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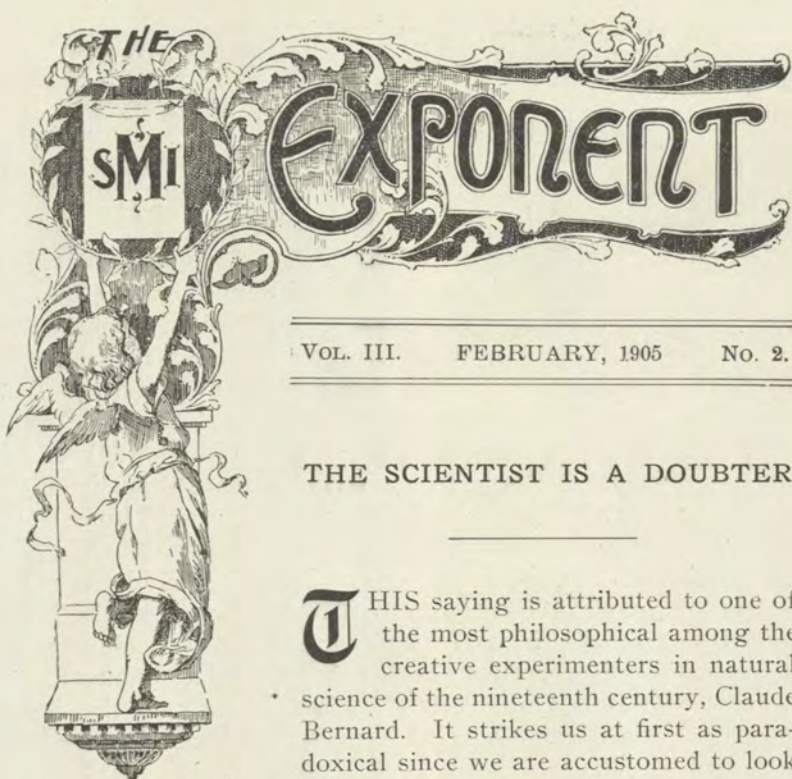
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VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1905 No. 2.

THE SCIENTIST IS A DOUBTER.

THIS saying is attributed to one of the most philosophical among the creative experimenters in natural science of the nineteenth century, Claude Bernard. It strikes us at first as paradoxical since we are accustomed to look upon the scientific attitude of mind as conveying an assurance of the highest kind of certitude.

Had Claude Bernard applied the saying to investigators in the debatable fields of philosophy we could easily grasp his meaning, for in these fields, if anywhere, is the explorer assailed by a tempest of doubts. It is charged against philosophy in general that it makes men visionaries and sceptics, and we must grant that this not unfrequently happens in the case of those who employ faulty methods.

Claude Bernard, however, was a positivist, and positivism, if it may be said to have any virtue, inspires confidence rather than distrust in its methods. In its inquiry, positive science is limited to an investigation of phenomena and their laws, without attempting an explanation of the nature of any of the substances which underlie and sustain these phenomena. As Claude Bernard once tersely put it, it looks upon "the why

of a thing' as "an absurd question," and is "content with trying to answer the how of it." Now positive science professes to be able to reach conclusions that are, in their province, absolutely certain, and hence the saying of Claude Bernard cannot be taken as indicative of the scientist's frame of mind at the close of an investigation, but rather as an attitude which will safeguard his researches in the course of his work.

The limits of positivism are too narrow, and in consequence we are not surprised to find the positivist investigators frequently "out of bounds." Though so determined an opponent of metaphysics, Comte, in his later days, became addicted to the worship of a departed friend in a form that we can characterize by no other name than fetichism; and Spencer, in spite of his profession to the contrary, takes high rank as a metaphysician. Though Bernard tells us that "the why of a thing is an absurd question," he must have asked himself this very question many a time. Nor could he always explain one fact by another, and whenever he did it was only by converting the explanatory fact into a law, a process that is essentially metaphysical. In endeavoring to ascertain the how of a thing he must have been led to formulate numerous theories, and it is very likely that in this work of theory framing Bernard came to realize that every scientist must be a doubter.

The desire to know the truth is innate in man, and it is this desire that prompts scientists to undertake their lengthy, wearisome, and frequently barren researches: with all their efforts and skill they are often unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, and can only advance theories. When several scientists are engaged in work along the same lines, they not unfrequently announce contradictory theories in explanation of the same fact. While examining conflicting theories or attempting to verify one of his own, the scientist is made to realize the vast scope of truth, and the difficulty of finding any criterion that will meet the approval of all. He may be brought to think that all man's knowledge is but a grotesque distortion of the truth, conditioned by each mind's index of refraction. When can we be assured that we know? This doubt will torment the scientist without ceasing, but

while it torments it also stimulates, and this is perhaps its providential mission.

The scientist is a doubter not of ultimate scientific certitude, not in the efficacy of his particular method within its limitations, but in the theories by which he attempts to explain the facts of experience.

J. A. PILON, '05.

THE GARRET.

From off the stage of man's activity,
To aught of use or ornament denied,
Here lie the ruins of Time and wasteful Pride:
Here banished by Dame Fashion's stern decree,
In mouldering heaps the gilded trumpery
Of Wealth and pampered Folly are descried;
And here are seen, where now the moth worms glide,
Robes that once graced high Rank and Royalty.

Behold the end of Luxury and Lust,
And to thy senseless wishes dare say nay;
Ambition's thirst is quickly quenched in dust,
And things most prized soon crumble in decay.
Thus doth the World most justly mock the trust
Of those who own her short and fleeting sway.

J. R. PILON, '05.

A MEDIEVAL SHYLOCK.

THE historian Niebuhr in his History of Rome informs us that "in the sixteenth century we find the role of Shylock played in actual life. It is related that it was a Christian whose infernal hatred for a Jew caused Pope Sixtus V to condemn him."

