

10-1-1904

The Exponent, October 1904

St. Mary's Institute

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HIS EMINENCE, FRANCIS, CARDINAL SATOLLI.



VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1904

No. 8.

ARISTOTLE'S AND BACON'S CONCEPTION OF SCIENCE CONTRASTED.

ARISTOTLE tells us that to know a thing is to know it in its cause; Bacon in substance tells us the same, "Vere scire est per causas scire." We would imagine from this that the one was the precursor of the other; yet Bacon far from being a disciple of Aristotle's school, becomes a most bitter opponent of the learned philosopher of antiquity.

Cause is very differently interpreted by each of these two writers. Cause, for Aristotle, was a primordial truth serving as a principle of demonstration; a truth because, as Aristotle tells us, "we cannot know that which does not exist." Bacon's cause was a fact, an invariable antecedent, a condition, or a property of a body, such as heat and weight.

Let us see the result of these different interpretations of the word, "cause." Those causes of Aristotle, those truths, as it were innate in us, experienced by all, became the starting point for Aristotle in his philosophical speculations; other causes, those properties of bodies, which Bacon was pleased to term "simple natures," were, for this latter day philosopher, an objective. Hence arose the two methods now followed in scientific research, induction and deduction. Aristotle established science after having found his

causes to be really such by a process of demonstration; Bacon constructed science by a three-fold process, observation, experimentation and induction.

Nor was either wholly ignorant of the methods, now generally ascribed to the other. Aristotle knew induction but held that true science proceeded from cause to effect, and not from effect to cause; Bacon artfully disposes of the process of deduction by one of those brilliant comparisons. "For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit." Bacon's facility of dodging an issue is often remarked, as, on another occasion, when he approached the subject of Theology, he says, "Divinity, or inspired Theology we reserve for the last of all, as the haven and sabbath of all man's contemplation," and then avoids the subject altogether.

Aristotle tells us that "Truth is Being;" Bacon's saying, "Knowledge is power," is the guiding stone of nearly all modern philosophers. Aristotle's researches were prompted by a love of truth; Bacon's speculations were restricted to the sciences he considered useful. Aristotle held that science the most exalted, which was the most disinterested; had the question of which is the greatest science been put to Bacon, he would have probably answered, "the most useful."

Since Aristotle held that "Everything has as much of truth as it has of being," Metaphysics, the science of being, as being, possessed for him absolute truth and induces his naming it, the first philosophy. Bacon was a Positivist, not in name but in fact, and considers Metaphysics but a synthesis of the most general laws of Physics. Similarly, Mathematics, a science highly esteemed by Aristotle, found no place in the inductive method of Bacon and he fails to mention it altogether in his classification of the sciences.

This is a rather cursory summary of the difference between the systems of Aristotle and Bacon. It is claimed against Aristotle that his deductive method retarded the development of the sciences during the Middle Ages, while Bacon's method of experimentation has resulted in the brilliant discoveries of the past two centuries. Aristotle's theory that science should be mainly deductive does not

gainsay the utility of the inductive system as a method of research, and he should not be blamed for the sorry showing of the middle ages any more than Bacon should receive all the credit for the success of a system of which he was not the founder. Aristotle's views have never been proved to be false, while frequent errors are met with in the works of Bacon. And lastly, Bacon in calling for the separation between Faith and Reason showed that Christian Philosophy would find its champion in the pagan philosopher rather than in the Christian man-of-letters.

J. A. PILON, '05

HOME

Of all the joys that wealth may bring
 Of all the greatness of a King,
 Of all the pleasures, poets sing,
 I long for none save home.

The royal gardens may be fair,
 With blushing roses, perfumed air,
 With stately courtiers roaming there;
 But none so sweet as home.

Beloved Italia's sunny shore,
 And France with olive groves of yore,
 May charm the soul, but not mine, For,
 There's none have charms like home.

Though many friends both true and dear
 And faithful ones surround me here,
 When dangers nigh; still many a tear
 I shed for those at home.

ALEX. SCHOEN, '04

THE VALUE OF A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

A HISTORY of philosophy is an exposition of the principal solutions attempted by thinkers in all ages of what may be called the philosophic problem. This problem in its briefest form is embodied in the question, What is the cause, or, what are the causes, of things? The things here referred to are all the facts made known to us by experience. These facts may all be reduced, in final analysis, to two: motion and thought. Motion is made known to us by the senses, and thought, by consciousness.

The value of a history of philosophy has been variously estimated. Several eminent thinkers, Descartes and Malebranche among them, take the extreme view that it is a wholly useless undertaking. At best they consider it a record of the errors of the human mind, curious perhaps but not useful. Descartes in particular professed so great a contempt for the work of all his predecessors in the field of philosophic speculation that he dared to write: "I do not even wish to know whether there were any thinkers before my time."

The other extreme view considers the historical method the only true method of philosophy. This view came into prominence in the course of the last century, during which, according to Renan's statement, there has been a general "substitution of the historical method for the dogmatic method in all studies concerning the human mind." (Pref. to Averroes et l'Averroisme.)

Both of these views are evident exaggerations. To identify philosophy with its history is a most unphilosophical procedure. The proper object of philosophy is the pursuit of truth concerning those realities that transcend experience, and the knowledge of which shall satisfactorily account for all facts. Its supreme aspiration is the discovery of these realities. So thought Aristotle, and Virgil merely voiced the ardent wish of the Stagirite in the immortal line.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas. This knowledge of the causes of things is something more than the knowledge of what

the great thinkers in the course of ages have conjectured to be such; it is a personal knowledge of what these causes really are. We cannot but applaud the scathing satire of Malebranche aimed at those bulky commentators of Aristotle who filled huge tomes with speculations concerning Aristotle's views on the immortality of the soul, without ever giving a thought to a personal inquiry into this most important question in itself.

