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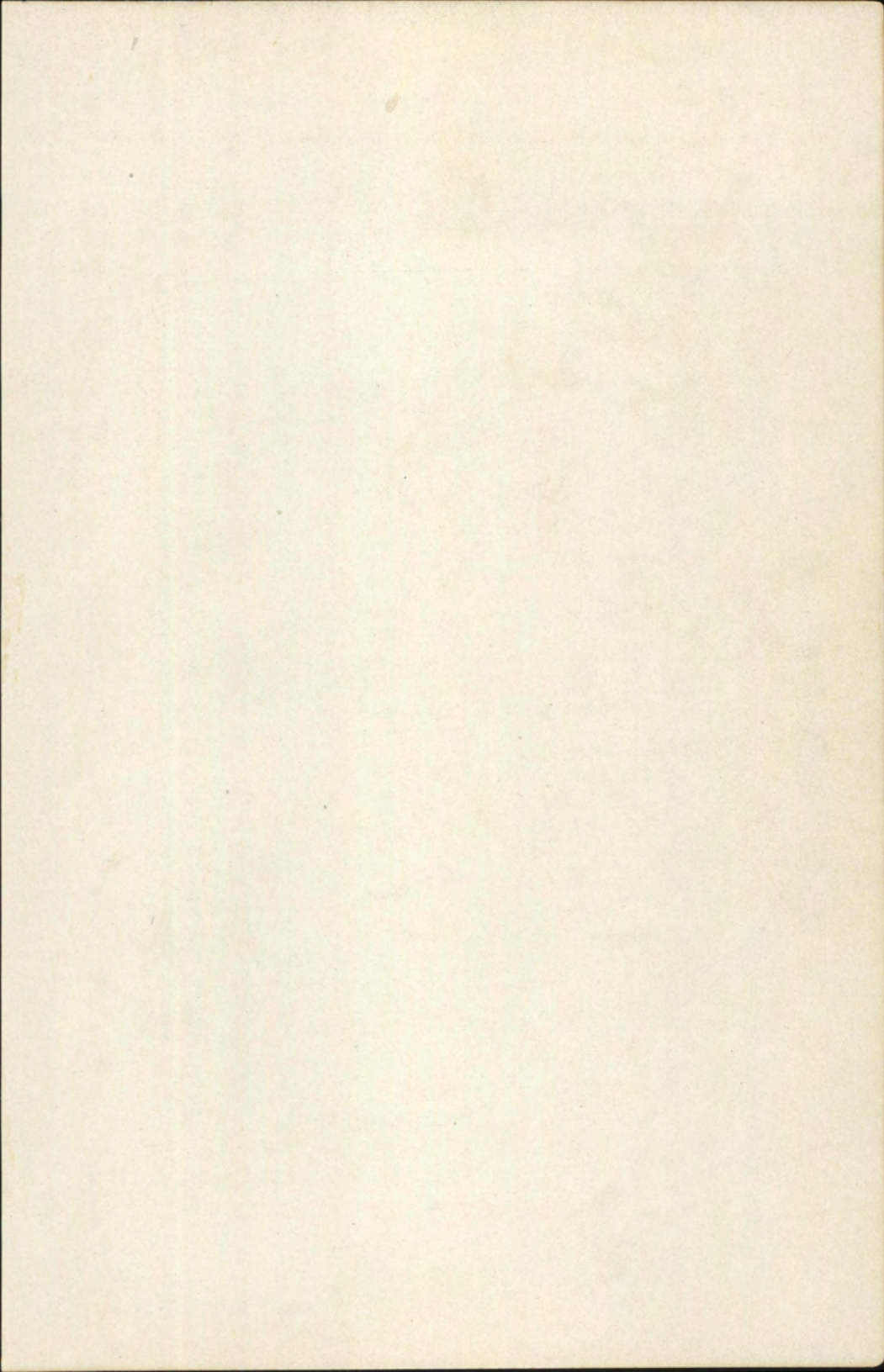
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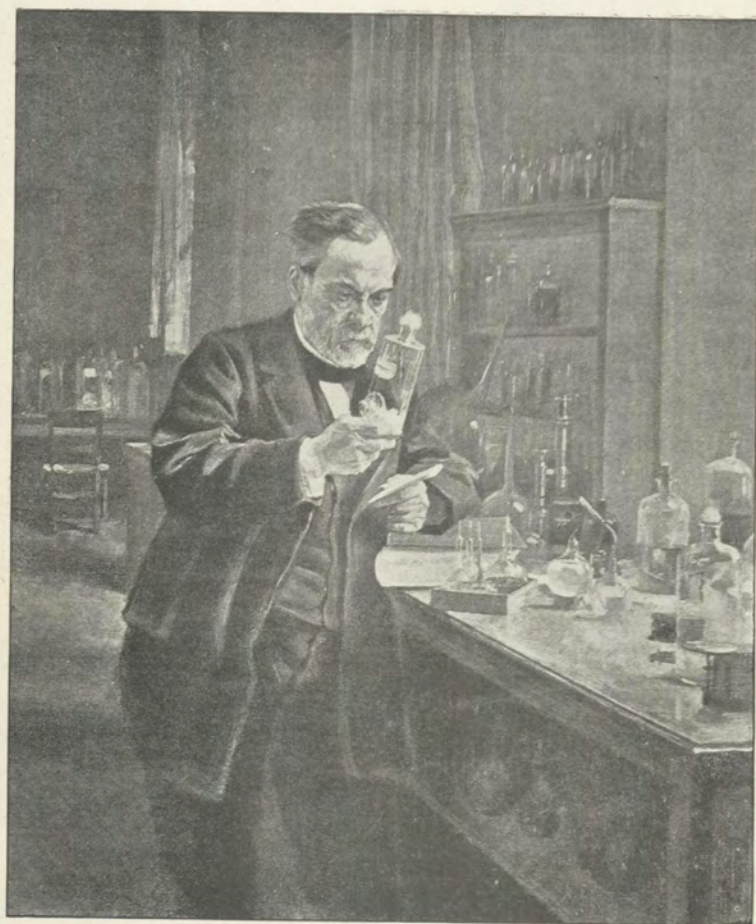
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LOUIS PASTUER





VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1906

No 1.

### THE PROPHYLAXIS OF RABIES.

**I**N the rue Dutot, in Paris, stands a severely handsome building erected by the French Government as a laboratory of research to continue the work of the immortal Louis Pasteur. In the crypt of this building the earthly remains of the great scientist lie at rest, enshrined in one of the most magnificent tombs in existence: the Pasteur Institute itself forms the mausoleum of the greatest name known to modern prophylaxis. Around the walls of the tomb may be read the inventory of his epoch-making discoveries. Only a name and a date for each, but what a volume of patient and laborious research behind each name. Here is the list:

- 1848 Molecular Dissemety.
- 1857 Fermentation.
- 1862 Spontaneous Generation.
- 1863 Studies on Wine.
- 1865 Diseases of Silk Worms.
- 1871 Studies on Beer.
- 1877 Infectious Diseases.
- 1880 Virus Vaccins.
- 1885 Prevention of Rabies.



In this brief paper we shall consider only the last of these, the one by which Pasteur is most widely known, because it is the one which he directly applied to the prevention of one of the most dreadful diseases among all to which human flesh is heir, rabies or hydrophobia.

Rabies is a distinctly infectious disease. It never originates spontaneously, but is always communicated by an animal already infected, and the specific manner in which the virus is spread is by the bite of an infected animal. No infectious disease is self-contracted, but is invariably received by transmission from an already infected being. Thus an outbreak of yellow fever in any district is caused by the introduction of a person already suffering from the disease, and by the virus being carried from him to other persons by the female *stegomya*. To the objection that this theory fails to account for the first appearance of the disease on the earth, Pasteur merely replied that this objection merely opens up the whole question of the origin of things, a question which science cannot answer. But science can establish that under actual conditions no physiological disturbance other than that occasioned by the bite of an infected animal can give rise to the disease *de novo*.

Pasteur did not succeed in establishing experimentally that the virus of the rabies was a microbe, but he had no doubt that it was, reasoning by analogy from what we know of the cause of most other infectious diseases. Now, all disease germs, although infinitesimally small, are subject to the general laws of living organisms in their growth and propagation, and therefore the means of controlling them are identical in all cases. Instead of limiting their researches to the finding of a cure for the disease when once contracted, medical investigators have latterly been more occupied with the problem of the prevention and the ultimate elimination of the disease. In the case of rabies, in particular, it is recognized that the disease is incurable. If one who has been bitten by a mad animal shows the first symptoms of the disease he is inevitably doomed to a horrible death. The first symptoms are "fear of water and all liquids, intense headache, spasms of the throat, dilated pupils, haggard eyes, severe pain or

mere itching at the seat of the bite. In rare cases the patient tries to bite; if so, he bites his bed clothes, but rarely the people near him. He expectorates frequently, whilst convulsive movements follow on the slightest breath or draught of air. He is afraid of shining objects, and the slightest noise causes him to start. Thus the disease runs its own independent and fatal course. Death, sometimes preceded by horrible sufferings and indescribable maniacal attacks of fury, shortly follows."

Quack remedies for hydrophobia are very common. The credence due to them is due to the fact that only 20 per cent. of those who are bitten by mad dogs contract rabies; that is, that four out of every five persons bitten escape. If, then, the mad-stone, or the dog's hair, or any of the other talismans be applied to five bitten persons, four, on the average, will not contract the disease because they would not in any case: hence the quack practitioner has always four cases of cure to his credit.

The experimental method of investigation into the efficacy of any remedy against hydrophobia proceeds as follows: First a method of giving the disease is discovered; then, a number of dogs are inoculated and divided into two lots. To one lot the supposed remedy is applied, and in the other, the disease is allowed to run its course. The ratio of those who escape the disease in both lots will determine the efficacy of the remedy. It is not so easy to give the disease by inoculation with the saliva of the mad animal, because other germs in the saliva may provoke ulcers and thus prevent rabies. The method of inoculation practiced by Pasteur is as follows: "If the autopsy of an animal dead of rabies be made, and if a small portion of the brain, spinal cord, or, better perhaps, of the thicker part of the cord which unites this to the brain—a part which is called **medulla oblongata** or **bullus**—be taken, and if this portion of the central nervous system be crushed in a sterilized fluid, with all necessary antiseptic precautions, and if a small quantity of this fluid be now introduced on the surface of the brain of a chloroformed animal (dog, rabbit, or guinea pig) by means of a hypodermic needle, after trephining, the animal thus inoculated will contract rabies



to a certainty, and that in a relatively short time, that is, in a period not exceeding fifteen days or three weeks." "As soon as death occurs, a portion of the spinal marrow of this diseased animal is introduced into the system of a second animal; from the second animal, matter is taken with which a third animal is inoculated; and the process is continued until sixty animals in all have been treated. The power of the hydrophobia virus increases with each inoculation, so that the last incubation of the sixty operations occupies but seven days. On the other hand, the power of the virus is diminished by dried air, so that different degrees of strength are obtained by keeping the spinal marrow of the inoculated rabbits in bottles of dried air. In beginning his treatment, Pasteur inoculated with old, and, therefore, attenuated virus. In the succeeding inoculations the strength of the virus was gradually increased. By this process the system is fortified against the action of a primitively fatal virus introduced by the bite of a mad animal." "This treatment," as Sir Henry Roscoe says, "is really a race between a strong and an attenuated virus. In cases in which a bite occurs near a nerve center, the fatal malady may outstrip the treatment in the race between life and death. If the weakened virus can act in time, it means life; if the strong virus acts first, prevention comes too late, and it means death. So that the treatment is not doubtful in all cases, but only in those which are under well known unfavorable conditions."

