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OUR LADY OF GUADALOUPE.



VOL. II.

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## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

**A**MONG narrative poems there are some that will admit both a direct and an allegorical sense. In their case, as in that of most of the folk, stories that have come down to us out of the misty past, we find it difficult to discriminate between what is strictly historical and what is purely allegorical.

Though they may have a foundation in fact, they are always more or less symbolical. The Lady of Shalott is such a poem, for while it may not be more than a shorter version of the Arthurian legend of Launcelot and Elaine, and is, therefore, not purposively allegorical, it is surely constructively so.

The day of the ticketed allegory is past. It was never more than an exotic in the garden of English Literature, though for a time it found therein congenial conditions of soil and climate and seemed likely to become domesticated. Yet it has passed away, never to return. The modern mind is too impatient of the merely fanciful. We do not object to an allegorical interpretation of a piece that is designedly descriptive or narrative, but we do object to the personification of abstractions. No Faery Queene, no Hind and Panther, no Castle of Indolence, can be written as long as the age retains its present attitude in Literature and Science. In every department of Literature the



Greek classics, with their sane adherence to the objective and tangible, have taken their rightful places as models of excellence for all time to come; and in every department of Science a despotic positivism holds sway and wages relentless war on whatever savors, even remotely, of metaphysical speculation. There seems to be but one way in which the poet may gain a hearing for his metaphysical teaching, and that is to use some historical or legendary account as a poetic cipher, so to speak, whose mystic meaning will be intelligible only to the initiated. Thus did our Blessed Lord, among a people wedded to their carnal idols, preach the mysteries of the Heavenly Kingdom by means of parables whose inner meaning was grasped only by those to whom the gift of understanding them was vouchsafed.

We know that Tennyson has repeatedly used this method of conveying metaphysical teaching. His most ambitious work, "The Idylls of the King," while on the face of it a narration in most objective form of the story of Arthur's Round Table, has a mystic meaning according to the poet's own statement, "shadowing Sense at war with Soul." Several of his minor poems will also admit an allegorical interpretation besides their objective sense. We may instance "The Flower," with its subtle reference to the fortunes of the style he created, and "The Lady of Shalott," which develops his lofty view of the poet's mission.

We may, as previously stated, read "The Lady of Shalott" as merely a shorter version of the Arthurian legend of Launcelot and Elaine, and never pause to observe that this very objective poem may conceal as purely metaphysical a meaning as Plato's Allegory of the Den, wherein we are shown a darksome cavern in which there are prisoners so chained as to face a wall that rises sheer before them, while in their rear runs a highway with men passing to and fro. In the farther distance a fire is blazing that throws the shadows of the passing figures on the wall; these the prisoners view and thus gain their knowledge of men and things.

Take the poem as it reads and it is a wondrously musical narration, cast in the quaint and weird oriental measure which

Poe so successfully employed and perfected in *The Raven*. It is a masterpiece of descriptive verse, every detail as clear cut as a cameo, and wonderfully sustained, so true to nature, that we read it as a story, wholly absorbed in the fortunes of *The Lady* and with no suspicion that it is anything more than a story. The landscape is described with the minute fidelity we admire so much in the *Preraphaelites*. In fancy we step into the upper room of the gray tower, where the Lady of Shalott plies her mystic art, high above the bustle and din of the busy world of men engrossed in their material pursuits, never seeing them and never seen of them. Only her wonderful "song that echoes cheerly" the reapers "in among the bearded barley" hear at early dawn or in the gathering dusk. She dare not look down upon the thronging highway, or the crowded river, or the teeming city resplendent in the distance, and view the changeful panorama of life with its motley pageantry roll back and forth between her retreat and many-towered Camelot, but in a mirror she sees the shadowy reflections of all this throbbing life, and

" \* \* \* in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

Though sorely tempted in the depths of her very human heart, and "half-sick of shadows," she dare not look down with bodily eyes on the realities of which she sees the reflections in her mirror; for she knows a curse will come upon her if she does, though what that curse may be she does not know. Yet a day finally dawns on which she succumbs. Sir Launcelot chances along the highway, splendidly dressed and gaily singing in the lightness of his heart, an ideal knight in form and bearing, and as his perfect figure flashes in the mirror before her, she forgets the curse, and at one bound is at the window, and her eyes are drinking in the scene she has so often seen imaged but never bodily beheld. And as happens on all critical occasions, it is the insignificant that first engages her attention. It is not the gaily plumed knight on his prancing steed whom she first observes, but she first "saw the water-lily bloom," and then only "she saw the helmet and the plume." But scarce had she looked when



Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror cracked from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me," cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

She has forfeited her mission and it has been taken from her. There remains naught for her but to die. And so she decks her own funeral barge, and, entering, launches it upon the river and leaves it to the mercy of the stream. "Lying, robed in snowy white," she sings her dying song as she floats down to Camelot, and with it upon her lips she dies as she reaches "the first house by the water-side." Along with "knight and burgher, lord and dame," that crowd around her barge, came also Sir Lancelot, and he for whose sake she had brought the curse upon herself, merely "mused a little space," and then said:

"She has a lovely face;  
God in His mercy lend her grace,—  
The Lady of Shalott.

Such is the story in brief. A strange, sad tale, that chimes well with the mystic life of the remote Middle Ages such as we view it in these matter-of-fact days on which our lot is cast. Is the story told for the story's sake? It well may be. And yet we may read a hidden meaning in its crystalline lines emphasizing a lesson that is always in season. As we follow the fortunes of the mystic Lady we may find ourselves mentally observing how like hers is the poet's mission and how like the curse that came upon her is that which shall inevitably descend upon him if he prove recreant to his mission.