Descartes once wrote with great appositeness: "There is nothing about which philosophers do not dispute;" and yet, among all the opinions advanced on any question, one alone can be true. Cicero's saying is well known: "Nihil est tam absurdum quod non dictum fuerit ab aliquo philosophorum." There is truth in both these statements, and hence, were we to substitute the history of philosophy for the science of philosophy we would run the risk of destroying completely its scientific validity and of condemning ourselves to total ignorance on the questions that most vitally affect the welfare of the human race. An attitude of doubt in face of philosophic problems is not congenial to any well-formed mind, though Montaigne maintained that he found doubt to be a pleasant pillow on which to rest one's head wearied with the din of philosophic contention. Granting that Montaigne wrote this from personal conviction he could do so only because, as a good Christian, he firmly believed what, as an easy-going philosopher, he lacked the energy to investigate.

The only legitimate inference we can draw from the antagonism of philosophic systems and the incongruity of philosophic opinions is that the history of philosophy cannot take the place of the science of philosophy; but to infer with Descartes that everything in philosophy is doubtful because there is nothing about which philosophers have not at some time or other disputed, is clearly a case of affirming more than one's premises warrant. From the fact that a truth is attacked we cannot infer that it is doubtful.

Aristotle was not disturbed by the fact that truth is so frequently impugned. His usual practice in opening a discussion is to give an account of what has been taught on the subject by previous thinkers. In this practice he was imitated by St. Thomas, who wrote: "We must gather the opinions of our predecessors no matter what these opinions may be. This practice serves a double purpose: whatever of truth we find in these assertions we make our own, and

we seek to avoid the errors into which they fell." This method is certainly correct, for it is much easier to determine the truth or error of another's argument than to make the argument ourselves at first hand. In philosophy, as in everything else criticism is easier than correction. We may clearly perceive the falsity of an opinion without being able to offer a more acceptable substitute. And, moreover, we recognize that it requires a superior intellect to frame some of the faulty theories which the history of philosophy records in such vast number. Aristotle, for instance, is sublime when he mistakingly defines God to be "the thought of thought," and from this definition infers that "it would be unworthy of God to think of other things besides Himself," thus denying divine Providence.

From what precedes one might infer that we advocate a form of eclecticism as a proper method of philosophic inquiry. Though eclecticism, as a system of philosophy, is thoroughly discredited, yet there is something to be said in favor of an eclectic method within the limits assigned by St. Thomas. Descartes maintained that the best distributed thing in the world was common sense, or reason. Now if all men are equally endowed with reason, it is obvious that they are not wholly unfitted to detect among various opinions the one that may be true. Error is surely not due to reason itself, but rather to the influence upon it of such disturbing factors as passion, self-love, inattention, against which we can render it immune. And therefore, by the fact that we are endowed with reason we can distinguish between the true and the false.

The position we have here taken seems to be that of the great eclectics, Reid, Cousin, and Jouffroy, who admit the criterion of common sense in judging of philosophic truth. The validity of this criterion has always been strongly contested, for it seems to imply that every common sense statement is free from error, a conclusion it would be difficult to maintain. The common sense of mankind continually averred that the sun revolved around the earth, until Galileo demonstrated the reverse. In view of this and similar facts, Spinoza, Kant, and Stuart Mill utterly reject the validity of the data of common sense declaring that these data lack all philosophic certitude and can only mislead the inquiring mind. And yet the criterion of common sense has always had its

defenders. Aristotle declared that "it takes a very bold man to deny what all men believe." Cicero considered common belief to be "a manifest proof of truth." St. Thomas and the schoolmen held that there were truths naturally known to men, universally received as truths, and so incontestable as to render all discussion idle with those who claimed they would not admit them. Now we may well ask how it is that eminent thinkers should differ so radically on this subject of common sense.

In all probability this difference of views is caused by failure to differentiate between common sense and common belief.

The common beliefs which claim to be grounded in common sense and have been subsequently shown to be false refer to questions that certainly lie beyond the reach of the mass of men, and can be understood only after serious reflection and study. Moreover, they refer to matters that have no influence on the conduct of man: whether the sun revolve around the earth or the earth around the sun, whether nature abhor a void or not, whether there be no other than white swans,—in what can these and similiar matters make or mar the happiness of man? It is for this reason that the minds of all men are not seriously concerned about them: the number of those who busy themselves in trying to solve them is very small indeed. It is a misnomer to qualify them as common beliefs. And if, for the sake of argument, we grant that they have really been common beliefs we can readily account for their erroneous character by the absence of serious study on the part of the great mass of men who hold them, and by the fact that they have no bearing on the happiness of man.

There is another class of common beliefs which are not subject to the foregoing restrictions. Such are the following: There is a God; There is a spiritual soul distinct from the body; There is a future life; Good is distinct from evil. In the first place, these beliefs are truly common, in the sense at least that there are few men who do not admit them. In the next place, they influence in the highest degree the conduct of man and his happiness. It surely cannot be a matter of indifference for right conduct in life to ignore whether there is such a thing as the distinction between good and evil, or whether, beyond the grave, reward or punishment await us. Lastly, these beliefs do not require for their understanding a great power of reflection, and they are well within the reach of all normal-

ly constituted men. Above all, they harmonize with the inmost desire of the human heart, the desire of happiness. Experience plainly proves to every man that there is no real happiness for him here below, and that no finite being can satisfy the desires of his heart. This explains why the human heart so readily accepts the dogma of a future life and of the existence of a remunerating God. "The soul is naturally Christian," as Tertullian observed. Indeed, when not blinded by passion or corrupted by vice, it promptly accepts those teachings that harmonize with its inmost longings, such as the longing for endless life and unalloyed happiness. Now all these teachings are fundamental dogmas of Christianity and they have been held by all the great thinkers whom the world has honored with the title of philosopher. These beliefs properly constitute what may be termed the common sense or feeling of mankind and not those ancient opinions regarding purely scientific matters, whether astronomical, or physical, or natural, which have been conclusively shown to be false. The criticism justly levelled at the latter do not apply to the former.

