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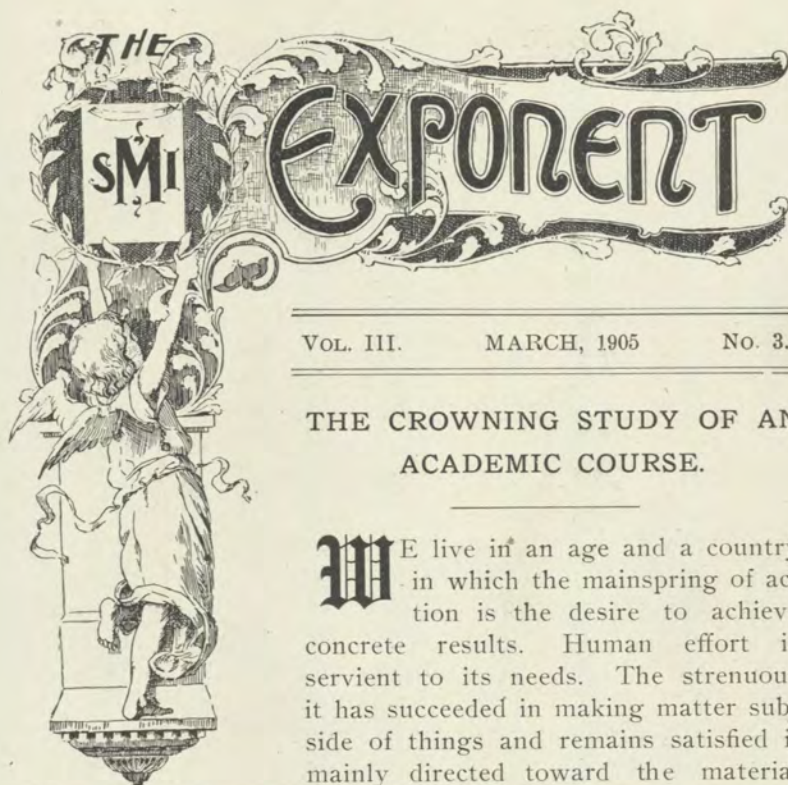
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THE CROWNING STUDY OF AN ACADEMIC COURSE.

WE live in an age and a country in which the mainspring of action is the desire to achieve concrete results. Human effort is servient to its needs. The strenuous it has succeeded in making matter subside of things and remains satisfied if mainly directed toward the material life, even in its more refined aspects, emphasizes only tangible and immediate results. Meanwhile the truly humanizing influences are more and more neglected and, as a result, while we are growing in brute force and material wealth, we are declining in greatness of soul and moral rectitude.

This materializing spirit has found its way even into academic circles and courses of study are modified accordingly. We now give prominence to studies that issue in concrete achievement to the extent that we look upon all studies which have not for immediate purpose to teach us how to do things in the concrete, as merely ornamental. However well it be that the demands of practical studies be properly recognized, there is danger that they may be given more than their due consideration. While fostering scientific training with its purpose of immediate utility, it will not do to curtail that

higher training which by its decisive influence on the principles of thought and feeling, issues in a distinct power of action, both intellectual and moral. Now it is only on philosophy placed as the crowning study at the end of the scientific and literary courses that we can look to impart this higher training.

And first of all, philosophy is not exclusive of, nor inimical to purely scientific work. Philosophy will give the student in science a better understanding and a higher esteem for his work. This work is usually limited to the acquisition of the results of scientific research without any but the most incidental reference to the labor involved in this research. Philosophy makes a special study of the methods of scientific inquiry, and by so doing brings the student in close touch with the actual work of the laboratory, for, it must be remembered that philosophy does not invent these methods nor impose them upon workers in pure science, but rather has received them directly from the hands of their inventors, the great creators of modern science. No mind can follow the cautious, critical methods of mathematical and experimental inquiry, so free from bias, so persistent in face of repeated insuccess, so immaculate of sordid consideration, without acquiring, along with added respect for modern science, a truer sense of its value, and a beginning at least of those qualities, mental and moral, that stamp the great scientific geniuses as the peerless among men. In Kepler, the student will observe and admire the value of indomitable perseverance; in Newton, an almost sacred regard for truth; in Pasteur, the nobility of the purest philanthropy.

In the next place, philosophy will act as a corrective of a peculiar bias which the exclusive pursuit of positive science is very apt to produce. Long familiarity with the rigorously exact processes of the mathematics, pure and applied, gives one the feeling of what is proved and what is not proved, a feeling possessed by but few, and yet the most indispensable guarantee of human thought against the danger of self-delusion. But in this feeling itself there lurks a quite peculiar danger, that, namely, of rejecting as unworthy of credence whatever does not admit of exact demonstration, and thus re-

fusing to accept the validity of hypotheses and probabilities. The problems of life present too few data to allow of anything more than approximate volutions, and even these, at best are but provisional. The science of life cannot be made mathematical. And, therefore, while maintaining an ideal standard of evidence and proof for the guidance of one's own mental life, we must know how to lessen its demands in the concerns of practical life. By so doing we need not fear that we shall be yielding to chance or caprice. The fuller knowledge of life requires that we learn how to sharpen our perception of evanescent truths, how to seize in passing the faint suggestions by which they make known their existence without allowing ourselves to lose patience at the tantalizing way they have of always remaining a little beyond our reach. In this way we acquire "the great art of scientific conjecture, superior, in some respect, to scientific discovery and demonstration, since in it is contained the art of living."

Can this discipline, with all its advantages, be practically applied to young minds? If we except the purely metaphysical problems, philosophy lies more completely within the scope of the youthful intellect than any other moral science. The greatest thinker of antiquity, Socrates, himself a self-taught philosopher, was firmly convinced that the most ordinary man was capable of profitably engaging in the discussion of the highest philosophic truths if properly taken in hand, and he uniformly acted on this conviction with a success which history sufficiently attests. He grounded himself on the fact that the highest truths of philosophy lie within the consciousness of every normal person, since they are all embraced in the knowledge of one's self. There is no fact among all that are referred to or discussed in the teaching of philosophy that has not come within the range of every student's conscious experience or that has not been reflected back upon him from the conscious lives that surround him, or that he has not come across innumerable times in his readings, or heard discussed in his presence. Philosophy does not induct the student into unknown regions where conditions of life obtain wholly unlike those to which he is accustomed, but rather unseals his inner eye to the right-

ful interpretation of the life he has been actually living since the dawn of his reason. He is already in possession of a natural psychology, a natural logic and a natural ethics when he enters upon the study of the philosophy of the schools, and his formal training will merely put into his hands the great instruments of scientific analysis and synthesis which will enable him to transform his incoherent natural philosophy into a well-ordered and consistent scientific philosophy.

Moreover, the possession of a working fund of philosophic facts enables the student at every stage of his training to submit the principles and rules he is taught to the test of experimental verification. No other moral science offers this advantage. In the study of history or literature, the student is forced by the extraneous nature of the subjects to maintain an attitude of passive receptivity. His conscious experience furnishes him no data with which to make a pregnant comparison, or upon which to base a stimulating criticism. In the study of philosophy, however, the student can always actively co-operate with his instructor at every step, and thus become initiated in the art of discussion. The critical spirit, than which there is none more useful in life, is early developed, not on its carping and destructive sides, but on that which is most helpfully conducive to the acquisition of truth. No intellectual atmosphere is more bracing than this, none better adapted to the rapid and healthy growth of thought.

RALPH MARSDDEN, '05.

WAITING.

A golden-haired child stood down by the gate,
Anxiously waiting, for papa was late.
Her wistful blue eyes were strained down the street,
Her ears opened wide for the sound of his feet:
For the footsteps of papa she knew them so well,
But where papa was now perhaps no one could tell.

The time of his coming had long ago passed;
The smile from her features had flitted at last:
It gave place to a frown, and then to a look
Which told that her nature no crossing could brook.
She ran to the house and straight to the phone;
She took the receiver and called all alone.

"Hello! Is this Central? I want papa's store;
I'm getting so lonesome I can't wait no more.
He always comes home exactly at five,
And I can't understand why he doesn't arrive.
Oh, please tell him, will you, to hurry right here,
If he hasn't been hurted, as he has now, I fear."

With a cry and a shriek she leapt from the chair,
For the footsteps she heard told that papa was there.
The frown disappeared like a cloud from the sky:
And she kissed him and made him just tell how and why
He happened to come home that evening so late,
And thus cruelly and heartlessly made her to wait.

CH. KENNING, '05.

THE WAIF.

IT was a cold, clear night of bleak December, in the city of Philadelphia. Outside the moon shone brightly through the spectral trees upon the snow, while the smoke from the long row of houses rose in beautiful spirals high in the air. Within a comfortable mansion, situated somewhat apart from the rest of the dwellings on Fairmont Avenue, sat Wilbur Hammond, idly gazing at the dying embers of the fire within the grate. There was not a single light in the room, but the occasional crackling of the ruddy embers on the hearth sent out fitful glares, revealing a splendidly equipped library. How long that solitary occupant had sat there it was impossible to say, but after shaking the ashes from his pipe into the fireplace, he arose and walked toward an adjoining bed chamber. Cautiously opening the door which separated that room from the library, he approached the large brass bed on tip-toe and slowly bent over the form of his sleeping wife. He kept his gaze fixed on her for a few moments, and then turned his eyes to his infant babe lying in a crib near by. At the sight of these two objects of tender affection enrapt in peaceful slumber, he allowed a deep sigh to escape him, stooped down and kissed the lily white hand of his wife and then retired.

It must have been six in the morning of the next day when he was suddenly aroused by loud cries at the front door, and, rushing out, found his wife in a hysterical condition on his porch. Seizing her in his arms, he carried her to her room, where he first spent a few moments in attempting to calm her, and then summoned the maid-servant and the doctor.

Alone in the room with his wife now crying and laughing in turns, he tried to choke down the sickening thoughts of the present by convoking the pleasant memories of the past. He recalled the days of his courtship and marriage, and those three short years of his wedded life, during which time life had

seemed all sunshine and happiness. But the images of the past only intensified his present anguish. To gaze at that creature there before him with disheveled hair and wildly glaring eye-balls, and then to think of the beautiful and accomplished woman he was so proud to call wife was enough to make a far stronger man than Wilbur Hammond quake, and he wondered if he could ever again love her as in the more happy days. How much he had endured during the past three months! To care for a half distraught woman for so long a period before child-birth, only to find that, after her release from confinement, her condition was worse than ever, had been his unhappy lot. But, thank Heaven, he had the sweetest little baby boy in the land, and a smile forced its way across his features in spite of the tear-stained eyes and the heavy sobs. Instinctively he looked at the crib, thinking to be calmed and encouraged by that tender infant face half concealed in the pillow. But, great God! could his eyes deceive him! the child was gone!

