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## The Exponent, May 1904

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Half-Tone made at the Institute.



SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME.



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VOL. II.

MAY, 1904

No. 5.

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## SHYLOCK A WRONGED MAN.

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**T**O maintain an issue where the bulk of the arguments are in your favor, to make common cause with the populace, to gain the attention and good will of an audience whose views you champion, is comparatively easy; but to defend a question seemingly untenable, to overcome popular prejudice, to alter the opinions of your hearers, to move, convince and persuade your listeners,—all this requires knowledge, tact, and eloquence. Nevertheless this is what Mr. Young proposed to himself, and in fact accomplished, in his lecture on “The Defense of Shylock” at the Institute Hall, Tuesday, April 19.

Mr. Young is a sound reasoner, a charming and instructive speaker. He has an intimate knowledge of his subject and handles it with a grace and naturalness attained only by careful preparation and long experience. If we were permitted to criticise his treatment of the subject, we would suggest that it was lacking in order and connection at times; nevertheless his eloquence offset any defects in the structure of the subject matter. He has a well modulated voice, easy and graceful gestures. His dramatic ability engages your attention at once



and retains it throughout the entire lecture, so much so that in your admiration of his skill in impersonation you are apt to forget that he is striving to drive home some burning principle.

The subject of the lecture, while not a new one, is well calculated to arouse the curiosity of an audience, and having experienced this curiosity, it has encouraged the writer in the belief that a short summary of the lecture will not prove uninteresting to the readers of *The Exponent*, although the writer, having only his memory to guide him in the production of this brief outline, does not claim for it strict adherence to the original.

The Merchant of Venice was written neither to extol friendship, nor to condemn usury. Like all of Shakespeare's plays, it is grounded in human nature. It abounds in the real, picturing mankind with all its frailties. While Portia and Antonio are held up as ideals, their defects are clearly pointed out. Portia makes an eloquent plea for mercy for Antonio, but is unsparing in her condemnation of the Jew. Antonio is noble, generous and charitable; still his generosity and charity did not extend beyond the circle of his friends; they were refused to Shylock.

Shylock is both good and bad. He is neither so evil as ordinarily considered, nor is he virtuous to such an extent as to be worthy of canonization.

Shylock possesses many admirable qualities; he is an unassuming, unobtrusive character, a money-lender,—because by the laws of Venice he can be nothing else; he is loyal to his race, devout in his religious practices, possesses a true paternal devotion for his daughter. Surely he exhibits no evidence of a cruel nature in the early part of the play.

The Jew is altogether human, and his evil qualities are the result of constant injury; for he is humbled, spit upon, trampled in the dust, has been robbed of ducats and daughter, all his hopes have been shattered and ruined. He is an outcast from society. If our sufferings are augmented when there is an absolute lack of sympathy, what must have been the torture endured by the poor old man? "To bear wrongs patiently," to quote the words of Scripture, is a Christian virtue, it was unknown to the Jew. Resentment with him gave way to hatred, which in turn was replaced by an insatiable desire for revenge.

Antonio was the object of this implacable hostility of Shylock, the goad stick, as it were, for the Jew. He pricked Shylock on the Rialto, stung him when borrowing the money for Bassanio, wounded him by conniving and assisting Jessica to elope with Lorenzo. These wounds grew deeper as time went on; they were reopened with the breath of the morn; were not stilled even in the quietness of the night. They weighed heavily upon the silent Jew, soured his disposition; he became sullen and gloomy, and finally, in a fit of passion, swore vengeance. He became, like a sneaking cur, enduring pain in silence, showing his teeth but rarely, biting when the opportunity presented itself. Yet may we not feel some sympathy even for an ill-treated cur?

The denouement takes place in the famous trial scene, the first in the fourth act. Here we are apt to pronounce sentence on the Jew, but let us consider the merits of the case. We plead insanity for our criminals; may we not offer frenzy as an excuse for the deeds of Shylock? He is tortured with disappointment, unbalanced with despair, crazed with grief. He is deaf to all appeals for mercy, knowing but the one word—revenge. He is no longer the cool, calculating money lender of the Rialto; in a criminal court of the present time he would be considered a monomaniac. Shylock knows the evil of his deed, but cannot stifle that voice within his heart, which cries for vengeance, and actuated by a most intense passion; he commits what would be for us a most appalling crime.

We do not say that Shylock is good, nor do we agree that he is altogether evil. In the words of a critic, he is "no less sinned against than sinning." "The poor old man" is misused in the play, misjudged by the majority of readers. Shylock is a wronged man.

J. A. PILON, '05.

## OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Omnis expertem maculae Mariam  
Edocet summus fidei magister;  
Virginis gaudens celebrat fidelis  
Terra triumphum.

Ipsa se praebens humili puellae  
Virgo spectandam, recreat paventem,  
Seque conceptam sine labe sancto  
Praedicat ore.

O spectus felix, decorate divae  
Matris aspectu! veneranda rupes,  
Unde vitales scatuere pleno  
Gurgite lymphae.

Huc catervatim pia turba nostris,  
Huc ab externis peregrina terris  
Affluit supplex, et opem potentis  
Virginis orat.

Excipit Mater lacrimas precantum,  
Donat optatam miseris salutem;  
Compos hinc voti patrias ad oras  
Turba revertit.

Supplicium, Virgo, miserata casus,  
Semper o nostros refove labores,  
Impetrans moestis bona sempiternae  
Gaudia vitae.

Sit decus Patri, genitaeque Proli,  
Et tibi compar utriusque virtus  
Spiritus semper, Deus unus omni  
Temporis aevo. Amen.

The Teacher supreme of the Faith  
doth decree,  
That Mary from every stain was set  
free;

The faithful on earth celebrate in  
great glee,  
The Virgin's triumph.

The Virgin revealing herself to the  
sight

Of a poor lowly maid while calm-  
ing her fright,

Declares with Her lips, without  
stain howe'er slight,

That She was conceived.

O cavern most happy and rock most  
revered,

Adorned with the sight of a Mother  
endeared,

Whenceforth then the life-giving  
waters appeared

In copious streams.

Then hither in swarms came fair  
Gallia's crowd,

Here strangers from regions remote  
pray aloud,

Imploring the Virgin, as suppliants  
bowed,

And seeking Her aid.

The Mother gives heed to the tear-  
ful request

And grants to the sad longed-for  
succor and rest,

Then homeward, the crowd having  
gained their behest,

Make slowly their way.

Then pity, O Virgin, our lapses so  
rife,

And send us Thy aid in this wear-  
some strife,

Imploring for us the great joys of a  
life

In heaven's bright realm.

All praise to the Father, the Son,  
and to Thee,

O most holy Paraclete, one God in  
Three,

Thro' ages and ages, who reign glo-  
riously,

Forever and ever. Amen.

J. A. PILON, '05.



## AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

**D**O you want to hear a story of the East?" said Uncle Frank, as the little folks clustered around his chair.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" replied all

"Well, then, here is one:

"It happened about twenty years ago, while I was traveling through India. At that time the natives were very hostile to foreigners, and from early evening on it was not safe to go abroad. One night, after a long day's march through the jungles, I retired early, and soon fell into a troubled sleep. In a little while I was surprised to see the moon shining brightly through the little door that served as a window, and a moment later the black head of a lascar peering in through the square of light. At first I was so frightened that I lay still; recalling, however, the treachery of the natives, I made an effort to rise. This was impossible, for some hidden power held me to my cot, and I was forced to lie prostrate. Suddenly I saw a second lascar crawl in through the window. Both then crept upon me like panthers, slowly, stealthily, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight, and before I could realize it, they were slipping me, bound and gagged, through the same little window. When they let me down on the outside, I wondered what they would do with me. I had not long to wait, for in an instant a white-robed fakir emerged from a clump of trees, and in silence directed the lascars to follow him. I was swung in a rope contrivance between the blackamoors' shoulders. When they had me secure, they commenced a long swinging trot, which they continued for about two hours. After this I was carried into an orchard, where a lofty pagoda reared its head, and huge clusters of fruit hung from every branch.

After having left me in this beautiful garden for some time, the fakir appeared again and ordered me to be carried into the pagoda. I was lowered upon a slimy stone floor, and left in absolute darkness for a time which seemed hours, when abruptly a door opened, and before me stood the fakir, with a

long, slender dagger in his hand. He crept upon me, his old skinny body doubled up like a tiger for the spring. Yet quickly he hid the dagger as if another thought occurred to him, and, tightening his girdle, came up to me, lifted me in his bony arms, and to my great astonishment began carrying me up a long winding stair. Had I been told that he had so much strength left in his withered old body, I would have laughed at the idea; but up, up, steadily he carried me until with so many windings I was quite dizzy, when unexpectedly the clear, star-studded sky broke over us, and I could again breathe the fresh night air. The fakir laid me down so very near the verge of the pagoda that I was afraid to move lest I should give myself a fatal push; but to my horror I saw the fakir spring back, and with a fiendish light in his eyes touch a spring. The rock beneath me gave way and I was dropped whirling through the air with the rapidity of lightning. Crash! I hit my cot, found myself sitting up, my nerves all twitching, and until I lit a taper and looked around and felt my body I was not sure whether I was an entire body, or a whitening corpse lying on an Indian plain.

R. AVERDICK ERTEL, '06.

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## MAY

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The fragrant scent of flowers fills the air,  
The little birds in sweetest accents sing;  
With them the charms of Nature do we share  
In May, sweet climax of the Spring.

But softly as we breathe the zephyrs fair,  
And listen to the feath'ry songsters sing,  
Worn Nature do their glad some notes repair,  
Sweet joy to weary hearts their carols bring.

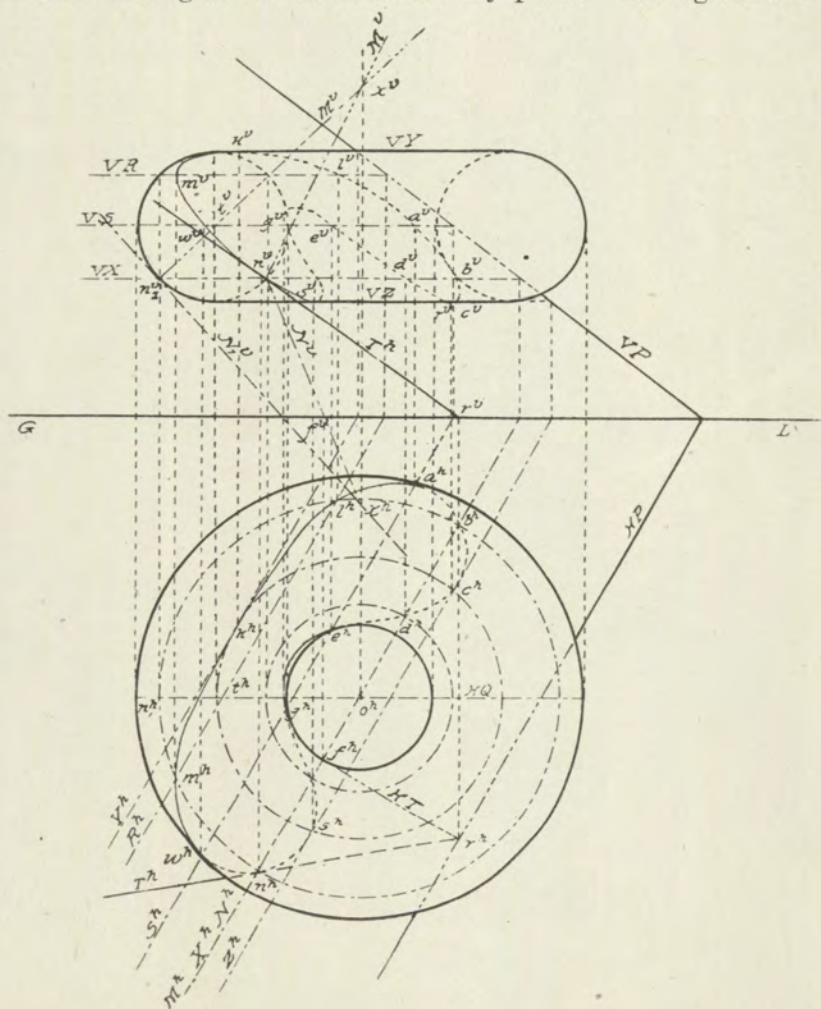
Quickly passing are thy charms, fair May,  
Thy short delay is like a fairy dream;  
Alas! why canst thou not prolong thy stay,  
Fairest of months, thou, whom we most esteem?