May we infer from this discussion that all we need to do in judging the validity of any philosophic doctrine is to examine whether it is attested by common belief or may be made to harmonize with it? By no means: this is precisely what vitiates every form of eclecticism. Philosophy is a science, and as such it must furnish proof or demonstration for every one of its assertions. Now the beliefs grounded in common sense are spontaneous and not reasoned. They have nothing scientific about them. The insufficiency of the argument from common sense is made strikingly apparent when used against men who reason. He who wishes to meet an opponent with any chance of success must use weapons that can reach him, and a philosopher who reasons is not willing to try conclusions with an opponent except by means of scientific argumentation. Though we must suspect the validity of any doctrine that is opposed to common sense, and not let it influence our personal convictions, yet this criterion of common sense, however valuable a guide for one's own mind, is absolutely worthless as a scientific argument.

The rule just stated has its limitations. We cannot scientifically reason out every truth. Aristotle clearly pointed out that, in last analysis, every demonstration rests upon indemonstrable truths. If we trace backward to their fundamentals the truths

on which any demonstration whatever is grounded, we shall be forced, sooner or later, to come to a stop, and the truths at which we stop are indemonstrable principles which all men accept without demonstration even those who deny their validity. "*Quis errat in limine,*" was a saying among the Schoolmen, which might freely be rendered: "Who doubts the first principles of the human mind, such as, Every fact has a sufficient cause; Whatever is, is; The whole is greater than any of its parts?" We may imagine that we doubt these truths, but we cannot think without accepting them at least implicitly. As a matter of fact, they are admitted by all men, and they, therefore, offer common ground on which all who are so inclined may dispute about matters philosophic. If there are any who refuse to meet on this common ground, their challenge cannot be accepted. "*Si quis principia non admittit, cum eo non disputetur.*" The philosopher who rejects these principles is rarely met with.

All those who admit the first principles will be led as the result of a dispassionate study of them to the following rules of philosophic criticism:

(1). Every self-contradictory doctrine is false, for the same thing cannot be and not be at the same time and under the same aspect.

(2). Every insufficient explanation of a fact must be rejected, for every fact must have a sufficient cause. An explanation of the more by the less, of being by non-being, of the unextended by the extended, fails in sufficiency and is idle verbiage.

(3). Every doctrine that conflicts with facts is false. Our mind is so made that it naturally knows the truth of things, otherwise it would be perfectly useless. Now truth is the knowledge of things as they are. Our mind, therefore, must take things as they are and not suppose them to be. If its statements, therefore, are opposed to things as they are, these statements must be rejected as worthless.

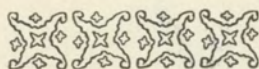
These few rules are direct corollaries of the first principles and hence they are as valid as these principles themselves. We are now in position to reconcile the apparently conflicting assertions cited above relative to common sense.

If by common sense we understand the first principles which are accepted by all minds, its authority is supreme in all philosophic disputes. If we define common sense, to be the aggregate of all those spontaneous beliefs, mainly concerning God, the soul, and

the future life, which are so widely spread among men as to be well-nigh universal, we hold that though they are practically of the greatest moment and value for every individual man, yet they have no scientific value, because they are not reasoned. They force themselves, however upon the notice of scientific investigators as facts calling for explanation, so much so that every philosophic theory that fails to account for them is open to the charge of insufficiency. Lastly, if we identify common sense with the current beliefs regarding natural phenomena, it is obvious that under this aspect it lies wholly outside the domain of philosophy.

The preceding discussion leads us also to conclude, as against Descartes, that philosophy is not necessarily condemned to remain the theatre of never-ending disputes. And even though it were true that there is nothing about which philosophers have not disputed, we are not justified in concluding that everything, in consequence, is doubtful. "Truth shines with a resplendent light," as Aristotle observed, but sometimes the human mind is too weak to face its splendor. Spinoza made the same remark: *Verum index sui*;" truth shines with its own light but this light is not always as evident to us as it is in itself. Our doubts cannot argue against the existence of truth.

H. D.



THE LEAF.

"O dearest little leaf!
What seems to be your grief?"
Said a nervous little twig
To a leaf just twice as big.
The leaf lisped in reply:
"The wind said I must die,
Then he will tear me loose,
Without the least excuse,
And throw me on the ground
And blow me all around;
There many years to stay
And by and by decay."
"That must never, never be,"
Said the twig; "I'll tell the tree."
In fact he really did;
And the tree said: "See here, kid,
When you hear the breeze
Blowing through the near-by trees,
You must hold on very tight;
Get up your pluck and fight."
At this news the leaf grew strong.
Now it wasn't very long
Till the wind began to blow;
And the leaf it said, "Ho so!
Perhaps you'd like to start a fight;
Mr. Wind; if so, to-night
Is the time for you to try;
To tell me such a lie!"
Then the wind said to the leaf:
"If you have so strong a belief
That I told you such a lie,
Then just bid yourself good-bye;
For this very, very night
On which you so much want to fight,
I tell you, though with a sigh,
Tha you're surely going to die."
Now this all was true enough,
And, in not a word, a bluff.
For the leaf it died that night
Neath the pale moon's dismal light.

EDWARD STOECKLEIN, '05.

A STROLL THROUGH THE PARK IN AUTUMN.