We give the version of the tale by S. L. Steinheim, at that time a resident of Sorrento, as found in the "Public Instructor." The narrative that follows is a free rendering from the German.

Sixtus V loved to stroll about the streets of Rome toward evening in disguise, and listen to the gossip of the people. On one of these walks he overheard, in the doorway of a convent, the conversation of two beggars, of whom the one, a Roman, related to the other, a stranger, the following:

"You are just in time. Zavella, to whose charity we owe thanks to-day for a soup, has won his suit against a Jew, and to-morrow he will exact justice at the Bocca della Verita. The Jew promised Zavella a pound of flesh nearest his heart in payment of a debt, and as Zavella is in earnest, the forfeit must be paid to-morrow."

Meanwhile Sixtus had approached, and now he interrupted the speaker to ask: "How large is the debt?"

"One thousand sequins, as rumor has it. It's a large sum for a pound of villainous Jew flesh: the best pork sells for six bajocchi."

"And to your thinking, what is the value of a pound of such human flesh?" asked Sixtus.

"Not a single quattrino would I give for it; Zavella doubtlessly either. He does it merely for amusement, to see the Jew cut capers when he begins to carve him alive, and thus give the public a free show as his contribution to the feasts of October. If you want to see the affair, present yourself at the gate of the Ghetto near fonte quattre capi at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Farewell," and the beggar departed.

This tale made a deep impression upon Sixtus. After he had returned to the Vatican and put off his disguise, he summoned the supreme judge of the Rota, the Duke Valerio Zavella. As the duke knelt at his feet in customary homage, Sixtus impatiently bade him rise and report about the death sentence to be carried out upon a Hebrew on the morrow.

"There is no death sentence to be carried out to-morrow," answered the judge. "Without your signature no death sentence may be issued. Perhaps Your Holiness alludes to a simple penalty, a pledged debt which is unsettled and due my nephew, Antonio Zavella, since a month."

"And what, may I ask, is the nature of this debt?"

"My nephew often has queer notions, though he is really a good Christian, and as such an enemy of all enemies of Christ, especially of the residents of the Ghetto. Whenever he has a chance to play a trick on a Jew, he can never let it pass, but looks upon it as a godly work. In this case it is a betrayer of Christ whom he has captured, Shylock by name, an unrepenting sinner. He will not escape without either accepting the faith or yielding a pound of flesh from his breast."

"Infidels," thundered the Pope. "Do you think to spread the kingdom of God on earth in this manner? It is your fiendish pleasure to torture a weak and erring man, and you mean to justify your course by appealing to a fictitious good purpose. Zavella, I command you to nullify the sentence and retract all proceedings taken in this matter."

"Holy Father," said the supreme judge, softly, on bended knee, "there are no proceedings in question. Antonio sent the deed when it came due, and asked the aid of the court. We cannot change the course of justice. A judge may have only the law before his eyes. What would become of your well-ordered reign, of the revived fear of justice, if at pleasure we could alter our decisions? May Your Holiness consider well and not require a departure from the rigid justice you are wont to exact from others."

"You may go," cried the Pope, with impatience. "But remember, O just judge, that there is a juster judge above you."

* * * * *

The sun was setting behind the Janiculum. Sixtus again paced to and fro upon the grand way which Raphael has immortalized with his magic brush. He could not drive from his mind the thought of the cruel scene which the bloody desire of the barons was about to offer the Romans. He directed his steps toward the gate of the Ghetto where the beggar had ordered him to be on the following morning. As he neared the place, dusk was rapidly falling over the city, and the gate was about to be closed and locked for the night. A Jew was hurrying toward it. Sixtus stopped him to learn more about the sad case, and dropped a gold piece into the soldier's hand with the request to let the gate remain open a little longer while he spoke to the Jew. He quickly discovered that the man was Shylock's uncle, and had just been pleading with the judge of the Rota for his nephew. He told how he had begged for a postponement of the execution, since he had hopes of gathering the required one thousand sequins. But the judge was deaf to his appeal; moreover, he told him that at no time could any amount of money redeem the pound of flesh; that he felt sure his nephew Antonio would cut with the utmost care and as gently as possible; that an expert surgeon would be present to bandage the wound; that people seldom died from such wounds. Here the Jew burst into tears.

"Don't lose heart, my good man," said the Pope. "Tell me the story in all its details from the beginning. Perhaps, though I seem but a beggar, I can advise or even help you."

"Oh, that God might send His angel to succor us in this hour of need," sobbed the poor old Jew. "The aid of man will not avail, and there is no more time. With the dawn the bloody work will begin."

"How came it that your nephew made so singular a contract? Your people are usually very cautious in their monetary dealings."

"This is the way it happened," answered the Jew. "Rents and loans to the amount of one thousand sequins are due Antonio from my nephew Shylock. Antonio was a frequent guest of Shylock's, and the two were on very friendly footing. Suddenly Antonio demanded the full payment of the debt.

As Shylock was not in position to pay at once, he asked for more time. This Antonio accorded, but required a security, and as Shylock did not know where to get the security for so large a sum, Antonio suggested, as if playfully, that he pledge in writing a pound of his flesh. Shylock entering into what he thought his friend's playful mood, consented. Now the sly tiger requires the fulfillment with the utmost severity."

"But what can induce Antonio to forego so handsome a sum for vengeance on a one-time friend?" asked Sixtus.

"Antonio," slowly answered the Jew, "has cast eyes upon Shylock's daughter, and Shylock loves his Jessica as the apple of his eye. If he can but have her, Antonio is more than willing to cancel the entire debt, but neither father nor daughter will consent to such disgrace."

"Many thanks for your information," answered Sixtus. "How I wish this bloodthirsty villain would meet his desserts."