—THOMAS A. HICKEY, '05.



## TANGENT TO THE SECTION OF A TORUS BY AN OBLIQUE PLANE.

**T**HE following explanation or something similar is absolutely necessary for a clear understanding of the second requirement of Problem 36 in Faunce's Descriptive Geometry. The problem reads: "To find the intersection of a double curved surface of revolution with an oblique plane, and to draw a tangent to the curve at any point." As regards the



drawing of the tangent, the text merely says: "The tangent line  $T$  to any point as  $N$ ..... is shown in the figure, and needs no further explanation." The figure herewith presented is a copy of figure 61 plate 7 with all the additional lines necessary for the explanation.

Let it be required to draw a tangent at the point  $u$ , to the curve cut out of the Torus. The vertical projection of  $n$  is  $n^v$ , while  $n^h$  is the horizontal. To find a tangent line to the curve at  $n$  it is necessary to find a plane tangent to the torus at that point, for: a plane which while containing one line tangent to a curved surface at the point  $n$ , is itself perpendicular to the normal through the point  $n$ , must be tangent to the surface at that point.

If we revolve the point  $n$  into the principal meridian plane  $Q$ ,  $n^v$  goes to  $n_1^v$  and  $n^h$  to  $n_1^h$ . Draw the tangent  $N^1$  to the circle that has  $T$  as centre. Then  $M^v$  is the revolved position of the normal to the torus at  $N$ . In counter revolution  $n_1^v$  goes to  $n^v$ ,  $n_1^h$  to  $n^h$ ,  $M_1^v$  to  $M^v$ , and  $N_1^v$  to  $N^v$ , whilst the point  $x$  remains stationary, being in the axes. The horizontal projection of the tangent is  $N^h$ , and that of the normal  $M^h$ , both lines being in the same meridian plane their horizontal projection will coincide. Now since the tangent plane is perpendicular to the normal  $M$ , its horizontal trace will be perpendicular to  $M^h$ ; hence we must find the vertical and horizontal traces of the normal  $M$ , and through them and perpendicular to the respective projections of the normal  $M$ , draw the traces of the tangent plane. In this case it is necessary to find only  $H$   $T$  the horizontal trace of the tangent plane.  $N^v$  produced to ground line  $GL$ , then perpendicular down until it meets  $N^h$  gives  $f^h$ ,  $HT$  through  $F^h$  perpendicular to  $M^h$  gives  $HT$  the horizontal trace of the tangent plane. Through  $N^h$  the intersection of  $HT$  and  $HP$ , and  $n^h$  draw  $T^h$  the horizontal projection of the required tangent. The vertical projection  $T^v$  is found by joining  $r^v$  and  $n^v$ . A proof of the correctness of our work is that the line through  $V$  and  $N$  is actually tangent to the curve at  $N$ . Another proof is that the tangent plane  $T$ , contains the tangent line  $T$ , and stands perpendicular to the normal  $M$ . The plane was drawn per-

pendicular to M. But does it contain T? Yes; and why? Because the horizontal trace V of the line T is in the horizontal trace HT of the plane T, and if the vertical trace of line T would be found, it would be in the vertical trace of plane T.

If the work be carried out correctly and carefully, this method never fails.

L. N. KRAMER, '04.

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## MONTH OF MAY.

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Now gently floats upon the breezes fair  
The blithesome carols of the robins gay;  
Longer the ling'ring rays are wont to play  
Upon the flow'rs that scent the ev'ning air.

Mary's children to her blest shrines repair  
To greet her as the heav'nly Queen of May,  
And at her feet with childlike accents lay  
Their garlands white, and breathe an humble prayer.

O Mother! to thy children's hearts so dear,  
Teach us, with purest love to chant thy praise,  
And like the happy birds upon the plain,  
Amid the flow'rs and streams that gush so clear,  
Their endless praises to thy throne e'er raise,  
So may we never cease to sing thy name.

—S. L., '06.



## DON PEDRO'S RECKONING.

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### III.

**A**S the day dawned upon the ruin and the sun shed brilliant rays of golden light upon its crumbling walls, a little cavalcade of dust-covered travelers approached along the winding road. The party, which was quite large, was for the most part composed of soldiers in full armor. The sunbeams glanced from off their coats of mail and flashed upon their gleaming sabers and gilded shields. The glittering standards bore the arms of the house of Carlos. At their head rode the Don himself, mounted upon a stately white charger of noble Arab breed. The Don was sad and dejected, for the news of his unhappy bereavement pained him deeply. In mournful silence the cavalcade drew near the ruin. Messengers had been dispatched in all directions for information as to the whereabouts of the wife and daughter of Don Carlos, but all of these returned before nightfall without the slightest trace of the missing ones. All that could be learned was that a few years back a company of armed brigands had attacked the Castello de Riveri, had taken it after a desperate struggle, had looted and set it on fire. Further than this nothing could be learned. The Don was frantic with grief and he vowed that he never would rest till he had avenged these vile deeds.

That night the soldiers bivouaced in the park of the Castello, but they were inured to hardships and did not complain. Carlos, taking two of his associates and a servant, prepared to descend to the secret chamber below the Castello. The servant led the way with lighted lantern and Carlos and the two knights followed at his heels. "The place may be somewhat damp," said Carlos, "but a cheerful fire will soon dispel the gloom. I don't believe the scoundrels found this nest, and we can here be quite comfortable, for the room has carpets and couches." They had walked for sometime in silence, when the servant,

who was some distance in advance, suddenly halted. "Did you see that?" he exclaimed, turning about and facing the Don. "What?" exclaimed the others in a breath. "A light far up the tunnel. See! there it is again." "I can see nothing," said the Don; "your imagination is getting the better of you. Perhaps those foolish stories about the place being haunted are working on you." The servant stoutly maintained that he had seen a light and he wanted to investigate the matter, but the Don expressed his unwillingness to go on a wild goose chase.

The room toward which the Don and his party were bending their steps was none other than the one in which the brigands had discovered old Pedro on the previous evening. The fire was still burning, and before it lay old Pedro, bound hand and foot.

When the Don followed the servant into the room and saw the bright fire, he was nearly startled into believing in ghosts; but when he recognized his old butler he was reassured. "What does this mean?" he exclaimed; "how came you so?" The despoilers of your house are in this tunnel! hurry, unbind me, and I will lead you to them," old Peter hurriedly exclaimed, paying no attention to his master's question. Do not tarry lest they escape. The story I will tell to you afterwards." Pedro led the way down the tunnel, closely followed by the three cavaliers with drawn swords. The servant was sent to warn the people in the Castello above to watch all the exits.

"We will find them where the treasure is buried," said Pedro, "for they took the parchment and the lamp with them. Look! was I not right? There is the light. The scoundrels are digging for the chest."

The brigand leaders, Juan Esparto and Sebastian de Carvallo, had seen the light of the cavaliers' lantern long before the men themselves became visible. Flight was useless, for freedom lay only in one direction, and that was before them, along the passage up which Carlos and his followers were approaching. Their only hope was in the strength of their swords. They drew their weapons and waited. Juan was a very skillful swordsman, having learned the art under the best masters in France. Sebastian was also a clever duellist, and



the scar he bore on his forehead was received in a duel with an English swordsman, whom he killed.

As Don Carlos came near, Juan Esparto rushed towards him, flourishing his sword. "To the death!" he cried. "To the death, dog; defend yourself!" replied the Don. "On guard. Come, men, give us room." They crossed swords, and the fight was on. Juan made a succession of rapid thrusts which were skillfully parried by Don Carlos. He then made a feint for the head, which he followed up by a thrust for the heart. Both were skillfully met, thrust by counter-thrust. Esparto had met his match. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. He became angry and struck blindly and fiercely before him. The clash of steel and cries of men rang through the passage. Juan made a final desperate thrust, but miscalculating the distance he lost his footing and nearly fell. He recovered himself, however, just in time to parry his opponent's thrust. The outcome was doubtful. Neither seemed to have the advantage. Suddenly Juan gave an opening. The Don saw it, and quick as a flash he drove his sword to the heart of his adversary. Juan fell to the floor without a groan. The first swordsman of France was vanquished. Sebastian de Carvalho seeing the fate of his accomplice, took up his sword to continue the fight. Don Carlos quickly disarmed him and ordered his followers to bind him. "Do not let him escape, for he must lead me to my wife and daughter."

Sebastian sullenly submitted to be bound, but he declared that never would he reveal the prison of Mercedes and her mother. "We'll soon see about that," said the Don; "we may persuade you to change your mind." "Never!" cried Sebastian. "We have no time to dispute the matter at present, for I need some rest. Tomorrow I will talk with you about it. Let's go to bed."

CHARLES KENNING, '05.

(To Be Continued.)



## THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

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Sombre and bleak is the prison, with turret and spires of grey,  
That rise to the cloudless heavens, gilded at close of day.

List to the tramp of the sentry, there by the postern gate;  
A solemn note in that footstep echoes a pending fate.

Sweet are the song-birds' carols, bright is the evening sky,  
And grand are the hills with sunset, as twilight shades draw nigh.

Beneath earth's glimmering surface, chained in a foul, damp cell,  
A prisoner, buried in darkness, endures the pains of hell.

His brow is furrowed and darkened, his eye is sad and dim;  
The vigor of youth has faded, gone is his manhood's vim.

On that forehead once lofty and noble, wan care has traced its mark;  
His frame is wasted and shrunken, his features are sad and dark.

'Tis not a lowly convict that cowers on yon pave,  
For his name is of the noblest that birth or wealth e'er gave.

At midnight the prison chaplain went to the fated room,  
To exhort the hardened culprit to repent e'er he met his doom.

Said he: "But a few short hours now hold thee from thy God,  
And cold e'er the coming sunset, shalt thou lie 'neath the churchyard's  
sod.

"Think well on your sad condition, think of your coming death;  
Oh, soften your heart to repentance; pray whilst you still have breath."

"My crime's too great for forgiveness; oh, leave me, sir, I pray."  
Thus, in despairing accents, he turned from hope away.

Sadly the chaplain departed, within his room to plead,  
That God for a soul's salvation his humble prayer might heed.

In the morning the jailer's daughter, of fair angelic form,  
Tripped gaily through the prison, a sunbeam in a storm.

Through the gloomy, cheerless dungeon, the little fairy strayed;  
In the shade of the grim death chamber unconsciously she played.

She came like a beam of sunlight to a broken, wilted flower,  
That hides in the murky dampness of some neglected bower.

She peeped into the death cell, in simple childlike way,  
And cast 'twixt the bars a rosebud fresh plucked at dawn of day.

The prisoner saw the maiden as she passed the prison door;  
And he stooped and took the rosebud that fell upon the floor.

The petals were damp with moisture of the summer morning's rain;  
His heart welled up and with tear-drops he wet it once again.