AS I passed along the Boulevard, over the withered leaves the sun was high in the heavens, and the clouds kept changing from amber gold to opal and amethyst. The oak wore royal purple, the elm and hickory were flecked with green, the maple was in cloth of scarlet, and the beech was clothed in gold.

A brooding stillness was cast over all, and many an empty nest could be seen where the mother bird had lately warbled her young ones to rest. Over all the face of nature there floated an azure haze, and the hills seemed to fade away like dreams. The ground was strewn with leaves, which had fallen from the tall and mighty monarchs of the forest.

All during the long chill nights the piercing frost had plied its mystic art, and during the days, the golden sun wrought wonders, and the winds had touched the changing leaves with their magic breath, and transformed the landscape into one outburst of gorgeous beauty, blazonry and pomp.

I gathered some of the maple's scarlet leaves that floated and fell at my feet. Deep murmurs came from the trees that were swaying to and fro, and, except for the occasional dropping of nuts, no other sound could be heard to interrupt the stillness and solemnity of the autumnal day.

The beautiful little flowers, that peeped forth at the dawn of spring, are no longer to be seen and many sweet attributes of nature have faded away into slumber, only to be awakened by the calling of the birds next spring, when they shall return from the sunny south, whither they have already sought refuge.

Listen to the moan of the wind, as it goes sweeping past on its endless journey. This, mingled with the shriek of the locomotive, and the sight of nature fading and dying all about us, brings o'er us a feeling of sadness, that makes us feel that not only Nature's life but our own is surely ebbing away into the great boundless sea of eternity.

CLEM B. GRAVES. '06.



CARDINAL SATOLLI LEAVING FAR HILLS FOR MASS AT THE INSTITUTE.

On the left of Cardinal Satolli is Rev. George Meyer, Provincial
of the Brothers of Mary.

THE MARTYRS OF THE TENTH PERSECUTION.

THE centenary of Pope St. Gregory the Great which was celebrated with so much solemnity in Rome last spring, was very appropriately concluded by a solemn commemoration of the numerous martyrs of the tenth and last persecution whose sixteenth centenary also recurs this year. By far the greater number of the readers of the EXPONENT have never seen the Roman catacombs except, perhaps, in the illustrations of Fabiola and will therefore gladly consent to assist in spirit at the most beautiful and touching ceremony just alluded to which was held in the basilica of SS. Nereus and Achilleus above the catacombs of St. Domitilla, situated about a mile south of Rome.

The basilica dates from the fourth century and is built on the model of the ancient Roman basilicas, with the central aisle containing the presbyterium or choir, a rectangular space surrounded by railings, and reaching from the middle of the building to the apsis. When this sanctuary was rediscovered some years ago, in the course of the excavations so ably directed by the well-known de Rossi, the upper part of the walls was badly ruined and the roof had fallen in. After these damages had been repaired the whole interior was arranged so as to give it the aspect it had in former days, and along the walls were disposed the various inscriptions of most interesting nature found in the basilica and the adjacent catacombs.

On the episcopal throne, placed as in all the ancient basilica, behind the altar against the wall, was seated St. Gregory the Great when he pronounced the celebrated homily in honor of SS. Nereus and Achilleus which is read in the breviary on the commemorative feast of the saints, May 12. It was in memory of this that the basilica was chosen for the solemnity as it gave occasion to commemorate simultaneously the great pontiff and the heroes of the tenth persecution.

On the day set apart, April 11, the vast edifice was profusely decorated with palms and flowers, while graceful wreaths of laurel and myrtle encircled the marble pillars. The entrance to the

catacombs was also adorned with garlands and with banners bearing the Constantinian legend: *In hoc signo vinces*.

Besides a large number of low masses, there was a solemn high mass at 10 A.M. celebrated by His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, protector of the Collegium Cultorum Martyrum, an association composed of the priests and laymen, theologians, archaeologists and historians, the object of which is the furtherance of the devotion to the holy martyrs and the preservation of whatever is connected with their memory. At the gospel the deacon read the Latin homily already referred to.

In the evening towards six o'clock, a procession, starting from the basilica, moved through the adjacent catacombs, while singing the Litany of All the Saints. No matter how often you may have visited these holy places, you always experience a deep emotion while passing through these long galleries, the vaults of which still show the marks left by the pickaxes of the ancient fossores, as they cut their way through the soft sandstone. The galleries are sometimes so narrow that only one person can pass at a time, and then again they widen out into crypts or chapels. To right and left there are several ranges of loculi or tombs, which formerly contained, and sometimes, still contain, the precious remains of the martyrs of Christ. Add to the strange aspect of the place, the long line of lights appearing and disappearing in the distance as the procession winds on, and the echoes of the solemn invocations of the saints, and you can almost imagine yourself present at one of those scenes so vividly described by Cardinal Wiseman, in which the early Christians celebrated the triumph of one of their brethren, or prepared themselves for the terrible combat, and you feel yourself nearer to those generous champions of the faith and more moved to invoke them with the utmost fervor and confidence for a share in their invincible fortitude.

Following the invariable custom on these occasions, two addresses were made, one following the morning office, and the other preceding the evening office. These addresses were made by prominent cultores martyrum, the subject treated being the same on both occasions, namely, the martyrs of the Diocletian period, with special reference to those that suffered in the city of Rome. One of the speakers closed with an allusion to the monogram of Constantine, which made a deep impression on all present. "While those

innumerable confessors were suffering and dying," he said, "it seemed impossible to human reason that the cause for which they gave their lives was to triumph so soon and so completely; and yet, but a few years later, and the Cross was triumphant everywhere. In like manner, amidst the attacks made on the Church from all sides, so eloquently described in a recent encyclical, we can truly repeat with Pius X, the words of St. Gregory the Great in the homily "Undique percutimur, undique amaritudinibus replemur." And yet, in the moment chosen by the Almighty, which perchance is almost upon us, the Catholic Church shall rise as strong and as vigorous as ever, even in the countries where she is now most oppressed and dishonored, while her enemies, like the proud and cruel Caesars sixteen centuries ago shall again confirm by the example of their discomfiture the truth of Christ's prophecy: "Portae inferi non praevalerunt adversus eam."