The poet also dwells on heights inaccessible to the busy throng. His creed must be that expressed by Horace: "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" His world is not the world of sordid, debasing materialism, for the things of this world are essentially unpoetical. Describe a thing as it really is, in its naked truth, and you have science which is the very antithesis of poetry. The poet must not be a realist; this is his prohibition. Like the Lady of Shalott, he must not fix his gaze upon the world of concrete reality, but, facing the mirror of his soul, he must look steadily at the ideals he there sees reflected by the

world of sense and matter, and which this world, viewed in itself, only darkly suggests or else grossly caricatures. Where in this world of sense and matter shall we find love and beauty and goodness such as we see depicted in the poet's magic lines? What earthly love and beauty and goodness can claim to be aught but caricatures? A heavy curse lies upon the whole creation; all its beauty is marred, its love outraged, its goodness maligned. But it is the poet's privileged mission to give us glimpses of them in their undimmed splendor, as they would have gladdened our lives had not our "great progenitor," like the Lady of Shalott, stooped to satisfy a grossly material craving and thus brought the threatened curse upon us all.

We have said that the poet must not be a realist. The expression is misleading. The poet must not stop at the appearances which fix the attention of the bodily eye as he views the changeful panorama of life, but with the eye of his soul he must penetrate beneath these ever-shifting, elusive and deceptive phenomena until he reaches the eternal realities that lie under and sustain them. He thus becomes a realist in the truest sense of the term, for the only real things are the supersensibles, the things that transcend the senses and are of the domain of the mind.

Life's a veil the real has;  
All the shadows of our scene  
Are but shows of things that pass  
On the other side the screen.

Figments of the brain, the positivist may flippantly dub these realities "on the other side the screen," but his philistine sneer does not make them less real. They alone abide in their eternal sameness, while their protean caricatures of sense are ever eluding our grasp. Love is one and eternal, but the hideous things that masquerade under its holy name and torment the hearts of their dupes by their bitter deceptions are legion, and has the heart of man ever found rest and contentment in any of them? And if not, is theirs the reality of love? If we wish to see what is real in life, we must, like the Lady of Shalott, turn our backs upon the panorama of sense and fix our steady gaze in upon the mirror of our mind and there we shall



see that truth and beauty and goodness are found in God alone, and whatever faint glimmerings thereof we catch in the material creation are but reflections of Him who is truth and beauty and goodness in essence.

Such is true realism, and in this sense is the poet the truest realist. But if the poet prove recreant to his mission; if, lured from his high contemplation of eternal truth and beauty and goodness, he lower his gaze upon the world of sense and matter, he will find the curse that fell upon the Lady of Shalott coming swiftly upon him; his vision of spiritual things will be distorted, for his mirror will have cracked from side to side, and the wonderful web which before he so deftly wove will fly out of his reach, for his inspired utterance will forsake him utterly, and, like the Lady of Shalott, he is doomed to die. Let him descend from his tower where he dwelt apart from the throng, and leave his cracked mirror and elusive web, and take his place among those who lie buried in the world of sense; and as he nears their dwelling places he will feel that his inspiration which was as his life blood is "frozen slowly" and his mystic insight that was as the eye of his soul is "darkened wholly." And thus he shall die.

It may be objected by one not given to philosophic or scientific speculation that the interpretation just offered is wholly fanciful, because we have no statement from the poet warranting the belief that it entered into his design. Is it permissible to credit him with a purpose he never, to our knowledge, entertained? We answer that it most certainly is. Great poets frequently have builded better than they knew. The scientific interpretation of literature can discover in a poem the presence of most artistic purpose and design of which the author was wholly unconscious and at sight of which he might well exclaim with Socrates when shown the dialogues in which his young disciple, Plato, makes him the protagonist: "How many beautiful things that young man makes me say of which I never thought!" And the scientific literary critic finds his warrant in the same principle as that which justifies the naturalist in discovering the presence of unconscious purpose and design in every department of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

L. C., '04.



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TO THE SEA.

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Hail mighty ocean god! Hail multitudinous sea!  
Sole monarch in thy power and royal majesty,  
How glorious, awe-inspiring, beautiful art thou,  
With aspects ever changing on thy placid brow!  
But most sublime when in contention thou dost vie  
With thy twin brother Zeus, the over-arching sky.

In calm repose, so like some fair Olympic god,  
Who e'er beside his nectar dreamily doth nod  
When glowing Phoebus glides on morning clouds,  
The God in silvery spray thy graceful outline shrouds.  
And when at eve his path is marked with golden gleam  
Thy bright, unrippled bosom mirrors heaven's beam.

How terrible art thou when wrathfully dost frown  
Thou raisest surging billows, clouds thou hurlest down,  
And woe the helpless mariner who then doth rest  
Upon thy tempest-tossed, wild-heaving breast.  
Then poor humanity doth drop a fruitless tear,  
For death, remorseless death, now rides the stormy mere.

But when thy wrath subsides, thou then again doth seem  
As gentle as a babe in its first infant dream.  
He lulleth thee with heaven's breath Who let thee rave  
And paints the sky's cerulean blue upon thy wave;  
And thou, submissive sea, dost e'er His voice obey,  
Who saith: so far mayst go, here shall thy waters stay.

—B. J. FALLET, '05.

## HUNTING FOR SEA BIRDS' EGGS.

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**ON** E pleasant afternoon several years ago, Frank Costello jumped into his little boat, and guiding her out of the narrow creek, he rowed steadily along close to the shore until he reached the entrance of one of those sea caves so commonly found along the shores of Ireland, where thousands of sea-birds had their nests. These nests he meant to pilfer. He brought his light craft close to a projecting rock, and stepping nimbly ashore he made the painter fast to the rock, lighted a torch, and, armed with a club, penetrated to the innermost recesses of the cave.

In every corner he found dozens of eggs, and was soon so engrossed in his sport that he forgot all about the time, until he heard the hollow sound of rushing waters behind him, caused by the rising tide. His first idea was to return to the spot where he had fastened his boat; but imagine his fright when he found that the rock was completely covered with water. He might have reached it by swimming, but, unfortunately, the rope with which the boat was tied was not very long, and the boat had been filled with water and sunk. To go forward was impossible; and he well knew there was no way of retreating from the cave, which, in a few hours, would be filled by the advancing tide. His heart died within him, as he thought of the terrible fate that awaited him. He was not afraid to die, for only the day before he had been to Confession and Holy Communion, but still his human nature refused to give in without a struggle. He shouted aloud in the agony of despair—the torch fell from his trembling hand into the dark waters and soon expired with a hissing noise.