While they were speaking night had fallen over the city, and now the soldier threatened to lock the gate if the Jew did not enter at once, and as it meant death for a Jew to be found upon the streets after the angelus, he hastened to comply.

Sixtus sat down upon a stone near by with the hope of getting more news from some other passerby. He had not long to wait, for the gate soon opened to let out two black-robed figures, the one tall and spare, the other smaller and fragile. Outside the gates they stopped. From his hiding place behind a dark projection Sixtus overheard the following:

"Have you effected anything?" asked a man's voice.

"Nothing whatever," came the reply, in a soft, woman's voice. "Haggard and with tear-reddened eyes, she threw herself at my feet, embraced my knees and sobbed: 'Mercy, Pardon for my poor father.' Truly, in this situation I found it hard to remain firm. I tried hard to make her accept your offer, but failed utterly. In return she made every effort to induce me to effect the release of her father on other conditions. She prayed, and begged, and wrung her hands, offering whatever she had except her honor. When she saw the uselessness of her efforts she sprang to her feet like one gone mad, and cried: 'He must then die! Nothing in honor can

save him. But I can die with him.' I shall never venture into that house again, and I advise you to proceed cautiously."

"Cautiously?" he cried, and then laughed aloud. "If all else fails, I shall succeed in at least one thing. To-morrow I will enhance the feast with a spectacle which never has had its equal, not even in the days when Diocletian threw the Christians to the lions. To-day I announced the event by distributing gifts to the poor, that my gratitude for the success that has been mine so far might be manifest. And to-morrow I will arouse the entire city. I will pay back to our Holy Father a debt in his own coin. He thinks with his even-handed justice to trample us all underfoot. But I will show him how justice may be applied and how his weapon may be turned against himself."

They then moved on, and Sixtus lost them in the labyrinth of the streets.

At dawn the next morning a noise of hammering and sawing could be heard upon the piazza Bocca della Verita. Laborers were erecting a scaffold. As the day grew lighter, crowds of idlers gathered in the open space, and the windows of the surrounding houses became choked with the curious.

Presently the gates of the prison opened, and a company of halberdiers issued with the Jew Shylock in their midst, assisted by two compatriots. As the mournful procession passed the main entrance of the Ghetto, the wailing and sobbing that issued from its crowded alleys was heartrending, for Shylock was beloved among his people, a God-fearing and highly esteemed man. And it was no crime that had brought him to this, but the treachery of an enemy who had gained his confidence. The way to the scaffold was short. Gay knights were crowded around it, and Antonio was there with Portia by his side. As Shylock's roving eye caught sight of them while he was mounting the scaffold, his look was one of deep pity rather than of hatred, and his lips moved as if in prayer and not in imprecation. On the platform the executioners lowered his clothes to his hips, while he nerved himself for the ordeal. Then so great a silence fell over all that his prayers were distinctly heard as he called on God for justice.

Suddenly the human mass at the farther edge began to murmur and sway. All heads turned at once in the direction,

and saw a senator on horseback, clothed in black and wearing a gold chain and cross upon his breast. He called to the executioner to halt as the knife was about to strike its victim. Then turning to Antonio, he said: "His Holiness beseeches you, Antonio Zavella, to abandon your demand for justice, and show mercy to this Jew."

"I mean to insist upon my rights," answered Antonio. "His Holiness will be the last one to interfere with the course of justice."

"He does not wish to encroach upon your rights, but asks you to take these one thousand sequins which I here offer, and let justice yield to mercy."

"The debt is overdue, and I have no desire for money."

"I ask you, Antonio Zavella, in the name of His Holiness and for the third time, to remit your claim of flesh from the Jew Shylock, an innocent, and, despite his creed, a good man."

"My determination remains unshaken," cried the baron, haughtily.

"Well, then," said the senator, addressing himself to the people, "there has been found a witness who professes to defend the Jew. He will now come forward." And as he ended he waved his handkerchief.

Then some one was seen to hastily cross the bridge in the direction of the Vatican. Presently the Pope himself appeared on horse, attended by several cardinals. On reaching the scaffold he faced Antonio, and said, in his sonorous voice:

"I am a witness that the man you are about to deliver to the knife is innocent, and bears this disgrace merely because you will not accept his money, but want his daughter instead, and he would rather die than see you put a blot on his name. You are guilty before the law as a Christian desiring to seduce the daughter of a Jew, and as such you incur the penalty of death. You have but an hour to live; make your peace with God. Shylock shall keep his money and be freed at once."

Then Sixtus left the piazza amid the cheers of the people, and concealed himself in the Vatican that he might evade the pleadings he knew would be made in Antonio's behalf. At six o'clock he again rode to the piazza and ordered Antonio's body to be delivered to his relatives. Then he returned, well pleased that justice had been done.

W. G. WANDER, '05.

TO A SPARROW.

Little one, where are your friends?
They are not found on earth.
Literature has many pens,
But all regret your birth.
All nations now have really put
A price upon your head,
And everywhere, to lure your foot,
Some cruel trap is spread.
You're charged with crimes of every kind,
No trial you're allowed;
But still you strive and seem to find
A pleasure free from cloud.
Invite your fate and perish thus,
A victim of man's rage;
Rejoice you are not loved by us
And thrust within a cage.

WARNER KIEFABER, '05.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

When scanning the backward vista of years,
And weighing our heart throbs, our hopes, and our fears;
Those days we called pleasant and those we deemed sad;
Recalling each action, the good and the bad:
The balance should lean to the noble and true,
As angels record more the good that we do.
Let's keep our high standard forever in sight,
And still battle for justice, and honor, and right.
For vict'ry in wrong is far worse than defeat;
And pride in such prowess the direst conceit.
In life's open book we have one single page,
And one little act on life's scenic stage.
When the curtain descends on the drama of fate,
Eternity opens in love or in hate.

CH. KENNING, '05.

