

3-1-1906

The Exponent, March 1906

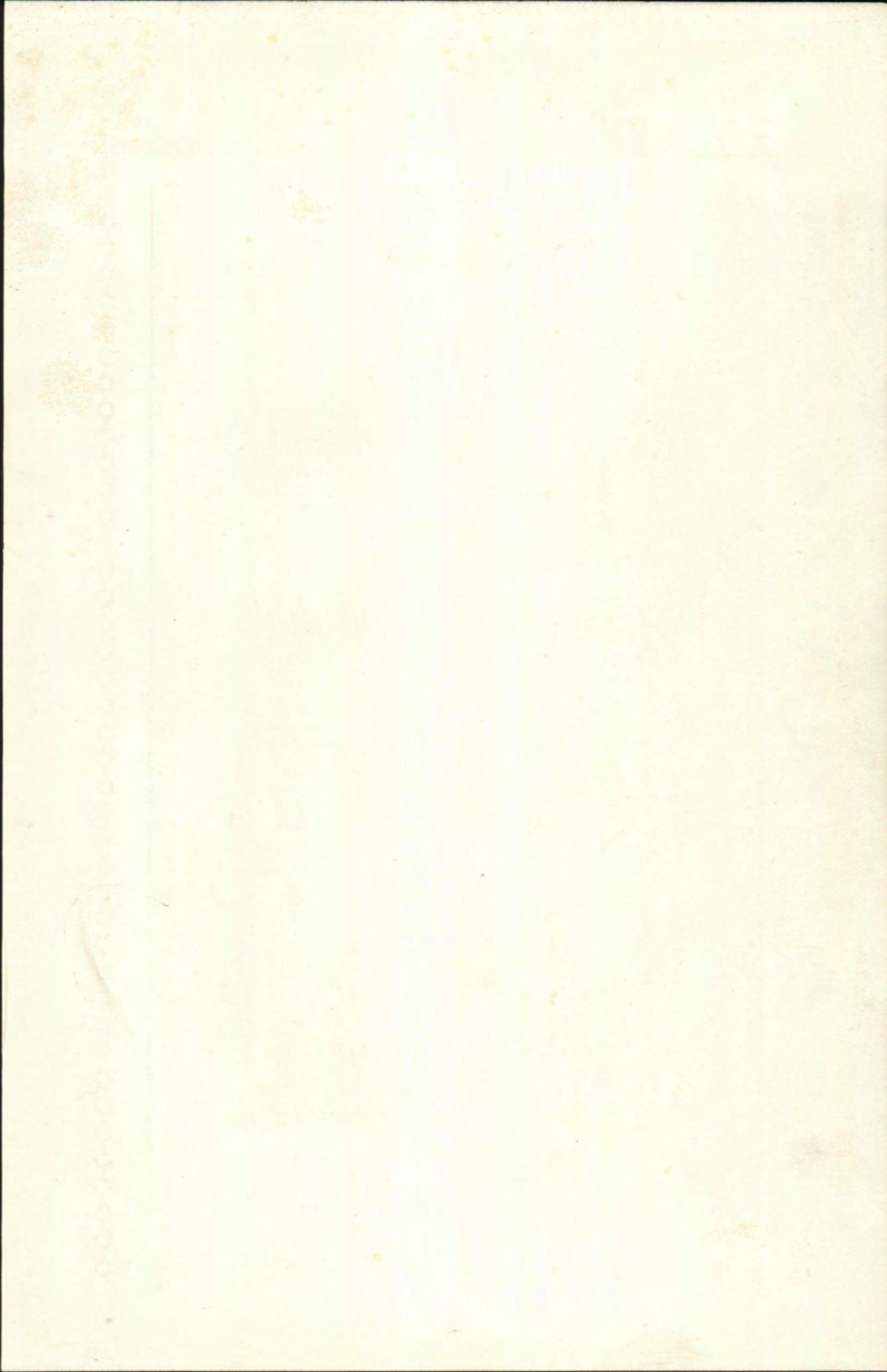
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THE GUARDIAN OF JESUS AND MARY



VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1906

No. 3

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CHURCH MUSIC QUESTION



THE interest stirred up by the Holy Father's Motu Proprio of a little over two years ago seems to have come to stay. The subject of church music is in the air. Such terms as Gregorian chant, Solesmes, Ratisbon, figured music, polyphonic music, etc., are now almost common property, even in circles where little or nothing of their existence was known not so very long ago. Comments and criticisms have, of course, been plentiful, and, what is saying virtually the same thing, of great variety.

As might be expected, the general principles laid down in the Motu Proprio have not been called in question. They occupy a position which it were evident folly to dispute. But there has been considerable discussion regarding the difficulties to be encountered in observing in actual practice the prescriptions contained in the Holy Father's document.

It is not to be denied that, under certain exceptional conditions, the observance of the rules laid down in the Motu Proprio in every detail is attended with some difficulties. But, on the whole, under ordinarily favorable conditions, such as the Church has a right to presuppose when enacting laws, the difficulties in question are comparatively slight.

At all events, we do not propose to treat of them in this paper, inasmuch as they cannot be avoided if the problem of carrying out the intentions of the Church is to be faced at all. We shall here confine our attention to the consideration of a few difficulties that can, and ought to be avoided, at the same time adding such remarks and suggestions as may seem opportune and useful.

Not all the trouble is in the Motu Proprio, though some of the critics have managed, apparently to their own satisfaction, to make it responsible for a good deal.

How does it come that the music prescribed by the Church, and admitted to be of the highest artistic excellence, is so largely denied its proper place at Divine service?

The first obstacle to the introduction and maintenance of good church music is the general lack of musical education.

The musically uneducated object to good church music on the same grounds as they object to high-grade music of any kind. By lack of musical education we mean here not so much the absence of special training in the art and science of music, as of that refined taste and discrimination unconsciously developed by the frequent hearing of the best music well performed. The process is analogous to the formation of a refined literary taste by the hearing of choice language among educated people, and, what is similar, by the reading of standard literature. What we have said amounts practically to this: People do not appreciate good music because they do not know it; they do not know it because they do not hear it.

It is almost needless to remark that the difficulty is aggravated by a positively vitiated taste, the result of constantly hearing inferior music.

Very appropriately we may here add a quotation from a pastoral letter issued in 1895, by Cardinal Sarto, now Pius X., a translation of which appeared in the *New York Freeman's Journal* of January 3, 1904: "The pleasure of a depraved taste rises up in hostility to sacred music, for it cannot be denied that profane music, so easy of comprehension and, especially, so full of rhythm, finds favor in proportion to the want of a true and good musical education among those who listen to it."

A second great obstacle to approved church music, even among those whose musical education is above the average, is the absence of a sense of artistic fitness.

The practice of uniting the sacred text of the liturgy with trivial, profane, and even lascivious music is an incongruity as offensive to art as it is to religious feeling. In this respect the masses and other religious music of some of the great masters are open to criticism. These works, in the sense of absolute music, are masterpieces, and will be considered such as long as music endures. But the music is profane and operative, and the text is treated as altogether secondary, merely a peg on which to hang an elaborate musical fabric. The best we can say for the masters in this matter is that they followed existing conventionalities—were the victims of the bad taste prevailing in their time, when great religious functions were not infrequently a curious mixture of religion and worldly pomp.

A certain objection may be noticed here. It has been claimed that the carrying out of the regulations in the Motu Proprio would "crowd out" much "fine music."

In what sense the so-called "fine music" can be spoken of as "crowded out," when its very presence has all along been an unwarrantable intrusion, we are certainly at a loss to explain. As for any fears that may be entertained in regard to the restrictions imposed by the *Motu Proprio* on really good modern sacred music, the following from an article in the *Dolphin* for August, 1905, is to the point: "The program which has been defined in the *Motu Proprio* is thoroughly broad-minded, and is as heartily to be commended from the musical as from the ecclesiastical point of view. No regulation has been made which can be considered by a fair critic disparaging to the interests of modern sacred music."

Another fruitful source of difficulty for true church music is the widespread ignorance and forgetfulness of the real purpose of church music.

What this purpose is may be seen from a passage occurring in the article already referred to above from the *Dolphin* of August, 1905: "It (the chant) was distinguished by being intended not so much to delight the ear, as to prove an unobtrusive vehicle for the words of the service." What is here said, though it refers directly to the Gregorian chant, is applicable, in a great measure, to all true church music, and will serve to place in a clearer light what now follows.

To the frivolous and the worldly-minded the music in the church is merely a medium of sensuous enjoyment, a means of whiling away the tedium of the services. Such people are bored not only by good and serious church music, but by nearly, if not quite everything else that goes on in church, not excepting the sermon. Small wonder that the more than earthly beauty of the Church's music does not appeal to these "of the earth, earthy" listeners.

We often hear another objection made against the prescribed music of the Church: "People do not like it, and will not come to church if such music is rendered."

This statement may be considered answered in the following passage, taken from the already quoted pastoral of Cardinal Sarto: "To say nothing of the fact that mere pleasure has never been the right criterion for judging about sacred things, and that the people should not be abetted in things that are not good, but educated and instructed, I will observe that there is altogether too much abuse of the word people; the people in reality show themselves to be far more reliable and devout than is generally believed; they appreciate sacred music and they do not cease to frequent the churches in which it is executed. A luminous proof of this was given during the centenary feasts in the Basilica of St. Mark, where, for four whole days, sacred music in the strictest sense, consisting of Gregorian chant or of the polyphonic chant, was executed, and the people assisted with enthusiasm and devotion; and not only the illustrious prelates who adorned these feasts by their presence, but composers and distinguished admirers of profane music did not hesitate to praise and to make public

in the papers their admiration for the sublime harmonies of the ecclesiastical chant, holy and artistic, and of a nature calculated to raise us above the miseries of this earth and give us a foretaste of the beauties of the songs of heaven."

The three obstacles to the prescribed church music thus far noticed may arise from the singers or the audience, or both. We shall point out another obstacle for which the singers alone are responsible.

There are two categories of singers who find themselves embarrassed by the *Motu Proprio*, or, more properly, if we may be permitted to put it so, who embarrass the *Motu Proprio*. They are those who despise the authority of the Church in this matter, and those who consider themselves excused from the regulations on the plea of inability to comply with them entirely or in part.

Regarding the first class, theirs is no case for much argument. None are so blind as those who will not see. The best, and, usually, the only way of dealing with these people is to insist on the right thing and then accept their resignation. They generally have a certain reason quite their own why they do not like the approved church music, viz.: it does not lend itself to the cheap display of individual voices. Comment here is as superfluous as argument. At the risk of introducing something irrelevant, one is almost tempted to suggest that if a good many of the singers in question knew better, they would recognize a decided advantage in the supposed drawback.

The second class of singers referred to above are entitled to a little more consideration.

Although the carrying out of the letter and spirit of the laws relative to ecclesiastical chant in all its possible splendor offers ample opportunity for the exercise of the highest talent and artistic skill, it is nevertheless a fact that a little good will, together with very moderate ability, quite suffice for answering the minimum requirements of these laws.

The success of choirs that cannot dispose of much in the way of resources beyond their good will must largely turn upon their good judgment in selecting music. The following remarks may be of assistance in their case.

