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The Exponent, March 1904

St. Mary's Institute

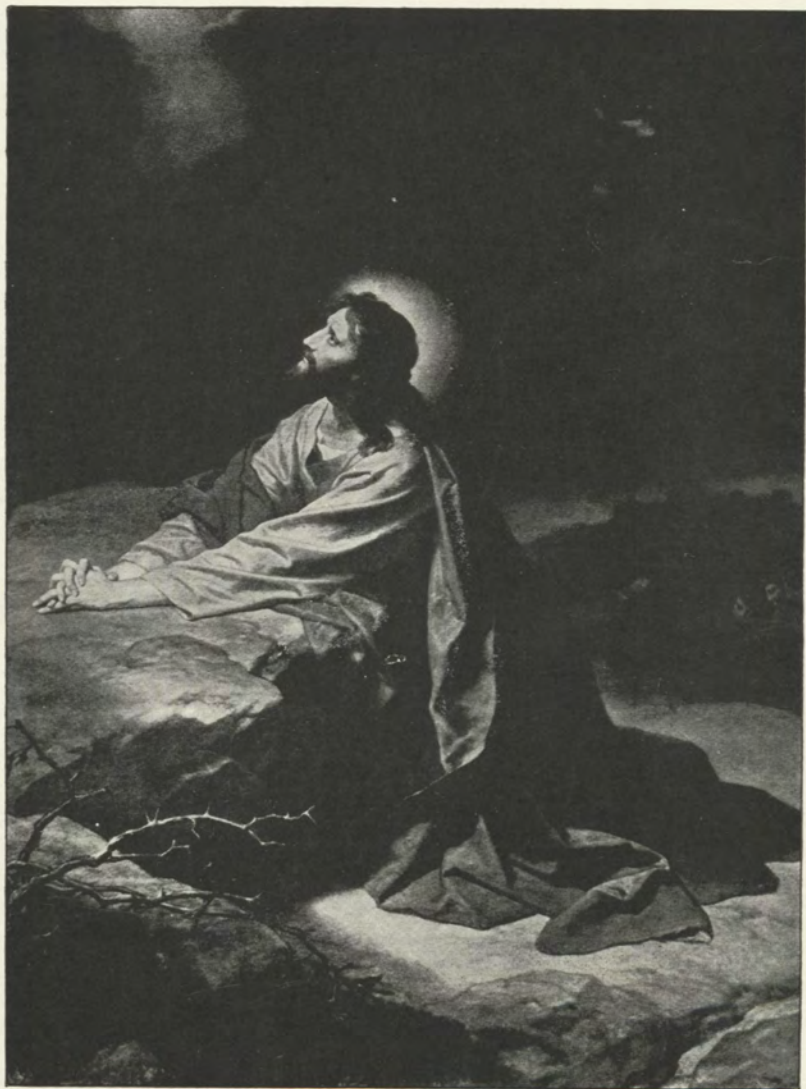
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Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE PRAYER IN THE GARDEN



VOL. II.

MARCH, 1904

No. 3.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

Their books they read, their beads they told."
"I envy them, those monks of old;

NO matter what opinion may be prevalent among the people of the present age concerning the characters of the monks of old, it is an assured fact that these men were held in great esteem by all who came in contact with them, and who saw within them the qualities of great and noble minds. They journeyed from place to place unguarded and unmolested, and when come to the castles of the Lords they received a welcome as hearty as that given the lords of vast domains. An incident occurred in England in the year 1536 which goes to show the great love the common class of people bore the heads that wore the cowl. It happened at this time that the authorities wished to replenish their empty coffers, and, accordingly, they closed some of the lesser monasteries that possessed rich lands. Indignant at the outrage offered to the monks, the people took up arms against their rulers, and formed the famous Pilgrimage of Grace. This was the age of Faith, when those who had the courage to take upon themselves the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, were held in great respect and esteem by the laymen of their communities as men possessing superiority over the rest of mankind. Even at this

remote day, when we contemplate the greatness of these lives, we long to leap the years gone by and live within those walls, so full of beauty, so heavenly, so charming to the solitary moods of men, so consoling in the dying hour. With Emerson we close the books that account the monastic tales and say:

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet music, or pensive smiles.

Yet, it is not this peacefulness of life that brings their names before our view after these many years relapsed, but this grand motto which all had contained within their rules. To Labor is to Pray. It is by their soil and love for labor that they have written their fame in the History of Time, which nothing save the destruction of the world can erase. How different history would read; how many great and illustrious names would be wanting, had the world never heard of the existence of the monks! Many wonder what the history of Europe would have been had Napoleon died while at college, but whoever considers his insignificance beside the great monks of old. He came after they were, and his path was well prepared. Some several hundred years before his famous exploits in Europe the monks took the country in their charge, and where once the dark and massive forests stood they formed the land into beautiful hills and dells, where marshes spread for miles around they made the land fruitful, and thus made access to these parts comparatively easy. Moreover, contrast with this civilizing labor of the monks, the destructive career of Napoleon, the incarnation of reckless ambition. The widow praises one and curses the other, the one healed wounds, the other cut them all the deeper.

If we study the origin of many of the largest European cities, we find that their beginning was in a hamlet that found shelter under the walls of a monastery. The monks generally chose the most barren spot they could find, and upon it erected their home. In order to get means for subsistence, and good treatment—for the master hand of the monks was mild and humble—many farmers flocked around the walls of the

monastery, and thus from little hamlets some of Europe's largest and most prosperous cities had their origin.

These monasteries were considered blessings by the monarchs, within whose domains they stood; for the monks kept much discontent from the hearts of nobles and subjects by their kindness. The "poor laws" of England date from the time the English authorities suppressed the monasteries of that realm, which goes to prove that the much spoken of charity of these religions is not the work of fiction, but a reality. In the age of turbulence and war the monastery was the symbol of great moral power, and many a monarch sought the aid of abbots in time of strife.

In science and industry the monks of old led the way. History tells us that many of the most useful things of our everyday life, such as wholesome remedies, gunpowder, spectacles, the music scale, and clocks, were invented by cowed heads; and, not only in these great things did they stand foremost, but also in philosophy. The names of Duns Scotus and St. Thomas still remain to testify the advancement made by them in this line. Geography, medicine, astronomy and natural sciences found their perfection in their hands, so that we see that there is much in these men to be lauded by us.

However, leaving aside all these great discoveries and advancements made by the monks, there is one thing for which the world can never show them enough gratitude, and that is, for the repositories which they had in their monasteries for the preservation of the ancient authors. This is an act that would have written their names in the Hall of Fame if nothing else had. It is related that the only task imposed upon some monks was to transcribe the great masterpieces of the ancient authors into most elaborate books, an employment which carried with it much pain and drudgery. Some bigoted-minded men, who, inglorious, hate the fame of others, have tried to rob this great renown from the monks, but, to their sorrow, history still stands firm. Hallem, in his *History of the Middle Ages*, says that their was a time when no royal and private libraries existed, and, consequently, these works which we have today must have been hidden in the archives of the monasteries.

The times of the monks of old has passed away, and after
it have come the multitude who try to drown their fame among
the failures which they might have met with, yet

"They never fall who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad."

ALPHONSE PATER, '04.

