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MADONNA AND CHILD



VOL. III.

MAY, 1905

No. 5.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

THE vague, the mysterious, the uncertain have a hold upon the soul of man; whenever any incident occurs which is shrouded in darkness and doubt, which is hidden from the eyes of the world, all that is romantic in man is irresistibly drawn toward it. More so do we hallow those legends and traditions, those myths which have come down to us from centuries past, to be cherished by us and to be made the subject matter of many a song and poem to which the author has added the fruits of his own imaginative brain. It has ever been thus: the epics of Homer, the old Greek stories, all literature woven about the mythical and god-like characters of bygone days, have appealed to man, and they will remain forever, to grace our libraries and to be read and reread by us and by posterity. Springing thus from the vague traditions of the past, the story of the Holy Grail has lived. Pagan at first, till Christianity crossed its path, the barbaric gave way to the religious, and now the legend of the Holy Grail is inseparably woven about Christian morals and Christian characters. Poets of all nations have put it into song and story, but while Wagner has immortalized it in the opera

"Parsifal," it remained for Tennyson to connect the myth with the tales of Arthur and his Round Table, and to give it forever a place in the literary world by weaving it into that epic of romance, "The Idylls of the King."

Coming as it did from the vagueness of the past, surrounded by mystery, the story of the Holy Grail has a hundred sources and a hundred versions. One legend speaks of it as a precious jewel which fell from the crown of Lucifer; in another it is a cup brought down from heaven and guarded by angels on a mountain top; in a story originated among the Celts, the myth of the Holy Grail sprang from a pagan tradition of a wonderful vessel. Somehow the legend came to be Christianized, and the pagan cup became the symbol of the greatest and mightiest miracle of the Roman Catholic Church. The legend followed by Tennyson is that one which speaks of the Holy Grail as the cup used by Our Lord at the Last Supper, and as the one used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch the drops of blood from Our Savior's side when he died on the cross. Later Joseph was thrown into prison, where he was supernaturally fed from the sacred vessel for forty years. Then Joseph comes to Britain, and tradition brings the Holy Grail to Glastonbury, where it remains until Joseph dies, when it disappears and remains hidden from men until the destined knight appears who is to achieve the Quest.

The story, in Tennyson, is told by Sir Percivale (who after the fulfillment of his vow had entered the monastery) to a fellow monk, Ambrosius. Sir Percivale's sister, a nun, by fasting and prayer, obtains a vision of the Holy Grail. Filled with joy at the favor granted her, and with the hope of giving happiness to others, she, through her brother, incites the knights of the Round Table to obtain perfect purity of heart in order that they may see the Holy Grail. One summer night, as the knights are gathered in the halls of the king, there was a "cracking and a riving of the roof," and a beam of light, brighter than day, illumined the room, and down the beam came the Holy Grail. When it had passed, so overcome were the knights that most of them swore a vow that for a year and a day they would search for the holy vessel that they might see it. In the quest that followed, Sir Galahad, the pure,

was the only one who was really successful. He saw it constantly before him, ever leading him onward, "fainter by day, but in the night blood red." Sir Percivale beholds it in the distance when Galahad crosses over into the spiritual city, while Sir Bors sees it glide across the heavens. To Sir Launcelot it appears covered, as a holy wrath and and fire, as swift and stern condemnation and as a "seven-times heated furnace."

There is a decided comparison in the reason for which the different knights took the vow, the manner in which they saw the vision, and the effect it had upon each. Sir Galahad is the hero of the quest, the central figure about which the story revolves. He alone of all the knights is the embodiment of those virtues which are necessary for complete success, and he alone attains the goal. He sets out on the quest because he has already seen the Holy Grail, and because he had heard a voice cry, "O Galahad, follow me." Launcelot takes the vow because deep down in his heart he has a love for sin, and he hopes that if he is successful that this wicked love will be uprooted from his soul. And then the vision: that which to Galahad was sweet and gentle and accompanied by music, this to Sir Launcelot is a stormy glare, a "seven times heated furnace," from which he swoons, blasted and burnt and blinded. After Sir Galahad had seen the Holy Grail it induced him to deeds of valor, and he says to Sir Percivale,

"And in the strength of this I rode,
Scattering all evil customs everywhere.
And passed through pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clashed with pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke through all, and in the strength of this came victor."

But when Percivale sees the vision he is filled with the desire to retire into the simple, secluded life of the monastery, and this he does after his return from the quest.

Tennyson in his version of the story turns the symbolism of the original right around; he makes the quest of the Holy Grail a thing of evil instead of good. The meaning of the whole allegory is that, to abandon what is our plain duty, to leave our home and go in search of something vague and

apart from the world, instead of endeavoring to bring heaven to earth, is something evil, something that is harmful to all. It dissolves society, injures human life and produces some of the evils it is calculated to overcome. This idea the poet embodies in Arthur's prediction that "most of ye will follow wandering fires," and in Arthur's address to them on their return after the quest, when he says,

"And some among you held that if the king
Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow:
Not easily seeing that the king must guard
That which he rules, and is as but the hind
To whom a space of land is given to plow,
Who may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work be done: but being done,
Let visions of the night or of the day
Come as they will; and many a time they come,
Until this earth he walks on seem not earth."

Tennyson puts the same idea that of accepting something sure and certain, instead of following an illusion and striving for that which may be but a dream, into the mouth of the simple monk Ambrosius. Still the poet admits that there may be a few persons for whom this spiritual life is fitted and who will benefit mankind, when Arthur says to Galahad, "For such as thou art, is this vision." Another of the evil effects of the pursuit of this vision was the ruin of the Round Table, the breaking up of the association for just government: it left the kingdom without defenders, and when they returned they were but a remnant.

The Holy Grail from a literary standpoint is admirably drawn. The tale is pure allegory, full of action, and testifies to the descriptive power and inventive genius of the author. The story is told by Percivle, a knight of the Round Table, to a simple monk, Ambrosius; it is told by a man of the world, to one who knows naught but the simple life of his village: to whom the news of the world is a revelation.

The story goes on to tell of the coming of the Grail, the quest of the Grail by Percivale, and the phantoms he met with. These phantoms are to show that the soul cannot be satisfied with the things of this world and the beauties of

nature, but that it craves after higher ideals, after things of a spiritual nature.

The description of Galahad's final passage into the spiritual city is something that cannot be excelled. It is so wonderful, so vivid, so weird, and yet so real; it is but a fitting close to the life of one so pure; it is like the Revelation, something that the eye can picture, but the hand cannot fix upon the canvas.

And then the manner in which Launcelot makes his final voyage to Carbonek shows that Tennyson was a master. As Galahad, always pure, saw the vision always peaceful and happy, so Launcelot, whose soul is torn with dissensions, sees the half vision amidst thunder and storm.

Taken as a whole, there is perhaps no other of the Idylls so perfect in its scheme and so expressive in its imagery as uncertain, to follow an illusion, to seek for ourselves a heaven the Holy Grail.

ALBERT TIMMER, '05.



REGINA COELI.

Marble of the purest white, or magic glow
Of painter's art, or bard's inspired lay
Of harmonies most sweet, can ne'er portray
The beauty of heaven's Queen, to whom we owe
All homage. The pilgrim's shrine where ebb and flow
The seas of supplication without stay,
The echoes calling Ave at dusk of day,
Uplift our thoughts to realms immune from woe.

There shall we see the Virgin lily white,
Sun-clothed, star-crowned, and as the moon serene;
And from our ken unveiled this thrilling sight
No darkling cloud of sin or pain shall screen:
Thou, O Queen, wilt then be our supreme delight,
No power from Thee our hearts will ever wean.

GUY MORTON, '05.

BELATED.

Our little bark at anchor idly lay
The while we strode impatient on the deck,
And watched the flimsy fleeting cloudlets fleck
The blue of Heaven; till, near close of day,
When on our port the waves dashed high their spray.
And when the sun seemed but a ruddy speck
Which in the troughs and swells would nod and beck,
With sails full spread we glided on our way.
On, on we coursed, far from the sheltering shore,
Until the hazy trees were lost to sight,
And ominously came the breakers' roar,
Under the cover of approaching Night:
Then, tacking round, we slowly homeward bore,
Beneath the soft and mellow astral light.