Gregorian chant, the ideal and standard of all true church music, is a thing of real beauty when properly rendered. But it can hardly be so styled when attempted by those who never had any training in its correct rendition and some of those who are "doing" Gregorian chant seem to be in that predicament. With the exception of a few of the most ordinary and well-known Gregorian melodies, which are fairly within the reach of choirs of very limited ability, the attempts of the "uninitiated" in Gregorian chant serve only to deepen the prejudice already existing against this style of church music.

As for classic polyphony and the higher grades of good modern church

music, these, for still stronger reasons, will not tempt any but very superior choirs.

Yet, even within the restrictions thus imposed, choirs of comparatively untrained singers have quite a selection of easy and grateful material to draw upon—music which they can render respectably with no need of extraordinary effort whatsoever. To be sure, it is a far cry from some of the old favorites, Battman, Bühler & Co., to Palestrina, Viadana, Witt, and Stehle, but it is equally true that a small part of the energy hitherto wasted upon rubbish that is worse than worthless, if applied to the easier grades of approved sacred music, would soon produce very satisfactory results, both from a devotional and musical point of view. Where there is a will there is a way.

So far for the discussion of difficulties and obstacles to be treated within the limits of this paper. The whole situation may be easily summed up in the brief but expressive words of Pius X. as "passion and ignorance." All the ranting about the Holy Father and his scholarly *Motu Proprio* bears the stamp of ignorance of either the basic principles of church music or of the rational application of these principles.

What is it but the narrowness of ignorance that fails to see the cogency of the reasons on which the regulations of the *Motu Proprio* are based? What but the conceit of ignorance that sees no impropriety in placing itself in opposition to the most competent critics, among them non-Catholics, who pronounce the ideas set forth in the *Motu Proprio* as thoroughly in line with what is best in music? Above all, what is it but the obstinacy of ignorance that would deny to the Church the right of legislating for itself in the matter of its music, just the same as in any other?

The fight for good church music is, in the last analysis, a fight against ignorance and prejudice. As for our attitude, we cannot afford to be indifferent in a matter which our Holy Father, Pius X., considered important enough to make it the object of practically his first notable public and official act in carrying out the program he proclaimed to the world on his accession to the pontifical throne: "To renew all things in Jesus Christ."

R. H.

THE ANT AND THE ELEPHANT

(A Fable.)

An Ant and an Elephant met in a narrow road. "Get out of my way," roared the Elephant at the Ant, "or I'll crush you."

"I am not in your way, mighty sir," meekly replied the Ant. "If you cannot pass me by, then step over me, but please be careful not to step on me."

The Elephant followed the advice of his wise little counselor, and both went on.

Before fighting with seeming obstacles, take counsel and see if they be obstacles at all. G. H. Maelmuire, '07.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER



He was a tall, angular fellow, slightly bent, and about sixty years of age, one whom, I should judge, had done his share of fighting in the Civil War. I met him out at the Soldiers' Home, and he related to me the following story:

"Where did you lose your left arm?" I inquired of him.

"Down at Spottsylvania," he replied.

"That was a most unfortunate occurrence," I said, with feeling.

"Not so unfortunate as you might suppose, for it served to keep me out of the bloodiest part of the engagement, when my life wouldn't have been worth a penny."

"Yes," I answered, "viewing it in that light, I guess you might possibly have fared worse."

"I had a closer call, though, than that in the battle of the Wilderness."

"Tell me about it," I asked.

"Well, it was this way, pard. But I must go back to the siege of Vicksburg, where my story begins. I was in the Third Corps, under General Grant, acting as scout for him. On the night after battle I was detailed, with some other fellows, to take the prisoners to the rear. We had one guard, a negro, who had escaped from the South and joined our regiment at the beginning of the campaign. He was never satisfied unless he had a good supply of rum, and when he was drunk, I tell you he was the ugliest soldier in our army. That fellow—I believe he was called Bain—had done away with more prisoners than all the other guards in our regiment."

"I saw that Bain was pretty tipsy, and I kept my eye on a fine-looking fellow, a prisoner, who carried himself with the air of an officer. Bain insulted him, and the Rebel answered something back. Quick as a wink, the negro leveled his musket at the prisoner's head and pulled the trigger, but I threw my piece against his, and the charge, missing its mark, whizzed through the air. Then the negro made for him with his bayonet, but I parried his thrust and exclaimed: 'Drop that gun or I'll put a bullet through you.'

"At that, Bain turned and dashed blindly at me. I parried and the force of the lunge took him off his feet. He staggered and fell on his bayonet, which went plumb through him. He died instantly. I felt pretty bad about it, though it wasn't really my fault."

"I never saw such a grateful fellow as that prisoner was. He wrung my hand and thanked me as if he had known me all his life. We then turned

the prisoners over to another guard, and that was the last I saw of the Rebel soldier at Vicksburg.

"The remainder of my story centers in the battle of the Wilderness. After we had been in camp a short time, I received an order to report at headquarters. I went over there and found General Grant waiting for me.

"He asked me if I thought I could get into the enemy's lines.

"Of course I can," I answered, "but what do you want me to do?"

"What I want is this: You must find out the lay of the land and ascertain if there is a road running from left to right back of the heights."

"All right," I said, "I think I can do that and be back within a week."

"So I got our countersign and waited along the river, near our picket line, for a deserter to cross. Presently one came along, and, with the permission of the captain of the pickets, I snapped the bracelets on him and brought him back into the woods.

"What's your countersign?" I said to him.

"White," he answered, promptly.

"Seizing a musket, I rushed at him as though I was going to murder him and yelled: 'Tell me the right countersign or I'll brain you. Why, there's been four of you fellows here to-day and each has given a different one.'

"He begged me to have mercy and said that those soldiers must have lied and that it really was 'White,' so I was sure about that point at least. Then I swapped clothes with him and crossed the river in a skiff and ran right into a Confederate picket.

"To his challenge, I responded with the countersign, and was allowed to pass on. I told the sergeant of the pickets to watch my skiff for me, as I wanted to return to the Yanks' lines again in about a week, as soon as I received my orders from General Lee.

"Well, I gained the desired information and stayed around there two or three days, studying the exact situation of the Confederate army. One day the infantry had a horse race, and I, with a lot of Johnnies, was looking on. There was a little mare that beat them all and flung her rider every time. The lieutenant who had charge of the race said there wasn't a man in the whole Confederacy who could ride that mare.

"I saluted the lieutenant and said, 'I can ride her.'

"Where did you learn to ride so well?" he asked.

"Why, I used to be a jockey in New Jersey," I answered.

"Where?"

"In Mississippi," I said.

"But," he replied, "you just now said in New Jersey. What's your regiment?"

"Third Mississippi," I answered, promptly.

"Who's your colonel?"

"Here I was caught. They brought me over to a tent and, taking off my

uniform, found one of Uncle Sam's shirts on me and U. S. on my shoes. I was put under guard, tried on a drum-head, and sentenced to be hanged.

"The date for the execution was three days off, but it rolled around mighty fast. I was imprisoned in a small log-cabin, from which there wasn't any chance of escaping. It had no windows and only one door, and, besides this, a guard was stationed in front of it.

"About one o'clock the night before the execution I awoke as the third relief came on and another guard replaced the old one. In a short time the sergeant of the guard stopped at my cabin on his nightly rounds and, his canteen being empty, he requested the guard to go down to the spring and fill it.

"After he had departed, the sergeant opened the door and hurriedly exclaimed: 'Get out of here, Yank! Go straight down this path to that big tree and wait there till I come.'

"Now, I'm not one of those kind to let such a chance as this slip past, so I just got out of there as soon as I could and waited for the sergeant under the tree. Presently he came over and said to me: 'Swear that if I give you our countersign, you'll only use it to get over the river.'

" 'I swear,' said I.

" 'All right; the countersign is "State."' "

"I shook hands with him and thanked him for his kind act. Then I hurried off in the darkness of night, and when I reached the river, I found my skiff there just as I had left it.

"I called the sergeant of the pickets and said to him: 'Tell General Lee that I crossed here, instead of farther down the river, as he ordered me to do, because the Yanks were too thick there, and I ain't quite sure of their countersign.'

" 'All right, scout, I'll do it for you,' replied the sergeant.

"I got over safe and sound, but I tell you it was a mighty close call.

* * * * *

"About a year ago, a carriage drove up to where I was standing and an elderly gentleman alighted and said to me: 'Excuse me, sir, may I ask you your name?'

"I bowed and answered, 'Frank Dillon.'

" 'But was it always Dillon?'

" 'Why, certainly, what makes you ask that question?'

" 'Because you remind me so much,' he replied, 'of a man called Hill, who was tried during the war and sentenced to be—to be—.'

" 'Hanged? Yes, that was my alias. It happened at the battle of the Wilderness.'

" 'Yes; well, I am overjoyed to see you!' he exclaimed. And he whispered something to his wife, who got out of the carriage and lavished upon me so many kind and grateful words that I was really dumbfounded.

"My curiosity prompted me to ask, 'How did you know all about that affair?'"

"How do I know? Why, I was the sergeant of the guard who let you escape."

"And then, when I looked closely at him, although it happened several years ago, I recognized him as the kind-hearted sergeant of the guards."

"And I've often wondered why you did such a thing," I rejoined.

"One good turn deserves another," he replied. "When I was a helpless prisoner at Vicksburg, and the negro guard attempted to murder me, you interfered and saved my life."

"I can tell you that the Reb officer is not ungrateful to me; every week he sends me out a fresh supply of tobacco and other good things."

CHARLES WHALEN, '07.



ST. JOSEPH AND THE BRIDE DIVINE.

Assembled were in temple stately wide,
 'Midst fertile plains and hills of clust'ring vine,
 The noblest youths of David's royal line,
 To gain of Juda's land the fairest Bride.

As mortal choice ne'er rightly could decide
 Who 'mongst these youthful suitors might combine
 All graces worthy of the Bride Divine,
 To each the priests an almond rod confide.

The morning dawns. The sun the skies doth lave
 In rosy hues. The suitors to the Holy Place
 Do hie, to learn the victor of the day.

And lo! sweet-scented blossoms deck the stave
 Of Joseph, humblest of the kingly race;—
 With jub'lant heart his Bride he bears away.

Guy Morton, '05.

WHAT IS TRUTH?



THE world will always regret that Pilate did not put his question seriously to our Lord, and await the answer. His question embodies the most momentous problem of philosophy; one that has been answered variously, and upon the correct solution of which it is more than likely that thinkers will never wholly agree. And yet at every stage of philosophic and scientific inquiry, the particular view of truth that thinkers adopt must determine the complexion of their conclusions.

A not inconsiderable number of thinkers reached the conclusion that truth is a myth, and the belief in the possibility of its attainment a self-delusion. They recognized the services its pursuit has rendered mankind, and were willing to regard it as an inspiring ideal, luring men on in an unwearied chase, at the end of which, though they may never hope to be able so much as to touch her skirt, they will find themselves enriched in other ways, as the vintner's sons who found a treasure at the end of their labor quite different from the mythical one that lured them on to work. This is the view of the ancient skeptic, and, partly, of the modern agnostic in the domain of metaphysics. As exponents of this view we may place on one side the sophist Gorgias, whose conclusion is tersely expressed as follows: "Nothing is; if anything is, it cannot be known; if anything can be known, it cannot be communicated"; and on the other the founder of modern positivism, Auguste Comte, whose fundamental principle was that nothing but phenomena and their relations can be known.