CONCERNING MUSIC.

IF all the arts, music is perhaps practiced the most and thought about the least, because its mastery involves time, patience and industry. It has many sides as a science, and produces effects that are both striking and mysterious. It represents pure thought, lofty imagination, and deep learning, and in giving voice to human feelings it uses a language that is often more truthful and effective than speech itself. Were this art blotted out of existence it would indeed be a great and irreparable loss to the human race.

The world requires that music shall suit its various moods and thus contribute to the solace and pleasure of mankind in every phase of life.

Music is either natural or artificial: the latter is the result of forceful effort and not of inspiration, and is not considered as an art.

Natural music is again divided into two classes, the earnest or classical, and the entertaining or popular. Earnest music is deep and often abstruse, and requires a well-directed mental effort to be understood. It is the only music for the real musician, who fails to take to the catchy airs that are always immediately taken up and whistled by the gallery gods. The great majority of men, and even some devotees of music, derive more pleasure from the entertaining kind than from the serious, and if we search for a reason we shall find that the former has a cheering effect, producing a feeling of buoyant joy. A purely entertaining piece of music is never lasting, and none of its kind is ever held up as a standard.

Many lovers of music fail to take to the soft strains of Mendelssohn, or the symphonies of Beethoven, or the rhapsodies of Listz, or the operas of Wagner, because it requires constant practice to play these masterpieces in a correct and natural way. And yet this is the only music that never grows old, that has stood the criticism of time, and shall remain the unapproachable standard for ages to come.

Musical science, in its essence, is much the same as any other; it deals with the discovery of laws, for musical notation constitutes quite an elaborate system that makes it an exact science and a complex art depending on relations of numbers.

Harmony teaches how to form chords and how to listen to them understandingly when played or sung. It is the fundamental part of the science of musical composition. It is known only since the tenth century, when Hubold, a Flemish monk, conceived the idea of introducing a second voice in singing, placed a fifth below the original canto. Its importance in modern music cannot possibly be overestimated.

EDWARD MORITZ, '05.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Lonely and dismal it stands on the street,
A haunt of the bats and a ghostly retreat;
Where phantoms of darkness and shrouded forms meet;
A ban to the worldly and worldly conceit.

The ivy now creeps o'er the portico gray,
Binding the posts that have rotted away.
Like a sepulchre whitened it hides from the day
The substance that moulders and sinks to decay.

A silence like death wraps this mansion of ghosts;
The air breathes the spell of demoniac hosts.
But one thing of beauty the cursed estate boasts:
The evergreen vine that still clings to its posts.

When darkness envelopes this mansion of gloom,
Pale phantoms flit swiftly from room unto room:
Through window and casement the ghostly forms loom:
But with daylight they vanish once more to the tomb.

CH. KENNING, '05.

THE DAISY'S REPLY.

A sweet little flower
That was nursery bred,
Once chided a daisy
For the life that it led:
So common and vulgar
And useless, it said.
But the daisy thus answered
As it tossed its white head.

Out in the weeds and the grass I was born;
I was christened in dew one bright summer's morn.
I am crowned in gold, I am clothed in white,
And I bask all day in the purest sunlight.

My mission is humble, but noble, for I
Grace the haunts of the bee and the gay butterfly.
The poor and neglected are solaced by me:
I know I'm not bred to cheer vanity.

It's true you are pretty; I admit you are sweet,
But your heart is quite cold and full of conceit,
While I in the field reign sweetly and free,
And song birds and children just love to court me.

My comrades, I know, are unpolished and rough,
But their hearts are so kind, and that is enough.
Now, think and repent ere you wither and die:
And good-bye, my proud one, forever good -bye!

CH. FREEMAN, '05.

IN DEFENSE OF THE REPUBLIC.

WHERE the power of the crown supported by the aristocracy governs a nation we find two distinct classes, one basking in the sunshine of wealth, luxury and strength, the other cowering in the shade of ignorance and labor, and society in such country abounds in inequality and wretchedness. But in a republic where power is held in common and the light of intelligence is allowed to illumine the lowliest cottage as well as the loftiest palace, the capacities of all classes are equally cultivated, and the citizens of such country are happy and contented because they recognize the advantages of their condition.

And why is all this? We shall soon see.

In a republic the men who are intrusted with the direction of public affairs are men whose interests are identified and confounded with the interests of the majority of their fellow citizens, and this is the most important factor in the prosperity of a nation. It may be of importance to a nation that the men who govern it, be talented and virtuous, but it is of far greater importance to that nation, that those who govern it have interests, identified and confounded, with the interests of those whom they govern. If this is the case, and it is the case in the republic, all is well. In the aristocracy we find the case reversed. There the public men are swayed by the interests of their own class, and notwithstanding the talents and virtues they may possess, they are led to contribute to the evils which oppress their fellow creatures. To-day in England the House of Commons, which is the voice of the common people, appeals for home rule for Ireland, but the House of Lords refuses to allow the bill to pass, and thus deliberately spurns the petitions which the common people lay at its feet.

Again, the office-holder in the Republic depends upon the will of the people for his power, and common sense will teach us that this same dependency will cause him to cater to the

will of the majority, the source from which all his power springs. But in a monarchy, the men who handle the reins of government may assume a line of conduct altogether opposed to the welfare of the people, and yet remain in power.

Free government forces the people to be self-helpful, since it casts upon their shoulders the mantle of responsibility. It educates them in courage and enterprise, and is, in short, a school of all the manly virtues. Of course, free government is troublesome to its citizens, but are not the people themselves the ones to care for their own happiness? A self-made nation, like a self-made man, will ever be a colossus among its fellows.

Again, the people of a republic are less easily deceived by those who govern them, for since the people govern themselves, they are too well versed in the science of government to let themselves be deceived by those whom they put in power.