The wind, which he had scarcely noticed before, was rising with the tide, and now drove the waters into the cavern. Every moment it increased in violence, howling and bellowing as it swept around the echoing roof of his rock-ribbed prison, and



this with the shrill screams of thesea-birds that filled the cavern, all formed a fitting requiem for the hapless wretch who had been buried, as it were, in a living tomb. But the love which makes us cling to life in the most hopeless extremity, was strong in Frank's breast; his firmness and presence of mind gradually returned, and he resolved not to die without a struggle. He remembered that that at the farther end of the cavern the rock rose like a flight of stairs, sloping from the floor to the roof; he had often climbed up those rough stairs, and he knew that by means of them he could place himself beyond the reach of the tide. But this hope was shattered as quickly as suggested, when he thought of a deep fissure which ran perpendicularly through the rock and formed a chasm ten feet in width in its floor between him and the place of safety. The tide, however, which was still rising rapidly, forced him every instant to retreat farther into the cavern, and he felt that his only chance was to try to cross the chasm. He was young, active, and possessed great courage; he had frequently, by torch-light, leaped across this chasm in the presence of his companions, few of whom dared follow his example. But now, alone in the darkness, how was he to attempt such a dangerous feat? However, the knowledge that it was death to remain where he was, decided him. Gathering a handful of loose pebbles from the floor, he walked carefully over the slippery rocks, throwing a few pebbles here and there before him at every step, to make sure of his footing. At length he heard the stones as they fell from his fingers descend with a hollow, clattering noise, that continued for several seconds, and by this he knew he was standing on the brink of the chasm. One quick and earnest prayer breathed to God, whose hand alone could protect him in that dreadful moment,—then, retreating a single step, and having every nerve and muscle in his body strained to its utmost tension, he made a step forward and plunged himself into the dark and dreadful space.

Who can tell what the thoughts were that rushed through his brain in the brief moment that he hung above the chasm? Did he miscalculate the distance, or choose a place where the chasm was widest—should his footing fail, or his strength be unequal to carry him over, what a death his would be! The



agony of years was crowded into one minute,—in the next his feet struck the firm rock on the opposite side, and he was saved. At least he felt that he had escaped the great peril for a moment, and as he climbed joyfully up the ragged slope at the end of the cave, he thought little of the dangers he had still to encounter.

All through that night he sat on a narrow ledge of rock, while the waves beneath were throwing their cold waters over him. In the morning, with the ebbing of the tide, the water rushed out of the cavern into the “briny deep,” but Frank hesitated to cross the chasm again; for his limbs had become stiff and benumbed, and he was weak from the lack of food. He had about given up in despair when he heard a shout that echoed throughout the cavern.

Never before had the human voice sounded so sweetly to his ears. He quickly answered that shout, and in a few minutes he saw several persons approaching with lighted torches. A plank was soon put across the chasm, and Frank was again among his friends. They told him that because he had not returned home the preceding evening they thought he had been drowned, and were looking for his body. On reaching this cave they had seen his boat tied to the rock, and full of water, as she had remained on the ebbing of the tide. This caused them to examine the cavern carefully, with the result already known.

O. SCHAFFER, '05.

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## TRANSFORMATION.

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With the dawn of the day, though no speck mars the sky.  
Yet the clouds gather fast as the darkness draws nigh,  
Though the waters are pure in the soft gushing brook,  
Flowing on to the ocean, how murky they look.

At the dawn of our life we were happy and pure,  
And the white robe of innocence wrapt us secure.  
Youth's manifold virtues that glisten and gleam,  
To eternity flow in a dark, turbid stream.

How churlish the stream as it enters the sea,  
Yet the refuse is dropt and the waters set free.  
God grant we may rise on the crest of the wave,  
Yet our vices be sunk with us deep in the grave.

—J. A. PILON, '05.

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## THE SNOW STORM.

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The sun had set, the wind rose high;  
Dark, threatening clouds shut out the sky.  
The snowflakes came gently down,  
And clad in white the sleeping town.

All through the night the storm did blow;  
The doors were blocked with heaps of snow.  
The desolate scene of the previous night  
Had been changed to one of dazzling white.

The morning came, the clouds had fled;  
And when the youngster from his bed  
Looked through his window at the land,  
He saw it painted, by the Master's hand.

—A. TIMMER, '05.

## TE JUAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Texas in the Days of the Missions.

(From the German.)

### CHAPTER IX—The Hunt Changed Into War.

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**D**ID this occurrence justify Navarro's conduct? By no means. Navarro harbored suspicions when there were no grounds, and then when he should have suspected he was trustful. He was wrong from start to finish.

"Mejia is a sorcerer," cried Tejuan.

"A spy and a traitor," said Navarro, smiling at the chief's superstition.

"Mejia is a sorcerer," repeated Tejuan.

"Do you really believe that the devil ran off with him?"

"No, captain; but none other than a sorcerer could have outwitted me in such a manner. I know the sorcerers, captain, and their black art. Mejia crawled through the grass by making a motion as often as a sound was heard that drowned the noise made by himself. I had suspected him long before this, not because he looked wild, captain, but because he knew so much about witchcraft, and because he was always found conferring secretly with the Indians. I know," he whispered, "who are his accomplices. One of them is here in the camp, the other remained in San Jose."

"Why didn't you tell me this sooner, Tejuan?"

"Captain, you thought a great deal of Mejia. I needed proofs for whatever I might accuse him of, and I had none until today. One other suspected traitor is among us here. There is no positive proof against him. If he is loyal, we must not shake his loyalty by false suspicions, but we shall keep an eye on him. Mejia's objective was the horses. There are Indians in hiding near us."

"What is to be done?"

"Mount and rush to San Jose."



“Why should we flee?”

“The Mission is threatened.”

“How about tracking the scoundrel?”

“It may be too late, besides being dangerous. But he has no bow—let us see.”

Tejuan and Navarro followed Mejia's trail. It was broad enough as far as he had dragged his body along in the grass, but it disappeared in the confusion of other trails at the point where he had risen.