A large and influential contingent of thinkers of the day, while admitting the possibility of attaining truth, take truth to be something purely subjective, wholly dependent on the constitution of our mind, and, therefore, merely relative and never absolute; they admit that if our minds were differently fashioned from what they are, the truths we now hold would be rejected as false or inadequate, and replaced by views conformable to the changed laws of our mind. As the extreme representatives of this class we may take, on the one side, Hegel, who maintained that "whatever is rational is real, and whatever is real is rational"; and on the other, Kant, whose central doctrine is that our knowledge of things is subject to the innate laws of the human mind.

While the skeptical position, that truth is a delusion, is generally abandoned, except in a modified agnostic form in which it is made to apply to whatever transcends the purely phenomenal, the idealistic and relativistic

view is numerous represented, especially among English and American thinkers, who are relativists almost to a man.

The basis of modern relativism, the assumption, that is, that our knowledge is not of things as they are in themselves, but only of the forms under which they effect our mind, is, of course, admissible; but can we admit its corollary, that if the mind's constitution were changed, truth itself would change, so that we might agree with Protagoras when he said that man was the measure of all things? Would not the admission involve skepticism?

Let us try to state with greater precision what is meant by a mind different from our own. Such an hypothetical mind, then, must still be a principle of knowledge, otherwise it could not be rightly termed *mind*. In consequence, it must be subject, like our actual mind, to the essential law of a principle of knowledge, which is the law of identity. From this we immediately infer that all deductive truth would be the same for every conceivable kind of mind, for these truths are merely a series of identities.

Would synthetic truth be different for a differently constituted mind? This truth is grounded on the perceived relations between sensations, predicated in conformity with certain categories.

Now, while sensations are essentially variable because dependent on the condition of the sense-organs, they are, in themselves, purely symbolical. Scientific truth is a system of relations which the mind recognizes between these symbols; and, since the same truth may be represented by a variety of symbols, it is evident that, as regards sense percepts, our hypothetical mind would not necessarily reach other conclusions in the world of phenomena than our actual mind does.

But would not the categories under which the mind predicates phenomenal relations differ essentially in a different mind? Here we must again revert to the essential character of a principle of knowledge: if our hypothetical mind is to be such a principle, it cannot, in regard to the categories of thought, differ from our actual mind except in the *number* of categories, and not in their nature, otherwise it will cease to be a principle of knowledge such as we understand by the term mind. Hence, a hypothetical mind might know more, or less, synthetic truths than our actual mind, but not different or contrary truths.

The view, therefore, that truth is so relative that under changed mental conditions it would cease to be truth is a delusion. If in the eons still to come the body and mind of man develop new powers, the actual body of scientific truth will be enlarged, but not essentially altered, and we must grant our actually acquired truth as much absoluteness as the foregoing argument requires.

The moot point as regards truth will always remain the tantalizing question, Can we know things in themselves? All our knowledge originates in sense perception. We are generally agreed as to the relations that obtain between our various sensations and between the ideas we derive from them;

but can we ever gain the assurance that any interpretation we may make of our sensations and ideas for the purpose of defining a thing in itself is correct, that is, is in absolute agreement with the objective reality? If we mean to be honest with ourselves, and do not yield to the temptation of mistaking words for things, we must confess that we do not know. We cannot get beyond those middle-men, our senses. All our information of what lies beyond the ego we must receive through them, and that which they give us is never the thing in itself, but only a report as to its behavior when brought in contact with them. Our knowledge can go no further than what is implied in the comparison and discussion of these reports.

There is no need to chafe at the limits within which our knowledge is thus confined by the very nature of our mind. Let us frankly admit our limitations. And though it may be painful for us to recognize that all our statements as to essences, beyond those that relate to the bare existence of these essences, are purely hypothetical, it is of the highest wisdom to forego a fruitless search, and to apply what strength and ability we may have to enlarge our knowledge of the limitless domain of the phenomenal. We can no more move in the region beyond phenomena—if there be such—than Kant's famous dove in the airless regions of the universe.

M. LESLIE, '06.

✓ ERIN, MY COUNTRY

Erin, my country! how fondly I love thee,

The home of my fathers and all I hold dear:

How blue are the skies that span far above thee,

Thy mirroring waters how sparkling and clear!

How verdant thy meadows, green "Isle of the Ocean,"

Where once in my boyhood I roamed gay and free,

And sang to the harp with untiring devotion

The saints and the sages that glorify thee!

O years that have passed o'er these scenes of my childhood,

Roll backward, I pray ye; roll back once again:

Again I would roam, as of yore, in thy wildwood,

And touch the sweet harp to one lingering strain.

Alas! how forlorn and forsaken I'd find thee,

How wasted the haunts that bedaisied I knew!

The hand of the tyrant doth still cruelly grind thee—

But the hearts of thy children are loyal and true!

John O'Rourke, '08.

SAINT JOSEPH, PRAY FOR US



T was seven o'clock in the evening. The bells of St. Joseph's Church were warning the congregation to prepare for service, as Joseph Morris hastened down Fifth Street. He was thinking of the singular favor granted to him that day, the feast of St. Joseph: he had served in the morning and was to have that privilege again during the evening devotions. The sacristan greeted him cheerfully, wishing that he had more such punctual and serious altar-boys. All was soon in readiness for the service, and Joseph led the way into the Sanctuary. The Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary were recited and then followed the sermon. Joseph's heart was full of joy at hearing the praises of his patron, and the desire arose within him to do something to promote honor and devotion to St. Joseph. After the sermon there remained in his youthful heart serious thoughts for meditation that would have put to shame many a soul in the church who had listened with distraction or nodding head.

Benediction over, the servers had departed in haste, while Joseph was called by Father Ryan and received from the good priest a silver medal of St. Joseph. "A little souvenir of your name's day," the pastor said; "may your patron always guide and keep you." Overjoyed, the boy left the sacristy and started on a run through the rough March wind. Passing along a deserted road, he came to a street lamp, and drew out his medal to observe it more closely. Over the figure of the Saint were the words, "St. Joseph, pray for us." While he was repeating the invocation, he was confronted by a man who was evidently a tramp. "Hand over that money," he commanded. The boy was anchored to the spot with fear. Did Joseph's guardian angel tell him he had a mission to fulfill here? The next moment he became calmer and replied simply: "Ah, sir, it isn't money I have, but just a medal of St. Joseph, which I received for serving Mass." At these words the cruel expression left the man's face and a far-away look settled there, a look that spanned a life of sin and again beheld youth and innocence. "I once served Mass," he murmured, half to himself. "Then," replied Joseph, "being altar-boys, we are really friends. Won't you take this as a present from me, and say the prayer that's written on it every day?" And he slipped his treasured medal into the man's hand. An earnest "I will" reached his ear, and the man disappeared in the darkness. Joseph told no one of his experience, but confided the care of the man's soul to his patron.

Easter came, and as Joseph was approaching the Holy Table he noticed at his side the man whom he had so strangely met on his name's day. His thanksgiving over, he was called by Father Ryan into the sacristy and presented with a gold medal of his patron Saint. "Joseph," the priest said, "the man to whom you gave your medal asked me to thank you for the same and to give you this as an expression of his gratitude. The person, who happens also to be a namesake of St. Joseph, has approached the Sacrament for the first time in years, and says he feels certain that his conversion is due to the invocation you bid him repeat each day, 'St. Joseph, pray for us.'"

A. ZENGERLE, '09.

THE BLIND FIDDLER.



It was a stormy March evening. The day had been bright, but the heat of the sun counted as nothing in those cold north winds which had blown all day and still continued to blow.

Thomas Rand had enjoyed an excellent supper at his rich father's table. The house was comfortably heated, and now as he intended going over to the club he put on a heavy overcoat, and, without saying adieu to his lonely father, he quickly left the room.

The clock struck seven. "Rather late," said he to himself; "the fellows will think I am quite slow, so I'll have to hurry." Just then a little street urchin bumped into him, asking for a few pennies. "No! get out of the way, you wretch!" With these words Tom brushed past him and on toward the club. He had walked but a block or so farther when a poor widow asked him for money for her starving children, but Tom, with his roughest tone, growled, "No, you beggar; get out of the way," and on he rushed.

He was nearing the club when, hark! he hears a slowly dying tune. Faint, yet clear, it ripples through the air and enters his very soul. It could not be far, still it seemed to be a celestial strain, reminding Tom of that kingdom of rest and glory where his mother had passed but a year before. No, it was not far; he had just turned the corner, and there at the entrance of the club stood a fiddler. Suspended upon his breast was a card with the words: "Please help the blind." Tom hurried on and up to the club-rooms.

Throughout the evening the noise and laughter of the club-room could not drown those piercing violin tones, still ringing in Tom's ears. They seemed to him as coming from above, with strange iteration.

It was after twelve o'clock when the club broke up and Tom opened the

outer door. The night was intensely cold, but there, in his thin and torn clothes, the fiddler still played, though his fingers were so benumbed that he could barely move them. Yet as Tom watched him, each stroke of the bow seemed as a knife cutting into his very heart. The sweet, soft, mystic notes drew his soul, like a dream, away to heaven, where once again he thought of his dear mother. He reached into his pocket to give the fiddler something, but, "No!" he muttered to himself, "what would the fellows think of me wasting money on such a beggar!"

When Tom was about a square from the fiddler, he could move no further; those strange dying notes had bewitched him. He thought he would return, but, no, some of the fellows might see him. So he hastens his steps homeward.

When in bed he could not sleep. Those sad, weird tones still rang in his ears. "I must hunt up that poor fellow and give him something early in the morning," thought Tom, as he tried in vain to slumber.

After a sleepless night, he arose at four, and immediately went in search of the fiddler. As he neared the door of the club, he did not hear those mysterious melodies, though the fiddler was still there—but his soul had fled. The sight of the fiddler's cold, emaciated form touched the unfeeling heart of Tom. Instantly he seeks a doctor and brings him to the scene. The doctor had viewed the corpse for a few minutes, when Tom asked: "What was the cause of his death, sir?" The doctor grew sad and answered: "Hunger. Five cents' worth of food last night might have saved his life."

Remorse tortured the soul of Tom, who there and then resolved never to despise the poor, those favorite friends of the Divine Master. Tom was faithful to his resolution and lived to experience that

"Charity is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

GEO. B. QUATMAN, '08.





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✓ **Home Rule.** The principle underlying Ireland's demand for self-government is based upon the God-given and inalienable right that every nation has to possess its own soil and to control its own affairs. From the beginning of the world down to this present day, races have always wanted, and often battled for the right to govern freely their own country. Foreign rule is not only galling, but essentially antagonistic to the welfare of any people cursed with it. No civilized nation has ever made progress of any kind except under the care and stimulus of self-government. Belgium is to-day one of the best-ruled and most prosperous of countries, but she was poor and discontented when united to Holland. Greece was extremely wretched under Turkish despotism; since a national parliament has supplanted the blighting influence of foreign power the Greek no longer feels the pangs of poverty, but peacefully tills his lands, tends his flocks, and daily increases in wealth and happiness.

To ask why Ireland wants Home Rule is to ask why a man wants to be master in his own house. The fact that British rule is where Irish rule ought to be is the first and greatest complaint of the Irish nation. "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," but

Ireland has never consented to England's domination. Though England's rule in Ireland were as good as it is notoriously bad, the Irish people would still have the patriotic duty to reject it, and to use every legitimate means to get rid of it; alien rule is against nature, for Providence has made races to work out their own destinies in their own way.