In a republic peace is maintained amid change, and the reform of evils is unaccompanied by revolution. Under a free government wrongs can be righted by argument, but in an aristocracy only by violence and revolution. We thus see that the government that is most free is likely to be the most peaceable, orderly and permanent.

The laws of a republic tend to promote the welfare of the greatest number of its citizens, who cannot have an interest opposed to their own advantage. The laws of an aristocracy, on the contrary, tend to place in the hands of a few, the wealth and power of the entire nation, and it is evident that the purpose of a republic in the conduct of its legislation is useful to a greater number of its citizens than that of an aristocracy.

We see, therefore, that the republic is the government which best secures the happiness of the people, and God grant that such a government may always dictate to the "Land of the Brave and the Home of the Free."

W. L. CONNORS, '05.

ODYSSEUS DEFYING THE CYCLOPS.

The following prose and poetry was adapted from the *Odessey*, B. IX., 287-566.

On leaving the country of the Lotus-eaters, and sailing further westward, Odysseus was thrown upon the coast of Sicily, which was inhabited by the Cyclopes, anthropophagous one-eyed giants. With twelve of his companions he entered the cave of Polyphemus, a chief of the Cyclopes. The monster devoured four of the companions of Odysseus; but the Grecian hero, having intoxicated the Cyclops, put out his single eye with a firebrand and escaped. Pursued by Polyphemus, Odysseus, shouting defiance, embarked in his "blue-prowed" boat. The blind Cyclops, directed by the hero's voice, hurled an enormous rock into the sea, by which the vessel of the Greeks was almost swamped. Odysseus, heedless of the danger, continued to taunt the slayer of his companions, until the ship reached the open sea.

To hailing distance borne by oars and sails,
Odysseus thus at the Cyclops rails:

"Thou cruel monster! Zeus and all the gods
Now smite thee with the Furies' rods.
Despising hallowed law, the stranger's blest
And sacred claim, thou didst devour thy guest
On thine own hearth. And now, with justest right,
Olympia's gods thy evil deed requite."

Odysseus thus fanned the raging blast
Of Cyclop's anger. Then the monster cast
A lofty mountain peak, that rushed o'er head
And swiftly 'neath the seething ocean sped.
The Grecian chief again sent words of wrath
To burn the soul of Cyclops: "My hand hath,
Thou cursed of heaven! done this mighty deed,
Because thou didst ill-treat thy guest in need."

"Laertesborn Odysseus thy fate
Hath sealed: The ruler of Ithaca's State,
Destroyer of cities, waster of lands,
This deed hath done with No-Man's wily hands."

Thus spake Odysseus, the haughty chief,
As his swift, blue-prowed boat sailed through the reef.
While Polyphemus, cursing his sad fate,
Hurled maledictions, his revenge to sate.



ULYSSES DEFYING POLYPHEMUS

Hear, O Polyphemus, hear!
Thou brutal giant, transgressing right
Of strange-guest with cruel despite,
Dost thou the wrathful gods not fear?

O hid'ous Cyclops, thou my friends
With friendish relish didst devour;
But thou shalt feel th' avenging pow'r
O Zeus whose rule o'er all extends.

Ha! thou monster, 'twas well thrown,
That mountain-peak, yet did not crash
Our blue-prowed boat, which felt the lash
Of th' angry wave, and surge's foam.

My men entreat me speak no more,
Lest thou again with wondrous might
And surer aim our vessel smite,
And sink us neath the billows' roar.

But gifted with a daring heart
I thee defy, O Cyclops fierce;
I would thy very spirit pierce,
With word of hate like fiery dart.

If mortals e'er desire to know
By whom thou wert deprived of sight,
Then say 'twas Odysseus' might
Which once had laid Troy's chieftains low.

ALBERT HERMAN, '06.



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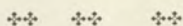
We sometimes hear the plaint that things were better in the college in the good old times, and this, not from boys now grown into men, who hail from those days, but from boys actually among us. They have perhaps heard from their elders during the holidays the story of "the mighty deeds of eld," when there was more vim and enthusiasm, when life was less humdrum and more spiced with incident and escapades than in these colorless, washed-out latter days of prim regularity and unswerving routine.

What estimate shall we take of this view? In the first place, we must discount, and at a ruinous rate, the majority of the tales from other days. But granting that they have a foundation in fact, important enough, when stripped of the growths of error gathered in rolling down the course of these years, to serve as term of comparison, they but prove that the boys of those days had a better understanding and a deeper appreciation of college life than the complainers of to-day, that they entered more enthusiastically into its spirit, and got out of it all they could in healthful enjoyment.

A right-minded college boy accepts conditions as he finds them, and without quarreling overmuch with his surround-

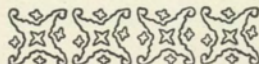
ings he settles down contentedly to live the college boy's life. And if at times, as every healthy boy necessarily will, he gets into trouble, he accepts the expiatory and curative consequence in a manly spirit, acknowledging his fault and more than atoning for it by his docile submission. He has no misplaced longings for the pleasures and amusements of that frivolous part of humanity for whom the sum total of happiness is narrowed down to the cheap pleasures of the theater and their concomitants. He is not like a caged bird beating his wings against the cruel bars that shut him out from the pleasures of the world.

He who wishes to excel in knowledge must be prepared to live laborious days and nights, and forego the trifling amusements of life, those pleasant pastimes invented by men for the purpose of taking their minds from the harrowing reality of an aimless life that knows not duty or responsibility, or any of the higher things for which the Almighty has made us in His own image and likeness. We have a work to do in this world which is neither the gathering of shekels nor the experiencing of all the pleasurable excitements the ingenuity of man has devised by which to lull himself into forgetfulness of his destiny, drown the remorse of neglected duty, and keep back the thought of that grisly spectre who casts his long shadow before him well into the radiant valley of youth.



