITZER, '04
				{ LEO KRAMER, '04
Alumni Notes,	-	-	-	JAMES E. GRIMES, '04
College Notes,	-	-	-	} JOSEPH PILON, '05
				} WILLIAM J. STOECKLEIN, '04
Society Notes,	-	-	-	MORGAN L. TRAINOR, '04
Athletics,	-	-	-	} FRANK BIESINGER, '04
				{ EMMET SWEETMAN, '04

The Exponent extends to all its friends, subscribers and advertisers, the heartiest New Year greetings. It wishes all of them health of body, financial prosperity, peace of mind, content of heart, and the fullness of God's blessing.



The custom obtains widely of starting a new year with the firm resolve to amend one's ways in some important particular that calls for such amendment. This custom is highly to be commended though, for the reason that the resolve is more frequently honored in the breach than in the observance, it has been decried as a sham and a mockery that were much better abolished. The comic squib writer will be busy ringing all the changes on the hoary joke about the good resolves that were still-born or have died before teething, and about the turned leaf that the first flurry of passion blew back, disclosing the ink-stained record of the past. Granted that the highways and byways of the land that is hotter than this are paved with broken resolutions, we must not denounce as superfluous or worse the practice of earnestly making up one's mind to reform one's self. The first step towards personal reformation is made when

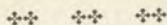
the desire to become better has gained a firm hold on us, and the expression of an earnest purpose to turn from one's evil ways is surely a sign that such a desire is in one's heart. The whole mistake lies in the lack of persevering effort applied to actual self-denial in specified instances.



Tempora labeuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis.

In the hey-day of life these words sound a discordant note. Life then seems so full, so real, so positive a thing that we cannot bring ourselves to the realization that it is slipping from us and the silent years will soon make us old. And yet it is of the utmost importance to every youth to bring this truth home to himself if he wishes to escape the poignancy of future regret. At twenty a young man has lived one-third his effective age. And this third was meant, in the economy of life, to be the period of preparation, the time of storing up reserved power. Every young man who fails to properly equip himself during this period must perforce be mightily handicapped in his subsequent career. He may succeed indifferently well, but it will be in spite of his early neglect and not because of it. We are, of course, free agents, but only in principle. As a matter of fact, we are all to a greater or less extent the slaves of agencies for whose existence we are ourselves responsible. In early youth we forge fetters for our mature age; we sign away our most sacred birthrights, in a moment of reckless desire, for a mess of pottage, and we will not heed those who try to convince us of our folly. And after the voiceless years have slipped by, we awake to find ourselves bound hand and foot with opportunity gone and hope dead.

These are sobering thoughts, and no one stands more in need of sobering than a young man who rushes recklessly through the years of his youth heedless of the responsibilities that are upon him, and the inevitableness of the curse that comes upon the squanderer of opportunities.



When the bells ring out their farewell to the year that has run its course and bid a hearty welcome to the one just born,

men of thought turn their minds back upon the past and reflect upon the years of their life that are vanished forever freighted with good and bad deeds. With bowed heads and tearful eyes they are forced to acknowledge that the latter outnumber the former, and they vainly exclaim: "If I could but live my past again!" But the stream of time flows onward, never backward, and tears and regrets are unavailing.

But though the past in which you have failed shall never return, you may profit by the lesson taught. The present, in which you live, is not a time for regret, but for action. The year upon which we are entering will undoubtedly bring us as many opportunities as those we neglected in the year just passed.

It is easily observed that when boys return to college after the holidays, and the blues have disappeared, they show great earnestness at their studies. The subject matters may be new and they are told that they will easily master them if they begin well. But how long does this new-born fervor frequently last? They soon begin to tire, and forgetful of their resolves and of their own best interests, they slothfully waste the precious hours. Many think of the great Caesar as of a man who became great while dreaming of glory, and picture Napoleon rising to fame while slumbering in an easy chair. The leaders of mankind have never been idle day-dreamers. Greatness has always been the fruit of dogged effort sustained from childhood. The life of the aged Washington harmonizes with his life as a schoolboy. No oak ever attained full growth over night.

ALPHONSE PATER, '04.

THE FROST KING'S REALM.

On frozen snows at midnight,
'Mid winter's icy blast,
The ghostlike shrouded poplars,
Their lengthened shadows cast.

The hills are decked in glory
With mantle fleecy white;
The moonlight in the valley
Fills us with sweet delight.