Besides the inalienable right to govern themselves, the Irish have also countless grievances against British misrule. "Go," says Mr. Gladstone, "into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literature of all countries, and find, if you can, a single book in which the conduct of England toward Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation." English tyranny has made Ireland the poorest and most heavily taxed nation in the world. A staff of Protestant bureaucrats despotically sway over this unhappy country and squander the taxes in a most unscrupulous manner. During the past ten years Irish taxes have been augmented fourfold. The unfortunate people are powerless to better their situation, for they have no voice in the management of their own affairs; they cannot even build a bridge or construct a road without the permission of their English masters, who delight in turning a deaf ear to Irish petitions.

English misrule is steadily depopulating Ireland; 38,000 young, robust men are annually forced to leave their smiling, kindly native land that seems destined by Nature to be the home of a joyous, toiling people, whose sole ambition would be to lead tranquil lives in their own fair Erin and to lay their bones to rest beneath its sacred sod. It is especially in the past century that England has shown her ineptness to govern Ireland; some eighty years ago Ireland could boast of hundreds of flourishing manufacturing establishments, but to-day they have nearly all disappeared. The ruin of Irish industries, the pauperization of the people, famines, exiles, prisons, and, to crown the infamous record, sixty Coercion Acts—such are the fruits of British misgovernment during the nineteenth century.

It is universally known that England never respects liberty of conscience. In the last century, Ireland has been governed by twenty-six lord lieutenants. Not one of these has been a Catholic. The chief executive may be a Protestant, a Mohammedan, or an atheist, but he cannot by law be a Catholic, the religion of seventy-five per cent. of the Irish people. In other words, Ireland has been governed by men alien to the Irish in blood, in sentiment, and in religion. Another example of British intolerance is the recent refusal to grant a university to the Irish. Trinity College is the only university in Ireland. This institution is a purely Protestant establishment; Protestant services are exclusively performed in its chapel; the whole of its teaching staff is Protestant. Now the Irish Catholics simply demand that they be also permitted to enjoy the advantages of a university, and that Irish taxes be partially spent for educational purposes in accordance with the needs and desires of the vast majority of the Irish people. The British government not only spurns this most just demand, but

even forces the helpless Catholics to contribute to the support of the sectarian Trinity College.

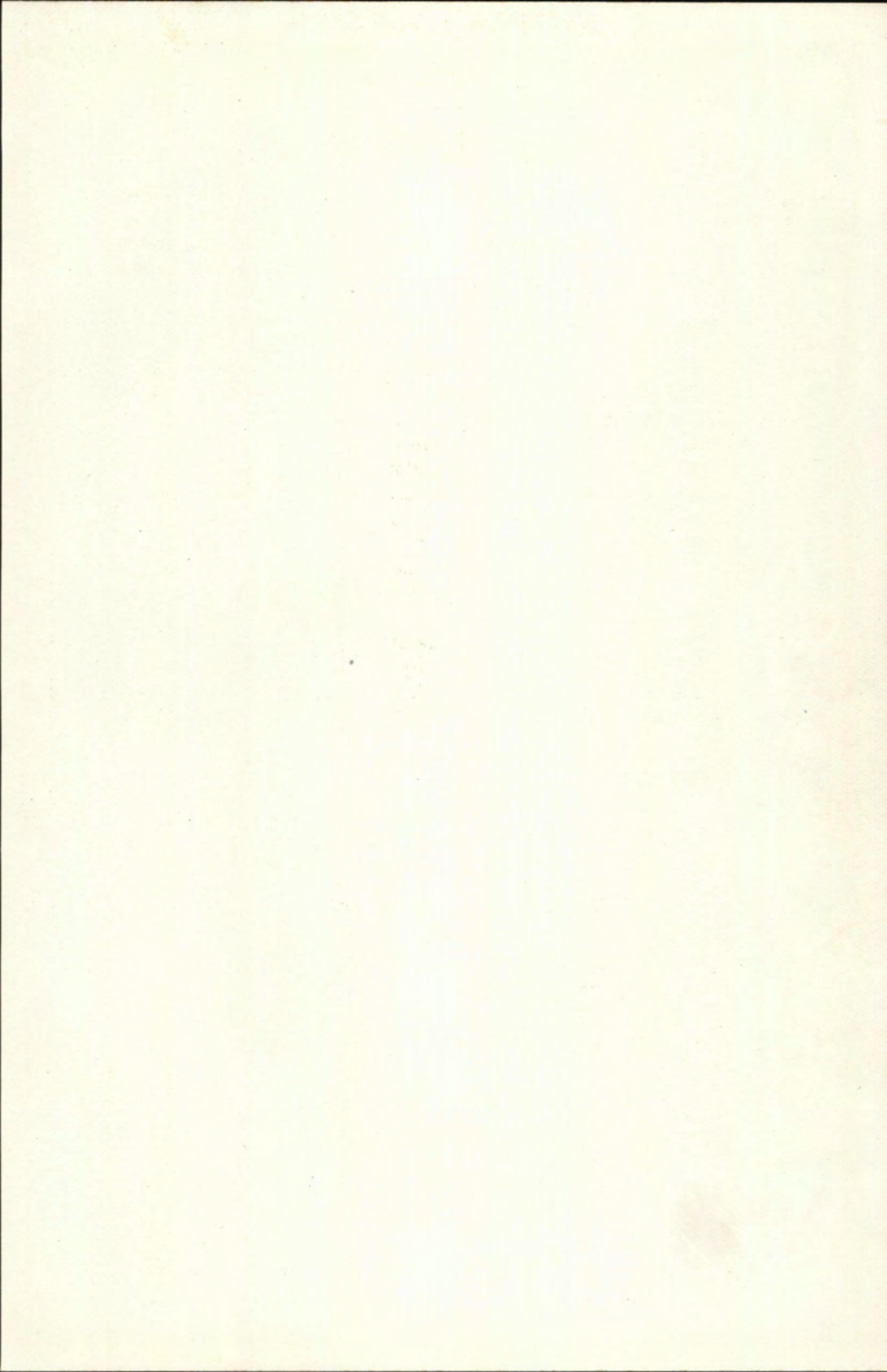
It is a fact worthy of notice that the most progressive countries are emphatically in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. The Parliaments of Canada, of Australia, of New Zealand, the Legislatures of the forty-five States of our American Republic, have passed a resolution declaring that Home Rule should be granted to Ireland. In 1893 the members of the British Parliament from Scotland, from Wales, and two hundred from England, voted for Irish Home Rule. But the selfish English Peers refused to indorse this universal sentiment demanding justice for Ireland.

The enemies of Ireland have indulged in the hope that the recent "Land Act," which partially rids Ireland of landlordism, might induce the Irish to renounce their aspirations to Home Rule. Those who entertain such an idea must know little of the great intensity of the Celts' love for independence. The attempt to make "loyalists" out of the Irish by a Land Act will be as ludicrous and disastrous a failure as the attempt to manufacture Protestants out of the little Papists of Connaught by administering soup and blankets.

Ireland for the Irish, the Irish masters of their own beautiful Emerald Isle—that is Home Rule; that is the only means which will make Erin what God designed every country on earth to be—a prosperous and happy home for its own people.

JAMES P. ROY, '07.







GUSTAVE
'76



EDWARD, D.D.S.
'80



FRANK
'82



WILLIAM
'85



EDWARD C. SCHOEN
A. B., '03

*Toastmaster at the
Chicago Alumni Banquet.
First Editor-in-Chief
of the Exponent.*



JAMES A. AVERDICK, M.D.
A. B., '70

*Vice-President of the
S. M. I. Alumni Association.*



CHARLES, P.G.
'87

The Froendhoff Brothers

"OLD BOYS" OF ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE



**Something
New.**

THE EXPONENT has given the Alumni Editor permission to place half-tones in his department of the journal, and we have immediately taken advantage of this kind offer by publishing several cuts in this issue. It will be our aim to furnish pictures of the Old Boys from time to time, and we would be very much obliged to every former student for sending us his photograph, not only that we may possibly publish it, but especially that their Alma Mater may keep in her archives an interesting souvenir of each of her many children. As good looks will not count for much with us, the less favored need not fell backward. Wanted! Your photo. Send to-day.

C. H.

**He Is
"Happy" Only.**

A liberal reward was offered in the last EXPONENT to the one guessing first the new title which our Kentucky M. D., Alumnus, Colonel, etc., is to receive before many moons. Among the different guesses, the one that impressed him most, was that of "Happy Father or Papa", and he sends us the following characteristic comment about it:

"It certainly makes me smile. I am a 'Happy Hooligan', but no 'Happy Father or Papa'. Happy, says Webster's dictionary, means 'favored by fortune, lucky, successful, enjoying goods of any kind, satisfied; prosperous, blessed; furnishing enjoyment, favorable'. Yes, I am happy; I am favored by fortune, because I have friends; lucky, because I keep them; successful, because they are ready to give me a helping hand; I enjoy good health, which surely is God's blessing; satisfied, because I have what belongs to me; prosperous, because I am satisfied with what I have. 'Happy' suits me for a name, but I am no 'Papa'. Yours,

DOCTOR."

As there was no winner in the contest, with the new two-and-a-half-dollar gold piece and the money saved on the leather medal, "Doc" had his picture taken, and it gives us great satisfaction to present to the readers of the EXPONENT in this issue the "Happy" Dr. J. E. Averdick, of Covington, Kentucky, in all his glory.

C. H.

**The Froendhoff
Brothers.**

An event of more than passing interest occurred in the form of a New Year's call extended to the Very Rev. Father Meyer, a former President of St. Mary's, and to several of the older members of the Order, when the five Froendhoff brothers, all

former students, called at the Institute. The quintet was a jolly one, probably due to the fact that several of them take care of the "ills and pills of life". They had gathered at a family reunion, when it was suggested that, for once again, they become school-boys and journey up Brown Street and Brothers' Lane, as they had done hundreds of times before in their younger days. And so they did, worthily chaperoned by Mr. Ferdinand Sitt, their brother-in-law and the Institute optician; and long will their visit be remembered by those fortunate to meet them; for, wherever the Froendhoffs are, there is good cheer and "there's music in the air", because they all have fine voices, which they used on that occasion to fill Chaminade and St. Mary's Hall and St. Mary's Convent with a thousand harmonies.

The following is their record, one of which St. Mary's is justly proud. John, '72, entered the drug business, but died in 1873, at the opening of a most promising career. Gustave, who left the Institute in 1876, accepted, in the following month, a position with the H. Hollencamp Sons' Clothing Store, where he is still considered one of the most efficient employees, and is preparing to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of his arrival. J. Edward, '80, completed a course of dental surgery at the Cincinnati College and enjoys a well-deserved practice in the Gem City. Frank, '82, and Charles, '87, a graduate in pharmacy, now have an up-to-date drug-store. Last, but not least, is William, '85, who is at present with the well-known firm of Schickel & Ditmar, Architects, of New York City. He was superintendent of construction for the handsome new \$300,000 addition to St. Elizabeth Hospital of Dayton.

After reading over the successful careers of these brother graduates of St. Mary's, is it a wonder that fond parents of our young American boys choose St. Mary's in preference to many other of the far-famed schools, colleges, and even universities of this country?