The spirit of clannishness is always ready to assert itself in any gathering where there is any actual or possible drawing of lines of demarcation or separation. Now there is never any justifiable cause for the manifestation of this spirit in any department of the college, for there is never any conscious discrimination made by those in authority. Interested parties may sometimes put such a construction upon an action or a decision in special cases, but there is never any real foundation in fact for the suspicion. Nor is there any valid reason why any set of boys, in circumstances where boys from several sections must work in harmony for some common end, should ever allow sectional bias to influence their action. All sectional

and factional spirit ought to be merged in the larger college spirit. Disunion spells ruin. The ideal college spirit is a spirit of broad democracy that knows no caste, that puts all on a footing of equality at the start and gives each one a fair field and no favor; a spirit that knits together the souls of young men more firmly than any other human bond. In college life there must be no shibboleths.





THE NEW BUILDING. EAST VIEW

APPEAL TO PROVIDENCE.

(Boetius. Consolt. lib. I, 9.)

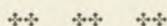
The starry orb, Creator, is thine own:
Seated upon Thy bright eternal throne,
Thou dost by Thine all-ruling power force
The heavens fast to turn in rapid course.
The grand celestial spheres Thy will obey,
Thy mighty laws the changing seasons sway.
No creature from Thine etern'l statutes freed
Dares leave the work Thou hast for it decreed.
Thou guidest all to a determined end,
The will of man alone Thou dost not bend:
For, why does fickle Fortune hold her sway?
And why do mortals her, not Thee, obey?
The penalty of crime afflicts the just,
The good by Fate are trampled in the dust;
Perverseness sits upon the royal chair,
In darkness sad lies hidden Virtue fair.
God-fearing mortals and defenceless saints
The crimes of sinners bear without complaints
In colors false base Perjury and Fraud
Condemn the just, and wicked men applaud.
The angered Rabble overthrow the sway
Of kings whom it had feared but yesterday.
Who'er Thou art, that guidest all events,
Behold what aspect dim this world presents!
We men, Thy grand creation's masterpiece,
Have ne'er from unjust Fortune rest or cease.
Thou, Mighty Lord, the billows' rage allay!
And, as Thou rulest heaven's vast array,
So render firm this world, we Thee implore,
And calm to trouble seas of Fate restore!

F. K. LOW, '06.



Impromptu Remarks.

The unfailing success of these semi-annual banquets of the Alumni from Chicago, which have now been held these many years, is a remarkable object lesson of their value, for it must be presumed that the unabating regularity and enthusiasm of these banquets is evidence that they admirably serve their purpose of cementing the bonds of union among the graduates of St. Mary's whose home is the great metropolis of the West.

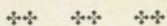


An interesting meeting of the alumni of St. Mary's Institute was held Wednesday evening, January 11, at the home of the president, Harry Rechsteiner, in Oakwood, and some matters of importance were discussed. It was decided to admit as honorary members all those who had received their education from the Brothers at St. Mary's Institute before 1885, which was the first year when graduating honors and diplomas were conferred upon pupils finishing a prescribed course. This will admit a great many men to membership in the Alumni, and is a fair deal to them as well as to the Brothers of Mary, who have had more than 4,000 pupils at their institute before 1885. Many of these finished the course they had engaged to take, and the members of the Alumni feel that these men should enjoy the pleasures and benefits of the Alumni Association as well as those who have received the graduating honors of the institute. By this action the membership will be largely increased.

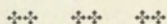
Rev. Louis Tragesser was a guest of honor at the meeting. An invitation was received and read from the banquet to be given by the Chicago members of the Alumni at Chicago.

Following the business meeting a social hour was spent, which included songs by Joseph Murphy, and readings by Joseph Abel, besides many selections on the pianola, and an elegant luncheon was served.

Morgan L. Trainer, of Greenville, was present, and those from Dayton included L. W. Kramer, Charles Wetzel, Emmet Sweetman, E. J. Stoecklein, J. A. Hoban, C. J. Gochoel, Rudolph Schneble, C. P. Kramer, Dr. L. E. Bucher, Bernard Focke, Jr., Joe Murphy, Clarence Roemer, L. Edgar Orendorf, W. H. McGrath, Joseph Abel, and others.



We are happy to announce the complete recovery of Mr. Edward A. Blumenthal, '03, from a long siege of appendicitis. Mr. Blumenthal is still a student in the electrical engineering department of Armour's Institute.



An invitation card brought us notice of the marriage of Mr. Joseph G. Weber, '98, to Miss Mary E. Geis, of Covington, on January 16.





First Division.

The New Year has dawned upon a new horizon of athletics at old St. Mary's. We passed from a disastrous baseball season, last autumn, to basket-ball, and our fast five has yet to taste bitter defeat. The boys have just returned from Christmas vacation, and are now engaged every evening practicing for the game with Corona, at the Dayton View gym, January 18. Games have also been engaged with Tippecanoe, and perhaps we may meet Piqua and Xenia before spring calls us back to the diamond.

A game was played with the second team Friday, January 13, resulting in a defeat for the second team by a score of 45 to 2. The first team ran up a big score through the good work of Hogan and Kersting. The teams lined up as follows:

St. Mary's.	Position.	Second Team.
Kenning.....	R. For.....	L. Janszen
Hogan.....	L. For.....	H. Janszen
Kersting	C.....	Mahoney
Cronan.....	R. Guard.....	Sugita
Pflaum.....	L. Guard.....	Graves

A re-election of Athletic Association officers will be held the last Thursday in January. At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Thursday, January 12, a captain of the second basket-ball team was elected in the person of A. Miller. Just now he is laid up with a sore foot, his place being filled by the quick little Jap, Sugita. Outside of basket-ball, little can be done, except to coast and skate.

Day Scholar Notes.