J. A. PILON, '05.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.

WHILE Jefferson, already a young man of great promise, was pleading the cause of Colonial Rights in the House of Burgesses and in the Virginia Assembly, a slender youth of perhaps sixteen years disembarked at New York from a schooner bound from the West Indies. Just what could have been the emotions of young Hamilton as he first put foot upon the land of his adopted country it is impossible to say, but he must have borne an air of determination and bit his lip with fixed intent as he regarded this "Fairy Land of Promise." Perhaps at a later date, as he sat poring over his books, the image of that young Virginian would appear to distract him from his work, and in his day dreams he may often have pictured himself like Jefferson arguing the sweet cause of Liberty against Oppression.

Yet even day dreams sometimes are realized, and a few years later when the name of Jefferson resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land in connection with the immortal Declaration of Independence, Robert Morris and other financiers, gathered at Philadelphia, were discussing the sage reflections on the matter of financing the nation as embodied in certain letters from an Alexander Hamilton. The young native of the West Indies had made a start, while his model and exemplar was already near the primacy of his greatness. From then on Hamilton's rise was most rapid, and he who as a student at King's College, New York, may have hoped to prove a worthy successor to the great Jefferson found that he had become the contemporary and rival of the gifted author of the Declaration.

Perhaps in all the evolution in which such personages figured as the calm and dauntless Washington, the fiery and reckless Mad Anthony Wayne, the youthful and gallant La Fayette, and the brave and warlike de Kalb, no two more interesting characters could be traced than those of Jefferson and Hamilton.

Both were strange contraries. Jefferson, though a descendant of one of the most aristocratic families of Virginia, at an early age evinced an attachment for the colonial cause, and Hamilton, born from that strange mixture of French and Scotch blood which should have seethed in hatred for everything English, held "that the British government was the best in the world, and he doubted whether anything short of it would do for the colonies." Jefferson, after witnessing the troublesome times of the French revolution, returned more strengthened than ever in his democratic views, while Hamilton, though the aid-de-camp and intimate companion of Washington who had refused a throne, never became entirely reconciled to the republican form of government.

But though there was a great diversity in the natures of Jefferson and Hamilton, both were animated by one fixed purpose, the establishment of the United States as a free and independent nation. And similarly it was through their pens that both rendered their most effective assistance to the Union. It was Jefferson who, through the Declaration of Independence, severed the ties that bound the colonies to their mother country, and it was Hamilton at a later period who, through the Federalist, united those colonies into one firm and indissoluble Union. It was Jefferson who, by his ever ready pen, fed the flame of hope during those dark days at Valley Forge, and it was Hamilton, aided by Morris and others, that procured the means for purchasing sorely needed supplies.

The soldiers and civilians after the successful termination of that long and wearisome struggle, looked up in reverence to the man who had enkindled in them the flame of hope; they little cared for the man who had ministered to the wants of their body. But Hamilton was not to be denied. He, almost alone at that time with his great chief, clearly perceived what others had been blind to, the need of a strong central government. He quickly secured the adoption and ratification of the Constitution, and then as secretary of the treasury began the funding of the national debt. Despite popular protest and seemingly insurmountable obstacles he secured the adoption of the necessary measures and placed the country upon a firm financial basis. Then while he was being lauded in Europe

as the greatest financier of modern times, he was being censured and villified in his own country. Meanwhile, Jefferson had returned from France and had been appointed secretary of state. Between two such men of similar station, with such conflicting views, friction was inevitable. Hamilton became the leader of the Federalists, while Jefferson led the anti-Federalists. But the contest was an unequal one. Hamilton had forced his will upon the people and had incurred the hostility of many citizens by his determined stand in the Excise Laws; the suave and agreeable Jefferson, always subservient to the demands of the populace and advocating the plausible doctrine of State Rights, gained followers wherever he went. Hamilton, after resigning from the cabinet, soon lost "caste" among the Federalists, while Jefferson was shortly afterward elevated to the presidency.

Fickle fortune had smiled on the native son and frowned on the adopted one. Nor did she reverse her decree after their death. Hamilton's memory is shadowed by his unfortunate duel with Burr, while the name of Jefferson, in connection with the Louisiana Purchase and the Declaration of Independence, will live through the ages. And while Bryan and Cockran, Hill and Parker are championing the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, the rank and file of the victorious Republican party are ignorant of the name of their great founder.

J. A. PILON, '05.

THE AWAKENING.

Hast thou heard that lovely singing,
Singing in the tree?
'Tis the robin redbreast telling,
Telling you and me,
That the balmy, joyous springtime
With its pretty flowers
Has again returned to cheer us,
And gem this land of ours.

Happy springtime, joyous season,
All in bright array,
As if ancient fields Elysian
Had found to earth their way.
Dandelions dot the meadow,
Living golden stars,
Not a sorrow, not a shadow,
Nature's joyance mars.

The oak, the mighty forest king,
Is robed in deepest green,
And on the hillside flowering
The early plants are seen.
The modest little violet
Purple-hooded stands,
The ear-drop hardly blooming yet,
Still muffed her little hands.

Like the joy that follows sadness
Is increased many fold,
So the Master made spring gladness
Follow winter's cold:
That we might enjoy the glowing
Of its sunny hours,
And might praise, for better knowing,
His almighty powers.

WM. MAHONEY, '07.

AS USUAL.

NO belief is more prevalent, perhaps, than that in the preternatural. Though we may have educated ourselves beyond believing in actual spirit visitation, yet we cannot shake off the belief in preternatural influences playing upon us from all sides, either as premonitions in dreams or omens, or the occult power ascribed to special days, numbers, mascots, or other more or less material fetishes. In every reported instance of the reality of such influence, in which reason and common sense were able to investigate the matter, the deception was laid bare. We herewith give an instance illustrative of thousands.

Mr. Davis had brought home a book dealing with the manifestations of the occult. After a week the entire family were attributing to preternatural agency everything out of the ordinary. Several slight coincidences had gone far to encourage the tendency when Mrs. Davis dreamt of a fire and a week afterwards the woodshed burnt down; thereafter it would have been a foolish waste of words to try to shake their reliance on forebodings.

One night Mr. Davis could not go to sleep, owing doubtless to a late, heavy supper. Lying awake, he was painfully conscious of every sound about the house. Two or three times he was ready to affirm on oath that the clock had missed several ticks, and, consequently, was waiting for some one to die.

All at once his attention was arrested by something that made every one of his scanty hairs to rise on end. His bedroom door was wide open, and there, a few feet from the threshold, a tall, ghostly figure was seen approaching. His overwrought mind pictured the shroud and the ghostly, grinning skull. He lay paralyzed with abject terror. Slowly the ghostly visitant approached, closer, closer. Mr. Davis felt his end was come. Over his face a cold draught from the open window passed like a breath from the grave. A few

more steps and his fate would be sealed, for the ghost was on the threshold. He tried to think what it might do. What would it say with its hollow voice? Would it force him to go along with it? Or would it tell him that one of his family was to die? Suddenly at the door the figure halted. A forced feeling of courage swept over him. Putting his hand behind him he turned on the electric light. The sight that met his eyes will never be forgotten. At the door stood the somnambulist hired girl. Her face was covered by patches of cloth to beautify her complexion and around her was wrapt a large Turkish towel. Mr. Davis yelled at her and she awoke. Startled, she looked where she was; the next moment gave a shriek and fled to her room.