C. H.

Chicago Alumni Banquet. The semi-annual banquet of the Chicago section of St. Mary's Alumni was, as in past years, a huge success. The fact that, for the first time in the history of this section, the President of the Institute was enabled to attend the banquet, goes to show that the occasion was of more than ordinary importance. The following letter gives us a terse description of the tale:

"DEAR ALUMNI EDITOR: The historical Parlor 'O' of the Palmer House was this year again the witness of our banquet. We met there on Tuesday, January 30, at 7:00 P.M., and were indeed more than pleased to have in our midst Rev. Father Tragesser, President of our Alma Mater. Messrs. Albert Kemper, Edward Schoen, and Edward Blumenthal had called for him at the Brothers' residence on Cleveland Avenue and had accompanied him to the hotel. We were a merry crowd indeed! All had reported, save 'Ned' Grimes, who was ill, and very urgent work necessitated the absence of John Burgmeier.

"Edward C. Schoen acted as toastmaster and showed himself equal to the task. The first speaker he called upon was Joseph A. Zangerle, '94, who responded eloquently to the toast, 'The Alumni'. Edward M. Miller, '94, in his 'Across the Atlantic', spoke interestingly of his European tour of last summer. Ed. A. Blumenthal, '03, delivered a few well-expressed words regarding 'Our Visitor,' and Alex. M. Blumenthal, '94, interested all with his remarks on the 'Panama Canal'. It was reserved, however, to Joseph C. Windbiel, '92, to put in the jovial and comical tone by his impersonations of Mrs. Katzenjammer and the two bad boys. In response to a call by the toastmaster, Father Tragesser spoke of S. M. I. and its doings in terms that made us all feel proud of our Alma Mater. He was applauded with unrestrained enthusiasm, and, when he had finished, those rousing words of the old College Song, 'Then hurrah for good old S. M. I.,' came spontaneously from every lip and rang through the stillness of the night. The impromptu remarks were, as usual, the delight of the evening, Dayton coming in for its share through its worthy representative, Edward Kahoe, '01.

"Needless to say, we all did full justice to the excellent Palmer House menu, and especially to the now famous 'S. M. I. Punch'. From

"ONE OF THE BUNCH."

It is a source of special satisfaction for us to state that the Chicago Alumni are an organization of which any college could feel justly proud. They always show a keen and practical interest in their Alma Mater: look at the numerous students that every year, and this year in particular, represent the great metropolis of the West at the Institute. They hold frequent and well-attended social and business meetings, and enjoy a high reputation in the community.

St. Mary's would undoubtedly be pleased to see organizations in other cities, modeled on the plan of the Chicago branch. Alumni, as well as other Old Boys, could then be grouped together, and, through the advantages of higher intellectual and moral training which they have enjoyed, could become a power for good to each other, to their community, and to their Alma Mater.

A. V.

The Dayton Alumni.

The Secretary of the Alumni Association of St. Mary's Institute has sent us the minutes of the quarterly meeting which took place last October. In a preceding issue we published the principal resolutions of that meeting, which referred to Alumni Hall and to lectures and entertainments to be given under the auspices of the Alumni.

It appears that a characteristic talk on campaign issues was given by one of the members present—an effort worthy of Beveridge, said one; of a betterage, said another, a supercilious critic. We should certainly be pleased to publish the speech in the coming Alumni number of THE EXPO-

NENT. Since the recent elections, the speaker feels rather reticent about it all, and we hope one of his hearers will serve our purpose. G. B.

Peter M. Jacoby.

St. Mary's Institute has to record the death of another of its faithful sons in the person of Peter M. Jacoby, '85, who died in Toledo, Ohio, on January 30, at the early age of thirty-five. His death resulted from the shock following an operation, but he had been well-prepared for the worst by the Rev. Chaplain of St. Vincent Hospital, where the operation took place. The deceased was an active member of St. Mary's Parish, as well as a prominent business man of his native city, being manager of the Jacoby & Schneider Dry Goods Company. He was a near relative to the Bumedeys and Jacobis, who are so well known in the Brotherhood and at the Institute since the early seventies, and who are actually represented at St. Mary's by two Jacobi boys. Prayers were offered for him on January 5 by all the S. M. I. students in the Institute Chapel. To the family and relatives of the deceased THE EXPONENT extends its sympathy in their bereavement and kindly requests the prayers of its readers for the repose of his soul. A. V.

First Boarder of S. M. I.

Sunday, January 28, brought good news to the Alumni Editor, for on that day Charles Hollencamp, '95, accompanied by the thirty years' friend of the Hollencamp Sons' firm, Mr. Gustave Froendhoff, came to the Institute, bringing with him the photograph of the first boarder of St. Mary's, Joseph Greulich, who is Charlie's uncle and who, we are much pleased to learn, is still "up and doing" in Indian Territory, in spite of his advanced years. But more of our patriarch in a future issue. Before Mr. Greulich there had been a few Day Scholars attending, of whom, however, we have found no record until now. C. H.

Dr. John M. O'Connor, '96.

Dr. John M. O'Connor, who was physician on the ocean steamer "Tennyson", is back again to America after a long and delightful trip which covered a number of highly interesting points in Europe and South America. He sends a "forget-me-not" to all his old friends. His brother Will, who attended St. Mary's in the seventies, is engineer inspector in the oil-fields of the Lone Star State, at Houston. A. R.

Rooters at Our Basket-Ball Games.

And these rooters did much to cheer on to victory our five invincibles. Here are some of the Old Boys we were pleased to see: Anthony Schaefer, William Fitzgerald, Clem Graves, Cleophas Drufner, Louis Timmer, John Gockey, Harry O'Neil, Harry Finke, Carl Bucher, Joseph Jeckering, Clarence Hasenstab, Roman Bucher, George Meiler, Richard Rottermann, Charles Rottermann, Eugene Schaefer, Louis Leibolt, Victor Smith, Joseph Horn, Bernard Hollencamp, Urban Unger, Robert Kastl, John Nugent, Gilbert Ward.

But there's room for more. Come once, and we're sure you'll be sighing for another of those clean, fast, enthusiastic, lively games where everybody is in it, from the best player to the last spectator, lady or gentleman. Games called at 8:00 P.M. For dates, watch the papers and posters.

G. B.

**Have You
a Ticket?**

The splendid lecture course outlined by the Literary Circle of the Catholic Gesellen Verein of Dayton, among whose members are many Old Boys, is fully appreciated by the actual students of St. Mary's. Quite a number of the latter attended the first lecture, given by Rev. Father Cotter of Ironton, Ohio, who handled in a masterful way "The Merchant of Venice". That same week the compliment was returned in the shape of a goodly attendance of "Gesells" at the basket-ball game, where they used their full lung power to cheer St. Mary's on to victory against the strong Piqua five.

The students are looking forward to another interesting lecture which is to be given on Sunday, April 15, by the scholarly chaplain of the Soldiers' Home, as well as to the pleasant evening they are to pass with the well-known humorist, Ralph Parlette, who, on March 6, is to keep his Dayton audience "Living and Laughing".

The Gesellen Verein recently held its annual elections, and, scanning the list of those chosen, we find the names of several Old Boys. They are: Louis E. Moosbrugger, second vice-president; Carl Bucher, secretary; Harry Finke, treasurer, and Carl Jauch, banner carrier. Keep up the good work, Old Boys.

A. R.

**Reverend
John Meade.**

In sending to his Alma Mater, as a New Year's gift, Boarder No. 164, Rev. John Meade, '73, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul Church, Wellston, Ohio, writes: "If you can possibly receive this young man, do so, no matter how much you may be crowded. Please let me hear from you as soon as convenient to you." That's the kind of letter we like to see from our Old Boys. They understand that the best way to increase the already large army of Old Boys is to send New Boys. Father Meade retains fond memories of Brother Zehler who was President of the Institute in his time, and he, in turn, has a warm place in the hearts of those of his former teachers who are still at the Institute.

A. R.

On February 5, the students offered special prayers at **Death's Doings.** the Chapel for the repose of the soul of Hugh Brennan, '90, who had died in Dayton, at the home of his uncle, Mr. John O'Connor, on February 3. Hugh had been ailing for some time, and was well prepared when the last call came. He was a cousin of Dr. John O'Connor, '96.

The sad news of the demise of Frederick Averbek, '77, of Covington,

Kentucky, reached the Alumni Editor on February 11. Fred was faithfully remembered at the Chapel on February 15.

We recommend the souls of both these Alumni to the prayers of our readers. C. H.

**In Sweet
Charity.**

On Sunday, February 11, a crowd of S. M. I. students walked down to the "Weeping Willows" to the tune of "Help the Orphans". Their hearty applause was ever ready to show their appreciation of the dramatic work of Old Boys Joe Abel, Harry Finke, Louis Moosbrugger, Hugo Goetz, Ben Focke, and Carl Gerwels, who were devoting their time and best talents toward the noble cause of the Orphans. It was a splendid play, before a splendid audience, for a splendid amount. A broad smile appeared on the faces of Theodore Hollencamp and Louis Moosbrugger when the President of the Institute handed over the ticket money. A. R.

Alumni Hall. On Sunday, January 28, the committee on furnishing the spacious Alumni Hall met at St. Mary's. The following members were present: Rev. Louis Tragesser, President of the Institute, Richard Burkhardt, Jr., Carl Cappel, Haribert Rechtsteiner, and L. Edgar Orendorff. It was the sense of the meeting to furnish the Hall as a reception room, and Mr. Harry Cappel was appointed to make an estimate of the furnishings that will make Alumni Hall a pleasant home for the Old Boys. C. H.

**Charles B.
Wittrock.**

On his way home from Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Charles B. Wittrock, '77, of Cincinnati, stopped off at the Gem City to visit his son who is attending St. Mary's during the present scholastic year. Charlie is still State President of the Catholic Knights of Ohio, having been elected for his fourth successive term. He was at the depot in Columbus, Ohio, when the banker's friend, "Cassie," had her body-guard escort her to her new shirt factory. Mr. Wittrock is always welcome at the old school where he is keeping and has made a host of friends.

That was a rather hurried visit, and so, a few weeks later, on the first free day in three years, he took a spin to S. M. I. and spent some peaceful hours talking of the jolly crowd of the seventies. Among those he recalled with pleasure were the Monteguts of La Fourche in warm Louisiana, Albert Schruender of Hamilton, the Hellebuschs, Greiwes, and Conways of Cincinnati, the Goetzes of Dayton, James Hunt of Maysville, and many others. Late in the evening he rooted for the winners of a splendid basket-ball game, the first he ever saw, but, as he assured us, not the last, for he intends to bring a respectable contingent of rooters for the great game between the Gem City Champions, the S. M. I.'s, and the Queen City Champions.

He was accompanied by an old and faithful friend of the Institute, Mr.

A. Janszen. On September 1, 1885, Mr. Janszen sent his oldest boy, Joseph, the first of the many Janszens of Cincinnati, to the College, where they have had some representative ever since and even during the present term, which can boast of four worthy delegates from that well-known tribe.

Bernard Janszen made the name still more favorably known by entering the Brotherhood of the Society of Mary, in which he died a most edifying death in September, 1903.

G. B.

As the winds of the heavens blow toward St. Mary's, they carry both joys and sorrows with them. It was joys they brought to the Alma Mater with the face of Edward Darst, '89, who attended here for five years and who recently came from the wilds of western America to greet S. M. I. and his Dayton friends. Edward was formerly of Dayton, but is now of La Junta, Colorado, where he holds a good position as machinist. Continued success to you, Ed; and come again.