The doctor and maid-servant upon entering found Mrs. Hammond in a very critical condition, with her mind temporarily deranged, while Mr. Hammond was bending over the crib with his face buried in the folds of bed-clothing. The doctor, who had had charge of Mrs. Hammond's case from the first seemed to realize the situation at a glance, and despatching the girl to search the premises for the missing babe, he turned his attention to the two sufferers. Mr. Hammond soon regained control of himself, but his wife, after a wild outburst of alternate laughing and crying, lapsed into unconsciousness, and the veteran physician shook his head sadly as he gazed upon her. There seemed but little hope for her recovery, and none at all that she would ever obtain possession of her mental faculties. And there stood the husband stricken by the double loss of wife and child!

The female attendant soon entered after a fruitless search through the house and grounds, and as she stood at the door, with her sad countenance turned upon them, both doctor and husband felt that there was no need to ask her the question which was on their lips. With but little hope of ever finding his babe, dearer to him than life itself, Wilbur Hammond but-

toned his coat about him with the intention of applying to the police force to aid him in the search; but was restrained by the physician. The latter after going over the events incident to the birth of the child, and dwelling especially on the mother's periodic fits of insanity and her well known aversion to the child, pointed out that if the infant were lost in the city, it would easily be found and its discovery in all probability announced in the papers, whereas, and here his voice dropped to a whisper, if the insane mother had done away with her babe, it would never be restored to its parents, and the publicity occasioned through the search would only bring greater sorrow and shame upon the Hammond household. It were far better, he argued, to wait developments and if the child was not discovered they could give out the report that it had died shortly after birth and thus hush up the matter.

And Wilbur Hammond, standing there, weighed down with an intense grief, was forced to give a silent assent to the advice of the elder man.

* * * * *

In the southern part of the city, on Thayer street, stands a quaint, old-fashioned three-story apartment house. The structure is the "Art Building," popularly known as the Latin quarter of Philadelphia, a name probably suggested from the fact that it, like its Parisian namesake, was the domicile of many a struggling artist. It is Sunday morning and the place presents a queer spectacle. Some of the inmates are peering out through the partly opened doors in their rooms in busy converse with their neighbors, while others, judging from the clinking of dishes, are enjoying their scant breakfast of porridge and coffee; and yet some others are adjusting their wraps snugly about them, preparatory to facing the cold without. Among these latter is Madame D'Estrees, a portly middle-aged lady of French descent, well known in the art circles of the East, and from her kindly nature and long habitation in the Art Building, commonly called by the artists, "Maman Rachel." She had just secured her gloves around her rather chubby wrists and with a parting word to those standing near by hurries down the steps. Arriving at the foot of the stairs, a queer-looking bundle of clothes attracts her attention,

and stooping down to see what the parcel might contain, she gives vent to a sudden cry of surprise.

"Ici, Ici, quick, quick, un enfant, un ange!"

Her cries attracted the attention of those on the upper floors and they all hurry down, helter skelter, men and women in smoking jackets and dressing sacques, some with knives and forks in their hands, others with hair brushes and combs, and not a few with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows and with their faces and hands still dripping from the morning ablutions. And as they all gather round, Maman Rachel holds up that little bundle of clothes, revealing the tiniest and sweetest little babe in the world.

"Oh, the little dear, the darling!" bursts from the lips of the female artists as they each in turn attempt to smother it with their kisses, but the infant happily survives their caresses while his big brown eyes fairly sparkle, as though taking in the humor of the situation. So the artists stand there for well nigh fifteen minutes, pinching the infant's little dimpled cheeks and passing it from one to the other, all the while wondering as to how it happened to be left there. "And what shall we do with it?" they finally exclaim, almost at one breath, Maman Rachael gives each a scornful look, and gathering the babe in her arms, she answers, "Why, keep it, to be sure," and rushes up the stairs to her room, leaving the discomfited artists down below.

And keep it they did. At first it was planned to send it to the Infants' Home, after providing a liberal purse for its support, but the proprietor of the Art Building, a shrewd man with a vast experience, objected that by following such a course of action they would soon have all the homeless waifs of the neighborhood to provide for. So it was decided to keep the matter a secret and as Maman Rachel had shown such a fondness for the child, she was entrusted with its care, although each of the other artists insisted upon contributing their "mite" for its maintenance.

Thus it happened that on New Year's Day all the artists were assembled in the rooms of Maman Rachel for a general jollification in honor of the little waif; while from the palatial home of the Hammond family, a long funeral procession

wended its way to Forest Home Cemetery, and the bells of Trinity Church tolled in sorrow at the loss of an infant son and heir.

* * * * *

And now, dear reader, we must speed on the wings of time through a lapse of twenty years, this time to alight in the city of New York. We find ourselves in the interior of the Art Institute, threading our way through the throng of artists, connoisseurs and sight-seers, who have been attracted to the annual exhibit. We pass through aisle after aisle, pausing here and there, as some painting of particular merit attracts our attention and listening to the buzz of conversation all around us. What a splendid picture it all is! The Institute itself, with its lofty pillars and colonnades surmounted by busts of Jupiter and Minerva and numerous other deities and heroes of antiquity, and with those two well-worked pieces of statuary near the entrance, "The Dying Gladiátor" and "The Last Spartan." And then the paintings, little landscape drawings of dawn and sunset on fertile valleys and snow-capped mountains, and of moonlight upon the tranquil waves; and resplendent paintings of fruits and birds and animals, marvelous for their coloring, and more pretentious pieces of scenes in domestic life and on the battle-fields; in short, all the masterpieces of American artists are collected here for our enjoyment! And lastly the people themselves; men, women and children, business men, lawyers, statesmen and artists, representing all the fashion and wealth of the American metropolis and all in the best of spirits.

We permit ourselves to move along with the current, drinking in the beautiful objects all around us until we become conscious that the crowd are all proceeding to the rear end of the hall, where are exhibited the two very best paintings of the exhibit, "L'Inconnue and Le Cherub." On every side the people are discussing the merits of these two masterpieces and making idle guesses as to the personality of their authors, who are but little known in art circles. "Who is this D'Estrees?" asks the elderly gentleman immediately in front of us. "Oh," answers his companion, "little is known of him except that he is an American educated in the French schools."

The connoisseur on our left here interrupts them to tell them that it is rumored that he is the son of Madame D'Estrees, who for a time held an enviable position among Philadelphia artists. "And who made the other painting, for no name is attached to it, although it is one of the very best?" At this the connoisseur shakes his head. "No one seems to know, although judging from the technique I believe the author must have been a woman." All through the crowd the question is being put, "Who is the artist that painted 'Le Cherub'?" No one seemed to have any definite knowledge, although some maintain that she is the wife of a millionaire broker who enjoys perplexing the public in this way; others, that she is the wife of a wealthy merchant who, having been visited with some great sorrow, spends her time in retirement and devotes herself solely to her art, and yet others declare that she is a patient at a well-known sanitarium, suffering with a mental derangement that has perplexed the best doctors of both hemispheres.

But after listening to these idle speculations for a few moments, we notice a sudden break in the conversation, and, lifting our eyes, find ourselves directly in front of the two paintings. To the right is "L'Inconnue," the work of Raoul D'Estrees, and as we gaze upon the tear-stained face of that mother about to desert her infant babe, we fancy we see a Madonna such as has immortalized a Murillo or a Raphael. But if "L'Inconnue" reminds us of the Madonna, "Le Cherub" possesses all the tender grace and beauty of the Child Jesus, and in the opinion of critics, it would alone suffice to ensure the lasting fame of its author, Mrs. ———, but we will come to that presently.

While we are gazing at the two masterpieces, mute with astonishment and admiration, a slight commotion is made among the crowd and an elderly gentleman is seen to approach, leading on his arm a lady of perhaps forty years. There is something in the bearing and carriage of the lady that immediately attracts our attention, and when she turns her lustrous black eyes upon that painting, "Le Cherub," we know instinctively that she is its author. And then, by watching her more closely, we attempt to discover if there be any truth in the rumors afloat regarding her mental condition.

As she gazes upon the picture, her look is so clear, so penetrating, so intelligent, that we are willing to denounce the stories of her partial insanity as absurd; but when her eyes are drawn away from the painting, there is a vacant stare and an almost childish expression in her features that tell us the rumor is correct. "How can one so good, so beautiful, and withal such an artist, be subject to such an affliction?" we are inclined to ask ourselves; but there is little time for pondering over such a question, for now the youthful, debonair Rael D'Estrees has forced his way through the crowd and stands admiring the painting, "Le Cherub." And for the first time we observe that the one painting depicts a mother deserting her babe, and the other a waif being found near the doorstep. Strange coincidence! But something wonderful is happening. D'Estrees approaches the lady artist to compliment her on her work, and as their eyes meet, a life-time of pain and suffering is told in those short, rapid glances.

"Son!" exclaims Mrs. Hammond, as she throws her arms around the young artist's neck, while the light of reason returns to her eyes. And the lofty walls re-echo his simple answer, "Mother."

J. A. PILON, '05.

PAST AND FUTURE.

Happy or sad, it lies to our rear,
Like a meadow, or verdant or barren and sere:
In spring it was gladsome, in fall it was drear,
According to fortune, or time of the year.

Before us the vista lies dim and unknown,
And we must encounter its perils alone:
Not rail at the present or bygones bemoan,
For we are the reapers and we reap what we've sown.

CH. FREEMAN, '05.

THE TIME-PIECE.

Against the wall in bold relief
A little brazen time-piece hangs;
Behold the omnipresent thief!
His ravages, our joys and pangs.

TH. HICKEY, '05.

THE FROST. (PRUINA.)

Hiberni coeli facies asperrima horret,
Excultique rigent ventis glacialibus horti.
Sol fugit; Boreas sylvis stridentibus instat
Acrior, et folii cum jam decussit honorem
Arboribus, rabido per ramos sibilat ore;
Et pro fronde virenti tegit nix candida calvos.
Bruma domos operit gratas; deserta colonis
Terra silet; dulcesque latent sine voce volucres.

MARTIN VARLEY, '06.

FROM DAWN TILL DUSK.

MORN.

The bright and placid stars have fled
To clear the way, Sol's steeds to tread;
And rosy Morn, in mantle gay
Appears, to herald the coming day.

NOON.

And now bright Phoebus riding high
Causes Aurora's tears to dry;
And all the flowers from slumber wake,
And from their leaves the dew they shake.