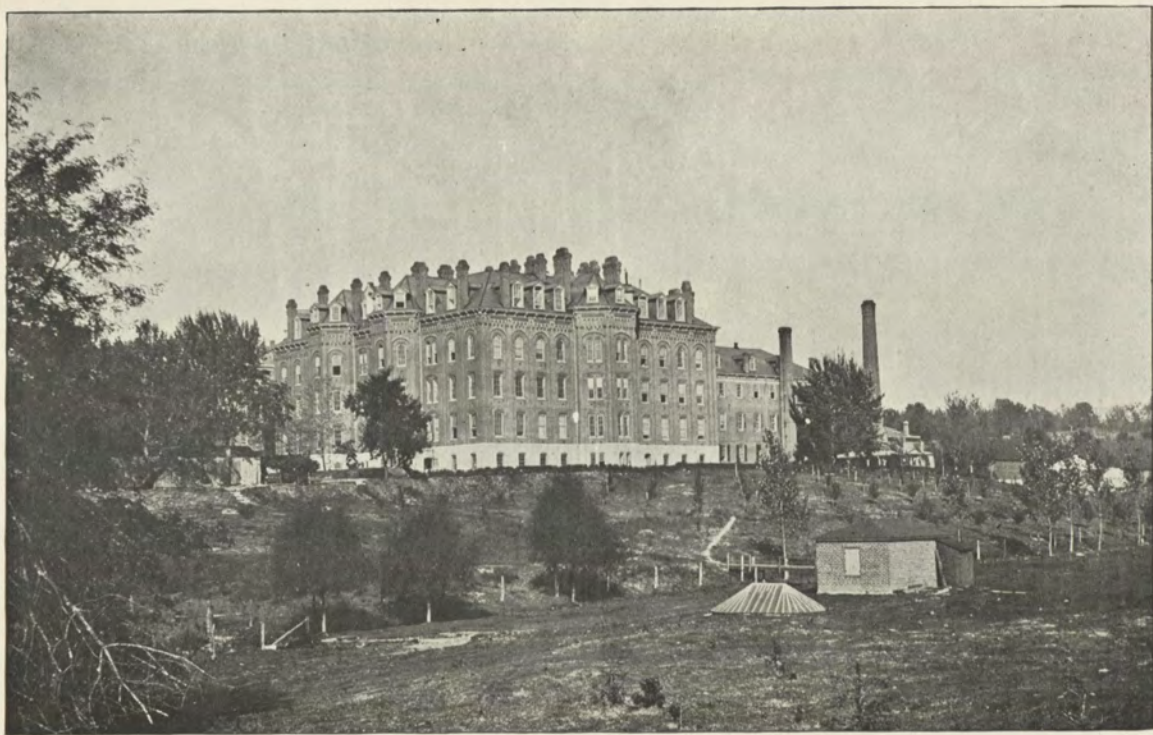
Talk to Mr. Davis about ghosts and he will laugh at you. The next day the book was burnt. As father of the family, Mr. Davis forbade any mention of spooks, and once more the family is reassured.

PAUL WENIGMAN, '07.

PIGRITIA.

Quam gravibus stringit juvenes inertia vinclis
Certius ut fallat, arridet letiferumque
Poculum odoratis coronat floribus, atque
Nectare coelesto miscet letale venenum.
Qui bibit, hunc torpentem sopitumque sauis
Dulcèdo invadit, venas vis pigra pererrat.
Infirmos urget quies illaudabilis artus,
Seraque tam tristi morbo medicina paratur.

JOSEPH MAYL, '06.



SOUTH VIEW OF ST. MARY'S CONVENT

CHANGE.

THERE is nothing in the whole universe, however great or small, that is not subject to change. Either to improve or to decay is the unalterable law of Nature. Even man, the highest of God's creatures, must again become the dust from which he was created.

It matters not which way we turn, we are met by many examples of the changes that are constantly going on. The babbling brook must join the larger stream; and much of its waters must change to vapor and ascend to the clouds to return again as rain.

The whispering breezes change to mighty winds and pull the leaves from their anchorage on the trees where they have turned to red and brown. The flowers that grow in the woods and by the stream rise from the dark earth, send forth their beautiful blossoms, and then, in Autumn, sink into their graves beneath the fallen leaves, to be forgotten.

The sea presents another striking example of change. The gentle calm recedes before the violent storm. The wild waves beat high upon the rocks and then fall back, like man who rises upon the heights of fame and then sinks to the depths of obscurity.

The land, too, must obey the laws of change; there is no side stepping. During the warm summer months the ground is so soft that even the most delicate plant can force its way to the open air. But when stern winter returns, the earth stubbornly resists any attempt to force its particles asunder.

Even the days change. In the spring and summer the days are of longer duration, in order, it seems, that man may have more time to enjoy the beautiful scene about him. But when, at last, comes the snow and ice; when all the plants are dead and the trees have been stripped of their foliage, the sun refuses to cast his welcome rays upon the bare earth so long at a time.

These are but a few of the examples of the changes that are forever occurring around us. Though we may not be able to see the reasons for them and are inclined to think them unnecessary. The world could not get along without them; for—

“Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.”

A. REGAN, '07.

THERE IS BUT ONE.

I.

Hundreds of stars in the beautiful sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the blooming heather.

II.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

EUGENE SCHAEFER, '05.

SPRING.

Spring! the gayest season of the year,
Comes closely on the heels of Winter drear;
She, with happy days and blithesome hours,
Brings joy to all, embodied in sweet flowers.

The grasses thrust their blades above the ground,
The trees are resurrected from their sleep,
While from their branches notes of birds resound,
And listening violets from deep mosses peep.

CLEM. B. GRAVES, '06.

LITTLE BROTHER JOE.

When I want to go away,
Little brother wants to play.
So mother says, Now don't you go
Without your little brother Joe.

When on pleasure I am bent,
Mama dear is not content
'Till some slight regard I show
For my little brother Joe.

When I sit me down to read,
Mamma dear will intercede
For that little scamp, you know,
For my little brother Joe.

When I try to write my task,
Just one question ma will ask,
Why I always loved her so,
And hated little brother Joe?

When I ought to be in bed,
Resting my poor weary head,
Little trifles I must sew,
For my little brother Joe.

When I cried with rage one day,
Papa asked in his calm way:
"Though you hate his manners so,
Could you part with brother Joe?"

And to pa I did confess
That some love I do profess
For my tiny little foe,
For my little brother Joe.

THOMAS A. HICKEY, '05.



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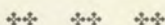
WILLIAM SKELTON '06

The recent election of Judge Edward F. Dunne as mayor of the city of Chicago brought to an end one of the most interesting contests ever held in the City of the Lakes. Mr. Dunne's victory was gained on the slogan, "Immediate Municipal Ownership," and was in every respect a triumph for pure democracy. Incidentally Mr. Dunne is the father of thirteen children, and this fact was scarcely less of a feature in the campaign than was the "log-cabin and hard-cider cry," presidency many years ago. The election of such men as Dunne, Folk, Douglas and others lends encouragement to the optimists that our government is really "of the people, for the people and by the people."



Keene Fitzpatrick, the veteran trainer of the University of Michigan athletes, in a letter recently addressed to the students urges them to try for the athletic teams representing their institution inasmuch as they would thereby ensure good positions for themselves upon graduation. He states that every year he is besieged with applications from School Boards throughout the country, asking for graduates who can

teach and also "turn their hand" to athletics. At present it seems that the essential requisite of a school teacher is that he be an athlete, and if he likewise possess a fair fund of knowledge, why, so much the better. Athletics is a problem that is worrying the best educators throughout the country, and its present prevalence can only work harm to our institutions of learning. That a Committee on Public Instruction should seek a person who combines with his teaching qualities known ability in the popular sports of the day is not in the least reprehensible; but at times their enthusiasm for athletics may blind these gentlemen to the less attractive qualities of learning, and in this way the cause of education may be harmed. And the heroes of the gridiron often fall in public esteem when given a Chair of Classics and endowed with the dignity of a professor.



Thus far the sturdy Japs have annihilated every force sent to oppose them and have no immediate conflict in prospect apart from the momentarily expected clash on the Japanese waters between the Mikado's fleet and the Baltic Sea squadron under command of Admiral Rojestvensky. In view of the fact that the Japs have destroyed the supremacy of Russia in Manchuria and have accomplished practically everything that they undertook, it is surprising that talk of intervention is not more pronounced. Had the Boers in their recent war met with the same degree of success, the sentiment of the civilized nations would have demanded the recognition and the establishment of their independence, but while all disinterested spectators favor the cause of Japan, war seems to be unduly prolonged for no other purpose than that Russia may get her just deserts. It is the same sentiment that prompts a crowd to stand by applauding while the little fellow does up the bully. Yet this same crowd would immediately interfere if conditions were reversed. However, we should remember that it is not the Russians, but Russia that deserves the beating, and perhaps the intervention of civilized nations could be best applied by removing the Czar and the autocrats that surround his throne and allowing the peasants to declare for or against a continuance of the war.