Pasteur had already amply demonstrated the good effects of his vaccination on dogs when the opportunity was forced upon him to test its value on man. It was in July, 1885, that a small boy, Joseph Meister, of the small town of Steige, in Alsace, was brought to him, bitten two days before by a dog which died the same day with all the symptoms of rabies. It cost Pasteur a severe mental struggle to overcome his natural repugnance to inoculate a human being. Medical friends strongly urged him to make the trial since the child was otherwise doomed to a horrible death, and this was his once chance of escape. Pasteur then proceeded with the successive inoculations and the child was saved.

His next case was a shepherd boy from the Jura, Jean Baptiste Jupille, who six days before he reached the Pasteur



Institute, had been terribly bitten by a mad dog. The lad had attacked the animal in order to save several small children which it had attacked. With no other weapon than his whip he grappled with the dog, and finally succeeded in tying its muzzle with the cord of his whip, and then brained it with one of his wooden shoes. For his heroic self-sacrifice he was awarded 1,000 francs by the French Academy and brought to Pasteur. His treatment lasted a fortnight, the last virus employed having been bottled only two days. The boy was saved. In commemoration, both of the lad's heroism and the success of Pasteur's prophylactic method, the French Government erected a bronze group, depicting the scene of inoculation, in front of the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

The treatment has always proved effective, except when too long delayed, and when the wounds are inflicted close to the nervous centers in the neck or head. A failure due to the first cause was that of little Louise Pelletier, who was brought to Pasteur thirty-seven days after having been bitten. Despite the treatment she died. There were, of course, calumniators who stated that she died on account of the treatment, and Pasteur was the subject of prolonged attacks. The first failure due to the second cause occurred in March, 1886, when nineteen Russian peasants, from the district of Smolensk, who had been horribly lacerated by a mad wolf, came to Paris, dressed in skins, for treatment. Of the nineteen, all but three were cured, and in these three cases there were gaping wounds in the neck near the medulla oblongata.

Pasteur's method has diminished the deaths from hydrophobia from 16 per cent. to less than one per cent., the failures always being due to the two exceptions noted above. These figures speak more eloquently in favor of the method than the unsubstantiated, calumnious charges of benighted opponents.

Pasteur might have been the richest man in the world if he had cared for the commercial value of his discoveries and protected them by patents. In addition to his discoveries in the prevention of hydrophobia, he discovered the cause of a mysterious disease among silk worms, which threatened to destroy the silk-worm industry in France, and applied a

remedy. The wine growers of France and Italy complained of their vines being slow to mature and the grapes to turn sour. Pasteur's investigations of the yeast germs taught the growers how these evils could be cured. He discovered the microbe which propagates disease in sheep, and suggested a remedy. These discoveries represent a gain to the community of many millions of dollars yearly, but the great scientist never made an effort to profit personally from any of them.

M. LESLIE, '06.

---

✓ NEW YEAR

---

List to the ring of the New Year bells  
From the tower gray and cold;  
List to their welcome for the new,  
Their farewell for the old.

List to the ring of the New Year bells  
As night fades into morn;  
List to their message, as it tells  
A New Year has been born!

List to the ring of the New Year bells  
Announcing goodly cheer;  
List to their music as it swells,  
"A Happy, Bright New Year!"

Herbert Finke, '08.



---

WILL THE NEW YEAR COME TONIGHT, MAMMA?

---

**W**ILL the New Year come tonight, mamma? I'm so tired of waiting through these long cold days.

I know the snow is on the hillside, and surely the ice must be a few inches thick on the little brook. Mamma, wasn't Santa Claus good to me, to bring me such nice presents? Truly, mamma, I just prayed for those two things: I prayed to God for a nice sled, with shiny runners, and also dazzling bright skates. Oh, I will be filled with glee, and won't the poor orphans be glad to play with me, for I will always be good to them.

And, mamma, will you leave me carry a basket of good things to eat, to poor old widow Gray? I'll just set it down in front of her door—my, won't she wonder where it came from! Say, mamma, will the New Year soon come? It seems so long to wait for it.

The New Year is coming, mamma, I saw it in my sleep. My head aches so much, mamma; I thought I saw near my bed a shroud and a coffin. Won't the doctor cure me? Don't cry, mamma; I will soon be well again.

I've always tried to be a good boy, and perhaps the child Jesus wants me to play in heaven with Him. So He thought He would take me away. I know it is true, mamma—no, it's not a dream. If I die, I don't see what papa will do. The New Year is coming, mamma;—please raise my head a little more. Oh, I can hardly speak. Give my skates,—and sled, to that Nellis boy, the one that hurt my head, you know. Even if he did tear my pictures, and hide my books, and play tricks, I forgive him; he was too little to know better.

Mamma, you won't forget the basket for widow Gray on New Year's day, will you? New Year seems to be coming so very fast, that I think God did not hear my prayer, when I asked Him to live until my birthday in March, when I would be eight years old. My pets, mamma,—my dove, and my robin, keep them for you and dear papa.



My garden rake and my hoe, that I wanted to use in my little garden when the summer came, they are all nicely laid in the garret. Don't cry, mamma,—just plant a few little flowers, just a few, where I will sleep so sweetly in the shade of the willow tree. The New Year comes—good night, dear mamma.

“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I”——

How cold it seems, mamma,—how dark—kiss me—please—  
I cannot see—the New Year comes to-night, mamma,—the  
Old Year dies with me.

HARRY J. WAGER, '06.

---

MIDNIGHT.

---

'Tis midnight. Lo! from the chapel tower  
The deep-toned bell rings the mystic hour.  
'Tis midnight. Now in silence deep  
All the world is wrapt in sleep.

How dark, how still, each earthly thing!  
Yon night-bird e'en forgets to sing,  
So solemn is this midnight hour,  
So mystic is its 'witching power.

Clarence Stoecklein, '07.

---

FUNCTION OF PAIN IN HUMAN LIFE.

---

**P**AIN exercises an important function both in the physical and in the moral life of man. The idea of evil is ordinarily associated with the word pain, but the inestimable benefits that result from suffering are frequently left out of consideration.

In regard to our physical well-being pain is of the greatest importance. It informs us of the disordered state of any part of our body, and urges us to remove the cause of the evil. Without pain it would often be difficult or even impossible to recognize corporal ailments whose consequences would prove fatal to us. Excessive activity produces a sensation of fatigue; then we become aware of the necessity of rest. A feeling of cold tells us that we must take measures to protect our body, lest some portion of it be injured by frost.

Pain moreover teaches us the science of life. It causes us to reflect upon the great problems of our existence. It undeceives us of various illusions by bringing us face to face with the stern reality. Through it we are able to understand that "Life is real, life is earnest," and that there is another world in which every one shall receive according to his merits, "For the grave is not life's goal." We learn that suffering is a necessary condition of our fallen humanity, and that true excellence does not consist in the pomp of power, but in the mastery of ourselves in misfortune and adversity. All great thinkers and heroes were trained in the school of suffering. Exile and poverty drew from the Florentine Bard the inspired lines of the Divine Comedy. Disappointment and indigence brought forth the immortal Paradise Lost of Milton. Suffering is, as it were, the press that extracts the essence of true greatness.

Excessive suffering, however, may have evil consequences upon character. Men who are intent only upon enjoying the pleasures of this life often become pessimists, and even mis-



anthropes, under the stress of great corporal pains. Thus Shopenhauer, while oppressed by bodily maladies, saw nothing but evil in this world, and declared that the best thing for man would be, never to have been born. Byron, stung by the sarcasm of contemporary critics, became a misanthrope. How numerous are those, who through sufferings, become the victims of melancholy and commit suicide. However, the right use of reason and especially the teachings of religion are a safeguard against these evils.

Pain also aids us to understand the masterpieces of human genius as well as the sublime truths of our faith. Only those who have suffered can rightly understand the character of a Hamlet or a Cordelia. They alone are fascinated by the grand and touching spectacle of the Sorrowful Mother, or by the contemplation of the ineffable love of the agonizing heart of Jesus. These lofty themes have little or no meaning to those who lead a life of ease and comfort.

Finally, pain is the condition of numberless pleasures. It causes us to sympathize with our fellow-men and to experience the joy produced by alleviating the burdens and misfortunes of our neighbor. A man who devotes his life to the well-being of others, experiences a sweet contentment that is unknown to the unsympathetic heart of the egoist. He resembles that "Man of Sorrows" whose "delight is to be with the children of men."

The recollection of sufferings formerly endured is another source of pleasure. An old veteran finds gratification in recounting the painful situations he has experienced during the campaigns of war. The joy of a man returning to his native country after a long and painful absence is greatly augmented by the memory of the hardships he has undergone.

It is evident, therefore, that pain plays an important role in our daily life, and is to be highly estimated. Some saints have indeed rejoiced in sufferings, and deserve our admiration. Though we be not inclined to follow their example, we should at least endure with patience the sufferings that a loving Providence deigns to send us.

G. J. COOK, '06



---

SATAN'S ACCEPTANCE.

---

**W**HILE a student at St. Mary's and after I had completed my fifteenth year, I had been the victim of a practical joke to the carrying out of which I was wholly responsible. It happened in this wise:

Our teacher, a kindhearted and considerate gentleman, in order to dispel the monotony of the daily recitations and at the same time to afford a slight distraction to our wearied minds, would occasionally relate some short anecdote. It happened that one day, after we had spent considerable time in translating a dry text of a Greek author—I was then in the Sophomore Class,—he narrated the wonders effected by hypnotism, and he finally drifted into the subject of the black-art. He cited the case of one or more persons who had given themselves over to Satan, and had signed with him a written contract. This last observation of our professor impressed me very much, and, there and then, I made the resolve to try the experiment myself.

So the following afternoon, as the students were assembled at the usual hour in the study-hall, I stealthily took out of my desk a blank sheet of paper, and hastily though cautiously wrote in very legible characters the following: "I sell myself body and soul to the devil. If Satan accepts, let him undersign." After I had completed this operation, I placed the letter in my desk, and as I presumed, unobserved.

With feverish anxiety I waited for the next study hour, which, by the way, was scheduled for six in the evening, since I thought that by that time Satan's acceptance of the contract would be forthcoming. At last the eventful hour approached. Upon peering into my desk, I discovered, to my horror, the signature of "Satan" charred on the paper, just beneath my written proposal. Luckily for me, however, I controlled my excited feelings during the study-hour, so as not to attract the attention of my fellow-students.