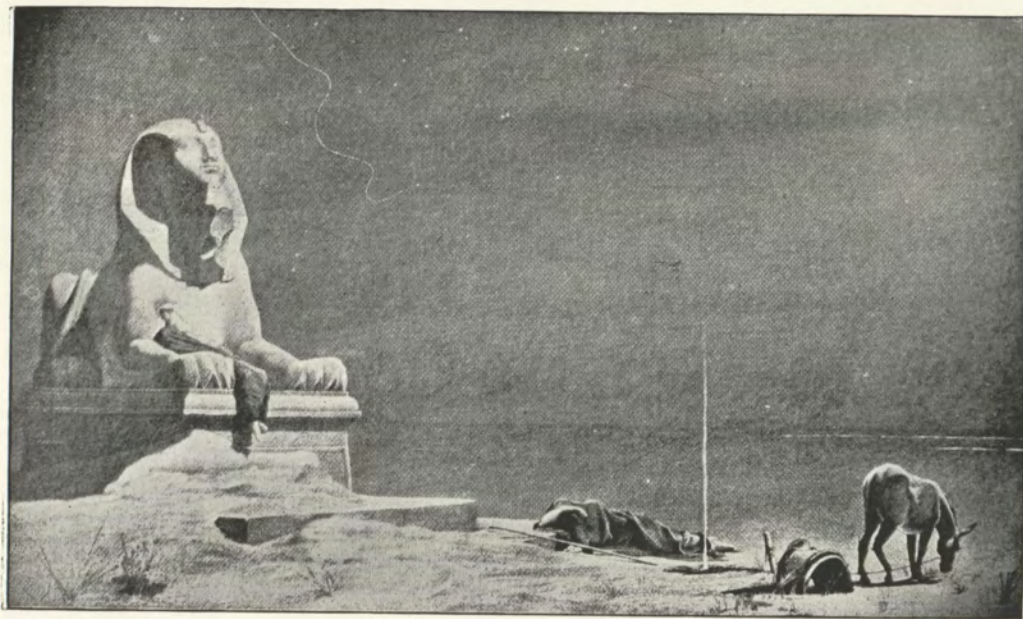
The mellow, waning moonbeams
Are suddenly obscured,
And snowflakes, falling softly,
From passing clouds are lured.

The silver-surfaced brooklet
Is glassy, cold and still;
Not tinkling soft and blithely
Like springtime's joyous rill.

Afar the rock-bound ocean
Beats on the weathered shore;
Its wave crests clash in fury,
And hush the north wind's roar.

—CHARLES KENNING, '05.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE NIGHT'S REST IN THE DESERT



THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

King Henry VIII.....	E. Grimes, '04
Edward, Prince of Wales, The Prince.....	J. Hemler, '08
Lord Hertford, the Lord Protector.....	A. Pater, '04
Lord St. John.....	V. Schlitzer, '04
Archbishop of Canterbury.....	W. Wander, '05
Court Physician.....	G. Heithaus, '04
Prince Godfrey.....	G. Topmoeller, '09
Lord High Musician.....	E. Moritz, '05
Humphrey Marlow, the Whipping Boy.....	E. Fortune, '10
Miles Hendon, a Soldier.....	A. Schoen, '04
John Canty, a Thief.....	J. Horn, '05
Tom Canty, his son, The Pauper.....	F. Grundish, '09
Dan Canty, brother of Tom.....	L. Deger, '09
Ralpht Canty, grandfather of Tom.....	F. Biesinger, '04
Sykes, Vagabond.....	E. Haungs, '07
Yokel ".....	N. Beck, '06
Mad Sam ".....	D. Kersting, '06
Antony Gorse.....	W. Stoecklein, '04
Hugh Gallord.....	L. Kramer, '04
Stephen, servant to Hendon.....	F. Weinig, '05
Messenger.....	L. Hegler, '07
Page.....	J. Kubler, '12

DANCERS:

H. Hollencamp, '08	W. Kinzeler, '08
A. Bergmann, '08	H. Finke, '08
W. Varley, '08	E. Bisch, '10
C. Hoefler, '08	W. Slick, '08

PROGRAMME.

- 1—March, "The Storm King".....Paul
Orchestra.
- 2—Christmas Cantata.....John Michaeli
- 3—Overture, "Bohemian Girl".....Balfe arr. by Tobani
Orchestra.
- 4—The Prince and Pauper. Act I.
- 5—"Gloria," Mozart's 12th Mass.....arr. by Veazie
Choir and Orchestra.
- 6—The Prince and Pauper. Act II.
- 7—Selections, "Lucrezia Borgia" Donizetti.....arr. by Tobani
Orchestra.
- 8—The Prince and Pauper. Act III.
- 9—Intermezzo "Anona"—Miss Mabel McKinley.....arr. by Smith
Orchestra.
- 10—The Prince and Pauper. Act IV.
- 11—Waltz, "Lazarre"—Blanke.....arr. by Lampe
Orchestra.
- 12—The Prince and Pauper. Act V.
- 13—March, "Cuban Independence"—Hemminger.....arr. by Smith

MUSIC DURING THE PLAY:

- Act I and V—Intermezzo, "Dainty Butterfly".....M. Loesch
Dedicated to Miss Alice Roosevelt.
- Act I—Song, "I Remember My Mother's Sweet Face."
- Act II—Song, "My Dearest, My Darling."—Orchestra.
- Act IV—Song, "Give Me a Home by the Sea,"
- Act V—Hymn, "Rule Britannia."

We can find but one item of sufficient interest to warrant it a place in this column. We refer to the recent Christmas play.

For years it has been a custom of the students to give a dramatic performance on the eve of their departure for the Christmas holidays. The event is always eagerly looked forward to, and so far has always fully met, if not surpassed, the expectation raised. The play selected for this year's performance was "The Prince and the Pauper." It is a matter of regret, considering the superior acting of the players and especially of the two small protagonists, John Hemler and Fred. Grundish, that the plot of the piece is so badly bungled. It proceeds in the jerky manner of a jumping Jack rather than in the graceful way of a living organism. It would take many an epithet to express our view of its incongruity, artificiality, and incompleteness. Fortunately, it was staged in the present instance by a master of the craft, one who bears the best credentials as expert manager and playwright. In his experienced hands it lost many of its angulosities and incongruities, but enough remained to show how thickly they grow upon the original. There are beautiful scenes in large number which have merit if considered as units by themselves, but a college audience is more critical than the matinee habitués; they demand due regard for dramatic unity and an appeal to the mind rather than to the eye. Gaudy display, dainty dancers, picturesque swashbuckles, bellowing blusterers in court or hovel, are devices to hide the lack of art.