EVE.

Sol's fiery steeds their course have run,
And lo!—behold, the setting sun.—
Diana's curtains now are drawn,
Inviting all to rest—till dawn.

WILLIAM SKELTON, '06.

BISHOP SPALDING.

The recent illness of Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, has created in the minds of the people of the United States, a great anxiety for his recovery. His prominence in educational matters as well as in church affairs has made him a friend of the people of the United States. Being a remarkable student himself, he has worked incessantly for the promotion of education and his efforts have been recognized by the desire throughout the country for his speedy recovery.

Bishop Spalding in the promotion of education has devoted a great deal of his time toward the progress of Catholic colleges and has written several books concerning both the teacher and the pupil. He has given his time, thought and labor toward the maintenance of the Catholic University at Washington, looking after its financial interests and trying to create in it the highest standard of education. He has also been ambitious in the support of Trinity College, which was established for the education of women, and has been its most faithful advocate among the clergy. At Peoria, the place of his residence, he has erected at his own expense a large high school, called the Spalding Institute, and has placed it under the direction of the Brothers of Mary.

In his works on education Bishop Spalding treats of reading, of the effects of interest on education, and of the connection between religion and education. If we wish to derive benefit from things presented to us, the mind must react upon them; therefore we must read books that interest us most, for interest alone awakens the mind, and the more our sources of interest the richer our life. In choosing books we must be careful to select good ones, for our character may be judged by the books we read; and Bishop Spalding tells us that if Sophocles were living today, the question he would ask is, "Show me what thou readest that I may see thee." Religion, morality, and education, are an inseparable trinity; for education is the

formation of character, character has for its base morality, and morality is interfused with religion. To be a man one must wage a continual warfare against ignorance and sin, the enemies of the soul; and thus education is a safeguard against sin.

Outside of his own diocese, Bishop Spalding was nowhere known or loved so well as in Washington, and much sympathy and sorrow has been expressed over his recent illness. Protestants and Catholics alike respect him, and his advice is often sought by the officials of the capital. He has many friends in Congress and President Roosevelt is his warmest admirer. He was a good friend of the late Senator Hanna, and was often consulted by President McKinley, while Presidents Cleveland and Harrison valued his judgments. Bishop Spalding is no politician, and if he was at any time favorable to one party or another, it was always for the general good.

It has been the desire of this illustrious clergyman to bring about friendly relations between the employer and the employee, and he has always labored toward this end. He was one of the most active members of the commission that settled the coal strike, and his services on this occasion were highly valued. May God bless and restore this great churchman to perfect health!

MARTIN VARLEY, 06.

MARCH.

I.

The drifting snow and shrieking blast
Proclaim the reign of winter drear;
All nature, still in sadness cast,
Presents an aspect mourn and sere.

II.

The noisy brook no longer flows
Beneath the gray and leaden skies;
The Notus wild in fury blows,
Through forest bleak swift Eurus sighs.

III.

The lovely flowers in silence sleep
Beneath a coverlet of white;
The leafless trees in sorrow weep
And mourn their sisters fair and bright.

IV.

But when the whip-poor-will's soft note
Reveals the end of Winter's sway,
Nature dons her charming coat
Its verdant beauties to display.

V.

From leafy bowers the birds will sing
Their joyful anthems loud and shrill;
Daisies and daffodils will spring
In meadow, woodland, glen and hill.

VI.

Thus, when the Angel's trumpet note
Proclaims that Time has passed away,
The just shall rise, all woes remote,
Their glorious virtues to display.

REX EMERICK, '07.

A NEW BRAND.

FOR some time the talk had drifted on robberies. Each one took his turn in telling his experience, and each tale seemed to surpass the other in interest. At the end of the fourth or fifth, I ventured to say that I had a personal story that might also prove entertaining.

"Come, then; spin your yarn."

It was about three years ago that I was invited to the "Entre Nous Club," at St. Louis. I was not as yet a member, but on the list of "might-be's." Of course the wish uppermost in my mind was to make a favorable impression. My clothing was a la mode, but the trouble was, I had no jewels; a sparkler I thought would enhance my appearance. I raked and ransacked my brain in order to find a way out of this difficulty. Then it struck me that Jim Barlow, my old college chum, wore some fine diamond stick-pins. I immediately paid him a visit and asked the loan of one. He readily consented.

Graced with Jim's stud, I went to the club as a guest of the anniversary banquet. The wine was a new brand to me, and on my way homewards, I found fence posts rather handy. But horrors! Upon reaching home and viewing myself in the mirror overhanging the hat rack, I discovered that the diamond pin was gone. Here was a predicament indeed. Sitting down I reviewed the doings of the whole evening. Not a suspicion crossed my mind regarding the members of the club. I remembered, however, a doubtful-looking character in the car. The only other person that could be suspected was the elevator man of the Entre Nous building. I did not call the police, for I knew that Jim had a certain number of precious stones with which he would never part, and this might be one of them. Nothing, however, could be done that night, for my legs were rather unsteady; so I turned in.

Early the next morning I went over the route of the previous night, looked in the car, elevator, etc., but to no purpose,

Then I visited all the pawnshops and met with a pin that greatly resembled the one I had worn the night before. The pawnbroker informed me that the man who had pawned it was in Cairo now, but would be back in a week to redeem it. I resolved to keep this person in sight. In the meanwhile, however, something had to be done in order not to lose the friendship of Jim. Accordingly I went to the great jewelry store of J. L. Sievert & Co. The clerk there showed me a countless variety of pins, but there was only one that tallied in all parts with the diamond stolen or lost.

"What's it worth?" I inquired.

"Three hundred dollars, sir; it's a diamond of the first water."

I nearly collapsed, but managed to say, "No reduction for cash down?"

"None at all, sir," was the answer.

What was there to do but to write out a cheque for the three hundred. Then taking a short cut I met Jim just as he was getting ready for the office, handed the pin to him, thanking him also at the same time.

"Cut a dash last night, I presume," he said.

"Somewhat," I replied, mustering a smile. "Can't stay long, Jim. Good-bye."

Knowing that Jim was still my friend, I breathed somewhat more freely. Now came my task. I traced up the suspicious-looking character of the car, and ascertained that he was an honest railroader. Then I took, with like success, the elevator man in hand. I also visited the pawnbroker's shop every day; the redeemer proved to be a well-known business man that had been a little short of money. In fact, every clue, however slight, was taken up and followed with zeal, but to no effect. Two weeks had passed by in this manner. Weary, at length, from the strain, I resolved to see Jim and tell him all. Going to his rooms I knocked and was admitted.

"Hello, Joe," said he; "what's the matter? You look rather pale and thin."

"I have been under a strain for the last two weeks, doing a little detective work."

"For whom?"

"Myself. You remember that diamond you lent me?"

"Certainly; you returned it."

"No, I didn't." Then I told him the whole story. During the first part he smiled, but when I told him of the new one I had bought for three hundred dollars, he roared.

"Your rather heartless, Jim," I gasped, "to laugh at another's misfortune; three hundred means something to a poor buck like myself."

"Great Scot, Joe! don't get excited. But my diamond was only a 'Barrio.'"

Jim was satisfied with the change, but I—

"Well, who stole your diamond?" interrupted one of the guests.

I myself. I came across it two weeks later. Before leaving the club, I took the precaution of putting the pin in a little case; upon reaching home this fact escaped my mind. This forgetfulness was not all my fault. I believe I told you the wine was a new brand to me.

J. E. MAYL, '06.

NIGHT.

Night now in rayless splendor
Reigns o'er the world supreme,
The King of Rest and Slumber
Wraps all the world in dream.

How dark, how still is nature,
No echoing murmurs heard;
All thro' the trackless forest
No sound of beast or bird.

The air so calm and misty
A dreamy stillness holds,
And Night's dark spreading mantle
A drowsy world enfolds.

C. STOECKLEIN, '07.

WASHINGTON.

Hero! whose noble purpose was to free
A nation which had been so long oppressed,
Whose best and foremost talent was suppressed
By tyrants, who succumbed to mighty thee.
Nobler than any of thy pedigree,
Braver than all thy country's chosen band,
Who fought and bled for this their native land.
When first the cry of freedom crossed the sea
Thy prowess and thy valor lent to lead
An unskilled host, the tillers of the soil,
Who hitherto had lived in peace by toil.
O Father of thy Country, Columbia's pride!
Thy name shall on the scroll of fame abide
Forever, and foremost in the hearts you freed.

H. SOLIMANO, '07.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Hail! Leader of that grim, determined band,
That wrote their names upon the book of fame,
There to remain. Forever shall thy name
And thy brave deeds re-echo through the land.
The tide of fame thy bravery has spanned,
So strong the bridge that it can never fall;
And when we hear the Mighty Father's call,
In heav'n will still recount thy triumphs grand.
Virtue and valor even in thee combined
To make the brightest and the truest mould
Of man, whose equal we may never find
'Mong all the warriors, sages, kings of old.—
Thou art America's noblest, greatest son,
Immortal and unrivalled Washington!

ARTHUR REGAN, '07.

CONFIDENCE IN ST. JOSEPH.

AT the opening of our story the Alabama was serenely wending her way across the pathless Atlantic, bound for Liverpool, England. The day was calm and clear, but towards evening the sky became enshrouded in small white clouds, which gradually changed their fleecy white to an inky darkness. From their dark, remorseless folds could be heard indistinctly the mumbling thunder, the surest sign of an approaching storm.

Meanwhile down in the hold of the ship could be seen three young men, each about sixteen years of age, pale with fear and shuddering in a remote corner, for they knew what kind of a storm they were now to encounter—one of the gales from the bleak northeast, and one which would most likely test the enduring powers of the Alabama to their fullest extent.

These three young men had stolen aboard the ship while she lay at anchor in New York harbor. One of them was a friend of the kind-hearted steward, who permitted them to remain in his department undisturbed.

Joseph Reed, the leader of the trio, was the only son of a poor widow who lived with him in a small cottage near the beautiful and picturesque Lake Champlain. She had always been a good Catholic, and had been a source of edification to all her neighbors. She took an active part in all that concerned the welfare of the church, and poor as she was herself, she always managed to set something aside for the poor and needy. She was loved by all, as her acts of charity and other good works were known to everybody and not unfrequently was she styled, by the most fervent of her friends, "the saintly Mrs. Reed."