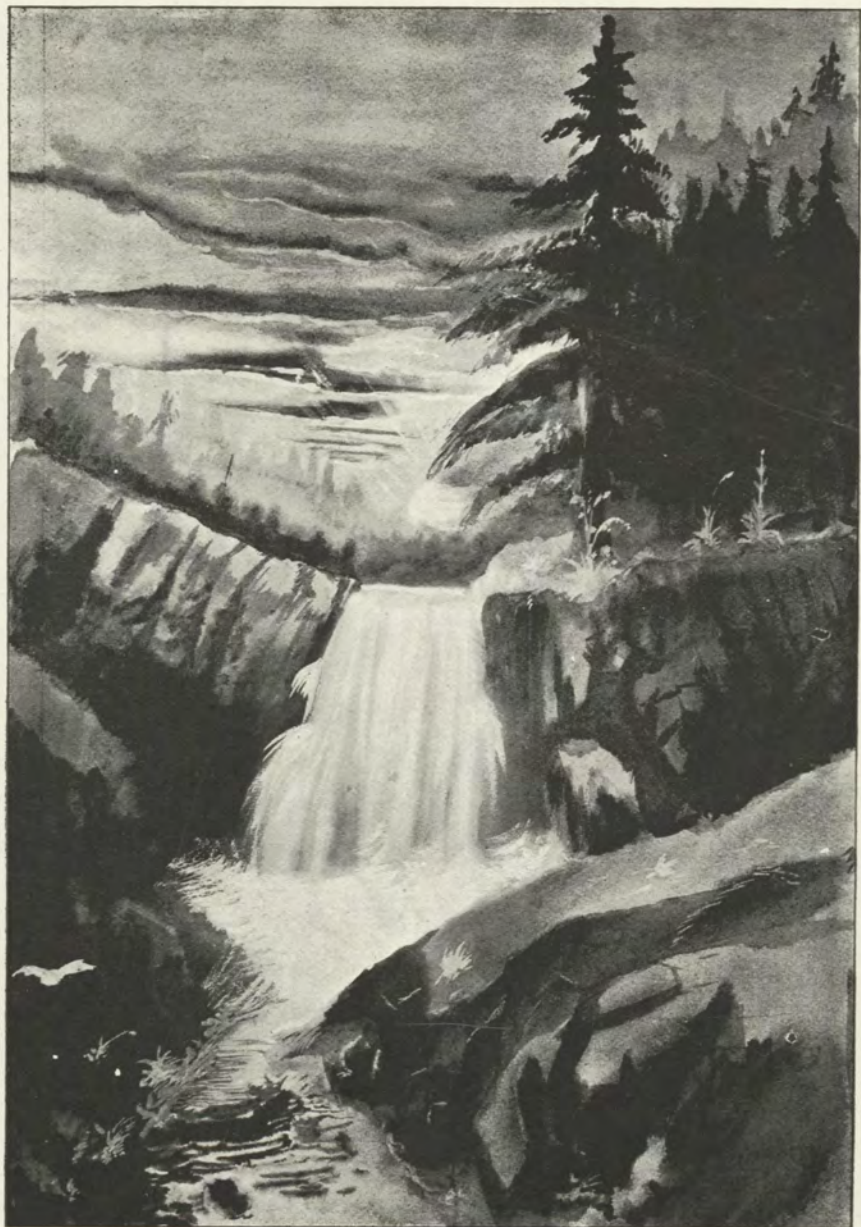
THE PINE AT EVENTIDE.

A SONNET.

How awe-inspiring, O majestic Pine!
Thou silent sentinel at wakeful rest,
So tall and stately, tow'ring from the crest
Of rounded hill or jagged steep incline;
Thy massive trunk forms one weird, sombre line;
Thy widespread boughs support the eagle's nest,
From whence she screams when in the purpling west.
The sun sinks slowly in her sad decline.
The shadows from thy branches now impale
The silvery birch and poplar all too soon,
And silence reigns on hill and sheltered vale,
Save for the lonesome hooting of the loon;
While from thy topmost branch comes doleful wail,
The owlet's nightly plaint against the moon.

—J. A. Pilon, Junior Letters.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



DON PEDRO'S RECKONING.

PEDRO looked sad and dejected as he sat on a stone in the inner court of the dismantled old castle. He was well in keeping with his surroundings, aged and broken like the old building of which he seemed a part, and decrepit, crippled and gray. Four long months have passed, he mused, since my unfortunate master left for the war, from which he never returned. "The cowards to come during his absence to despoil and murder defenseless women. Oh, that Don Carlos had lived to repay these treacherous tyrant dogs of Carpathians." The old man's wrath became furious; he rose from his seat, tore his hair and stalked angrily up and down the court. Evidently seeing the uselessness of venting his spleen upon empty walls, he sobered down and became strangely calm, but the fierce light that shone in his dark, restless eyes indicated that a struggle was going on within his heart. Drawing an aged yellow parchment from his tattered cloak, he seated himself to solve its mysteries. The document contained only a dirt-begrimed map of the damp, musty, winding vaults that lay beneath the *Castello de Riveri*. Old Pedro followed the lines indicated by arrows with his long, horny fingers. "Yes, here it was to lie," he muttered, "but I have searched in vain."

Just at this juncture voices were heard outside, and presently the shadowy old halls reverberated with approaching footsteps. Pedro hastily concealed the document under his cloak. The strangers appeared not to notice his presence, but seemed intent upon examining the crumbling walls about them. Pedro was startled as he saw the features of the newly arrived, his face flushed crimson and his hand trembled violently. The deep scar on the forehead of one of them made the face of its owner seem strangely familiar to him. "Is it possible?" said he, with bated breath. "Yes, so it is. Fortune has betrayed him into my avenging hands. But they know me. Ah! yes, I see it all. My secret shall never be forced from me; and you,

Sebastian de Carvallo, I know you well. If it is in the power of a weak old man to prevent it, you shall never leave this place alive." The emotion of old Pedro was great and his eye flashed with a savage gleam. His dagger was at his waist; he longed to clutch it and avenge his master's misfortune, but caution stayed his hand.

Presently the men seemed satisfied with their survey of the place, and they put down their packs as if to stay. "I guess the old place will shelter us for the night," said one, "and I don't think that the old man will object to our company."

Pedro left the room, pretending not to hear what the men said. "The scoundrels," said he, when outside, "they imagine that I am so shallow-minded as not to divine their purpose. But they shall not have it; no power on earth could force it from me."

If the men in the inner court were surprised at the withdrawal of the old man, they did not show it exteriorly, nor did they attempt to follow him. "That was old Pedro, the Don's favorite butler, or I am badly mistaken," said Sebastian to his companion; "it is the same fellow that tried to prevent us from carrying off the old bird and the fledging. We are fortunate in finding him here, for I have good reasons to suppose that he knows where the stuff was put. In fact, we could accomplish little were he not here."

Pedro had not been mistaken in his man. He of the scar was none other than Sebastian de Carvallo, the leader and instigator of the foul plot which in its issue had reduced the Castello de Riveri to its present desolation. Not content with robbing and burning, the cruel leader ordered that all be butchered in cold blood, save the wife and the daughter, Mercedes, of Don Carlos. These were intended for future ransom. Pedro alone had escaped by a secret passage, to tell the horrible tale. During the time that the cruel deed was being perpetrated, Carlos was away at war in France, totally unconscious of his heart-rending bereavement. Pedro's only consolation was in the thought that in the near future his master would return to Spain and punish the brigands who had desolated his home. Pedro had no communication with Don Carlos, for the latter was somewhere in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Days and

weeks passed, still nothing was heard of the Don. It was rumored that the famous old battalion of the "Riveri" had been surprised and captured to a man. This news, however, did not reach old Pedro in his self-imposed isolation, and he came sorrowfully to the conclusion that Don Carlos was dead. Thenceforth life was a burden to him, and he lived only for revenge. But what could he, a weak, helpless old man, do against such powerful enemies? The outlook was certainly not a cheering one; still the loyal old soul did not despair. The map in his possession, when properly deciphered, would lead to untold treasures, with which he could raise and equip an army of sufficient strength to take the stronghold of the enemy and release Mercedes and her mother there imprisoned.