But it is not our purpose to dissect the play, but rather to praise the players, and this we can do unreservedly without forcing the truth. The two heroes of this little tragi-comedy of errors were personated to perfection by John Hemler as the prince and Fred. Grundish as the pauper. We all knew what Grundish could do and were prepared for his artistic playing, but Hemler was a revelation, and it is a matter which the editor would not like to decide as to which of the two, the tyro or the veteran, deserves the palm.

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites;

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic.

For ease and grace of movement, for elegance and refinement of speech, for naturalness in every circumstance and attitude, they left nothing to be desired.

Alex. Schoen, as Miles Hendon, played a flawless role. His bearing and speech in every instance were typical of the warm-hearted soldier, whom fortune had reduced from his high estate without marring the inborn nobility of his nature.

A difficult role, but played with consummate skill, was that of the gibbering fool in the cave scene, personated by David Kersting. Kersting is another actor who was a revelation on the first night. Though his appearance in the play is episodal and seems manufactured for no other purpose than to furnish an occasion for a thrilling rescue by the official *Deus ex machina*, Miles Hendon, yet we forgot the artificiality of his role in the interest, nay enthusiasm awakened by his masterly acting; and we panted, and gloated and almost went into hysterics with him, and then, when the revulsion came, we smiled to have allowed ourselves to be so hypnotized by a clever actor doing Shylock's knife-whetting stunt.

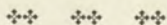
We confess to a sneaking pity for the villain on the stage, be he of the blustering bully type, such as John Canty in the present instance, or of the oily hypocrite class, such as Gamaliel in the Marquis of Mantua. We know his villainy is but an artistic foil for the hero's noble nature, the oscuro to set off the protagonist's chiaro, and that he can never hope to win personal applause, but can only help swell the plaudits that greet the hero's grand-stand frustration of his plots. We are inclined to think that it takes greater skill and courage to play the part as it should, than to strut about in the hero's place. This will give all who saw the play the right to say that we think Joseph Horn deserves great credit for his impersonation of that brow-beating bully, John Canty; and so indeed we do think.

The little fairies who "tripped thelight fantastic toe" to amuse the Prince, what shall we say of them? They pleased us well, for they were a dainty sight, and in the general charming effect they produced, so consonant with the strains of "Dainty Butterfly," to which they moved in rhythmic grace,

we must entirely overlook the fact that some of the angelic faces had just the suspicion of painful anxiety lest they make a misstep. But they moved through the mazes of their figures with uniform ease and precision.

And so we shall drop the curtain on a play in which the playing far outshone the plot in artistic merit.

The musical numbers of the evening's program deserve our highest commendation, one and all, for their appropriateness, their high standard, and the precision and effectiveness of their execution. We think the Christmas Cantata deserving of special mention as an artistic production of high merit. It is the work of our organist, Bro. Michael.



The dearth of news that is news in the annals of college happenings should be a matter of gratification rather than of regret. It does not argue stagnation but rather free and unhampered, orderly functioning. The absence of the things usually referred to as lending "spice" to life is an index of a healthy state of the organism. It is only when the stomach, after repeated abuse by indulgence in unnatural stimulants or by surfeiting, has lost its natural craving that recourse must be had to pungent spices to provoke a languishing appetite. Health is but a normal condition of balanced forces slowly oscillating in a flattened cyclic curve. A sudden spurt up or down is taken as a signal of distress as much as an unusual fluctuation in the barometric column. The happiest nation is that which has no history, and the happiest families are those that make no stir abroad. Our planetary system is one of closed forces, and the advent of some erratic comet speeding athwart its rhythmic cyclic orbits is always viewed with alarm as a disturbing element big with disastrous possibilities. And thus, also, a rightly organized and healthfully functioning college is a closed system of its own, and we must view with justifiable misgiving the appearance within its domain of anything that interferes spasmodically with its rhythmic pulsations.

The Snowflake.

Upon my sleeve a tiny flake
Falls lightly from above,
As though twere sent by God to me
In token of His love.

The wondrous beauty of its form
With admiration fills
And in the human heart a love
For hallowed things instills.

No truer image of the soul
Doth man on earth behold,
The emblem of sweet purity
Worth more than shining gold.

Alas! how soon it melts from view
Beneath the sun's warm rays,
Or ebe the myriad flakes that fall
Hide it while yet we gaze.

How like unto the soul of man
That stays but for a time,
And then departs forevermore
From out this world of crime.

Wm. Schlotter. '04



THE COASTING HILL.

What pleasure on a winter's day
To pull a heavy, long bob-sleigh
Out to the coasting hill.

We plan awhile the merry ride,
How boldly down the side we'll glide,
Of our grand coasting hill.

The boys will laugh and loudly shout,
As in the snow they roll about,
Upon the coasting hill.

They'll try with all their might and main,
The record of the year to gain,
Adown the coasting hill.

However, there's one thing they dread,
And that's the pulling of the sled
Back up the coasting hill.

And when 'tis time for home to start,
A sighing glance they'll surely dart,
Back toward the coasting hill.

—WM. WANDER, '05.

AT NEW YEAR.

When still the by-gone year was young,
On many an intent,
The ever-willing heart had sprung,
On doing it 'twas bent.

Yet now we find few things are done,
And time for action fled;
A new year has its reign begun,
New duties wait ahead.