Among all her devotions, there were few that she loved more than those relating to the good St. Joseph, her favorite saint. From her childhood she had learned to love him, and not a day passed in which she did not have some little act of virtue

to offer him. In her private room she had put up a little altar to his honor, and she took great pleasure in keeping it neatly decorated. On all Wednesdays she made it a duty to keep a little red lamp burning brightly before his sacred image. In a word, she did all in her power to honor St. Joseph, and to have others honor him likewise.

Surely the filial devotion of this good mother must have pleased the holy foster father of our Lord very much, since he blessed her in many signal ways.

When her little son, Joseph, had attained the age of ten years, she sent him to a parochial school in a small town nearby, but, unfortunately, as is too frequently the case with good boys, he fell in with bad companions, and got into all kinds of troubles. After he had made his first Holy Communion, at the age of fourteen, his good mother sent him to a boarding school at Springfield, Mass. Here he remained a year and seven months, but one Sunday afternoon he, with two or three companions, slipped away from college bound for "a good time." They returned in a pitiable state. At last, after severe chastisements and repeated warnings on the part of the college authorities, they were expelled. Upon arriving home, Joseph found his fond but heart-broken mother awaiting him. He received a mild reprimand and becoming angry, he decided to leave home. His companions were easily taken into the project and they set out.

This ingratitude on the part of her only son pained the maternal heart of Mrs. Reed to a very high degree, but she redoubled her confidence in the intercession of her patron saint, and every day she failed not to place her wayward son, wherever he might be, in his safe keeping, trusting, that in his own good time, St. Joseph would bring the whole affair to a good end.

By riding on freight trains the reckless boys reached New York after two days, sleeping in a box-car and buying some eatables with a little money they had brought along. They soon reached New York harbor and managed by some stroke of good fortune to board the Alabama which was then at anchor and which was, after a few hours, wending her course toward Liverpool.

The storm about which we spoke at the beginning of this narrative, had by this time struck the ill-fated ship. Tremendous peals of thunder followed each other in rapid succession, one louder than the other; flash followed flash until it seemed as though the heavens, which had now assumed a yellowy aspect, were afire. The storm waxed stronger and stronger. The brave captain, stationed on the quarter-deck, was sternly giving commands to his crew of gallant seamen, who were hauling in sail with might and main. The fury of the storm increased as the moments flew on, until at last there came a very bright flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a deafening peal of thunder.

The ship had been struck. The main mast was soon a mass of glaring flames; it reeled and fell with a heavy crash. In a moment the brave men rushed with axes and knives upon it and cut it free from the ship. They had scarcely accomplished this, when the cry of "Fire!" met their ears. They were despairing, but their stern and inflexible leader was not a man to despair. He ordered the men to their posts, and after several hours of hard fighting, during which three men were washed overboard, the raging element was subdued, but the ship had sprung a leak and was rapidly sinking.

The captain had ordered all the boats to be lowered and was stepping into the last one when he saw coming toward him the three runaways; but he did not hesitate, for a moment's hesitation might have meant death, so he left them to their fate, notwithstanding their despairing cries and entreating gestures. He stepped into the boat and shoved off, leaving the three unfortunates to shift for themselves as well as they might on the ill-fated vessel.

The three young men had hardly left the vessel on the raft which they had hastily constructed when she sank with a dull murmur, never to rise again. The storm had by this time somewhat subsided. They clung to the raft in an agony of fear and dread until they were picked up by a passing steamer bound for Marseilles. They related their story to the captain, who was fortunately a kind-hearted old man.

On reaching Marseilles they made their living as best they could; but many were the hardships they had to undergo.

Intending to make their fortunes, they started out for Paris. Here their bad luck followed them. They had hardly entered the city when they were arrested and tried for the murder of an old millionaire who had been killed along the road by which they had entered the city. Fortunately, they were proved to be innocent by a woman at whose house they were staying at the time of the murder. To add to their misfortune, one of the young men became ill with typhoid fever, which soon mercilessly hurried him to the grave. He was buried in the Potter's field, as a vagabond, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Joseph and his companion now saw that the hand of God was upon them, and decided to return home the way they had come, and do as the prodigal son of the Gospel had done. Upon reaching Marseilles they found to their delight the captain of the vessel which had brought them safely to land. He was glad to see them, and allowed them to work their way to New York as cabin boys.

When they reached New York the kind old captain gave them money enough to return by railway to their homes. But poor Joseph! His repentance had come too late, for his good mother was dead. She had died two weeks before and was already buried. He wept as only a person in similar circumstances can weep over a departed parent; but he felt sure that although he had not come home soon enough to see his mother still living, he nevertheless knew that her confidence in St. Joseph had not been in vain, and that her daily prayer for his safety had been fully heard.

Throughout his life, he preserved an unfaltering confidence in the intercession of his holy mother's favorite saint, and was rewarded for the same by a peaceful and happy death.

CLEMENT J. BUCHER, '09.



THE DREAM OF GALERIAN

SPRING.

Gentle Spring! in sunshine clad,
Thou makest all our hearts so glad.
Thy power doth smite repentence-mad
E'en old King Winter drear.
For now he dareth not remain,
But calleth back his grisly train,
The sleet and wind and fog and rain,
When thou drawest near.

Winter clothes the earth in white
And tunes the wind to howl and fight
All through the dark and stormy night,
But we need never fear;
We're snugly sheltered from the chill,
Tho' moping like caged birdies, till
Oh, joy! the sky grows clear and still,
When thou drawest near.

Winter wraps the sun in cloud,
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud
With arm so white and accents loud
For all below to hear.
The earth looks bright and all is green,
The birds returning now are seen,
And sing thy praise, O fairest queen!
When thou drawest near.

JOSEPH H. CLASGENS, '06.

WINTER.

The cold wind sighs thro' naked trees,
All nature seems as dead;
The gloomy sky above us hangs
A canopy of lead.

A snowy mantle covers all
The dark and dreary earth,
And young and old now seek to share
The comforts of the hearth.

Encased in ice, the babbling brook
Is waiting for the spring
To take it from the freezing grasp
Of winter's stern old king.

The music of the little birds
Is hushed, and all is still,
Save for the twittering snow-bird brown
That perches on the sill.

The buzzing of the bumble-bee,
The cricket's cheerful call,
Are buried 'neath the snowy robe,
Their fleecy funeral pall.

Beneath this pall the flowers lie,
Sound in their winter's sleep;
Kind nature has provided them
With covering warm and deep.

WM. MAHONEY, '07.



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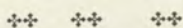
"Sour Grapes" is the title of a pleasing lecture which the student body had an opportunity to hear recently. The lecture was the second of the course arranged by the Knights of Columbus, and speaks very highly for the quality of amusement which the Knights are offering to the Dayton public.

Prof. Ott is well known as the founder of the Ott Schools of Expression, and has an enviable record on the lecture platform. He has a well modulated voice and an easy, graceful delivery, without any of the stilted phrases and theatrical poses that are so offensive to good taste. He held the attention of the audience throughout and added color to rather a dry subject by many a pleasing narrative and sparkling bit of humor.

The subject of the lecture was "Heredity and Marriage," and his treatment of it showed deep study and research. He showed how numerous table delicacies, luscious fruits and vegetables were the result of grafting and judicious crossing, how by skillful breeding we had obtained our speedy racer and our ponderous dray horse, and he maintained that, similarly, in the marriage question was the solution of the problem for the betterment of mankind. A strong intellect, he held, was to be found only in a healthy body. The vast majority

of men, according to him, were dope-fiends, addicted to the use of "powders, pellets and pills," and their progeny would be a weak and incapable nation. He regarded the Americans as a "gritty nation," but said that we were poor animals. Our society, he held, was responsible for the many misguided unions, and he advocated something of the class distinction observed among European nations. He scored the divorce evil and the entrance of minors into society, and ended with a plea for mutual sympathy and support.

Such, in brief, was the subject of the discourse, and while we cannot accept the doctrine of heredity, as outlined by Prof. Ott, we must confess, in all due fairness, that heredity is for him not an excuse for crime, but rather shows the need for the observance of the moral laws. In his case, the theory of heredity has not led to the belief in fatalism. "The man who rises above his family," to quote his words, "is a hero, while he who falls below it is a coward." He held that the child inherited the mental powers as well as the physical resemblances of its parents by virtue of the law of "Hitory Ditory," although he admitted numerous exceptions and did not overlook the part played by environment. All in all, as an argument for a philosophic theory, the lecture is weak, but as a well constructed, well delivered, entertaining platform address, it is surely worth hearing.



It is a matter of much comment that there is not a poet worthy of note in the country, and it is questionable whether, throughout the entire world, there is a single bard that could take rank with the old masters. The harp of the minstrel lies unattuned in the old manorial houses and the poets who were wont "to wake to ecstasy the living lyre," have long since been laid in the lap of Mother Earth. Still we know that the lowest ebb always appears before the highest flood, and many of us are confidently waiting for the returning waves to waft the song of the siren back to our shores.

Yet can we hope for such a revival? Will we ever again experience such an age as that of Pericles, of Augustus, of Queen Anne, or Elizabeth? Will we ever again listen in rapture to a Homer or Vergil, Milton or Dante? Who can say?

and yet surely indications do not point that way.

The present age is too much matter-of-fact. The monsters that infested the depths of the sea have disappeared in the wake of the first venturesome barks; the spirits and phantoms that in the still hours of the night floated by on the wings of the wind have vanished before the piercing search-light of modern science, while the mountain elves and other weird spectres of forest and plain have beat a precipitate retreat before the ceaseless inroads of the discoverer and colonist. Imagination has been replaced by knowledge, and the store of Fancy by the treasury of Truth. Thus the development of science is simultaneous with the decadence of poetry.

The bard has not yet tuned his lyre in harmony with the discordant notes of modern civilization. The shrill toot of the locomotive, the ceaseless clicking of the telegraph may, at a later date, lend themselves to heroic verse, but at present they are valueless as sources of poetry. The large-mouthed cannon, the mortar, and the rapid-fire guns may be efficient instruments of destruction, but the wooden horse of the Greeks has become immortalized in a way that these more modern weapons of warfare perhaps never will.

What the modern poet lacks is opportunity. He does not possess the wealth of legendary lore that was always at the beck and call of the ancient masters, nor has he been able to adapt himself to the new surroundings. The days when a Sohrab and Rustum would meet single-handed on the plains in the presence of the two contending armies have passed, and, notwithstanding the old proverb, modern wars have not had their corresponding epics. Even pastoral poetry has suffered from the ruthless ax of the pioneer and the plough-share of the farmer. As the modern poet sits in the arbor, thinking to drink in the inspiration of the Muses, the cars in the subway may be rolling by beneath his feet, the cluk-cluk of the passing automobile may distract him from his reveries, and the dense smoke of the twentieth-century flyer will perhaps momentarily obscure heaven's azure blue from his sight.