J. W.

IN MEMORIAM.

Grim-visaged Death appeared upon the wave,
 Dark dreary Night abroad at bright mid-day,
 Unnoticed, unobserved, he clutched his prey
 And bore him down into a watery grave.
 Helpless the hands of those who fain would save:
 Death mocked their efforts; powerless to stay
 That demon, who, on his destroying way,
 Sends horror, terror, even to the brave.

Yet in that struggle in the abysmal deep,
 Death loosed his grip and then the spirit fled;
 Now ministering angels watch the raptured sleep
 Of that loved one whom we bemoan as dead.
 The Sower has but claimed His right to reap,
 The servant followed where the Master led.

J. A. PILON, '05.

THE STORY OF THE MARQUIS OF MANTUA

KINGS and mighty lords of the Middle Ages were wont to have near their persons, for the sake of amusement, a jester or court fool. This personage was admitted to membership in the royal household, and was ever on duty, by witticism and buffoonery, to cheer up the heavy hour for his noble master.

A good jester, as you may readily understand, was highly prized at court. He certainly was no fool in the present acceptation of that term; indeed, he must have been a man possessed of extraordinary qualities. He was obliged to entertain the court day after day; to be ever brimful of fun and bubbling over with laughter and song, and that without staling on his hearers, or ever tiring them of his company. His was the fullest license of speech; and he did with impunity tell his hearers, all by way of jest of course but nevertheless, the plainest and at times the most unpleasant truths.

From what we read, these court jesters must have been men of sympathetic disposition, alive to the foibles of their powerful masters, chivalric, tender of heart, and deeply sensitive to the sufferings inflicted by the mighty upon the poor and down-trodden of those days.

Of just such soft-hearted disposition was the Fool at the court of the Marquis of Mantua. He had been the only person to befriend and pity poor imprisoned Vincenzo. Full many a time had he stolen down to the dungeon hold, and smuggled thereinto delicacies for that most unhappy child; and wept with him, given him words of encouragement and advice, promised again and again to do all in his power to procure the lad's release, or, that failing, to assist him to make his escape. He certainly intended to do what he promised; for his plans were well under way at the hour the play opens, when he once more, but for the last time, finds entrance to the child's narrow cell. What his consternation to behold the chains that had shackled the poor boy's innocent limbs, hanging empty against the pillar stone! and there beyond, well towards the middle

of the damp dungeon floor, a little mound of freshly dug-up earth,—Vincenzo's grave! He surmised the worst; and, turning towards a prisoner, who happened to be none other than Ibrahim, father of Gamaliel, he learned that Puglio the jailor, and his vile assistants, had "hanged Vincenzo" there for hours together by the wrists; applied the lash, the knife, the irons, and every hellish device to force the poor child to tell what it did not know; "that, though calling themselves Christians, they had "besmeared with his own blood the cross upon the poor boy's breast, charging him by that same cross to tell the lie against his father Alessandro."

The Fool's grief knew no bounds. His great heart well-nigh burst. He flung himself upon the grave, and lay there sobbing long and loud. Having spent his tears, he rose with the determination, and should he suffer death therefor, to rebuke the Marquis for his cruelty and black ingratitude.

True to this resolve he cut the conscience of his master day after day with gibes such as this:

Fool.

Hast heard,

Good master Marquis, how the serpent did
The baby boy that took the frozen reptile
Unto his innocent bosom, there to thaw
The snaky thing to life again? Hast heard?

Marquis. Tell me, fool.

Fool.

(Sarcatsically, while edging off) Buried its venom'd fang
Deep into the poor child's heart and hissed:
"Thank you, sweet Vincenzo, thank you, thank you."

The countenance of the Marquis would grow livid with rage. At length he undertook to silence his fool, and began by forbidding him the company of Alberto. This was a hard blow to the jester. In fact there was no one, excepting the Marquis himself, who loved Alberto more dearly than did the Fool. He was always so passionately fond of children, and in this instance ready to go to any sacrifice for the well-being of his little lordship. His chivalrous heart was tender to a fault. He felt ill at ease unless within earshot of the boy, listening to the distant ring of his silvery voice, or eliciting the same by singing within Alberto's hearing some snatch of an old-timed sweet-tuned melody. How he envied the privilege enjoyed by Gamaliel, the hateful jew, whom, with the instinct of an all-watchful mother, he suspected too of evil intent. Hear him soliloquise:

"Alberto, I'm denied thy company,
 Because forsooth, thy little lordship would
 Acquire of my clever clownish ways!
 Ye Gods that rule the destinies of men,
 Here be sport to prick your solemn sides
 To everlasting laughs. Ha, ha, ha!--
 Our Marquis yonder gives his pretty boy,
 His golden-haired cherub, his Alberto,
 Over to the mercies of a Jew!--
 To the care and tender courtesies
 Of this gray-eyed Grecian refugee,
 Gamaliel!"

He shadowed the tutor, dogged his every step, and before long
 was rewarded by the discovery of unmistakable evidence of the
 villain's evil purpose. From a safe nook down along the banks of
 the Mincio he espied the fellow's interview with the banditti
 Corbozzi and Cecconi. He now clung to the heels of Gamaliel and
 his accomplices with the tenacity with which a fisherman after large
 game holds on to the harpoon that has struck home in some monster
 of the deep. Thus while hot on the trail of Corbizzi he crosses the
 stage and tells us:

I caught a whale!--
 Quit your laughing!--it's a genuine whale;
 Wot a nursery tale,--
 Ev'y inch of him, whale,
 From the top of his head to the tip of his tail.
 Didn't you see him pass here by?
 Of courst you did! Don't tell me a lie.
 Whoa, there! Master Whale!