Night came. I slipped into my bed; I tried to sleep, but to no avail; my mind was haunted by the most ghastly images: I fancied that I saw the infernal spirits standing around my bed, prepared to seize me at a moment's notice. On a sudden I arose, dressed and rushed down to the President's room, situated on the first floor. The President was seated at his desk, apparently very busy. Before he had time to express his surprise at my nocturnal intrusion, I blurted forth, in a few disconnected sentences, the explanation of my coming, then begged him to allow me to remain in his room for the night. The President strove, but in vain, to calm my feelings and bade me to go to bed, adding that a good night's rest would relieve me. While he was thus expostulating with me, the prefect of the dormitory entered the room, to report the absence of a student, but upon seeing me remembered that I was the person in question. Upon learning from the President the cause of my unusual visit, the prefect said: "I, myself, was supervising the boys during that study-hour; I saw him write something, and I found the letter in his desk after the students had left the study-hall. I reported the fact to no one, save Mr. Flynn, the chemistry teacher, whom I shall call if you think necessary."

"Please call him," replied the President.

In a few minutes the prefect returned, followed by Mr. Flynn. The latter apologized to the President, adding: "It was I who wrote with sulphuric acid the name of 'Satan' beneath his letter, intending merely to play a joke. I never suspected that my action would have troubled the boy to such a degree."

Though this explanation seemed very plausible to me, I failed to be absolutely convinced; finally, however, I consented to retire, trusting blindly upon the assurance of my superior that there was nothing to fear.

I am now professor of chemistry myself, and I always remember this joke when I use  $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4$

C. FLOW, '07.









THE THREE KINGS

---

THE THREE KINGS.

---

Three Kings came from the mystic East,  
They travelled to the mystic West,  
Led by a wondrous shining star,—  
CASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALTHASAR.  
They rode on camels tall and lank  
In style befitting to their rank,  
Each followed by a retinue  
Of liveried servants not a few.

They came unto King Herod's court,  
Who welcomed them in princely sort.  
"O King!" they cried, "and canst thou tell  
Where the new-born King of the Jews doth dwell?"  
King Herod trembled on his throne,  
And swore he would no rival own,  
And straight despatched his soldiers grim,  
With brandished swords to search for Him.

The royal trio went their way  
To where the Infant Jesus lay;  
They knelt before Him and adored  
The long-desir'd Incarnate Word.  
And then they offered gold and myrrh  
And frankincense, so to declare  
Their faith in God made Man for them,  
Who led their hearts to Bethlehem.

G. H. MacLmuire, 07.





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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY New Year"—this is the usual salutation among friends on the first of January. What millions of people the world over greet one another with this wish on New Year's day, each, as we have reason to believe, meaning thereby that it is his earnest desire that to his friend the opening year shall be, not only free from misfortune, but that it shall be a year abounding in all that constitutes true happiness.

"O Happiness! our beings end and aim,  
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name,  
Plant celestial seed!"

To be happy, such is the one great life-long desire of every human being, and to procure for himself the realization of this desire, to procure

"That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,

every thought and action of his life is directed. How pleasing then, to the ear of everyone must not this greeting be, which contains the wish that he may be so supremely blest as to obtain that which is the longing desire of his heart, the very aim and end of his being. No wonder that, to hear it, gladdens, especially the poor, the sick, and the suffering, for it tells them to hope that their miseries may be removed, and their sorrows changed into joy.

Nor is the college student indifferent to the pleasure of a cordial New Year's wish; for whether he belong to the number of those who desire to distinguish themselves by their intellectual ability in class, or to such as seek athletic fame upon the campus, or even to the few who prefer a life of mental and bodily inertness, still in the last analysis of their preferences we shall find each in search of happiness in his own way and as he understands it, and consequently, the New Year's greeting comes to one and to all of them, both as a pleasing encouragement and a sympathetic wish for their happy success.

But some of the younger readers of The Exponent may ask: "What substantial good has ever come from this New Year's wish?" Our Heavenly Father, moved by the kindly intention which prompts us to use this salutation, and to hope sincerely its realization, rewards, in His way, this our charitable feeling towards our fellow brethren, by granting them the wished-for happiness; consequently, we find Him bestowing upon some cheerfulness and gaiety, upon others health and prosperity.

Let us, therefore, be faithful to this truly Christian custom of wishing our friends a Happy New Year, confident that a good God will see to the full accomplishment of our heartfelt wish.

It is in this spirit that we, the members of the Exponent Staff, beg benign Providence to grant to all our readers a most Holy and Happy New Year.

JOSEPH E. MAYL, '06.



✓ Attention the Criterion of a Sound Education

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To the majority of the ordinary class of people the term "education" conveys a false notion. According to the statement of the Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, "Nine-tenths of the parents look upon education as useful for the money it will bring." Others understand education to be mere "smartness or shrewdness." For some it means no more than the command of a "well-stocked repertory" of verbose and pedantic phrases.

In his address to the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association, Bishop Spalding declared that "Education is a furtherance of life—a deliberate effort to develop all human endowments." Ordinarily this development is begun at college, whose aim it is to create intellectual and moral habits in the youth, and suitably to prepare him for life as a social being.

In saying that the school aims at training the child to intellectual habits, we mean that it endeavors to instill in the youthful heart a sincere love for work. If this noble aim were accomplished, we would not have to deplore "that it is the rarest thing in the world to find men who delight in serious study, in analyzing and constantly striving to see things as they are."

We see, then, that the object of scholastic training is foremost and alone, to teach men how to concentrate their attention upon the work they undertake. It must, therefore, follow that the criterion of sound education is the power of exclusive mental application. In fact, if we search into the causes why some men excel in certain lines of work, whilst others never exceed a pitiable mediocrity, we observe that the fundamental cause of this variation of success lies mainly in the difference between the various degrees of mental application.

To illustrate that the power of attention is the chief factor in the attainment of success: In the days of Newton, all men saw that the apple falls to the ground, and that the moon revolves about the earth; but Newton alone discovered that both phenomena were manifestations of the same law

of gravitation. The great scientist himself tells us that he made this wonderful discovery "by always thinking unto it."

We are very apt to underestimate the success of geniuses, by attributing all to their innate qualifications. We love to picture to our minds the poet penning the flowing verses of his masterpiece, whilst the goddess of poetry is dictating them to his mind. We never see the "laḥor limae," nor do we, for a moment, look at the toil the poet underwent in gathering material for his theme, being preoccupied, perhaps, for years, gazing with untiring eye upon the workings of Nature, and reflecting upon the intricate operations of the human soul. We would scarcely give credence to the words of Brother Azarias, that "Hamlet must have been such a life-study with Shakespeare as 'Faust' was with Gothe," that "for years must the poet (Shakespeare) have been brooding over the materials of this great play; for years must he have been gathering and selecting his best thoughts to put into this great work."

Somewhere in "Education and Higher Life," we read: "The best books," says Milton, 'are the precious life-blood of a master-spirit,' and it is absurd to suppose that they will reveal their secret to every chance-comer, to every heedless reader." What is true for the perusal of books, is true for every work undretaken. Attention alone spells success.

We live in a world of facts, which more or less impress us; we thus acquire some vague notions of said facts, but remain ignorant of their very nature. To have distinct ideas, hard work and unflagging mental applications are the sine qua non. But the habit of reflecting upon the nature of things belongs solely to the mind drilled to concentration. Hence a person is educated only in-so-far as he possesses this mental power. Concentration or attention is the criterion of a sound education.

DE SALES MONROE, '06.





## HIGHEST HONORS FOR NOVEMBER.

### Collegiate Department.

Senior Letters .....	Joseph Mayl, '93
Junior .....	Charles Whalen, '98
Sophomore.....	Frank Morris, '99
Freshman.....	John Georges, '98
Senior Science .....	Carl Sherer, '97
Junior.....	John Zuber, '94
Sophomore.....	Frank Kemper, '97
Freshman.....	Joseph Seidensticker, '96
* Business Department.....	John Johnson, '86

### Academic Department.

First Academic.....	Albert Zengerle, '99
Intermediate A.....	Fred Disker, '98
Intermediate B.....	Leo Hunkeler, '95
Second Academic A.....	Arnold Koors, '95
Second Academic B.....	Lawrence Strattner, '96

### Preparatory Department.

First Preparatory .....	Edwin Bradmiller, '98
Second Preparatory .....	William Kleier, '95
Third Preparatory.....	Alexander Eckley, '98

### MR. HENRY FERNEDING.

Wednesday, December 13, a month's mind Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the institute Chapel for the repose of the soul of Henry Ferneding. Rev. Louis A. Tragesser, President of the Institute, officiated as celebrant, assisted by Rev. August H. Frische, as deacon, and Rev. James P. Canning as sub-deacon. The singing throughout the mass was remarkably well rendered by a select choir composed of members of the Faculty and students.

The venerable deceased was one of the first to welcome the Brothers of Mary to Dayton in 1849, and, for over half a century, his name has been intimately connected with the history of the Institute. The Faculty and student-body realize how greatly they were indebted to him; the memory of his deeds of kindness and generosity is deeply impressed upon the hearts of all. The solemn month's mind services were held as a tribute of gratitude to this departed friend and benefactor. The staff of The Exponent, in the name of the Faculty and student-body of the Institute, tender to his sole surviving son and family the expression of their heartfelt sympathy.

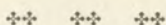
### FAITS ET GESTES.

During the month of November the students were favored with a series of most enjoyable soirees. The first was a musicale given by three members of Lew Dockstader's Minstrel company. Had Mr. O'Brien, Dockstader's understudy, made his entrance on the Institute stage in the famous "automobile," we surely would have thought we were listening to the famous Lew himself. The selections from the operatic gem to the latest "rag time" song, were all interesting, and elicited many encores. The song, "Everybody Works but Father," made a decided hit. Were "Father" to sit around all day, smoking his Henry Clay (pipe), the majority of us would not have the pleasure of being at S. M. I.

The Knights of Columbus did well when they selected Rev. Father Vaughan for the opening address of their lecture course. The impression he made last year in his lecture "Sermons from Shakespeare," was not forgotten, as was demonstrated by the hearty applause of the audience on his reappearance. His subject, "America, the Land of Possibilities," was a marvel of patriotic composition. He dwelt upon the attributes of the United States, which place our country at the head of all nations, past or present. The people were severely arraigned for tolerating the corruption slowly stealing into the national and local governments. The allusion of the speaker to the recent strike in Chicago was eagerly listened to by the Chicagoans; they broke out into enthusiastic applause when the speaker, after a few scathing remarks, paid



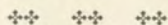
a glowing tribute to the Windy City. It has been rightly said that the stage lost an able actor when Father Vaughan embraced the priesthood. His delivery enhanced by his personal magnetism, kept the audience in the highest pitch of enthusiasm.