Modern poetry is face to face with a great problem. All the old environments, the old atmosphere is missing, and it must adjust itself to the new condition or perish forever.

J. A. PILON, '05.

THE DYING BARD.

On lowly couch, the dying poet lay;
 His faithful friends around, on bended knee,
 Entreat for him a blest eternity.—
 When lo! the bard himself begins to pray:

“St. Joseph, patron mine, as death comes near,
 Blest Saint, do thou my falt’ring accents hear;
 Let not Satanic snares my soul entwine,
 Thou, foster-father of the Word Divine!
 O, now, befriend me in this ghastly fight,
 And save my soul from hell’s eternal night.
 Each erring thought, each sinful wish restrain,
 Thou spouse most chaste of Mary free from stain!
 Remember how through many years gone by
 My lyre did moan, in love-exhaling sigh,
 A prayer, that thou a happy death shouldst grant.
 Hear! St. Joseph, hear! my dying chant.”

A smile around the poet’s lips doth play
 E’en now; near him the angels seem to be.—
 “Jesus, Mary, Joseph, be with me,”
 He whispered low but clear; then passed away.

R. M. STALEY, '06.

THE PATRON OF THE DYING.

When on my bed of sickness lying,
 In mind and body deep distressed,
 Then help me, Patron of the dying,
 Assist me then, St. Joseph blest!

When parents, friends, with pity sighing,
 My suffering state in tears condole,
 St. Joseph, Patron of the dying,
 Oh, then direct my wav’ring soul.

When baffled demons fierce are trying
 To cast me into deep despair,
 Do thou, then, Patron of the dying,
 St. Joseph, hear my fervent pray’r!

When, finally, with joy complying
 To His command, who calls me hence,
 Oh, blessed Patron of the dying,
 Then lead me to my recompense.

E. STANDISH, '06.



ALUMNI NOTES

The Chicago section of the S. M. I. Alumni Association held the first of their semi-annual banquets for the year at the Palmer House, January 18, 1905. Parlor "O," chosen as the scene of the gathering, was elaborately decorated, and the spread was exquisite.

Mr. Edward M. Kahoe presided as toastmaster and took hold of the situation with an air of confidence that elicited universal admiration. The sparks of Celtic wit that glowed here and there amid his speeches were well appreciated.

The toasts, without exception, were well handled.

"The Future S. M. I.," by Mathias N. Blumenthal, was a revelation. The colossal monument of the Immaculate Conception, with that other monument of St. Mary's, the new building, looms up before us in mental vision, inspiring awe and admiration. Truly St. Mary's has a future!

"The Modern Business Man," by Elmer Bergk, was the gem of the evening. Brother Bergk was filled to overflowing with wit and humor, and we narrowly escaped being swallowed up by the inundation.

The "man behind the bar," and our friend from South Halsted Street, with the characteristic symbol over his door, received due consideration.

"Litigation," by Oscar C. Miller, was teeming with advice which, some of us at least, may use to good advantage in our future career.

"The Bachelor's Dream," by Joseph A. Zangerle, was not, as some were inconsiderate enough to say, a disappointment, but a surprise in the real sense of the word. Whereas, we had expected Brother Zangerle to depict the happiness of a bachelor at ease in an arm chair, his feet upon the table and a pipe in his mouth, the "Senator from Illinois" put to flight this lounging vision of ours, and revealed the darker side of that much-vaunted character—the bachelor. He followed up

his point by enlarging upon the bliss of matrimonial life, and so thoroughly exhausted his subject that Brother Kemper, who responded to the toast, "An Ideal Home," found some difficulty in avoiding repetition. The latter, however, acquitted himself very honorably, and we quite agreed with him when he said, "The most essential, the most prized ornament of an ideal home is a good wife."

"The Outlook," by Alex H. Schoen, was bright for the Chicago Alumni.

The impromptu remarks which followed were, as usual, the delight of the evening.

A number of letters were then read by our president, Edw. M. Miller, and our friends and teachers of St. Mary's were toasted with much enthusiasm.

A motion was made and carried to extend a vote of thanks to Mrs. Albert J. Kemper for services rendered in ornamenting the programs, after which the banquet was adjourned.

Toasts.

Master of Ceremonies.....Edw. M. Kahoe

A Good Start Insures a Splendid Finish.

The Future, S. M. I.....Math. N. Blumenthal

Things I Have Seen and Their Significance.

Good Timber.....Alex Schoen

Our Young Graduates.

The Modern Business Man.....Elmer Bergk

Litigation.....Oscar C. Miller

For Nothing You Can Give Us Much.

A Bachelor's Dream.....Jos. A. Zangerle

No Comments.

An Ideal Home.....Albert J. Kemper

The American Army.....Corp. Jos. A. Zorn

Impromptu Remarks.

EDW. C. SCHOEN, '03.



THE JUBILEE MONUMENT,
ST. LOUIS COLLEGE, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE JUBILEE MONUMENT.

(Address of Mr. Harry C. Busch, '96, in the name of the Alumni.)

THE dawn of July 4, 1776, witnessed simultaneously with the birth of our great republic the birth of the freedom of religion and civilization, and for years after these twin sisters flourished in this great land, nourished by the broadest intellectual statesmanship, and life in America became impregnated with all that is best in a republican form of government. With Marquette and the early missionaries who planted the cross in the vast wilderness of the Mississippi, the first seeds of Catholicism took root and bore early fruit, and from that time on, step by step with the advance of civilization and with noble tenets in keeping with the spirit of the new world, the Catholic Church, which is the mother and model of all republican form of government, marched on, and today the Vicar of Christ sends his blessings to America as the proudest part of his heritage.

Soon came the cry for something symbolical of the new-born nation's principles. The world must know them. The world must be told in clarion tones that America is a great and free nation. Every one who visits its shores must see the symbol of its doctrines and breathe at its threshold the broadest liberty in action ever accorded man under temporal power. Unlike the monoliths of Egypt, erected to glorify rulers, the Colossus of Rhodes to welcome commerce, the Olympian Jupiter to typify a god, the Minerva of Athens to protect the mariner, the American symbol must be the very personification and embodiment of the Declaration of Independence, which reads "That all men are born equal and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Well did the architect realize the dream of the American Republic when he designed the famous Statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which welcomes all to the haven of

righteous liberty, education, and advancing civilization. This spirit of tolerance soon reached the old world and attracted to our shores the famous teaching orders of the Catholic Church.

In the fall of 1849 a sail boat moved slowly up the harbor of New York. A new brotherhood of men from the old world delegated in the persons of Rev. Leo Meyer and Brother M. Zehler stood with bared heads on the deck, and thanked God from the innermost recesses of their hearts that they were providentially guided to a limitless field of labor. From thence, like the wise men of the East, the star of providence guided those men to this spot. They found it a wilderness of low, ill-smelling marshes and swamps. I need not call your attention to the arduous labor performed by these men in the years of toil since their advent; the beauty of the landscape and all these surroundings speak silent homage to their untiring zeal and devotion undertaken for future generations of Americans. But I do here now express my belief that divine providence led them to this spot. I believe that God dedicated this surrounding country as a fit starting place for the work he designed them to accomplish, and I believe that God by a continuous miracle spread the mantle of protection over their work and helped them to overcome by superhuman effort unsurmountable obstacles, and I believe that God destined the laying of the corner-stone of this institution of learning to mark the era of a great beginning in Catholic education. And today the unveiling of this monument, like unto the Statue of Liberty, is the unveiling of the most sublime and idealistic symbol, the embodiment of the ideals of Christian Catholic education, truth personified, truth the foundation of religion and science, a fit crowning event to the success of their labor, and the glory of their lives.

What a proud privilege is ours to be here in the shadow of Alma Mater, and by ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, blessed by the Holy Father himself, to give public tribute to her benign influence over us during the years we spent here.

What a privilege to give voice and presence to the expression of deep-rooted sentiments long cherished for our heavenly lady which at last broke the bonds of silent devotion by this public testimonial of love, veneration and reverence,

Oh, my friends, this event marks the gratitude of many generations of students, who by this monument make public profession of their faith in the power of Christ's mother. This monument speaks the public echo of tender sentiment to Our Lady, nourished by all students past and present of this institution, and gives to the world, and to the City of Dayton in particular, in no uncertain tones a public declaration of faith, gratitude, and love, tendered by her citizens to the success and honor of an institution of which the Virgin has ever been the avowed protectress.

Aside from this public demonstration the monument itself will ever stand as the symbol of perseverance, of love, and hope to all those who seek knowledge within these walls. It teaches in lessons of silence the sublimity, perfection, and power to which man as the image of his Creator can attain. It teaches the golden rule which made Phocion, the Silent, a greater man than Demosthenes, the Orator, for the Virgin spoke but a few words, and only truth, and held silence golden. The statue marks the soul of all religion,—Reverence. Queen of Heaven, she reigns on high yet offers homage to God; on earth as the mother of Jesus Christ, she revered her surroundings; and lastly, she exercises beautiful motherly reverence for those beneath her, recognizing our sorrows, pains, trials, and tribulations, and ever holding forth a mother's loving hand to guide and direct.

"For the night is dark and the way is weary."

It stands as a sentinel at these gates of learning, more striking than Milton's angel at the gates of Paradise, the silent terror to all who would defile this institution or its noble teachers; it stands as a silent warning to all, that impiety, atheism, socialist tendencies, uncatholic science, obscene literature and all forms of modernated devilish iniquity, degrading alike to the heart and mind, must forever pass by these doors, and not contaminate the sacred precincts of her beloved institution.

I was reminded to fix your attention to the Statue of Liberty, to more forcibly place in relief the odious, relentless and systematic warfare against the teaching orders of France waged by Emil Combes, the demagogue; with all the Pymys and

Pistols of revolt, discontented radicals and socialistic cohorts swarming in his train, splashing and squealing at the governmental trough soused with the swill of public feed and ingeniously covering its diabolical iniquity by banishing these orders, the very bulwark of France, to foreign countries.

How my heart grieved when I read that the Brothers of Mary were banished from France. Like hunted criminals a few remain under strict surveillance, without home or brotherhood. The great University of Stanislaus in Paris, worth four to five millions of dollars, confiscated in the land of boasted liberty and equality. Think you what a crime to confiscate those buildings whose walls breathe ages of learning; walls that for years sheltered the best blood and brains of France; walls that sent forth from their confines the intellectual sinews that made France a recognized world power.