However, let us not despair
And think our efforts vain,
For we can still the wrong repair,
By trying o'er again.

—WM. WANDER, '05.



YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES.

SUITS for \$10 and \$15

OVERCOATS \$10 to \$25

DON'T YOU

Want to be dressed well and comfortably?

Want your clothes to fit and show it?

Want honest, reliable values?

Want the best your money will buy?

Want a representative stock to select from?

OF COURSE YOU DO

We carry a big stock of exactly that sort of clothes.

We can make a visit to this department worth your while.

Rike's

S. W. Cor. Main & Fourth Sts.
DAYTON, OHIO

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LESSON IN WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

Although I was born and raised in Illinois, the prairies of which shelter so much game, I grew to be fifteen years of age before I was allowed to go a hunting. My uncle, who was a market hunter, stopped at our house a few days every fall, on his way to the prairies, and I had often asked him to allow me to accompany him, but I always received the same answer: "Some other time, Charley."

In the autumn of 1893 he came as usual, this time with a friend of his, also a great hunter, and bringing also the dogs, guns and camping outfit for a hunting expedition. The sight of these things always made me wish to go with him, and this year I could not resist again asking. So the evening before he was to leave for the prairie I said: "Uncle, may I go with you this time?" How many times had I received the same discouraging answer, an answer that crushed all my hopes? But imagine my surprise when he replied: "Certainly, my boy, if your father and mother have no objection." My parents' consent I easily obtained, and soon I had everyone hurrying about "getting Charley ready." That night I did not sleep at all, thinking of the great sport we were to have in a few days.

The next morning my uncle, Mr. Henderson, my uncle's friend, and myself left for the scene of the sport. We traveled all that day in an old covered wagon, the kind the gypsies use in their travels, and camped out that night on the prairie. The next morning I beheld the sun rise on one of those beautiful rolling plains for which Illinois is so justly famous. There were but few farms in that region, the greater part of the land being in its wild, grassy state, and used mostly for pasturing cattle. Much trouble had frequently occurred between sportsmen and the herdsman because the hunters would sometimes shoot too near the cattle. The big, brown-faced prairie herdsman is a dangerous fellow when angry, and for this reason the sportsmen were all inclined rather to submit to his orders than to oppose him.

The next day was Sunday, and we all strolled along the banks of a neighboring brook. While out by myself, passing a low, swampy spot of ground, what might be called an oasis in the prairie, I flushed a woodcock, and immediately I returned to camp and told Mr. Henderson about my find. He replied that we would all go out the next morning in

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.

search of the game. My uncle informed me that shooting woodcock is quick work, and that almost every shot must be a snapshot.

The next morning was cool and sweet, with a thin film of fleecy clouds across the sky. A little wind blew from the southeast, and in every direction the grouse were sending forth their mournful cry. In the east the red sun was slowly rising beyond the clouds, and the low hills of the prairie, far away, looked like ocean waves. I never felt happier in my life.

We started off bright and early, and eight o'clock found us at the swamp before mentioned. My uncle held the dogs, three in number, till we reached the margin of the place; then he loosed them and bade them work. They at once began cautiously scenting along the border of the morass, and, after a while, each of us took a dog and started in a different direction, and soon we were out of sight of one another. I walked slowly along, watching every movement the dog made. Somehow he had passed a woodcock without noticing it. The bird flew up from a spot near my feet, but its rise was so sudden and unexpected, that I was really startled, and, in fact, stood gazing at it till it dropped again down in the thicket. I had forgotten to shoot at it. The next instant the dog came to a stanch stand, a little further in the thicket. Another bird arose out of a tuft of tangled weeds, and I tried to keep cool and aim steadily, but I was so eager to get a shot that I fumbled with the gun, and before I could pull the trigger the bird escaped. "Spot," my dog, looked at me as if at a loss to understand what this slow business could mean. I heard my uncle and Mr. Henderson fire several times, and knew that it meant game for them. It took some time before "Spot" could find another woodcock. This time I behaved more like a sportsman, but missed the bird nevertheless. I had been in too great a hurry. I heard my uncle fire again. Just then I stumbled a little and stepped upon a soft place, sinking instantly to my knees in a slimy slush of mud and water. I seized a strong bush near by, and this saved me from touching bottom. My gun fell across a tuft of weeds and so did not sink. I tried in every possible manner to release myself from the steel grip that held me a prisoner, but all my efforts were in vain. I called to my uncle and Mr. Henderson, but could get no answer. I heard a herdsman singing far away in the plain, and then the faint report of a gun in the distance. I felt myself being drawn slowly in, and to my dismay the bush now showed signs of giving way. If it should break I would sink never to be seen again. I thought of home and wished I was once more in its happy circle. I kept up my shouts for help, feeling each instant that I was becoming too weak to struggle much longer. Even "Spot" had deserted me in this terrible moment. As I was in this perilous condition I breathed a prayer to the Blessed Virgin.

After what had seemed hours to me in this terrifying condition, Mr. Henderson came hurrying to the spot, and seeing what a dangerous

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.



COPYRIGHT 1905
BY W. G. BOTH

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.

position I was in, took my gun, fired both barrels into the air, and held out the stock to me to catch hold of. I clutched it with a strong grip and was drawn slowly out of the mire. On reaching the ground I was surprised to see a large copper snake entwined about my right leg, the heavy rubber boots which I wore being my only protection against its poisonous fangs. Mr. Henderson immediately dealt the snake a blow on the head with the stock of his gun that caused its death. I then unwound it from my boot, and as I did so I shook with fear, thinking of myself in that hole and so near death. I returned to the camp, changed clothes, and was soon quite comfortable. I had received my first lesson in woodcock shooting, and have never forgotten it.