“Let us see how San Jose fares,” said Tejuan. “Captain, follow me at fifty yards with cocked rifle, and look sharp at whatever stirs.”

Tejuan hurried forward, bent low in the high grass towards a near-by elevation, whence a bird's-eye view could be had, not only of the Missions, but also of the entire plain till the Medina and far down the course of the San Antonio. Navarro followed him. Having reached the crest, Tejuan suddenly clasped his hands above his head, and, with a loud cry of anguish, dropped to the ground. Navarro hurried forward, believing that an arrow had wounded him. But what a spectacle met his gaze when he reached the crest! San Antonio was in flames; farther to the right along the bed of a torrent shone the fires of a large Indian camp; in the direction of San Jose one could distinguish the flashing of guns. The Indians were there in full force. The three Missions had been attacked at the same time, and one already was taken and destroyed. Tejuan was not wounded except in his heart. Silently they both hurried back into camp, where they found everything astir, and the horses saddled. The Indian boys had an exciting time trying to pack the mules.

“Let them alone,” ordered Navarro; “take nothing but your arms.” He then summoned his son, the Cavalleros, and the corporal of the guard to his tent, and along with Tejuan and these held a council of war.

He briefly described the situation, and then added: “What is done, is done. Haste and precipitation cannot undo the evil. Let each one tell what he thinks ought to be done, beginning with the youngest. Jesu, what is your opinion?”

Jesu spoke to the point. "The distance between here and San Jose is fifteen miles as the crow flies. We can cover this distance with the better horses in an hour. The swiftness of our move will enable us to surprise our enemies. On the open prairie we can rout as many as can gather in fifteen minutes, for we'll not have more time than that. Thus we shall arrive in San Jose long before dawn."

The corporal of the guard thought that even fifteen minutes would give the enemy too much time. "We will strike the first detachment most likely at San Pedro," said he. "We shall charge them and immediately come upon a second and stronger force across from San Antonio, and the third will oppose our flank out on the prairie. Suppose we cut our way through each of these, then we shall meet an overwhelming force at San Jose with the whole pack of bloodhounds at our heels. It is a risk we run, and there are too many lives at stake. I propose to circle around the enemy and fight our way back from San Antonio."

Tejuan spoke next. "The Comanches are at least nine hundred strong; we are scarcely ninety. No hope for the Mission. Your wife, captain, and my daughter are lost. Oh, it is a bitter thought. My advice is to follow the torrent's bed, which leads past the Comanche's camp. There we shall find their wives and children. We shall do to theirs what they have done at San Antonio; then we shall attack them and die. But, what will the Padre say to me in the hereafter? 'Mine is the vengeance, saith the Lord.' Captain, an embittered heart can advise nothing good. Whither you go, I follow."

Navarro spoke last. "We must save all we can, and therefore husband our meagre strength. What Jesu advised appeals strongly to me, and I do not believe that the dangers are as great as the corporal of the guard imagines. How many among us have good horses? Ten from San Jose, two from Concepcion, three from San Antonio, and thirty Indians, in all about fifty men; this is insufficient. To ride at the pace which Jesu advises would allow very few of us, not more than ten, to reach the enemy, and should we go slower the danger would grow every second. I have indeed routed five hundred Indians with fifty men, but I had the choice of place and movement. We



must certainly go by a safer way, and I approve the plan of the corporal. We shall turn towards the Salado, proceed along its bed as far as possible until we reach its junction; thence we enter our Labor and shall arrive at the Mission at daybreak, perhaps without bloodshed. And now, my men, let us understand the circumstances. Everything that is dear to us, even our own lives, is endangered. By holding staunchly together under the strictest discipline, we may still be able to save our kindred and ourselves. The government gives me unlimited power in the present case. May all know this: Every man is a soldier and subject to military law. Who disobeys the commander, dies. Who leaves his post without permission, dies also. The second in command is my son Jesu; and the third, until we reach San Jose, is Tejuan. Now to horse, and may God's protection and his apostle's arm go with us."

The first command issued was that no loud word should be spoken until their arrival in San Jose.

Navarro, with Jesu and Tejuan, who formed his staff, rode along the lines to see that everyone was at his place and armed. Including the Indian boys and the cavaliers, who had joined from Concepcion and San Antonio, there were in all fifty-two Indians and twenty white men.

The corporal led the detachment, closely followed by the Indians; then came the lightly-laden mules, the soldiers, and the cavalleros. Lastly, Tejuan, Jesu, and Navarro. They all rode in Indian file.

A lynx-eyed Commanche, who was spying at midnight from the aforementioned elevation, saw the long, thin line of horsemen cross the prairie at a rapid pace. He rushed back and informed his chief that the Christians were fleeing towards the Guadalupe, intending most likely to reach Goliad by by-paths. The Commanche was Mejia.

GEORGE P. HEITHAUS, '04.

(To be Continued.)



## THE GOLDEN RULE.

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In speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember those in houses of glass  
Should never throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do  
But speak of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home,  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide.

Some have faults, and who has not?  
The old as well as young;  
We may perhaps, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And find it works full well—  
To try our own defects to cure,  
Before of others tell.

And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own shortcomings bid me let  
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word may do  
To those we little know.

Remember curses sometimes like  
Our chickens roost at home,  
Don't speak of others' faults until  
We have none of our own.

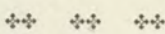
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With this issue of the Exponent many subscriptions will expire. An enclosed notice will bring this fact to the attention of all whom it may concern, and we trust that they have found their previous investment sufficiently satisfactory to insure a prompt renewal. The editors flatter themselves that the Exponent has lived up to the promise of its first issue, which was so flatteringly received at its appearance. And they, therefore, feel assured that all its friends who hailed its advent in that most appreciative way of sending a prompt subscription will be as prompt in renewing the same. Only those who are directly concerned with the publication of a magazine in which artistic appearance is made as prominent a feature as it is in the Exponent can realize the expense that this entails. The promoters and editors contemplate an accentuation of this feature if the increased outlay it will necessitate can be covered by an increased patronage.