Well do I remember the sensations of awe I experienced as I stood and looked at that wonderful institution, and then to read that three years later the French Masonic government had confiscated all—that, sirs, will go down as the blackest crime in the history of fair France, blacker far than the history of Germany in the passage of the May Laws.

Think you of what suffering it caused those Brothers of Mary to see their labors of a century sold at the auctioneer's block. But thank God, our country is so far, and will forever be freed from the venomous vipers that are sucking the life blood of Catholic education in France, and so undermining the government itself. We have the strongest faith that this monument of the Blessed Virgin will stand as a safeguard to religious freedom in our country, now and forever, immobile as the granite of yonder base.

Let me address a few remarks to the students. I want to congratulate and thank you. To thank you on behalf of the Alumni for the opportunity you gave us of sharing in your religious enterprise; to congratulate you on the motive which prompted this tribute to the Virgin, and the energy you have shown in working that idea to this beautiful realization. Boys, such work speaks wonders. It shows the right mettle, the right bent of mind and heart for young men equipping themselves for life's great battle of the survival of the fittest. We

need more of that spirit. The world is bleak and harsh and cold, and full of disappointment. Such spirit drives away this gloomy atmosphere. You are here preparing for the future, acquiring knowledge for use in life. Let me throw you a hint of what is most needed. The secrets of success are, **absence of selfishness; keen perception; quick judgment and determination.** Saturate your system with geniality and the spirit of universal brotherhood; join the school of optimists, but above all, let religion permeate your being. Grasp each obstacle and make up your mind to overcome it. Turn disappointment into success. When you draw the architecture of your future give the structure all the light of kindness, love and optimism and religion you can, and when you find life hard to bear, when philosophy and the classics take you into deep water, look to yonder statue and draw from it courage to endure. Regale yourselves with the thought that at least one above the eternal sky at God's throne stands ready to succor you in the hour of need. Let Truth pervade your every research in science, and ground yourselves on a spirit of religion. Remember that every great movement in the world uses religion as a motive power, and even those who would advance and foist iniquitous schemes pay it the tribute of hypocrisy. Here, under the protecting shadow of your Queen, lay the foundations of your futures in whatever walks of life you shall choose. Make the subject of this monument your guiding star to lead you on to illustrious paths and historic careers. Let the Mother of all write your biographies as part of the world's history, which, after all, is the biography of great men. Don't be ashamed of your Lady; wear her colors openly; let no bigoted or narrow-minded canter dissuade you from her shine as a laughable hero-worshiper.

We have that God-given right inalienable from and innate in every human being to love with all the intensity and passion of the human soul the mother of our existence—to worship her as no other being on earth, and why, then, should we not take advantage of God's charity, to love and revere with all the power of our being the Divine Mother whose love and tenderness we feel every day of our lives?

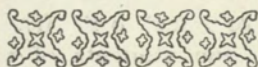
And you members of the Alumni and students who differ from us in faith, know that one day's sojourn within those walls made you feel that some invisible power exercised an influence over you for good, for the advancement of your particular interests, and I tell you now that which you must have long since known—'twas the Blessed Virgin, the mother of our common Savior, given to all mankind regardless of creed, and when you appeal to her for help in life, in your studies, in your examinations, even for success in your games, do so with complete confidence, for she neither knows creed, nor color, nor race, amongst her children on earth. Go to her with all your confidences, in all sincerity and candor, and you will never fail.

Your attention I now draw to a few facts overlooked and forgotten by many of us.

Catholic education is a charity, Catholic educators receive a beggarly pittance in return for lives sacrificed. We of the Alumni who spent years under the care of these Brothers make solemn attest to the great sacrifices undergone every day of their lives for the sole purpose of adding to the list of good citizens, to the catalogue of moral, enterprising, useful men.

Every man has a mission in this world, and that mission is to help his fellow man. Not a thought of self, their whole existence, pleasure and reward is wrapped up in the one mission to make God-fearing, intelligent men, equipped with the soundest in philosophy, advanced science, literature, and, above all, with characters firmly imbued with the true principles of Christian life, with love for toil whether of the brain or heart or hand, which, after all, is true manhood, true nobility, with characters patterned and molded under the immediate protection of the Virgin Mary, to cope with modern life so strenuous in the acquisition of wealth, without regard to morals, with temptations to do evil and tread your neighbor in the dust, where the creature has nigh forgotten his Creator's precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," these latter times impregnated with socialistic and atheistic theories, pitfalls for the unwary, ought to make us more fully appreciate the beautiful sentiment that underlies their lives, and the sacrifices made for our benefit.

How to appreciate all this? I will tell you: Stand here with me all ye in the hearing of my voice, and with uncovered head vow to the protectress of this institute, the Virgin Mary, that we whom these brother mariners of education sent forth on the sea of life will soon return with cargoes, rich in duties fulfilled and teachings adhered to, cargoes filled with earthly goods gained by honest labor, made possible by the education here received, to lay at her feet as endowments for scholarships, libraries and buildings, so that your college may continue on to do unto posterity as she has done unto you.





COLLEGE NOTES

On Saturday, February 4, a cablegram was received announcing the sad news of the death of the Very Rev. Joseph Simler, the venerable superior of the Society of the Brothers of Mary, at his residence at Nivelles, Belgium, that morning. The news proved a great shock to the members of the order in this country, although it was known that the venerable priest was severely ill.

The venerable superior general had been ailing for some time, and it was only through the constant attention of eminent physicians that his life was prolonged until Saturday, when the news of his death was immediately cabled to the reverend provincial of the order.

Solemn requiem services were held Monday morning at the Chapel of St. Mary's Institute for the repose of the soul of the deceased superior general. The Chapel was beautifully decorated in drapings of white and black, and was crowded to its utmost capacity. Owing to the limited capacity of the chapel but few invitations were issued to the friends of the Institute.

Besides the faculty and students of the college, all the Brothers and candidates of St. Mary's Convent and delegations from several schools in town were present. At 9 a. m. the office of the dead was chanted by the clergy and choir. The solemn requiem high mass which followed was sung by Very Rev. George Meyer, provincial of the American province, assisted by Rev. Joseph Weckesser and Christian Christ. After the Gospel, Rev. Louis Tragesser, president of the college, outlined in eloquent and touching terms the long and active career of the venerable deceased.

Rev. Joseph Simler was born in 1832 at St. Hippolyte, Alsace, and received his early education from the Brothers of Mary in 1851, and continued his literary and theological studies at Paris, taking the degree of LL. L. and D. D. He was appointed to occupy the chair of rhetoric in the College of

Besancon, and later he became the president of that institution, and in 1865 was given the direction of the Petit College Stanislas at Paris. From there he was called in 1871 to take active part in the general administration of the order. In 1875 he visited the establishments of the society in America in company with Rev. John Reinbolt, superior of the American province, and Brother Maximilian Zehler, president of St. Mary's Institute, passing several months in the city of Dayton. In 1876 he was elected superior general of the society, and held this office during twenty-nine years, having been twice re-elected. His death was hastened by the religious persecution raging in France.

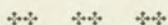
In 1901, a victim of the Masonic persecution of religious orders; already an invalid, he was brutally driven out of the house which had been his home for over thirty years, and which had belonged to the order since 1830, and was forced to leave his country and go into exile. He took up his abode with other exiled members of the order at Nivelles, Belgium, where he passed the last two years of his life encouraging and directing his brethren in exile and praying for his persecutors.

Rev. Father Simler was a man of remarkable energy and intelligence. Although a Frenchman by birth, he realized the importance of extending the order outside of French territory. He was an ardent admirer of American ideas and institutions, and since his visit to America he took the deepest interest in the schools and colleges of the order in the United States, multiplying them all over the Union. Under his administration the Society of Mary has become universal, spreading to all the countries of Europe, to Algeria and Tunis in Africa, to China, Syria and Japan in Asia, to Canada and Mexico in America, and to the Sandwich Islands in Oceanica.

Notwithstanding his numerous occupations, Father Simler found time to write on various topics. Besides many theological an ascetical works he has published several biographies, the last and most interesting being that of Father Joseph Chaminade, the founder of the Society of Mary. Father Simler began this work during the siege of Paris, in 1871, when the bombs that the Prussians threw from the heights of Bellevue and Mendon forced the Parisians to seek security within the stone walls of their houses.

His spare moments during the last thirty years he passed in consulting manuscripts and collecting documents dating back to the great revolution of 1789, during which Father Cham-inade, after miraculously escaping several times from the guillotine, took refuge in Spain, where at the shrine of Notre Dame del Pillar at Saragossa he conceived the idea of founding the Society of Mary. The deep study that Father Simler had made of this troubled period of French history armed him for the present crisis through which religious societies and the Society of Mary in particular are passing, and suggested to him wise measures that have assured the future existence of the society, notwithstanding the violence of the persecution.

The ardent affection, untiring zeal and absolute devotedness of Father Simler in the long years of his generalship have endeared him to all the members of the order. The touching and impressive ceremonies of Monday morning testify to the love and gratitude of his children.



The general first term examinations were held in all the classes in the course of the week beginning January 30. We append the list of the first honor pupil of each class.

Senior (classical)—Joseph Pilon, Minocgua, Wis., 95 per cent.

Senior (scientific)—Albert Timmer, Dayton, O., 95 per cent.

Junior (classical)—Joseph Mayl, Dayton, O., 95 per cent.

Junior (scientific)—Aloys Volker, Pittsburg, Pa., 99 per cent.

Sophomore (classical)—Charles Whalen, Dayton, O., 97 per cent.

Sophomore (scientific)—Paul Wenigman, Chicago, Ill, 96 per cent.

Freshman (classical)—Frank Morris, Dayton, O., 99 per cent.

Freshman (scientific)—William Kinsler, Dayton, O., 97 per cent.

Commercial A—Clement Bucher, Dayton, O., 94 per cent.

Commercial B—Godfrey Topmoeller, Cincinnati, O., 99 per cent.

First Academic—Fred Canny, Dayton, O., 98 per cent.

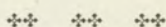
Second Academic—Fred. Dister, Hamilton, O., 98 per cent.

First Preparatory—Carl Fernednig, Dayton, O., 97 per cent.

Second Preparatory—Joseph Nolan, Cincinnati, O., 97 per cent.

Third Preparatory A—William Kuntz, Dayton, O., 93 per cent.

Third Preparatory B—George Heck, Dayton, O., 87 per cent.



The Sophomore Circle organized last October by the students of the Sophomore classes had, up to date, remained within the limits of the strictest secrecy. We are pleased to learn at the meeting of February 9th, a motion was made and adopted to make a breach in the circle and to have an account of the meetings published in the Exponent.