He thought of his own far-off childhood, how at his mother's knee,  
He repeated with her his night prayers, then crept into bed with glee.

How in his early boyhood, full of frolic, and mischief, and fun,  
He romped in the woodland and valley, from rise to set of sun.

How came the fierce temptation; how boiled the blood in his brain;  
How anger held sway over judgment,—oh, why did he not refrain!

They caught him and put him in prison, judged and doomed him to die;  
This morning they're come to take him; soon cold in death he'll lie.

He thought of the words of the chaplain: "Indeed, our God is just;  
Yet He pardoned the thief repentant, and pardon me He must."

He fell on his knees in the dungeon: "O God, I thee beseech,  
That my crime be now forgiven, let mercy to me reach.

O mother in heaven above, look down on thy erring child,  
And pray that the Father Almighty be merciful and mild."

He rose with fair composure, resignedly he smiled;  
All pain from his heart had vanished, his sorrow was beguiled.

Then came the tramp of soldiers, loud echoing through the halls;  
They entered the gloomy prison, and lined against the walls.

The captain unbound the fetters, that locked his hands and feet;  
And let him to the courtyard, his awful doom to meet.

On his coat he wore the rosebud, dropped by an angel, sent  
By the Lord's supreme direction, to bring him to repent.

—CHARLES KENNING, '05.

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NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

---

**I**N the little mining town of Weston, a man, meanly clad, knocked at the door of one of the cottages. The door opened and a middle-aged lady stood on the threshold, eyeing the newcomer nervously. The stranger humbly begged for a night's lodging and a little supper. The good woman offered him the free use of the loft of the cabin, where her husband had been wont to sleep, but as to giving him a supper, it was simply impossible, for she had not wherewith to satisfy her own hunger, and at the thought she burst into tears.

After she had regained control over her feelings, the stranger kindly asked her the cause of her intense grief. She told him that her husband had been killed while working in the mines by an accidental explosion of a charge of dynamite. Moreover, that the owner of the house was expected to come at any moment to demand payment of the rent due. Now as she had not wherewith to pay the rent, the heartless landlord would certainly cast her and her children out into the street and take her belongings to compensate for the unpaid rent.

When the stranger had heard her sad narrative, he presently grew very downcast. Just then his quick ear caught the sound of hoof-beats on the frozen ground. He sprang to his feet, seized his gun and revolvers which he had laid down a moment before, and started for the door. The woman ran to the window and saw about ten men on horseback, headed by Jack Darling, the owner of the house, and sheriff of all the country round within the radius of fifty miles. When our stranger saw the sheriff his brown cheek turned to an ashen hue. He cocked his gun, took a deliberate aim, and was about to fire, when the woman touched his arm. She bade him bear in mind that if he were captured his crime would only make matters worse, for she would be accused of having had a hand in the affair. She then asked him what grievance he had against the sheriff. The stranger then explained his situation.



"I am an escaped convict. You will be implicated for having harbored me unless you do exactly as I tell you." The woman began to cry, but he continued: "Take those deer-skin thongs and bind my hands and feet. Take one of my revolvers, stand over me, and level it at my head; then tell the children to open the door. Probably you have learned that there is a big reward offered to the person that captures me, dead or alive. The money you will receive will enable you to satisfy the demands of your landlord."

At first the woman refused to accept his self-sacrificing offer. He, however, urged her to be quick, for the men were about to batter down the door. Reluctantly she followed his instructions and then told the children to open the door.

The men rushed in, but stopped suddenly and gazed in amazement. Before them lay their escaped prisoner, his hands and feet bound. A few feet away stood a woman with a cocked revolver pointed at the prisoner's head. The newly arrived party looked disappointed to see the prize thus snatched from them. The prisoner was promptly taken back to jail and the woman received the promised reward.

When the day of trial came on the woman was present. After all the witnesses had been examined she took her stand in the box. She then related to the judge and all present how the prisoner had generously sacrificed himself to help her out of difficulty when he could easily have escaped. The judge, as well as every person in the court room, was very affected. In recompense for his noble self-sacrifice the prisoner was quickly acquitted.

CORWIN SHELLABARGER, '09

## A FABLE.

---

In a volume old and musty,  
As I picked it up one day,  
I read a little 'story,  
I must tell without delay.

A giant oak stood proudly,  
Near the edge of yon green wood;  
Beneath its shade in fragrance,  
A tiny violet stood.

The tree said to the flower:..  
"Why don't you grow up high?  
You are so small and tender,  
And you know you soon must die."

"Whilst I live on for ages  
In strength and majesty,  
Your slender stem decayeth,  
And finds a grave 'neath me."

The pretty little flower,  
In humble tones replied:  
"I am in my small bower  
Content and satisfied.

"Although my life is shorter  
Than yours, O tree, so high,  
I shall live on in sweetness,  
In sweetness shall I die.

—ALOYS VOELKER, '06.

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**Y**OU may often wonder how flies walk on the ceiling and on the panes of glass.

If you examine a fly's foot under a powerful microscope you will see two small pads on each foot, and on each of these pads over one thousand hairs, each shaped like a very small funnel.

In back of the foot is a little bag which contains a kind of liquid glue. Every time the fly makes a step it presses out a little of this glue, which hardens at once. In lifting the foot it pulls it away in a slanting direction, just as you would tear off a stamp.

ELMER FORTUNE, '10.

## TE JUAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Texas in the Days of the Missions.

(From the German.)

Chapter XII.—On the Salado.

NAVARRO'S small troop was stealthily creeping onward all unnoticed by the hostiles. The detachment of Indians sent to head them off struck the Salado at a point too far above, perhaps an hour after the Christians had passed the spot.

Day had not yet dawned when they came opposite San Jose. The hill which separated them from the Mission was occupied by Mejia. They rode now in the river's bed, now in the shadow of the forest to a point farther down stream, where the hill disappears into the prairie and the San Antonio and Salado approach each other. Thence they proceeded along the bed of the San Antonio toward the Mission. About a mile distant was a level stretch of prairie which they could not pass unobserved. Navarro ordered the vanguard to halt that they might not come upon the enemy in a straggling troop. Then urging their horses and mules to a gallop, they charged across the intervening space.

The ear-splitting whistle of the sentinels awakened Mejia's horde only with great difficulty from their first sleep. They managed, however, to reach their ponies too quickly for the Spaniards and rushed down the hill. It was a race for the woods. The mules, which so far had been led along, were so frightened by the warwhoops of the Indians that they refused to move, and they were left to their fate.

The experienced corporal who led the band suspected that the ordinary ford would be guarded since the Indians had lain in waiting for them at the entrance to the wood. He, therefore, led the band through the brush in a direction where he knew was another ford. Nothing but a cattle trail led thither, hardly passable for large horses. The men had to cut their way



through with swords and hatchets. A short delay would place the commander who closed the line in the greatest danger, but the savages could follow only one at a time, and one rifle could well hold the whole force at bay.

In such wise they forded the river, and in a few bounds were in the open field. The guard at the river had quietly withdrawn to the shelter of the bank at the lower ford, where they expected Navarro. Here they came upon the detachment led by the Frenchman, and a short, sharp fight ensued. At the same time, the ever-watchful Padre rushed thither with a small troop from the Mission, while the three leaders of the hunting expedition, abandoning the rest who were galloping furiously towards the Mission, spurred their horses to the scene of battle, where they arrived just as the savages were about to surround the heroic band. Navarro's thundering voice, along with Tejuan's, was soon heard and recognized above the din. The savages at once gave way in the belief that the whole Mission force was upon them. Before the Frenchman had time to hold his warriors together, Navarro had freed his brave men, and was hurrying with them to the Mission.

Meanwhile the whole Mission had gathered at the East gate to welcome the returning men. They were all accounted for except Navarro, Jesu and Tejuan. Donna Guadalupe and Rose were in the crowd. When their loved ones failed to appear, they felt sick at heart, but they did not dare inquire through fear of what they might learn. A Spaniard who lived in the same house with Navarro stopped in front of them.

"Where are they?" came eagerly from the mouths of both.

"They followed us across the ford," he explained. "More I do not know, for I scarcely know whether I am alive or not."

Like a flower cut from its stem, Rose sank silently to the feet of the matron. The Spaniard now saw his mistake and hastened to allay their fears. "Do not worry," he said; "they will soon be here, for nothing could have happened to them on the Labor. They must have tarried at the river to make some necessary arrangements."

Rose did not hear. The night's vigil, with its strain on her nerves, had exhausted her strength. The Spaniard wished to carry her to the Captain's house, but the matron lifted her in

her arms like a child and carried her to her own room. The servant girls were in a flurry and cried in anticipation of the supposed disaster. Under the motherly care of the noble lady, Rose quickly revived. Her eyelids moved and at the same time the door opened, admitting Don Navarro, as healthy and strong as ever. He was closely followed by Jesu with flushed cheeks, and Tejuan, gloomy, but devoted as ever.

GEORGE P. HEITHAUS, '04.

(To Be Continued.)

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## THE BLIZZARD.

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It was a wintry day. The sun that morn,  
His usual pathway had begun to tread,  
Wearily. Mad with fury and with dread,  
The cold, hissing winds to the south were borne;  
And as they hastened on with fiendish scorn,  
They seemed some coming evil to foretell.  
Louder and louder waxed their fearful yell,  
Heralding forth the Monarch of the Storm,  
His hoary seal, where'er he passed, he set,  
To spread destruction was his woeful aim;  
Havoc he made of this our dwelling-place.  
And when, in rage, through fields and groves he swept,  
We gazed upon our Earth, no more the same,  
So altered was her dear familiar face.

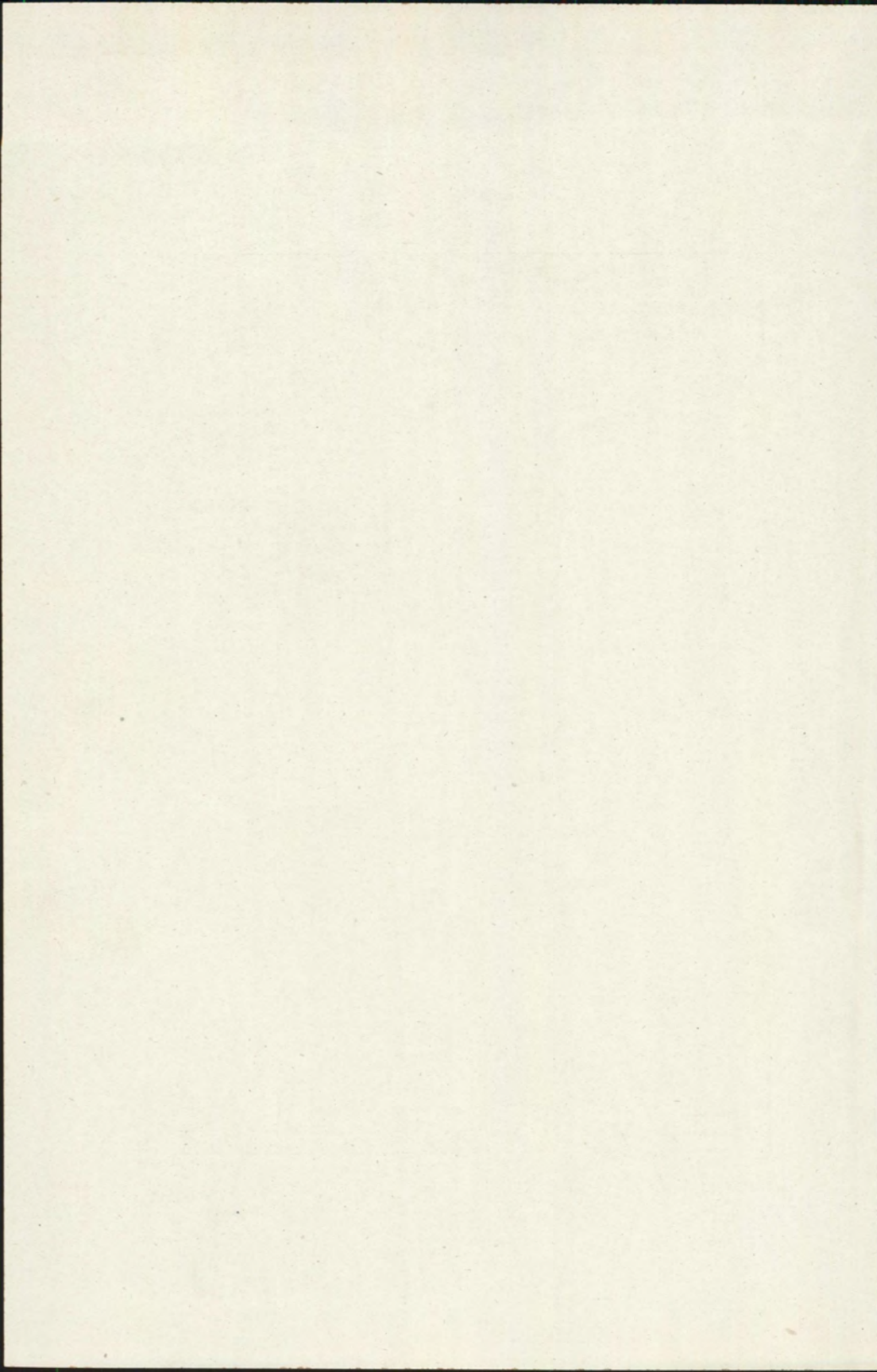
— '06.