The shadows of night settled upon the castle and the silence and gloom were undisturbed save by an occasional snore which came from the sleeping strangers, who, tired and weary from their tedious journey, slept well. The young moon shed slanting rays of mellow light upon the sombre ruin, creating weird fantastic forms within its deserted halls. Pedro lay in the adjoining chamber, but he did not sleep; his brain was too much occupied by other things to permit of slumber. At last he rose silently and with stealthy step passed into the room where the unconscious strangers were lying. In his right hand he clasped an unsheathed dagger and his eye gleamed with a murderous fire. Nearer and nearer he approached to the motionless forms. He was nearly upon them when one sat up and gazed around. "Is that you, pard?" said he in a sleepy voice. Pedro turned and fled hastily from the room.

Sebastian awakened Juan Espartaro, his companion, and together they went in search of the prowler. Going to the next room, where the old butler was accustomed to sleep, they found it empty. The two men searched everywhere in and about the castle, but no trace of him could they find. Had he vanished into space, he could not have disappeared more completely. "It's all over now!" exclaimed Sebastian. "Had you been willing to act upon my advice, all would be well. As it is, our opportunity has slipped through our fingers and we might as well go home. It would be useless," said he, stepping back

and leaning against the wall, "to—" The rest of the sentence he never finished, for the wall, or in reality the panel leading to the secret passage, suddenly gave way and the speaker found himself lying flat on its damp, musty floor. The passage for which they were looking was found. Juan followed his companion through the opening, although he did so in a more rational manner. In their excitement the men did not notice that the heavy panel was slowly closing. Only after they were in the dark did they become aware of the fact that they were hopelessly imprisoned in this tomb of impenetrable darkness.

C. KENNING, '05.

(To Be Continued.)

MARCH.

Hail, Storm-King March; we welcome thee at last;
E'en though thou com'st with tempests loud and bleak,
In praise of thee shall we forever speak.
Redresser thou of winter's chilling blast,
Thou dost thy folds of warmth around us cast.
Green-robed April with showers soft and meek
Doth trace thy hasty steps; and hushed and sleek
In silence, all the earth, when thou hast passed.
With battling breeze thou touchest hill and vale,
The earth, to waken from her icy thrall.
Welcome! Sweet Wind; in thee Mild Gentle Spring,
Thou fairest, best of seasons all, we hail.
Anem'ne fair, e'en wooed by kingly call
Comes not till Bleak March o'er her beats his wing.

—A. H. SCHOEN, '04.

TEJUAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Texas in the Days of the Missions.

(From the German.)

CHAPTER X—The First Attack.

THE evening of the same day on which the hunting party had sallied forth, the copper-colored nymphs were engaged in washing down at the river. What were they washing above all? Every one's good name.

"Did you hear the latest?" asked one of them of her neighbor. "Tejuan's daughter is flirting with the young Spaniard, the Captain's son."

"I guessed that long ago," retorted her neighbor. "Rose wants to be a white woman like Giacomo's wife, who cannot leave her house because she knows not where to tread—there's nothing but earth all around her."

"I saw this morning how she flirted with Jesu when he mounted his horse; then she prays——"

"Stop," interrupted her neighbor; "I just happen to think of something which I have long had in my mind. I believe it was two years ago when Jesu once was going towards the river and disappeared in the undergrowth; I was up in the Labor; after some time Rose came up the path without her water pitcher, her clothes all wet, and red as fire. She ran as if she were ashamed towards the Mission and did not again leave her hut that whole day. Now tell me, neighbor, what did that mean?"

The gossips were here interrupted by loud laughter on the part of the others.

"What are you laughing at again?" asked one of them.

"Oh, we have cast lots as to who shall marry the handsome Spaniard."

"And who is the lucky one?"

They laughingly dragged a stout, black girl to the place. "We want to wash her white," said one; "as she is, the young Spaniard wouldn't have her." They forced her into the river, and threw so much water upon her that the poor thing fled for safety towards the deeper parts. Their play ended in a general bath.

Suddenly the bell began to ring, not in the soft tones of the Angelus, but in quick, stabbing beats. "What's that?" they all cried out in one breath. "There are Indians near by," said an old woman. In the twinkling of an eye they were out of the water, and without taking time to dry their clothes they ran towards the Mission. A cowboy had brought the news. He had barely escaped the arrows of the enemy, while his comrade had fallen.

We know in what force the hostiles had approached the Mission. It is remarkable that no one had noticed the coming of so great a force. They had come by way of the Bandera Pass, and encamped for some time about twenty-five miles from San Jose, in a circular valley, whence they sallied forth to steal the horses of the Mission and render the neighborhood unsafe. They were informed of everything that took place in the Mission, and it was unpardonable negligence on the part of the Spaniards not to have detected their presence and driven them from their hiding place.

At first no one would credit the report until it had been confirmed by fugitives from San Antonio and the prairie. The Indians must have approached along the bed of the Leona—a torrential stream of wide bed flowing parallel to the San Antonio. Leaving this bed they had to cross about a mile of prairie before they could reach another creek, along whose banks they had established their camp. From here it was about five miles to the Mission.

The panic at the Mission beggars description. Padre Francesco alone remained calm and unmoved, for he had long ago accustomed himself to the thought of just such a possibility. Without delay he ordered all the men to barricade the south and west gates which opened out on the prairie. He sent the women, under the direction of a few old men, to gather in as much of the fruit and vegetables in the garden as possible.

The young boys he sent to corral the horses and the mules and drive them into the Labor.

Night was coming on. On the breeze floated the war whoops of the Indians from the direction of San Antonio, intermingled at intervals with musket reports, a sure proof that but feeble resistance was being offered the enemy. San Antonio was less strongly fortified, comprised a larger area, and on the whole was weaker than the other two Missions.

While the men were yet engaged in piling stones against the gates, a detachment of the enemy appeared at the west gate, apparently in the hope of finding it wide open. The soldiers lying on the roof of the magazine received them with a well directed fire that emptied many a saddle. The Indians quickly withdrew, and, turning, tried the south gate. Finding this also barricaded, they forded the canal, forced their way over the old fence around the Labor, and rushed the open east gate. Here the Christians opposed them in a body, with every weapon they could lay hold of in their haste, while the soldiers fired from the roof of the convent. The little unorganized band could certainly not have withstood the volleys of arrows and the repeated assaults of the hostiles had not an unexpected diversion brought them momentary deliverance.

When the women, who were at work in the fields, heard the yelling of the enemy and saw the struggle at the gate, they were filled with such unreasoning terror that they rushed in hot haste right towards the east gate, not thinking that they were thus running directly into the hands of the enemy. The noise they made in crashing through the corn field in their mad race led the attacking savages to think they had been ambushed and were being attacked from the rear. They at once turned and fled. A few moments later the dry hedge was in flames and in a short time was entirely consumed.

The first danger was past and valuable time was saved. The Padre stationed the ten soldiers at different points and took it upon himself to organize the Indians. He found that in the engagement at the east gate several had been wounded, though he hoped not fatally. One was missing. "Look for his body," the Padre ordered. "He has not been here since this morning," some one said. "Is he with the hunting party?"

"No," he was told. What had become of him? There was a chance that he had been attacked out on the prairie. No one in the Mission suspected treachery as yet. The missing Indian was one of Mejia's two intimate friends.