The following minutes were read at the meeting of February 9th:

Report for February 9, 1905.

The program for the meeting of January 12th was exceptionally interesting. The roll call was answered by expressive quotations from Tennyson. The two papers, one on Tennyson by Mr. Wenigman, the other by Mr. Emerick on Scott, were not only remarkable in composition, but also very well delivered.

The other selections were mostly in a humorous vein. Those of Messrs. Menyinsky, Irwin and Shaefer, bringing peals of laughter from all. Mr. Edward Hanbuch's reading, "A Page from Ivanhoe," was well chosen. It was listened to with pleasure by all present.

The time being short we were denied the pleasure of hearing Mr. Waarich deliver his selection. Mr. Whalen, recalling the words of Mr. Paul Wenigman that "Tennyson is the greatest poet of the nineteenth century," begged to be allowed to ask if all agreed to this assertion of Mr. Wenigman, saying that he was inclined to give precedence to our American poet, Longfellow; and in consequence moved that a debate take place at some future meeting to discover which is the greater

poet, Tennyson or Longfellow. The motion was carried and the committee on programs charged with the preparation of the debate.

The meeting closed as usual with a prayer by the Reverend Moderator.

The officers of the Sophomore Circle are:

President—Rex Emerick.

Vice President—Paul Wenigman.

Secretaries—William Mahoney, Charles Whalen.

Librarians—William Schoen, Ed. Hanbuch, Henry Janszen.

The motto of the Sophomore Circle, "Sera et spera," "Sow and hope," is a very appropriate one, and the Sophomore students have decided to stand by this motto till the end of their college career. In the meetings prior to January 9th, several interesting papers were read, the most remarkable those of Charles Whalen, on "Homer;" Paul Wenigman on the "Legends of King Arthur," and Aug. Waarich on "Diction." The Circle is indebted to William Schoen and Laurence Janszen for several well rendered recitations, revealing serious study and a high degree of histrionic talent.





St. Mary's is now about in the midst of the most successful winter athletics, and the boys are heartily enjoying themselves with the great indoor sport, basket-ball, and also in skating and coasting. Just now the latter sport is becoming very dangerous, but the exhilarating ride down the long steep hill, well makes up for the danger involved. At skating the boys find a sport pleasing, and one which well exercises nearly all parts of the body. But the greatest of all indoor sports this winter seems to be that indoor foot-ball game, basket-ball. It is a game which calls into play quick action, good brains, and a good eye. Above all these may be mentioned a steady nerve, which never fails even in the most trying situations. Its advocates at St. Mary's are numerous, every division almost is represented, with teams ranging from the size of the Minum Stars to the Varsity team. And it might be mentioned that St. Mary's now the strongest team it ever had since basket-ball held sway in the college. The following games have been played, and no team in Southern Ohio has a better record:

St. Mary's, 16; Jacobs' B. C., 13.

St. Mary's, 19; Coronas, 12.

St. Mary's, 28; Coronas, 10.

St. Mary's, 34; Tippecanoe, 22.

St. Mary's, 17; Coronas, 18.

The following games were played since the last issue:

The effective team work of St. Mary's, on January 18, at the Dayton View Gym., gave the college boys a decisive victory over Corona by a score of 28 to 10. At the end of the first half, the score was 17-6 in St. Mary's favor, notwithstanding Coronas' efforts to the contrary. In the last half St. Mary's chalked up 11 points to Coronas' 4. In this half Allison for Corona, made their first, last, and only field basket on a fluke

throw. Hogan, Kersting and Topmoeller starred for St. Mary's, although Kenning made the prettiest throw of the game. Livingstone, the fast Piqua forward, refereed the game. The line-up:

Corona.	St. Mary's.
Salisbury	Forward..... Topmoeller
Allison.....	L. ForwardHogan
Dr. Freshour.....	Center.....Kersting
Linxweiler.....	R. Guard.....Kenning
Frevort.....	L. Guard.....Pflaum
Referee—Livingstone. Umpire—Emerick.	
Timekeepers—Shell and Freeman.	
Scorers—Scheml and Schaefer.	

St. Mary's again came out victorious in the game with the fast and husky lads from Tippecanoe, by a score of 34 to 22. Both fives made sensational throws and the game belonged to either team till almost a few moments before the final whistle blew. The magnificent passing of St. Mary's won for them the game, the Tipp boys being deficient in this respect. Topmoeller and Kenning divided honors for St. Mary's with Westfall and Smith, in the points for Tippecanoe. Topmoeller threw 8 baskets, almost one-half of St. Mary's total score. A rally in the last made Tipp's followers fill with hope, and it looked for a while as though the score would be tied, but the St. Mary's boys took a spurt and won out.

St. Mary's.	Tippecanoe.
Hogan.....	R. Forward.....Smith
Topmoeller.....	L. Forward.....Cushwa
Kersting.....	CenterWestfall
Schoen.....	R. Guard.....Eidenmiller
Kenning.....	L. Guard.....Potts
Referee—Mathews. Umpire—Emerick.	
Timers—Freeman and Sewald.	
Scorer—E. Schaefer.	

On February 8th, St. Mary's went down in defeat for the first time this year, and the second time in four years. Notwithstanding that St. Mary's played loosely, the score was close, 18-17 in Corona's favor. St. Mary's showed the lack of practice plainly; but this is no fault of Captain Kenning, the boys seemingly thought that victory so easy in other contests, would once more bestow her fickle smile on an unpracticed five, with aspirations to the Southern Ohio championship. But their hopes were blasted; St. Mary's who had easily triumphed over Corona in their previous contests, were up against it this time. The team was utterly demoralized, but three field baskets thrown. As was aptly said, "There was too much elasticity in the iron" for St. Mary's forwards. But one defeat will only spur the team on to greater efforts, for St. Mary's is determined to win and show the Dayton dailies (News and Herald) that St. Mary's will have something to say in regard to Corona playing Jacobs' B. C. for the city championship.

St. Mary's.

Corona.

Hogan.....	R. Forward.....	Salisbury
Topmoeller.....	L. Forward.....	Tafel
Kersting.....	Center	Allison
Cronan.....	R. Guard.....	Frevert
Kenning-Schoen.....	Guard	Linxweiler

On the night of February 14th, the basket-ball team added another victory to its credit by defeating the Hamilton high school team in an exciting game on the institute floor. This was the first time these two teams met and the contest was especially exciting. While the game ended with the score of 28 to 21, the high school boys had a look in at all stages of the game.

The work of the visitors was of first-class order, especially the pass work, but the collegians were equal to the occasion, and by exceptionally fine team work were able to land on top.

Kersting again displayed great skill by throwing four field goals, with Topmoeller close on his heels with three field goals.

Hogan did his share toward making chalk marks on St. Mary's

scoreboard by throwing two field goals and eight out of twelve chances from free throwing on fouls. Martin, for the visitors, is certainly there with the goods, throwing two field goals and ten out of thirteen chances from free throws on fouls.

Cullen, of Hamilton, proved to be of great assistance at center. He is about 6 feet 3 inches tall, and he simply picked the ball out of the air.

The first half started off slow, neither side scoring in the first four minutes of play. Kenning made the only field goal that St. Mary's secured in this half. Schellhorn and Cullen each made a field goal for the visitors, and the half ended with the score 9 to 8 in favor of the collegians.

Hogan started the second half by throwing a difficult field basket, and that was certainly a bracer for the Institute boys, as they continued to do things during the remainder of the game.

Both teams displayed fine work in this half, but Hamilton was playing on a strange floor, which proved a disadvantage.

The line-up was as follows: St. Mary's Institute—Hogan, l. f.; Topmoeller, r. f.; Kersting, c.; Kenning, l. g.; Clasgens, r. g. Hamilton High School—Martin, r. f.; Schell, l. f.; Cullen, c.; J. Keller and Lowenstein, r. g.; F. Keller, l. g. Referee—Lee, Hamilton. Umpire—Emerick, St. Mary's.

J. CRONAN, '05.

Second Division.

The old coasting hill has seen many records, but never one to equal that made on Friday, February 3. The thermometer had been playing a jig for fully two days, but on that eventful Friday, it dropped like an automobile over a precipice; low enough to put a stop to old Maud in her antics. Sled No. 1 ploughed through a snowdrift on the right of the track. Sled No. 2 through one on the left. No. 3 turned topsy turvy. No. 4 descended safely, but came to a stop at the old, old record in the center of the field. No. 5 was superbly equipped as a record-breaker. The veteran steerman, C. Rosenback, supplemented with Hergenrether, the heavyweight, kept to the track, cleared the hill, sped over the field, up to the fence,

along the pond, and—kept right on until the bob stopped midway between the cemetery and the pond. Here, to be sure, was a record; one to make any sturdy lad open his vest and take off his hat, even though the weather was cold. So delighted was our stout friend that he kept puffing for fully an hour before he could express his admiration. As the record was made, a gentleman proposed to erect a monument on the spot. Genial Walter Stacey, passing at the moment, decided to change the location of the monument. "I'll break the record or bust!" quoth Sir Walter. There was a determined pull on the bob; a quickening pace of five gritty lads, and, like the king of France, a march up the hillside. Our heroes, Stacey, McKinney, Duffy, Mattingly, and Quigley, piled on the bob in the most scientific fashion. Now the bob descends at a mile a minute clip, clearing a quarter of a mile in 17 seconds. There is no stop, not even at the monumental spot. A neat turn to the left, and abrupt descent, and away the bob speeds like an arrow over the frozen snow, down to the barnyard gate. Our heroes were determined to break their heads or "bust" with glory. They "bust" the record to smithereens, and now a faint glow of honest pride tinges their healthy cheeks. The smaller boys stand in open-mouthed wonder and believe that airships alone will help them to break that record.

On Monday, February 13th, the smaller boys' team of the Second Division, Boarders, met that of the Day Scholars in an interesting contest. The game was fast and well played by both sides, notwithstanding the fact that the Boarders were offered very little practice. The Day Scholars won the game by one point. The line-up:

Boarders (7).

Day Scholars (8).

F. Topmoeller..... R. F. Whalen

M. Dougherty..... L. F. Finke

J. Mahoney..... C. Moore

E. Taken..... R. G. Kingler

F. Schmidt..... L. G. Varley

Umpire—L. Hergenrether. Referee—C. Hanour.

Length of halves, 15 and 20 men respectively.

Final Score—Day Scholars, 8; Boarders, 7.

In a practice game with the crack Brothers' team, Thursday, February 16, the Second Division team won by the close margin of 17 to 16.