C. H.

Rev. Joseph F. Kelly, '90. Father Kelly, formerly of Dayton, now of St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Illinois, recently visited his old stamping-grounds to greet his many friends. We understand that he is curate, organist, professor, and missionary, among other things. Truly he is living "in the Land of Strenuous Life".

A. R.

The Lucky Four. They inform us that there was a meeting of the Alumni at S. M. I. on February 2. Somebody was present and somebody was absent; but there's no telling how much time some people need to be notified about a meeting, and yet they will always blame the innocent Secretary.

For the benefit of the absentees it was decided to go into secret session. Rumor, however, has it that, among other business, it was "resolved by the Alumni of St. Mary's that, if Edgar Orendorff does not give at least one week's notice of all meetings, this Association will do some very vile things to him".

After the meeting the following lunch was served:

	Oyster Cocktail	
	Oyster Stew	
Wafers	Olives	Celery
Wine	Cigars	

The healths of those absent were proposed, as well as the healths of those who wanted to come, but could not. After naming the only two members whose absence had been duly excused, the communication concludes: "To the rest of the absentees all we can say, is this: 'See what you missed. You had better get wise; but we don't know when it will happen again.'"

Fraternally,

THE LUCKY FOUR."

G. B.

About the "Alumni" Editor. We have been asked to publish something about the "Alumni" Editor. Here is the best we can do. The "Alumni" Editor is one hand of the editorial body of THE EXPONENT. The thumb is Aloysius Voelker, '06, and the four fingers are George Brennan, '06, Clarence Hochwalt, '06, Lawrence Janszen, '07, and Arthur Regan, '07. This hand is always out for news of the Old Boys, and any put within its reach will be eagerly grasped and put into THE EXPONENT. Don't be afraid to put your news within reach; and the sooner, the better. A. R.

Chips.

Through the subscription department of THE EXPONENT we were pleased to hear of the following former students: Oscar C. Miller, '92; Dr. C. W. Dancer, '93; Henry J. Humpert, '99; Walter Makley, '01; Charles A. Kenning, '05; Joseph Scheuplein, '05; Gaylord H. Case, '99; Emmett Sweetman, '04; Edmund Zettler, '80; Eugene Hanngs, '03; Thomas Coughlin, '93; Edward C. Schoen, '03; Joseph Windbiel, '92; Joseph Pilon, '05; Edward M. Miller, '94; John Heberger, '81; James J. Myers, '80; Richard Rottermann, '04; Morgan Trainor, '04; Barney Kirchner, '01; Haribert Rechtsteiner, '95; Leo Brown, '05; Alex. H. Schoen, '04.

We hope to see, little by little, every Old Boy on this list. Are you loyal to your Alma Mater? If so, help us get all her Old Boys and their friends to read THE EXPONENT.



If we are well informed by Uncle Sam's mail-man, Clarence Roehmer has taken to his books again since the last city elections and is improving his business methods by some special studies. "Steer clear of politics," says this wise junior, "if you want a steady job."

It may not be out of place to remark that S. M. I. has a first-class Business Course since the opening of the present scholastic year, and will be glad to welcome any Old Boys or their friends who intend to take up special studies in Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Shorthand, Typewriting, Commercial Law, Business Correspondence, and the like. Every one who has completed the prescribed course satisfactorily, receives the degree of Master of Accounts.

Later.—Clarence, being now a gentleman of leisure, made a pleasant call at the Institute a few days ago to confirm the above statement concerning himself and to tell of the troubles of those in politics.



John Lang, '79, called at the Institute lately to greet his former teacher, Brother Rush, and his nephew who is a student here during the present

term. John has a good position at the National Cash Register Company, and hence we expect to see him frequently.



The following important communication has just reached this department. (For further details see February EXPONENT.)

"The eyes are not blue,
Nor is the hair blonde.
Dark the eyes and hair
Of the one of whom Edgar's fond. L. E. O."

Now, Boys, you know it's bad when he starts to write poetry. Save your money for the wedding; several good legal cases, and it's all off.



Harry O'Neil, '03, has accepted a position as bookkeeper and stenographer with the Platt Iron Works of this city. We wish you success, Harry.



Clement J. Rottinghaus, '99, crossed the Canadian line some months ago in search of a better half, whom he found in Windsor and to whom he was married on November 12, 1905. However, he did not inform his Dayton friends of this great event till the middle of January. Our most cordial wishes, "Dad".



On the day on which this little volume will come from the press, our genial Mr. Orendorff will enter one of the city offices. Ed is stepping right into it; he is Secretary to the Mayor of the city that has no equal.



Wanted! Names for all correspondents of the Alumni Editor.

G. B.

Gems.

The snappy St. Mary's basket-ball games are great drawing cards to bring the Old Boys to their Alma Mater. One of the latest on the list is Urban Unger, who attended the Institute from '93 to '95, and his only regret is that he did not graduate. He has of late been much interested in electricity in Dayton.




Frank Terlau, '71, is still well at the old homestead in Covington, Kentucky, and is keeping up interest in his Alma Mater where he has one of his nephews attending at the present time.


C. H.

Nuggets.

That excellent and lively periodical of the Dayton Council, Knights of Columbus, "The Five Hundred," is authority for the statement that "Al Ward is now passenger agent for the longest, fastest, and most luxurious traction line in the world, the Dayton & Troy. Al says it's the best thing that ever came down the pike."




Joseph W. Clemens, '99, and wife, visited the Institute at the end of January. Joe was very proficient in drawing in his College days and was much pleased to see how THE EXPONENT is honoring one of his masterpieces by using it to decorate the Sanctum.




Among the interested spectators at one of the recent basket-ball games was Cleophas Drufner, '04. Cleophas has a good position in the C., C., C. & St. L. Freight Offices, where he has had two promotions during the past year. It must have been hard to raise him. A. R.

Here and There.

Mr. Alex. M. Blumenthal, '94, announces that on February 4, at 12:24 A.M., the traditional stork visited his home, bringing a baby girl to gladden his heart and that of his wife, née Clara Kemper. Congratulations, Alex.




We are much pleased to record that Joseph Cronan, '05, who is attending the Case High School of Applied Science, at Cleveland, Ohio, is doing remarkably well in all his classes.




Oscar C. Miller, '92, in renewing four subscriptions to THE EXPONENT, expresses himself as highly pleased with the interesting way in which the Alumni Notes are edited. We are glad to hear that we are satisfying somebody. The Alumni Editor of '06 is doing the best he can to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors. L. J.

Clippings.

Ray Carroll, '02, has recently accepted a position as mechanical inspector for the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, and has his office at Youngstown, Ohio. Good luck to you, Ray.



His brother William is at present attending the Notre Dame College of Pharmacy, and reports that Wm. Hutchins, one of his neighbors at the University, is following the Electrical Course.



James J. Myers, '80, of Waverly, Ohio, sends his kind regards to his old teachers, especially to Brother Bertram, and to all the Old Boys. A. V.



HIGHEST HONORS FOR JANUARY EXAMINATIONS.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

Senior Letters	Joseph Mayl, 93
Junior	Charles Whalen, 96
Sophomore	William O'Connor, 96; Frank Morris, 94
Freshman	John Georges, 95; Francis Canny, 94
Senior Science	Aloys Voelker, 98; Joseph Clasgens, 97
Junior	John Zuber, 92; William Mahoney, 89
Sophomore	William Kinzeler, 96; Benjamin Freeman, 95
Freshman	Joseph Seidensticker, 94; Robert Connelly, 94
Business Department	Arcadius Maher, 92; Robert Birkmeier, 92

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

First Academic	Frank Schumacher, 97; Ralph Wollenhaupt, 96
Intermediate A	Hans Amann, 96; John Carey, 96
Intermediate B	Walter Norris, 96; Leo Hunkeler, 95
Second Academic A	William Howe, 97; August Janszen, 96
Second Academic B	Robert Solimano, 93; Wiro Pulskamp, 91

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

First Preparatory	Leo Clark, 96; Edwin Bradmiller, 95
Second Preparatory	Joseph Reichold, 96; Thomas Macklin, 95
Third Preparatory	Alexander Eckley, 96; Rich. Droege, 95

**Holy Name
Society.**

The Holy Name Society, organized amongst the students at the annual retreat, 1904, was given a more definite and systematic direction on its patronal feast, January 14, 1906.

The object of the Holy Name Society is to prevent the use of profane and immodest language, and thus to promote the interests of the Holy Name of God. To attain this end more effectually, it was thought advisable to divide the students into groups of twelve, having as officers a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. Each group is free to choose the means best suited to the age and conditions of its members in order to assure the observance of the regulations, the fine of a penny for every transgression being the plan adopted

by the majority. Each member is to keep faithfully his own accounts, and remit the money to the treasurer. No treasurer has a right to complain of lack of funds, even though he should have to pass the year in a state of bankruptcy.

The resident students have been grouped by divisions, the non-resident students by classes. Meetings are held twice a month. The board of general officers meets once a month. It is composed as follows: Joseph Clasgens, President; Joseph Mayl, Vice-President; John Costello, Secretary; William Schoen, Treasurer; Charles Whalen, Librarian.

BRANCH OFFICERS OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

Resident Students.

No.	President.	Secretary.	Treasurer.
1.	Joseph Clasgens.	John Clark.	
2.	William Schoen.	William Mahoney.	
3.	William Ryan.	Patrick McKenney.	Charles O'Brien.
4.	William Ryan.	Patrick McKenney.	Charles O'Brien.
5.	William Obermeier.	Thomas Cahill.	Frank Steck.
6.	John Jacoby.	Benjamin Freeman.	Otto Hubbuch.
7.	William Bardo.	Fred Topmoeller.	Alfred Keiper.
8.	Leo Hierholzer.	George Herron.	William Weber.
9.	Edward Janszen.	John Georges.	Joseph Seidensticker.
10.	Fr. Von der Hoya.	Fred Dister.	
11.	Joseph Nolan.	Leo Clark.	
12.	Paul O'Neill.	Edward Harpring.	
13.	Peter Quigley.	Albert Kranz.	Clarence Blommel.
14.	Louis Drahman.	Miles Curran.	Reich Droege.

Non-Resident Students.

1.	Joseph Mayl.	William Skelton.	
2.	Charles Whalen.	John Hampel.	
3.	John Costello.	Harry Ansbury.	William Kinzeler.
4.	Henry Stich.	Robert Connelly.	Harry Anderton.
5.	Edward Satalia.	Robert Moore.	William Myers.
6.	Walter Steuer.	Edward Butler.	Joseph Weis.
7.	Herbert Whalen.	Albert Zengerle.	Joseph Kohler.
8.	Leo Hunkeler.	Walter Norris.	Alfred Schneble.
9.	Wilfred Walter.	Robert Fleming.	John Ohmer.
10.	Edmund Walsh.	Francis Murphy.	Ferdinand Stachler.
11.	Frank Schumacher.	Francis Kelly.	Alphonse Janning.
12.	Arnold Koors.	Ralph Lowry.	Alphonse Sitt.
13.	Daniel Larkin.	Carl Ferneding.	Cosimo Giambrone.
14.	Lawrence Strattnr.	Louis Steffen.	
15.	Edwin Bradmiller.	Joseph Stauble.	
16.	Clarence Weckesser.	Carl Koors.	
17.	Alexander Eckley.	Elwood Wollenhaupt.	Lawrence Gilliland.
			Charles Whalen, '07.