The Padre mustered seventy-five able-bodied Indians. He armed them with such weapons as he possessed or with which they were familiar. Those who could handle a musket were distributed among the soldiers. Twenty of the best bowmen were sent to the river, where, hidden in the undergrowth, they could lie in ambush, and in the case of repeated assaults, could protect the east gate. The spear was a weapon well adapted to repel cavalry charges, and therefore he despatched a company of spearmen to guard the east gate. This gate had not been barricaded since the hunting expedition was hourly expected. Among the boys and those unfit for service there were many skilled in the use of the sling and the bow; these were held in readiness as reserves. The squaws were set to repair the bows and arrows.

In the chapel were gathered Donna Guadalupe, Rose, and several women with their small children. Donna Guadalupe recited the Our Father in a loud voice, while Rose and the others answered her. As the prayer began, Rose was sobbing softly. She thought of her father and of him whose image filled her heart; she prayed for both with the impetuous fervor of an anguished soul. As the noise of battle rose louder and louder, and the thunder of hoofs and the piercing yells drew nearer, and then receded, and then again approached, she knelt erect. She knew that the first one of the enemy who entered the chapel would scalp all of them and thus put them to the most cruel deaths. The squaws sighed convulsively and pressed their papooses closer to their breasts. The prayer had died away. Donna Guadalupe trembled and looked half in fear at Rose, whose noble soul, far superior to her sex, was reflected in her face. No trembling, no fear distorted her features; her eyes shone with heavenly peace; her lips moved in silent prayer.

The noise withdrew into the distance, and a great hush succeeded to the din of battle. The side door opened and Padre

Francesco, paler than usual but very calm, entered. He mounted the altar and spoke:

"My children, you have done well to pray. The danger was great. It has been warded off for the moment, but it still threatens us. Let us thank God for the timely deliverance, and let us beseech our gracious Lady and our powerful patrons for further protection. God's will be done. Now go, dear children; take care of the tired fighters and minister to the wounded."

As soon as she arrived at her house, Donna Guadeloupe took two small baskets, filled them with bottles of Madëira, with wheaten bread, salve, clean linen, and other necessities. One basket she gave to Rose, the other she took herself, and thus, arm in arm, they went to find the wounded. Guadeloupe was the mother, Rose the angel at her side. Wherever they entered they brought hope, and, better still, they unconsciously healed that most dangerous wound to the trustful feeling between the whites and the Indians which the treachery of Mejia had caused.

Here lay an Indian wounded in the forehead by an arrow. Padre Francesco was engaged in drawing out the sharp stone which, as is well known, forms the tip of the arrow and remains in the wound. The life of the wounded man was hanging on a thread; it all depended on whether the stone had pierced the skull. He lay unconscious. "You are come just in time," said the Padre, as Rose and the matron entered; "but do not be frightened." The Padre took from the basket whatever he needed to cool the inflamed wound while Rose supported the dark head of the warrior on her arm. The matron in the meantime had prepared a refreshing drink. At last the stone was drawn out and the blood followed abundantly. Rose forced a sponge filled with wine against the clenched teeth of the man. He opened his eyes, sighed deeply, and for a moment gazed wonderingly at her, and then sank back into unconsciousness. When he came to himself again the next morning he maintained that the Holy Virgin of Guadeloupe had appeared to him and saved his life.

Towards midnight Padre Francesco was sitting at his desk sealing a letter. Near him a soldier stood at attention, and in

the yard a strong, fleet horse pawed the ground impatiently. The Padre rose and, placing the letter with greatest care within the soldier's doublet, said: "Ride as hard as you can and don't spare my horse. Most likely I shall not need him any longer. He should be able to go one hundred and twenty miles in one stretch. Keep to the open prairie. At Goliad you shall give the letter to the Padre and then return with the relief troops. God protect you and us."

The soldier dropped on one knee whilst the Padre asked the blessing of the Almighty for him and his Mission.

At the same moment a red blaze shone out in the direction of San Antonio. No one might tell the atrocities that these flames illumined.

GEORGE P. HEITHAUS, '04.

(To Be Continued.)

STARS.

Each twinkling little light
Was made for our delight,
By God in His great love
To shine down from above,
And cheer the darkened eye,
Which vainly asketh why,
'Tis only in the dark
It sees that cheering spark.

Thus also do our souls,
When darkness o'er them rolls
And brings them nigh despair,
Perceive a gleaming there,
A ray down from on high;
And then it queries why
'Tis only in the dark
It sees that cheering spark.

—WILLIAM WANDER, '05.

LEGEND OF THE SHAMROCK.

Saint Patrick, so the legends say,
From Gallia's groves had sailed away;
To fair Hibernia's shores he came
To preach the blessed Savior's name.

Not like a Caesar did he land,
With sword uprear'd in mailed hand,
But as a messenger of peace,
From Him who brought to souls release.

He came to win thro' gracious word
This chosen island for his Lord,
To bring to every cot and fen
The tidings of "good will to men."

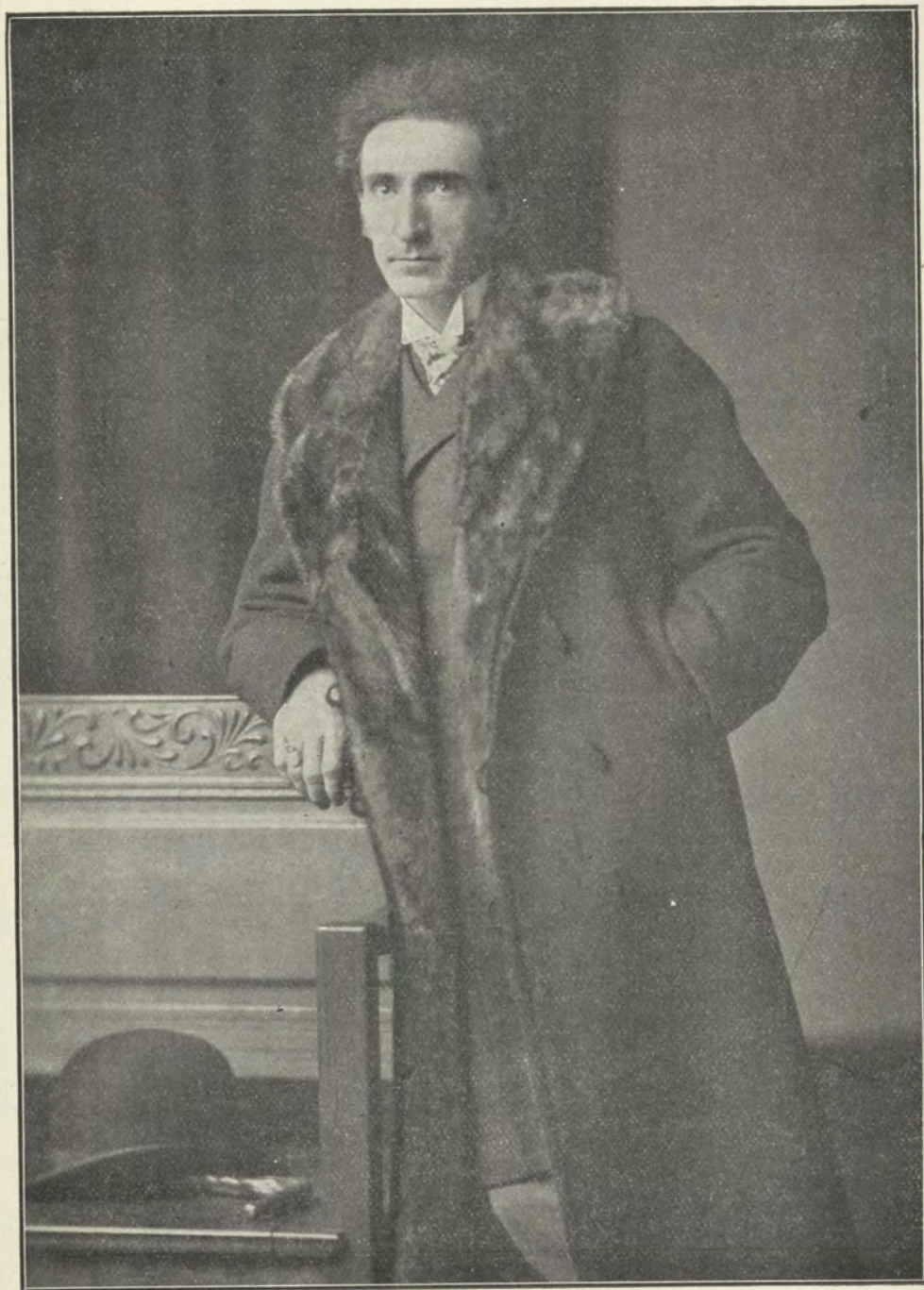
And as he spoke to them of God,
He stooped him to the emerald sod,
And straight before each bard and chief
He held a tiny triple leaf.