W. L. CONNORS, '05.

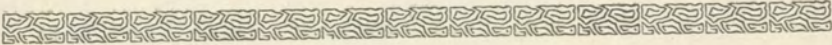
THE WHITE CRAVAT.

Victor Leblanc lost his father when he was about ten years old. He attended a parochial school, and as he wished to become a priest his mother decided to send him to a college where he might finish his studies for the priesthood. Before he left, his mother warned him about the dangers and temptations of the world, telling him particularly not to neglect his love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

He was but eleven years old when allowed to make his first Holy Communion. It was the custom for all the boys to tell the priest the resolutions they had taken in the retreat preparatory to their First Communion day. When Victor was asked what his were, he replied that he had but one. It was a strange one indeed. "I resolve to wear my white cravat till I have the misfortune to commit a mortal sin." He faithfully carried out his resolution, though the boys who knew not the reason for his wearing the white cravat mocked and ridiculed him. He told his secret to a friend, who in turn revealed it to other companions. In consequence, Victor became an object of love and respect.

Before he could be ordained, the Franco-Prussian war broke out and Victor was drafted into the army. While in the army he distinguished himself by his bravery; his escape from dangers at times seemed miraculous. At last he was ordered to go in a company of five hundred to attack a certain outpost of the enemy. While leading the assault he was mortally wounded and carried to the rear. As he lay dying a priest bent over him and asked if he desired to receive the last sacraments. He told the priest that he had been to confession the day before and wished to receive Holy Communion. After a few moments of fervent prayer he said to the priest: "Take this rosary and this cravat to my mother and tell her that it was not stained except by the blood shed for my country."

HARRY ANSBURY, First Academic.



H. HEILE & SONS

HAY, GRAIN MILL FEED

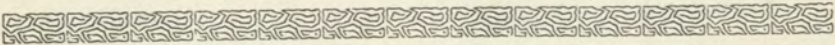
MAIN OFFICE—Cincinnati, Ohio

ELEVATOR—Latonia, Kentucky

BRANCH HOUSES:

COVINGTON, KENTUCKY

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY



THE DAYTON BISCUIT CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

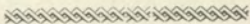
“High Grade”

CAKES

and CRACKERS

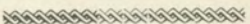
436 and 438 Wayne Avenue

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



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.

THE DISOBEDIENT CAPTAIN.

Frederick, King of Prussia, or "Alter Fritz," his German title, was looked upon by all who knew him as having a very distant feeling and a cold heart. The veracity of this statement is verified in the following cold, matter-of-fact episode:

In the war between Prussia and Austria, King Frederick one day planned a dexterous move. That the plan might become a success, and that the sentries might see far off without being detected by lights, all lamps were to be extinguished at 8 o'clock sharp. The King himself went from tent to tent to see whether orders were obeyed. He commenced at the tents of the common soldiers, thinking, no doubt, they would be the first to disobey the commands of his majesty. Ah! if he had come just fifteen minutes later, what happiness could have been hovered over the camp and what sorrow averted. Away off at the other end of the camp sat Captain Zietern in his tent, pen in hand, writing a few words of comfort to his beloved wife, Catherine Zietern. He wrote such kind words that even he could not refrain from tears, stating that perhaps in the battle that was sure to come sooner or later he might be killed. Yes, he was doomed to die; he was to be shot, but in a manner that is hardly able to tell.

Slowly the prince moved on; slowly, yet convinced that through the canvas of a tent yonder he saw a pale streak, a light. My heavens! my orders disobeyed? Can it be! Impossible! Looking in each tent as he passed on he thought it might be the effect of a worked-up imagination. But the light grew brighter and brighter; the glimmer it cast through the door plainly told him he was to find one place where the order was broken.

"The tent of the captain," muttered the king, as he approached. Entering, he found what was described before; the captain was finishing the letter, and just about to obey the order which he was five minutes slow in doing. "I am just writing a letter to my wife," said the captain, somewhat surprised to see the king. "Captain," replied Frederick, "add these words: 'Tomorrow at the break of day I am to be shot.'" The captain pleaded in sorrowful tones, which would have touched the heart of any ruler, but Frederick remained unmoved. Signalling to three soldiers who were outside, he ordered them to bind the captain. "What!" said they, "you tell us to bind our captain who has done so much for you? Give us your reason before we will obey." The circumstance was related and when finished the soldiers pleaded in behalf of Captain Zietern, but to do avail. In fact, the king drew his sword, ready to slay them, so insulted and vexed was he.

Before the midnight hour the doleful news was carried from tent to tent that Captain Zietern was to be killed. Sorrow like a heavy mist

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. GENGNAGEL

"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.

overspread the camp, for the captain was noted for his kind and gentle manner. The following morning, whilst the sky as if in sympathy assumed its deep crimson color, Captain Zietern was led forth to be executed. All eyes were bedewed with tears except those of the stoical Frederick. In a few seconds Zietern lay lifeless on the ground. Thus the army lost a gallant leader and a once happy family a kind, loving father.

JOHN S. HEMLER, First Academic.