The S. M. I. Dramatic Association, under the management of Bro. Adam Hoffman, gave us an interesting seance on Thanksgiving Eve. Two plays were presented: "Country Justice" and "Flirtation Cured." Mr. Menzinsky was inimitable as the judge in the "Country Justice," Wm. Mahoney and Wm. Skelton, as attorneys for the two litigants, merited each in turn, the sympathy of the audience, by their eloquent pleas. The jury was not "packed" except by the presence of Leo Hergenrether. George Quatman, its foreman, voiced its verdict—a compromise, satisfying all concerned. The parts of plaintiff and defendant were excellently sustained by William Ryan and John Zuber.

"Flirtation Cured," a farce in two acts, had a wholesome moral. John Costello was the "star" of the evening. He mimicked the affectations of the modern Beau Brummel to perfection. The mischievous brother was capably played by George Quatman. Wm. Mahoney, as the dentist, was so true to life, and the terrors of the dental chair were so vividly recalled, that a fourth division lad remarked, that he would not like to have a tooth pulled by that dentist.

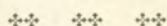
The S. M. I. band furnished the music for the evening, making its first public appearance, and created an enthusiasm beyond description. Impressive and inspiring was the singing of the national hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," by over 350 voices, accompanied by the band, composed of 30 instruments.



Thanksgiving Day, as its name implies, is a day set apart to giving thanks for the blessings so abundantly bestowed by Divine Providence, upon our beloved native land, and upon each one of its loyal citizens; but, at college, Thanksgiving Day is also a time when old friendships are intensely culti-

vated, and new ones sprout up between boys, who are the recipients of large express packages, and boys, who are kind enough to help to do away with the contents of these packages. It is on this day, too, that the elasticity of the little boys' bread-basket is tested to its utmost capacity without any regard for the sad consequences liable to result from an overstrain. On this day there are few that go to the dining-room without being decided to do justice to what is there.

The banquet that was spread for us this year at St. Mary's answered the most extravagant visions of any little epicurean dreamer. The tiresome process of mastication was regularly facilitated by the presence of the large graphophone that played rhythmic selections during the entire performance. In the afternoon the first and second divisions, resident students, accompanied the football team to Tippecanoe City. S. M. I. pennants floating from every window of the chartered car, attracted the attention of the farmers as we passed through the rural districts, and left them gazing open-mouthed after us.



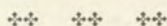
A solemn triduum, preparatory to the fast of the Immaculate Conception, the patronal feast of the Institute, was begun on December 5. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. President, and were devoutly followed by both resident and non-resident students. On December 8, the students, in a body, approached the Holy Table, thus offering the Virgin Mother a befitting tribute of homage on the beautiful feast of her immaculate Conception. The Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. George Meyer, Provincial of the Brothers of Mary in America, assisted by Rev. Joseph S. Ei, as deacon, and Rev. James P. Canning as sub-deacon. The Normal Department choir rendered Foeppel's mass in a masterly manner. It was a treat to all lovers of good church music.

On going to the dining-room we found the folding doors thrown back, thus forming one vast hall; and during the dinner we were regaled with an interesting program by the orchestra. A medley of national airs was received with an outburst of applause. The Greif brothers, Louis and Herbert, played exquisite solos on the violin and clarinet. We thor-



oughly enjoyed all the selections, regretting only that the time was so short. We are indebted to Bro. Louis Vogt, the director of the band and orchestra for this pleasing innovation. In the name of all the students we tender to him our sincere thanks.

Paul Wenigman, '07.



### LITERARY CIRCLES.

The regular meeting of the Spalding Circle was held November 25. The principal number on the program was the debate: "Resolved: That history is a greater factor in mental development than fiction." Messrs. Regan and Emerick upheld the affirmative and Messrs. Hampel and Wenigman the negative. The secretary presided and appointed as judges, Messrs. Mahoney, Ferneding, Obermeier and Bradmiller. The two sides were very evenly matched, and the eloquence with which they delivered their respective views, held the result in doubt until the very last. The votes of the four judges resulted in a tie; the moderator held the decisive vote, and he awarded the victory to the affirmative. Mr. Solimano recited a humorous selection, entitled "The Dressed Turkey." Mr. Schmidt also gave a recitation, very conspicuous for the number of "lets" it contained. Mr. May spoke quite fluently on "Our Governor-Elect John M. Pattison," and was heartily applauded. A comic selection, omitted in the previous meeting, was read by Mr. Murray. The moderator congratulated the members upon their good work, and the earnestness with which they had prepared their numbers. After urging everyone to respond to the "All-Papers," he read the program for the next meeting. Upon motion, the meeting adjourned with prayer.

The meeting of the Sophomore Circle, held on November 17, was exceptionally interesting. The recitations by John Costello, Wm. Pfäum, George Quatman, Wm. O'Connor, Herbert Finke, and Thomas Cahill, were heartily enjoyed. The two leading numbers of the program were, a paper denoting serious study and research, entitled, "The Minstrel from Homeric to Modern Times," by Frank Morris, and a

debate, "Resolved: That football has more beneficial than evil results." Messrs McKenney and Duffy defended the affirmative and Messrs. Goldcamp and Mulligan, the negative. Messrs. Martin, Kemper, Stelzer, Cahill and Hackman, acted as judges, and decided in favor of the affirmative. The meeting closed with prayer.

LEO J. LOGES, '06.

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On December 12, 1905, the students of Freshmen Letters founded a class paper, and entitled it "The Freshmen Mirror." The following were elected members of the staff:

Francis Canny, Editor-in-Chief.

Herbert Whalen, Literary Editor.

Jeremiah Costello, Sporting Editor.

Michael Daugherty, Joke Editor.

The remaining students were divided equally among the various editors, each student having to contribute an article every month.

FRANCIS CANNY, '09.

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### SODALITIES.

At a recent meeting of the First Division (resident students) the following were elected as officers:

Aloys Voelker, Prefect.

Joseph Claggen, Assistant.

William Mahoney, Secretary.

Aloys Schaefer, Treasurer.

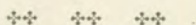
John Monnig, Sacristan.

On Saturday evening, December 2, a solemn reception of Sodalists took place in the Institute Chapel. The following candidates made their act of consecration as members: Leo Hergenrether, Wm. Ryan, Walter Stelzer, Clarence Rosenbach, Lawrence Scheidler, Wm. Schoen, Francis Wickham, John Clark, Linus Wissel, Patrick McKenney, Charles O'Brien, Oliver Smith, Charles Herrmann, Ernest Glandorf, Roy Gross, George Jacoby, Francis Kelly, Ralph Wollenhaupt, Albert Brun, Francis Miltner and Harold Grey.

The Reverend President spoke in impressive terms of the



importance of striving to imitate more and more the immaculate purity of Our Heavenly Mother and recommended to our prayers a fellow sodalist, dear to all of us, who lay dangerously ill. The ceremonies closed with the recitation of the little office of the Immaculate Conception.



Amidst a wealth of lights and flowers, the singing of hymns, eloquent addresses and touching recitations, the members of the Sodality of the Second Division (resident students) dedicated their new statue of "Our Lady of the Pillar," on December 8, at 5 p. m., in the presence of the Faculty and many friends. A. Voelker, Prefect of the First Division, J. Jacoby, Prefect of the Second Division, J. Georges, Prefect of the Third Division and Bro. John Ryan acted as sponsors. Henry Focke very feelingly recited the poem, "Ave Maria," composed by Bro. George Hart. George Quatman delivered a selection entitled, "To Our Blessed Mother in Heaven." Souvenir cards, bearing the well-known "miraculous prayer" were given to all present. Aloys Voelker and several members of the Faculty made appropriate addresses. The description and history of the statue was read by Secretary B. Freeman; from it we extract the following:

"This remarkable statue was procured by Bro. Anthony Waldeck, who, together with Bro. George Hart, painted and decorated it. On account of its beauty, it was afterwards chosen as model for our Jubilee Monument. The statue was slightly damaged during the recent remodeling of St. Mary's Hall, but was repaired through the kindness of Professor Scherff, a New York artist.

"The statue is thirty-three inches high. Our Lady wears a robe, cinctured by a white girdle. The veil, which covers her head, allows us to see a portion of her long flowing hair. Her head is slightly inclined, whilst her face bears an indescribable expression of celestial beauty. She stands on a blue globe, with her foot upon the serpent's head.

"The most important feature relating to the statue is the letter from His Grace, Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, who graciously grants an indulgence of one hundred days to all

who devoutly salute the statue with the words, "Hail Mary." The Sodalists feel proud of this great privilege granted to their Madonna; but they are at a loss to give adequate expression of their gratitude to the Right Rev. Archbishop, for this extraordinary favor. Besides His Grace, Archbishop Moeller, the Sodality of the Second Division also adds to the list of its benefactors the names of Professor Scherff, Mr. H. J. Kramer and Mr. Wm. Sherer.

CHARLES WHALEN, '07.

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### PETER PENCE SOCIETY.

For individual class contributions the Sophomore Letters and Freshman Letters again lead the others with an average of fifteen and fourteen cents, respectively. The sum of the contributions for November amounted to \$24.79.

CHARLES WHALEN, '07.

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### EPIPHANY.

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The Magi from the Orient far,  
Led on by Heaven's guiding star,  
Have found the promised Savior-King,  
And Him their gifts and homage bring.

In Him they see the source of grace,  
The hope of Jew and Gentile race,  
The Son of Mary undefiled,  
The Godhead 'neath the feeble Child.

G. J. Cook, '06.



✓ LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

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There lived out in the rugged West  
A soldier gray with age;  
He fought on many a battle-field  
Marked down on History's page.

A goodly pension was his own,  
Since the days of sixty-four;  
But now he thought he'd simply ask,  
For just a little more.

"Since ten long years my health is naught,"  
He wrote with trembling hand.  
"I gave each mite of manly strength,  
In fighting for my land."

"My body is a total wreck,  
My life has joys no more."  
And from the letter could be seen,  
That Death was at his door.

He also filled, that very night,  
An application blank,  
To have his worthless life insured,  
By some insurance bank.

"No sickness have I ever had,"  
He wrote in letters bold;  
And with the most outrageous lies  
Did he his strength unfold.

According to this latter view,  
His health was all O. K;  
He could have coped with Hercules,  
In Hercules' best day.

He mailed both sheets that self-same night:  
"Horrendum! It's now too late!  
Each one will miss its proper place,  
Be merciful, O Fate!"

The insurance office answered him,  
And asked what fool allured,  
This man with one leg in the grave,  
To have his life insured.

The pension men, with due respect,  
Congratulated him;  
Upon his strength, upon his strength,  
Upon his aged vim.

His pension was not raised a bit,  
In fact, it came no more.  
His life was now no more insured,  
Than it had been before.

'Twas thus his shot did miss both birds,  
For he must now atone.  
"Henceforth," said he, "I'll mind this rule:"  
"Leave well enough alone."

Aloys Voelker, '06.

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✓ A SATURDAY NIGHT REVERIE. C. Whalen, '07.

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I sat near the window one Saturday evening,  
The birds in the trees had all gone to rest;  
The fireflies in legions bespangled the darkness  
When my eyes I raised to the realms of the blest.

There, the stars displayed all their splendor and glory  
Defending the traveler from harm and from hurt;  
And the great Milky Way in its unblemished whiteness  
Recalled that for Sunday I had no clean shirt.

John Monnig, '08.





### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Alumni Staff takes great pleasure in extending its most cordial greetings for the New Year of grace, 1906, to all the "Old Boys," and it expresses the hope that The Exponent will not be forgotten, but that an abundance of news will reach it during the coming twelve months. A. V.

### A MODEL CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

One of the best societies for young men in the Gem City is the Catholic Gesellen Verein, with headquarters at St. Joseph's Institute, on Montgomery Street. Club rooms, reading rooms, gymnasium, night classes, a Literary Circle, a paper, a theatrical department: these are some of its attractive features. From a spiritual standpoint, we mention the beautiful exercises of March, the month of their patron, Saint Joseph. These devotions are becoming more and more popular every year. It is a source of satisfaction for St. Mary's to see that quite a number of "Old Boys" belong to the Verein. Among others we mention at random: Theodore Hollencamp, '99, second vice-president, the highest office attainable by a lay member; Louis Moosbrugger, '00, secretary; Anthony Wolf, '98, president of the Literary Circle; Joseph J. Abel, '93, chairman of the theatrical department; Joseph Jeckering, '05, librarian of the Literary Circle; Bernard Focke, '02. and Harry Finke, '02, to whose untiring zeal the splendid success of the night school is largely due.

This society, the realization of the fond dream of its founders, passed its thirty-seventh year in the beginning of December, and had a very pleasant evening on that occasion, the genial Theodore Lienesch, '75, presiding at the festivities. In the near future the Literary Circle intends to give an elab-

orate lecture course, having secured noted speakers from all parts of the country. Well knowing the educational value of such a course, The Exponent solicits a large attendance of the "Old Boys" at the Hall.

The best safeguard for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the "Old Boys" after they have left the hallowed precincts of St. Mary's, is their membership in some good Catholic society like the Catholic Gesellen Verein of Dayton. A. R.

### "AULD LANG SYNE."

We read, in the Annals of the American Province of the Brothers of Mary, the following interesting item, printed in 1902: "On the 1st of September, 1850, a boarding school was opened at Nazareth. Joseph Graulich, the son of a butcher living in the vicinity of Dayton, was the first pupil to attend this school. Mr. Graulich is still living. He is a druggist and resides at present in Toledo, Ohio." If any other "Old Boy" contests the honor of being the first S. M. I. student, we would be very glad to hear from him. A. V.

### DAVE KERSTING, '05.

The Faculty and members of the Alumni Staff were agreeably surprised to find Mr. D. Kersting in their midst some time ago. Dave has been employed, since his graduation, by a large bridge-building company in Kentucky. We were unable to learn whether the fate predicted by Dr. Averdick in the November Exponent has yet overtaken Dave. He, at least, does not admit it, but says that moonshiners still flourish in that nook of the woods. C. H.

### FATHERS AND SONS AT S. M. I.

In looking over the old registers, we were agreeably surprised to notice that quite a number of the "Old Boys" were sending their sons, during the present term, to their own Alma Mater. The following is a partial list of those former pupils whose sons are at present at the Institute:

Charles Barthelemy of the class of '82, from Dayton, O.

John Blommel of the class of '70, from Dayton, O.



L. B. Cahill of the class of '75, from Mt. Airy, O.  
 Fred Decker of the class of '75, from Dayton, O.  
 Adam Deger of the class of '84, from Dayton, O.  
 Josep Dister of the class of '74, from Dayton, O.  
 William Eckert of the class of '79, from Dayton, O.  
 Henry Finke of the class of '66, from Dayton, O.  
 Henry Gross of the class of '76, from Dayton, O.  
 Joseph Hackman of the class of '60, from Cincinnati, O.  
 Philip Hanauer of the class of '72, from Dayton, O.  
 John Hack of the class of '84, from Dayton, O.  
 Louis Homan of the class of '82, from Cincinnati, O.  
 Jacob Klein of the class of '81, from Dayton, O.  
 Benjamin Kramer of the class of '70, from Dayton, O.  
 Frank Munger of the class of '63, from Dayton, O.  
 John Ohmer of the class of '67, from Dayton, O.  
 George Pflaum of the class of '73, from Dayton, O.  
 O. A. Schaffer of the class of '75, from Dayton, O.  
 Valentine Stoecklein of the class of '72, from Dayton, O.  
 Frank Sutter of the class of '80, from Dayton, O.  
 Bernard Topmøeller of the class of '72, from Cincinnati, O.  
 Henry Walters of the class of '73, from Dayton, O.  
 Charles Wittrock of the class of '76, from Cincinnati, O.  
 S. M. I. deeply appreciates this special mark of confidence  
 of the "Old Boys" in their Alma Mater, and hopes to see many  
 others follow the lead. G. B.

### FERNEDING—CUDAHY.

The many friends of the Ferneding family of Dayton, will  
 be much pleased to learn that Tom, son of Mr. Clem. J.  
 Ferneding, '59, was united in holy wedlock to Miss Catherine  
 Cudahy, daughter of the well-known packer, Patrick Cudahy.  
 The ceremony was performed at a nuptial mass in the Cathed-  
 ral of Milwaukee, on October 18. The bride received her  
 education at Mt. Notre Dame, the noted Academy of the  
 Sisters of Notre Dame at Reading, Ohio, while the groom  
 finished his studies at S. M. I. in 1895, and is, at present,  
 assistant superintendent of the Dayton and Xenia Transit  
 Company. The Exponent congratulates the happy couple, and  
 wishes them the choicest of God's blessings. A. R.

**THEODORE LIENESCH.**

Theodore Lienesch, '75, visited, a few Sundays ago, his Alma Mater to attend Vespers, and to hear the solemn congregational singing of the Gregorian chant, in the Institute Chapel. He was just up from a long and severe attack of sickness. His physician had forbidden him all excitement, so, "Thea." made an heroic effort, and kept—pretty well—out of politics for once. No wonder his favorite party did not carry away all the laurels.

L. J.

**AN "OLD BOY" IN EUROPE.**

It will be agreeable news for the many friends of the venerable Bro. John B. Kim, to hear that, at the General Chapter of the Brothers of Mary, which took place last August, in Belgium, he was elected Inspector General for the entire Brotherhood. His permanent residence is now at the Mother-House of the Order, in Belgium. Bro. Kim entered S. M. I. in 1860, and soon after joined the Society of Mary. After occupying a number of responsible positions, he became Inspector of all the schools of the Order in the United States, which position he held for nearly twenty years before his well-merited promotion. It is due to his untiring efforts and devotedness that the Brothers' Schools in America have reached the high rank they now hold among other educational institutions. The Exponent unites with Bro. Kim's numerous friends, to wish him the success that has crowned his many undertakings in the past.

**CALL EARLY.**

If any of the "Old Boys" desire a New Year's gift from their Alma Mater, they may have their wishes gratified by dropping a postal to the Alumni Editor. They will receive gratis in return a very artistic Souvenir Calendar of S. M. I. Send in your postal today, or you may forget, and, worst of all, you may be too late. Orders from others not Alumni, will be filled, postpaid, upon receipt of fifteen cents for each calendar.

A. V.



### NO PLACE LIKE S. M. I.

An "Old Boy" now pursuing higher studies at another institution, writes as follows: "Our life here is much more monotonous than college life at Dayton. Why, at St. Mary's they actually have it fine. I never regret the days I spent within the shadows of my dear old Alma Mater." A. R.

### NEW ALUMNI BRANCH.

We received the following important item, under date of October 23, 1905: "The Washington (D. C.) branch of St. Mary's Alumni Association held a meeting the other evening at their new quarters on 35th Street. Mr. Alphonse Pater, '04, was unanimously elected President, and Mr. Joseph A. Pilon, '05, Secretary and Treasurer. The feature of the evening was the address delivered by Bro. Joseph Gallagher, who was connected with St. Mary's in its earlier days." Capital idea! We understand that the "Old Boys" hold frequent meetings to foster the good old college spirit and that there exists a cordial feeling between the members. Floreat! Crescat!

C. H.

### HONOR TO THE "OLD BOYS."

Said a gentleman last September, in placing his son at S. M. I.: "The reason I do it, is the splendid reputation your graduates enjoy in our city (Chicago). Never have I seen a finer class of men, both from a business and a moral standpoint."

L. J.

### LOUIS A. KELLY, '93.

Louis Kelly, of Dayton, O., has separated his interests from the Haney-Kelly Coal Co., and organized the Kelly Coal Co., in whose office he will be glad to shake hands with the "Old Boys," especially during the winter months. Success to you, Louis.

G. B.

### KIND WORDS FOR THE EXPONENT.

An enthusiastic alumnus writes: "Enclosed find money order amounting to one dollar, for which please send me The Exponent for another year. I am very thankful for the two copies just received. Both the November and the December number contained very interesting news.—I am as contented as in my 'Old S. M. I. days.'—Wishing The Exponent all possible success on its entrance into the new year, I am as ever."

From the pen of another subscriber we have the following: "I was surprised to find the December number so full of news; in fact I can say it is the best one I have read."—Such comments are gratefully appreciated by The Exponent Staff, and will urge them to redouble their efforts in keeping the paper at its high standard,—And what have you to say about it, "Old Boy"?  
A. R.

### HARRY FINKE, '02.

As a result of the last general elections, one of our graduates was appointed Assistant City Civil Engineer. It looks as if the new City officials of the Gem City want, not Republicans, but efficient men to do the work. Hurray for Dayton! Hurray for the "Old Boys"! Hurray for Harry! G. B.

### AN APPRECIATED FAVOR.

The Exponent was glad to hear that Joseph Janszen, '97, has not lost the interest which he always exhibited in his Alma Mater. Only a short time ago, he assisted his brother Harry to obtain from his Grace, Archbishop Henry Moeller, of Cincinnati, an indulgence of 100 days for the new statue of our Lady of the Pillar, dedicated on December 8th, for the Sodality of the Second Division Boarders.  
A. V.

### "THE WEEPING WILLOWS."

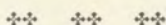
The Catholic Gesellen Verein, of Dayton, presented, during the early part of December, "The Weeping Willows," a romantic play in three acts. The rendition was far above the ordinary and merited showers of applause. Among the "Stars"



Louis Moosbrugger, Harry Finke, Joseph J. Abel, Bernard Focke, Hugo V. Goetz, "Old Boys" of St. Mary's, shone most brilliantly. A. R.

### BERNARD KIRCHNER, '01.

Bernard Kirchner, of Cleveland, Ohio, visited his Alma Mater, on Sunday, December 10th. He was on his way to Louisville, as agent for the North Electric Co. of Cleveland. Perhaps some of the "Old Boys" are now mayors of their towns. If so, let them call upon Barney, if they wish to have a first-class telephone system installed. Bernard clearly expressed the fact that he is ready to consider any bid between \$20,000 and \$150,000. A. V.



### CLIPPINGS.

Wouldn't a year's subscription to our paper make a substantial New Year's greeting to The Exponent Staff, who are working so hard to give the best work possible to all its subscribers, especially to the Alumni?