In regard to the recent local initiation of the Knights of Columbus, it is encouraging to note that so many of our alumni entered that society. Catholic associations, especially those that foster the means to a more thorough Christian life, afford to the man of higher education a field for the exercise of his attainments, in which he is able to do more for God and society than he can accomplish if he confines himself to his own sphere. In France at the present time we have an example of what an amount of harm evil organizations are capable. And the best way to fight the enemy is with his own weapons.



Collier's eight thousand dollar prize-story competition has ended and Fagan, the much lauded prize winner, has appeared before the public. And Fagan is a disappointment. Not that the story is not well written, for it is one of the best contributions to modern fiction, but Fagan, or rather the five thousand dollars, promised too much. When we take up Fagan, we expect a masterpiece and are disappointed in not finding it. Fagan unheralded would be a success, but Fagan with a bank note of four figures attached is a failure.



But though Fagan is a disappointment, in all probability some of the other stories which were sore disappointments to their respective authors will find more favor with the majority of readers. In fact, we need hardly expect a much greater unanimity of opinion among the reading public than among the judges, no two of whom were agreed as to first choice. Consensus of opinion upon the merits of two or more literary productions is almost as impossible as agreement upon colors; one likes red because it is red, and the other prefers blue for a similar reason. So when the other stories appear in the course of the next few months, Collier's is apt to find itself a storm center against which the disappointed authors and their friends will direct all the fury of their attack,

And the question that now arises is, "What was the value of the contest, what does it show?" Undoubtedly several profitable lessons can be drawn from it. First of all, it conclusively proves that money cannot extort genius, that the production of a masterpiece marks an epoch in the literary world. Then again, while the contest just closed will bring to the fore many writers hitherto unknown, it shows that these "unknown" are not on a par with the recognized masters. It demonstrates that our standard writers of fiction owe their position to merit and not to the favor of editors. And lastly, the contest reveals the fact that despite the twelve thousand contestants, the contributors to our college magazines possess more than a fleeting chance to win fame and fortune in the field of literature.

J. A. PILON, '05.

JUNIORS.

Just a jolly class of sixteen
Upright lads, wise and serene,
Never shrink from art or science,
Idleness set at defiance,
On their teachers place reliance.
Respect their motto; up and doing;
"Still achieving, still pursuing."

S. J. LOGES, '06.

The sun is swinging north again,
And lengthening the day:
The earth is waking from her rest,
And hope doth sing in every breast,
For Spring is on the way.

W. G. WANDER, '05.



ALUMNI NOTES

We read in the Dayton Daily News:—

The St. Mary's Institute Alumni Association met in an interesting session at the office of the secretary Tuesday evening, and discussed plans for the good of the association. There were some thirty members in attendance, and among them was Rev. Father Tragesser, President of the Institute. The annual meeting and banquet were discussed and plans were made for increasing the membership by inviting the men who were students prior to 1885 to become members. There are on the books the names of some four thousand young men who were students at St. Mary's Institute previous to the time when a regular course had been prescribed and made necessary for graduation. About one half of these pupils reside in Dayton, and it is thought that some of them will be glad to become members of the Alumni Association, and are really entitled to membership. An effort is to be made in this regard at once.

The committees appointed at the meeting were as follows:

Membership—Dr. L. F. Bucher, L. E. Orendorf, Bernard Focke, William McGrath, F. J. McCormick, Jr., Robert Hayes, Harry Rechsteiner.

Banquet—L. E. Orendorf, R. G. Schneble, Dr. L. F. Bucher.

Toasts—Emmett Sweetman, Charles Wetzel, William Stoecklein.

Gold Medal—Clarence Kramer, Bernard Focke, L. E. Orendorf.

Yells—Robert Hayes, Clarence Gochoel, Harry Finke.

Nominations—Joseph Clemens, Louis Moosbrugger, Emmet Sweetman.

The annual banquet will be held on the evening of June 20th, the day of commencement and graduation at St. Mary's Institute.

Mr. H. L. Ferneding, '90, delivered a lecture to the young men of the Catholic Gesellen Verein of Dayton, Ohio, on the subject, "The Law Courts of Ohio." Mr. Anthony Wolf, vice president of the St. Joseph's Literary Circle, under whose auspices the lecture was given, introduced the speaker in a few well-chosen words.

Though the subject was almost purely technical in its nature, still the speaker held the attention of his audience for an hour by his clear presentation of the subject, enlivening his discourse with anecdotes that caused a ripple of laughter and were heartily enjoyed by the audience. The various courts of the state, starting with the supreme court and ending with the magistrate court, were analyzed both as to their composition and jurisdiction; then an imaginary case was taken and carried through the entire system of courts until it reached the supreme court.

Every one in the audience felt that he had learned more of the complicated machinery of the courts in that hour than he would care to learn by actual contact with them.

After the address, the speaker was warmly complimented by the young men, who gathered around him to express their keen appreciation of his kindness.

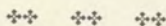
The address was followed by a dramatic recitation of Marc Antony's oration over the body of Caesar, by Mr. Joseph Abel, '93. The audience was so carried away by the recitation of that immortal oration that he was called out by an encore and then gave Cassius's interview with Brutus at the opening of the play.

Mr. Henry Gosiger, '60, president of the Eureka Foundry Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, was in Dayton March 19th, to attend the "Initiation" at the K. of C. He showed the road to one of the old boys, Mr. Henry Wenstrup, '74, a prominent merchant of the Queen City and also a K. of C. Together they surveyed the buildings and grounds, noting the vast improvements since their college days.

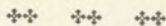
C. F.

Mr. Edward Miller, '94, head of the telephone construction department of the Western Electric Co., Chicago, Ill., recently sailed for London, Eng., in the interest of the company. While there he will install a large plant on the American plan.

C. F.

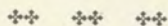


Mr. Frank E. V. Meyers, '97, of Connersville, Ind., treasurer of the Knights of Columbus of that city, during his recent visit to Dayton, Ohio, to attend the initiation of the K. of C.'s, called at the Institute, where he was greeted by many old friends and teachers. Mr. Meyers, whilst a student at St. Mary's, showed great skill in the line of painting, but his career in this world has led from this work of art, and he is now a prominent business man of Connersville, Ind.



Mr. Frank Heile and Mr. Joseph Bill, of Covington, Ky., prominent Knights of Columbus of that city, whilst attending the initiatory ceremonies recently held in Dayton, Ohio, paid a visit to the Institute, where they were the guests of Master Elmer Heile. Mr. Heile and Mr. Bill are both old boys of St. Mary's and were greatly pleased to note the many changes that are now taking place at their alma mater.

J. J.



Any graduate of St. Mary's coming to Dayton, Ohio, is requested to report immediately on his arrival to Mr. L. E. Orendorf, '99, secretary of the Dayton Alumni Branch, by either calling in person at his office in the Conover building, corner of Third and Main streets, or notifying by 'phone. Mr. Orendorf will arrange matters and a good time can be expected. It is the earnest desire of the Dayton alumni to impress it deep in the hearts of the students that have left good old St. Mary's, that there is, and always will be, a home in the Gem City for them.

Mr. Orendorf can be reached by the Bell and the Home 'phones, both at his office and at his residence.

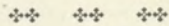
Lost, strayed or stolen members of the S. M. I. Alumni Association. The following members have not been heard from for years. Their addresses are given, and if anyone knows of their whereabouts, let him kindly notify the secretary, L. Edgar Orendorf, 702 Conover building, Dayton, Ohio:

T. J. Conway, '87, Santa Rosa, California.

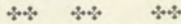
John C. Wolf, '88, 144 48th street, New York City.

J. B. Casey, '89, care J. B. Clow & Son, Chicago, Ill.

Dallas Wert, '92, Kendallville, Ind.