FAITS ET GAITES.

Coasting. In the beginning of the month the coasting hill furnished the chief amusement. The sleigh track has been somewhat shortened by excavations made in the south side of the hill, but, despite this, good records have been made. The honor of going the farthest was eagerly contested for, and, after several exciting races, was claimed by the occupants of a Second Division sled. The rise of the thermometer has put an end to coasting as well as to skating, and rather suggests the futility of seeking the Southern resorts to escape the rigors of winter. Heavy garments were laid aside; some boys even went so far as to exchange overcoats for baseball goods. The fine weather lasted for a few days, but old Boreas is striving to regain supremacy.

Fossils. Whilst excavating a new bed for the creek in the southeastern part of the grounds, near the skating ponds, the workmen were surprised to find human bones protruding from the scoop. They went back, and, after digging carefully, they disinterred two skeletons in a fair state of preservation. The scoop had torn away the ribs, but the remainder of the bodies was intact. It was nearly dark when the discovery was made, so it was thought best to remove the find the next morning; but during the night some vandal crushed both skulls. That there is some exceptional story connected with these gruesome relics is evident. The two bodies had been buried at right angles to each other, with heads touching. One skull is of normal shape, while the other has a very receding forehead and high cheek bones. The conjecture that it is of an Indian must be discredited, for the usual trinkets, beads, and the like, interred with the red man, were not in evidence. Some are of the opinion that it is of an orang-outang or chimpanzee. Both skeletons are in the museum where, if it is possible, they will be mounted. We hope this article will strike the eye of some pioneer of Dayton, who can perhaps throw some light upon the subject.

The Catholic Gesellen Verein, progressive in everything, **Father Cotter.** has emulated the Knights of Columbus in instituting a lecture course. Father Cotter, of Ironton, opened the series with a lecture on the "Merchant of Venice," displaying a deep and comprehensive knowledge of Shakespeare's great play. His delineation of the character of Portia was especially remarkable and gave all present a true conception of that graceful heroine. The students attended the lecture in a body as the guests of the "Old Boys" of St. Mary's Institute now members of the Gesellen Verein.

Guests of the Visitors at the College are invariably attracted to the **First Division.** First Division Gymnasium, where they are always given a hearty welcome by the students. There many an elderly gentleman, unmindful of the weight of years, shows the youngster now attending St. Mary's that the "old man" has not forgotten all the sports of school days. The youngsters show themselves very diplomatic, and allow father to win every time. Messrs. A. Janszen and Charles Wittrock, of Cincinnati, beat the younger representatives of these illustrious names unmerci-

fully on the new bowling alleys. Mr. Bernard Topmoeller duplicated the performance with his sons Ben and Fred. Mr. Sitt, the well-known Dayton jeweler, was favorably impressed by the competition for bowling honors and kindly donated a handsome charm for the roller of the highest score during the month.

Examination is over. The results were read on February 6; those of the Preparatory and Academic Departments in the forenoon, those of the Collegiate Department in the afternoon. The students were assembled on this occasion in the Gymnasium instead of in the Entertainment Hall. The Very Rev. President expressed his satisfaction at the good results attained in the various classes. He was heartily applauded when he said that it was appropriate that the results of our success in studies should be proclaimed in the memory-hallowed "Gym," within the walls that have so often echoed to the farewell addresses of departing Seniors, in the place where indoor teams have so often triumphed, and where, this year in particular the basket-ball quintet is carrying away all honors, being second to no team in Ohio.

Weeping

Willows.

We had the good fortune to attend the representation of "The Weeping Willows," given by the Dramatic Club of the Gesellen Verein, for the benefit of the Orphans' Home. The play was exceptionally well presented and easily takes first rank among amateur theatricals of the year in Dayton. We were agreeably surprised to find that the prominent male roles were filled by graduates of the Institute: Louis Moosbrugger, Joseph J. Abel, Bernard Focke, Harry Finke, Carl Gervels, and Oscar Bucher were among the "stars." Paul Wenigman, '07.

SOCIETIES.

The Spalding Circle.

The Spalding Circle held its regular meeting on January 9, 1905. The debate, "Resolved, That newspapers are more productive of good than of evil," was exceptionally well rendered by both parties, Messrs. Obermeier, Logsdon, and Emerick acting as judges. Messrs. Janszen and Menzinsky defended the affirmative against Messrs. Zuber and Whalen as the negative. The vote resulted in a two to one choice in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Moran spoke ably on "Sir Henry Irving," giving a detailed account of the life and career of that great actor. Mr. Irwin read a humorous piece, entitled "Aunt Polly's George Washington." Mr. Logsdon showed himself to be quite a politician in his excellent paper, "A Cry for Reforms." Several humorous pieces by Mr. E. Smith drew forth the applause of the circle. Messrs. Murray and Mahoney each read an original poem. The meeting closed with prayer.

A business meeting of the Spalding Circle was held on February 10, 1906. The chairman of the Committee on Magazines read his report. Upon motion, it was decided to subscribe for the "Saturday Evening Post." Dues of ten cents were imposed upon the members to defray the cost of subscription. Election of officers followed, which resulted in the choice of Paul Wenigman for President, Dan Moran for Secretary, John Zuber for Treasurer, and Andrew Menzinsky for Librarian. Mr. Emerick was appointed to correspond with

the editor of the "Purple and White" in regard to the portrait of Bishop Spalding.

Leo J. Loges, '06.

Sophomore

Circle.

The January meeting of the Sophomore Circle was remarkable both for the variety and for the number of selections rendered. Ben Freeman read a paper, entitled "The Romance of the Round Table," reproducing so very striking a picture of the great King Arthur and his illustrious court that he seemed to have been directed in his work by the all-powerful hand of Merlin the Conjuror. Two comic scenes by Harry Weber, Walter Stacey, William Duffy, Herbert Finke, Clarence Stoecklein, Jacob Braun, Albert Herman, and William Varley were a source of much merriment. The other recitations by Edward Mayl, John Gregor, and readings by Paul Kette, Fred Hackman, and Frank Martin were heartily appreciated. The debate, "Resolved, That fiction has more evil than beneficial results," provoked a very interesting general discussion.

William O'Connor, '08.

The Freshman

Mirror.

The Editor-in-Chief of the "Freshman Mirror," the Freshman Letters' class paper, has kindly presented to the Editors of the Exponent for perusal the December and January numbers of this enterprising periodical. The "Freshman Mirror" is organized on the plan of the Exponent, and all the departments are in the hands of able managers, as the variety and quantity of material give evidence. The Editorial Staff was published in the January number of the Exponent. All the members of the class have been faithful in contributing their monthly article, but, through modesty, these budding journalists have adopted pseudonyms borrowed from the Greek and Latin scholars of antiquity. We regret that time does not allow us to take some clippings from the first two numbers; we hope to be able to publish some in our future issues.

Peter Pence.

For January the Peter Pence Fund reached the magnificent sum of \$31.92, the highest amount it has yet attained. For class contribution the Sophomore Letters ranks first, with an average of twenty-five cents; the Sophomore Science is a close second, with an average of twenty cents.

C. Whalen, '07.



FIRST DIVISION (Resident Students)

Basket-Ball.

S. M. I. vs. Piqua. On January 19, our Regulars won a hard-fought battle from the famous Piqua aggregation. The Piqua quintet last year were the champions of Ohio and tried for honors at the basket-ball meet in Chicago. They met their first defeat in the S. M. I. Gymnasium.

The game was very fast, and but a few fouls were made. The first half ended with the score 19 to 7 in our favor. In the second period the Piqua lads took a decided brace and desperately endeavored to wrest victory from our little boys in blue, but failed in the attempt. The remarkable defensive work and long passes of Clasgens and Schoen bewildered the visitors. Topmoeller, Pflaum, and Mahoney made sensational field goals.

Final score—S. M. I., 29; Piqua, 23.

The line-up:

S. M. I.—Topmoeller and Pflaum, forwards; W. Mahoney, center; Clasgens and Schoen, guards.

Piqua—Orr and Hinsch, forwards; Mote, center; Little and Levering, guards.

Referees—R. Emerick, S. M. I.; Dr. Crawford, Piqua.

S. M. I. vs. On January 24, we had no trouble defeating the Hamilton

Hamilton. Y. M. C. A. quintet. The first half was rather one-sided, ending with the score of 18 to 5 in our favor. Topmoeller, Pflaum, and Mahoney did some spectacular goal shooting. The feature of the game was the exceptionally clever guard work of Clasgens and Schoen, who prevented their respective opponents from throwing a single basket.

The S. M. I. Band, thirty strong, rendered the choicest selections before the game and between the halves.

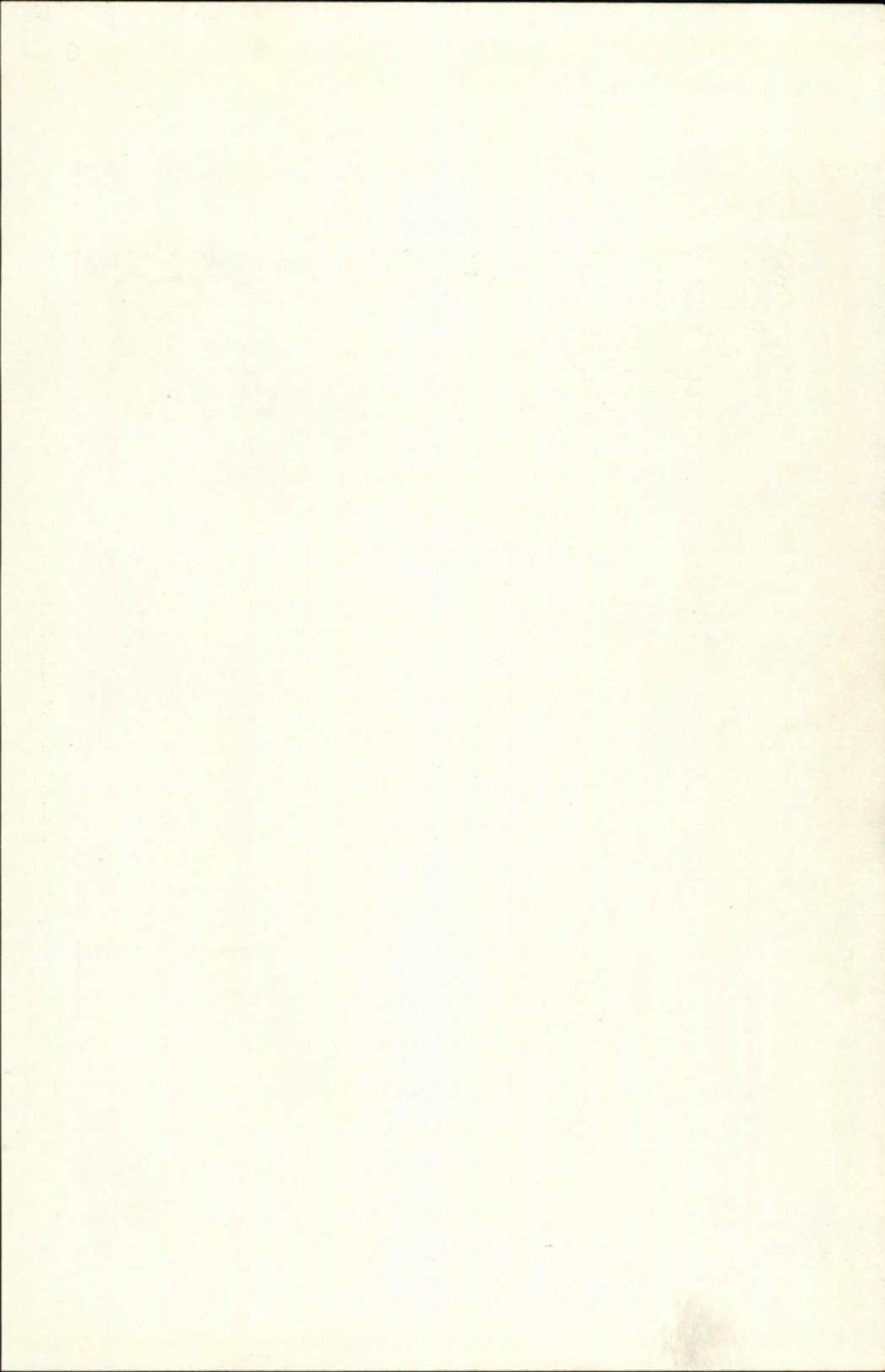
Final score—S. M. I., 25; Hamilton, 20.