Norbert Quigley, of Columbus, Ohio, spent a few days at the Institute, to visit his brothers Clarence and Peter, and to try his luck at bowling on the splendid new First Division alleys. Don't you wish you could try bowling a few times more, Norbert? We'll be glad to see you back at school next September. "A stitch in time," as poor Richard says.

Robert Hayes, '03, accompanied by a friend, inspected with Bro. Thomas the new buildings of his Alma Mater. Robert, like all other "old boys," journeyed to Alumni Hall, but to be somewhat disappointed. And what are you going to do about it, Bob?

The jolly trio, John Kemper, '02, Anthony Schaeffer, '03, Richard Rotterman, '04, lately paid a visit to their Alma Mater. John is employed at the Dayton and Xenia Traction office; Tony is employed at McDermont and Clemens', while Richard is doing work at the Stomps-Burkhardt Co.

The latest news over the telephone, is that our well-known Alumnus, Attorney Orendorff, is to be married in a near future. It seems strange that we should give advice to our elders, but, in such an important case as this, we think it proper to warn our loyal "Old Boy" against the great danger he is approaching, and we ask him kindly to listen to the little counsel weekly repeated and weekly unheeded: "Be keerful, Si."

It is expected that the Alumni will present to their Alma Mater, as a New Year's gift, Alumni Hall completely furnished. After that, all the "Old Boys" can make themselves comfortably at home at S. M. I.

John Mullen, '04, took a trip, on December 8, to see his Alma Mater and was glad to be with his old college chums once more. John looks well and thinks St. Mary's is progressing rapidly.

The only way to get the best Alumni Notes into The Exponent is to send us some news; and the only way to know the latest news about the "Old Boys" is to read The Exponent.

John Malinski, '05, has begun his studies in electrical engineering, at the Ohio State University. We know that the man whose "brow is wet with honest sweat," will surely succeed.

Do you receive The Exponent monthly? If not, why not?  
G. B.

The writer of the Kentucky letter which appeared in the November and December Exponent, is, as several of the readers could surmise, the genial Dr. James A. Averdick, of Covington, Ky., Alumnus, Democrat, Representative, M. D. (homeopathic), Colonel, etc., etc.

The Faculty and a number of the older students were deeply pained to hear of the recent death of Mrs. Schaefer, the mother of two of St. Mary's former students, Leo, '02, and Anthony, '03. Both boys had made many friends while at the Institute. The Exponent offers its sympathy to the bereaved family, and requests the prayers of its readers for the repose of her soul.  
C. H.



Among the names of the "Old Boys" recently heard from we find that of Leo Showel, '96, of Toledo, Ohio, and we are much pleased to know he has not forgotten his Alma Mater. Leo sees great opportunities in the hardware line; he has actually a very extensive trade. A. R.

Charles Wetzel, '03, Emmett Sweetman, '04, and William Stoecklein, '04, were at St. Mary's on the Sunday before the last elections, to make some political stump speeches. The returns proved that their fiery eloquence had its desired effect, at least, in the S. M. I. Ward.

The many friends of J. L. Stockwell will be glad to know he is doing a prosperous business in Milwaukee, Wis., where he resides at 140 15th Street.

The latest concerning J. B. Casey, '99, is that he has settled down in Seattle, Wash.

Julius Borchers, '89, is still at Covington, Ky., making fortunes with the Old Reliable product.

Henry Dawson, '84, of Chicago, Ill., is conducting a very successful lace business. His brother Edward, also a resident of the Windy City, is well.

While looking over the old College Record, we were pleasantly surprised to find the following members of the Faculty among the "Old Boys": Bro. Gabriel Bertram, '64, Professor of higher mathematics; Bro. Edward Gorman, '60, Treasurer; and Bro. Lawrence Drufner, '87, Prefect of the First Division Boarders. Quite a number of other members of the Brotherhood hail from S. M. I. and are a source of blessings and of pride to their Alma Mater.

Raymond Zettler, '88, of Columbus, Ohio, always welcomes an "Old Boy," especially on a business errand.

John A. Hahne, of the class of Good Old '71, recently admitted as a member of the Alumni, has retired from his office as City-Clerk of Dayton, and is now taking life easy.

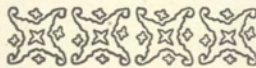
Wanted! Wanted! News from the "Old Boys"! Anything, everything, will be gratefully received by the Alumni Staff.

We regret to have to record the death of John Kubler, '89, of Connersville, Ind, who died at Cincinnati in 1903. The In-

stitute lately had the satisfaction of educating his son Joseph of "Eldorado" fame. His brother William is still well at the old homestead in Connersville.

There was always a good and merry gathering of "Old Boys" at our basket ball games. The season opened in December, amid the shouting of the loyal S. M. I. rooters, the blowing of horns and melodies of the S. M. I. band. Tags, tickets, posters, and all the rest of the legitimate advertising paraphernalia could be seen in abundance all over the city. The old reliable stars of last year are almost all on the floor yet. Come and join the merry crowd, Old Boy.

Please address all communications to the Alumni Editor of The Exponent, St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, O. A. V.







## FIRST DIVISION (Resident Students.)

### Football.

November 19.—Our valiant "Regulars" put up a glorious game against the well-trained, as well as experienced Tippecanoe team; our opponents had also weight in their favor.

First Half.—S. M. I. kicked off. Tippecanoe gained steadily towards S. M. I.'s goal, finally making a touchdown after ten minutes playing, but failed to kick a goal. Second kick off by Tippecanoe. McKenney and Schoen each made an end run, gaining twenty yards, but was held for two downs when time was called.

Second Half.—A little more favorably did the light of victory shine upon St. Mary's team until three of her best men, Schoen, McKenney and Rosenbach, were disabled. When within over 80 yards of Tippecanoe's goal, Schoen performed the greatest feat of the game, gaining 50 yards and his opponent. McKenney then made two end runs, gaining 20 yards, but from this on, Tippecanoe held S. M. I. from further advancement. The ball then fell into the hands of Tippecanoe, who in ten minutes made a second touchdown, and kicked a goal. Time was called, the score standing 11 to 0, in favor of Tippecanoe. The line-up:

S. M. I.	Positions.	Tippecanoe.
McKenney .....	Right End .....	Winslow
Rosenbach, Wissel .....	Right Tackle .....	Ross
Mayl .....	Right Guard .....	Herr
Kroemer .....	Centre .....	Athey
Waarich .....	Left Guard .....	Sweeney
Clark, Irwin .....	Left Tackle .....	Grief
Smith .....	Left End .....	Horton
Ryan .....	Quarter Back .....	Cushwal
Topmoeller .....	Right Half .....	Smith
Schoen, Mulligan .....	Left Half .....	Westfall
Emerick .....	Full Back .....	Nunlist
Umpire, Mr. Marshall. Referee, Mr. Costello. Time keeper, Mr. Waarich.		

November 30, we traveled down to Tippecanoe and met our rivals upon their own gridiron. Our "Regulars" put up an excellent game, but were again defeated by a score of 36 to 5. The line-up:

S. M. I.	Positions.	Tippecanoe.
McKenney, Graham	Right End	Winslow
Emerick	Right Tackle	Ross
Monnig	Right Guard	Herr
Kroemer	Centre	Athey
Waarich	Left Guard	Sweeney
Wenigman	Left Tackle	Grief
Smith	Left End	Horton
Ryan	Quarter Back	Cushwal
Mayl	Right Half	Smith
Schoen, Mulligan	Left Half	Westfall
Rosenbach	Full Back	Nunlist

Umpire, Mr. Marshall. Referee, Mr. Costello. Time keeper, Mr. W. Pflaum.

### Basket-Ball.

The S. M. I. Basket-Ball quintet of '05 were awarded the championship of Southern Ohio. With Bernard Topmoeller as captain and William Pflaum as manager, our representative team of '06 will emulate the fair fame of their predecessors. The members of the team of '06 are Carl Hanauer, Lawrence Janszen, William Mahoney, William Schoen, Joseph Clasgens, Bernard Topmoeller and William Pflaum.  
D. Moran, '07.

### Our First Contest.

On November 13, in a game replete with exciting plays, our basket-ball quintet began its 1905-6 season with a victory over the Hamilton High School team, by a score of 42 to 18. Quick and accurate passing characterized the work of our "Regulars." Hamilton's guards were unable to follow the fast pace set by the S. M. I. guards, Topmoeller and Pflaum. Mahoney's work against the giant Cullen was of the sensational order. Clasgens and Schoen, by their rapid and scientific passing, mystified the Hamilton boys. The 680 spectators, who strenuously rooted for S. M. I., were not a small factor in aiding our team to pile up such a big score. The line-up:

S. M. I.	Hamilton.
Pflaum	R. F. Lowenstein
Topmoeller	L. F. Skinner
Mahoney	C. Cullen
Clasgens	R. G. Crocker
Schoen	L. G. Fetting

Referee, Emerick, of Dayton. Umpire, Allison, of Hamilton.

Goals from field—Topmoeller 6, Pflaum 6, Mahoney 5, Schoen 1, Clasgens 2, Cullen 4, Lowenstein 2, Skinner 1.

Goals from foul—Topmoeller 2, Cullen 4.



The S. M. I. Band, composed of thirty members of the student-body, rendered several splendid selections before the game and during the intermission.

Daniel Moran, '07.

### SECOND DIVISION (Resident Students).

#### Mowed Down to Tune of 42 to 0 Were the S. M. I. Daytonias by the S. M. I. Residents of the Second Division in Game of Football.

In their final game of the season, November 23, the S. M. I. Residents, Division No. 2, completely outplayed the S. M. I. Daytonias by a score of 42 to 0. It was the Residents' game from the outset; their goal was never in danger, and every one of their plays was quick and well directed. From the very start the Residents took the offensive, R. Hall, B. Martin and L. Homan making a series of uninterrupted gains through the lines, the touchdowns being generally made after a few minutes of play. The running of Quarterback Taken was exceptionally brilliant.

The Daytonias played superb ball, but as they were up against an all-star aggregation, they were inevitably doomed to defeat. In fact, no minor team of the state would be able to withstand the irresistible rushes of the invincible S. M. I. Residents, Division No. 2.

The line-up:

Residents.	Positions.	Daytonias.
R. Hall .....	F. B. ....	F. Mahrt
B. Martin .....	R. H. B. ....	F. Larkin
L. Homan .....	L. H. B. ....	T. Canny
W. Obermeier .....	C. ....	L. Clark
J. Braun .....	R. G. ....	E. Mayl
F. Hackman .....	L. G. ....	C. Jauch
J. Jacoby .....	R. T. ....	H. Miller
R. Horstman .....	L. T. ....	H. Whalen (captain)
Fr. Schmitt .....	R. E. ....	J. Heilig
E. Fortune .....	L. E. ....	O. Smith
E. Taken (captain) .....	Q. B. ....	C. Whalen

Touchdowns—B. Martin 2, R. Hall 2, Ed. Taken 3, Elmer Fortune 1. Kicked goal: E. Fortune and B. Martin. Referee, P. McKenney. Umpire, E. Smith. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

We have chosen our representative basket-ball team; it is made up of the following stars: Geo. Herron, W. Stacey, W. Bardo, Th. Cahill, Fr. Wilberding, E. Martin, Fr. Steck.