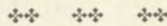


The secretary of the Alumni Association has the promise of over a dozen associate members. Inquiries as to membership are coming in fast.



The roster of the old students is in the office of L. E. Orendorf and may be inspected by the members and old students at any time. All members should call and help the good cause along.

J. J.



St. Mary's Institute Base Ball Game.

There will be a gala-day at St. Mary's on June 19 th when the Old "Old Boys" will cross bats on the Institute grounds with the Young "Old Boys." The captains, Dr. J. A. Averdick and Dr. G. A. Hochwalt, are in constant communication. The line-up so far is as follows:

Old "Old Boys."

Young "Old Boys."

Henry Unverferth.....	First base.....	Rudolph Schneble
Joseph Ferneding	Pitcher.....	"Doc" Hochwalt
John Graves	Second base.....	Harry Ferneding
John M. Kramer.....	Third base....	R. P. Burkhardt, Jr
Charles Swadener.....	Center field.....	S. F. Bucher
Theodore Lienesch.....	Right field.....	"Dick" Hollencamp
Charles A. Bueker.....	Left field.....	Louis Moosbrugger
"Doc" Averdick.....	Catcher.....	Wm. Stoecklein

John Wessalosky.....Water boy.....H. J. Rechsteiner
 Theodore Fritsch.....Bat carrier.....Bernard Focke
 Albert Hochwalt.....Short stop.....John Maher
 R. P. Burkhardt, Sr.....Scorer.....Clem J. Ferneding
 Wm. J. BuekerUmpire.....Joseph Murphy
 Joseph Walter official undertaker and head of ambulance
 crew.

Game called at 3 p. m.

Both teams are hard at work and from what can be seen a well fought game can be looked for. Quite a number of alumni will be present to bring victory to their favorite team. Many reserved seats have already been taken. Admission, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 50 cents.

On the morning of June 20th the S. M. I. Stars will play the winners of the alumni game. Game called at 9 a. m.

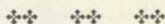
G. A. H.



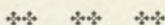
We acknowledge the receipt of an interesting missive from Dr. James A. Averdick, of Covington, Ky. Dr. Averdick came to St. Mary's when Brother Zehler was still amongst the living, and to him fell the duty of delivering the obituary of the good brother on the following commencement (1892). Dr. Averdick became a student immediately after the close of the Civil War, during which his father had served as surgeon. After five years at St. Mary's, he taught school for two years, and then, deciding to follow his father's profession, he entered the Medical College of Ohio, from which he graduated in 1874. He then went to Indiana, but the following year took up his residence at Covington, where he has lived ever since, practicing his profession and taking a lively interest in all kinds of good works. The Doctor sent the first Covington boy to St. Mary's. It was a son of Frank Rabe, and one member of this excellent family is today a Brother of Mary. Since then, Covington, year by year, has never failed to be duly represented on the student roll of St. Mary's.

Dr. Averdick was the first of the students who attended before '85 to have an honorary degree conferred upon him, and

many will remember with pleasure the occasion (Commencement Exercises, 1901), on which S. M. I. thus rewarded one of its most faithful sons. He has ever been an ardent admirer and supporter of the Brothers of Mary, and each June finds him an enthusiastic participant in both commencement and alumni exercises.



Among some scholars of the '60's from whom we would like to hear are the Spaldings, Whites and Harts of Union County, Kentucky, related to the Spaldings and Lancasters so well known in Catholic Church history of the United States, and cousins to the present bishop of Peoria, Ill. Here's hoping that they see this paragraph.



Many of the students that attended the Institute in the '60's, when Brother Zehler was in charge, have been quite successful in their walks of life.

Francis Gavisk entered the priesthood and is now pastor of the cathedral at Indianapolis and chancellor of the diocese. His brother Michael, now dead, was at one time private secretary to Governor Hubbard of Texas.

Wm. G. Schuler is the popular boniface of Cincinnati's famous restaurant.

Colonel John Hegger of Richmond, Indiana, a very successful merchant, has retired and is taking things easy.

Walter Raleigh is at present a wealthy banker in Evansville, Indiana.

And last, but not least, is Dr. L. C. Carr of Cincinnati; appointed by President McKinley to establish a sanitary board in Porto Rico. He prevented the spread of that terrible epidemic of yellow fever which devastated Memphis, Mobile and other southern cities. It was Dr. Carr's vigilant eye that kept the disease from Cincinnati.

A. T.

The following self-explanatory letter was recently received:

Moonlight Valley, Ky., March 17.

Dear Brother Zehler:

Perhaps you remember your bad boy Jimmy, who left your school in 1866. Well, he is still alive and has not forgotten his old school. I sent you my son Jimmy in 1874. You will no doubt recall me from your remembrance of him, as he resembled his father in many respects, particularly in ability to make mischief. Your first Jimmy is a grandfather now and would like to send his grandson to his old school to receive a good education. Please let me know whether your terms are still \$80.00 a year, including board, washing, doctor's fees, etc., and whether you cant' make a reduction. But it does not make much difference if your rates should be higher, as I want to give little Jimmy a good education. Give my regards to Brother Edward and Brother Nicholas, and tell Brother Edward that I have repented many times of having caused him so many premature gray hairs. But I was pretty frisky at that time. Was it not in 1859 that I first came?

Yours respectfully,

COLONEL JAMES A. SHARPIE.

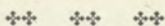
(Now we hope to hear of some more grandfathers from S. M. I.—Editor.)

We are much pleased to chronicle that two old boys have recently entered the Mother House of the Brothers of Mary at Dayton, Ohio. They are Edward Rottman of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Joseph Janning of Dayton, Ohio.

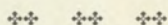
The many friends they have left wish them full success in the beautiful calling that they intend to follow. C. F. F.

From Fayetteville, Ohio, comes the sad news of the death of Augustus Sourd, which happened on last February 2d. Augustus attended the Institute in the early seventies, when Brother Zehler was president. He received all the last sacraments during his illness and died very peacefully. His brother, Rev. Adolph Sourd, now stationed at Bellefontaine,

Ohio, who was at the Institute in 1875, celebrated the funeral High Mass. The deceased leaves a family of five children. His nephew will attend St. Mary's next year. The Exponent sends it sincere regrets to the relatives of the deceased and recommends him to the prayers of its readers. G. H.



March 19, 1905, was a red-letter day for Dayton, for then there assembled here hundreds of gentlemen from all over the State to attend the initiation exercises held at the Knights of Columbus Hall. After the events that took place at the hall, a banquet was held, at which F. J. McCormick, Jr., a graduate of S. M. I., was toastmaster. The following former pupils of St. Mary's were those initiated: J. D. Koester of Greenville, Ohio; Emmett Sweetman, Leo J. Will, Robert D. Hayes, William McGrath, Walter E. Bauman and Hugo V. Goetz of Dayton, Ohio. J. E. M.



A recent number of "The Engineering Record" contains an interesting article by J. A. Hiller, '91, on the subject, "The Gravity Tunnel for the New Water Works of Cincinnati." Mr. Hiller is chief of the corps of engineers who are constructing a means to furnish the Queen City with good water. All those who read the article are impressed by the clear and accurate descriptions and illustrations, and also by the skill with which the engineer overcame the many obstacles which presented themselves during the progress of the work.