The line-up:

S. M. I.—Topmoeller and Pflaum, forwards; W. Mahoney, center; Clasgens and Schoen, guards.

Hamilton—Brennan and Allison, forwards; Martin, center; Mention and Jacobi, guards.

Referees—R. Emerick, S. M. I.; E. Graef, Hamilton.





S. M. I. BASKET-BALL TEAM

S. M. I. vs. Xenia We piled up the monumental score of 74 to 8 against the **High School.** Xenia High School lads, Friday, February 9. We had the unfortunate visitors looking like novices throughout the game. In the second half Mahoney was replaced by Hilgerink, who did excellent work.

J. P. R.

Bowling.

Though it was the first time a team representing St. Mary's entered the lists for bowling honors, the fact was again demonstrated that the Institute boys are superior in any kind of sport. The crack pin knights from the Catholic Gesellen Verein were decisively defeated in three games on the new S. M. I. alleys. John Zuber, of St. Mary's, made the highest individual score, rolling 217. A large crowd of rooters accompanied the visiting team, among whom was a goodly sprinkling of old students of S. M. I. The visitors were lavish in their praise of S. M. I. new alleys and invited the boys to a return game at their club room on Montgomery Street. Score:

St. Mary's.			
	1	2	3
Zuber	217	166	154
Schoen	147	149	131
Janszen	156	172	126
O'Brien	110	102	158
Clark	114	152	139
Total	744	741	708

Gesellen Verein.			
	1	2	3
Thade	143	158	150
Beberick	165	133	116
Loges	156	113	125
Weckesser	124	107	118
Neder	120	193	156
Total	708	704	665

P. W., Jr.

SECOND DIVISION (Resident Students)

The Second Division Basket-Ball League, organized by Brother John, is proving to be a big success. The games are very interesting and exciting, on account of the great emulation that exists among the teams. The official standing is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Superbs (Capt. Th. Cahill)	6	0	1000
Invincibles (Capt. Fr. Steck)	5	1	.833
Models (Capt. W. Stacey)	3	3	.500
Stars (Capt. W. Weber)	3	3	.500
Excelsiors (Capt. G. Herron)	4	3	.428
Leaders (Capt. Fr. Wilberding)	1	5	.166

T. C.

THIRD DIVISION (Resident Students)

Basket-Ball.

S. M. I. 3d Div. Saturday, January 27, we overwhelmed the Tippecanoe vs. Tippecanoe. High School Five by the score of 72 to 10. We took the lead from the very start, and at the end of the first half the score stood 28 to 4. In the second period, Tippecanoe played fast and hard, but we were much too strong for our opponents. The features of the game were the goal throwing of O'Neill, Gross, and Nolan, and the successful blocking of Dister and Janszen. Both teams played clean, scientific ball, only one foul being made during the entire game. The line-up:

S. M. I.—E. Janszen and Dister, forwards; O'Neill, center; Gross and Nolan, guards.

Tippecanoe—Jackson and Cushwa, forwards; Yount, center; Cuttingham and Young, guards.

Referees—Mr. R. Emerick, S. M. I.; Mr. Westfall, Tippecanoe.

Timer—Mr. W. Stacey.

Scorer—Mr. Bardo.

At the beginning of the basket-ball season we organized two leagues, the National and the American. The name and average of the teams composing the National League are as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Deweys (Capt. E. Janszen)	1	0	1000
Braves (Capt. J. Nolan)	1	1	.500
Teddies (Capt. F. Dister)	1	1	.500
Tigers (Capt. R. Gross)	1	2	.333

The American League is made up of three teams. The following is their respective standing:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Heroes (Capt. E. Zangerle)	3	1	.750
Eagles (Capt. E. Glandorf)	2	1	.666
Winners (Capt. H. Kampp)	0	3	.000

B. J. M.

S. M. I. DAYTONIAS (Non-Resident Students)

During the past month the S. M. I. Daytonia Basket-Ball League played quite a number of very interesting games. The following is the standing of the teams:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Epsilon (Capt. H. Solimano)	5	0	1000
Beta (Capt. Fr. Martin)	5	1	.833
Delta (Capt. E. Walsh)	4	3	.572
Gamma (Capt. Fr. Morris)	1	6	.143
Alpha (Capt. C. Hanauer)	0	5	.000

C. S.



EXCHANGES



A spirit of hope and buoyant cheerfulness whispers through the leaves of our January exchanges. This is a bright omen for the months that are coming. Let us hope that our mutual good wishes will meet with their realization.

"The New Year—From out the unexplored Time brings to me an uncarved jewel," is a pretty poetic gem in the Viatorian casket.

The Notre Dame Scholastic makes its New Year bow in our sanctum, serenely classic as ever. The 'Varsity Verse is very Tabb-like in its epigrammatic finish.

The School Echo, from the land of "golden fruit and golden grain," is another welcome visitor with its wealth of golden heart sunshine.

The Bee-Hive is evidently busy all the year round.

The Young Eagle presents two sonnets, "The Rose" and "The Dawn of a January Day," whose daintiness of touch equals that of a Mrs. Hemans or of Adelaide Procter. Who knows but these famous women poets may have successors in the Lake Peninsula?

The St. Vincent College Journal is ever brimful of good things. Song and story and essay and poem keep the reader in a perpetual whirl of delight. "The Jester's Song" and "His Last Hunt" are especially good.

The Mountaineer presents a sympathetic study of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

We were also gladdened by the receipt of the Laurel, the Pittsburg College Bulletin, the Niagara Rainbow, the Niagara Index, Mt. St. Mary's Record, St. John's University Record, St. John's Quarterly, the Alpha Pi Mu, the Nazareth Chimes, the Holy Cross Purple, the Institute Echoes, St. Mary's Messenger, the Fordham Monthly, the Agnetian Monthly, the Manhattan Quarterly, the Marquette College Journal, Purple and White, Excalibur, the Dial, the Ohio Harp, and the Arms Student.

G. H. Maelmuire, '07.

THE MUSEUM.

The Faculty thanks the patrons of the Museum for their numerous favors of the past, and hope they will continue their patronage in the future.

Contributions may be mineral, botanical, or zo-ological specimens, or curios of any sort. Those thus contributing may always be sure of our grateful acknowledgment in the Exponent and of our willingness to reciprocate their kindness, should an occasion present itself.

Acknowledgments.

The Curator of the Museum makes grateful acknowledgment to:

Mr. Peter J. Kranz, Toledo, Ohio, to whom we are greatly indebted for his interest in our stamp collection and for several rare specimens and numerous favors.

Mr. J. Rivero and friends, Puebla, Mexico, on a tour of the United States, curios and crystal formations from Mammoth Cave.

Harry Weber, Cincinnati, Ohio, specimens of Oklahoma cotton.

Leo Brown, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, skin of muskrat.

Walter Makley, Dayton, Ohio, Turkish newspaper.

Clifford Bueker, Dayton, Ohio, pea-fowl.

The Standard Oil Company of Ohio, samples of petroleum products.

A. W. Faber, New York, samples of the manufacture of lead pencils.

Mr. F. Kronauge, Dayton, Ohio, various favors.

Mr. McCabe, Dayton, Ohio, specular iron ore.

H. Amann, Dayton, Ohio, stone from Niagara Falls.

Clarence Hodapp, Dayton, Ohio, freak ear of corn.

Thomas Coakley, Lima, Ohio, relic of first Catholic church in Cincinnati, O.

James Dowling, Dayton, Ohio, sword made of Chinese coins.

Acknowledgments of President and Faculty.

To Mr. R. A. Koch, Cleveland, Ohio, for a loan of many rare pictures.

To Mr. C. P. Sweetman, Dayton, Ohio, for two beautifully bound volumes of the Exponent, 1905.

The S. M. I. Athletic Association thanks the Very Rev. President for a donation of \$10, Mr. A. Janszen of Cincinnati for \$5, and Mr. H. Janszen of Cincinnati for \$5.





What Even the Wisest Relish



Teacher (in catechism course): "What is a duel?"

Pupil: "A duel is a premedicated (premeditated) combat."



Teacher: "Johnny, recite the table of liquid measure."

Johnny: "Four gills make one pint; two pints make one drunk—."



An "Old Boy," recently visiting S. M. I., expressed his opinion that the Faculty would do well to build a new gymnasium with the bricks of the old gymnasium, and to pull down the old gymnasium after the new one is built.



Echoes from the Stationery: "If you scamps want to fuss in here, go outside in the hallway."



Mr. Orthodox: "Waiter, please bring me some mutton-chops."

Waiter: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Orthodox: "Don't bring me any mutton-chops. To-day is Friday; get me some ham."



Senior (to Minim): "Say, kid, how do you like my hat?"

Minim: "It's all right. Ryan said it is a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me."



At Table: "Hey, Jim, close that coffee lid; the coffee will lose all its aurora."



Bill Fretful: "Tim, do you fear Hell?"

Tim Feud: "Not in the least. I have passed two years in Kentucky, and I can now stand anything."

Last week our baseball Manager made quite an eloquent oration at the meeting of the S. M. I. Athletic Association. An Exponent reporter was sent to write down the entire speech, but he was so taken up with the speaker's eloquence that he brought back to our sanctum the following short passage only: "Football has passed away. Ping-pong shall pass away. Yea! heaven and earth shall pass away; but baseball shall never pass away, because baseball is of Divine origin. Hath not the Lord commanded Noah to send a few fowls (fowls) out on a fly? And hath not the Lord said unto all of us, 'Go ye and do likewise'?"



Husband: "O Bertha, don't wear that donkey of a bonnet."

Wife: "I will, Jonathan; it makes me look so much like you."



Monsieur Bonton: "Nom de pipe! Garcon, there is a cigar butt in this coffee."

Garcon: "Eh bien, you don't expect a whole box of cigars and a cup of coffee for five cents, do you?"



Passerby (struck with a brick which fell from the top of a fifteen-story building): "Hey, mason! you let a brick fall."

Mason: "Did I? Please bring it up here."



Teacher of Etiquette: "What should a polite boy say when he meets his teacher?"

Zachary Kornhead: "Please get out of my way."

J. S. O.