We have also formed the "Second Division Basket-Ball League," composed of the following clubs and players:

Excelsiors—G. Herron (captain), G. Quatman, W. Duffy, R. Horstman, Fr. Schmitt, Jos. Heer.

Invincibles—Fr. Steck (captain), W. Bardo, B. Maher, B. Freeman, Ed. Taken, R. Hall.

Stars—W. Weber (captain), E. Martin, A. Martin, R. Birkmeier, F. Topmoeller, R. Beech.

Leaders—Fr. Wilberding (captain), M. Nolan, B. Martin, F. Hackman, M. Daugherty, T. Gorman.

Superbs—Th. Cahill (captain), O. Hubbuch, L. Homan, W. Obermeier, J. Mahoney, R. Keiper.

Models—W. Stacey (captain), J. Jacoby, C. Quigley, E. Fortune, J. Braun, F. Koch. B. Freeman, '08.

### THIRD DIVISION (Resident Students.)

We are now justly proud of our gymnasium; through the efforts of our prefect, Bro. Joseph Mackey, it has been equipped with pool and billiard tables, parallel bars, turning poles, wrestling mats, punching bags, etc.

On December 5, our Athletic Association chose our Representative Team, and reorganized the "Third Division Basket-Ball League." The names of the league teams are as follows: Braves; captain, E. Ball. Teddies; captain, F. Dister. Tigers; captain, E. Janszen. Dewies; captain, P. O'Neil. Eagles; captain, J. Nolan. Heroes; captain, F. Kemper.

The members of our Representative Team are Emil Ball, Harry Breen, Fred Dister, Edward Janszen, Paul O'Neil, Francis Vonder Hoya, Joseph Nolan, Frank Keiper, Roy Gross, Hubert Kemper, and Frank Herron. Frank Kemper, '08.





### A CORONER'S DIFFICULTIES.

It was not a great many years ago, while I was living at Neston, a small city of Texas, that the name of Jim Scorcher was in everybody's mouth and that the very mention of it seemed to send a thrill of horror through the hearer. The reason for this universal dread was the regularity with which crime was committed in the vicinity of our little city, where Jim Scorcher and his gang of desperadoes were supposed to have their rendezvous. The fact is that no matter what the crime might be or under what circumstances it occurred, the blame of it was always upon Jim Scorcher. Very conflicting stories regarding his personage had been circulated. Some described him as a tall, muscular, and fierce-looking man with red hair, while others were of the opinion that he was a small, mild, withered-up sort of man, and others still, who positively asserted that they had seen him, declared that he was a big, good-natured, and jovial fellow. His steed was described as being of every color of the rainbow and capable of doing almost any feat. Jim Scorcher was a very eccentric fellow. He never came out of his place of concealment, unless, as he expressed it, "there was some big game up." He had spies and confederates in every nook and corner of the town and he rarely failed in any adventure he undertook.

Strange as it may seem, there was one who really did not fear the terrible Jim Scorcher, and that man was my uncle Ted. He was almost a giant in stature: he stood 6 ft. 3, in his stockings, and measured 34 inches across the chest. He was so strong that he could bend a silver dollar between his two fingers without the least effort. My uncle had never seen the famous Jim Scorcher, but he often declared that if ever the opportunity to meet Jim was given him, he would prove to his friends that all his boasting was not idle talk. The longed-for opportunity was soon to present itself.

My Uncle Ted was coroner of Neston and of several other small cities within about twenty miles of the former place. One night he received the news of the death of a young man in Mowry, which was at a distance of twelve miles from Neston. As there was no coach that night and as it was absolutely necessary for him to assist at the post-mortem examination, uncle Ted, armed with a brace of excellent pistols, decided to travel the entire distance alone on horseback.

The journey to Mowry was featureless. On the return trip, Ted was obliged to stop at a small inn to have his saddle girth, which had been broken, mended. Leaving the inn with a light heart, he jogged on leisurely. Uncle Ted had not gone far when it occurred to him, that the bar maid at the inn had held his pistols, while he

mended the strap. Not that he suspected the girl, but merely as a precaution against any trick, he carefully examined and reloaded his weapons. Then he jogged on again as before. He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge, which spans the Ross river. Just beyond it, rose a hill at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. As soon as my uncle reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly appeared out of the thicket and, wheeling his steed around, shouted "Hands up!" It was Jim Scorchier. "Not me" was the curt reply and in a second Ted's pistols were out, cocked and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest, but one after the other missed fire. The pretty bar-maid, a special favorite of Jim, was too sharp to rely on the old trick of drawing the balls or dampening the charge, she had thrust a pin into each touch hole and cut it off short. "Hands up!" cried Jim Scorchier imperatively. "Never," replied uncle Ted, as his revolver, directed at the highwayman's head, flew through the air, missing its mark by a very narrow margin. The force of this exertion was so great that it caused Ted to become overbalanced and to fall from his horse to the soft turf by the roadside. Instantly Jim Scorchier had dismounted and covered my father with his pistol. Ted felt that it was useless to resist.

"Hand over your purse and be quick about it," sternly demanded Jim.

"You can have it for all the good it'll do you," replied my uncle giving Jim the purse, "there's only seventy-five cents in it."

"That's enough for me. Now for the bigger haul. Please hand over the report of the inquest you just held," said Jim with evident satisfaction. My uncle pretended not to know what Jim meant. "What report?"

"It is contained in that pocket-portfolio, which is in the left hand pocket of your riding coat, if you want to know particulars," was Jim's reply. My uncle's first thought was to resist, for the report of the examination was invaluable to him, for through it he hoped at the trial to be able to bring the suspect to justice. Ted hesitated. Jim saw this at a glance and placed the pistol between my father's eyes. It is bad enough to look down the barrel of a revolver, much more to feel its cold steel against one's forehead. This was my uncle's experience; and it was more than he could stand and without another word he handed the pocket-portfolio to Jim.

"You seem to know so much about it, that perhaps you could tell me what are its contents," Ted muttered sarcastically.

"I'll see in a minute," replied Jim and opening the portfolio he displayed a bundle of documents. "You see," said my uncle, "they are inquest papers—not worth a straw to you or anyone else."

"Then I may as well tear them up," retorted Jim and he pretended to do so.

"Stop," cried Ted struggling in vain to rise.

"Oh, then they are worth something," said Jim laughing.



"I guess I see what you're driving at," grumbled my uncle; "you return my papers and I'll give you one hundred dollars for them."

"Is that all? I'd rather have the papers than that small amount," Jim replied coldly.

"Say two hundred and fifty. Will that do?" asked Ted.

"No, you'll have to go a little higher," answered Jim. "You've given me some trouble and I'm going to make you pay for it."

"Set your price," said my uncle doggedly.

"Well, here's a proposition," said Jim. "You see that bridge; well if you'll place five hundred dollars there, one week from to-night at twelve o'clock, you'll find your papers on the very spot two hours afterwards."

"But how am I to know," queried Ted, "whether or not you will keep your word, and whether you will permit me to return safely to town, after I have placed the five hundred dollars on the bridge?"

"Maybe you don't know me; I'm Jim Scorchers, and what I say I mean."

"All right then, I agree," responded my uncle, anxious to proceed on his journey and especially to regain the papers at any cost.

"May I help you on your horse?" Jim inquired politely.

"No," howled Ted wrathfully, for he was not fully over his fit of passion.

"Give my regards to your mother-in-law," said Jim.

"Never mind I'll live to see you hanged yet," was Ted's quick retort, and with that he mounted his horse and disappeared in the darkness.

My uncle determined to have revenge. On the very night of the robbery Ted secured the services of Dennis Roberts, the best detective in the city of Neston. Before him Ted laid his plans. Roberts and his two assistants were to meet my uncle on New Year's eve, which happened to be a week from the hold-up, at eight P. M. sharp at the Half Way House. All was in readiness when word was received from Detective Roberts that, on account of unforeseen circumstances, he would be unable to keep his word, but that, in his stead, he would send Detective Hopkins and his squad of two.

At last the eventful night came. My uncle reached the Half Way House at eight o'clock sharp. But no trace of Hopkins and his men could be seen. The only men in the place were three odd looking fellows, one who had the appearance of a southern gentleman, the other a farmer, and the last a cow boy. Several minutes had passed, but still Hopkins did not put in an appearance. My uncle became anxious to the evident satisfaction of the three other gentlemen. At last the farmer walked over to Ted and said: "Who'er yer looking for?"

"That's none of your business," answered my uncle angrily.

"I know it ain't, but maybe yer looking for a certain Mr. Hopkins," said the farmer slyly.

"I am, but how did you know?" inquired Ted.

"I'm Mr. Hopkins myself and these are my assistants," replied the farmer. "I guess we're disguised well enough to fool almost anyone, but let's get to work."

With that Hopkins led the way out of the road house, and in a short time they halted within a mile of the bridge there to receive the final instructions. The southerner was to guard the road leading to the river on one side of the bridge, while the cowboy was to remain on the other. If, after having placed the papers on the appointed spot, Jim Scorchers should take to the road, there was a man to stop him. But if Jim should dive into the river, Hopkins and Ted were to be in a boat near the bridge, thus cutting off all possible means of escape.

It was eleven o'clock by the time all the men were in their places, securely hidden, each having taken a different route to the bridge in order to prevent suspicion. Hopkins placed the bag of money on the bridge and warned all to keep the strictest silence. "Do you think he will come?" inquired Ted as he took his seat in the head of the boat.

"Certainly he will, but be still, for it is twelve now," answered Hopkins as a distant clock pealed the midnight hour.

Then all was quiet near the little bridge across the Ross, save for the occasional ripple of the water against the shore. Several hours passed. Late hours told on Ted; he began to nod and in a short time fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by the sound of Hopkins' voice: "The rope has broken; we're adrift." And there they were turning in the eddies and at the same time carried rapidly down the swollen river. The current was so swift that they went a mile from the place where they had moored, before they could land. Both started back together, but somehow or other Ted and Hopkins were separated in the darkness. My uncle hurried back with all possible haste to the bridge. There he found that the two detectives had deserted their posts, and that the money, to his surprise, was gone while in its place were the examination papers." Immediately Ted hurried down the road to the Half Way House where he and the detectives were to meet after their expedition. He knocked. No response. He rapped louder. No answer. My uncle was in no mood to take matters calmly. He gave a tremendous kick to the door. In it flew; and there to Ted's horror, sat Hopkins and his two assistants gagged and bound hand and foot. I have never been able to learn just how Jim Scorchers accomplished this wonderful feat, but I do know that my uncle Ted never afterwards alluded to this trying experience.

The end of Jim Scorchers was most tragic. He had promised the pretty bar-maid a ring for her assistance; failing to fulfill his



promise, the unfortunate highwayman was poisoned by a drink which was given to him by the maid herself.

The only souvenir my uncle has of his experience with Jim Scorcher is a card which he seldom shows to anyone. It reads as follows:

"I kept my word, but you failed to keep yours,"

(Signed.)