The Senior five line up as follows: R. F., Pflaum; L. F., Cronan; C., Kersting; R. G., Hanauer; L. G., Hanbush. A game is to be played with the Junior team, Monday, January 16. At present Junior athletics are in a bad way. The two Janszens and Zuber being promoted to the First Division, weakens all their teams. In Varley and Whalen are two coming stars in the Day Scholar ranks. Solimano is also a fast youngster. Among the Seniors, only one player is a comer, and he is John Decker. Jimmy Oakley will again lead the Mimims to victory.

JOE CRONAN, '05.

In an interesting game, Friday, January 13, replete with startling plays and great team work, the S. M. I. basket-ball team defeated the Corona Club by a score of 28 to 10. While both teams played an excellent article of basket-ball, the effective team work of the St. Mary's lads told in the end. . .

For the winning team the work of Hogan was of the star order. In passing, goal throwing and dribbling, combined with his magnificent defensive play, his work has seldom been equalled. Kersting for the same team was also roundly applauded, and showed form, indicating that he is one of the very best men in Southern Ohio. Allison and Freshour, for the losing team, showed remarkable ability, and it was due to their great work in part that the resulting score did not show a greater margin against the Corona boys.

The crack S. M. I. basket-ball team added another big victory to its list of this season when it defeated the fast little team from Tip-Tip-Tippecanoe by a score of 34 to 22, at the S. M. I. gymnasium, Wednesday night, January 18.

The game was hotly contested from start to finish. There were many goals thrown, but all of them were difficult, and both sides made sensational throws.

The magnificent passing of the S. M. I. boys and their team work was again given a masterly exhibition, and it was practically on these two points that they won. The visitors were every bit as fast on their feet, if not faster, than the Institute team, but when it came to passing the ball when they had gained possession of it, and putting team work into good use, they failed utterly.

The Tippecanoe team is composed of small men. There is not a member of the team who can probably touch the five-foot mark. The lads are all husky, however, and play a strong game.

The great fault with their playing is that they have yet to wear off the rough and rural edges of their style. They have yet to acquire the finer points. They possess all but the coat of varnish. That added, a better playing team could hardly be imagined.

Topmoeller and Kenning divided honors on the S. M. I. team, the former making fourteen and the latter thirteen points.

A rally in the last half made Tip's followers fill with hope, and it looked for a while as though the score would be tied, but the S. M. I. boys took a spurt and won out.

The score:

S. M. I.—Hogan, R. F., 14; Kersting, C., 6; Topmoeller, 14; Schoen, L. G.; Kenning, R. G. Total score, 34.

Tippecanoe—Smith, R. F., 6; Cushawaa, L. F., 2; Westfall, C., 12; Ederwille, R. G., 2; Potts, L. G. Total score, 22.

Fouls—S. M. I., 13; Tippecanoe, 16. Westfall caged six free throws for Tip, and Hogan the same number of S. M. I.

Referee and umpire, Miller and Matthews. Timers, Freeman and Sewall. Scorer, E. Schaefer. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Second Division.

Thursday, January 12, opened the basket-ball season for the Second Division.

The boys are the proud supporters of a league composed of six teams, made up of players most all of whom have had some experience in the game.

Following is a list of the different teams and their captains: Excelsiors, Captain P. McKenny; Superbs, Captain W. Stacey; Sports, Captain G. House; Models, Captain W. Peak; Leaders, Captain F. Steck; Invincibles, Captain G. Herron.

Excitement was at a high pitch, Thursday at 12:45, when the first and second contesting teams went through a little warming up practice.

Play was called promptly at 1 P. M., and the Excelsiors and Invincibles were "at it" in earnest. After a fifteen-minute half of sharp playing time was called, and in a few moments another struggle was being enacted between House's Sports and Stacey's Superbs. About twenty minutes of fast ball, the first half was ended, and the Excelsiors were again battling with the Invincibles. All eyes were upon the two teams, as the score stood 6 to 6, and an interesting game was expected.

By clever team work and good passing, the Excelsiors won the game on a pretty field goal by Carrol, who is an old star and a good shot.

The whistle blew, and on came the Sports and Superbs with renewed strength and ready to "shed their last drop" in order to win. The game was fast and well played, very few fouls being called on either side. But fate seemed to be against the Sports, for our fat friend, Leo Hergen, who is an excellent shot, threw two difficult goals.

The final score was 10 to 5 in favor of the Superbs.

N. J. QUIGLEY, '08.

Third Division.

There was an unusually large attendance at the basket-ball game Monday evening, January 16, in the gymnasium of the St. Mary's Institute, and the event proved decidedly enjoyable. The opposing teams were the Mimim Stars, from the Third Division boarders, and the Dayton Champions, composed of the day scholars from the same division. The event was the feature of the week in the gymnasium of the Institute, and attracted a large audience from this city. The game was a splendid one, although from the first the Minim Stars were credited with the victory owing to their indomitable spirit.

The score was 21 to 6 in favor of the Stars. The game was enthusiastically cheered throughout, and the Stars were goaded on to victory by the plaudits of their friends in the audience.

Captain James Oakley, of the Stars, played a splendid game, giving one fine field throw and making five points from foul line.

Louis Bernard marked up three difficult field baskets to his credit, and Eddie Janszen, as right guard, gave an excellent exhibition of spirited metal by breaking up the pass work of his opponents, and assisted materially in winning the game.

William O'Conner, of the Champions, played an unusually good game, and won four of the six points made. The playing was splendid throughout, and the game was decidedly enjoyable.

The line-up was as follows:

Mimim Stars—Oakley, Right Forward; Janszen, Right Guard; Bernard, Center Guard; Vonder Hoya, Left Forward; Boll, Center.

Dayton Champions—Schnable, Right Forward; Theis, Right Guard; O'Conner, Left Guard; Kinzler, Left Forward; Finke, Center.