And then as if straining against a force that drags him off the stage
 he adds

My throw-line's tugging hard and fast;--
 But I'll hang on to the very last.

(To be continued.)



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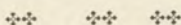
REX EMRICK, '07

Back again! Again we are unpacking our books, rather dust-covered from infrequent usage, and worrying over our lessons, seemingly more difficult than ever. And what an awakening! To be suddenly thrown into the bustle and turmoil of college life after the days of dreamy quiet of vacation! An old crony is shouting something into our ears, while we are attempting to exchange greetings with our class-mates and professors and, all the while one of those unbridled Minims is trying to attract our attention by tugging at our coats and making an awful din with a new whistle. Truly all this is confusing and our head seems to be a perfect Maelstrom but, after we have met all our old associates and the rather backward newcomers, in the silence of the dormitory, we turn our attention to the more serious aspect of college life and the resolutions of that first day at school.

What sentiments crowded upon us as we ascended the Lane that rather misty morning in September and saw the dim outlines of the Institute towering against the leaden grey of the sky! What a wealth of memory did not the sight of our beloved Alma Mater recall; of the dear old Seniors graduated last June and now "making their way" in the world, of victories on campus and forensic plat-

form, and of innumerable other incidents of daily occurrence in college life!

Yet it likewise filled us with a sense of duty, of our obligations to our parents, and of the expectations of our friends. It reminded us of promises to be fulfilled; for we are great braggards at vacation time and while "eating the lotus" under the balmy June sun, frequently assured ourselves of a most successful school year. Roosevelt tells us that "Words are good when backed up by deeds, and only so." Let us then not fail in our obligations to our parents nor disappoint the expectations of our friends, but above all let us not be false in our promises to ourselves. While conscious of the thistles and briars that beset the "flowery paths of knowledge" let us realize that untiring effort will overcome all difficulties and lead us to the goal of success.



On commencement Day, the curtain was dropped on the last act of the class of 1904. Accompanied with a wave of music and song, those laurel crowned actors, the graduates of 1904, bid a fond adieu to their friends and associates of their Alma Mater and forever quit the stage of college life.

Yet the sad words of parting have scarcely died away when new players leap upon that stage, eager to gain the plaudits and honors given their predecessors. These new performers are a large troupe and as they come forward, we observe their faces flushed with excitement and their eyes kindled with enthusiasm. There is no mistaking their earnestness of purpose their determination to succeed. They appear slightly embarrassed as they rehearse their several parts, but they have words of encouragement for one another and an air of self-confidence that augurs well for the future. They promise to act well their part.

And will they do it? They have benefited by a strict discipline and a careful preparation. They have successfully performed minor plays, yet this last drama is so difficult, such a vast undertaking. The audience is critical, while the stage managers and directors, though kind, are exacting. These youthful actors well realize the difficulties before them yet they are impatient to proceed and eagerly await the raising of the curtain for the first act,



CARDINAL SATOLLI AND THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE ON THE N, C, R, FACTORY LAWN.

the convening of classes, Sept. 6. They appear before the curtain in a short prelude and as their banner is raised high above them. they burst forth into song, a song that seems to carry a certain presage of victory.

Lo, our standard in the fight,
With its gorgeous red and white,
Ah, now our motto doth unfold,
"Spes et Labor", engraved in gold.
Bear her boldly to the front,
There we'll stand the battle's brunt,
And 'Beath her folds with hope we'll strive
To gain renown for 1905.

J. A. PILON, '05.





VISIT OF CARDINAL SATOLLI.

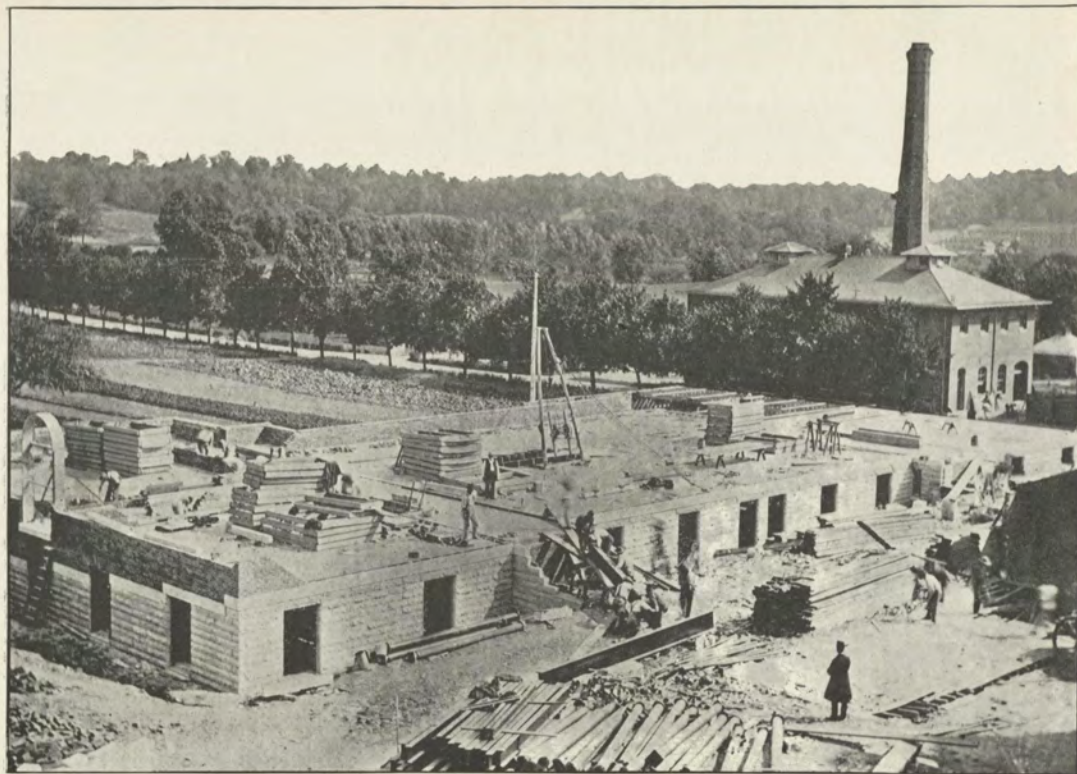
The most prominent event that occurred at the Institute during the vacation was the visit of His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Satolli, on July 8 and 9. His Eminence had come to the city on the special invitation and as the guest of Mr. John H. Patterson, President of the local N. C. R. Works. Accompanying the Cardinal were Rev. Monsignor Dennis O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., the Cardinal's two secretaries, Rev. Guiseppe Marocchi, and Signor Don Giovanni Giontoni, and his cousin Rev. Don Ercole Satolli.