A. T.

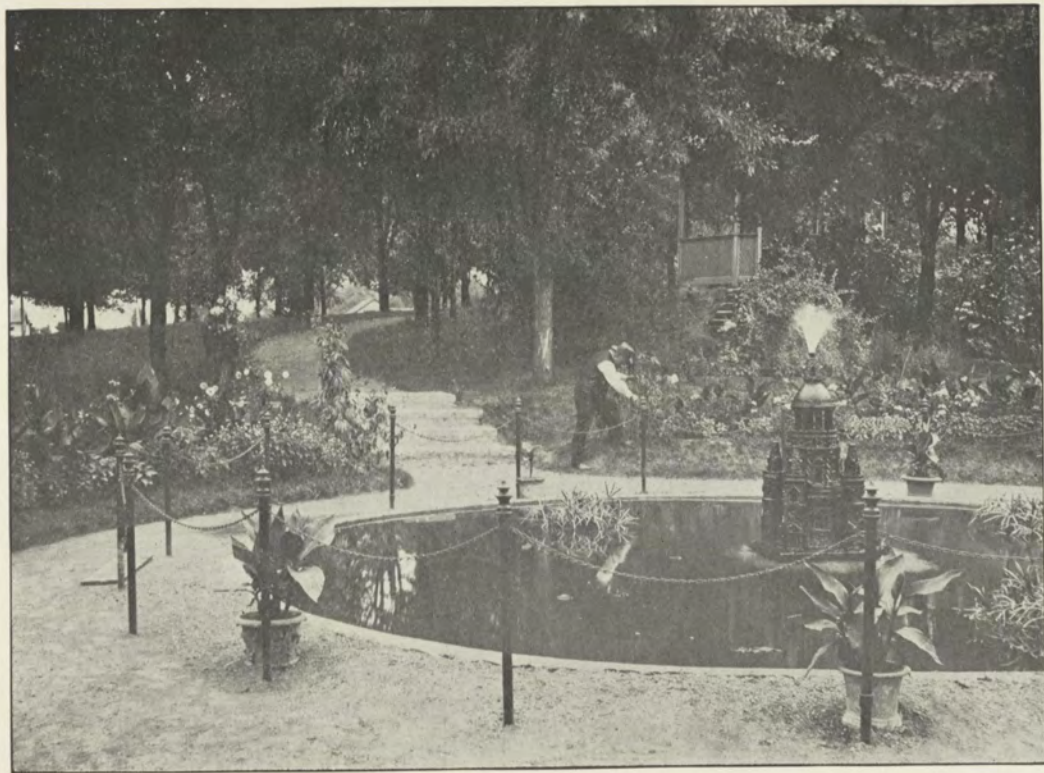
THE BUTTERFLY.

When fields are bright with sunshine,
And flowers are filled with dew;
When the grass is green and wavy,
And the trees are burdened, too;
Then the dainty, flutt'ring insect,
All gauze of sparkling hue,
Lightly flits from bud to blossom,
And then away from view.

How tireless in the sunshine,
With curious, mazy grace,
The butterfly flits lightly
Through all the realms of space.
It tarries by a rosebud,
Whose petals ope'd at dawn,
Then swiftly to a daisy
Just peeping o'er the lawn.

When waning days of autumn
Have changed the leaves to gold,
And winds sigh through the branches,
With voices stern and cold,
And every phase of nature
Proclaims that winter's nigh,
The butterfly seeks sadly
Some secret haunt to die.

CH. KENNING, '05.



VIEW IN THE INSTITUTE PARK



COLLEGE NOTES

The month of March proved to be a very uneventful one. An uninterrupted period of quiet and dullness settled on the place with the advent of Lent, and held sway nearly the entire time. When the rigors of the season are a thing of the past, and when the days of fasting are but dim recollections, and when the music in church assumes a more cheerful strain, we then hope that the student body will once again recover their forgotten buoyancy and then perhaps—something will be doing.

Owing to the fact that among the students of the Institute there is a fair representation of the Isle of Erin, it was justly deemed proper to hold some meeting in honor of the great St. Patrick on so auspicious an occasion as his feast. Accordingly, under the able leadership of Leo Brown, an elaborate and entertaining program was arranged.

We were pleasantly entertained by the orations of Frank Sugita and Adolpho Martinez De La Torres and other speakers of no ill repute.

There were some among the audience who were evidently of a pessimistic turn of mind; these refused to be entertained by the speeches and as many more were bored by the music. We can offer but one solution to their imperviousness alike to the wit of the speakers and the classic finish of the music, and that is that they were quite incapable of understanding either.

Dissertations by such eminent authors as Hutchins and Jeckering were then read and were loudly applauded by all present; by those who understood what was read and appreciated, and by those who simply applauded to keep from falling asleep.

The toast to "The Irish" by Hogan was unique and was characteristic of the author. It was a satirical composition

teeming with wit and sarcasm and big words. It flattered the Irish not a little and didn't hurt the rest.

Mr. Emerick followed with his toast to the Dutch. This sounds somewhat out of place, but Mr. Emerick made no disparaging remarks and the sons of St. Patrick made no protest.

Honorable Henry Stich had such a severe cold that "he really couldn't sing." Many of the more reckless ones amongst us besought him with tears in our eyes to make just one trial, for we knew that he could do no worse than the band. After much persuasion on our part, Henry ventured on a compromise; he said that he would tell us a story, and we reluctantly agreed. Henry certainly has a most remarkable voice, and as many of us who have heard him rehearsing in the still hours of the night well know. Well, Henry told his story, and everybody laughed.

In the last number on the program of the evening, every member displayed an enthusiastic interest. This unusual conduct is easily explained, for the last number happened to be the lunch.

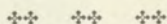


A most unusual occurrence took place on March 27th. It was an incident which the most of us will have cause to remember, so strange and embarrassing was it, and in all so very unexpected, that those who saw could hardly believe their eyes, while those who heard it scoffed at the tale. Had Ch. Freeman stopped talking about getting his hair cut, or for one week forgot to describe the Queen City in the glowing pictures conjured by his lively imagination, we could bear the shock, or had Pilon stopped giving the "boys" a sermon, we might consider this very extraordinary, but that Ben Topmoeller should—we can hardly credit the story, but Paul Wenigman asserted that he saw it with his own eyes, and Wenigman "is an honorable man."

The strange news spread like magic, and soon an admiring throng was gathered around the hero, gazing in wonder at the glittering brogans as they sparkled and flashed in the morning's sun. Every one was congratulating Ben on his newly

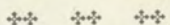
awakened thrift, and clamored loudly for a speech of explanation.

"Well, you see, fellows," said Ben, clearing his throat and throwing himself into a theatrical pose, "I start for home this evening and I had to shine my shoes in order to cover up the holes."



One evening towards the close of March, a stranger wearing a jet black derby with a glossy band was discovered approaching the college by way of the lane. His walk and his features, and in fact his entire bearing seemed strangely familiar, yet not one of the crowd of students that stood by the windows seemed to recognize the newcomer. Much speculation was rife as to who he could be. "Looks like a deacon," ventured some one; but this remark was laughed to scorn. "Deacon!" said a critic in tones evidently intended to overwhelm by the withering sarcasm that they bore, "not with a walk like that."

Henry Stich got out his brand new field glasses, the ones that have done efficient service on similar occasions. "The shoes that I see look like Hollencamp's," quoth Henry; "I wonder where this fellow got them. Why, it's Barney himself, and that's a new derby he is wearing." So it proved to be Barney smiling, chewing gum and transformed.



Those who were fortunate enough to be present at Rev. Father Kelley's lecture, the last in the series of the Knights of Columbus lecture course, spent a very enjoyable and profitable evening. The speaker is by no means a stranger in the city, nor was his subject, "Joan of Arc," a new one.

However, Rev. Father Kelley in his characteristic vivacious style threw a newer and a purer light on the life and motives of the much abused, much misrepresented and misunderstood Maid of Orleans.

He showed us how the baneful influence of public prejudice arising from hatred and jealousy, superstition and re-

ligious bigotry, had from the first attempted to thwart the God given mission of the humble peasant maid. This same fanaticism is still rife today; time has in no way ameliorated the injustice of the charges brought against the soldier girl, but a prevaricated tradition still retouches year after year the original character as painted by an ignorant populace.

The speaker in words of burning eloquence rendered to his spell-bound hearers a vivid portrayal of this most unique character! He related the difficulties and trials that she met with, in carrying out her divinely inspired mission; the obstacles placed in her path by designing courtiers, erring churchmen and a fanatic people. Despite these discouragements the brave maid never faltered, never hesitated, till her mission was accomplished and France was saved, thus proving the Maid of Orleans to be a heroine, a saint, a glory to womanhood and the savior of France.

CH. A. KENNING, '05.