Half-Tone made at the Institute.



THE PARK, APRIL 13, 1904







## EDITORIAL STAFF.

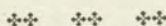
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				EMMET SWEETMAN,	'04

Instances of the pernicious effects of the lurid literature of crime which, in cheap pamphlet form with flamboyant covers exercises so strong a fascination over young boys, come to our notice almost every time we take up the daily paper. Occasionally a tragedy such as the recent Chicago executions, brings this more prominently before the public at large.

In discussing this matter it is necessary to recognize that a growing boy has ideals peculiar to his age and in a way corresponding to the wants of his nature, and therefore as ineradicable as boy nature itself. A boy's views of life are necessarily concrete and chiefly concerned with things material. He worships physical prowess, brute force, dare-devil bravery, because his own instincts lead him to indulge exclusively in games of physical skill and daring. We must not quarrel with this attitude, but recognize it for what it is, and instead of attempting to violently uproot it—an impossible feat—direct it in the right way.

There is a vast literature answering this longing of the growing boy, a literature abounding in thrilling narratives of deeds of prowess and high emprise, and withal sound in tone and spirit, not only harmless to good morals, but actually stim-

ulating to some of the noblest traits of manhood, chiefly those of moral courage, gentlemanly honor and knightly loyalty. The novels of Scott occupy a foremost place in this literature, and it is safe to say that the boy whose love of the marvelous and the heroic is fed upon the stirring tales of the Wizard of the North will never take kindly to the lurid penny dreadfuls. Every growing boy who loves reading ought to have these and similar tales put within his reach. If this is not done, there is more than probability that he will find means to procure the cheap blood-and-thunder literature, whose variegated covers attract his roving eye on every news-stand, and the illustrations of whose impossible but horribly fascinating scenes fairly scream at him from every theatrical bill-board.



Soon Decoration Day with its beauty and sadness will again come in our midst. But as we gather flowers for the soldiers who have merited by their deeds our esteem, love and praise, let us not forget those loved ones who have fallen by our side in the peaceful battle of life. Let the mother leave her work and go visit the little treasure of her heart, whose smiling face lies cold in death. Let the widow hang a wreath upon the slab that like a spectre beckons her on. Let the little ones stop in their play and kneel beside the mounds that cover those who prayed for them in life. Let the lover kiss the waving grass that grows above her whose growing beauty faded at the untimely touch of Death.



On March 23d the members of the First Division gathered together in the reading room of the college for the purpose of forming an athletic association, so long needed by this institution. To many admirers of St. Mary's it seemed very strange that S. M. I., the proud possessor of many fine athletes, had no organization for the maintenance of its sport and the perpetuation of its many traditions. But it appears that this need was not to be filled until the boys of 1904 took it into their hands. Such is the view we are inclined to take. No sooner did they



propose the present plan than it immediately took on form, and, like a ripening bud, sprang into life.

At the first meeting Mr. Pater was elected president pro tem., with Mr. Pilon as secretary. The first election placed the fortunes of the organization in the hands of Messrs. Pater, Schoen and Heithaus. During the brief period of their incumbency the organization has made rapid strides. Within a week eighty-eight feet of bleachers, four tiers high, were under construction, and now stand completed as the finest of their kind in the city of Dayton. Though the association has seen life but a month, it has a considerable reserve fund. Tickets upon which were marked the baseball games of the season were issued, and soon found a ready sale. Beautiful advertising cards were printed bearing the name of the association, the price of the tickets, the picture of the College team, and the names of the teams that are to play here, and willing hands soon distributed them in many prominent business houses throughout the city of Dayton.

These and other smaller things have been accomplished by the association during its short existence, and it is the determination and hope of all the members that the future shall see it meet with greater success.

ALPHONSE PATER, '04.

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## TO THE MAY-BELL.

---

O lovely flower of fresh and tender bloom,  
Deep hidden in the leafy dew-gemmed green,  
Wherein thou hadst thy birth and whence unseen  
Thou fillest all the May air with perfume,  
Thou lendest beauty and ethereal grace  
Where'er thou'st placed by nature or by man.  
To cheer in hours of sadness, say, what can  
With greater fitness ever take thy place?  
Unlike thy forward mates, thou'st far too shy  
To flaunt thy native charms; thou'lt never show  
Thy beauty to the haughty passerby,  
Unless he stop and humbly bending low,  
Remove the screen that shields thee from his eye,  
Thy loveliness he'll never learn to know.

—WM. WANDER, '05.



## THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

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At all times the Catholic Church has believed that Mary, the mother of the Savior, was without sin from the very first moment of her existence, and has called this belief the Immaculate Conception. In 1854 Pope Pius IX., in response to the solicitations of the Catholic world, in one of the grandest assemblies that have ever met, proclaimed this belief an article of faith. Imposing celebrations were held throughout the world on this occasion, and the Pope himself had a magnificent column 90 feet high erected on the Piazza di Spagna. It is composed of the richest marbles and surrounded by exquisite works of art, an object of admiration to all visitors of the Eternal City.

As the 50th anniversary of this event was drawing near, the late Leo XIII., and then his successor, Pope Pius X., named a committee of Cardinals who were to prepare an extensive program for this golden jubilee. The students of St. Mary's Institute, together with the faculty, took up the idea immediately, especially as this prosperous establishment is placed under the protection of the Immaculate Conception, and has just completed likewise the 50th year of its foundation.

The monument which is to be erected to commemorate this event will be a granite shaft of considerable height surmounted by a richly-carved statue of the Immaculate Conception, made of the purest Italian marble. It will be in every respect a work of the highest art, and the city of Dayton will be justly proud of it.

Committee immediately began active work to secure funds and prepare special program for the occasion.



A general committee was appointed with these officers: Alex. Schoen, Chicago, president; Charles Whalen, Dayton, vice president; Bernard Hollencamp, Dayton, secretary, and Albert Seidensticker, Columbus, treasurer.

The following are the principal officers of the division committees:

Senior Boarders—Chairman, A. Pater, Hamilton, O.; secretary, A. Schoen, Chicago; treasurer, J. Pilon, St. Louis.

Senior Day Scholars—Chairman, E. Schaeffer; secretary, A. Schaeffer; treasurer, B. Hollencamp.

Junior Boarders—Chairman, H. Janszen, Cincinnati; secretary, W. Mahoney, Chattanooga, Tenn.; treasurer, A. Seidensticker, Columbus, O.

Junior Day Scholars—Chairman, E. Hanbuch; secretary, C. Whaley; treasurer, F. Martin.

Minum Boarders—Chairman, H. Huwe, of Cincinnati; secretary, J. Oakley, of New York City; treasurer, H. Meyer, of Louisville, Ky.

Minum Division, Day Scholars—Chairman, T. Darst; secretary, C. Hayes; treasurer, F. Heilig.

Liberal contributions were soon received from all sides, not only from quite a number of states of the Union, but even from Mexico, South America, Sandwich Islands, Switzerland, Italy and Japan. Graduates, former pupils and friends send the most flattering letters in approval of the project. The last two weeks have been the most successful in the history of the organization, and Saturday morning, to the immense joy of all, the treasurer could announce that the magnificent sum of \$2,000 had been raised.

L. H. Schafer, a prominent jeweler of Chicago, has presented the Institute with a number of costly prizes. These are to be disposed of in favor of all the pupils who have taken special interest in the work. One of the most important committees is that in charge of the distribution of the prizes. It is composed as follows: J. Pilon, W. Skelton, E. Haungs, A. Regan, H. Meyer and T. Darst.

At the meeting March 21 it was decided to place on the list of honorary membership all those friends and former pupils of the Institute who have contributed \$5 or more and to pre-



sent them with the badge of membership of the association. The members of the committee on honorary membership are: Eug. Schaffer of Dayton, A. Pater of Hamilton.

The badge of membership to all is a neat button bearing the picture of the Institute as well as one of the famous monuments of the Immaculate Conception in the city of Rome. Above are the words: "Rome, December 8, 1854," and below, "St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, O., December 8, 1904."

Not a little of the great success of the organization is due to the press committee, consisting of Messrs. William Stoecklein and Joseph Pilon. The publicity they gave to the association in the different newspapers of the city and state has done much toward giving this grand cause the favor it has met with everywhere.

The work of the Junior Boarders is worthy of special mention. These energetic young men realized more than \$500 under the able management of their division chairman, H. H. Janszen, of Cincinnati. They expect to hold to the very end the first rank which they attained three weeks ago.

At a meeting Saturday morning the treasurer's report was received with great enthusiasm by the boys, who applauded heartily, and the committee was highly commended for its excellent work. A happy feature of the meeting was the presentation of an artistically carved gavel of ebony to President Alexander Schoen. The presentation was made in a neat speech by A. Pater, and was a great surprise to Mr. Schoen, who in accepting the token showed his appreciation in a few well chosen words.

An interesting number of the program was a poem rendered by Mr. E. Haungs, of Hamilton, O. Mr. Haungs already made his mark on the stage of the Institute, but this time he surpassed himself. The poem was well adapted for the occasion, referring to the Immaculate Conception, the patroness of the United States. A beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception, having the Star Spangled Banner in background, very appropriately lent the charm of local color to the inspired accents of the speaker.

To reward the students for their untiring efforts in this noble cause, the president of the Institute promised two half-holidays.