When the special train conveying the Cardinal and his party from St. Louis to Dayton, entered the Union Station, an immense concourse of people had assembled to honor the illustrious visitors. The Cardinal and his party were welcomed by Mr. Robert Patterson, Vice-President of the N. C. R. works and a committee of officers of the N. C. R. and members of the local Catholic Clergy, among the latter being Rev. George Meyer, Rev. Joseph Weckesser, Rev. Augustine Frische, Brother Michael Schleich and Bro. John Kim, representing the Institute.

The Cardinal and his party were the guests of Mr. Patterson at Far Hills, whither they were escorted by all the Catholic societies of Dayton in parade.

Early the following morning the Cardinal and his party were escorted from Far Hills to St. Mary's Institute where they were received with royal welcome.

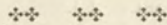
The orchestra and college choir were stationed at the entrance and his eminence was greeted with music at his approach. The entire building was decorated with American and papal flags, and the college orchestra played national airs. The Cardinal proceeded at once to the chapel, where he prepared to celebrate mass. The handsome chapel altars were ablaze with lights, and many red blooms added to the beauty of the scene. Festoons of cardinal and



THE NEW BUILDING. SEPTEMBER 17, 1904

papal colors were draped throughout the chapel and the college choir, gave a magnificent program of music. The chapel was well-filled with members of the community and a large number of people from the city. The Cardinal was assisted at mass by Rev. Joseph Weckesser and Rev. Giontoni, his secretary.

While the Cardinal's mass was being celebrated at the high altar, Rev. Maruchi and Rev. Ercole Satolli each celebrated masses on the side altars. The ceremony was a solemn and impressive one, and one which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Following the mass the cardinal was entertained to breakfast by Rev. George Meyer, provincial of the order, and besides the cardinal's party the guests were Messrs. Robert Patterson, S. J. Patterson, Hugh Chalmers, A. P. Thiele, C. J. Ferneding, and members of the faculty of the Institute. During the breakfast the Institute orchestra rendered a pleasing program. Following the breakfast the cardinal was tendered a formal welcome to St. Mary's by the provincial, Very Rev. George Meyer, to which he responded in a happy manner, telling his audience of the pleasure this visit was to him and praising the splendid work of the brothers. He said he was himself a pupil of the order, as some years since he studied the English language under the Rev. Father Walter, who is at the head of the Brothers College at Rome. He concluded his remarks by giving his apostolic blessing to all the members of the community and the guests. The party then proceeded in carriages to the National Cash Register factories, where, escorted by a committee of the Knights of Columbus, the trip through the factory was made.



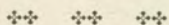
THE NEW BUILDING

Work on the new building is advancing as rapidly as could be expected though not as rapidly as we might wish, considering what discomforts, from cramped quarters we may have to endure if the present phenomenal increase of boarding scholars is maintained. So far we have not yet been unendurably inconvenienced in dining room and sleeping room, though we have reached the limit of the comfortable. The accompanying illustrations from a photograph taken Sept. 17, will show the progress of the work up to date quicker and better than any verbal descriptions.

UNTIMELY DEATHS

We have received notice of the untimely death of two of St. Mary's former students occurring during vacation. The first was that of Mr. Edward C. Haungs, of Hamilton, O., who attended the Institute during the terms from Sept. '88 to June '90. He died very suddenly of a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, on Sunday, July 18. In the early morning he had attended mass at St. Stephen's and received the Sacrament. After breakfast he intended to accompany his parents and brother on a visit to his sister Aloysius Mary, at Notre Dame, Reading. He had hardly gone a block from his home when he was attacked by a coughing spell which was followed by a severe hemorrhage. As quickly as possible he was taken home, but he expired a few moments after reaching the house.

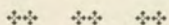
Mr. Haungs was a very exemplary young man and a member of several Catholic Societies. While never robust in health his sudden death came as a very painful surprise to his many friends.



The second death is that of Master Joseph Kurtz, of St. Louis, Mo., who was a student of the Institute from Sept. '01 to June '03, and who was drowned in the Mississippi river at Orchard Farm, across from Grafton, Ill., Sept. 5. He lost his life while trying to rescue a companion William Jansen.

The two boys had taken advantage of the Labor Day to go on a fishing trip to a farm owned by Mr. Kurtz. During the afternoon they went in bathing though neither could swim. Young Jansen got into deep water and called for help. In trying to save his comrade Kurtz also lost his life.

Joseph is well remembered by his comrades still at college as a manly and amiable boy who endeared himself to all who came in contact with him.