JIM SCORCHER.

C. Whalen, '07.

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### LITTLE JIMMY'S SANTA CLAUS.

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It was Christmas morning, and the sun shone brightly upon the glistening snow. Little Jimmy was up early, but he knew not why he had risen so soon. Last year he was up and about, singing and shouting; but to-day he stood around, his hands in his pockets, looking at the Christmas tree. Occasionally he took a shy glance into a neighboring room, where his father lay on a lounge, his head wrapped in a towel. A piece of raw beefsteak was over his father's one eye, and the towel was used to keep it in place.

Little Jimmy remembered that during the night he had been suddenly awakened by some one entering his room. He sat up in bed, and to his astonishment he saw old Santa Claus filling his stockings. At this moment Jimmy's evil disposition got the best of him. He reached to a window ledge where he had a lump of coal laid away for ammunition in case some one should enter his room. As old Santa took a parting look into his bed chamber, Jimmy let the lump of coal fly with all his might. There was a yell and an exclamation that would scarcely befit Santa Claus, and with a slam the door closed.

Jimmy was disgusted at the suddenness with which the scrap had ended. In the morning as he sneaked out the back way he was heard to say to himself, "This beats me. I wonder what Ma meant when she said that if I hadn't thrown that lump of coal at Santa Claus, Dad wouldn't have that black eye."

William Kroemer, '07.

## EXCHANGES.

As the Exponent goes early to press, most of our December exchanges have not yet come in. However a word on the November numbers.

The **St. Thomas Collegian** is brimful of good things. The first poem, "Sorrow," is written in a vein of exquisite tenderness by one who must have known. It comes o'er the spirit with the witchery of an Eolian strain, stealing pain and giving peace. "A Brave Rescue," by the same pen, proves the writer's ability to be as interesting in prose as well as in verse. The "Saints" seem to excel in football, too. Fifty to 0 is a Jubilee score.

The last **Manhattan Quarterly** has a good essay on "The Modern Newspaper." A previous issue contains a graphic pen picture of the massacre at Thessalonica, in the days of Theodosius.

The **Alpha Pi Mu** shows a pretty "Birthday" gem in its varied casket. There is also a series of papers on Macbeth, as seen from different points of view, which is a unique feature.

In the **St. Vincent College Journal** there is a yearning for the departed glories of "Poesy" that will find "a soft, faint, lingering echo" in many a heart true to her.

"Getting the Story" in **The Holy Cross Purple** is good for the blues, from start to stop.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: Manitou Messenger, The Victorian, The Longwood Alpha Pi Mu, The Solanian, Purple and White (Peoria, Ill.), The Collegian (St. Mary's), Niagara Index, The Collegian (St. Joseph's), St. John's Record, Mt. St. Mary's Record, Excalibur, St. Mary's Messenger, The Laurel, The Collegian (St. Ignatius), The Redwood, The Viatorian, The Bulletin, The Young Eagle, Five Hundred, Nazareth Chimes, The Holy Cross Purple, The Mountaineer, Purple and White (Phoenixville), St. Vincent's Journal, The Stylus, The Purple and White (Allentown), Fleur De Lis, The Morning Star, Manhattan Monthly, Montgomery Bell, S. V. C. Student.

G. H. Maelmuire, '07.



## WHAT EVEN THE WISEST RELISH.



## DEE-LIGHT-ED!!

Mr. Soresides: "Well, doctor, what disagreeable weather! The mornings are bitterly cold; the noons are uncomfortably warm; with so sudden changes of temperature, a person is liable to catch bronchitis, pneumonia, phthisis, etc."

Doctor Killall (distractedly): "Yes, indeed. Such kind of weather makes some folks very unhappy, and others very happy."

W. Skelton, '06.

Professor Rubberneck of the 18th District High-School of Dayton, Ohio, while on a trip to Chicago, took sick, died, and was buried in the Windy City. His grateful pupils erected to his memory, in Woodrock Cemetery, Dayton, Ohio, a beautiful monument upon which is engraved the following inscription:

"Here lies our beloved Professor Rubberneck, buried at Chicago."

J. Ferneding, '07.

John Small, Jr. (reading aloud his new zoology-book): "The camel is a native of Africa. This wonderful animal can work six days without drinking——"

Mamma (interrupting with a sigh): "It is quite the opposite with your papa: he drinks six days without working."

William Schoen, '07.

### A NEW LEAF.

The Old Year peacefully was dying,  
The wind through leafless trees was sighing  
As Hayseed walked along the street,  
The pavement moving 'neath his feet.

Now sitting down he knew not where—  
(To meet his wife he didn't dare)—  
His friends he couldn't call to mind,  
So a saloon he strove to find.

And when the mid-night bells did strike,  
He thought it time for him to hike:  
Then wishing all a bright New Year,  
He drank his sixtieth glass of beer.

But when next morning he awoke,  
He thought he was about to croak;  
His eyes were big, his ears were deaf—  
"New Year"—said he—"I'll turn a leaf."

Otto J. Hubbuch, '08.

Gaston Boncoeur: "I heard your father died and left you his big fortune."

Alphonse Vaurien: "He didn't leave me a cent. He ruined me before his death, by paying off all my debts." W. S., '07.

Doctor: "What's ailing you?"

Patient: "I just don't know, but I feel rather queer."

Doctor: "Can you do any work? How's your appetite?"

Patient: "I work like an ox and eat like a wolf."

Doctor: "In that case, were I you, I'd consult a veterinary."

Aloys Schaefer, '07.



Minister: "What's papa's Christian name?"

Sammy (a lad of seven years): "I really don't know. Mamma calls him all kinds of names; I think it must be 'old devil,' because she calls him that the most."

J. Clarence Hochwalt, '06.

The following advertisements appeared in an Eastern newspaper:

"Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters that can ride a bicycle."

"For Sale—A piano by a man with carved mahogany legs."

F. M., '07.

Mr. Gray, a bald-headed man, had the habit of taking a nap at noon, before going to his office. One day he awoke finding his pillow very wet. The room had been unusually cold, so he could not account for his having perspired so much. Fearing that his health was declining, he called upon Doctor Carls. A long prescription and diet were written out, and, in the evening, when Mr. Gray returned to his home he found his little son carrying a pail of water. "Oh, Pa," said the small boy of six, "teacher said if we watered dry things we could make them grow. This noon I watered your hair when you were sleeping, but they didn't grow, and I just watered all the buds on mamma's hats and not one of them got bigger."

F. M., '07.

Tom: "When is coffee not coffee?"

Jake: "I don't know; give up."

Tom: "When it is **ground**."

H. J. W.

#### A Trolley Accident.

"Let go my ear," a youngster cried.

"Have you no sense

Without offense

To harm a boy that wants to ride?"

"Excuse me, please," a man replies.

Your big long ear

Did just appear

Like a hand-strap to my eyes."

C. Flow, '07.

Teacher: "What is the difference between velocity and speed?"

Student: "Velocity is a particle traveling at a certain speed. Speed itself is a particle traveling as fast as it can go."

The great explorer, Baron Munchausen, relates the following:

"When last travelling in the Arctic regions I was surprised to see a polar bear fastly approaching me. All my bullets had been used and I knew not what to do, so I just cried of fear My tears froze, so I used them as bullets and thus saved my life."

Frank May, '07.

### A True Story.

Last Monday two tramps came into a Dayton clothing store. Going to a clerk, one of them asked to look at some suits. While he was being fitted, the other tramp succeeded in putting on a high-priced coat. Just as the tramp was rushing out with his booty, the merchant, Isaac Brumberg, noticed him and gave chase. When Isaac had gone a short distance he saw a policeman whom he asked to assist him. The policeman did so. Pulling out his revolver he commanded, but in vain, the tramp to stop. The officer was about to shoot when Isaac cried: "Shoot him in the pants, the coat is mine."

F. L., '07.

### A Slight Mistake.

Professor: "What is an extempore speech?"

Student: "It comes from the Latin words ex and tempore, and means a speech not on temperance."

Frank Logsdon, '07.

A very novel accident  
 Occurred the other day:  
 A bloodless man, with pants in shreds,  
 Upon the car track lay.  
 A passing car had just cut off  
 This hapless man's right leg,  
 But when a fellow picked it up,  
 He found it was a peg.

C. Whalen, '07.

John Coon: "Say, Rastus, what is your brother doing now?"

Rastus: "He is out west **Minen**."

John Coon: "**Minen** what?"

Rastus: "Why, minen his own business."

H. J. W.



There was a learned man I knew  
 Who planned he'd reach the sky:  
 But then no matter how he'd do  
 He found he could not fly.

At last this man from Slidertown  
 This good plan did devise:  
 He ate a pond of eider down  
 And soared straight to the skies.

C. Whalen, '07.

Bill: "Say, Charley, I saw a horrible mishap down on the railroad track to-day."

Charley: "You did? What was it?"

Bill: "While I was standing on the crossing I noticed a cow down on the track, and before any one could get her off, a train came along and cut off her tail."

Charley: "You don't say so! What did they do with her?"

Bill: "Why, they took her down to the butcher and had her re-tailed."

Harry J. Weber, '08.

Gus: "Say, Pete, did you know that pepper was half peas?"

Pete: "Go away; what are you trying to give me?"

Gus: "Sure it is—P E P P E R."

H. J. W.

### A HOT BIRD.

It's no bird, I tell you, Frank,  
 It's no bird,—  
 How absurd!  
 And he must have been a crank  
 Who did give it such a name.  
 It's a shame!  
 All along now I have heard  
 That a bird, to be a bird,  
 Must have feathers and a tail;  
 But this thing could never sail  
 Thru the air  
 Any where;  
 It would drop

At a pop  
Just like lead;  
And I never saw it fed.  
But what's the use  
To heap abuse?  
It's only a tailor's goose!

G. H. M.

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**Vox et Praeterea Nihil.**

He says he is the best athlete  
St. Mary's ever saw;  
In ev'ry game that you can name  
He plays without a flaw.

In baseball, he's there "with the goods,"  
As score-books clearly show;  
His batting eye makes pitchers sigh,  
And fielders fenceward go.

A wizard of the bowling art,  
A strike most ev'ry roll.  
To see him hit the hardest split  
Would thrill your very soul.

A master-hand at rugby ball,  
His fame is sure to live;  
Through any line he goes as fine  
As water through a sieve.

We've gathered this from all the tales  
That he has told about;  
That these are true, there are but few  
Who will their truth e'er doubt.

He never strove to join a team,  
'Tis very strange to state,  
Till in the Fall, at basket-ball  
He thought he'd try his fate.

He worked with heart, with might and main,  
And from his own remarks,  
We learned that he would surely be  
One of the team's bulwarks.



The list has now been handed out.

"Captain! What can it mean,  
This great athlete, so strong and fleet,  
His name I have not seen?"

Our friend was hot as he could be  
When o'er the names he gazed;  
His look was queer, for his career  
In basket-ball was "phased."

The captain said: "He is no good,  
So I have let him go;  
Believe not, friends, what he pretends,  
This man is naught but "blow."

William Mahoney, '07.