On Saturday, April 8th, St. Mary's vainly endeavored to take a fall out of the Shiloh team, which team is composed mainly of old St. Mary's boys. St. Mary's, after defeating everything in the basket ball line for miles around, was doomed to disappointment in the base ball fight. Before the game, the S. M. I. band rendered several choice selections, the beauty of which so overwhelmed its hearers that most probably it had something to do with the players' batting eyes; for St. Mary's could secure but two hits off Davis and O'Hearn. The Shilohs started out like leaguers in the opening inning, securing four hits off Malloy, good for three runs. After that he settled down, and if St. Mary's could have hit the elusive sphere, he would have most probably won his game. St. Mary's secured her runs by bases on balls and fast base running. Kastl, Morgenthaler and Bohart did the best playing for the Shilohs, with Shoen and Brown doing the same stunt for St. Mary's. The whole team had a decidedly neat look about them in their new suits.

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Shilohs	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	—6	8	4
St. Mary's.....	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—4	1	6

Batteries—Shilohs, Davis, O'Hearn and Bohart; St. Mary's, Malloy and Emerick.

J. CRONAN, '05.

Second Division.

On Thursday, March 30th, a mass meeting was held in the Junior study hall to celebrate the closing of the '04-'05 basket ball season. Never before has Time drawn her golden portals on a termination more brilliant or successful.

Not once during the whole season did the enthusiasm of the boys waver; in fact, it became so strenuous in the last series of games that the play hall fairly trembled with emotion, and still sends forth echoes of the furious clamoring enacted within its walls.

Six teams constituted the league, and in all 120 games were played. Up to the very last moment it was doubtful as to which team would carry off the highest honors. The most furious struggle for championship was that between the Superbs and Sports. From the beginning to the second series, the latter team inflicted an unrelenting course of destruction upon her opponents, and those who had at first regarded her as a team incapable of winning the pennant soon realized their error and came to the conclusion that very stringent means must be used in order to break the chain of fate that was bringing the Sports to the front. This they did, but it was not until they had exhausted almost every means and were given quite a scare.

The line-up of the Excelsiors was one of first class order, while the Superbs were not to be laughed at. The Invincibles had about the best bunch of "do or die" players in the Division, but owing to a little hard luck they lost out in the end. Too much cannot be said in praise of Peak's Models and Steck's Leaders, but the hard luck story fits perfectly in each case. Following is a list of the different teams and their standing at the close of the season:

Excelsiors—P. McKenney (c.), R. Mattingen, E. Heile, E. Carrol, F. Schmidt.

Invincibles—Geo. Herron (c.), C. Quigley, C. Rosenbach, W. Weber, B. Maher.

Sports—Geo. Hause (c.), W. Bardo, F. Topmoeller, W. Duffy, N. Quigley.

Superbs—W. Stacey (c.), L. Hergenretter, E. Martin, F. Wilberding, B. KKoehler.

Models—W. Peak (c.), W. Ryan, G. Miller, O. Hubbard, M. Brannan.

Leaders—F. Steck (c.), J. Schulte, B. Feller, J. Mahoney, M. Nolan.

Standing.

	Won.	Lost	P. C.
Excelsiors	14	6	.700
Superbs	12	8	.600
Sports	11	9	.900
Models	8	12	.400
Leaders	4	16	.200

One thousand one hundred and eighty-three points were scored during the season, the Excelsiors throwing 258; Superbs, 194; Sports, 185; Invincibles, 178; Leaders, 148; Models, 123.

An average of 181 points to each team or 6 points to each game, which shows that the teams were very evenly matched.

An interesting feature of the series was that 474 baskets were thrown from the field, while 135 were scored from the foul line.

Edward Carrol, a Cleveland star, has the honor of having thrown the greatest number of goals, chalking up 57 of them, or 114 points. N. Quigley was a close second, having 55 "buckets" to his credit. P. McKenney was third, with 37, while Leo Hergenrether and Geo. Herron were tie for fourth position with 36 goals apiece. John Schulte, an old timer, was fifth with 32, while our Hoosier friend, "Si" Matingly, had 20 to grin over. Will Duffy won the "booby" prize, throwing 2 baskets.

Special prizes were awarded the players who merited them. Following is a partial list: Excelsiors, first prize for highest standing.

Excelsiors, first prize for scoring the greatest number of points.

Superbs, second prize for second position.

Ed. Carrol, first prize for greatest number of baskets.

N. Quigley, second prize for basket throwing.

P. McKenney, third prize for basket throwing.

L. Hergenrether, fourth prize for basket throwing.

G. Herron, fourth prize for basket throwing.

J. Schulte, fifth prize for basket throwing.

Each individual player received a prize for the interest shown on his part throughout the season.

Base Ball.

The S. M. I. Gem League! That's us! The first of the league games took place on Tuesday, April 4th, after a grand parade. The three teams of the big diamond, followed by the two teams of the smaller one, and headed by the renowned St. Mary's Amateur Band, marched in triumphal procession from the entrance of the main building to the grounds. After parading around for 15 or 20 minutes, the game was called. Rev. Father Tragresser tossed the first ball, which was declared a strike by the umpire. The two contesting teams lined up as follows:

Garnets—G. House, first base; A. Maher, right field; W. Ryan, short stop; C. Rossenbach, second base; E. Martin, left field; F. Steck, third base; B. Feller, center field; F. Wilberding, pitcher; L. Hergenrether (C.), catcher.

Emeralds—B. Martin, third base; J. Schulte, center field; P. McKenney, catcher; W. Peak (C.), short stop; W. Bardo, pitcher; G. Herron, first base; W. Weber, left field; R. Mattingly, second base; M. Nolan, right field.

The game was fast and well played in spite of the fact that it was the opening contest of the season. Bardo, pitcher for the Emeralds, was never in better form, which was plainly shown by his skill at fooling the batters that faced him. For a while it looked as though the Emeralds had their own way about it, for they secured two runs, one in the third and one in the fourth, while the Garnets had all they could do to hold them down. Four innings were played at noon and the score stood two to nothing in favor of the Emeralds. Four o'clock would tell the tale! It was up to the Garnets to get their heads together and figure out some way of "scoring a few." This they did, and at 4 p. m. things took quite a different aspect. By a bit of skillful headwork and accurate playing, they kept their opponents from scoring a point, while they in turn landed on Bardo's shoots, and by bunching their hits brought in two runs, which tied the score. More team work and again two runs were chalked up. Now what a change! No longer did the Garnets look downcast or crest-fallen at the thought of losing their first game, but smiling and confident trotted out to field for the last time. "Fellows,

its their last turn at bat; hold 'em down," came in stentorian tones from Captain Hergenrether, and did they? Well, I guess yes! Weber was the first man up and he was benched by a little pop-up to Steck. Next came Matingly, who reached first by a narrow margin. Then came old "Hew Haw" Nolan, but he fanned the ozone and was likewise sent "to the tall timbers." B. Martin came to bat, but sad to relate, he could not connect and—"Her name was Maud." Wilberding pitched a fine game for the Garnets. The final score was: Runs, 4; hits, 3; errors, 3. Emeralds, runs, 2; hits, 3; errors, 3. Umpire, Brother Lawrence.

N. J. QUIGLEY, '08.



CLOTHES for MEN!



Just the sort of suits the best tailors build

Absolutely correct in every little detail

Perfect fitting, they will please you with their stylish appearance at first and with their splendid service to the last

The fact that the prices of these suits are but \$10.00 to \$25.00 should make it worth while to visit us

The \$10.00 suits are just as skillfully tailored and as thoroughly finished as the \$25.00 suits; the only difference is in the fabric used

Rike's

WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.

Dwyer picked up a calendar and began to eat some dates.

Steck takes his breath in short pants.

"I only want to see the optical illusion."

Topmoeller wants to play in right field: are we wondering why?

Men who make fools of themselves rarely lay claim to being self-made.

If calculus was candy,
And analytic cake,
And our heads were then our stomachs,
Would we e'er have stomach ache?

Papa (applying the slipper): "I hate to do this, my boy; it hurts me as much as you."

Eugene: "That's the only reason why I'll take it."

"I'm afraid," said the actor, as the cabbage sped by his ear, "that some one in the audience has lost his head."