BEGINNING THE NEW TERM

On Wednesday, Sept. 7 the scholastic year of 1904-05 was ushered in at St. Mary's Institute. All day long the crowds continued to arrive. Many, happy to return to their dear Alma Mater,

others, joyful and expectant at the thought of beginning a new mode of life.

Since then the stragglers have come in and now the study halls, dining room and dormitories are filled to crowding, while the registers show the largest number ever enrolled at St. Mary's.

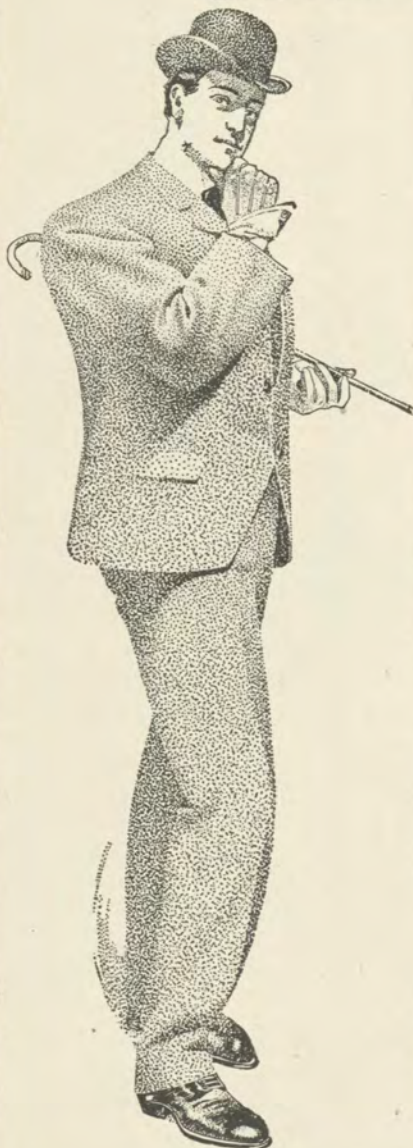
The first few days passed quickly. Students had to be classified into the various divisions; new pupils required examination; text books and stationery had to be secured. These together left little time for homesickness.

At the end of the first week, however, many found themselves thinking continually of home, sweet home. For a large number it was their first appearance at a boarding school and these found everything strange and perplexing, especially that mamma was not near. To all it seems a long time to be separated from loved ones at home. The days however, will pass quickly for those who employ their time as regulated by the Year Book, and "Commencement Day" will bring joy, honor, and premiums.

At present the transition from vacation with all its pleasures and liberties to the school room with its work, order and silence is perhaps severe on human nature. But, by remembering not only that commencement honor is an ample reward for the severest effort, and that education is the most powerful factor for happiness both here and hereafter, we will soon be reconciled to school routine and become inspired to a most faithful discharge of every duty.

DAVID KERSTING '05.

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Our lines of Top Coats and Cravenettes are complete. Come in and see **WHAT IS RIGHT**, whether you wish to buy or not.

Rike's

WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

We also know someone who cannot open his mouth without putting his foot in it.

If wishes were gold bricks, Pete would die a multimillionaire.

Rex:- Why did Clasgens go to the city?

George:- To get a square meal: you know we are nine at table without counting Aloys.

Two rustic visitors:- By gosh, Hen; they 's more folks around here than they 's in our hull town.

Yep; that 's straight.

The saddest words o'er Home or Bell,
Are these two words: Ring off! Farewell!

Who knows the fellow that would rather starve sitting down than walk a block to a free lunch counter?

Religion makes a poor shroud after it has been worn as a cloak.

Did you notice how hungry Adolph looks of late?

In the crowd which was watching the parade stood a farmer and his wife. The pair stared in silent admiration at the gay and stirring spectacle. Suddenly the negro division came into view. All interest left the old man's face, and turning to his wife he said: "Come, Mandy, let's go now; here come the niggers." "Yes;" said an old darky standing near by; "that's what the Spaniards said at San Juan Hill."

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Poets may tell of singing birds;
And bards may sing of lowing herds;
But the gladdest note on hill or dell
Is the welcome tone of the noon-time bell.

Full many a pound of nitro-glycerine,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a bomb is thrown to fall unseen
And waste much money on the Eastern air.

In the sweet bye and bye,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We'll live in a college that's built all new,
With new bed rooms and dining room too,
In the sweet bye and bye.

The next time we're granted a favor we hope it will come in the form of
a good night's rest by the removal of our never-tired mid-night orators
St—ch and P—l to quarters where they can spout their nocturnal eloquence
for each other's benefit.

We have often wondered, P—l, why you spoke so rarely during the day;
but since we're sleeping near you, we know.

Who knows the lad whose appetite
Is never else than stout?
Who knows the boy whose love for Greek
Is famous here about?
Who knows the one who has a bump
For Calculus and French?
Who knows the one whose name we see
On any door or bench?
But, who knows the one whose gift of gab
Is famed from here to Maine;
The one who tells the stories
We love to bear again?
Who knows the one whose sickness is
Beyond all doctor's cure,
Because it comes from laziness,

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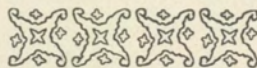
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THIRD AND TERRY STREETS

Of that we are quite sure?
Who knows the one who 's always broke?
Who knows the one that 's close?
Who knows the one at table
That needs a second dose?
Who knows the one, when walking,
Who 's never there on time,
But when we go to dinner
Is always first in line?
Who uses our tobacco,
Our polish and our pipe,
And when we smoke a two for
Who begs us for the snipe?
Who always asks for matches
For tooth-picks and for ink?
Who wears our shoes and stockings,
Who is it do you think?

QUIZ '05.



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