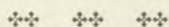


The knowledge that their magazine reaches a wide circle of interested readers is a wonderful spur to the youthful writers for whom it furnishes the best training for future service to



Church and State by the instrumentality of the written word. There are those who wholly misconceive the purpose and effectiveness of a college magazine. Some of these are scribes themselves and editors of periodicals, who seem to look upon the modest college magazine as a poacher on their own preserves, or a jumper of their own claim. The thought is preposterous. There are few publications that owe their existence so largely to the persistent demands of their prospective readers as the college magazines. It is safe to say that but for this demand the great majority of them would never have become actualities. They are not, as a Catholic editor who should be better informed has dared to intimate, a species of literary blackmailing in furtherance of education. Was this written seriously? If so, it is enough to raise an inextinguishable Homeric laugh. We would not care to swap souls with an editor whom the appearance of a small college magazine, with a restricted circle of readers, goads into the impertinence of questioning its right to live.

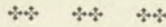
In its own sphere the college magazine is as much in place as any magazine in the land. It forces itself upon no one. It voices the opinions of its own little world. It never presumes to invade the domain of the political, literary, scientific, and general information or amusement magazines that fairly inundate the general reading public. It never jostles any of these in their frantic efforts to win the first place in popularity and return the largest dividends to their stockholders. It is not met with on the public news-stands. It does not challenge the attention of the public at large and invite comparison. It knows its own sphere and remains within it—a sphere in which the great magazines are often caviare. Its contents may be milk and watery at times, but if so they are thus better suited to the unweaned mind of callow youth than a diet of heavy indigestibles. What magazine for the general public can presume to have pre-empted the field of any particular college magazine?



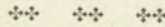
The editors have decided to discontinue the Exchange column. They cannot persuade themselves of its necessity, and its usefulness is a debatable matter. They are aware that by this



statement they shall fall foul of their confreres, the honorable ex-men, so-called, of most of the college magazines. They do not intend to allow themselves to be lured into any argument on the subject. The proper critics of a publication are its readers, who are bona fide subscribers. The criticisms of these are always welcome and duly acted upon. The editors have observed that the Exchange column occasionally becomes a medium of scurrilous villification that reads more like the mouthings of an Arizona Kicker than the dignified critical comment of a respectable college student. One exhibition of this kind is sufficient to discredit the column forever.



We earnestly solicit the patronage of our readers for all those business friends who manifest their confidence in our magazine by using its pages to make known their special line of merchandise or professional service. All our advertisers are personally known to us as most reliable men in their several departments, and we can and do recommend them without reserve to the public.



For the boys of St. Mary's Institute few days had in store for them such fear, uneasiness and eager anticipations as the 25th, 26th and 27th of January, 1904. These were the days upon which each mortal among them had to render an account of himself to his examiners for his past actions, and, oh! how they feared the judgments of the stern-faced professors when they pictured themselves seated in the sweat-box with their limbs full of shakes and their heads empty—men always picture the worst for themselves. However, no matter how dark the forebodings appeared, the results remain to testify that the boys have been diligent pupils during the past months, and worthy of the laurels of their success. It is with hearts full of pride that the professors may speak of their budding geniuses.

But, friends, the goal is not reached yet. There remains another examination for us before the line is crossed and the race may be counted ours. The old proverb says, "All's well that ends well." Let us prove its truth.

ALPHONSE PATER.



## THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

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On Saturday, January 16, a solemn reception of promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart was held in the Institute Chapel. The following associates were enrolled as promoters: Emmet Sweetman, William Stoecklein, Eugene Haungs, Lawrence Janszen, Harry Janszen, Bernard Feller, Thomas Hickey, Carl Scherer and Joseph Philon. Bro. John Michael, in charge of the choir, had arranged an interesting musical program, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Rev. Fr. Frische, the founder of the League at St. Mary's, delivered an excellent address, pointing out a practical way of serving the Sacred Heart.

This is the third year since the establishment of the League at St. Mary's, and it has made marked improvement, both in membership and in the zeal of its members. Nearly the entire student body are now members of the League, and the Communion of Reparation and the Devotion of the First Friday are in great esteem among them.

The following is the program of the Reception of the Promoters:

Entrance March .....	J. Michael
Hymn—"All for Thee".....	S. M. I. Choir
Sermon .....	Rev. A. Frische
Morning Offering .....	Rev. L. Tragresser
Reception of New Promoters.....	Rev. L. Tragresser
Act of Consecration .....	Lawrence Janszen
Promoter Renewal .....	Bernard Hollencamp



## Solemn Benediction.

"O Salutaris".....	J. Michael
Sung by J. Oakley and E. Janszen.	
"Ave Maria".....	Composed for the occasion by J. Michael
Sung by Alfred Bergman and J. Heilig.	
Act of Consecration.....	Rev. L. Tragresser.
"Tantum Ergo".....	S. M. I. Choir
"Holy God".....	S. M. I. Choir
Grand Finale .....	J. Michael

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## THE LITERARY CIRCLE.

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The program for the Circle's first meeting of the new year was rendered on Friday, January 15, and was of an exceptionally high standard, showing the interest of the students in these weekly meetings. The program began with the recitation of the poems written by the individual members. These poems showed marked improvement over the previous attempts, both in thought and in structure, and is conclusive proof that while we may not have any poets at St. Mary's, we have some fairly clever rhymsters. The debate, "Resolved, That barbarous tribes are benefited by their intercourse with civilized men," was then opened for discussion, the affirmative being represented by Messrs Schoen and Grimes, and the negative by Messrs. Schlitzer and Pilon. After a heated discussion, the verdict was awarded to the affirmative by a vote of 2 to 1. Mr. Wander then read an interesting lecture on "Macbeth," after which the Moderator concluded the evening's program by reading two short essays from Hamilton Wright Mabie's "The Life of the Spirit."