## THE S. M. I. GOLDEN JUBILEE ASSOCIATION.

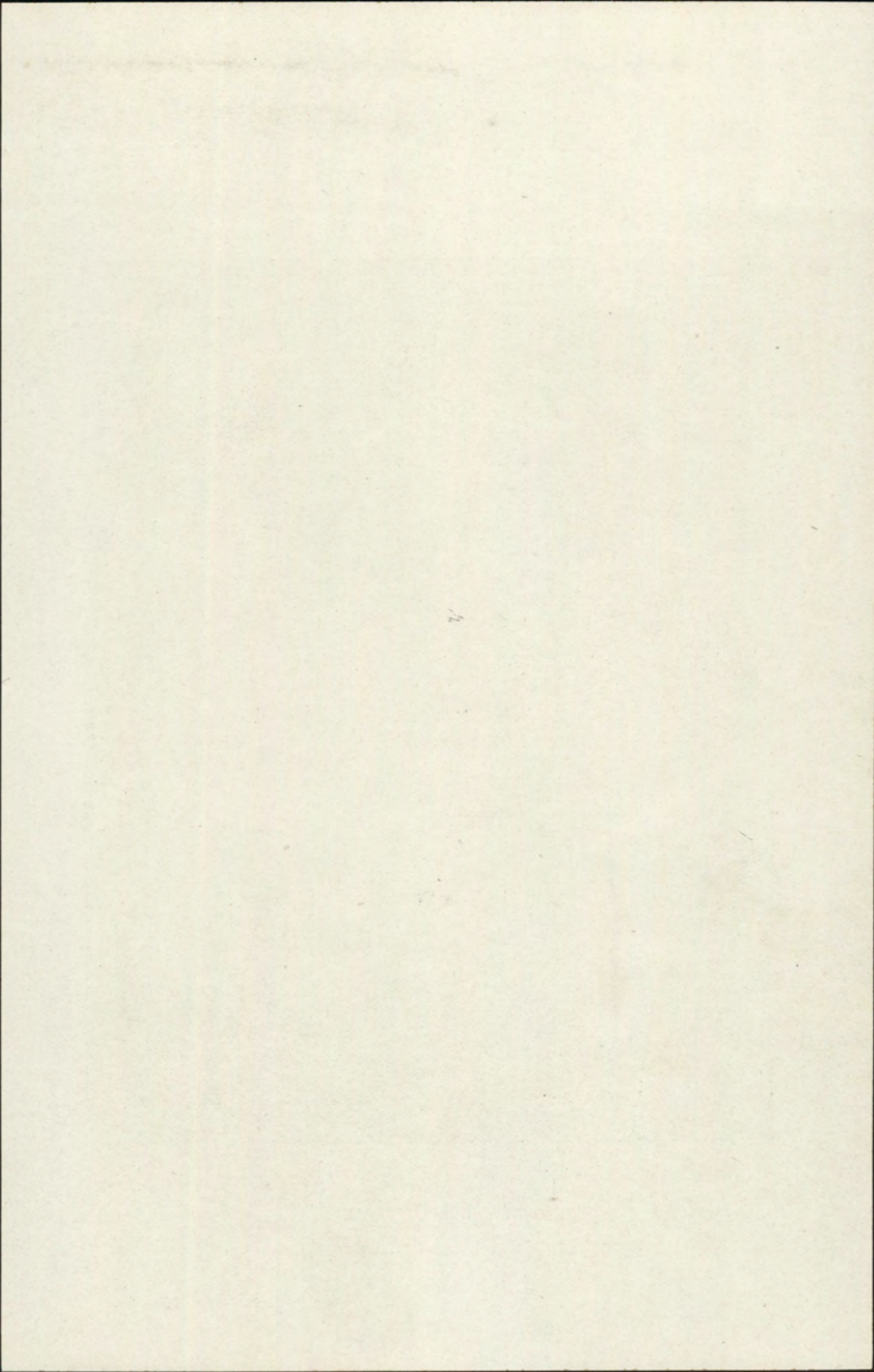
### HONORARY MEMBERS.

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Mrs. Anna B. Darst, Dayton, O.	Clem Ferneding, Dayton, O.
Frederick Cappel, Dayton, O.	Henry Hollencamp, Sr., Dayton, O.
Mrs. Frederick Cappel, Dayton, O.	Harry Hampel, Dayton, O.
George Goodhue, M. D., Dayton, O.	Robert May, Akron, O.
Michael Nipgen, Dayton, O.	Mrs. R. A. May, Akron, O.
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	Joseph Janszen, Cincinnati, O.
	John Janszen, Cincinnati, O.
	Michael Mullen, Cincinnati, O.

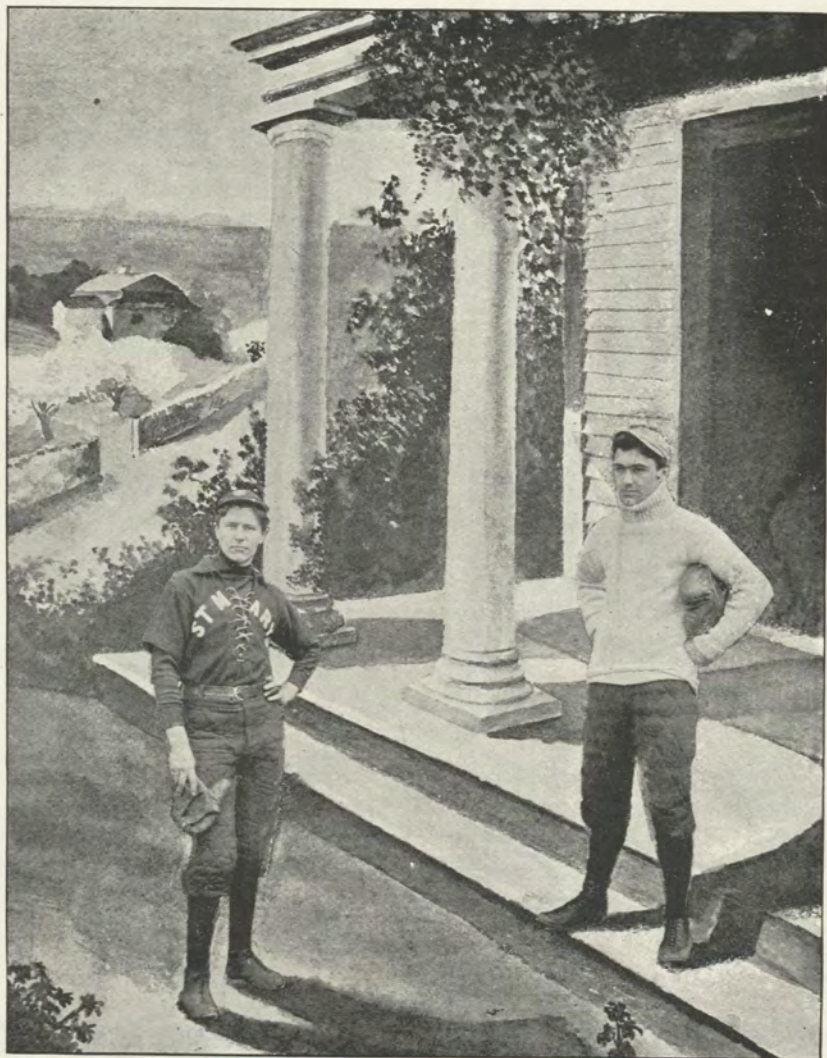
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 Mrs. W. Glandorf, Cincinnati, O. St. Patrick's School, La Salle, Ill.  
 Louis J. Merkel, Cincinnati, O. N. W. Duncan, La Salle, Ill.  
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 Mrs. S. H. Onken, Cincinnati, O. Jos. Clasgens, New Richmond, O.  
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 William Stacey, Cincinnati, O. Miss Mary Banzer, New York.  
 Alex. A. Butler, Cleveland, O. Mrs. J. Basta, Norwalk, Conn.  
 W. J. Delaney, Cleveland, O. Miss May Brown, Cuyahoga Falls, O.  
 Mrs. M. Carroll, Cleveland, O. Joseph Pilon, Minocqua, Wis.  
 J. J. Keiper, Cleveland, O. Mrs. M. S. Hart, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 L. Seidensticker, Columbus, O. Miss Rose S. Hart, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Mrs. C. Bonebrake, Columbus, O. Paul Scholz, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Rev. S. X. Specht, Columbus, O. Mrs. Mary Scholz, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Miss Nettie Zettler, Columbus, O. Miss Rose Marie Scholz, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Thomas Nolan, Columbus, O. Pa.  
 Wm. Durocher, Denver, Colo. Michael Letzelter, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Mr. Barthelemy, Fribourg, Switzerland. Adam Huebert, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
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 Mrs. Mary Merzhauser, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Wong Leong, Honolulu, S. I. N. Y.  
 Mrs. Wong Leong, Honolulu, S. I. Mrs. Louisa Carges, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Fr. A. Chong, Honolulu, S. I. Joseph J. Pater, Hamilton, O.  
 Mrs. F. A. Chong, Honolulu, S. I. Edward Wright, Hamilton, O.  
 Rev. J. J. Schneider, Ironton, O. Jos. Hergenrether, Tippecanoe, O.  
 St. Aloysius Sodality, Ironton, O. Charles Werst, Louisville, Ky.







Half-Tone made at the Institute.



VICTOR SCHLITZER, Manager.

JAMES E. GRIMES, Captain.

S. M. I. BALL TEAM.





## FIRST DIVISION.

### BASE BALL.

APRIL 2—S. M. I., 13; SHAMROCKS, 5.

St. Mary's won the opening game of the season Saturday, defeating the Shamrocks in a one-sided contest by a score of 13 to 5.

The day was anything but baseball weather, but a large crowd turned out to witness the contest. A stiff gale was blowing directly in the faces of the batters, making long hits impossible and benumbing the hands of the fielders. Notwithstanding all this, the collegians batted fiercely and fielded cleanly, and Schlitzer and Trainor shoved the ball over the plate with all their old-time speed and skill.

St. Mary's got busy right from the start. After retiring the Shamrocks in the first half of the first inning, two bases on balls, two hits, an error and a sacrifice hit netted them four runs. Two more were added in the second, one in the fourth, four hits and a base on balls were good for four more in the fifth, and the last two were added in the eighth on a base on balls, an error and a single.

Meanwhile Schlitzer was holding the Shamrocks down in masterly style and allowed them but one hit during the entire six innings, without issuing a single pass. Trainor went in in the seventh and four runs were scored off him during that inning, but he settled down and pitched good ball during the last two innings.

Grimes, Biesinger and Groll proved a great trio in the outfield, while Hogan made a favorable impression behind the bat. Hezel had an off day at second, but made a beautiful catch of a liner in the sixth inning. Schlitzer led at the bat with three singles out of four times up, while Biesinger, Grimes, Schoen and Hogan each had two hits to their credit.

Following is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Shamrocks .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	5	6	7
St. Mary's .....	4	2	0	1	4	0	0	2	x	12	12	0

Summary: Two-base hits, Kneipp, Hogan, Beisinger, Schoen. Hit by pitched ball, Phillips. Bases on balls, off Kneipp 5, off Trainor 2. Struck out, by Schlitzer 6, by Trainor 3, by Kneipp 4. Umpires, Bippus and Staley. Batteries—Kneipp and Uransburg; Trainor, Schlitzer and Hogan. Time of game, 2:10.



## COLLEGIANS WIN OUT.

## St. Mary's Administer Second Defeat to Shamrocks—Score 8 to 2.

April 9.—That the S. M. I. team in its old-time form was clearly demonstrated Saturday when it took the second game from the Shamrocks in an interesting struggle, by a score of 8 to 2.

Both teams presented a materially changed line-up, the Shamrocks playing Fogelman and Strausburg in the outfield, while they had a new battery in Bergman, Gantz and Tobin. For St. Mary's, George Hogan replaced Mullen at short, while Perrung played left field in place of Grimes, who sat on the bench nursing an injured knee. Trainor and Will Hogan were in the points for the collegians.