"See this fair product of your isle,
Born of the dew and sunny smile;
Behold in these green leaflets three
An emblem of the Trinity!

"With the Father ever and the Son
The Holy Spirit dwells in One;
And this great Deity above
Is the Source of faith and hope and love!"

The shamrock did its mission well,
As the annals of the ages tell;
And where a Celtic bosom heaves,
The cross is twin'd with shamrock-leaves.

—J. L., '05.



GIUSEPPE FERRATA.

IN the winter of 1889-1890 Signor Sonzogno, a music publisher of Milan, Italy, instituted a competition for opera composers. One-act operas were to be submitted and a money reward and public performance given for the best work. Pietro Mascagni was the winner. His opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," won for him the prize and with this future recognition and honor in the artistic world. This year there has been another Sonzogno competition, and Massanet, Humperdinck, and other musicians of high repute acted as judges. Over three hundred operas were submitted, and the results were announced a short time ago. The names of the successful ones are all unfamiliar, but one of them, Ferrata by name, is a resident of the United States. His opera, "Il Fuoruscito," was the first of the four which received honorable mention.

His present home is in Beaver, Pa., (a suburb of Pittsburg), and is the musical director of Beaver College. It is amazing that a composer of his rank should have been practically unheard of for so long a time. He did not know of the competition, it appears, until four months had elapsed from the date of its first announcement. Then he had no libretto, and waiting for the arrival of one from Italy another month was wasted. He completed one opera, "Il Fuoruscito," and started work on a second, "Nella Steppa," but what with teaching and his other musical work did not finish this last opera in time. It was forwarded, however, and reached its destination after the time limit had expired. The first opera received honorable mention, and it is stated that the second, which arrived too late for entrance in the contest, has been accepted for public performance in Italy.

Ferrata's birthplace was Gradoli, Province of Rome, Italy. At a very tender age the divine spark of music burned within his breast, and so we find him beginning his musical studies when only six years old. At fourteen he gained a scholarship

in the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia of Rome, and a year later was awarded the grand government medal given by the Ministry of Public Instruction. During his studies at the Academy he carried off the first prizes both in piano playing, and in harmony and composition, and besides graduating with the highest honors, he won another grand medal of the Italian government for a dramatic scene for orchestra and voices, and for a symphony. Among his teachers while at the Academy may be mentioned Leonardi, Terziani and Sgambati. For three winters he studied under Franz Liszt, who thus wrote to Cardinal Czaeki concerning Ferrata's musical talent: "He is even now an artist of great distinction, and bids fair to distinguish himself still further." At twenty he was appointed an examiner at the Royal Academy and knighted by the King of Portugal. As a composer he has won fifteen competency prizes. He is a member of the Royal Academy, of the Royal Philharmonic and other important societies.

Chev. Ferrata is an industrious writer of music, and his compositions number some 300, including several operas, a string quartet and several symphonic works, and have been issued by such publishers as G. Ricordi of Milan, Italy; The John Church Co., Cincinnati, and J. Fischer & Bro., of New York. Of his style of writing, be it said that it is refined and highly original. To the reader it might also be interesting to know that Ferrata is a nephew of Cardinal Ferrata, Prefect of the Cong. of Bishops, Rome.

Ferrata's musical career has been a succession of prize winnings and medal awards for his composition, and now that circumstances have brought him into public view we shall probably hear more from Dr. Chevalier Giuseppe Ferrata.

MEMORIES OF VACATION.

Oh, dear old friend! I come this way
Once more, once more to rest with thee.
So turn thy mind from off thy play,
And come reflect awhile with me.

It seems as though 'twere yesterday
That we were resting quietly
Beside the clear, cool waterway,
Beneath the massive chestnut tree.

The robin sings as gaily now,
As fitful flaunts the butterfly,
As when we two were wond'ring how
We'd let the next few moments by.

But scattered now is all our band,
That filled with mirth the pleasant hours,
In colleges throughout the land,
Among the peaceful student's bowers.

And others from our view have passed,
But this I feel where'er they be,
They'll not forget the summer last,
They'll sure return to you and me.

—J. E. GRIMES, '04.

There are times when men are happy,
And often when thy're sad;
But they never know what sorrow is
Until they've tasted what is bad.
And are they ever really sorry,
Or, are they ever glad?

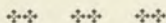
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Literary Editors,	-	-	-	<div> <div>VICTOR SCHLITZER, '04</div> <div>LEO KRAMER, '04</div> </div>
Alumni Notes,	-	-	-	JAMES E. GRIMES, '04
College Notes,	-	-	-	<div> <div>JOSEPH PILON, '05</div> <div>WILLIAM J. STOECKLEIN, '04</div> </div>
Society Notes,	-	-	-	MORGAN L. TRAINOR, '04
Athletics,	-	-	-	<div> <div>FRANK BIESINGER, '04</div> <div>EMMET SWEETMAN, '04</div> </div>

The ethics of sport demand that defeat, if fairly sustained, be accepted with a generous recognition of the victor's superiority. Any belittling of his opponent by the defeated party sounds ungentlemanly, and will awaken in those who hear it the suspicion that the detractor is inspired by envy. We are moved to make this reflection by the language in which the sporting columns of several local papers reported the recent events in basket ball, in which our Senior team defeated successively the Y. M. C. A. Intermediates and the N. C. R.'s. On both occasions the reports gave our team no credit whatever for their clean-won victory, ascribing it to superiority in weight and mere chance. Now to any impartial observer of the recent games, it was evident that the S. M. I. boys on both occasions were, if somewhat heavier in build, rather deficient in reach, and the latter is a fair compensation in basket ball. As to chance, it is hard to see in what the fickle goddess favored our players more than their opponents; it was on each occasion a fair field and no favor. As Will Maupin says in his witty Brain Leaks: "Men curse their luck when they lose their pluck."