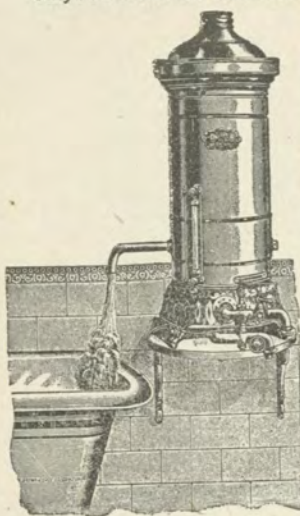
TIT FOR TAT.

A Dives once wrote,
 To one with Minerva's boons endowed.
 "Oh, honored Sir,
 I wish it were
 In a metric work to me allowed,
 To ally my name,
 With thine of fame.
 A poetic work, I pray thee write,
 In which entwine
 A verse of mine,
 So that the title my name may cite.
 The glory to share,
 All expenses I'll bear."
 Our haughty poet boldly replied:
 "My noble sire,
 Thy proud desire
 I must in truth severely chide;
 No money can buy,
 That I e'er comply,
 Dishonorably thus to yoke
 A horse, alas!
 To a dumb Jack-ass."
 This note the Dives did sorely provoke.
 He heavily sighed,
 But wittily replied:
 "Your silly note is rather coarse,
 I give no thanks
 For thy foolish pranks.
 How darest thou call me a horse?"

—A. H. SCHOEN, '04.

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

<i>Tessie</i>	- - - -	23c
<i>Bedelia</i>	- - - -	23c
<i>You are as welcome as The Flowers in May</i>	- - - -	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.

PEGGY AND HER PUPS.

Several years ago we had as a family pet a small rat-terrier, whose name was Peggy. She had been in the family longer than I had, and therefore I cannot tell her exact age, but it is safe to say that she had reached a dog's hundred (ten years). She had lost part of her teeth and was becoming gray. A street car had also deprived her of her tail. But, notwithstanding all these afflictions, we all loved our Peggy.

One day, greatly to the surprise of all, I found Peggy hidden away in one corner of our woodshed, in a box, with four little black and white puppies. They were about six inches long from the tips of their little pink noses to the extremities of their little tails. All four were plump and pretty. I named them at once Watch, Rover, Jack and Dick.

The mother was very proud of her little ones. As soon as they opened their eyes she taught them many ways of play, which amused our whole family. She was very watchful over her darlings lest harm should come to them. She seemed to be anxious that they should all become good, honest and useful dogs.

The puppies grew day by day until their mother thought they were old enough to take care of themselves. They were very cunning and mischievous, and often very quarrelsome. It was at these times that Peggy would come to them and in their language tell them how bad it was to quarrel and fight. She seemed worried to think her children were so unruly.

They had ever so much fun running, biting in play, barking, leaping over each other and doing a great many other things I have neither time nor space to tell about. No doubt they had listened to their mother's admonitions and ceased quarrelling, for a more agreeable set of pups never lived than these had grown to be.

I thought they were old enough for tricks, and began teaching them. It was somewhat difficult at first, but by perseverance I soon had them jumping through my arms, shaking hands, sitting up, leaping over bars and performing many other amusing feats. After I had taught them many tricks I began to teach them something useful. They found these new lessons just as easy, for they were very sagacious. For Dick I had a set of harness and a little cart, which he could draw with ease. We could send him to the store with a note and the money, and he would return with the order properly filled. For his reward he would receive a nice piece of meat or a saucer of milk. Jack was taught to carry papa's lunch to the mill. He would go direct to the office and wait patiently till papa could come out and take it. As soon as papa had finished he would take the basket in his mouth and come home,

JENKINS' GOOD Drug-Store Service

No matter what kind of DRUG-STORE goods you may want, these are GOOD places to buy them. If you want PURE drugs and medicines; if you want toilet articles, or sick-room necessities; if you want perfumes; or if you want any the thousand and one different things carried by first-class, up-to-date drug stores get them of us and THEY WILL BE GOOD. Everything is GOOD at these stores. The QUALITY is always GOOD; our service is always good. We would like to have YOUR drug-store trade, and will do everything we can to make you enjoy trading with us. We try to never let a customer go out of our store dissatisfied. We want to please everyone.

Telephone or mail us your orders. We will surprise you with our prompt delivery service.

JENKINS' Three Drug Stores

FIFTH AND LUDLOW STREETS

WAYNE AVE. AND FIFTH

THIRD AND TERRY STREETS

where he, too, would be rewarded. One day, however, while faithfully performing his duty, he was caught by a street car and horribly lacerated. Thus ended the days of our faithful Jack. Watch was as good a watch-dog as ever lived. We had naught to fear when he was with us. He, too, met death at his post of duty. One night, while guarding the house, he was shot by a burglar, who was caught and jailed for life. Rover was the sworn enemy of rats and persecuted them relentlessly. So they all proved useful, each in his own way. Rover and Dick lived to a ripe old age, and were a great consolation to their mother in her declining years.

FRED P. GRUNDISH, (Age, 11 Years),
Second Academic.

WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

Be full-faced, but not two-faced.

"Off, thou fox-hearted animal."—Miles Hendon.

"I'll take an important role or none at all."

"Hey, Brother, ain't we in this?"

What is the difference between a street car and the sidewalk?
Five cents.

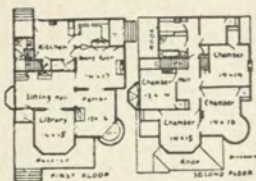
Sweetman says: "Dowie promises a fish-stew if he can get enough suckers to bite."

But we sincerely hope that Dowie doesn't try certain ones we
— of.