St. Mary's won the game by bunching hits in the first, sixth and eighth innings. Two passes and a safe hit were good for two runs in the first inning; three hits, coupled with a base on balls and an error, brought in four runs in the sixth inning, while Groll's triple to right after two men had been presented with passes brought in the last two in the eighth. The Shamrocks made one run in the fifth on a base on balls and two hits, and another one was added in the eighth on a pass, a wild pitch and a single.

Groll led at the bat with a single and a triple out of four times up. Grimes went in in the sixth inning and had a hit and two put-outs to his credit, when he strained his injured knee and was replaced by Schlitzer, who made the sensational play of the day—a difficult catch of a short field fly along the third base line. George Hogan and Hezel gobbled up everything around second base, while the battery work of Trainor and Will Hogan was fully up to the standard.

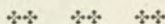
Following is the score:

Shamrocks.	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.	St. Mary's	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.
R. Gregory, lf .....	4	0	2	0	0	Hezel, 2b .....	5	1	0	2	0
Gantz, p. & 3b .....	3	1	1	3	1	Biesinger, cf .....	3	1	0	0	0
Zimmerman, 2b .....	4	0	0	0	1	Schoen, 1b .....	2	0	10	0	0
Phillips, 1b .....	4	0	13	0	0	Groll, rf .....	4	2	0	0	0
O. Gregory, ss .....	4	1	1	3	1	Geo. Hogan, ss .....	5	0	2	2	0
Fogelman, cf .....	2	0	0	0	0	Brown, 3b .....	3	0	1	0	0
Tobin, c .....	2	0	7	4	0	Perrung, lf .....	2	0	0	0	0
Bergman, p. & 3b ...	4	1	0	4	1	Grimes, lf .....	2	1	2	0	0
Strausburg, rf .....	4	2	0	0	0	Schlitzer, lf .....	0	0	1	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	W. Hogan, c .....	4	1	10	2	1
Totals .....	31	5	24	14	4	Trainor, p .....	3	0	1	2	0

Totals ..... 33 6 27 8 1

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Shamrocks .....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—2
St. Mary's .....	2	0	0	0	0	4	0	2	x—8

Summary—Three-base hit, Groll. Struck out, by Trainor 9, by Bergman 6, by Gantz 1. Bases on balls, off Trainor 4, off Bergman 5, off Gantz 3. Wild pitches, Trainor 4, Bergman 3, Gantz 1. Passed balls, Hogan 1, Tobin 3. Stolen bases, St. Mary's 2, Shamrocks 1. Umpires, Staley and Bippus.



### SHAMROCKS SHUT OUT.

April 16.—St. Mary's made it three straight by defeating the Shamrocks in a fast contest Saturday by a score of 9 to 0.

Trainor's brilliant pitching, backed by the errorless fielding of the collegians, was too much for the Shamrocks, and they did not succeed in getting a man beyond the second bag. On the other hand, the collegians batted well and stole bases at will, piling up 7 runs in the first four innings. The last two runs came in the eighth on a base on balls, a single and a couple of sacrifices.

The feature of the game was the pitching of Trainor, the south-paw twirler of the team. He held the Erin representatives down to four hits and struck out 15 men. Schlitzer handled his delivery in perfect style and not one base was stolen on him. Hezel, at second base, had a busy day, having four put-outs and four assists, many of them on most difficult chances.

Next Saturday the Institute team will meet Wittenberg College of Springfield, and are practicing hard in preparation for the game. They are confident of winning, although Wittenberg is reported to have a strong team.

Following is the score of Saturday:

Shamrocks.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	S. M. I.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
R. Gregory, cf ...	4	0	1	1	0	0	Hezel, 2b .....	4	2	1	4	4	0
Gantz, p. & rf ...	4	0	1	0	3	1	Groll, rf .....	2	1	0	0	0	0
Richards, 2b .....	4	0	1	0	4	0	Schoen, 1b .....	3	0	0	8	0	0
Phillips, 1 b.....	4	0	0	15	0	2	Schlitzer, c .....	4	1	0	15	0	0
Anderson, 3b ....	3	0	0	2	0	2	Perrung, 1f .....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Zimmerman, 1f ...	4	0	1	0	0	1	Biesinger, cf ....	3	1	1	0	0	0
O. Gregory, ss ...	3	0	0	1	0	1	Brown, 3b .....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Tobin, c .....	3	0	0	4	2	0	Mullen, ss .....	3	2	0	0	2	0
Searl, p & rf ....	2	0	0	1	0	1	Trainor, p .....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	31	0	4	24	9	8	Totals .....	30	9	3	27	6	0
Innings.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9												
Shamrocks .....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0												
St. Mary's .....	1 1 3 2 0 0 0 2 x—9												

Summary—Stolen bases, Hezel, Groll, Perrung, Biesinger, Mullen. Struck out, by Trainor 15, by Gantz 2, by Searl 3. Bases on balls, off Trainor 1, off Searl 2, off Gantz 2. Double plays, Anderson to Phillips. Passed ball, Schlitzer 1. Umpire, Bippus. Time of game, 1:50.



## ST. MARY'S VS. DAYTONS.

The S. M. I. team met the Dayton Central League team on their grounds in two games on April 14 and April 21. The following accounts are taken from local papers:

The best game of ball played so far this year took place at the park yesterday afternoon, when the St. Mary's Institute team hooked up with the Old Soldiers for a full nine innings. The college lads are the local amateur champions, and maintained their record for fast and gentlemanly ball playing in the game with the professionals. Groll, the outfielder, and Schlitzer, the twirler, are ripe for fast company at the present time, and could jump into any kind of a league short of the two majors, and show up a good many players now getting the glad hand. The former is fast on his feet, covering an acre of ground with less effort than the ordinary outfielder makes in the capture of an easy fly, and hits like one to the manner born. Out of the four singles got by his team, he supplied two, and the only chance he had in the field he took as easy as a hobo slumbers under a shady tree on a hot summer's day.

Schlitzer had the Old Soldiers clubbing the air like a housewife in carpet-cleaning time, and when the whistle blowed, eleven of the team had knocked large holes in the atmosphere trying to connect with his elusive shoots.

If he could be induced to play professional ball, there is very little question but that he could win a home with the Vets.

Hart began the game against his old schoolmates, and did very well until taken out, for fear of injury to his wing, he having not yet worked himself into the best condition. As it was, he made three of the collegians do the hornet fighting act during the time he officiated. Wilson finished the game and made a creditable showing.

The decided feature of the game, aside from Schlitzer's pitching, was the catch of a hard hit liner by Engle in right field. The lad made a long run and a brilliant stop, in time to work the business end of a fast double play. It is the opinion of those who have seen him play the game that he will do most satisfactorily, and one place on the team is bound to be well taken care of in all events.

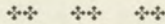
The score:

St. Mary's.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	Dayton.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hezel, 2b	4	0	0	2	1	1	Foy, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Biesinger, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0	McGau, ss	4	0	1	1	2	0
Grimes, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0	Austin, 2b	5	1	1	3	1	0
Schoen, 1b	3	1	0	8	0	1	Paskert, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Groll, rf	3	0	2	1	0	0	Connors, 1b	4	2	2	10	0	0
Schlitzer, p	3	0	1	1	5	0	Lierman, 3b	4	2	2	0	2	0
Hogan, c	3	0	0	11	1	0	Engel, rf	3	0	1	1	1	0
Brown, 3b	3	0	1	1	1	1	Brennan, c	1	0	0	5	0	0
Mullen, ss	3	0	0	0	1	1	Hawkins, c	2	0	0	2	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	Hart, p	2	0	0	3	3	0
Totals	30	1	4	24	9	4	Wilson, p	2	0	1	0	1	0
								—	—	—	—	—	—
							Totals	35	5	8	27	10	0



Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Mary's .....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Dayton .....	0	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	x—5

Summary—Two-base hits, Austin, Connors. Struck out, by Schlitzer 11, by Hart 3, by Wilson 2. Hit by pitched ball, McGau. Bases on balls, off Schlitzer 3, off Hart 1. Double plays, Schlitzer to Hezel; Engel to McGau. Umpires, Hammond and Keefe. Time of games, 1:30.



#### NOTES.

Schlitzer, the crack amateur pitcher of the St. Mary's Institute team, has the earmarks of a comer, and many an old-timer would be glad to have the control that young Schlitzer possesses.

The S. M. I. team is composed of a very fast bunch of youngsters, and their playing yesterday was of the snappy sort that would do credit to a professional team.

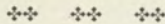
Groll, in right field for the S. M. I. team, made a clever catch of a high ball after a long run, which won for him the applause of college chums and spectators.

Mullen, of the S. M. I. team, played a good game at short.

In yesterday's game Schlitzer should have been given credit for 13 strike-outs, but the third strike on two occasions was dropped.

Young Hogan caught a very good game for the S. M. I. team, and is a snappy young player.

That college team is what is known in Greek as a "hot stuff" aggregation of fast ball players, and their "no kicking" principle of play makes any game in which they participate an enjoyable one. Yesterday's contest was as quiet as midnight on the Great Sahara.



Dayton took the second game from the St. Mary's Institute team Thursday by the same score as on Thursday of last week, when the two teams met in their first encounter. A bright, warm day greeted the players and spectators, after the chill of the past week, and seemed to impart to both teams that fighting spirit which is so much appreciated upon the ball field. The contest was a most interesting one and abounded in critical situations. Both teams batted well, and their fielding was brilliant and ragged by turns. Three fast double plays were witnessed, two by Dayton and one by St. Mary's. In the luck of the game the Vets

were the more fortunate, the errors of the Institute players being responsible for the first two runs scored by the Old Soldiers.

Hart and Schlitzer were the opposing slabmen, and both pitched good ball. Hart was touched up for eight hits, but was always effective at critical times. In the seventh inning, after allowing a double and single, he struck out the next two batsmen and retired the third on an easy grounder. Schlitzer pitched steady, consistent ball in the face of most discouraging support, and while his work was not as brilliant as that of the week previous he clearly demonstrated his ability to play good ball. Grimes led at the bat for the collegians with two hits out of three times up, while Groll and Biesinger played a star game in the outer garden. Hezel, the midget second baseman of the team, covered his position without an error, making two brilliant stops in the third inning, which drew the applause of the spectators. Following is the score:

Dayton.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	St. Mary's.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		
Foy, lf .....	4	0	0	1	0	0	Hezel, 2b .....	4	0	1	2	3	0		
McGau, ss .....	4	0	0	1	2	1	Groll, rf .....	3	1	1	1	1	0		
Austin, 2b .....	4	1	1	3	3	1	Grimes, lf .....	3	0	2	2	0	2		
Paskert, cf .....	4	1	1	0	1	1	Schoen, 1b .....	4	0	1	3	0	0		
Engle, rf .....	4	2	2	2	0	1	Schlitzer, p .....	4	0	1	0	3	1		
Sonors, 1b .....	4	1	2	9	1	0	Biesinger, cf ....	4	0	0	2	0	1		
Pheiffer, 3b .....	4	0	2	2	2	0	Brown, 3b .....	4	0	1	0	2	1		
Hawkins, c .....	3	0	0	9	1	0	Hogan, c .....	4	0	0	4	0	0		
Hart, p .....	4	0	0	0	2	2	Mullen, ss .....	3	0	1	0	3	3		
<hr/>							<hr/>								
Totals .....	35	5	8	27	12	6	Totals .....	33	1	8	24	12	8		
<hr/>							<hr/>								
Innings.							1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dayton .....							0	2	0	0	0	2	0	1	x— 5
St. Mary's .....							0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0— 1

Summary—Two-base hits, Pheiffer, Grimes, Schoen, Brown. Struck out, by Schlitzer 4, by Hart 9. Double plays, Groll to Hezel; McGau to Connors; McGau, Austin and Connors. Wild pitch, Hart. Stolen bases, Dayton 4. Passed ball, Hogan 1. Umpire, Hammond.