J. A. PILON, '05.





## SECOND DIVISION.

The basket ball season is again at hand and the game is welcomed by all as the best of the winter sports. The gymnasium is the scene of many exciting and hard-fought games. Four league teams have been organized, but no games have been played yet in order to give all an ample opportunity to get in condition, and besides we have many days before us which will be spent indoors, so there is no hurry. The captains are Albert Seidensticker, William Schoen, Harry Janszen and Eugene Haungs. All are able players and good managers of their teams, which are very evenly matched, and promise some exciting games in the near future. The representative team of the division has also been organized under the captainship of Bernard Topmoeller. The positions will be filled by the following: B. Topmoeller, center; A. Seidensticker and H. Janszen, guards; W. Schoen and H. Timothy, forwards; Lawrence Janszen, substitute. The team is not quite as strong as the one of last year, but with a little hard practice will hold its own against any team of its class.

---

## BOARDERS VS. DAY SCHOLARS.

The Second Division team met and defeated the Day Scholar team in an interesting game of basket ball on Wednesday, January 20th. The game was well played by both sides, and the victory was long in doubt. The boarders finally overcame their rivals by their all-around team work. When the whistle blew at the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 5 in favor of the Boarders. Had the umpire in the first half been permitted to

continue his work in the second half the score would have been high in favor of the Day Scholars, but he was relieved by Angel, whose decisions were satisfactory to all. At the end of the second half the score was 13 to 9 in favor of the Boarders. The players on both sides handled themselves well and made some brilliant plays at certain stages of the game. The score was as follows:

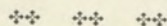
## BOARDERS.

	1st half.	2d half.
Topmoeller, Center .....	x 0	x x *
Schoen, Forward .....		
Timothy, Forward .....	x x	
Seidensticker, Guard .....		x
H. Janszen, Guard .....		

## DAY SCHOLARS.

	1st half.	2d half.
Cronan, Centre .....		x
Leo Kramer, Guard .....		
C. Graves, Guard .....		
R. Graves, Forward .....	x	x
Hambuch, Forward .....	* * * 0 0	0 0 0 0

x—goal from field. \*—goal from foul line. 0—goal from foul line missed. Time of halves, 15 minutes. First half, 6—5; second half, 13—9. Umpire, Aloys Angel, '04. Referee, Victor Smith, '05.



We are glad to welcome three newcomers into our division since Christmas in the persons of Bernard Showel, Frank May and Bernard Kohler. All three have already gained many friends, who wish them all success and a happy sojourn at St. Mary's.

H. TIMOTHY, '07.

## THIRD DIVISION.

As the winter season has been very favorable until now, most of our recreations were spent on the pond and hill; nevertheless, we had some occasions for indoor sports. Basket ball is the leading indoor sport at present.

The Third Division has organized four teams, and the following record shows that the Beavers are hard at it, and the Deer are keeping up. The Eagles were soaring high, but they had to come down to take a rest, and it seems that the Squirrels are taking a little nap in their winter nest:

	Games.	Won.	Lost.	P. Ct.
Beavers .....	5	3	2	.600
Deer .....	5	3	2	.600
Eagles .....	5	2	3	.400
Squirrels .....	5	2	3	.400

On January 21st the Third Division basket ball team defeated the Day Scholars in an exciting and interesting game. Slick didn't belong to the team, but anyway he played a slick games. There was a hard tussle on both sides. The following is the score:

### S. M. I.

Ball 0 —\*

Oakley 0 x —\*

Fortune

Caine x

Vonder Hoya

### D. S.

Larkin 0 \* —x

Salimano

Ernst

Slick

Whalen —\*

Score—S. M. I., 6; D. S., 4.





*The Sailor's Dream.*

Last night as I lay sleeping,  
There came a vision fair,  
I saw a gilded haven,  
Great ships were anchored there.

And I the mighty captain,  
The ruler of this fleet,  
Did spurn the wretched ocean  
That trembled at my feet.

And every breeze that hurried  
Across the silver main  
Would ever do my bidding,  
My favor then to gain.



The god of storm and thunder  
Would cease at my command  
To dash the boundless ocean  
Upon the weathered land.





I'd cross the silent tropics  
With ever favouring breeze;  
For midst my many subjects,  
I swayed the god of seas.

I was the king of ocean  
And ruled the boundless main;  
My minions, bearded sailors,  
Were happy in my reign.





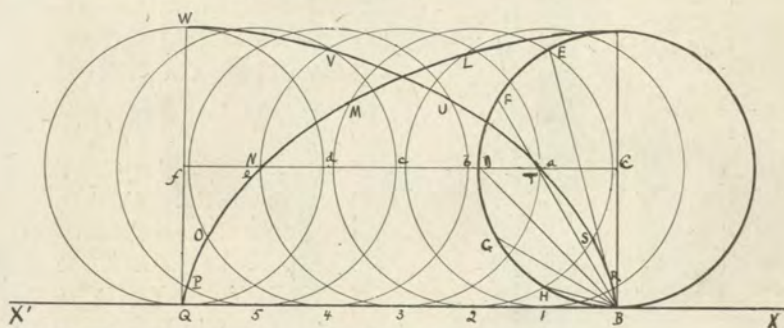
The bells rang out for night-watch  
And broke my peaceful dream;  
"Roll out!" a voice cried gruffly  
"You'r wanted on the beam".

*Channing*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Which point in the periphery of a wagon wheel moves faster, the highest point or the lowest point?