"See, uneasy lies the head,"
A fawning courtier cried;
"Nay, not that, but easy,"
The fool said, "has he lied."

COME TODAY



Any day may do, but to-day is the best time to make choice from our splendid stock of high-class clothing ready-to-wear. We have suits for formal occasions, and suits for all other occasions, all cut to-day's styles and new designs, and we guarantee a fit whether you are tall or short, thin or stout. Come and select according to your taste, as all that's new and high-priced everywhere we sell at a guaranteed saving of \$5.00 on each suit or overcoat you select.

\$10.00

\$15.00

\$20.00

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THE ARCADE CLOTHIERS

TAKE ELEVATOR TO FIRST BALCONY

"Wouldn't it be shocking," said the motorman, as he fearlessly grasped the wire, "if I were a conductor?"

Six feet makes a fathom: therefore the fly has a fathom. Species is kind: therefore be species to everybody.—(Specimens of Freshman English.)

She: "I heard you were a great pianist."

He: "Well, I do play frequently. The other day, while I was playing, a cloudburst flooded our section, and tore away our house; ma floated out on a bed tick."

She: "Heavens! And what did you do?"

He: "I accompanied her on the piano."

"I would like to see the proprietor."

"He just went out after dinner."

"Will he be back after dinner?"

"I think not; that's what he went out for."

His feet were small and quite beyond
The ordinary fit;
In this respect they correspond
Exactly to his wit.

His mouth was large, entirely out
Of normal ratio;
But the law of compensation
Is demonstrated so.

CLASSBELL MUST NOT RING AT 8:30.

There I stood in desperation,
For the hour had come for class;
And we'd soon have recitation,
And I knew it not, alas!

Great big drops of perspiration
Stood upon my steaming brow;
And I knew if I must do it,
I must do it, do it now.



YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S SUITS

We have given this department very careful attention, and are showing a beautiful range of patterns in Young Mens Suits, made in the new, nobby, broad-shouldered effect. Coats with hand padded collars, and patent fronts, made to stay and hold their shape. The pants are of either peg top or the more conservative style as desired.



Style, workmanship, and perfect fit guaranteed

\$7.50	\$10.00	\$12.00	\$15.00
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Then before my fancy flashed
Visions of a failure sad.
Lines and angles in confusion,
And it nearly drove me mad.

I could feel my heart a-beating,
And it thumped and thumped again;
And I knew that if I did it,
I must do it, do it then.

Suddenly the gloom was lifted,
For a whispering angel said:
"Why not stuff the bell with cotton?"
Pride then echoed: "Noble head!"

Then I slipped up to the window,
Grasped the great bell's brazen tongue,
And I tied it round with cotton—
Megrimms to the wind I'd flung.

Then I laughed and said demurely:
"Now we'll have no lesson sure,
And no arcs and curves and cosines,
And no headaches to endure."

Half-past eight came round, and surely
I had won out in a walk;
For the bell could never call more,
For it had no voice to talk.

Suddenly I heard a clanging;
I was growing mad, I fear,
For I hadn't calculated
That our sexton still could hear.

CH. KENNING, '05.

A HARD-EARNED DOLLAR.

It was a very cold night. The sleet was being driven by a fierce wind that raged and howled like unearthly beings, and sent a chill up one's back if he ventured out of doors. Mr. Frontal was ill with a bad cold and a severe headache, which caused him to break an engagement with a lady friend of his; but how would he let her know? He has it. He will send Bobby, his colored servant, with a note. Calling the darkey, he despatched him with the letter, and at the same time gave him a dollar for running an errand in such disagreeable

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CHICAGO, ILL

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

Kindly mention THE EXPO-NENT when calling on Advertisers.

weather. Of course, Bobby is all smiles and the happiest coon in town. Well, he starts on his errand, and at last, after much inquiry, finds Mr. Thomas Ross' residence.

He opens the gate and follows the walk toward the house, but, ah, sad fate—a large bulldog comes toward him, growling and showing his teeth, which glittered in the light of the electric lamp at the nearby corner. Bobby's first impulse was to wait for the dog to come up to him and then kick the life out of the canine, but when the dog began to quicken his pace, our hero gave a terrible yell and made for the front gate. He had run perhaps ten paces when he felt the dog's teeth fasten in the calf of his left leg. What could he do but yell again?

By this time Mr. Ross was out to see who was getting murdered. Directed by the negro's yells, he found the darkey and the dog rolling around in the slush, the dog still hanging on and renewing his hold every moment. Mr. Ross soon called the dog off, and looked for the man. But he was nearly to the gate, and running as fast as his legs would carry him. He hardly reached it when a burly copper, who had heard the screams, rushed into him and held him fast.

Mr. Ross now came up and told the policeman that he supposed the fellow was a thief trying to break into his home. Bobby was so frightened at the sight of the officer that he forgot why he had come, and consequently could not explain. So the wagon was called, and Bobby spent that night in a cold, damp prison cell.

Next morning he regained his presence of mind, and after sending for Mr. Frontal to testify for him, he was released.

I think he had a pretty hard time earning his dollar—first going out in a bad night; then being bitten by a dog; then arrested; and lastly, spending a whole night in prison.

Certainly, he deserved his recompense.

LEO J. LOGES, '06.

Mose Cohen's is the swellest store,
See it once, you'll want to see it more;
Pants and coats and vests and hats and ties,
At these you'll roll your wondrous eyes.

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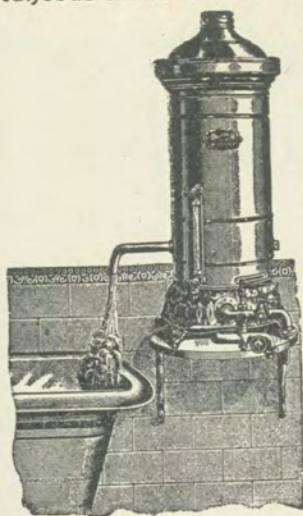
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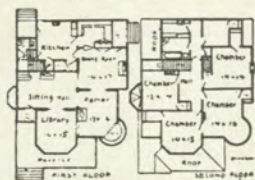
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\$2.50

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This should be a sufficient
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For Catholic Prayer-Books,
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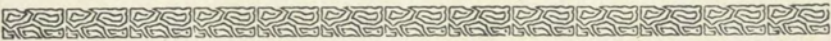
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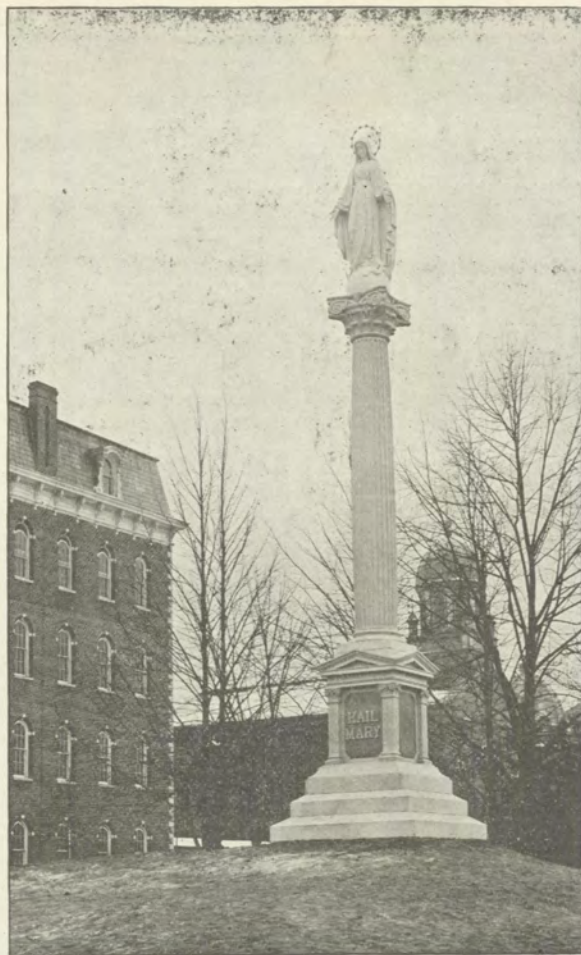
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