## SECOND DIVISION.

The Junior baseball team is now in fine trim as the result of a few weeks' hard practice, and expect to arrange quite a few games with outside teams of their size. Wm. C. Schoen, of Chicago, was made captain, and a better man could not be found for that responsible position. The very name of Schoen is enough to tell us that he is a ball player, for it seems to run in the family. Efforts have been made to arrange games with Steele High School, Y. M. C. A. Juniors, and several other teams of the city, but so far only one definite date has been made, and that is with the Riverdale team, on Thursday, April 21st.

H. TIMOTHY, '07.

## DAY SCHOLARS.

The Day Scholars baseball team for the present season has been organized under the direction of the Star City boy, David Kersting. Mr. Kersting claims that this year's team will be a "hummer;" he is now ready to arrange games with any team in or around Dayton. Dave considers himself very fortunate in getting Joseph Cronan, formerly the pitcher for the "Peanut Hustlers." The line-up this season will be as follows:

Ryan, catcher; Kramer, pitcher; Kersting, shortstop; Gockey, first base; Kastl, second base; Pfau, third base; Cronan, left field; Timmer, center field; Smith, right field.

A game between the above team and the Junior Boarder team was played, the result of which will be in the next edition.

Frank Martin has organized a team in the Second Division and challenges all teams whose players are under 15 years. Martin has on his team such players as "Mugsy" Larkin, Elmer Finke, Bill Slick, and others who are equally as good.

Eugene Schaefer, Jeckering and Malinski are now attempting to do the umpiring. It would be advisable for them to apply for a couple of life insurance policies if they intend to continue.

To watch Clem Graves pick up grounders at short would make one think he was a coming Lajoie, but to see him on the stage singing popular songs would force people to class him as a second Lew Dockstader.

John Gockey plays first base like a veteran.

When "Sam" Keogh formerly attended S. M. I., he covered second base with much ease, but in Robert Kastl, "Sam" has a worthy successor—eh, Bob?

Joe Mayl, instead of playing ball, passes away the time by sitting on the bench and telling the history of his past life to Score Keeper Varley.

Leo Kramer says he intends to show the people how to bat this year. The "kid" batted .161 per cent. last season; this year he claims he is going to raise his batting average to at least .500 per cent.

Dave Kersting in a few years' practice will be ready to jump into fast company. The Star City has a Hans Wagner in Dave.

William Kramer would make a good manager for a team composed of deaf and dumb players. Kramer is as quiet as a church mouse; a word from him is heard only at meal time.

"Jimmy" Moritz and Walter Connors are earnest rooters. Their voices could easily deaden the sound of the largest volcano.

Neder, Timmer, Pfau, Ryan, Stoecklein and Brennan have been playing like professionals during the past month.

EMMETT SWEETMAN, '04.



## FIRST DIVISION.

### BASKET BALL.

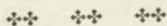
On Thursday, March 24th, the college team was defeated by the score of 17 to 13 by the Xenia High School team at the latter's hall. It was impossible for S. M. I. to put up a scientific game on account of the network of posts in Xenia's hall, together with the lowness of the ceiling. Xenia opened with a rush, they scoring 4 points before the collegians had a chance to become acquainted with the hall. However, S. M. I. soon began playing their regular game, but they could not overcome their opponent's lead of 4 points.

The game was rendered interesting on account of the large number of rooters present for both teams, and on account of the closeness of the score throughout. The principal feature of the game was the ease with which Kelley, Xenia's center, laid the balls in the basket. It is not a bit astonishing that he performed this feat, for none of the college players could reach him on account of his height. The line-up was as follows:

St. Mary's	Positions.	Xenia
Schoen .....	Forward .....	Clevenger
Grimes .....	Forward .....	Adair
Schlitzer .....	Center .....	E. Kelley
Biesinger .....	Guard .....	Arbogust
Kenning .....	Guard .....	A. Kelly

Goals from field, E. Kelly 3, Clevenger 2, Schlitzer 2, Grimes 1, Schoen 1, Adair 1. Goals on fouls, Schlitzer 5, E. Kelly 5. Time of halves, 15 minutes. Umpire, Pater (S. M. I.), Hayes (Xenia). Time-keeper, G. Heithaus.

A. C. ANGEL, '04.



### S. M. I. THE CHAMPIONS.

On Monday evening, March 28th, the college five defeated "The Dayton Intermediates," and thereby laid claim to the championship of Southern Ohio. Two teams could not have been more evenly matched than they were at this game. It was a close and exciting game throughout, S. M. I. winning during the last three minutes of play.

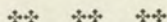
The game opened in a pleasing manner for the locals, for Grimes and Schoen each threw a field goal in the early stages of the game. However, the Intermediates soon regained their lost ground and ploughed ahead of the collegians in the first half. Score at the end of first half: Intermediates 5, S. M. I. 4.

The second half opened amid the shouts and cries of "Down with the Intermediates!" and "The championship is ours!" For a while it seemed as if all the good luck in the city of Dayton was against the collegians, and when the last stages of the game approached with the score 7 to 5 in favor of the Intermediates the game appeared lost. At last the tide of defeat was changed; Schoen scored a field basket, thus tying the score, Schlitzer following with a basket on a foul, thus leaving S. M. I. one in the lead. However, the game was not yet sure, for there were still two minutes of play. Just then Grimes, the crack forward, landed another basket, which made the final score: S. M. I. 10, Intermediates 7. Following was the line-up:

S. M. I.	Positions	Intermediates.
Schoen (Captain).....	Forward .....	Hauer
Grimes.....	Forward .....	Graef
Schlitzer.....	Center .....	Hughes
Biesinger.....	Guard .....	Fischbach
Kenning.....	Guard .....	Apple

Goals from field, Schoen 2, Grimes 2, Hughes 2, Graef 1. Goals on fouls, Schlitzer 2, Hughes 1. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Umpires, Troxell (D.), Pater (S. M. I.). Timekeeper, G. Heithaus.

A. C. ANGEL, '04.



St. Mary's closed a very successful basket ball season Wednesday evening, April 6th, when they defeated the Xenia team at the Institute Hall by the score of 21 to 7. Nobody expected the college five to secure such an overwhelming victory, especially since Xenia beat them two weeks previous.

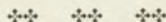
From the beginning of the game it was evident that victory was ours. After one minute of play Grimes landed the ball in the net for two points, only to be followed by Schoen, who secured two more. Xenia hardly had a semblance of a basket in the first half. Schoen and Grimes duplicated their good throwing of a few minutes previous. Biesinger and Schlitzer also threw a basket each in this half.

In the second half the collegians, seeing that they had the game won, relaxed in their strenuous playing, and allowed Xenia to score a few points, thus making the game more interesting. The feature of the game was the basket throwing of "Ned" Grimes, the forward for S. M. I. The score at the end of the game stood 21 to 7 in favor of S. M. I., the latter getting sweet revenge for their defeat two weeks previous. The line-up:

St. Mary's	Positions.	Xenia
Schoen.....	Forward .....	Adair
Grimes.....	Forward .....	L. Landaker
Schlitzer.....	Center .....	A. Landaker
Biesinger.....	Guard .....	Allen
Hogan.....	Guard .....	Arbogust

Goals from field, Grimes 4, Schlitzer 3, A. Landaker 3, Schoen 1, Biesinger 1. Goals on fouls, Schlitzer 3, A. Landaker 1. Umpires, Pater (S. M. I.), Liggert (X.). Timekeeper, Heithaus.

A. C. ANGEL, '04.



#### ABOUT THE PLAYERS.

Alex. H. Schoen, captain and right forward of the team, greatly displayed his ability of captaining the team, at the same time playing an excellent game at forward.

Edward J. Grimes, the star left forward, was an immense aid to the team at critical moments, and by his great skill managed to throw numerous baskets during the games.

Victor C. Schlitzer, the reliable center, was a heap of strength to the team, not only by his cunningness during the game, but by his general all round playing.

Frank M. Biesinger, the sturdy right guard, although short in stature, easily overcame his opponent during a game.

Charles A. Kenning, the crack left forward, clearly demonstrated that he could fill the vacancy left by Frank Wong Leong. Kenning was always by his man in time of danger.

George Hogan, the useful utility man, in the few games he participated showed wonderful qualities as a player.

Last, but not least, we come to Francis Wong Leong, who was prevented from taking part in any of the games on account of sickness. Last year he was the best player on the team.

A. C. ANGEL, '04.

## SECOND DIVISION.

On Tuesday, March 15th, the Second Division Boarder basket ball team, after going down in defeat twice at the hands of the Day Scholars, took the third game of a series of five by their brilliant all around playing. The Boarders went in with a determination to win, as it was their last chance to capture the championship, and their efforts were rewarded by a neat victory. At the end of the first half the score stood 8 to 1 in favor of the Boarders, and in the second half, by their superior pass work, they secured 10 more tallies, while the Day Scholars,



awakening too late from their nap, scored 8 points, making the score stand 18 to 9 in favor of the Boarders. Topmoeller, Schoen and Timothy secured the points for their side, while Kastl, Pflaum and Timmer did the scoring for the Day Scholars. Seidensticker and Janszen defended the Boarders' basket in a very praiseworthy manner. Umpire Grimes and Referee Biesinger did some fine work. Line-up:

Boarders.	Position.	Day Scholars.
B. Topmoeller (c.).....	Center .....	A. Timmer
W. Schoen.....	right forward .....	B. Kastl
H. Timothy.....	left forward .....	Pflaum
L. Janszen.....	right guard .....	L. Kramer
A. Siedensticker.....	left guard .....	E. Handbuch

Goals from field, Topmoeller 4, Schoen 2, Timothy 1, Kastl 1, Timmer 1. Goals on fouls, Topmoeller 4, Kastl 4, Pflaum 1. Umpire, Ed. Grimes, '04. Referee, F. Biesinger, '04. Timekeeper, Bro. John Bauszer, S. M. Scorers, F. Topmoeller and Wrensberg. Time of halves, 20 minutes.



The Boarders followed up their good work and again defeated the Day Scholars in an exciting game of basket ball on Wednesday, March 15th. The Day Scholars fought like tigers for their game, but despite their great increase of strength by the addition of Dave Kersting, they were forced to yield the victory to the Boarders. At the end of the first half the score stood 3 to 2 in favor of the Boarders, and in the second half they piled up six more points to the Day Scholars' 2. Topmoeller and Timothy secured the points for the Boarders. The Boarders all put up a fine exhibition of the real article and carried off a victory to be proud of. Although the feast of St. Patrick fell only on the next day, the "Irish Brigade," all wearing shamrocks and streamers of green ribbon, under the leadership of "Mickie" Delaney, made the hall ring with their shouts, and were largely responsible for the victory of the Boarders. Umpire Biesinger and Referee Grimes, as usual, did some fine work. The final score was 9 to 4. Line-up:

Boarders.	Position.	Day Scholars.
B. Topmoeller (c.).....	Center.....	D. Kersting (c.)
H. Timothy.....	left forward .....	Pflaum
W. Schoen.....	right forward .....	Kastl
A. Siedensticker.....	left guard .....	Handbuch
L. Janszen.....	right guard .....	Kramer

Goals from field, Topmoeller 1, Timothy 1. Goals on fouls, Topmoeller 5, Kersting 2, Kastl 1, Handbuch 1. Umpire, Beisinger. Referee, Grimes. Timekeeper, Bro. John Bauszer, S. M. Scorer, F. Topmoeller. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

A large crowd assembled in the gym. on Friday afternoon, March 25th, at 4 o'clock, to witness the final game of the series, which was to decide the championship between the Boarders and Day Scholars. By winning this game the Second Division Boarders proved themselves to be, after the Senior team, of course, the champions of the college.