"A beard goes fine in winter, so much warmer, you know," but when it is like a worn-out scrub-brush or a much-used tooth-brush—well, you ought to cut it off, even if you are "My Lord Hertfort" or a "soldier."

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.

SHOES

WITH STYLE AND VALUE

W. & V.

SAROSIS SHOE STORE

136 SOUTH MAIN STREET

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

JOSEPH J. SCHAEFER

Manufacturer of

FINE CIGARS

DAYTON, OHIO

J. D. Whitmore COAL

104 Wayne Avenue

—AND—

19 South Broadway

Bell Phone Main 908 and 116

Home Phone 2295

**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**

*Pen, Penholder
and Ink in One*
A TRINITY OF PERFECTION
All Dealers sell them
Ask for Descriptive Booklets

L. E. Waterman Co.
173 Broadway New York, N. Y.

NEW YEAR WISHES.

- Grimes—To make himself more important.
 Sweetman—To write more athletics and less foolishness.
 Kramer—To use a less extensive vocabulary.
 Biesinger—To eat more yeast.
 Schlitzer—To stop telling about his trip to Rochester.
 Heithaus—To install a private wire to Covington.
 Schoen—To get Brizy's patent nipple.
 Pater—To become a chartered member of the "Big Seven."
 Long—105 to 0 that he gives a supper.
 M. L. T.—More to say
- In Easter play.
- Emerick—To take on weight to meet Jeff.
 Mullen—To plug and plug, both day and night;
 To train, and win his next big fightl.
 Groll—More fruit for after-supper luncheon.
 Clagins—To be a man, even if he can't shave.
 Hezel—To try geometry in difficult love cases.
 Kastl—To discontinue studying after 12 p. m.
 Willie Skelton—To use no language stronger than "dog-gone."
 Schaefer—To use anti-fat.
 Wander—To quit his rambles.
 "Briss" Graves—To wear a night-cap.
 Kenning—To experience a few more dreams.
 Gockey—To part his beautiful white hair in the center.
 Averdick—To know what he's talking about.
 Timmer and Schurplein—To use more breakfast food.
 Monnig—To recite his A B C's every day to Goldy.
 Gantz—To dye the white spot in his lovely hair.
 Adair—To quit using the horse.
 Gerwels—To take up a collection for a shave.
 Smith—To start a hand laundry.
 Wenigman—To get over it.....by the end of the year.
 Stocklein—To assist Sweetman.
 Martinie—To pay five dollars for a four-dollar sweater.
 Goldy—To quit stroking that invisible beard of his.
 McCabe—To stop acting like a Dutchman.
 Weinig—To get an Irish hair-cut.
 Rottermann—Not to buy tickets hereafter until he has her promise.
 Brown—To take a joke in the sense that it is a joke.
 Murray—To eat more sausage.
-

"If I were king, then I'd be satisfied with life."

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.

THE A B C OF SUCCESS.

Always keep your mouth shut.

Be satisfied with life.

Can't should only be found in a female's vocabulary.

Don't think you'll get an heiress for your wife.

Everything comes to him who waits.

For breakfast always eat Quaker Oats.

Give unto Uncle Heinie what belongs to him.

Have all the fun you want, but don't get gay.

If at first you don't succeed, try again.

Jackasses are too common in "Society;" be a monkey.

Keepsakes are valuable only in themselves.

Let your mind roll free.

Many a hasty word is said by a slip of the foot.

Never let yourself get worried.

Only love conquers—even in difficult problems.

Paddle your own canoe, and when you lose your paddle, apply to
Mose Cohen.

Question not the wisdom of your professors.

Remember the days of thy youth and be happy.

Sing that old familiar song when tired.

Take not what belongs to Mose Cohen.

Use hair oil for your whiskers.

Vouch for no one but yourself.

When you would bathe, use Pear's soap.

'Xcuses are all right in their way, but be sure they weigh enough.

You should beware of side-burns.

Zeal in the remaining six months will surely make them slip by in a
hurry.

—X.

"Fall to instantly" not unusual for a fellow like Hendon.

The quickest way to get news about St. Mary's is to telephone, telegraph, or tell Hanour.

Schoen at a banquet during the holidays proffered the following toast (probably he was thinking of Biezy): "Here's to Philosophy. It may conquer past or future pain; but toothache, while it lasts, laughs at Philosophy."

DRINK JOHN KLEE SONS'

OSCAR P. KLEE, Prop.

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

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—

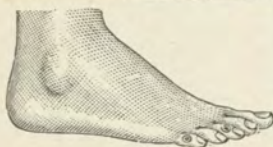
JOHN KLEE SONS

Cor. First & Canal Sts. DAYTON

Phone Main 124

Champayne 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.

And now we're sore and sad, you bet;
For Xmas is gone, and, oh, how fast!
There's now six months that must go past—
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

To her we cling, for her we pray;
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what may,—
The Red, Blue, Gold, forever.

Stick to your books and study,
And think of your golden lore;
Here's a hand for the next six months,
And hurrah for the passing four!

The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew;
Disturb them; and, my friend,
They'll surely sprinkle you.

Let's be gay while we may,
And play cards with laughter;
For I'll cheat as long as you,
And not a moment after.

You would know who wrote those rhymes,—
X Y rhymes!
That tell of merriment and of melancholy times,
How they tickle, tickle, tickle,
He who stands upon the height,
Still they think that they are mickle,
With a simpleton delight,
O, what tales they tell,
In a sort of doggerel,
That so betrays these anonymous rhymes,
For it's Grimes, Grimes, Grimes, Grimes,
Grimes, Grimes, Grimes;
For it's the running and the cutting pen of Grimes.