The game was an exciting one throughout, and was replete with startling plays. The effective team work of the boys told in the end, although the Brothers put up a stiff fight. The line-up:

Brothers.	Second Division.
Brother Peter Babel.....	R. G.....Wm. Peak
George House, G. Herron..	L. G.....W. Stacey
Brother Wm. Lutz, C. Rosenbach..	C.....R. Mattingly
Brother Edward.....	L. F.....P. McKenney
Brother Wm. Lutz, Herron..	R. F.....N. Quigley
Umpire—L. Hergenrether. Referee—Ed Carrol.	
Timekeeper—Brother John M. Bauzer.	
Length of halves—20 minutes.	

N. J. QUIGLEY, '08.

First Division Day Scholars.

If the day scholars do as well in base-ball this coming spring as they are doing in basket-ball this winter, then prospects will be very bright. With a basket-ball team consisting of D. Kersting, W. Pflaum, J. Cronan, C. Hanauer, and E. Hanbuch, they have a fair chance for taking a game from the First Division boarders or the Coronas. The senior day scholars never had a faster bunch for many years.

Third Division Day Scholars.

The Third Division day scholars have a fast little team this year, consisting of Charles Walen (captain), W. Varley, H. Finke, W. O'Connor, and W. Kinzeler. They lost a game to the Third Division boarders during the period, when the day scholars were not yet organized. In the beginning of February they were well organized, and the result was that

they took a game from the small Second Division boarders on February 13th, the score being 7 to 6. The day scholars are now confident that they can regain their honor if they clash with the Minims again. The teams that played on February 13th are:

Day Scholars.

Boarders.

C. Whalen (captain).....	F. Topmoeller (captain)
W. Varley.....	J. Mahoney
R. Moore.....	F. Schmitt
H. Finke.....	E. Taken
W. Kinzeler.....	M. Daugherty





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GRAVES & MEADE
THE ARCADE CLOTHIERS

WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

The following, exemplifying the syllogism, was recently rendered by a Senior sage, who has demonstrated his abilities for philosophical studies in practical directions also:

“Persecution binds together;
Matrimony binds together;
Therefore, matrimony is a persecution.”

This P. S. appeared on one of the papers in the composition class:
“Please excuse all mistakes; I used a stub pen.”

Who threw Joe C. down?
Barney as Shylock: “Three thousand buckets!”

There's very little excitement in doing the things you are allowed to do.

Junior No. 1 (speaking of musical instruments): “It's difficult to play a piccolo.”

Junior No. 2: “It is, indeed.”

Junior No. 3 (appearing on the scene): “Oh! I saw him.”

Nos. 1 and 2 (in unison): “Saw who?”

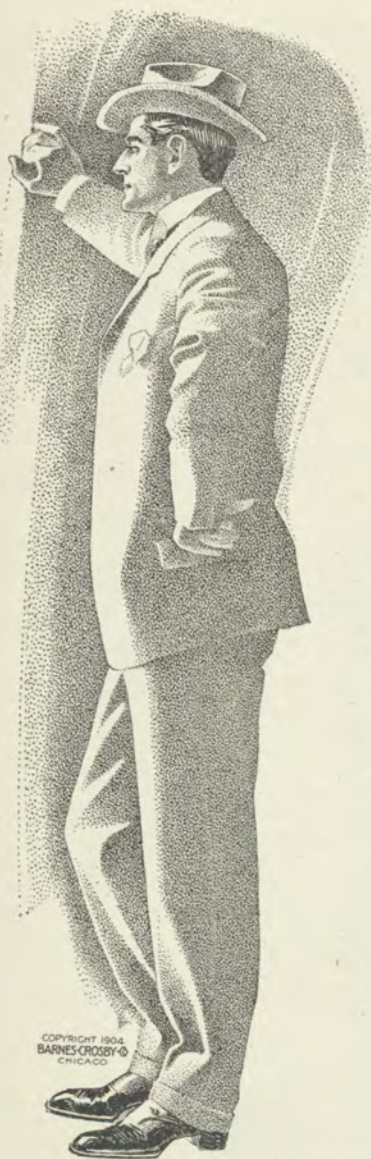
No. 3: “Why, Piccolo, o' course.”

No. 1: “Ah, get out!! We're talkin' about musical instruments.”

No. 3 (deeply puzzled): “Oh!—ah! It—it—looks something like a pig, don't it?”

And No. 3 is in the Freshman class, too!

A competent doctor prescribed the following remedy for homesickness: Gargle a rubber boot every morning before breakfast; if this cure fails, juggle a freight car before retiring until relieved.



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At the price--we claim these suits have no equal

Inspection of our line--by young men who know how to examine and compare--will bear us out.

COME IN TO-DAY

Rike's

Aldopho Martinez des Rars
Once got on the parallel bars;
But he lit on his head,
And in rising just said:
"Say, kids, I see me de stars."

Oh, Charlie, the slim and the fair,
The one with crisp, curly hair,
With the eight-dollar shoes,
And the firm settled views,
Knows how to be quite debonnair.

Of sages enlightened and just,
Our Paul sure can bear off the crust;
For the words he can swing,
Why, some day will bring
Great fame to his handful of dust.

Before a recent naval battle a Russian sailor was heard to pray as follows: "Oh, Lord, protect us from shot and shell; but if it be Thy will that some come on board, please see that they are distributed like the honors, only among the officers."

The Saffron-Colored Poodle.

(As sung by Dwyer and Goldkamp.)

Of dogs there are full many
Of different breeds and hue,
But in our choice we're careful,
Not every one will do.
Oh, the spaniel, spitz, and bull pup,
May make good sausage meat;
The greyhound and the setter,
The soft ones call them sweet.
The mastiff and the shepherd,
The terrier and the pug;
The former do for watch-dogs,
The latter we just hug.
But the saffron-colored poodle!
Oh, this poodle is our choice.
Away with other canines,
In poodles we rejoice.

Teacher: "How is the climate of South America?"

Pupil: "It is warmer in the western part than in the eastern part."

F. CAPPEL,

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

Kindly mention THE EXPONENT when calling on Advertisers.

Teacher: "What reason can you give for this?"

Pupil: "Because the mountain ranges are in the west."

Teacher: "What country is diametrically opposite to ours?"

Pupil: "I don't understand the question."

Teacher: "Well, now, suppose a hole were made right here where we are down through the earth until it opens on the other side, and you dropped down that hole, where would you come out on the other side?"

Pupil: "Why, out of the hole, of course."

Leo and his band outdo

"The fiercest gale that ever blew."

For missing watches, pocketbooks and other useless luxuries apply to Copenmiller.

The Student's Woes.

I've phrased and translated, I've figured and read,
 I've spelled and divided until nearly dead;
 I've written and written my fingers all numb;
 I've talked and recited until nearly dumb.
 "Aim to be facile," said teacher to me;
 Be quick to perceive, and you'll get your degree.
 Know well all the laws of the planets and stars;
 Be sure to remember the distance to Mars,
 The size and the weight of the hills on the moon.
 The air that it takes to fill a balloon,
 The number of planets that ride in the air,
 The easiest way to calculate tare;
 How to survey an iceberg or swamp;
 How to write prose with poetical pomp;
 How gravitation will pull down a weight;
 How you can easily win a debate;
 The year that the ark struck Mt. Ararat;
 And why is a poodle a dog, not a cat;
 Remember the year that old Jonah was lost,
 Also the date of the heaviest frost;
 Why the hypothesis merely assumes;
 Why H two S doesn't smell like perfumes;
 Be ready to tell why Mrs. Cradwick's in jail,
 And also the size of Nan Patterson's bail."
 Meekly I said: "Please, teacher, desist;
 Your pleading I really cannot resist.
 Yet I feel when it comes to get the degree,
 That low seventy-five won't come to me.

CH. KENNING, '05.

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Bric-a-Brac, Etc.*

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kind in the city.*

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Lumber and Lathe

Fine Cabinet Work a Specialty.

S. W. Cor. Clinton and Bacon Sts.

DAYTON, OHIO

When looking o'er the study hall,
All things so quiet and still,
We all can hear a small pin fall
Upon the window sill.

But entering the dining hall
While at our daily fare,
You could not hear a cannon ball
Come tearing through the air.

E. SCHAEFER, '05.

THE MUSEUM.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Contributions to the Museum are always welcome. They may be mineral, botanical, or zoological specimens, or curios of any kind.

Persons thus contributing may always be sure of our grateful acknowledgment in the "Exponent," and of our willingness to do them a good turn should occasion offer.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are greatly indebted:

To the Brothers of St. Peter and Paul's School, St. Louis, Mo., for the models of a temple in Bangkok in Southern Siam, and three houses of natives, a mill and two straw huts. These having been exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

To Brother Frederick Hartwich, S. M., for ores from Cabre Rico Mine.

To Mr. Sidney Eckley, Dayton, Ohio, for old American letter and stamp.

To Mr. Thomas K. Lynch, Washington, D. C., for donation of \$10.

To Jacob H. Klein & Sons, proprietors of the Gem City Poultry Yards, for beautiful white "Fan-tail."

To Brother George Heintz, S. M., for section of percussion cap.

To Mr. M. Ludlum, Lebanon, O., for two specimens of Belgian hares.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF PRESIDENT AND FACULTY.

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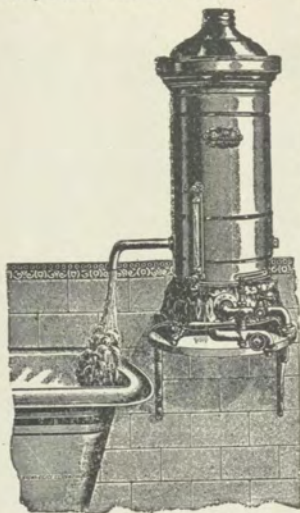
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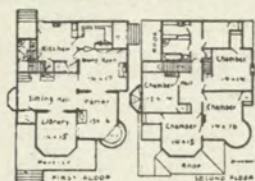
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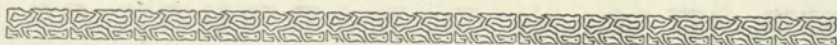
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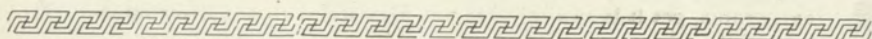
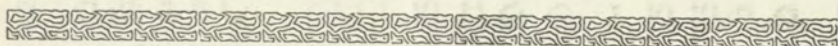
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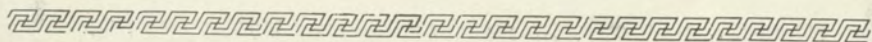
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