In the first half the Day Scholars set out at a furious pace and secured eleven points to the Boarders' 5. The rooters for the Day Scholars became frantic at this and kept up a constant roar, making it seem as if a den of lions had been turned loose, but the Boarders paid no attention to this and took it coolly, for their time was not yet come. After ten minutes' intermission, the game was resumed, and the Day Scholars took the field, puffing and panting, completely worn out, while their rivals walked out as cool and fresh as at the beginning of the game, and easily walked away with the victory, scoring whenever they pleased. Topmoeller, Schoen, Timothy and Seidensticker secured the points for the Boarders, while for the Day Scholars Kastl, Pflaum, Kersting and Kramer carried off the honors. The score was 17 to 13 in favor of the Boarders. Line-up:

Boarders.	Position.	Day Scholars.
B. Topmoeller (c.).....	Center.....	D. Kersting (c.)
H. Timothy.....	left forward .....	Pflaum
W. Schoen.....	right forward .....	B. Kastl
A. Siedensticker.....	left guard .....	E. Handbuch
L. Janszen.....	right guard .....	L. Kramer

Goals from field, Schoen 3, Timothy 2, Topmoeller 1, Seidensticker 1, Kastl 3, Pflaum 2. Goals on fouls, Topmoeller 2, Schoen 1, Kersting 1, Kramer 1, Kastl 1. Umpire, A. Schoen. Referee, Ed. Grimes. Time-keepers, Bro. John Bauszer, S. M., and Aloys Angel. Scorer, Oscar Wrensborg. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

## WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

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We are always ready and willing to answer all questions of any importance addressed to this department.

1. Someone asks for a good definition, with full explanation, of "Genius."

A genius is a man from whom we learn something which the genius has learned from nobody. When you can do easily what is difficult for others to do, you have talent; if another can do what talent cannot do, he is a genius. I think this explanation full, although not lengthy. If our enquirer is not satisfied, I refer him to Mr. Mol. Hegler.

2. Why does your College paper lack love stories, and why do not your contributors write stories of that order?

In the first place I admit our lack of love stories, and the fact that our writers do not contribute such articles, and secondly, I approve of their action. For why should we write of things of ordinary occurrence, a hashed-up account of a worn-out has-been? Why does the literary standard of today fail to compare with that of the Elizabethian period? Because the market is flooded with the rehashes of the works of such men as Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and a few others. But the college contributor is but a forecast of the future literary talent of the country, and therefore I answer my quizzer that we should walk in safer paths that will tend to raise this literary standard.

---

"Those X Y rhymes are a blot on the author's character." Even so; but these blots are not "second-hand."

---

Can't see why Connors didn't borrow the "author's" stentorian voice, too. You should never do anything by halves, Walter.

---

"You have no right to speak. I think you're mean." O fudge, David!

---

Schoen says he "abhors compliments." It all depends upon the kind, of course.

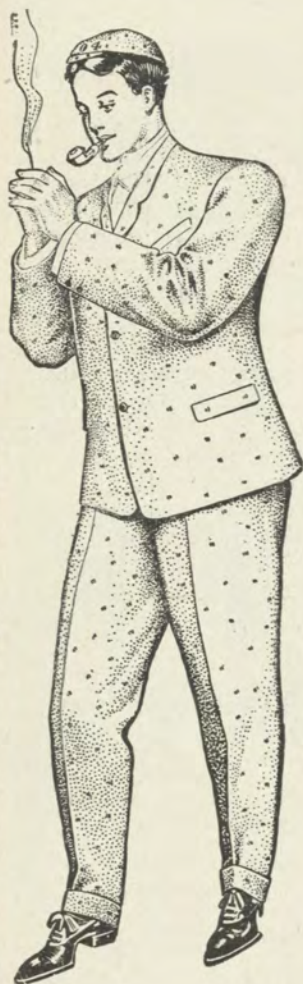
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Doc is thinking seriously of buying up a shoe factory. Don't do it, Doc. We know of some that are shut down.

---

What became of the letter a certain Senior wrote to Jo?





# CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN \$10 and \$15

They're meant for young fellows just like you. You wouldn't look nor feel so well dressed in clothes made over more conservative lines. These suits are extreme in styles --big broad shouldered coats and wide, roomy pants with little peg bottoms, made of lively patterns, too; they are build exactly like the best custom tailor makes a suit--but not his price.

## RIKE'S \$3 Special Hats

You can pay more  
but you won't get more

All the new Spring blocks. Either  
Soft or Stiff Hats.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT

*Rike's*

---

Infants' satin shoes for sale.—A. P.

---

There was a time when it looked as though two Seniors were going to start in the dry goods business. But times have changed.

---

Would that I could see  
Into eternity,  
How different life would be  
Continually.  
Would I the better be?

---

Shorty's latest—"White Rock." Try it.

Student: "This acid is not found in a free state——"

Prof.: "Where is it found?"

Wise One: "Slave state."

---

If you think you have indigestion and must go home, study well the symptoms; it may only be that you are in love.

---

Alas! "The supreme moment is at hand."

---

The recent appearance of a new fire escape suggests numerous plots to the ingenious composer.

---

If "chickens" were "chickens" always,  
The same as in peace and in strife,  
Who would change for Hogan's back-yard  
The joys of his "checkered" life?

---

"Let me see; that fifth number is five fifty——"

Schoen: "No, it ain't; it's 1428."

---

We overheard someone say while consoling a friend, "Don't mind that, there are just as fine fish in the sea as ever were caught." But, by the way, there are quite a few who never even get to the seashore.



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Mineral Water,  
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Seltzer Water and  
Ginger Ale.

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

—AT—

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**DAYTON, OHIO**



---

If a boy would only do as his Professors tell him, what a glorious ante-room this would be to Heaven.

---

You'd think that we had some born carpenters among our "Freshies," to hear them suggest ideas to the workmen when they were building the new grandstand.

---

When you feel lonesome and have a chilly sensation about the heart read the ninety-first Psalm.

---

I'll take mine C. P.

---

If a bushel is unnecessarily large, Jo, we might suggest a tin-cup or thimble.

---

If in each human countenance  
The soul's life were laid bare,  
Those whom we envy now, perchance,  
Might then our pity share.

If in each hard-luck fix, I think  
If others only knew  
How each hard look cuts thro' and thro',  
How different they would do.

---

#### WHAT SOME OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Dutch—That he isn't dead.

Cob.—That the staff artist didn't see him before he drew his picture.

Freshies—That they fail to get all that they deserve in this world.

Shorty—That he had a sore leg.

Doc—That he tried White Rock.

Irish—That Adolpho Martinez 'De La Torre Canvas calls him no harsher name than "chicken."

Mick—That he mislaid Joey's letter.

Chief—That he found Elder & Johnston's.

The Kid—That the pictures are done.

Joe—That mistakes sometimes happen.

Skin—That he is still loved.

W. W. W.—That he lives in a glass house.

Auggie—That he has such "tiny trilbies."

Peter—That he parts his hair on the side.

# JENKINS' GOOD Drug-Store Service

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

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*WAYNE AVE. AND FIFTH*

*THIRD AND TERRY STREETS*

Long's new song: Never let yourself play baseball, or run at all to get a ball—but eat all day.

Some one has a photo. The beauty lies in the shawl.

A student was asked:

"What do you do at college?"

"I sit and dream and dream,

And dream away my knowledge."

P.—"I have settled opinions on this matter."

E.—"Who settled them?"

P.—"My professor."

Mac: "I wouldn't be afraid to die for my country."

Mick: "You can't imagine how much the country would appreciate it, Mack."

"Well, Tommy!"

"That was Mack."

This is a dam.

No, it's the race. Ha! ha!

#### S. K. IN THE LEAGUE.

I have closed my books and covered my pate,  
And thrown my satchel across the gate;  
My school is out for a season of rest,  
And now for the school room I love the best.

My school room lies on a bell field wide,  
Where under the grandstand the sunbeams hide,  
Where the base lines are straight as A, B, C.,  
And the bleachers stand out where all can see.

My lessons are written in strikes and balls,  
Which the umpire heedlessly calls,  
And a bleacherite blows from a secret place  
A few sweet epithets into my face.

My school bell rings at ten minutes to,  
And out we come to practice a few,  
When at once the fans, out of sight,  
Pick out the poor ones to our delight.

My schoolmates, they are all like me,  
As crazy, as crazy, as crazy as can be,  
For they only learn in all the weeks,  
How big a red band will fill their cheeks.



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---

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---

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My teacher the manager, and never yet  
 A lesson of his did I once forget,  
 For wonderful surely it seems to me,  
 Is that purse which I scarcely see.

O come! O come! or we shall be late,  
 And life will have fastened the golden gate;  
 Of all the ball fields of East or West,  
 The school of baseball I love the best.

—X.

---

He who waits for something to turn up will most likely get turned down while waiting. Not so, Doc?

---

Of all the grabbers there are none  
 Like Cob, the big Dutchman.  
 He grabs at sweets and leather-meats,  
 And things it so much fun.  
 "Society," he says, sez he,  
 "Is full of grabbers just like me."

---

#### AT XENIA.

Fair One: "Why, I thought St. Mary's were not allowed to play Rugby?"

Her Companion: "No; but they play basket-ball."

---

Sugar is sweet,  
 Love is sweeter,  
 Revenge is sweetest.

—Beck.

---

Jo (upon seeing "The Kid" and "Socks" scrapping over an absentee's pie): "What shall be rendered to decide the case?"

Brownie (spying the person coming through the door): "A verdict."

---

Beck in Grandstand, when St. Mary's played the Leaguers, three men on base: "Gee! Wish I were pitching."

---

Why does a certain Junior part his hair on the side since the tale of "Peter Butter Once But-In" appeared in the Exponent?



# BOYS' LIGHTER WEIGHT SUITS

Double-Breasted Suits, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00 or \$7.50.

There maybe other Suits at those prices made of just as good all-wool fabrics, but we don't know where they are  
Norfolk Suits, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$10.00.

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Sailor Suits, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$8.00.

There may be other Suits at these prices made of just as good all-wool fabrics, tailored as well, *and that fit as well*, but we don't know where they are.

Youth's Suits, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, up to \$25.00.

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Full many a coin of purest lead and tin,  
The dark unfathomed tills in office bear;  
Full many a "Rube" and Lübbber is taken in  
By gold bricks sold as faultless ware.

---

"When a belt is slack it can't turn a wheel."  
But there are a few Seniors whose wheels turn without belts.

---

Along the "Pike." A Senior in the crowd stops and reads a sign over  
the door of an old Barbarian hut. "Birmingham."

"Well, what's that to you? Move on."

"It's a whole lot to me. See?"

"Who in the dickens are you?"

"I'm Schlitzer."

---

Judge not! The workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy clear eyes a shame,  
In his two eyes may only be  
The sun, shining in the outfield,  
Where thou would'st only faint and yield.

---

Keep plugging! 'tis harder than sleeping it out,  
And dreaming and sighing and waiting throughout;  
They only in degree exams prevail,  
Who daily rise early and never say fail.

---

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And work may haunt a student's nest,  
But joy comes with commencement bright.  
For toil has marked each college day,  
And numbered every "Sophie's" jeer;  
But graduation's age of bliss shall pay  
For all your plugging here.

---

If you find no shoe here that fits you, the writer will be happy to form  
your acquaintance. Of course, the neater the fit the more painful the  
shoe will be.

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