Every point of the periphery of a wheel that rolls along a straight line, describes a branch of a cycloid during each complete revolution. It is evident that the highest point will complete its branch in exactly the same time as the lowest point completes its own. If the question, then, is to have any meaning, it must be because the points do not move over their respective arcs in uniform motion—that is, with constant velocity. To ascertain whether or not this is the case, we must compare the distances covered in equal times by the highest and the lowest points in a half revolution, the cycloid branches being symmetrical curves. For this purpose we shall construct the semi-branches of the cycloid arcs described by the highest and the lowest points respectively, and on these branches consider a number of positions of the points corresponding to exactly equal parts of the wheel's advance as a whole. A comparison of these distances will show clearly whether either of the points moves faster, and, if so, will allow us to estimate their relative velocities at every stage. The details of the construction that follows will make our meaning plain:



On the track XX of the wheel C, and (say) to the left, lay off a distance B Q equal in length to the semi-circumference of the wheel, that is, to 22-7 B C. This length represents the advance of the wheel as a whole in one-half revolution, at the end of which the highest and lowest points, A and B, first considered, will have changed places. Now divide B Q into any number of equal parts, say 6, by the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. From the center, C, draw a line parallel to BQ, and at the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Q raise perpendiculars until they meet this parallel at the points a, b, c, d, e, f. With these last named points as centers and a common radius length equal to CA describe circumferences. These circumferences will represent six successive positions of the wheel equally distanced. Next divide the semi-circumference ADB into six equal parts at the points E, F, D, G, H. Now lay off the chord BE on the circumference a along IL, and on the circumference e along 5V; next lay off the chord BF on the circumference b along 2M and on the circumference d along 4U; and so on with the chords BD, BG, BH, giving





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## Rike's



the points N, T; O, S; P, R. By joining the points A, L, M, N, O, P, Q, we obtain the arc described by the point A and similarly by joining B, R, S, T, U, V, W, we obtain the arc described by the point B.

Now, during the first sixth of the half-revolution of the wheel, the point A advances to L and the point B to R, and it is manifest from the figure that the point A in describing the arc AL in the same time as the point B describes the much smaller arc BR, must move much faster than B. Similarly, the velocity of A, while the point describes the next arc LM in the same time as B describes the smaller arc RS must be greater than the velocity of B, though not as much greater as during the interval first considered. In thus comparing the arcs successively described by A and B in equal time, it will be observed that A's velocity, which is at first much greater than B's, decreases, while B's increases, and that the two become equal when the points are respectively at N and T, corresponding to the middle position of the wheel for the advance considered.

Thus, then, the velocity of A from A to Q is a decreasing function, and the velocity of B from B to W is an increasing function; and the maximum velocity of every point in the periphery of a wheel is reached when the point is in its highest possible position, as at A or W, and its minimum velocity when the point is in its lowest possible position, as at B or Q.

Ratio of the average velocities of a point during the upper and the lower half of its revolution:

The average velocity of a point while describing an arc is equal to the length of the arc divided by the time. Hence the ratio of the average velocities of two points during the same interval of time is equal to the ratio of the arcs they describe during that interval.

In order to measure the lengths of these arcs we apply the property of the cycloid discovered by Wren, that any arc of the curve measured from the vertex is equal to twice the length of the chord of the generating circle which is parallel to the tangent at the extremity.

$$\text{Average velocity of A from A to N} = \frac{\text{arc A N}}{t};$$

$$\text{ " " B " B to T} = \frac{\text{arc B T}}{t};$$

$$\text{The ratio of these velocities} = \frac{\frac{\text{arc A N}}{t}}{\frac{\text{arc B T}}{t}} = \frac{\text{arc A N}}{\text{arc B T}};$$

$$\text{arc A N} = 2 \text{ chord A D} = 2r\sqrt{2}$$

$$\text{arc B T} = \text{arc N Q} = \text{arc A Q} - \text{arc A N}$$

$$= 4r - 2r\sqrt{2}$$

$$= 2r(2 - \sqrt{2})$$

$$\frac{\text{arc A N}}{\text{arc B T}} = \frac{2r\sqrt{2}}{2r(2-\sqrt{2})} = \frac{\sqrt{2}}{2-\sqrt{2}} = \frac{1}{\sqrt{2}-1} = \sqrt{2}+1 = 2.41+$$

Therefore, the average velocity of any point in the upper half of its revolution is 2.41 plus times as great as its average velocity in the lower half of its revolution.

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---

AMBITION REALIZED.

---

As we climb the terraced steps we notice, nestled in among the mountains of Eastern Brazil, and surrounded by mangrove and cocoa trees, the magnificent home of Don Pedro, overlooking the beautiful Sao Francisco. The owner of this handsome residence had left his home in Portugal some years back to seek fame and fortune in America. Landing at Pernambuco, he met, by chance, a wealthy ship owner and ranchman, who gave the ambitious boy employment on his ranch, about two hundred miles from Pernambuco, on the River Sao Francisco.

At this time Don Pedro, handsome and dark-featured, was eighteen years of age, full of hope and ambition. He was lithe and sinewy, admirably built for hard work. On arriving at the ranch, he was given the task of rounding up cattle. In this work, owing to his indifferent horsemanship, Don Pedro received many a hard fall and severe bruise. But his brave spirit remained unshaken, for he was determined to succeed no matter against what odds.

One day, whilst watching the herds, Don Pedro happened to remark to one of his companions, that his greatest ambition was to be owner of a ranch, like that of his employer. This fellow, who was of mixed Spanish and Indian descent, Mendez by name, was a mean, crafty and revengeful man. Above all was he very jealous, and hence was filled with hatred, towards our hero, when he saw the direction in which the boy's mind was turned.

In answer to Don Pedro's statements, Mendez uttered but a guttural "Huh." From this time on Mendez was a bitter enemy of the boy. He turned away whenever they met. He even thought by telling the other vagueros of our hero's aspirations to make them laugh him to scorn. But the men liked Don Pedro, and the attempt made to belittle him only increased their admiration and respect. Mendez was enraged at his failure. The next day, meeting the boy in the out-yards, he insulted him. Quick as a flash Don Pedro was upon the half-breed, and so belabored him that he bore the marks of the encounter for weeks.

This was the first proof the boy had of Mendez's enmity. Notwithstanding his punishment, Mendez continued to plan the ruin of the boy. But Don Pedro always managed to circumvent his enemy.

Spring had returned in all its charming beauty. On the ranch there was general jubilation because this was the season of the year when their master, Alva, visited them. On this occasion, in furtherance of his vengeful schemes against Don Pedro, Mendez planned to assassinate Don Alva and fix the crime on the boy.

There lived at the ranch an Indian boy, who was of a cruel and savage disposition. By offering this degenerate a sum of gold, Mendez had induced him to kill Alva from ambush. About a mile from the ranch



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there was a thick clump of evergreens. Here the Indian boy was to waylay his master on his drive to the ranch.