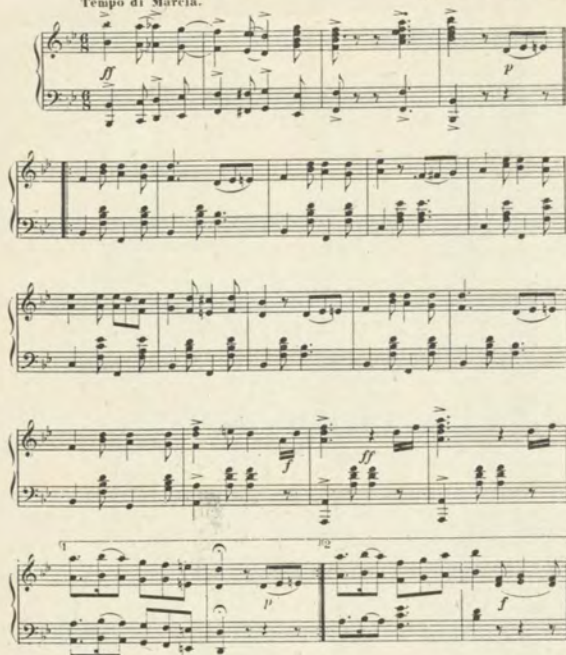
—J. E. G., '04.

ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE

March.

JOHN MICHAEL, S.M.

Tempo di Marcia.



Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Lovell & Co.

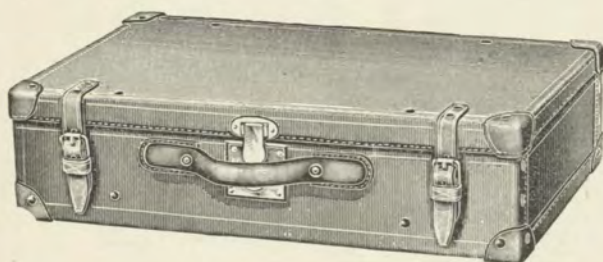
TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO!

Have you a copy of the ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE MARCH? Don't fail to get it! Everybody is playing it. It is an unusually dashy and effective March. It is sure to please. Piano Solo, 50c. Vocal Arrangement, 20c.

JOHN MICHAEL

DAYTON, OHIO

St. Mary's Institute



D. LEONHARD & SON

MAKERS

Trunks, Bags,
Suit Cases

25 South Main Street
DAYTON, O.

BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE

Have you ever, in the course of your daily reveries, reflected on the significance of the little word "it"? How many times and for how many things we use it. If I were this; if I were that; what I would do if I were a hypnotist; and, if I only knew how stocks would go on Wall Street, and the well known and popular air to which are sung the words:

"If I only owned the Pennsylvania Railroad;
If Helen Gould would only be my wife;
If I only owned the Western Union cable,
Then I'd be satisfied with life."

And if I were a millionaire; if I had only studied my lesson; and what I would do for the Exponent if I were Shakespeare; I wonder if the President will say no,——

And so on I might cite innumerable examples from daily life, and proceeding many times in this way, I, on concluding, am inclined often to wonder whether we will keep on "ifing" when we get to heaven—if we do.

The Athletes' "S. M."
On the white-sweatered men,
If bought of our Mose,
Tokens graceful repose.

The people of this town,
Acknowledge without frown,
The best business store
Is Mose Cohen's of yore.

Clem Graves is very handy with the boxing gloves. In his recent bout with Joe Cronan, both youngsters showed marked cleverness.

Bob Kastl is becoming quite a bag-puncher. Keep it up, Bob; it may come in handy some day.

Joe Harding and George Hample never fail to make a six-mile run every morning before breakfast.

Russell Graves reminds one of a milk wagon, when he is seen dashing from one basket to the other, appareled in his new white sweater.

Sweetman—"Did you have any dressing for Christmas dinner?"

Stoecklein—"Sure."

Sweetman—"Find any buttons?"

DR. J. E. FROENDHOFF,

DENTIST

226½ SOUTH LUDLOW STREET
DAYTON, OHIO

PHONE MAIN 1846

HERMAN SOEHNER



Sole Agent for
GARLAND STOVES
Roofing and
Spouting
General Jobbing

112 S. JEFFERSON STREET

**WHERE DO THE
S. M. I. Boys**

buy their

CAKES AND CONFECTIONS?

DEGER'S BAKERY

Cor. Brown & Union Sts

W. B. PATTERSON,
President
T. E. FRITCH,
Vice President

W. R. KEMPER
Secretary
F. B. MOORMAN,
Ass't. Sec'y

The Patterson Tool and Supply Co.

DEALERS IN

Machinery Tools and Supplies
DAYTON, OHIO

PHOTOS at
\$1.00 PER DOZ.
and up

Crossman

PHOTOGRAPHER

12 NORTH MAIN STREET

SPECIAL OFFER !

15 Cabinets

Three Styles

\$2.50

Opp. Court House

**BALL'S
BREAD AND CONFECTIONERY**

are used by the S. M. I.

FOUR HUNDRED

This should be a sufficient
recommendation.

C. E. Underwood,
Manufacturing Confectionery

ALL KINDS OF FINE CANDIES

29 & 31 N. MAIN STREET

Phone Main 287

Call for R. A. DEWEESE'S New Shoe "Stetson.s"

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.