There is no lull in the anti-religious campaign of the Socialist-Masonic coalition in France. To an outsider who is un-

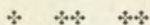
acquainted with the various phases of the proverbially mercurial French character, the spectacle presents one of the most puzzling enigmas of history. That in a republic where suffrage is universal and where statistically the vast majority of the voters are Catholics, a mere handful of atheistical utopists should be able to maintain so firm a hold on the reins of government as to ruthlessly disregard the most elementary rights of conscience of the majority, is, if the hypothesis of the Catholicity of the majority be correct, wholly incomprehensible. The fact meanwhile cannot be doubted, and hence we must either deny that the majority of the voters are practical Catholics, or assume that they allow themselves to be bulldozed or humbugged. In a recent paper the abbe Maignan offers several explanations of the paradox, and among them he includes the general spirit of servility of the people which biasses them in favor of anything that the government may decree or do. The French as a nation have come to cultivate a superstitious regard of the government, a sort of worship of the state; to the state everything and everybody must be subservient. This spirit is fostered by a vast army of functionaries who live only in the breath of their political bosses. There are some 80,000 of these, and they have been reduced to such a state of abject servility that they dare no longer call their souls their own. No government is perhaps more tyrannically centralized than that of republican France. It is bureaucracy in its most vicious form and working out its most degrading consequences. The domination of such an administrative system must eventually breed a nation of slaves ready to carry out the behests of the men in power no matter how tyrannical. As between the imperial autocracy of Russia and the ministerial autocracy of France there is little to choose. Unless the French Catholics can break this system there seems to be no earthly hope that religion will ever again secure the recognition of its sacred and inalienable rights. For the reason that the party now in power has control of the most powerfully centralized administrative machinery in the world, and by its means can perpetuate itself in power, it will in the ordinary course of human affairs take no less than a revolution, not a peaceable revolution at the polls, but an armed revolution such as France was no-

torious for in the past century, to oust the party in power and give to degraded France some measure of republican liberty.

Religious persecution can be carried on only under an autocratic government, be it imperial, monarchial, or nominally republican. History is our warrant for the statement. Where the rights of the governed are protected by a written constitution, and where a judicial tribunal exists that safeguards the execution of this constitution, there the rights of conscience are, and must necessarily be, respected. Now there are those who give their sympathies to Russia in the present Eastern war, for the reason that they fear the triumph of the Japanese cause will mean the triumph of heathenism and a probable persecution of Christians. We cannot but think that this conclusion is reached rather by sentiment than as a logical sequence from well-established premises. The presumption of religious tolerance is not only overwhelmingly in favor of Japan, heathen though it be, but Russia stands actually convicted of an intolerance in religion that is surpassed only by nominally republican France.

If from the conflict just begun Russia emerges triumphant, the greater portion of China will eventually be absorbed into her empire, and in that portion the work of Catholic propaganda will be immediately and irrevocably stopped. Whatever missionary work is allowed within Russian domains must be under the auspices of the Orthodox Church. The degeneracy of this church, due to its Erastianism, is notorious. The missionary spirit in it is practically dead. The church holds its own not in virtue of the vigorous vitality of truth, but because of its establishment. The law of the land is its support, and if it does not retrograde in number it is simply because no Russian subject is permitted to abandon his church. The penalty for so doing is exile. It is notorious that there is no freedom of speech or freedom of the press recognized within the Czar's domains, and how, therefore, could the state, which is the Greek church, tolerate a Catholic or other missionary who must publicly maintain by mouth and pen that the Greek church is schismatical and heretical, and that everyone who wishes to be saved must abominate and renounce it? The

Muscovite Peril to the true religion is greater than the Yellow Peril.



In the hey-day of youth, when the nights are filled with pleasure and sleep and the days with dreams that carry us far out on the sea of fancy and enjoyment, little do our minds realize the fact that before us lies a world that is filled with trials and tribulations, and which the poets sing of in their songs as "cruel."

We read the lives of great men gone before us; we admire their actions; we long to be in their places of honor; we envy them their riches—and that is all. We stop at the thought, fearful of beginning to act as these men have acted to achieve the eminence that has brought them to our notice and set them up as examples of what man can do if he will but make use of the power that sleeps within him. No, we would rather be with the mob and applaud than climb the hard ladder of Fame and be applauded, for the former costs less worry, and little loss of energy on our part. To dream of renown is easier than to achieve it, and, mayhap, we think it may come without any effort on our part.

This is a sorry thought, which is not worth the time of thinking it. Never has a man, in any condition of life, achieved success by favor from the people, and their love for him. Even Washington, who many people think was universally esteemed in his day as Father of his Country, fought his way upward through difficulties little understood by us of the present time. His biography, and those of men of his and other times, only go to prove the more strongly that to win in this worldly strife takes hard and diligent work. Peruse their histories and between every line you can read the truth thus sung by Lowell:

"Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."

The last line of this quotation is the trait we find so rarely, or so vaguely imprinted within the hearts of mankind, that when it appears within the character of anyone he is imme-

diately called great, and a genius. Truly, such men are indeed great and worthy of our laurel wreaths, but would it not please their noble souls the more if they knew we would take heart at what they did and follow in their footsteps? Be self-confident, friends, they tell us; be persistent, and you will win your purpose in the end. Words of deeper weight are seldom uttered. When difficult tasks present themselves, when from dreams we are brought into action, our hearts become saddened and our courage deserts us. We seek the help of others to do our duties for us, and, should they refuse to do them, we throw them to the winds and give up. To picture to the mind's eye all the harm done by such actions would be a task of no small import, yet it may be added that a Caesar never gained his crown by doing likewise.

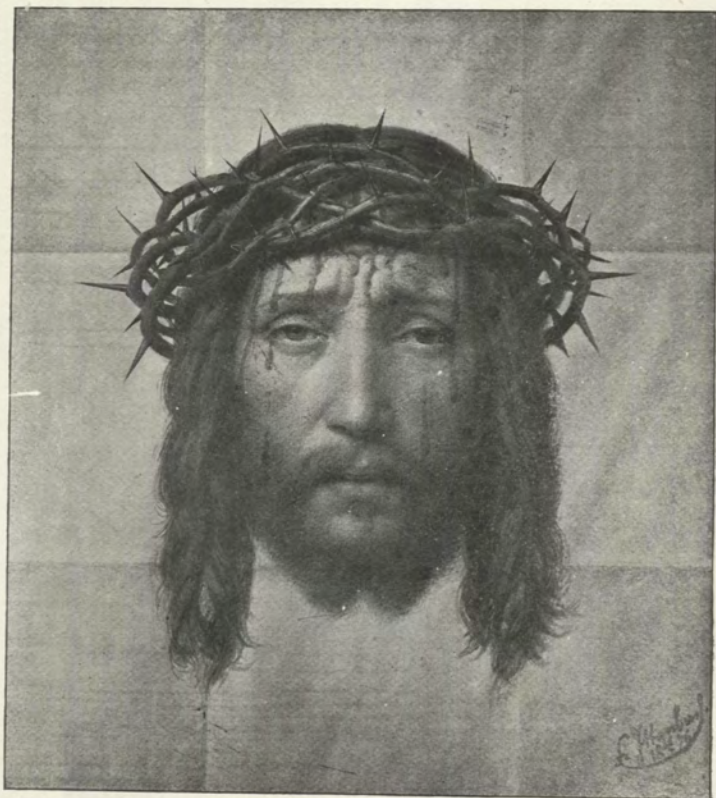
ALPHONSE PATER, '04.

ST. JOSEPH PATRON OF A HAPPY DEATH.

O saintly Joseph, thou of spotless fame,
Endowed with honors great, yet meek and just,
To thee the Father gave in tender trust
His Infant Son, a helpless babe, who came,
Born of a Virgin, Heaven's purest Dame,
Into a world of vanity and lust.
Released from this frail tenement of dust,
Thy spirit burst the bonds which long did claim
Her captive, while thy virgin spouse and child
Stood by with tears of joy and clasped thy hand;
Such was thy death; O grant we thee implore,
All stains removed, our spirit undefiled,
That we may reach that bright celestial land,
And worship there with thee forevermore.

—J. A. PILON, '05.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



VERONICA'S VEIL.