Referee, Rex Emerick. Umpire, C. Kenning. Time keeper, Patrick McKenny. Score marker, Heile.

THE SNOW STORM.

The snow which fell throughout the night,
Had clothed the leafless trees in white;
And o'er the dreary earth it spread
A glist'ning robe, a downy bed.

Like warning ghosts beside the wood,
Bleak sentinels the fence posts stood;
Along the road the drift was heaped,
And from the trees the snow-birds peeped.

Upon the cottage roofs at morn,
A mantle fair gleamed through the storm;
Upon the windows nature's hand
Had traced weird scenes of fairyland.

All day and night the storm raged on,
High towered the silv'ry crests; by dawn
All things in snow-white garments lie,
Paternally watched by God on high.

CH. WHALEN, '07.



THE WORLD IS LOOKING FOR YOUNG MEN—Bright, Brainy Fellows. St. Mary's is training the mind—GRAVES & MEADE, the Smart Suits, Overcoats and Cravennettes—the necessary companion of a bright mind. So just take the Elevator.

GRAVES & MEADE
THE ARCADE CLOTHIERS

WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

He: "I wish that I were Santa Claus,
My heart I'd give to you, dear."

She: "I wish that you were Christmas, too.
You'd come but once a year."

Mick—I planned my house out of my own head.

Mac—I did not know that yours was a wooden dwelling.

Pilon's latest poem, He crawled under the sink with the rest of the pipes.

One of Charlie's correspondents is a sign painter.

George: "What is your idea of a quiet life?"

Charles: "A deaf and dumb couple living in Dayton."

Senior Science defines an optimist as a person who does not care what happens so long as it does not happen to him.

Advice is about the only thing that many of us part with freely.

Paul: "There once was a man who would rather be right than president."

Gus: "Oh, yes; I believe I did read of one such in ancient history."

"Was his death sudden and unexpected?"

"It was sudden but not unexpected, for his wife had but recently graduated from a cooking school."



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YOU KNOW how much importance attaches itself to correct, tasteful furnishing. We are showing a splendid new line of Neckwear, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Etc., and all so Reasonably Priced.

Rike's

Cy Spruceby limped into the village P. O. "Well," said the P. M., "pears like you're hurt, Cy?"

"Yes," answered Cy; "I was knocked down by one of them electric cars."

"Why don't you claim damages?"

"Well," said Cy, filling his venerable corn cob, "I'd hardly ask for more damage than I've got, but I think I'll make a claim for repairs."

"Gentlemen, you twit me on having turned my coat. Years ago I supported your policy. Then I had a reason for so doing. Now, I've lost my reason." And he wondered greatly at the deafening smile that pervaded the convention.

A beautiful lady from Lynn
Bought a wonderful salve for her skin;
She put on the dope
And now lives in hope
That the freckles won't come back again.

A fat little lad from Dill,
Once took an obesity pill;
And his avoirdupois,
To his not great joy,
Now keeps on growing still.

A fellow whose name starts with E,
Once tried hard to get a degree;
He got fifty per cent.,
And now his comment
Is, I tried hard, but, oh! just see.

Another got thirsty one night;
He arose without striking a light.
He reached for the wine;
But it proved gasoline.
And the face then he made was a sight.

I.

"There's plenty of work for this morning," she cried;
"There's baking and scrubbing and sweeping beside."
But she went at the baking with laughter and song,
And she said, as she finished, "That didn't take long."

JENKINS' GOOD Drug-Store Service

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

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

JENKINS' Three Drug Stores

*FIFTH AND LUDLOW STREETS
WAYNE AVE. AND FIFTH
THIRD AND TERRY STREETS*

II.

And then to the scrubbing—and how she did scrub;
The boards were like snow when they got their last rub.
Her hands were so neat and her arms were so strong;
And she said as she finished, "That didn't take long."

III.

And then to the sweeping—she made the dust fly;
She looked at her work with a critical eye,
And yet all the time she kept humming a song,
And when she reached the last verse, "That didn't take long."

IV.

The dinner was all over, the work was all done,
"And now for that errand," she said, "I must run;
Six o'clock comes so soon and the days are not long."
And off she went humming a verse of that song.

V.

The road she'd to travel was as straight 'as a die,
And she knew every step and she just meant to fly;
But she met an acquaintance down there by the stile,
And somehow that errand took a very long while.

JOHN MALINSKI, '05.



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and Electric Fixtures.
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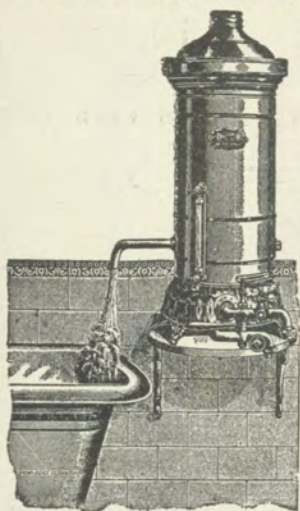
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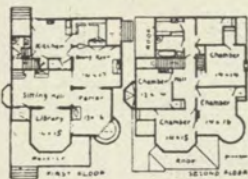
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AT THE LOWEST PRICES

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Three Styles
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recommendation.

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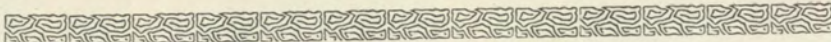
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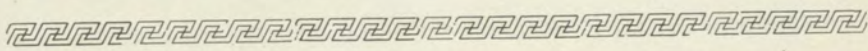
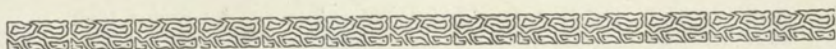
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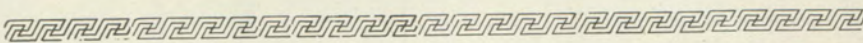
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