April the twenty-fourth, the day on which the master was to visit the ranch, was an ideal one. About the ranch all was hurry and bustle. Every one was dressed in his best. Here and there the men stood in little knots discussing various subjects. Mendez, with a smile on his evil face, walked leisurely about among them, his thoughts busy with what would happen to Don Pedro, if the attempt on the life of Alva would prove successful. Our hero, meanwhile, having finished his task, took a leisurely stroll down to the Padre of the ranch.

Suddenly, far down the road, a shot was heard, and then all was still. Several men immediately ran in the direction; but they had not gone far when they saw the master's carriage coming at a furious pace towards the ranch. "Quick! Quick!" called the driver to the men, "go back to the ranch house and fetch the doctor, for our master is shot, a mile back on the road."

When the men arrived at the ranch after urging their horses to their utmost speed and had told their story, there were many expressions of indignation and horror. It boded evil for the man found guilty of the crime.

Soon the carriage arrived at the ranch. When the men saw the blanched features of Alva and the wound in his arm, they were filled with pity for him and hatred for his assailant.

The doctor found that Alva's wound was not serious. Mendez was deeply chagrined because Alva was not killed, and he refused to pay the stipulated sum to the Indian boy. In a week Alva's wound was entirely healed. He then took steps to discover his would-be assassin. Calling all his men together, he asked if any of them could give him information concerning the identity of his assailant. To the surprise of everyone. Mendez stepped forward and said in exultant tones: "Perhaps, our worthy friend, Don Pedro, could give some information on the subject, as he was absent from the ranch when the shot was fired." Don Pedro thereupon stepped forward and said: "Most worthy master, I was with the Padre the whole morning, until I heard the shot fired." The Padre, who was present, confirmed his words.

Then from out the swarm of men and boys stepped the swarthy Indian boy, and cried: "Master, it is not Don Pedro, nor any other respectable man on this ranch, but that dastard there (pointing to Mendez) who is responsible for your wound; he bribed me, urged me and goaded me to shoot you from ambush and lay the blame on Don Pedro, his deadly enemy." This declaration startled all present. Alva turned calmly to Mendez and said: "Is this true?" Mendez, seeing no escape, sullenly answered "Yes." He was at once arrested and in due course of law, condemned to a long term of imprisonment, after which he disappeared.

Don Pedro, rid of his rival, rose rapidly in his master's favor, and by his industry and integrity soon accumulated a considerable fortune.

JOS. CRONAN, Junior Science.



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## WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

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The editor of this department hereby notifies the student body at large and any particular person whom it may concern, that no reflection on the personal honor, integrity, or other moral quality of any individual was intended by anything that has ever appeared in this section. If any such reflection has been read into any paragraph, he hereby enters an emphatic disclaimer. If the wording will, unbeknown to him, bear such an interpretation, he herewith expresses his sincere regret. It is out of all question that no man will wilfully hold himself up to public scorn; this being so, the fact that the editor's name figures as prominently in the recent paragraphs as any other should satisfy all right-thinking minds that he has not been wholly unmindful of the precept: "Do unto others what you would wish that they should do unto you."

As the management has not seen fit to relieve him of his unenviable position, he wishes to state that his policy in future shall be the fullest deference to the wishes of those who recently took exception to his editing. Until now his policy was inspired by the homely philosophy of Burns, expressed in the well-known lines of the bard of Ayrshire:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as others see us;  
'Twad fra mony a blunder free us  
And foolish notion."

---

Reports from the Netherlands show a great slump in the price of paving materials.

---

He was a jolly soul, and he said in extenuation that New Year would come around again.

---

Sweetman bought a razor at New Years. There's quite a deal of speculation as to what he wants to do with it.

---

What do you think Jim Daly would say if he were here and could see George II.?

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Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

Mack: "Don't you know that smoking is injurious to one who is in training?"

Mike: "Not unless the coach catches me."

---

Oh! that Christmas pie!  
It was from her, of course, we know;  
That's why you ate, you like it so;  
But now you know it was her first,  
And we all marvel how you durst.

---

B: "Yes, Schoen and I have decided to grow a moustache."

C: "Indeed! Well, Shorty, you're doing first rate with your half."

---

B: "I've got an awful cold in my head."

C: "How comforting."

B: "Comforting? How do you make that out?"

C: "To know that after all these years at college you've at last got something into your head."

---

What is life? A school where board and lodging are among the extras.

---

Professor: "There are many by-products of petroleum which the Standard Oil Company may utilize. Can anyone present mention any?"

Woolly-Haired Athlete: "Universities."

---

He never will amount to much,  
Nor rise above his source,  
Who's always ready to make a touch  
Upon his father's purse.

---

Teacher: "What does the 'tu quoque' stage mean?"

Pupil: "That period at which two engaged in a quarrel arrive previous to the blows; in other words, when they begin to 'you're another' one another."



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Jim and Bill each want to be up first on the morning they leave for home. So Bill says: "If I'm up first, Jim, I'll make a chalk mark on the floor." "And if I'm up first," Jim answers, "I'll rub it out."

His Aunt: "And how do you stand in your class, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "Oh, I'm all right in my class. It's when I goes up agin a hundred and forty pounder that I gits licked."

It must be admitted that the Day Scholars have a real sportsmanlike spirit about them. But it is to be regretted that it is limited to the columns of the Daily News.

Truly, they may be proud of winning that game; but remember this is an immediate, a priori judgment.

## THE MISER.

Within his attic, scantily furnished, dark and cold,  
An aged miser, smiling, trembling, counts his gold.  
That hoary head cares not to know the right from wrong,  
But worships at the shrine of riches all day long.  
Those crooked talons have so often counted wealth  
That now they seem to speak of it instead of health.  
For many years those weary feet no path did tread,  
Save that which leads to where the poor are given bread.  
Through all his life he has not known one hour of pleasure;  
All has he sacrificed to board up useless treasure.  
But when he's called to pay the debt which all men owe,  
Then would he send his treasure in his stead—but, no!

—W. CONNORS, '05.



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