THE CHICAGO ALUMNI.

The Chicago Alumni held a business meeting on the evening of January 19, at the home of Mr. Alex. M. Blumenthal, '94, the retiring President. The officers elected at this meeting for the coming year are:

- Mr. Oscar C. Miller, '92, President.
- Mr. Joseph J. Zangerle, '94, Vice President.
- Mr. Edward M. Kahoe, '01, Secretary.
- Mr. Albert J. Kemper, '94, Treasurer.
- Mr. Alex. M. Blumenthal, '94, Entertainer.

One of the most important features of this meeting was the final discussion and the adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws.

The date fixed for the semi-annual banquet was February 10. Mr. Matthias N. Blumenthal, '97, was chosen toastmaster for the occasion.

The banquet was held on the assigned date at the Palmer House, and every member of the Chicago section was present. There were fourteen members gathered around the festive board, and as usual the evening passed most pleasantly. The speakers were all in prime condition and did justice to their subjects, the flow of wit keeping pace and happily blending with the serious talks. The impromptus were especially brilliant and racy.

The following is the order of the toasts:

- Toastmaster M. N. Blumenthal
- Homesteads John M. Burgmeier
- The St. Louis Exposition Jacob J. Minke

Dayton	Edward M. Kahoe
Energy	Joseph C. Windbiel
Technology	Edward A. Blumenthal
Red, Blue and Gold	Joseph J. Connors
The Editor	Edward C. Schoen

Impromptu Remarks.

Mr. Joseph J. Gottbrath, '98, who is known as Fr. Norbert, O. F. M., in religion, is at present stationed at St. Michael's, Arizona, in the Navajo Indian Reservation.

The following is clipped from the columns of the Dayton Daily News:

"When H. L. Ferneding, a member of the board of managers of the of the Mansfield Reformatory, of the law firm of Van Pelt, Dale and Ferneding, was in Columbus recently, he was complimented by Governor Herrick on the excellent condition of the Reformatory. The present board, of which Mr. Ferneding is president, has materially decreased the per capita cost."





END OF THE FIRST SESSION.

On Saturday, January 30, the first session of the scholastic year closed. Final examinations had been held during the week, and on Tuesday, February 2d, the result of these examinations was announced to the students assembled in the Institute Hall. A short musical program had been prepared, and as the leader of each class arose he was greeted with bursts of applause. Following are the names of the class leaders and their averages:

Senior Letters—Alex. Schoen, 95.

Senior Science—Leo Kramer, 92.

Junior Letters—J. A. Pilon, 97.

Junior Science—Charles Freeman, 95.

Sophomore Letters—Joseph Mayl, 99.

Sophomore Science—Aloys Voelker, 97.

Freshman Letters—Chas. Whalen, 99.

Freshman Science—Albert Seidensticker, 98.

LITERARY CIRCLE.

Since the last issue of the Exponent four meetings of the Literary Circle have been held. These meetings were fully as profitable as any held at any other time during this year, although held during a period when the boys were utilizing all their time in the preparation for their examinations. Below is the literary program rendered at each meeting:

January 22.—Reading of poems prepared by individual members.

General Debate: "Resolved, That there is more happiness than misery in life."

January 29.—Debate: "Resolved, That money has more influence on mankind than education." Affirmative, Messrs. Trainor and Wander; negative, Messrs. Biesinger and Kenning. Decision 3 to 0 in favor of affirmative.

Lecture on "Philoctetes," by Geo. Heithaus.

February 5.—Reading of poems of members.

Debate: "Resolved, That the introduction of labor-saving machinery has been a detriment to mankind." Affirmative, Messrs. Angel and Groll; negative, Messrs. Long and Freeman. Decision 2 to 1 in favor of negative.

Lecture, "Ethics of Popularity in Politics," by Mr. Morgan Trainor.

February 12.—Reading of poems prepared by the members.

General Debate: "Have necessary evils of war in the history of the world outweighed the good results it has produced?"

Lecture by Mr. Charles Kenning on "The Influence of Poetry."

J. A. PILON, '05.





BASKET BALL.

FIRST DIVISION.

On Tuesday, January 19th, the S. M. I. Basket Ball team took a fall out of the Day-Scholar Five, in a practice game. The Day-Scholars put up a good game, but they were outplayed on points by the College team. The members of the big team threw baskets in fine style. The score at the end of the game was: S. M. I., 18; Day-Scholars, 9.

On Thursday, January 21st, the S. M. I. Basket Ball team downed the Second Division team, in a practice game. The score at the end of the game was: S. M. I., 26; Second Division, 2. The features of the game were the throwing of goals from the field by Schoen, Grimes and Schlitzer, and the team work of the S. M. I. Five. The members of the Second Division also deserve mention for the showing they made against the Big Team, which both outweighed and outreached them.

On Tuesday, January 26th, the S. M. I. Basket Ball team again defeated the Day-Scholars in a practice game. The members of the S. M. I. team made a better showing in this game than they did in the one of the 19th of January. The game was so one-sided that the S. M. I. team had the ball nearly through the entire game. The score was: S. M. I., 20; Day-Scholars, 2.

On Thursday evening, February 4th, there was a fitting opening of the Basket Ball season at S. M. I. On that evening

the Dayton Intermediates were defeated by S. M. I. in a hotly contested game. Schoen's and Schlitzer's fine basket throwing, combined with the good all-round playing of the home team, won the game. The Intermediates began their scoring during the first few minutes of play. However, the collegians managed to throw three baskets during the first half, while their opponents secured only one. Score at the end of the first half: St. Mary's, 6; Intermediates, 2.

In the second half things went rather lively, so much so that it was thought the score would be tied. Schoen of S. M. I. started in by throwing a basket, being closely followed by Schlitzer and Grimes. Nevertheless this did not discourage the Daytonians, but set them to work with more vim and vigor, which was fully manifested when they succeeded in obtaining three more baskets, thus making the score 8-12, favor S. M. I. Then to make the game sure, Captain Schoen threw another basket, which was hailed by loud cheering, the score thus standing 8-14, favor S. M. I. No more baskets were thrown during this half.

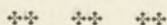
Graef, Tafel and Hughes, of the Intermediates, put up an excellent game, while the work of Grimes, Biesinger and Kenning, of St. Mary's, deserves honorable mention. Several hundred loyal rooters of the opposing team were present and were treated to a fine exhibition of basket ball. Line-up as follows:

Dayton Intermediates—	S. M. I.—
Hughes, c.	Schlitzer, c., x x x
Tafel. l. f., x x	Schoen, r. f., x x x
Graef, r. f., x x	Grimes, l. f., x
Appel, r. g.	Biesinger, r. g.
Fishbaugh, l. g.	Kenning, l. g.
x—2 points.	

Substitutes—E. Wong Leong, G. Hogan. Umpires—Dayton, Troxell; S. M. I., A. Pater. Timekeeper, Geo. Heithaus.

Not only was the interesting contest the feature of the evening, but also the backing which the team received by the rooters. Under the leadership of "Jimmie" Hezel, '06, they made the hall resound with songs and yells, which helped in no small

degree to fire the spirit of our gallant little team. This spirit of loyalty to our College Team should be encouraged, for we cannot have a champion team with a bunch of knockers as its support.



In one of the most exciting games of basket ball ever witnessed in the Institute Gymnasium S. M. I. defeated the National Cash Register team by the score of 9 to 7. The number of fouls called and the steady playing of both teams added such an element to the game that the rooters for both sides were kept well enthused during the entire contest. The N. C. R.'s seemed to have the game well in hand at the end of the first half, when the score was 7 to 4 in their favor; however, this did not discourage the home team.

In the second half the collegians showed their full strength, for they not only won out but also kept the opposing team from scoring. When the winning points were made the excitement was intense, for most of the spectators had given up all hope of victory for the strong college team. Both teams put up a strong article of ball, the work of all the players being equally laudable. St. Mary's has now defeated the two strongest basket ball teams in Dayton, and most probably will go through the season with the same clear record of former years. The line-up was as follows:

N. C. R.—	S. M. I.—
Gess, c.	Schlitzer, c.
Allison (c.), r. f.	Schoen (c.), r. f.
Hughes and Salisbury, l. f.	Grimes, l. f.
Wyman, r. g.	Biesinger, r. g.
Warren, l. g.	Kenning, l. g.

Referee, Alphonse Pater, S. M. I. Umpire, Paul Wortman,
N. C. R. Timekeeper, George Heithaus, S. M. I.

ALOYS C. ANGEL, '04.

SECOND DIVISION.

On Thursday afternoon, February 4th, an interesting game of basket ball was played between a picked team of boarders under the captainship of the famous Marshall and a team of Day Scholars under Ernst as a leader. The game, as was expected by all, was hotly contested, and many brilliant plays were made by both sides.

Freddie Topmoeller played an unusually good game for the boarders, scoring six points out of eleven made, showing that he knows a good deal about tossing the ball into the basket. Hergenrither and Heile both did excellent work, and Marshall played with his usual brilliancy. Cain defended the basket in a manner worthy of mention. For the Day Scholars, Harry Solimano played a fine game, as also did Sherer and Whalen. Larkin and Ernst also showed themselves worthy of mention. The score was as follows:

Boarders.	Halves.		Day Scholars.	Halves.	
	1st.	2d.		1st.	2d.
Hergenrither, c.			Larkin, c.		
Heile, r. g. x		*	Ernst, c., l. g.		
Cain, l. g.			Sherer, r. g. *		x
Marshall (c.), r. f. * *			Solimano, l. f. x		x
Topmoeller, F., l. f. . . . x x	x	x	Whalen, r. f. x		

Score—Boarders, 11; Day Scholars, 9.

Umpire, B. Topmoller. Referee, H. Timothy. Timekeeper, L. Janszen. Scorer, Bro. John M. Banser, S. M. Time of halves, 15 minutes.

We wish to express our sincere regrets at the departure of our friend and fellow student, Alexander A. Butler, who was called home on Monday, February 8th. He was a good student and a model boy, and has many friends who regret that his sojourn at the Institute was so short.

H. TIMOTHY, '07.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
All earth shall glisten in the ray,
Upon the next Commencement day,
'Tis a good time coming.
Base ball games may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our medals by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
There is a banquet at the end,
After it you'll comprehend
A good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall be the rule,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The Dutch will stand on Dunce's stool—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Students then will have to toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming.
St. Louis? Walking's good most all the way,
'Twill make the limbs grow stronger;
Don't give up so soon, but say—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The play hall is bound to go,
A new one, don't you know,
In the good time coming.
Then they'll all be wearing plumes;
'Twill flourish all the stronger,
When Seniors get new rooms—
Wait a little longer.

Rike's

Here's for the Best Sort of Luck to Us Both.

May you wear a "Rike's Special" \$3.00 Hat—with the rest of your friends.—(*Men's Department.*)



THE NEW TOP OVERCOAT

Full silk lined for \$15

Others for \$10 to \$25

The "latest thing" in
Rain Coats.

Very stylish, you'll
want one, \$10 to \$25

Rike's

WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

Reggie: "Charley got 100 per cent for mathematics. Wouldn't that jar you!"

Francis: "Well, I should say. How does he make that out?"

Reggie: "Why, he had 40 for "Trig.," 30 for Geometry, and 30 for Algebra."

Brizy didn't know he was so big until after that Y. M. C. A. basket ball game.

Prof.: "There must be a radical change."

Student. "Squaring both sides will suit me."

"There is some very good material among us." Depends on who "us" is.

"When I go after them I'm going after them proper." I hope you make up your mind soon.

The Alpha Pi Mu, in the February issue, gave a list of books as read by a Senior student under the subject, "What Do Students Read Nowadays." We find among the authors such names as Shakespeare, Milton, Eliot, Tennyson, Pope, etc., but none of Benson's, James', King's, Booth Tarkington's or Helen Hunt Jackson's and Will Payne's, or better still, some of the Frank Merriwell's series, and yet they say she is a Senior.

Schaefer is quite a pugilist. Several weeks ago he gave a certain Brown street baker a severe batting for hitting his little brother Charley.

The latest: Kastle has changed his time from "Hiawatha" to "I'm a Peaceable Party."

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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.

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FIFTH AND LUDLOW STREETS

WAYNE AVE. AND FIFTH

THIRD AND TERRY STREETS

Cronin and Graves, the well known composers, have just completed a new hit—"If the Rubber Tree Ever Dies, Will They Use Sausages for Bicycle Tires?"

MUSINGS OF G. H.

A luxurious furnished "steam heated flat" with an expert "candy" caterer.

The "very, very, very best" machine invented for writing "Latin verbs."

"Be careful" of book agents, itinerant tea and coffee merchants, enlarged photograph artists, and improved silver polish philanthropists.

"Au revoir."

Could Pilon sing that song again?

The Iota Beta Society met last week and elected their officers for the coming year. The ballots resulted as follows:

President—Mr. E. Sweetman, '04.

Vice President—Mr. George Ryan, '07.

Secretary—Mr. John Mullen, '07.

Treasurer—Mr. Thos. Hickey, '05.

Toastmaster—Mr. J. E. Grimes, '04.

Master of Ceremonies—Mr George Hogan, '06.

Committee of Arrangements—Mr. Leo Brown, '06; Mr. Ross McCabe, '07; Mr. Malt. Connor, '05; Mr. Wm. Carroll, '07.

The celebration of St. Patrick's day was the most important and successful event in the history of the society. A banquet was held St. Patrick's Eve at the Algonquin. The few speeches were of high order. The toastmaster entertained us with his famous "Review of the Celtic Race," being heartily applauded. Mr. Sweetman's humorous talk on "The Mick" teemed with Irish wit. The toasts always hit the spot and reminded one of the good old times our forefathers tell us about in the old country.

The menu was excellent and served on an elaborately decorated table, green being the predominate color. The chandeliers were hung with draperies of the I. B. The only regretful fact connected with the event is that most of the principal members of the society will have to bid us adieu before St. Patrick returns again.

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Clothe him cheaply
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If a hat is needed we save
you something.

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and \$1.50*

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

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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

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just prices.



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YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

Whoever said Sweetman couldn't help himself never saw him at a free lunch counter.

All questions addressed to this department will be answered. Those referring to the divisibility of matter preferred.

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at a dance one time,"
Said Jimmy, bright with lore,
"A friend of mine had slipped and fell,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other girls and boys
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Jimmy, seriously.
"Why not?" his classmate asked him,
Full of delight to find
That Jimmy—bless his great big heart!—
Had been so very kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, old boy;
Or don't you want to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Jimmy,
"'Cause it was I who fell."

—X.

IN BASKET BALL.

Are we in it?
Well, I should smile.
We'll be in it
For an awful long while.

F. CAPPEL,

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

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

TWO PICTURES.

An old college with playground wide,
And sweet with clover on every side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day,
"Oh! If I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

Amid the city's constant din,
A youth who round the world had been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The pathway to St. Mary's door,
The old green campus could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

We can, we can, we know we can;
We know we can, we must;
We know we can beat N. C. R.,
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